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No. 106

DECEMBER 1949

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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 106]

DECEMBER 1949

[SIXPENCE

Editorial

The Editor of the Winter Magazine is usually much concerned with the weather but this term it has not treated us to anything exceptional. All it has managed to produce is floods of rain, usually occurring at dinner time, at 4 p.m. or at any other time when the entire school is likely to be soaked.

Forgive us for mentioning the obvious, that the Art-room has been painted grey and the Hall cream. Perhaps a few individuals, accustomed to viewing the changing shades on the back of the neck of the person immediately before them, may not have noticed! The change will necessitate new decorations for the School Dance, as the old ones were white, in order to show up against the dim background. The Dance itself has been settled for the 16th December and much anxious thought is being spent on it, at least by the pupils! A suggestion to us by one of our esteemed Science Staff, to raise the price of the tickets to seven-and-six, was not well received, and a counter-suggestion by VI. G, who contended that an extra dance would raise the money more easily, met with no better fate.

We welcome Miss Coupar back after her long illness—we are very glad to see her more like her usual cheery self again. Miss Beveridge, Miss Yeaman and Miss Wright, though now well established, were strangers at the beginning of the term. We wish them happiness in their life amongst us. Miss Brodlie, too, has returned from the United States, and is to give a lecture on her experiences there to the Literary Society in conjunction with Miss Lickely who spent

her summer holiday there this year. It should be extremely interesting.

This Editorial need not say much about the Sale of Work—we think that everyone likely to read this was probably there! We shall just mention that £2,600 was the last figure quoted for the proceeds, and echo the sincere thanks of the Rector and the Convener, Mr Marshall, to all those who helped to make the day. A gruelling time of preparation was had by all for many months beforehand, but the final result was well worth it.

Fashions change! Even the familiar “pudding-bowl” school hat has at last become obsolete, and its place has been taken by the article of apparel deferentially known as the “Large Beret.” This, though slightly reminiscent of a coal scuttle, is at least no worse than its predecessor! The Cadets, too, are soon to acquire that 1950 look—kilts are to be regulation dress—even for seniors. We predict the gathering of large crowds on the occasions of parades in the front playground if the populace is to be treated to a full-scale “waggle of the kilt!”

In October, Forms III. to VI. went to the Repertory Theatre to see Sheridan’s “The Rivals” and enjoyed it very much indeed. There is word of another visit in December, when the play will be “The Three Musketeers.” In early November the three senior classes were taken to the pictures. This startling statement is explained by the fact that the film was “Hamlet,” but the scholastic element did not detract from the enjoyment of the pupils during their school-hour visit to the “flicks.”

"The Gondoliers," the next opera, is progressing in fine style. In the passages and cloakrooms may be heard the strains of excerpts from it, often with strange experiments in key by the illustrious singers concerned! But, as always, we look forward with confidence to the actual performance in June.

It is an engrossing sight to see staff and pupils alike attempting to keep their balance on the new, thick-strewn gravel in the front playground. Some rocky beaches are difficult to walk on, but the promenade from either side of the school round to the Pillars beats them hollow.

It is worthy to mention that a certain prefect is making sure that the Upper School receives a good grounding in certain parts of the Bible. When a particular lesson has impressed him deeply, he carefully reads it two mornings in succession. Surely two such occasions in one term is a record!

Finally, to all members of the Staff, and to all pupils from L.I.C. to Form VI., we wish a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year, and the best Christmas holidays of your life.

NEWS AND NOTES

Mr Halliday is well represented by four wood-carvings in this year's S.S.A. Exhibition in Edinburgh, also by one water-colour and one bronze in the Royal Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts Exhibition in the McLellan Galleries.

Mr Halliday had his carving, *Flower Form* exhibition in The Flowers in Art Exhibition during the Edinburgh Festival. This exhibition was visited by the Queen. In the Festival Exhibition—Art in the Home—Mr. Halliday had nine of his carvings shown.

Recently, Mr Halliday, with a group of artists, held an exhibition for one month in McClure's Gallery and had one of his carvings purchased by the Glasgow Corporation Gallery. He has also presented a woodcarving (*Heron*) to Arbroath Art Gallery. This work, with other carvings, was on view in an exhibition held by Arbroath Art Society during the summer.

Mr Vannet has had two watercolours and two etchings accepted for the Glasgow Institute Exhibition. In the Arbroath Art

Society Exhibition he was represented by an oil-painting of Arbroath Harbour (presented to Arbroath Art Gallery), two watercolours, two scraperboard drawings and a portrait head in wood.

Mr Vannet, a part-time teacher in Dundee College of Art, has succeeded Mr J. McIntosh Patrick, A.R.S.A., A.R.E., as Principal Etching Instructor.

Mr Alastair Cameron Stalker passed Fellow of the Faculty of Actuaries in Oct., 1949.

SALE OF WORK

The Sale is now over and the glory has departed, but its influence will, we hope, be felt for a long time to come. It was the first combined operation in the campaign for the Reconstruction Fund. A mass assault by Directors, Pupils, Parents, Staff, Former Pupils' Clubs and the newly fledged Athletic Union reached its objective and consolidated its position in the most approved military style.

Of the many observations that could be made two facts stand out very clearly. The first is the obvious goodwill of the citizens of Dundee to the school that has been an honourable institution in their midst for so long. Generous and immediate response to appeals was given from all quarters—from the oldest established businesses to the newest development-scheme factories, from individuals whose connection with the school ranged from the intimate to the remote. This can only add to our proper pride in the school with which we are all associated.

The second outstanding fact was the happy way in which work can be done. From early in the year meetings of the Sale Committee and meetings of conveners worried out details of procedure and accommodation. Meanwhile, the Stall Committees worked—and how they worked!—on their preparations. All was done with the greatest possible camaraderie and cheerfulness and nothing was allowed to obscure the main purpose. Surely this is a tribute, not only to the individuals concerned, but also to the spirit that the High School can inculcate.

D-day minus one was the transformation scene. At 2.30 p.m., a school; at 4 p.m. the ground floor of the Boys' School was the framework of a multiple store. Then came the stock, and by late evening the metamor-



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phosis was complete. The sombre walls of those familiar corridors and classrooms were decorated with colourful posters and slogans. The classrooms were bright with an array of goods for sale—books, cakes, calendars, household goods, needlework, fruit, pottery, refreshments, a list far too long to catalogue—and the technical department and gymnasium had become a miniature Blackpool.

The Sale day arrived. All was prepared, the stalls were manned, the packers, pupil-shopwalkers and messengers were in position, and the Lord Provost, who was accompanied by the Lady Provost, declared the Sale open. Then followed a hectic day when parents and friends rallied round, bought generously, and delighted the hearts of all those who had worked so hard to produce the material. When the closing hour arrived, there was little left on the stalls,

and the cash room was a hive of activity.

During the next few hours the conversion process was completely reversed, the debris collected, the proceeds banked, and the *status quo* restored.

While it would be invidious to single out any person or group, the School Magazine is the appropriate vehicle in which to convey a word of thanks to the pupils who helped in so many ways, both before and during the Sale. Their courtesy and efficiency were the subject of favourable comment by many of the visitors.

And what of the future? The Lord Provost in his opening address reminded us that there was much yet to be done. The end of the Sale is the end of a chapter—not 'finis' to a volume. We have the enthusiasm and the goodwill, it is now up to us to add the determination to continue with the good work. Any suggestions?

Old Boys' Club

The Annual Dinner of the Old Boys' Club was held in Keiller's Restaurant, Dundee, on Friday, 2nd December, 1949.

The President, Mr Ronald S. Aiken, was in the Chair and introduced the Guest of Honour, Mr J. Martin Fearn, M.A. Mr Fearn proposed the toast of "The Club and the School" in a very able manner. His speech, which covered a wide field, was well thought out and entertaining. Mr Alec Robertson's reply to this toast was skilfully delivered and full of humour, and was followed by the singing of the School Song. The toast of "The President" was given by Mr R. Fyfe Smith and replied to by Mr Ronald S. Aiken.

A happy and enjoyable evening was had by the 67 members who attended.

Rev. David M. G. Stalker, M.A., B.D., formerly Parish Minister of Aberdour and Dalgetty, was recently appointed to a newly established Lectureship in Biblical Studies at the University of Edinburgh. Mr Stalker himself studied at Edinburgh, Oxford and Heidelberg. He then became an assistant to Dr Neville Davidson at Glasgow Cathedral. His wife, Evelyn Robertson, was also at the High School.

On 1st June last, Mr Max Kippen was appointed Technical Engineer and head of

the Technical Section at the Headquarters of the South-East Scotland Electricity Board, 52 Melville Street, Edinburgh, 3. He is now living at 7 Pentland Gardens, Edinburgh, 10.

We regret to record the death of Mr James Robertson, Ailsa View, Kirn, Argyllshire. In 1939 he retired after 36 years' service with Messrs MacNeill & Co., Calcutta. For several years he was general manager of the company's jute mills, including the Bansberia Mill, Bengal. He was a chairman of the Bansberia Municipality and a magistrate. He was awarded the M.B.E. in 1939.

Flight-Lieutenant David Gordon McCall has been killed in a flying accident while on a demonstration tour of Scandinavia. He joined the R.A.F. immediately on leaving school and served throughout the war, mainly in Sunderland Flying Boats.

Ex-Bailie J. Keith Heggie, Burgh Hon. Treasurer, died suddenly on 28th November at his home, Alpha Place, Station Road, Carnoustie. Son of the late Rev. John and Mrs Heggie, Barry, he has made a deep mark in local and county affairs. Some months ago he relinquished the managership of Taybank Jute Works, Dundee, to become organising secretary of mass radiography in Dundee under the National Health Service.

Star Pupil

Thomson was small and brisk and cheerful, perky as one of his own city sparrows—and a townsman through and through. Small wonder, then, that when war dumped him down in a lonely aerodrome on the Welsh border, miles from anywhere, he was quite out of his depth.

All the same, he was keen to learn; and Page and I, who were country-bred, found it pleasantly rewarding introducing him to this strange and mystifying new world of green lanes and huddled farms, chuckling water and windy hills.

We were rather proud of him, too; he was an eager pupil, a quick learner. He had mastered—or at least progressed in—the art of throwing a fly; he had learned to know the darting flicker of the kingfisher and the wing-heavy flap of the heron; the swirl of a trout and the suck of a grayling; the cry of snipe and curlew and chattering grouse. His eye began to wear the faraway look of one who, seeing beyond the uncertainties of war, plans a future rejecting the narrow confines of city streets. A little farm somewhere; a handful of poultry; the sharp smell of turned earth and the slow cycle of husbandry . . .

We still had much to do for him, though. He had never so much as seen a hunt—and that is something all men should see at least once, if only to give them a peg on which to hang their prejudices—and he had never used a gun outside a rifle range (unless you count an operational tour in the rear turret of a Wellington; and that, after all, is another story).

On Boxing Day luck allowed us to fill in those two blanks for him at one throw. The local hunt—or at least the tattered, utility, wartime remnant of it—was to meet outside the pub where we were (illicitly, I seem to remember) spending our Christmas stand-down; and we had managed to scrounge a couple of 12-bores and a 410, plus cartridges and permission to shoot from a local farmer mellowed by cider, flattery, and Thomson's ingenuous joy at the prospect.

