

The illustration features a central shield divided into four quadrants. The top-left quadrant shows a crown with five stars above it. The top-right quadrant contains a large 'X' with a quill pen passing through its center. The bottom-left quadrant depicts a vase filled with three flowers. The bottom-right quadrant shows a classical building facade with columns.

Surrounding the shield are numerous items: at the top left, a small church labeled 'St. Peter'; below it, another church labeled 'la Grange'; to the right, a classical column labeled 'ECLAIR', a round-bottom flask, a quill pen, and a book labeled 'ROMAN'; further right, a laurel wreath; on the far right, two figures standing on a pedestal; below them, an open book with a quill resting on it; at the bottom right, a typewriter labeled 'J.W.C.'; at the bottom center, a violin and a musical staff with notes; to the left of the violin, a sewing machine and a thimble; and at the very bottom left, a pair of scissors and a needle.

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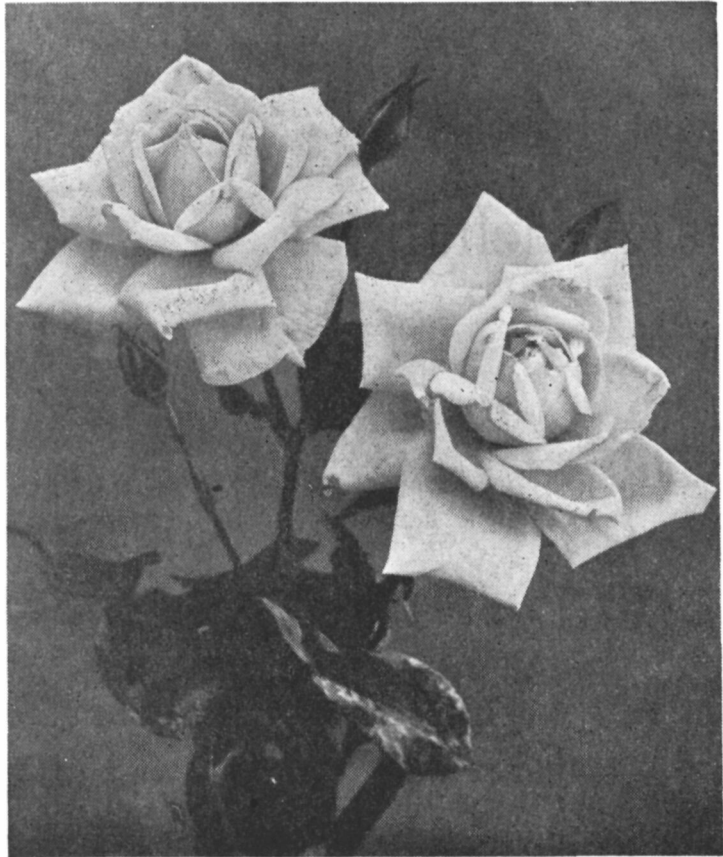
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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 109]

DECEMBER 1950

[ONE SHILLING

Editorial

A favourite topic for discussion in previous Editorials has been the weather. We are of the opinion that no mention should be made of it this time as it has been past speaking about. So without any further delay we shall review school life in the past term.

At the beginning of term Mr Stevenson joined the staff. He has now settled down in his new surroundings and we hope that he will enjoy his stay amongst us.

Unfortunately, we have temporarily lost the services of two members of the staff. Miss McNaughton has been off ill with an injury to her spine and Miss Macdonell has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis. We wish them a speedy recovery and hope that, by the time this is printed, they will once more be back with us.

The new school dining hall in Ireland's Lane is now under construction. When it is completed, the old dining hall will be converted into much-needed classrooms.

At the lunch hour and at 4 o'clock there is a policeman on duty outside the main gate of the school. This is a great help especially

to the younger members of the school who need now have no fear of the heavy traffic.