We saw the hunt off—a jovial, democratic business in which almost anyone who could sit a horse — and patently several who couldn't quite — was welcome to join. Then

we gave Thomson a drink to silence his enthusiasm and began to look to the guns.

We gave Thomson the 410 for a start. As Page pointed out, though this considerably reduced the likelihood of his hitting anything, it also lessened the chances of his doing any fatal damage to either of us. Not that we didn't trust him; not exactly. But he was an enthusiastic type, and you don't take chances with guns.

We kept pretty well together at first, and things went off uneventfully enough. Page had two or three rabbits, and I had one, and we'd both regrettably missed a pheasant cock. Thomson had used up a lot of energy and a good many rounds, but so far had failed to break his duck. He wasn't discouraged, but he did keep looking suggestively at our heavier guns.

We sat on a bank in the thin winter sunshine, eating sandwiches and casually watching the progress of the hunt, which had made a wide circle and was now swinging past a couple of hundred yards below us. It had thinned out a lot; less than a dozen were left now, and even they were straggling. We'd heard a report from a passing farmer in a car that they'd "found" somewhere over by Appleton Tump; but the way they looked now they'd long since abandoned any thought of a kill and were just enjoying the air and the exercise.

Thomson said, "Look here, Jock, be decent and swap guns. This blasted little pea-shooter's no good to me." He leered flatteringly. "It needs someone who can shoot to use a 410. You have it."

I wasn't (I hope) fooled by the flattery, but I was touched by the pathetic note of pleading in his voice. I handed over my twelve-bore.

We split up in the afternoon, going our separate ways. There's an art in shooting with a 410. I haven't got it. The afternoon was pleasant but unproductive—very.

We met again by the bikes as the shadows were beginning to creep down the Welsh hills to the south of us. I looked at Thomson. He held up a thumb and patted his game-bag. It bulged. He'd have started showing off his

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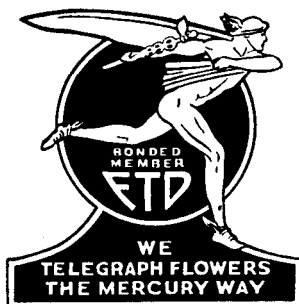
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successes there and then if we hadn't reminded him that — as usual — we had no lamps and that, as residents, we weren't restricted by the narrow puritanism of licensing hours.

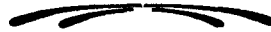
Nor obviously—if unofficially—was anyone in the village that day. The kitchen of the pub, when we got back, was thick with smoke and men's talk and the warm, comfortable feeling of earned relaxation. A dozen of the hunt had dropped in for cups of tea, though I question if that was what they were drinking. Not that it mattered. In the corner—capless and therefore clearly in an unofficial capacity — the village constable balanced a pint pot on his knee and argued

good-humouredly with a little ex-jockey whom he had had occasion to lift at least twice within the year.

They greeted us with jovial friendliness, not in the least dismayed by having failed to kill. They pitied us, cheerfully, for not having been out with them, and showed polite interest in our gamebags as we started to empty them. I was rather shamefacedly trying to conceal my solitary victim when I became aware of a sudden hush.

"Oh, yes," came Thomson's voice. "I was going to ask you what the dickens this was."

When I turned, I saw him holding, by the tail, the body of a fine dog-fox.



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Jan of Windmill Land

This Dutch Operetta for Boys and Girls, written and composed by Clementine Ward, was performed in the School Hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 27th and 28th, by classes L II. to L IV. Girls and Boys, and L V. Boys.

The charm and vitality with which these young pupils entered into the environment of the Operetta made it an outstanding success, and all who took part deserve the highest praise for maintaining on both evenings a very high standard of performance.

Miss Martin Brown, who was responsible for the production, displayed vision and artistry in securing, despite the drawbacks of the small stage, the maximum amount of movement and colour, without disturbing

the musical sequence. The stage management was in the capable hands of Miss May Smith.

The music, comprising solos, duets and choruses, is well written, and the accurate zest of the solo and chorus singing did great credit to the coaching of Miss H. A. Coutts who was musical director.

The scenery, which was painted by Mr Vannet, made a most colourful and delightful background and showed up the costumes to the greatest advantage.

We are indebted to the members of the Staff and Pupils who were responsible for this excellent entertainment and for raising the magnificent sum of £58 towards the Reconstruction Fund.

UTOPIAS

Who first thought of a Utopia? Perhaps it was Adam, although we might think that the Garden of Eden would be a good Utopia in itself; but I daresay that Adam, being human, was in some way or other discontented with his lot. Is it not curious that, no matter how well placed in life we may be, in our inner minds there always exists a Utopia—a life so much better and happier than the one we are leading?

And what a variety and number of Utopias there must be! Each person has a Utopia of his own, all the more cherished for the fact that it is his own. It contains all his own fancies, pleasing situations, all his own ideas of happiness, unsullied by the intrusion of the baser whims of others. Rarely has his Utopia any connection with his actual everyday life. (I know that, in any of my wanderings in my Utopia, never have I encountered a school!) Quite often his Utopia is his summer holiday on a large scale; certainly an ideal holiday is something which none of us wish to relinquish, although, if it were carried on to Eternity quite probably it would begin to pall. However, perhaps we are not conscious of the passage of time in Utopia.

I think that the majority of human beings must think of their Utopia as a quiet, restful

place; a haven to retire to from the battle of life; a small cottage, nestling amongst the hills on the shore of a Scottish loch; a little stream running down through the neat garden, cascading into a still pool, then hurrying on again, ever on, until it empties itself into the loch, sending ripples out over the smooth reflections; the blue smoke curling upwards through the motionless tress, gradually fading into the upper air, the sun casting its long, last shadows over the golden countryside; all is so still and silent. No — there is a robin whistling sweetly somewhere, a lamb bleating in the distance, a shepherd's dog barking, almost gently, on the hills; but these sounds do not really disturb the silence, the stillness, the complete peace that reigns over the land. Such a scene must many of us visualise as our Utopia.

Of course, there are other views; less serious or deep-thinking, perhaps, but nevertheless no less pleasing to their originators. Some think of their hobbies — a beekeeper might dream of the Cotswolds (ideal bee country) as his Utopia; there might even be some who dream ecstatically of the night clubs of Paris or New York; but whatever the choice, it is one of life's joys to be able to think of the life to come as one's own Utopia.

D. F. D., F.V.



Photo. by Norman Brown & Co.

JAN OF WINDMILL LAND
Performed by Juniors, June 1949

Suomi

This summer I spent five most enjoyable weeks in the home of a Finnish family. The journey took four days and was very interesting. The long, drab river Tyne, down which the ship slowly sailed for over two hours after leaving Newcastle, was a marked contrast to the fresh and gay approaches to Gothenburg, in Sweden. The entrance to the harbour, where yachts flit over the blue water, led past small islands and green shores.

Although we had little time in Sweden it was interesting to see the country from the train as we crossed to Stockholm on the east coast. The day was fortunately glorious and the countryside looked its best. The carriage windows of the exceptionally comfortable train were open and the fresh scent of pine and birch mingled with that of honeysuckle, clover, and newly cut hay as we sped past the forests and little farms. The countryside in both Sweden and Finland looks different from ours, chiefly, I think, because, almost without exception, the houses are wooden. Most of the houses are a warm, brownish-red colour, often with white eaves and windows, but a few are fawn or other colours. We passed some great lakes—although most of them were too small to be marked on our map—and we saw many bathers.

The last lap of our journey, between Stockholm and Helsingfors, was the most enchanting. The boat steamed for hours on end through myriads of little islands, some uninhabited, others supporting a farm or two. The boat sailed so close in at points that one could almost touch overhanging branches. We were again very fortunate and had glorious sunshine all the way with sufficient wind to make it pleasant.

The entry into Helsingfors harbour was even lovelier than that into Gothenburg. The islands go right into the bay and few cranes blot the landscape. It was journey's end for us.

My hosts took me to their home, one of the numerous up-to-date flats in Helsingfors, well-planned and furnished in modern style.

I should explain that there are two official languages in Finland—Finnish and Swedish—and consequently, two partially distinct

populations, the people who speak Swedish being called Swedish Finns. The Swedish population is much the smaller, but for about 1,500 years they were the ruling minority. Some of the Swedish-Finnish families can trace back their ancestry in Finland for centuries, but a two-way migration still continues between Sweden and Finland. There is quite a large Finnish colony in Stockholm and in other towns in Sweden. Nowadays, the Swedish-Finns are no longer to be found only in positions of authority, but in all grades of society. Many form large fisher communities round the south and west coasts. They are almost all bi-lingual, but there are more Finns who cannot speak Swedish. When Finland gained its independence from Swedish rule there was reaction against Swedes in the country, but that has largely disappeared and now the Finns regard them as a link with the West. Even place names are given in Finnish and Swedish; as Suomi and Finland, Helsinki and Helsingfors, or Turku and Abo.

Helsingfors is a well-planned, extremely modern capital except for a small section near the harbour, which was the town's nucleus. The great blocks of flats are attractively designed and one block may house forty-eight families, this on an area where here we might have three bungalows. Overhead costs, such as electric cables, water-pipes and roads, are thus greatly reduced. Fortunately, the blocks have individuality in design. The stadium, which is being repaired for the 1951 Olympic Games, has a large tower. The town is so compact that from the tower one sees into the country on three sides beyond the city and out through the islands to the open sea on the fourth.

On my first day we visited a nearby island which is a museum for old houses. They have belonged to famous people or are typical examples of various periods and districts. There were also long-boats made from burnt-out tree trunks, with row-locks for many oars. Those were the boats used for going to church, a great event when the journey might take half a day. The great heat finally drove us to a very attractive outdoor restaurant situated amongst giant pines. There we could sit and watch little

boats sailing past, for the sea is all round Helsingfors. I was surprised to find how many Finns closely resemble ourselves.

We visited a Finnish Guide Officer whom I met last year at the Guide Chalet in Switzerland. As a result, two Finns, a Dane, and I, had a very happy re-union at the first International Guide Camp to be held in Finland. About two thousand Guides attended the camp. The site, however, was so well chosen and planned that one never had the feeling of an impersonal vastness. The campers were divided into "villages" and smaller camps within camps. The camp stretched through a large pine forest, but we all met for colours in the morning and camp fire in the evening. We gathered in a natural amphitheatre at the lakeside which bordered the camp on two sides. As camp-fire was at sunset, all the colours across on the far shores were mellowed by the golden light.

The journey to the camp was very picturesque. The lakes in Finland are even more numerous than in Sweden, although many are quite small. Our journey lay through low, rolling hills almost completely covered with the tall, straight pines and silver birches which are such a feature of the country and a source of much of its wealth. There were, however, farm clearings with their painted, wooden buildings and tilled fields, also some small villages and towns, for Finland has many industries, and there are the lakes which give one a distant view over a moving sea of green tree tops. The shores of the lakes, near the towns, were dotted with gay summer villas. Most business people have a country home where the wife and family live during the summer. The husband joins them at weekends or every evening, if his work is conveniently near.

Sometimes the train ran parallel with a road, a dusty, white ribbon, and quite often we came to level crossings. There are no gates in Finland and people using the road must take care of themselves.

It is an entirely different experience to go through Porkkala, the Russian-occupied pocket to the west of Helsingfors. The train windows are covered on the outside with iron shutters so that it is impossible to see out. A Russian soldier stands at the end of each carriage to ensure that no one attempts to pass from one to the next. Much

time is wasted changing from a Finnish to a Russian engine which crawls through the Russian sector while the occupants of the train grow hotter and hotter.

I spent most of the five weeks on a large farm west of Helsingfors. The house had a perfect situation, sheltered by tall pines and birches at the top of a gentle slope leading down to the Baltic. The summer was unfortunately the worst in Finland for fifty years, but even so we had many good days when we enjoyed bathing or boating. During my stay I was taught to row and paddle a canoe in the sea near the farm. When the weather was settled we often went by motor boat to some of the many islands where we bathed and picnicked. My hosts and their friends could not have been kinder or more hospitable and they have given me a great love for their country. They in their turn were very interested in everything British and I met few Finns who did not follow the doings of our Royal Family with great interest.

From the farm we shopped at a very modern village store three miles away. We travelled there by pony trap or bicycles. The cycle run was precarious for me, as the cycle boasted a back-pedal brake which let me down on occasion, and the roads were rutted with deep sand.

Many wild flowers are similar to our own though others were new to me. Wild fruits grew in profusion and we had no difficulty in filling baskets with strawberries, blueberries and raspberries. The Swedish names of flowers are very like our own.

As I knew no Swedish when I arrived, it was fortunate that my host could speak English. I found that many Swedish words were allied to English and often more to Scots. By the end of my stay I proudly returned from shopping with the correct messages.

I enjoyed the Finnish meals; we had strawberries and cream most days. Many of their dishes were strange at first but I relished them all. A special feature was the Swedish "smorgasbrod" which is like a very elaborate "hors d'oeuvres" and served on special occasions. No summer visit to Finland would be complete without a crayfish supper eaten with the fingers as are most of the best foods. This I duly tried—and approved.



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MELDRUMS Reform St. Dundee

Perhaps one of the most unusual experiences was having a Finnish "sauna." This consisted of dry and wet steam baths, followed by a plunge into the sea, a most refreshing experience.

Back in Helsingfors I spent three very interesting and instructive days seeing through five hospitals. They were all, except one, very modern indeed, at least three being built since 1942. These hospitals were built with money raised from the sale of coffee in excess of the ration at a high price. The Finnish outlook appears to be very progressive and the people are always eager to make improvements.

Through camp, and the sing-songs which we had in the evenings, I learned some of their folk-music. Most of the songs are slow and sad, reflecting the troubles of the country, but there are others as gay as anyone could wish. Everyone was very proud of Sibelius, and eager that I should enjoy his music. As a people I found them very proud nationally, but individually very warm-hearted. When the time came for parting I found it hard, indeed, to say good-bye.

ANNE M. THOMSON.

THE EPIC OF THE "JERVIS BAY"

In this time of unsettled peace I think it would be a good idea to ponder over the recent war which so nearly ended in a German victory in the summer of 1940. One episode which stands out in my mind as a monument to the Royal Navy is the epic of His Majesty's Armed Merchant Cruiser "Jervis Bay."

The "Jervis Bay" was a converted liner of approximately 10,000 tons displacement, whose job was to escort a large convoy of thirty-eight ships, loaded with food and raw materials, from Canada to Britain.

One night, while the ships were steaming slowly through the waters of the broad Atlantic, a blinding flash, followed by an ear-splitting roar, heralded the arrival of the German pocket battleship "Gneisenau." Number four in the line, the "Rangitiki," fell rapidly astern, smoke pouring out of her shattered hull, for the raider's guns had penetrated right to her very vitals.

"Scatter!" was the order given by Capt. E. S. F. Fegan, R.N., commander of the ill-fated "Jervis Bay." As the merchant

ships slipped away to the four corners of the ocean, the lone guardian, out-ranged and out-gunned, heeled over in a five-point turn and steamed at full speed to meet the enemy—to her destruction.

For three hours they fought until, torn and aflame, she went down, and, only as the relentless waves closed over her, did she cease fire. A glorious end, and her commander had the satisfaction of knowing that his sacrifice had saved the convoy; thirty-five of the thirty-eight ships which escaped in the gathering dusk reached port safely.

No tribute can be too generous to those men who perished. Let us hope, therefore, that for many years no brutal war will stain the face of the earth.

B. CALLISON, F.III.

THE STORM

The scene is one of wild and rugged beauty. Rising almost sheer out of the turbulent grey sea is the cliff face, its many cracks and holes making excellent resting-places for the sea-gulls' nests. Above the howl of the wind, the thunder and clamour of the waves, can be heard quite distinctly the piercing shriek of the gulls themselves, crying out in angry protest at this wild confusion.

At the top of the cliff stretches a wide expanse of grassland. A few bare trees dotted here and there on the horizon break the monotony of the otherwise symmetrical ridge.

All at once the scene is illuminated by a blinding flash — lightning! A few seconds later a loud clap of thunder rends the air. Down pours the rain, heavier, heavier. Loud howls the wind, louder and yet louder. Up leap the waves higher and higher, until it is almost impossible to see the jagged rocks below, so smothered are they in the stormy depths.

It is now impossible to keep one's feet without the aid of the wire fence which runs the whole length of the cliff path. Cautiously I make my way down this precarious track, and after many minutes which seem an eternity, I gain the stability of the main road and civilization.

NORA CUMMING, Form II.

Junior Section

A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN HAVANA

High School, Dundee,

Angus,

20th May, 1949.

Dear Friend,

Thank you very much for the sugar. It enabled mummy to have tablet made for my brother's birthday party. The rations are terrific here and the Minister of Food is a perfect pest. I hope you are in better conditions. I appreciate it very much.

(Sgd.) PATRICIA DEVLIN.

(Aged 9.)

FAIRY MAGIC

Every night I go to bed

A Fairy comes along,

She sits upon my pillow

And sings a little song.

She has a little silver cup

Quite full of magic sand,

When this is put upon my eyes

I dream of Fairyland.

HILARY J. McCONNACH, L.II.

THE JOURNEY OF SPEEDIE

SWALLOW

One day, near the end of August, Speedie and his friends met together on some telegraph wires to decide what time to go to Africa. It was the last meeting they were going to have, so every swallow in the neighbourhood attended. The date upon which they decided was the first of September. Soon the first came round, and the swallows got ready for departure.

At last off they went with Speedie well in front. On and on they flew with the fields and animals far below them. At last they sighted the sea in the distance, and after another hour's flying reached it. Some of them sank down on the beach completely exhausted. Soon they were ready for flight again and away they went.

Further and further they flew. Soon it got dark, but they still flew on. At last some began to fall down towards the sea, but, as luck would have it, they fell on to a boat which was going to Mombasa, so they soon got to Africa.

J. B. MURRAY, L.3.

FRETWORK FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Fretwork is an excellent hobby for any person, old or young, who is interested in woodwork. As it is coming near the festive season, lots of useful as well as decorative Christmas presents can be made, such as jigsaw puzzles, dolls' houses, ships, aeroplanes, cars, trains, cigarette boxes, brackets and all sorts of other things which are used every day in the home.

The tools required are a fretsaw, a drill, sandpaper, glue and some very small nails. The method of making is to paste the design on to the wood or trace it through, using carbon paper, and then cut the pieces out. To take the design off, one uses a medium grade sandpaper. The only job after that is to assemble the model. If it is a large one it is best to use the small nails.

When the model is finished either staining or varnishing gives it some appearance. If it is a working model it is better to do away with the varnish and use stain instead.

RONALD PRINGLE, L.V.

HOUSEHOLD CHORES

There are many jobs a girl can do

To help about the home,

From washing up the dishes

To answering the 'phone,

But the one that I like best of all

(It most appeals to me!)

Is to help to eat a creamy sponge,

And home-baked scones for tea.

ANNETTE OWENS, L.V.

A TRIP IN AN AEROPLANE

The first time I flew in an aeroplane was last winter. I went to Switzerland. We flew from Prestwick. We stayed there a night and flew at eight o'clock the next morning. We stayed up for two hours. Then we came down at Amsterdam, where we stayed for fifteen minutes. After that we set off in a lovely Swiss air-liner, and for the next two hours we travelled on. Everybody got a lovely lunch, and we passed over the Black Forest. We began to come down very quickly at first. Then we came down with a bump and raced along the runway. We were in Zurich.

RUSSELL TAYLOR, L.3.

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CHRISTMAS TIME

There's tinsel and gay paper streamers
 All over the nursery floor;
 There's holly wreathed all round the pictures
 And mistletoe over the door.
 We've hung up our pillows and stockings
 For Santa to come here and fill;
 An engine and scooter for Bobby,
 A doll and a tea-set for Jill.
 The Christmas tree stands by the window;
 Nurse helped us to trim it to-day
 With wee toys and bright-coloured lanterns,
 And fairy lights ever so gay.
 We've packed up our presents for Mum,
 For Daddy and Nanny as well;
 They tried to find out what was in them,
 But all of us said we'd not tell.

CAROLYN P. F. A. BARR, L.I.a Girls.

WINTER

Oh, Winter is a jolly time!
 The ground is white with snow.
 The trees and hedges are all bare,
 And birds are lying low.
 But we don't let that worry us,
 For we enjoy the snow.
 Out comes our sledge and down the hill
 At breakneck pace we go.
 We're slowing down; at last we've stopped,
 And now we're at the foot;
 Up to the top we go again,
 And down to the oak tree's root.

JOHN LOGAN, L. IV.

For the Little Ones**THE FROST FAIRIES**

One night a little girl called Joan lay awake in her bed. Joan was supposed to be asleep, but Christmas was near and she was wondering what toy she would ask from Father Christmas. She was just beginning to close her eyes when suddenly she heard a tiny tap on her bedroom window. She sat up, listening carefully, and again she heard the faint tap on the window.

Joan was full of excitement as she slipped out of her bed and tiptoed silently over the carpet to the large window. She pulled the curtains and a broad ray of moonlight lit up her bedroom. She could not see anything at first, but soon she saw a tiny group of fairies standing outside on the windowsill. Joan was delighted with the fairies and opened the window to let them in. Then she saw that the garden and the wood round the house were covered with sparkling snow.

Joan glanced at the pool at the foot of the garden, and it, too, was frozen. She then turned to the fairies. They were dressed in tiny glittering frocks with tiny hats to match. Each fairy carried a small pot of glistening paint and a paint-brush. "Who are you?" said Joan in surprise.

"We are the Frost Fairies," chorused the ten fairies. "We fly around the houses and paint the windows with ferns and patterns of

all kinds. Our master, Jack Frost, sends us."

"How lovely!" exclaimed Joan in wonder.

The Frost Fairies stayed a long time with Joan and told her that sometimes Jack Frost himself came and played games with kind children who helped to protect the Frost Fairies from such birds as owls which wander and fly around catching the fairies and making them work hard. Sometimes, the fairies told her, the other fairies helped them to escape, but that was not often.

At last the fairies said they would have to go, but they allowed Joan to watch them paint her window. They painted the window with lovely patterns and then waved goodbye to Joan. She watched them fly off and then she drew the curtains and tiptoed back to bed. She fell asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow.