On Friday, 13th October, Miss Addie gave a very interesting talk on missionary work in India.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr Norman Brown for showing us a Rugger film in the Science Lecture Room, on Thursday, 2nd November. The large attendance showed that Mr Brown's kind gesture was greatly appreciated. It is hoped that the school teams will benefit as a result of this very interesting film.

We should like to draw your attention to a new feature of our magazine—a competition. We hope that it will prove to be a popular addition and that there will be a big response both from pupils and staff.

During the summer holidays, Netta Horsburgh, F.V., and Peter Miller, F.IV., swam the Tay. What price the channel?

In conclusion, to all members of the staff and to all pupils, we wish a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year.

NEWS AND NOTES

Miss D. M. Tulloch, Home Lodge, Broughty Ferry, has been awarded one of the scholarships offered by foreign governments through the British Council for study at universities in thirteen different countries. Miss Tulloch, who took the M.A. Honours Degree in Philosophy at St. Andrews University, is now studying at the University of Louvain. She is the daughter of Professor W. J. Tulloch of University College, Dundee.

Dr. J. H. Martin, B.Sc., Ph.D., a noted cancer expert, has arrived in Melbourne, Australia, to advise on the installation of the latest equipment for the treatment of cancer at the Peter McCallum Clinic. He has also been appointed cancer research officer for Victoria and Tasmania. Dr. Martin is the son of the late Mr and Mrs W. D. Martin. His father was principal lecturer in marine engineering at Dundee Technical College.

Mr Halliday and **Mr Vannet** have again been exhibiting in various parts of the country.

Mr Halliday has two pieces of Sculpture in the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts and a carving of O'lan, from the film "The Good Earth," in the Society of Scottish Artists Exhibition. Five pieces of his work were selected from the Edinburgh Festival to tour England.

Mr Vannet has a portrait and an etching in the Glasgow Institute and an etching of Arbroath Harbour in the Society of Scottish Artists Exhibition.

They are both well represented in the Dundee Art Society Exhibition.

At the end of September, **Mr Halliday** and **Mr Vannet** took part in an Exhibition in St. Andrews.

Mr Arthur Grant, now manager of a rubber plantation in Malaya, was home on leave this summer. He seemed very busy, even on holiday, but had time to get married. He is now back in Malaya; his wife goes out to join him in January.

We note with pleasure that the School Chaplain, **Rev. J. H. Duncan**, has been appointed Chaplain to the King.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank the **Old Girls' Club** for again sending a gift of books to the Junior Library. They are much appreciated.

Marriage

At St. Botolph's Church, Bishopsgate, on 26th August, 1950, **John S. Grove**, Lieut. (L), R.N., of "Ferragon," Newport, Fife, to **Betty Anne Robinson**.

CONGRATULATIONS

To **Mr I. S. Stark**, High School Lodge, Euclid Crescent, Dundee, on the award to him of an N.C.B. scholarship.

To **L. A. Elgood, Esq., C.B.E.**, on his appointment as a Director of the United Glass Bottle Manufacturers Ltd.

To **Philip Anderson, Esq.**, who has been appointed General Manager of the British Linen Bank. He is also this year's Vice-President of the Institute of Bankers in Scotland. **Mr Anderson** left the School in 1917.

To **Ian A. Hardie, Esq.**, at present a senior member of the staff of A. & S. Henry Ltd., Dundee, and now appointed Managing Director of that Company's Subsidiary Company, the Durban Bag Co. Ltd., South Africa. **Mr Hardie**, his wife and family, leave for South Africa in February 1951.

To **Mr James S. Forbes** who has been appointed Depute Burgh Prosecutor in Dundee.

OBITUARY

Miss Anne Semple Lorimer, who taught elocution for sixteen years in the High School, died at the Royal Victoria Hospital on 9th October, 1950. She was one of the first Scottish elocutionists to take the degree of L.R.A. M. in elocution. She was the eldest daughter of the late **Mr A. A. Lorimer**, for many years City Assessor of Dundee, and of **Mrs Lorimer**, 38 Coupar Angus Road, Dundee.