The morning dawned brightly as the snow made everything white. Joan jumped out of bed, dressed quickly, and ran down to tell her mother about her adventure during the night. Her mother just laughed at her story.

That day when she went to the garden to play, who should be waiting there but Jack Frost! She played all morning with him and then wished him goodbye when her mother called her for dinner.

"Goodbye," cried Jack Frost, "I may see you again."

When Joan ran into the house mother said, "You must have played with Jack Frost today; your cheeks are red."

"I have," said Joan in pure delight, but her mother just laughed at Joan's adventure.

PATRICIA ANNE MACKENZIE, L. V.

MARY'S HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Mary Jones was a dark little girl who lived in the very north of Scotland. Her father was a woodcutter, but he did not earn much money because there were few people who wanted to buy his logs. They lived in a little cottage with a stable where a pony was kept. Mr Jones had managed to buy the pony for Mary and he had taught her to ride.

Mary never had many presents at Christmas time, and the last time she had had a present was at her last birthday, when she was nine years old.

On Christmas Eve she hung up her stocking hopefully and went to bed. About midnight she heard a noise outside, so she looked out of the window to see if she could see anything. All was pitch dark outside and she went back to bed. Again she heard the noise, and this time she put on her coat and slipped out into the garden.

On reaching the gate she was amazed to see a man in a red coat, trimmed with white fur, beside a huge sack and a reindeer. He was Santa Claus! Mary stared. As soon as Santa Claus saw her he said, "Oh, dear, I wish you could help me. My reindeer has fallen over this stone and cannot get up. I don't know how I shall reach the next town with this heavy sack before morning."

Then Mary had an idea. "Could you take my pony Dobbin and reach the town before dawn?" she said.

Santa Claus was very pleased. "Oh, thank you so much. I shall bring you a lovely present for this," he said. So Mary proudly led him to the stable and took out Dobbin. "Now I must hurry or I shall be late," said Santa Claus, and away he went. Mary went to bed without telling her father or mother.

The next morning she was delighted to see her stocking lying full on the bed. She rushed into her father's room and told him all about Santa Claus. Then she told her mother and showed them both the stocking with all the lovely parcels in it.

When she went to the stable she saw her pony with bright new reins lying beside him, and behind there was a small gaily-painted cart.

ALISON JEWELL, L.5.

HOW A SWISS PEASANT WAS CONVERTED

Long, long ago, in the heart of Switzerland, there lived an old peasant, named Hans Peterson. He lived alone in a tiny cottage in a small village and earned his living by carving toys. He could carve beautiful ornaments, small figures and toys, but nothing could compare with his skill in making musical boxes.

One day another man, jealous of the peasant's good trade, built a big shop very near the peasant's cottage. He sold toys, musical boxes and many other things, and the Swiss people stopped buying from Hans and bought instead from the big shop.

Hans decided to carve idols and sell them to the heathen priests of the little churches nearby. He worked hard and soon had rows of little carved idols on his work bench.

On Christmas Day, with a sack of idols on his back, he started to fight his way through a blizzard to the small heathen church just outside the village. Once outside the village, however, the snow, falling thick and fast, caused him to lose his way. Very worried, he looked round and, as he did so, he heard a voice crying, "Hans! Hans!" Hans answered, "Here I am! Please help me! I am lost!"

Suddenly an angel appeared and said, "Hans, God wants you. Drop your idols and go to Him!"

As if bewitched, Hans dropped his idols and, a new light on his face, followed the angel as she led him home. The next Sunday he went to a little chapel for Christmas and was baptised.

Thus ends the story of Hans Peterson who became a Christian.

JANETTE WEATHERHEAD, L.V.

I bowt a book
at the sale
and I Bowt some
sweets at the
sale. NEIL Bowman
Ic

I so the dog
at a sale.
I so a big
dol at the
sale.

Margaret Kayie.

The Sale of Work.
I was at the cake
and kanda stol and I
got some sweets and
took them home with me.

John Hendry 13

L 1 B

The High School
Sale was lovely. I
bought two books and
dollies clothes. What
lovely things I saw there.
Carol Robert son

Letters from India—1944-5

The writer was in India for a short time with the R.A.F., and the following notes are extracts from letters written there. Details which were left out to comply with censorship rules have been inserted in brackets.

(Bombay) 19th Aug.—No black-out here! Such a change—but it's just as well, as it gets dark early. Can you imagine me going around in khaki drill shirt and shorts, with sleeves rolled up? That's how we dress, except in the evenings. It's fine to get bananas and plenty of sweets again—in fact you have to watch that you don't slip on the banana skins lying all around—only they call them plantains here. 2nd Sept.—Indian laundrymen, or "dhobies" are pretty hard on clothes; they slap the things on blocks of concrete about 50 times; but they certainly clean them well and make a good job of the ironing too. They charge about 2d per article, irrespective of size. The sugar here always looks damp and sticky—I suppose it's because it is still very rainy with the monsoon not yet past. The temperature is mostly over 80° and sometimes 90°. 3rd Sept.—Just finished reading the local Sunday paper ("Times of India"), which is quite a size and costs 6½d, against the usual 2½d on weekdays. One lives in luxury here, with plenty of eggs and chickens, but the birds are far tougher than the oldest of hens ever were at home! 16th Sept.—I recently met a Capt. Ross Parker, who wrote "There'll Always be an England" and "Alice Blue Gown." He must have made a bit on them. One meets such a variety of people in the Forces! Two eggs for breakfast is quite the usual thing here, but I don't think the eggs are so large here as at home. I'm getting accustomed to curry now—it helps to camouflage the stringy toughness of the chickens anyway. 24th Sept.—I was into town (Bombay) yesterday; had a good haircut and a shampoo, which cost me 4s 6d, but well worth it, as they give you lots of scalp massage—the Indians are all very good at that. Apart from taxis, here one may also

hire ancient, open, horse-drawn carriages, officially known as "Victorias," but better known as "gharries," which I suppose is the dialect word.

(New Delhi) 20th Oct.—My journey here took about 24 hours, and was very comfortable apart from the dust which gets everywhere. In order to have meals on the train one had to get out at a station and go along to the dining-car. At some stations monkeys came right up to the side of the carriages to look for food. This place looks like being as good as any in India, and a lot better than most! 23rd Oct.—Funny how much one consumes here; this is the daily programme:—7 a.m., the "bearer," or personal servant, brings early morning tea, with possibly a banana; 7.30, breakfast of at least two courses and fruit; 10.30, tea arrives for "break"; 12.30, lunch and coffee; 3.30, tea again for the afternoon break; more tea on finishing work at 5.30; then dinner at 8, followed by coffee. Of course one has to keep drinking tea or other liquids owing to the heat, but it cools quite a bit at night. 30th Oct.—Had a day off to-day and two of us went to see one of the local sights, by bicycle—a huge tower called Qtab (or Ktub) Minar—a "minar" is really a big minarette, even if it seems silly, but they seldom use the term "minar" in Moslem circles. We climbed to the top, which was over 230 feet—quite a performance in the heat! In the afternoon we went to the shopping centre and had tea with cream cakes (at Wengers in Connaught Circus). The cinemas start here at 9.30 p.m., so that if one has a night out it is midnight before one gets to bed. It is very fine to walk back to the mess in the moonlight—the moon is much more overhead here and it seems brighter somehow. 9th Nov.—C. and I are planning to spend a few days' leave at Agra in order to see the famous Taj Mahal there. C., who is a very good painter in watercolours wants to do a few there. I hope to get some good photographs. S.



"Where did you get that hat?"

"The Hampton Court Conference was the result of a Millinery Petition."

Airborne.

"After Philiphaugh Montrose flew to the Continent."

"Open the door, Richard."

Q.—Name a leader of the Scottish Reformation.

A.—John KNOCKS.

Fame.

Q.—Who wrote the "Ecclesiastical History of the English People"?

A.—Hume Brown.

"Everything free and easy."

The King would sometimes want to have a war with some country or other and the Parliament would disagree and refuse to give him money.

"Chill Penury repressed their noble rage."

"Gray in the 'Elegy' says that, because of lack of education, their sins were confined. They were not able to become great ministers; therefore they could not inflict misery on the people."

Tail-Piece.

"A pair of isosceles triangles on opposite sides of a common base form a kite. The upright bisects the angles through which it passes. The cross-bar is bisected."

W. M.—One property still unmentioned?

J. Sp-ie (F. II.),—The tail.

"Glory to the New-Born King."

J.M. (I.c)—"Who is the new-born King, mummy?"

Mummy—"The Baby Jesus."

J.M.—"Oh, I thought it was Prince Charles."

Preferred Bread to Stone.

"The king gave the shepherd a pension when he would not accept the bishoprick."

Nec-romancer.

Form III. Girl in sewing department:—

"Please, Miss B——, I have left my neck at home."

Not the Royal and Ancient Game.

"James I. rejected the Millenary Petition at Hampden Park."

Dead End.

Teacher, during punctuation lesson—

"Peter comma the painter comma fell off the ladder."

Voice—"Full stop."

Speaks for Itself.

"I had ice-cream and chocolate declares at the Sale of Work."

Result of Prison Reforms.

"Young men usually undertake more than is humanly possible for them to do. They only think of their gaol but not of how they are going to get there."

Bacon Modernized.

Bacon says, "Old men object too much."

Form V. pupil says, "Old men are too objectionable."

He Didn't Mean it That Way!

F.VI. boy, seeking "copy" for the magazine—"Does anything funny ever happen in your room, Miss ——?"

"Some have greatness thrust upon them."

Q.—Who led the House of Commons in its attack on Buckingham?

A.—John Arlot.

On a Distant Prospect of a Tram, on Emerging in the Rain from the King's after "Hamlet."

To run, or not to run—that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The soaking misery of outrageous heavens,
Or to use elbows 'mongst a sea of pupils,
And by sheer force dispel them. To run—to slip—

To slip! perchance to fall! ay, there's the rub!
For in that muddy fall what rents may come
Must give us pause.

NOT heard outside the King's after the film "Hamlet."

M.—I' faith, dear William, but it raineth hard.

W.—'Tis bitter cold and I have lost my bus.

COMMENTS ON THE SALE

Well Done, Trueman!

"The 'Marshall Plan' has given the School £2600."

The Bald Truth.

"It is quite true that two of the masters bought tickets for a 'perm.'"

Beyond the Pale.

"We congratulate the White Elephant on selling part of the School furnishings."

Buying Dictionaries?

"There was a great deal of bustle and movement at the Stationary Stall."

By the Infants.

"We saw a pupy. It was 4 months old."

"The dog is an Olsashin."

"The stalls were fool with things."

"I so a dols kover."

"I got a Lucy dip."

"The Shooting Range was in the jim nazm."

"I know Mrs Marshall was very biza and we had to help her."

"I bought a lovely baxcit."

"My granma bought a shoe polishir."

"I got tablt."

"I so luva dolls."

"I so decorayshons."

"I sowa dog."