Information of the deaths of **Mr W. J. Lee** and of **Mr J. G. Marshall** has been received. Members of the Old Boys' Club extend to the relatives of the deceased their deepest sympathy.



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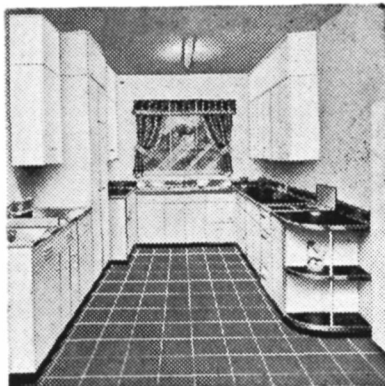
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OBITUARY (Cont'd.)

Mr Andrew G. Kidd (84) died at his residence, 64 Dalkeith Road, Dundee, on 11th April. Head of the firm of Andrew G. Kidd, Ltd., Bakers and Confectioners, he had been in the baking trade for seventy years. He had developed the business from the smallest of beginnings sixty-three years ago to be one of the leading bakery businesses in the district. To-day the firm has thirty-four shops in Dundee and one in Perth. Mr Kidd believed in education through travel. He was a great art collector and a keen sportsman.

Mr Robert James Wallace, manager of the Sungei Kruit rubber estate in the Tapah area of Perak, was killed in a guerrilla ambush on 19th June, 1950. Before the war Mr Wallace was on a rubber estate in Sumatra and was taken prisoner by the Japanese while fighting with the Dutch Army. He was a prisoner for three and a half years and worked on the notorious Burma Railroad. Mr Wallace married Miss Stella Gow after the war and went to Malaya. He was the only son of the late Mr J. W. Wallace and Mrs Wallace, 15 Lammerton Terrace.

Mr Stewart Carmichael died on 4th November, 1950. For nearly sixty years Mr Carmichael has enriched the artistic life of Scotland with a stream of work, including landscapes, portraits and allegorical groups—oils, water-colours, and lithographs all claiming his attention. He exhibited in the British academies and in Continental centres. His interest in Scottish history and tradition was reflected in his work. For many years he was a member of the Fine Arts Committee of Dundee Galleries, where many of his works are preserved. He also did valuable work as a governor of the Institute of Art and Technology.

Dr. Frank M. Milne died at his home, 40 Farington Street, Dundee, on 28th October. A native of Dundee, he graduated M.A. with Honours at St. Andrews University in 1897, and went on to take his B.Sc. and M.B., Ch.B. Degrees. From 1919 until 1933 Dr. Milne was physician for diseases of the skin at Dundee Royal Infirmary, and became a visiting physician in 1933. He retired from that office in 1938, and in recognition of his services he was appointed honorary consulting physician and pathologist.

The German School—1945-50

School holidays were long in that hot summer of 1945 for Hans Richter and all other German boys and girls, for the occupying armies had immediately closed all schools when they marched in during the late Spring.

And when at last, in September or even later, schools did begin to reopen, conditions were to be very different for Hans and his comrades. If the school building were at all habitable then it would probably be crammed with Displaced Persons from Russia, Poland, indeed from all over Europe, brought during the war years to work in factory or on farm; or with German refugees from East Prussia and Pomerania who had fled before the advancing Soviet armies. Or, were it a big school and relatively undamaged, it would probably be serving as a Lazarett for wounded soldiers, or as an auxiliary Krankenhaus for the many civilians who had experienced indescribable privations and suffering on their weary trek westwards.

The first schools to reopen were therefore usually those too badly bomb-damaged for any other purpose whatsoever. The school authorities had money, of course—everyone had money then—but tradesmen were short of materials, and the little they did have they preferred to expend on work for a farmer who would pay in terms of food, rather than for some body which had only worthless money to offer.

And so for months, for a whole year in many cases, Hans would spend most of his school day in clearing débris and rubble or in whatever building or carpentry work could be tackled by little unskilled hands and willing heart, in order just to have four stable walls supporting a roof of sorts to keep wind, rain and snow out of the cold bare rooms.