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A YEAR IN THE UNITED STATES

For me last year was packed full of new impressions and excitement. In all I must have travelled over 30,000 miles by land, sea and air. Los Angeles, Mexico City, Reno, Virginia City, Death Valley and Honolulu are no longer mere names but real places, each having left many and varied memories. Mexico City's bull-fights, its natives in colourful national costume, its general low standard of living and dirt were a contrast to the great wealth and luxurious hotels at Waikiki Beach by the sparkling blue, tropical waters of the Pacific. Reno, Virginia City and Death Valley might be scenic backgrounds for wild west pictures, being vastly different from our own lovely green pastures and heather-clad hills.

In Burbank, I lived very close to Hollywood, but discovered it was just another city and not very different from Dundee except that it glittered with neon lights and had a never-ending stream of cars—all much larger and higher-powered than ours. The main roads, called free-ways, approaching Hollywood and other cities were usually four or six laned. It would be no more remarkable, however, to meet a film star in Reform Street than in Hollywood Boulevard. I almost despaired of ever seeing through a film studio, but the day I left Burbank, I had a tour through Warner Brothers' Studios there and saw James Cagney making the film "White Heat." Among the stars to whom I was introduced were Mr and Mrs Douglas Fairbanks Jun., Mr and Mrs Alan Mowbray and Mary Pickford. At Burbank, also, I was fortunate enough to get a close-up view of President Truman, and at the White House to be introduced to Mrs George Marshall.

Different as the landscapes may be, the people in U.S.A. and Great Britain are similar. Nowhere have I found better hospitality, greater friendliness and generosity than in Southern California. Teachers were most co-operative and helpful. In nature and ability children were like the children at home, but in dress, very different. They were all surprised to learn that all the men in Scotland did not wear "skirts."

The systems of education in the two countries are very different. Reading, spelling and writing are carried out in a similar manner to those subjects here.

Grammar, as we know it, is not a part of the school curriculum at all, and history and geography are grouped together with art, composition and handwork under the title Social Studies. The actual Arithmetic processes, of course, are identical with ours, but money problems involve the U.S. currency.

Thus, the lives of the Pilgrims in their log-cabins, their hardships and achievements together with such figures as Paul Bunyan from American Folklore, have become familiar to me. It is not difficult to learn that one hundred cents make a dollar and although certain coins are confusing at first, I know that my task was simpler than Miss Hagaman's one of understanding our £ s. d.

Miss Hagaman had a most enjoyable and worth-while year in Dundee and I would like to take this opportunity of thanking her many friends in D.H.S. who were responsible for this. I know she is already looking forward to visiting all her Scottish friends in the future, just as I would like to revisit my friends on the other side of the Atlantic.

E. A. BRODLIE

THE SALE

I made a little thingumbob.
 I burned the midnight oil.
 You see, we had a SALE I hoped
 To add to by my toil.
 I saw a lot of thingmajigs
 That someone else had made
 And wondered if I should have done
 A what's-its-name instead.
 Oh, would it sell, my thingumbob,
 Or would it languish lone
 Upon the stall, when all was done
 And every buyer gone?
 I might have saved my soul its care,
 My feet the arid cold,
 For thingmajigs and what's-its names
 And thingumbobs all sold.
 Came eager hordes with cash in hand,
 Who cleared each loaded stall;
 Two thousand odd they left behind—
 And nothing else at all.

SPERO.



GUIDE CAMP 1949 and
JUNIOR SPORTS WINNERS (Top Left)

OUR JOURNEY NORTH

It was six o'clock in the morning of a lovely summer's day. The sun had just risen and light mist veiled the town. The bonnet of the car was heading North, and, as we were returning home to Scotland, the car purred towards the open country.

We hurried through the delightful county of Cumberland where the curlew greeted us with a song.

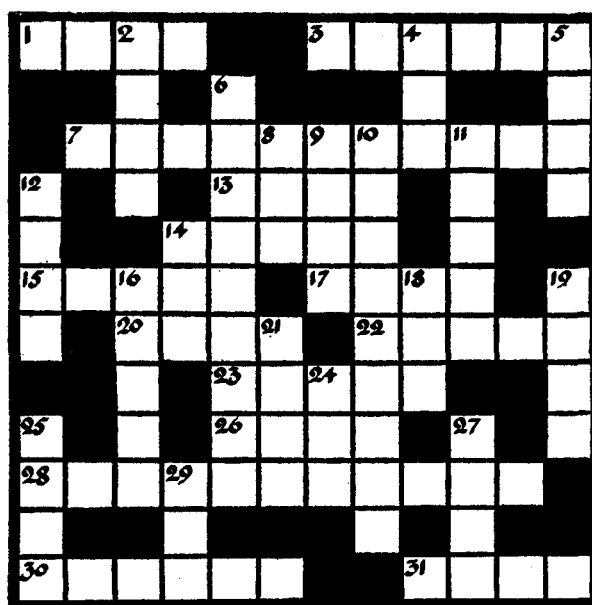
Over the bridge that divides England from Scotland we sped, disregarding the lure of

the blacksmith's shop where hasty marriages were performed, more often than not to be repented at leisure.

Our first glimpse of Scotland again was the towering hills of Galloway outlined in the distance.

In about half-an-hour we arrived at a quaint little village where we stopped for lunch. The village looked deserted, and to the villagers time was not and to-morrow was yesterday.

JOAN McCRAE, F.III. (A).



CROSSWORD

By R. CONSTABLE

ACROSS.

1. When Julius Caesar was stabbed he said, "_____, Brute (2, 2).
3. Tolerate (6).
7. In this the sentence is often death by hanging (6, 5).
13. Change (4).
14. Rev. A large kind of weasel living entirely on fish (5).
15. Island in the Firth of Clyde (5).
17. French silver coins (4).
20. Newts (4).
22. Imitations of the sound of laughter (2, 3).
23. A hilt (anagram) (1, 4).
26. A wand of authority (4).
28. Run to drakes (anagram) (6, 5).
30. Mulier, a woman (anagram) (6).
31. A whirlpool (4).

DOWN.

2. Tightly drawn (4).
4. Short fine hair of certain animals (3).
5. A small brook (4).
6. Accidental (9).
8. Rev. A golf ball rests here (3).
9. A network of blood vessels (4).
10. Shaped like a pulley (9).
11. This kind of stew is made with mutton and vegetables (5).
12. Rend (4).
14. Royal Air Force (abbreviated).
16. Rev. Below (5).
18. Rev. The toad-fish (3).
19. Another name for the R. Thames (4).
21. A fish of the herring kind (4).
24. In the year of the king's reign (abbreviated).
25. In good order (4).
27. Wooden or metal shoe preventing wheel from revolving (4).
29. Rev. Is in Germany (8).

(Solution on page 28)

At the Sale of Work

I visited the Sale of Work at our school on Saturday. At first I hunted round the stalls before the opening and then went round to the front of the school to hear Provost Fenton's speech. As soon as it finished, I dashed immediately to the cake and candy stall, but was a little behind in the rush and did not get in at the beginning. However, I was soon at the counter and taking my pick of all the delicious sweets set out before me. After taking as much as funds allowed, I made my way to the book stall.

There I bought three or four books at bargain prices, and then went to the rifle range. It could not have been my lucky day, for I missed the target with three out of my four shots. I had better luck at the side-shows, however, for I won sixpence at one of them, though I spent fivepence altogether there. I then went to the refreshments stall

and bought some lemonade and ice-cream there.

I next bought some tickets for a raffle of a lovely cake, though again I was unlucky. I then visited the fruit and produce stall and bought some fruit, including apples. Mother then went to the fortune teller, but did not entirely agree with what she said. In one room I came to a lovely Alsatian pup for raffle, but I did not buy a ticket for it as my parents do not like dogs. For the rest of the morning I went through all the stalls and bought some bargains.

In the late afternoon I returned and got some toys at the toy stall where they were putting things up for auction at bargain prices.

Altogether it was a very good day.

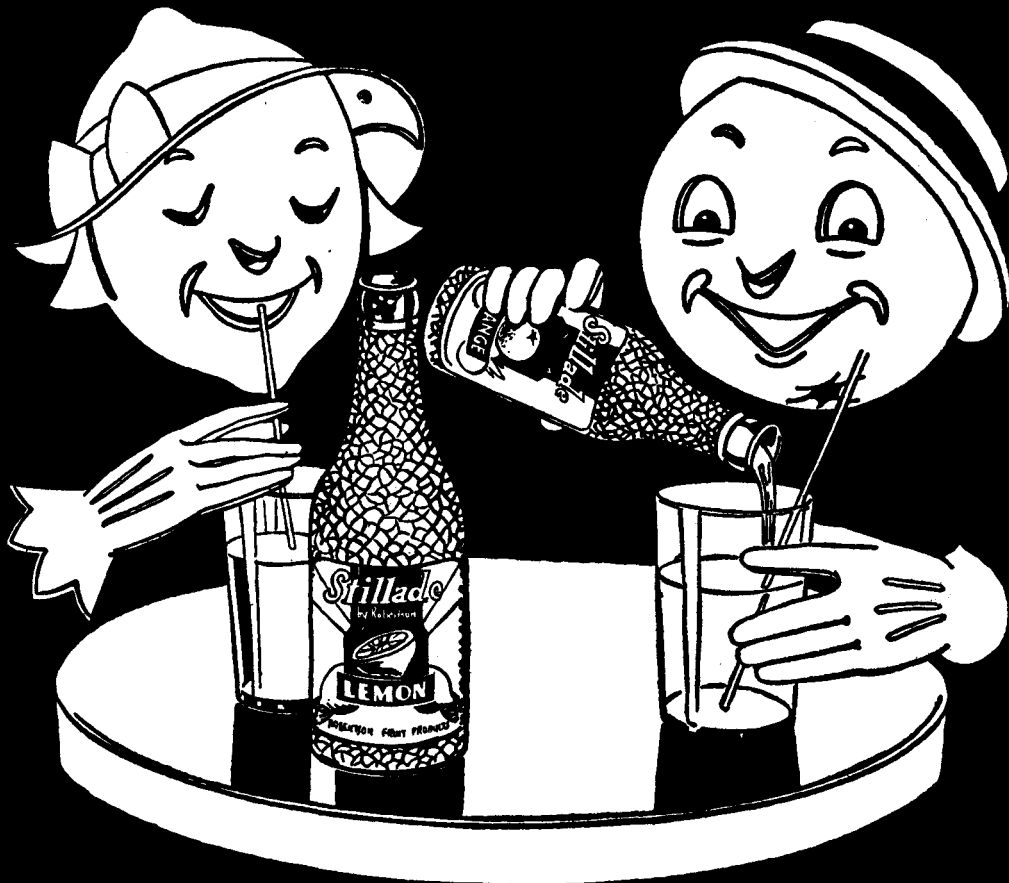
HUGH DUNCAN, FI.



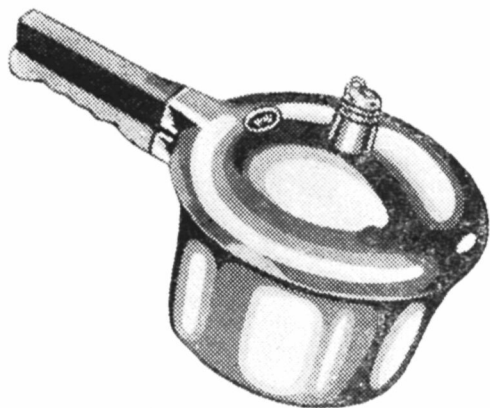
THE LESSON — Drawing by Jean Anderson

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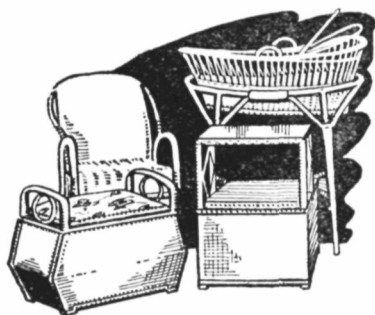
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A Trip to Iceland

The afternoon of 10th July was sunny but misty. I was in Glasgow with the rest of my family and looking forward to boarding the "Hekla," the ship which was to take us to Iceland. After we had passed the customs we were allowed to take our luggage on board. We were shown to our cabins and told that the ship was to leave at four-thirty p.m. Each cabin was quite small, and there was just enough room for two people to move about. At four-thirty p.m. we went up on deck to see the ship move off, but we waited a long time after four-thirty p.m. before it eventually moved off.

As we went slowly down the River Clyde we passed many famous shipyards such as John Brown's, where the "Queen Elizabeth" was built. The "Hekla" had to go very slowly down the River Clyde because there were many "Go Very Slowly" notices. We eventually reached the mouth of the river and the ship quickened her pace. The route she was to take lay in and out of the islands on the West Coast of Scotland.

Each day the sea became rougher, and one had to be very careful if one got up to walk because one got tossed about and thrown from side to side. Almost everybody was sick, and even the crew, who were also sick, said that the voyage was the worst they had ever encountered on the trips to Iceland. The storm gradually abated as we approached Iceland. We had to wait for a long time before the "Hekla" could get into the harbour as there was another boat coming out.

The first day in Iceland we spent walking round Reykjavick and looking at the shops. The goods in the shops were very dear, but the Icelanders had plenty of money. Most of the houses were made of corrugated iron and some of concrete. There is a statue dated 1930 in the centre of the town commemorating the thousandth anniversary of the Althing (Iceland Parliament).

Nine out of ten cars are American ones, and their owners do not take very good care of them.

The second day we went on an excursion to the Great Geyser. An old man showed us the huge hole where it sometimes spouted. He put old pieces of soap in the hole and we waited for a short time before it started to spout. At first it only spouted up to about eight feet above ground, but it gradually became higher and higher. The Great Geyser spouts to a tremendous height and the water is boiling hot. There are many other smaller geysers in this area, but they are nothing compared to the Great Geyser. We also saw a stream which was quite hot. This flows into a pond, where, one man said, in winter one can skate on one half and swim in the other. The temperature of the water sometimes reaches ninety degrees.

The next day we travelled over many miles of lava to see Mount Hekla, which erupted in 1947. We saw Mt. Hekla very clearly when we were seventy miles away. On the way to this volcano we passed a school where the Iceland children stay in autumn, winter and spring with no break for Christmas or any other holidays. The children get home in summer.

One day we were taken to see Gullfoss, or the Golden Waterfalls. The huge thundering falls sparkle in many colours when the sun strikes the rising spray. Near the falls we saw the site where the oldest existing parliament of the world assembled. This is called Thingvellir, which means Plain of Parliament. As we returned to Reykjavick we passed underground ovens for making bread which are heated by natural hot water.

We left Iceland after staying for ten days, and on the homeward voyage the captain took the boat near to the island of St Kilda which is now a bird sanctuary. The remainder of the voyage was made in brilliant sunshine.

DOROTHY MENZIES, F.I.I.

Gailes, 1949

Corporal Punishment, of the Dundee High School Cadet Company, packed his tooth-paste away and closed his kit-bag. This was the day, the second of July, on which he was to set out for Cadet Camp at Gailes.

Having taken his kit down to the station, he left it there with the guard, a party of Cadets whose job it was to look after the kits. He then hurried up Reform Street to school to find it swarming with boys in uniform. In due course the company was formed up and, accompanied by the band, playing euphoni-ously as always, marched to the station. Arriving there, the company was marched up the platform by platoons and eventually all found seats. The kits were put in the van, and the train pulled slowly out of the station . . .

With a hiss of steam and a shuddering jar the train came to rest in Buchanan Street Station, Glasgow. The Cadets spilled out on to the platform and in groups of six, each with a Cadet who knew the way, they set out for St Enoch's Station. Here the whole company and its baggage entrained once more and travelled south to Gailes. Having reached their destination, kit-bags, pipe-boxes, drums and officers' cases were manhandled across a siding and into a truck. The company paraded and marched smartly to their lines, where Lieut. Vannet, of the advance party, awaited them. Corporal Punishment was in the truck which carried the kits and he only arrived in time to hear in which of the eight huts he was to sleep.

One hut was the company office, and only The Sergeant-Major, Quartermaster-Sergeant and Drum-Major slept in it. The junior company had two huts and the band one. The other four all had about eleven people in them. Each Cadet had a bed, a palliasse, three blankets, a pillow and a big metal box to hold his kit. There were enough chairs in most huts to allow two Cadets to share one. Each hut had an electric light, a table and a battered old stove in the middle.

Soon everyone was busy settling down, unpacking and making beds as it was by then nearly six o'clock. Everyone was hungry and jumped up eagerly when paraded for supper. The meals throughout camp were

good and wholesome, although the cooking might have been better sometimes. However, too many details might bore you. Let it suffice that they had a good supper, and then for the rest of the evening they were free to explore their surroundings.

Corporal Punishment and half-a-dozen others went down to the beach and, finding the water not too cold, ventured in. It was delightful, and the long beautiful sandy beach, uncrowded and quiet, provided just the right background to the splashing boys. Refreshed and invigorated, they returned to camp and, after a roll-call, they all settled down for their first night at Gailes; for many their first night in a Cadet Camp.

The next day, being Sunday, uniforms were given an extra rub before the company paraded for the Church service. This took place on the football field, and was well conducted in spite of the many trains which thundered past on the nearby railway line. After the service there was the usual parade for lunch, and the Cadets were then free for the rest of the day. Once again a party went down to the beach and enjoyed a bathe. Indeed, the swimmers in the company made the most of their opportunities and bathed at least once a day while they were at Gailes.

The week passed rapidly through a succession of parades, exercises, instructional films, lectures and demonstrations by the regular army soldiers stationed at Gailes. All the Cadets gained much useful knowledge, and very soon they had their first chance to use it.

On Wednesday morning, on Dundonald Hill, the company watched a demonstration of a section attacking an enemy position. This demonstration was given by nine seniors of the company, namely, Corporals Clark, Gibbs, Gray, Lemon, Manders, N. Menzies, D. Menzies, Watson and Weatherhead, all of whom had been specially instructed by Lieut. Linton. After the demonstration, which was a great success, the whole senior company attacked an enemy post held by the junior company. A skilful use of blanks and a smoke screen made this attack very realistic.

On Thursday night the senior company once more went out on an exercise. They marched to the training ground with

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blackened faces and hands. The exercise started and soon many of the Cadets were crawling through the bracken enjoying themselves. They were all very sorry when the exercise ended and, after much whistle-blowing, the roll was called and the company returned to camp. On their arrival in camp they were met, not with hot cocoa, as had been expected, but with cold milk and buns!

Friday dawned, and the rising sun found nobody any the worse of the night exercise. Uniforms were being cleaned as usual—well, no, not as usual, rather better than usual—as this was the day on which the platoon cup competition was held. Uniforms, therefore, were given extra care, and each Cadet was looking his best by the time the competition began in the afternoon. One of the officers in charge of the camp judged the contest, and Colonel Robertson presented the trophy. This year was the twenty-first birthday of the Platoon Cup, and, as on its first birthday, it was won by the junior company, commanded this time by Sergt. James Weatherhead. Great praise is due to him, to Lieut. Vannet,

the company's officer, to the three N.C.O.'s and to the Cadets themselves.

The last night at camp passed over with all its usual activities and, when the company started work next morning, many of the Cadets looked as if they hadn't had very much sleep. The work of clearing camp was quickly and efficiently done, and soon the whole company was homeward bound in a special train. Lunch, which had been provided by the cooks at Gailies, was served by the officers and N.C.O.'s; even Colonel Robertson was seen handing out oranges.

The train eventually arrived back in Dundee, where the weary company marched smartly up to the school where, after a few words of congratulation from Major Halliday, the company's excellent commander, the company was dismissed. As Corporal Punishment later said, it was a good camp, greatly enjoyed by all, and most of the credit must be given to the officers, whose efforts made it such a success.

Sgt. W.

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Ranger Camp

On Saturday, 1st July, seven Rangers set off for camp—five in a Dundee Express lorry, which was taking the equipment, and the other two with Captain Mudie in her car. Our first stop was Dunkeld, where we disposed of a plate of lettuce sandwiches and glasses of lemonade. We then stopped at Aberfeldy for ice-cream and at last arrived at Bridge of Balgie about noon.

The site was sheltered by high hills on each side. There was a flat part where we had the mess tent, store tent, etc., and, above it, a slight bank where the sleeping tents were pitched.

After lunch we set to pitching tents and removing turf for the fire, and by evening the camp was almost complete.

On Sunday the company attended the village church. In the afternoon we were lucky enough to hear our favourite radio programmes, as one Ranger had brought her portable wireless.

On Monday gadgets were made, and in the evening the Rangers split up, three to climb Ben Meggernie, two to climb a hill at the back of the camp, and the other three to laze around camp. After these expeditions there were great arguments at every meal as to which mountain was higher, and the conclusion was eventually reached that one was higher than the other, but the other was more difficult to climb.

On Tuesday afternoon we all went to Meggernie Castle, which belongs to Sir Ernest Wills, but he is there for only three months of the year. We were shown round the gardens which were beautifully laid out, and the hothouses in which grew every conceivable kind of fruit. How our mouths watered!—but all in vain!

In the evening we had a camp-fire.

Thursday was a visitors' day, and we were joined by a Morgan Academy Guide who is doing her first-class badge. She stayed till the end of the camp. Three of the Rangers, who are busy with their Ranger Service Star, set off for their overnight hike. The rest of the Rangers had a camp-fire with some of the local visitors.

On Friday afternoon some of the Rangers walked along the hill path leading to Loch Tay, but did not have time to reach the loch.

Saturday was another visitors' day. It was lovely weather and most of the Rangers were bathing in the River Lyon. We had found an excellent pool for swimming. It was shaded with trees and was just the perfect spot for hot weather. Most of the Rangers went for a walk along what we were told was an old Roman road. This was after ten o'clock and we arrived back at camp at about eleven-thirty, feeling more like going to bed than before.

On the second Sunday we again attended church. It was terribly hot and one of the Rangers almost fainted during the singing of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." However, she was taken back to camp in a car and felt much better. Meantime the rest of us, feeling it was too far to return to camp by road, removed our shoes and stockings and paddled across the river. During the rest of the day we packed up some of the equipment and cleaned the pots and pans. The cleaning of these utensils became rather hilarious when some of the Rangers fell fully clothed into the river.

Our camp site, during our whole stay, was being used by sheep, cows, frogs, clegs and midges, and sometimes horses. How the cows loved our wash-tent water!