Hans found too, that most of the teachers he had known had been pensioned off, dismissed, or even arrested and interned be-

cause most of them had held some post, usually an unimportant nominal one, in the Nazi Party. How strange it all felt to have about him none of the elderly masters he had known, but only very young men and women, who, as he soon found out, were unskilled in their profession, and who, in many cases knew nothing of his Heimat, for a large number were strangers from the East. As time went on this situation was to improve, for a few of the old teachers were reinstated, others returned from P.O.W. camps, the untrained teachers were gradually withdrawn into Teacher Training Colleges and then returned to the schools more fitted to their task, while finally, many from east of the Zonal boundary, despairing of ever again seeing their homeland, settled down to try to build up a new existence in the western provinces.

Hans's comrades had changed too. For every one of his old friends there was now a newcomer, a refugee from the East, as often as not an orphan, whose father was probably missing in Russia, and whose mother was perhaps killed in the flight to the West, or at best, from whom he had become only separated in the chaos; an orphan child, whose only worldly possessions were the miserable clothes in which he had tramped the 500 miles from somewhere beyond the River Oder.

This huge influx of refugee children, taken in conjunction with the grave diminution in number of available schools and classrooms, has constituted the greatest single barrier to the resurrection of an adequate schooling system in Germany. In the seaport of Kiel (a town in many ways similar to Dundee), there were in 1939, 25,273 pupils accommodated in 765 classrooms—or 33 per room. In 1947 there were 33,281 children in 302 classrooms—or 110.2 pupils per room. And even these latter figures are scarcely to be compared with those of rural districts where the refugee influx reached huger proportions. In Schleswig-Holstein, for example, there were 190,475 pupils in 1939; 419,597 in 1946; and almost 500,000 in 1950.

Hans took no school books with him that first day, for he had heard that the texts hitherto used had all been banned. Indeed, many months were to pass before he was to

have a text-book in his hands again. It was to be difficult enough to find even an exercise-book, for which he had to surrender a few Pfennig and five times the weight of the jotter in waste paper—the latter was usually the harder to come by. When the jotter was full (which was soon, for in the absence of books so much had to be copied from the board—providing the teacher had chalk), and the contents learned and digested, Hans would start again at the beginning after erasing his previous work, a process which would continue three or four times until the poor quality of the paper would not bear further erasure.

These, then, were the conditions Hans found on returning to school in 1945. In the years between they have been bettered but not really changed, for he still sits in a very over-crowded classroom in a dilapidated building, not for the whole school-day, for most schools still work in shifts; he has a few essential text-books but they are of an emergency nature; he may be better fed at home, but he still requires the school meal, that gift of Providence and the Occupying Powers, which probably alone kept him alive in that dire winter of 1946-47.

But while the outward facets of his school life still bear to-day deep scars of the past, there are other features which have been changing, imperceptibly perhaps, but probably not entirely unnoticed by Hans. The idea that education is synonymous and co-extensive with factual learning is disappearing. Hans is no longer a bottle whom successive teachers fill with academic knowledge and little more. That system produced some very erudite scholars but extremely poor citizens. Nor is he any longer a piece of clay to be moulded by unscrupulous teachers to the standard pattern of a vicious political ideology—that system turned out very good Nazis, but very bad human beings. Rather is he become a plant, something with an independent existence, to be tended, watered and trained according to his own natural development—such an approach, it is hoped, will equip Hans the better, not merely to play his part in the rebuilding of his own broken country, but also to become a better citizen of the world.



Photograph by Norman Brown & Co.

“THE GONDOLIERS”

The Art of The Cave-Dwellers

Primitive man, obeying the strong creative, artistic and religious impulses within him, drew pictures of the beasts he hunted on the walls of the caves in which he dwelt. These drawings and paintings go back to an immense antiquity, perhaps as far as 14,000 B.C., and, although executed by the uncouth hand of the cave-dweller, they possess many aesthetic qualities. Beauty of line, form and colour are there to be enjoyed to this very day in cave-paintings in France (Font-de-Gaume, Dordogne) and in Spain (Altamira).