On Monday morning the alarm clock sounded at a quarter-past seven instead of the customary eight o'clock. The striking of camp went successfully and the Dundee Express lorry, which was to take us back to "Bonnie Dundee," arrived about noon. On the journey home we stopped at Ballinluig, where we had a snack, and then at Dunkeld where we bought food for the rest of the journey. Then we were off again, not quite so noisily as on the journey to camp because we were beginning to feel the effects of the Glen Lyon air. However, we woke up and cheered lustily when one of our company spotted a lorry-load of Guides who had passed us. We reached Dundee about five o'clock.

After the lovely weather we had all acquired a beautiful tan and also many midge-bites, but in spite of these we once again voted the past camp "the best yet."

I. S. A.



CADET CAMP, 1949

AUTUMN

Autumn has come round once again, and, with its coming, have gone most of the flowers which have been a great delight during the summer months. The gardeners are now busy lifting dahlia and other roots and storing them in a dry sanctuary where they will be protected from winter's frost, to lie there until the spring of the year when they will be replanted to bloom again in triumph.

Out in the brown woods the leaves are tumbling fast and the keen gardener has thus an opportunity of collecting the fallen leaves to utilise them for leaf-mould for plants which are grown indoors.

The potato harvest has now been completed, and, if the town dwellers have the time and inclination to take a bus ride into the country, they will observe the tractors and horse teams turning over the rich soil in preparation for the winter's wheat.

At this time of the year farmers are busy threshing the grain crops which have just been secured. The oat crop is going to the miller's to be turned into that very essential food, oatmeal, which adorns most of the country families' breakfast tables.

The barley crop, if suitable, goes to the distiller's to be manufactured into that national beverage known the world over as "Scotch Whisky."

The wheat, after being tested for moisture content, goes to form the staff of life.

And, as the farm hands trudge their weary way homeward, they can feel justly proud of a job well done.

D. BRADFORD HILTON, III. (M).

AN AUTUMN SCENE

When I woke the next morning, I climbed sleepily out of bed. I walked slowly over to the hotel window and pulled up the blind. I was immediately awakened fully by the lovely scene which met my eyes. It was just like a painted picture.

In the foreground were the autumnal flowers in the hotel garden. The green grass was soft with dew and all the stones were damp. Beyond the garden was the shore of the loch. It was as smooth as a mill-pond, only ruffled by the swans and cygnets swim-

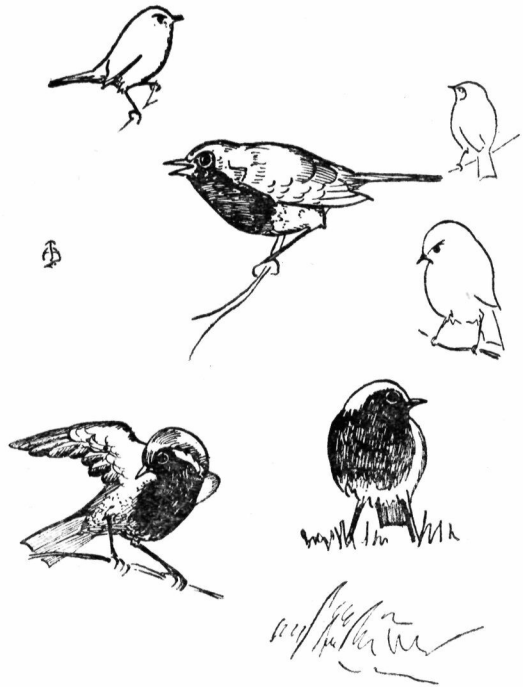
ming around in a leisurely manner. To the left the water began to flow swiftly under a lovely wooden footbridge over the source of the River Earn.

Beyond this, the trees and hills were reflected in the water as if in a mirror. On the other shore of the loch the rich golden trees defined the boundary between the hills and the loch. The trees, which consisted of birch, chestnut and beech, stood with their branches sweeping to the ground. Occasionally a leaf fluttered to the ground to add to the carpet of golden, rotting leaves.

Behind the trees, which acted like a scarf to the hills, a rugged mountain rose high into the sky. It looked very black and formidable, and at the summit wisps of mist were floating around the rocky towers.

At this wonderful picture I started singing "Oh, what a beautiful morning!" until I was drowned out by the clashing noise of the breakfast gong.

IAN G. DORWARD, F. II.



THE ROBIN

Sketches by JEAN ANDERSON

PLUS CA CHANGE; PLUS C'EST LA MÈME CHOSE!

The following lively poem is taken, by permission, from an operetta, "The Grammar Fairies," composed by a former master of the school and performed by the pupils of the school in 1891. This is the teacher's angle of a very melancholy subject. Will some young versifier or poet supply the pupil's angle for our next issue? (Music is available on request.)

TEACHER'S SONG

I once was a student gay and free,
My form was once erect,
My biceps muscle was a treat to see,
And, best of all — I was wholly free
From examination papers to correct.

CHORUS—

Exams, exams, examination papers to correct.
I became a teacher in a Secondary School,
But I never did suspect
That my student days, so gay and free,
Would be changed to such awful monotony,
With examination papers to correct.

I began to get pinched, and thin, and pale,
So went to the doctor direct.
He was skilled in the science of anatomy,
And he diagnosed the cause of my ailments
to be
Examination papers to correct.

I became an elder in the Parish Church,
And had to walk very circumspect;
But I had to resign my charge very soon,
For I was missed from the church every Sunday forenoon—
With examination papers to correct.

From the daughters of Eve of this fair town
A partner I did select;
But our honeymoon-trip revealed to my wife
She was married to a man for the rest of her life,
Who had examination papers to correct.

In less than a year she lay on her bier—
The doctors swore 'twas a case of neglect,
I was tried by jury, but acquitted on the ground
That a verdict of guilty could never be found
'Gainst a man who had papers to correct.

To another daughter of Eve I again proposed,
But to me she did object,
Unless I could give her a guarantee
That all my night would be entirely free
From examination papers to correct.

When I am dead, and the doctors meet
My worn-out brain to dissect,
They'll all agree 'twas better for me
To get as quickly as I could to a better
countrie

Where there's no more papers to correct.

T. M. DAVIDSON, M.A., B.Sc., F.R.G.S.
(High School, Dundee, 1891).

A DAY AT THE RIDING SCHOOL

When going to the riding stables on a sunny afternoon, it is very hard not to run, and merely to walk. (Incidentally it is much harder to walk, or even to move, when going away from the stables after having been riding. However, that is for a different reason.) Well then, having half-run up to the stables, I found the riding-mistress, Miss Douglas, and the four other girls who were also going riding, waiting for me. Miss Douglas informed me that I was riding Coal-Board, so I went to saddle and bridle him. This done, we set off for the practice-ground.

Here we went through our exercises—circling the ponies round while trotting; going round a bush, touching our toes, and trying to touch our ponies' tails, which, as you may not know, seem quite remarkably far away. Next came trotting and cantering, with reins tied in front; then we trotted without even stirrups. After that came cantering. Cantering did I say? For some, yes; for others, no. Have you ever tried it? Were you "yes," or, like me, "no"? I landed on the ground the moment Coal-Board began to canter. It wasn't even the ground that I landed on; it was a bed of "Sticky-Willies"! They seemed to congregate mostly in my hair, and my brothers and sisters spent the greater part of the evening plucking them out.

As we always change ponies at half-time, this seemed an excellent opportunity for me to do so; it being essential to come of one pony's back in some manner or other before mounting another. I now changed to Taffi. Soon after I had done so we went off for a ride. I was told to canter on, but, as Taffi had refused to obey this command while in

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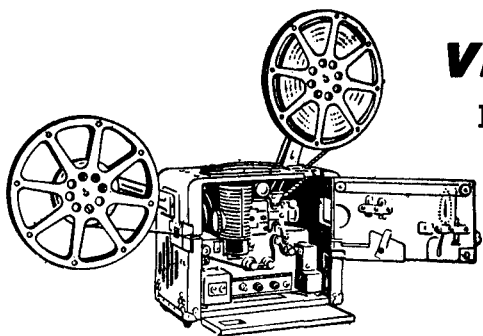
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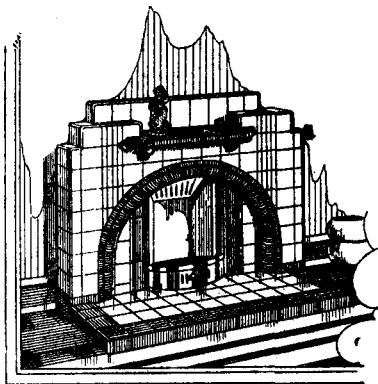
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the field, I was afraid that I would now meet with another refusal. To my great relief, however, she sprang into a canter immediately. It was obvious that she infinitely preferred the open fields to the more confined space of the practice-ground.

Some time later my attention was caught by a raspberry field beside the foot-path, and I crossed on to the path to see if I could get any berries. In so doing I fell behind my companions. My attention being fixed on the berries, I never noticed a policeman approaching till he was right up to me. He then held up his hand and ordered me to stop. Imagine my feelings! Here was I, alone with an angry peace-officer and my companions out of sight! However, all he said was, "Get off the path, young woman; it's not made for horses." I hurried on to join the rest of the school, determined never to ride on a foot-path again. However, I returned to the stables, having thoroughly enjoyed my ride.

ELSPETH SWINTON, F.II.

THE DUCK

Oh! member of the quacking race,
I like your bonny, honest face;
But why is it you are so base
As no to lay?

It seems the eggs which came apace
Have stopped for aye.

When drakes with quackless voice are hiss'n',
And morning's light the clouds is kissin',
Then from your duty you are missin',
There's no result.

Your hut is warm — it's no' a Nissen,
Then where's the fault?

I think of all the cash you costed,
And all that food—for now I've lost it,
—So now my patience is exhausted,

You stupid bird,
And soon as missing you'll be posted
Without sad word.

For then your neck it will be drawn,
And then like Janet you'll be thrawn,
And all my worries will be gone,
And you'll be stuck!

So on that day we'll have — oh, mon!
Our roasted duck!

D. J. D., F.V.

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Reports

Girls' Literary Society Report.

The following office-bearers have been elected for the current year:—Hon. President, Miss F. C. Whytock; Hon. Vice-President, Miss Lila Clunas; President, Miss E. E. M. MacDonell; Vice-President, Miss M. C. Hutton; Secretary, Alison Hogg; Treasurer, Elspeth Paton; Artists, I. Jean Anderson and Rita MacIntyre.

The Society has so far had four most successful meetings, which have all been exceedingly well attended. This is most encouraging, and it is to be hoped that this high standard will be maintained during the session.

As tradition demands, the Society opened with a Hat Night on 7th Oct. which was conducted in a lively manner. At the next meeting Miss F. Donaldson, Miss J. Mackenzie and Miss B. Murray told us about the foreign countries they had visited the previous summer and gave us an insight into the way other peoples live.

On 4th Nov., Form V. produced their class night, which proved most enjoyable. The following week the Boys' Lit. invited us to a lecture by the Rev. Mr Harry Andrew, entitled "British Columbia." Mr Andrew illustrated his talk with some very good slides and provided an interesting and entertaining evening.

The Society is now looking forward to the Musical Evening to be held on 13th Dec., and it is hoped it will be supported, not only by members but by the School in general. A. D. M. H.

Hockey Report.

This season our hockey teams show great promise. Four of last year's first eleven are still with us, but, unfortunately, owing to the weather, the first and second elevens have played only two matches.

Match Results:—

	1st XI.	F.	A.
Madras,	2	2	
Grove,	5	2	
	2nd XI.	F.	A.
Madras,	2	2	
Grove,	0	1	

We wish to thank Miss Whytock, Miss Spreull and Miss Smith for their untiring efforts to improve our play. E. D. L.

The D.H.S.F.P. Badminton Club.

The Badminton Club has become very popular at the school this winter with the Old Boys and Old Girls, so much so that with the membership at 40 it is considered full and all intending new members will have to take their place on the waiting list.

The school gymnasium is open to the Club on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. The Club have a team in the 4th Division of the Dundee Badminton League.

J. S. Smith, Esq., is President and Miss Kathleen Alexander is Secretary and Treasurer.

R. G.

Cadet Report.

This term the Company got off to a good start, and because of the good weather during September we were able to hold our attendances at Dalnacraig where better practical training facilities are available.

The 1949 camp was held at Gailles, Ayrshire. Artillery, Tank Corps and R.E.M.E. demonstrations were given by the Army Staff, which ensured that our stay was a happy one. Good weather, of course, was enjoyed throughout the week.

The following promotions were made at the beginning of the term:—Sgt. Stark to C.S.M.; Cpl. Manders to C.Q.M.S.; Sgt. Tweedie to P/M.; Sgt. Clark, K., to Drum-Major; Cpl. Clark, A., to Sgt.; Cpl. Lemon to Sgt.; Cpl. Watson to Sgt.; Cpl. Weatherhead to Sgt.; Cpl. Gibbs to Sgt.

Special mention must be made of the band which, in view of the youth of some of its members, keeps up its usual high standard under the able tuition of Pipe-Major McLeish.

On Sunday, 9th Oct., the company shooting team was narrowly beaten by that of the Dundee T.A. Our defeat was due to lack of experience with .303 rifles. We are looking forward to another match and hope to do better.

Mr Chrystal and Col. Robertson attended a parade on 11th November, when a wreath was placed on the War Memorial on behalf of the Cadet Company and Guides. At this parade camp badges were presented. Medals were also handed over to the junior shooting team, which took second place in the N.S.R.A. Spring Competition.

Once again we extend our thanks to Major Halliday and his fellow-officers for the interest they take in the Company. C.S.M.

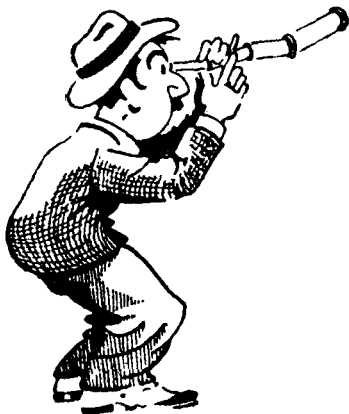
Boys' Literary Society Report.

At the time when this report goes to press the Boys' Literary Society has held only three meetings. The first two—a hat night and a "Brains Trust" were on similar themes. Members undertaking the formidable rôles in the latter meeting were Mr Dorward, Mr Taylor and Mr Weatherhead of Form V., and Mr Laurie of Form IV., all of whom acquitted themselves well despite the mixed nature of the questions.

Friday, 11th November, saw our first lecture of the season. The Rev. Harry Andrew delivered an extremely entertaining talk, illustrated by slides, to members of both Boys' and Girls' Societies. He gave reminiscences of his life in British Columbia, relating incidents both humorous and serious in such an easy, attractive manner that he held his audience enthralled from beginning to end.

The syllabus is now full for all but two Fridays until the middle of March, and several lecturers have consented to talk to the Society. Of these, Mr C. R. Anderson, Joint President of the Society in season 1946-47 is already well known to, and popular with, Society members.

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Supporters of music and drama are already turning their thoughts to the forthcoming Musical Evening. Despite the fear of examinations, preparations are being made on a grand scale in order that a varied and interesting programme may be presented on 13th December.

I. T.

Rifle Club Report.

The attendance at practices held so far this session has been very satisfactory, and there are several promising shots among both Seniors and Juniors.

The team is putting in some hard practice for the forthcoming competitions, including the Winter Competition and the 1st round of the Strathcona Shield Competition. We hope to equal our performance of last session by retaining the Strathcona Shield for another year.

We had keen competition in the annual match with the Old Boys which was shot off on 25th November.

On 11th Nov., the Junior Team, which gained second place in the Spring Competition—losing by only one point to Dysart H.G. Juniors—were presented with their medals by Colonel Robertson. The team on this occasion was as follows:—I. Dorward, W. Morrison, J. Penny and D. Watson.

I. M. W.

Dundee High School Former Pupils' Athletic Union.

The Second Annual General Meeting of the Union was held in the School on 5th September, 1949, when office-bearers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—Hon. President, Mr T. R. Lawson; Hon. Vice-President, Mr Douglas Nairn; Hon. Secretary, Mr R. S. Aiken; Hon. Treasurer, Mr A. T. Millar, C.A.; Hon. Auditor, Mr A. W. Mudie, C.A.

The representatives nominated by the Former Pupils' Clubs, who, along with the office-bearers, form the Union Committee of Management, are:—Old Boys' Club, Mr D. K. R. Lawson and Mr W. E. Stark; Old Girls' Club, Mrs P. T. Jackson and Miss B. Robertson; Rugby Club, Mr G. B. Smith and Mr G. K. Chalmers; Hockey Club, Miss M. M. Young and Mrs C. Taylor; Tennis Club, Mr W. S. Phillips and Mr C. A. H. Marr; Cricket Club, Mr T. Agnew and Mr H. S. Findlay.

The report of the Union Committee of Management was read to the meeting, and the Treasurer gave a report on the audited accounts of the Union from 17th January to 30th June, 1949.

The Athletic Union has also been recognised by the Directors of the School, who resolved that the Hon. President, Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer should be members of the Recreation Committee of the Board.

A Badminton Club was formed at the beginning of the season, and is now gaining in strength of numbers. It was decided that owing to restricted facilities in the School Gym. the Club should have a trial season, and if successful would then be properly constituted and become affiliated to the Union.

Guide Report.

Under excellent conditions the annual camp was held successfully at Balcomie Castle, Crail. The senior Guides enjoyed twelve days at camp, while the younger Guides were divided into two groups, each having six days.

For session 1949-50 the following Patrol Leaders were elected:—Nightingale, Esmé Anderson; Chaffinch, Elizabeth Anderson; Bantam, Doreen Braithwaite; Canary, Joyce Croal; Skylark, Mamie Donald; Robin, Ruth Henderson; Blackbird, Jeanette McHugh; Blue Tit, Monica Stewart; Thrush, Muriel Thomson; Swallow, Ann Younger.

The Company has been divided into two groups owing to the number of enthusiastic recruits. A senior Patrol Leader was elected for each group—Muriel Thomson and Ann Younger.

On Friday, 4th October, our District Commissioner, Mrs Taggart, came to say goodbye to us as she is leaving Dundee.

We are very proud of Frances Donaldson, our first Guide to gain the rare distinction of the Queen's Guide Award.

The shield last term was won by the Bantam Patrol.

We should like to thank the Guiders for making it such a happy and successful year.

P. A. G. Y., M. J. B. T.

Rugby Report.

During the last three years we have been fortunate to begin the Rugby season with a strong nucleus of players from the previous 1st XV. This was not the case this year, and in June last the School said goodbye to that outstanding captain and scrum-half, Roger Chawla, and a dozen of his excellent side. However, what is the school's loss is somebody's gain, and we are pleased to note that these players are giving their services to our Former Pupils, St Andrews University, Panmure and other clubs.

At the beginning of the season the boys were at the grounds every second day or evening, practising hard, and the 1st XV. very quickly took shape. A good pack was assembled, but, owing to weakness in the back division, it has been necessary to transfer some of the forwards.

Up to the time of writing the 1st XV. results have not been very gratifying, but we are confident that we have built a good team considering our numbers and resources. They have youth on their side and should improve as the season advances. The 2nd and 3rd XV.'s, we regret to say, do not put up a good performance against teams outside Dundee, and we are finding the old adage to be true—a good 1st XV. is dependent on a good 2nd and 3rd XV. The Junior XV.'s are lively and enthusiastic, the Form I. team being particularly good.

Our 1st XV. games have been fairly evenly contested. The scores against us were obtained mainly by weak defence and stupid faults on our part. An exception to this was the Royal High School game, where an older, heavier and cleverer side wore down our boys. Regarding individuals, it is diffi-

cult to say much, but the younger boys, R. Stephen, P. Robertson, N. Clark, W. Macrae and I. Watson, have been discoveries and should improve with experience.

We thank the Rector for his interest and encouragement. Mr McLaren and the other masters have continued to give their services freely and their assistance is much appreciated:—

1st XV.

		F.	A.
Sept. 24	Aberdeen Grammar Sch. (h)	10	16
Oct. 1	Royal High School (a)	0	17
8	Robert Gordon's College (a)	0	11
15	Harris Academy (a)	6	0
22	Melville College (h)	3	3
Nov. 5	Kelvinside Academy (h)	5	11
12	Morgan Academy (a)	3	3
19	Hillhead High School ... (a)	3	12

2nd XV.

		F.	A.
Oct. 1	Morgan Academy (h)	17	0
8	Robert Gordon's College (h)	3	21
15	Strathallan School (h)	0	22
Nov. 5	Harris Academy 2nd XV. (h)	18	3
12	Trinity College (a)	0	52
19	Bell-Baxter Sch. 1st XV. (h)	5	14

3rd XV.

		F.	A.
Sept. 24	Harris Academy 2nd XV. (a)	0	17
Oct. 1	Morgan Academy (a)	Cancelled	
8	Robert Gordon's College (h)	0	28
15	Strathallan School (a)	6	30
22	Madras College (a)	3	8
Nov. 12	Trinity College (a)	0	36
19	Bell-Baxter Sch. 2nd XV. (h)	0	9

Form II.

			F.	A.
Sept. 12	Harris Academy (a)		6	3
Oct. 15	Strathallan School (h)		6	36
22	Perth Academy (a)		0	20
Nov. 5	Morgan Academy (h)		9	6
12	Harris Academy (h)		3	0

Form I.

			F.	A.
Sept. 12	Harris Academy (a)		0	0
Oct. 8	Morgan Academy (h)		12	3
Nov. 5	Morgan Academy (h)		9	3
12	Harris Academy (a)		12	3

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1. Et tu.	20. Efts.
3. Suffer.	22. Ha-has.
7. Murder trial.	23. I halt.
13. Veer.	26. Vare.
14. Retto.	28. Routed ranks.
15. Arran.	30. Muriel.
17. Ecus.	31. Eddy.

Down.

2. Taut.	14. R.A.F.
4. Fur.	16. Rendu.
5. Rill.	18. Uat.
6. Adventive.	19. Isis.
8. Eet.	21. Shad.
9. Rete.	24. A.R.R.
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