The hunter-artists of prehistoric times were extraordinarily successful in their representations of animals—the bison, the hind, the reindeer, the charging boar, the terrible mammoth and the sabre-tooth tiger. One and all show astonishing fidelity to nature, and a knowledge of simple perspective and technical skill, that are evidences of a highly advanced culture. This technical skill is also obvious from carvings in bone, stone and reindeer antler. Many specimens of spear-throwers preserved to us are richly carved with, for example, a fox's head, a chamois, or, a grouse. The primitive artist had materials such as stone, ivory, bone, wood, clay and even metal with which to work, as well as several earth-pigments, vegetable and animal dyes with which he could paint, and burnt-wood or charcoal with which he could draw.

Wall-paintings in France and Spain, known as the Franco-Cantabrian group, can be divided into three phases, viz.:—

1. Lower Aurignacian.
2. Upper Aurignacian.
3. Lower Magdalenian.

In the first phase, engravings are to be found drawn with the finger on soft clay walls. There are paintings of animals which are rather crude representations, the contours done in black, yellow or red. There are also stencilled silhouettes of human hands, produced by tracing the outlines, or, by laying the hand on the wall and blowing colour over it. Examples of similar stencilled hands are found among the natives of modern Australia.

In the second phase, we find engravings and paintings of animals represented with greater accuracy, the colours used being red and black. It is interesting to note that there is more detail added, which is essential to the form.

In the third phase, both paintings and engravings reach the highest state of their development. Proportion and details are masterfully portrayed. The paintings are black partially filled in with brown or red, and shading is expertly introduced. The most famous are those of bison although there is a very fine galloping horse from the Altamira cave. This is a shaggy kind of horse, something like a Shetland pony, with short legs, a thick mane, and long coarse hair on the lower curve of the body. The artist has attempted to paint masses (i.e., filled in the shapes) and not lines. This technique, and also that shown in other Altamira paintings, is therefore painting in the proper sense of the term and not drawing. The colour mainly used is red.

In Eastern Spain, another group of cave-artists, appeared to concentrate on naturalistic representations of men. Apart from their artistic interest, these representations give us an idea of the life of these men. We see them in their most important occupation, hunting, and we can study their weapons, tools and ornaments. Stone age painters were complete masters in the art of rendering movement. Many of the pictures are full of animation, as, for example, a battle-scene. It appears that the artist has looked down from a high vantage point on this scene of men vigorously attacking each other with bows and arrows.

From the study of cave-drawings and paintings, we find that the primitive artist concentrated on what was absolutely essential and omitted all unnecessary detail. This is in accordance with one of the main principles of modern artistic draughtsmanship. The definition of drawing as the art of omitting details has been ascribed to more than one modern artist. While the modern artist concentrates on this characteristic, the artist of prehistoric times may not yet have learned

to visualise details and may have unconsciously arrived at similar effects from an entirely different approach.

On certain animal drawings marks have been found which suggest that arrows had been shot at them. In others, a red heart can be seen—perhaps an aiming mark. There are also pictures of men masquerading as animals. It is possible they performed magic dances with animal masks just as savages do. The dancer identifies himself with the desired animal, imitating its movements in order to attract it and lure it to his power. Indians of the North West coast of America, even a few years ago, imitated in their dances the leaping salmon which constituted their main food.

European primitive art is not confined to very early times, but continues in various styles through the New Stone Age, Bronze Age, Iron Age, right to the Middle Ages. This art of early times shows aesthetic and technical resemblances between the art of prehistoric Europe and that of some modern primitive peoples.

Many of us may think how crude the cave drawings seem, according to our own standards. I would suggest to such critics to endeavour to copy some of the animal studies mentioned. They will finish feeling humbler. I venture to suggest that the skill in line and shading so economically applied in cave drawings and paintings has seldom been surpassed in later times.

W. P. V.

The Ethics of Borrowing

It is said that, in suburban districts, the first approach towards making friends is the borrowing of the garden roller. A garden roller is a slow, conspicuous, unbreakable object. The borrowing of money, however, almost always leads to ill-feeling. A note is a small, fragile object.

Books, probably, are the most often borrowed things. A book, unless it is a reference book, is used only occasionally. Once a work of fiction has been read, it is discarded, if not for ever, at least for a long time; and so a book is more suitable for borrowing than, say, a pound note. A note is used in quite a different way from a book. Money is used by being given away—the money returned is not the money lent—while a book is used by being retained in the borrower's possession.

There are certain unwritten—and sometimes unobserved—rules in borrowing. It is customary to lend something in return—another book, perhaps. A bank, of course, will lend nothing without surety, so the question of ethics does not arise. It might have been better for all concerned if the normal person had insisted on something in return for the loan of an article. "If you lend me your lawn mower, you can use my wheel barrow." That sounds rather childish, I know, and suggests that the owner of the wheel barrow does not trust the owner of the lawn mower. Such a statement would lead to

ill-feeling, perhaps, and could never be used now. What I am saying is that such a custom would have been good if it had been in existence. It can never come now—unless we do degenerate into a nation of shopkeepers. Although a return loan is frequent, the one article is not regarded as surety for the other.

Another ethic is that the article should not be kept too long. This is a matter of convenience. There is nothing more disconcerting than having to say: "Would you mind returning that tie I lent you last December?" Or even: "Aren't you the chap I lent my boots to?" and there is no one more embarrassed than the person who has to reply.

It is, of course, a concrete rule that one does not damage another person's property, and that, should such damage occur, one offers to pay for repairs or replacement. Another ethic—an annoying one—is that the enraged owner has to smile and make a few depreciating remarks about the worth of the property. Then he must refuse to be paid—unless the sum of money involved is a large one or he does not care what people think about him. I think that lending libraries and insurance have made people a little callous about borrowing—which is a pity.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

How wise!

DAVID J. DUNCAN, F.VI.

Luck—Fortune, Good or Bad

The Malabar coast on the South-West side of India is probably one of the most enchanting places on earth. The climate may not be to the liking of everyone, for the temperature, though it never rises above 90°, seldom goes below 70° F., and the monsoon period, from the end of May until the end of August, is a time of almost continuous rainfall. It is this rainfall, however, which makes Malabar so luxuriantly verdant.

Seen from the air, the narrow coastal strip between the Indian Ocean and the Western Ghats is beautiful. It seems to be almost entirely covered with palm trees, except where long, vivid, light blue streaks mark the backwaters which run intermittently from Calicut to Cape Cormorin, parallel with the creaming white surf and the deep blue of the Indian Ocean beyond.

It is, however, when you travel along the backwaters by launch, or along the roads by car or jutka, that you really begin to see the real beauty and feel the enchantment of Malabar. The cocoanut palm seems to be ubiquitous, but here and there you find small terraced clearings vividly green with young paddy (rice), tapioca or pineapples. Near at hand is a neat, clean, earthwalled, white-washed hut with its bright, red-tiled roof, and around it the inevitable swarm of guinea fowl, chickens in all stages of development, the tethered cow and calf, and, usually, a light brown, completely nude, tottering infant.

Darkness comes early and falls quickly in Malabar, but to walk along a quiet road in the short evening, to see against the black background of cocoanut palms the twinkling of the oil lamps and the glow of the fires cooking the evening meal, and in the gathering darkness the ribbon of sky above the road scintillating with innumerable stars, to smell the sweet scent of the wayside shrubs and the damp earth mingled with the acrid smoke from the fires, to hear the sound of cowbells as the drowsy animals settle to rest, and behind all, only half sensed, the eternal mur-

mur of the distant surf, is an experience not soon forgotten.

The fishermen of Malabar are Moplahs. They are fanatically devout Muhammedans and intrepid sailors, who, throughout the year return to the beaches with the night's catch, just as the sun is climbing over the Western Ghats. It is quite a sight to see large numbers of catamarans being skilfully paddled until each reaches the crest of the wave its steersman has chosen to run it high up on the beach.

I have said "throughout the year," but that is not quite correct, for, during the holy month of Ramzan, when the Muhammedan must fast from sunrise to sunset, no night fishing takes place.

Nazir-u-din and his two sons, having finished their morning meal before dawn in the fisherman's hut in the palm grove above the beach, and aware that a day of fasting lay ahead, turned towards Mecca and prostrated themselves in prayer. Their devotions ended, they rose from their knees and automatically gazed westward over the empty sea. But what was that? The sea wasn't empty! No Moplah would be out fishing at night in the holy month of Ramzan; their eyes were deceiving them. Another more searching look. It was no hallucination, for there, in the increasing daylight, a small craft was being paddled towards the shore. This must be investigated. Other fishermen were summoned to see this unusual spectacle. The news travelled quickly and, by the time the visitors arrived, there was quite a reception committee lying in wait for them in the palm trees at the top of the beach. The reception committee included policemen from the coastal patrol who took charge of the visitors. The visitors were not Moplahs. They were Indians, plentifully supplied with money, who, during eleven months of the year, might have landed unnoticed. Bad luck that the Japs should have chosen to land them from a submarine during Ramzan, or was it?

R. M.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF HOCKEY CLUB

The golden jubilee of the first match between Dundee High School Hockey Club and Morrison's Academy for Girls Hockey Club took place on Saturday.

At the beginning of October, 1900, the High School Hockey Club came into being and began its first hockey season with a match against Morrison's Academy. The score — 8 goals to nil for Morrison's — was probably defended by Dundee on the grounds that Academy players had benefitted from two years' extra practice, their club having been formed in 1898.

However, Dundee soon rectified the defect, and reversed the score exactly at the return match.

It was fitting, therefore, that 50 years later to the day, a commemoration match should take place, and so on Saturday, 7th October, the Crieff School's 1st, 2nd and Junior XIs set off for Dundee. Although the results on this occasion were not quite so sweeping as the previous ones, the present-day teams representative of the Girls' School did not disgrace their predecessors, but gained an overall victory in the matches played, the scores being :—3—2, 0—1, 3—1.

In honour of the event, the team captains and umpire attended a most enjoyable coffee party at which were present the Rector of Dundee High School and his wife, Mr and Mrs Bain, and also four members of the original 1900 High School team. The former players were presented with button-holes in honour of the occasion.

Interestingly enough, there are still in Crieff, several members of the original Academy team who played in the 1900 match. Unfortunately, for at least one rather obvious reason, they prefer to preserve their anonymity. A member of the Academy staff, however, writes that, having seen the Dundee ladies, she would hasten to reassure them that hockey players seem to remain remarkably unscathed by the "ravages of Time"—a fact which should give added inspiration and encouragement to the would-be hockey players of to-day.

(With acknowledgment to Strathearn Herald)

NEWS OF F.P.'S

We are always glad to have news of F.P.'s. John Grove seems to have had, so far, a very interesting career.

He had the unique experience of gaining a commission in the Royal Navy after being a year at Sandhurst R.M.A.

After graduating B.Sc. (Engineering) with first-class honours, he went to train with the R.E.'s. He went to Newark and hence to Aldershot.

While at Aldershot, he was successful in gaining one of three appointments at Sandhurst. He taught Maths. and Physics. But he had always wanted the Navy, and, after various interviews at the Admiralty, he went to the Naval College at Greenwich for six months.

In June, 1949, he sailed for Malta to join H.M.S. "Forth" (a submarine depot ship). He was the Junior "Schoolie"—Instructor Lieutenant.

We are glad to publish some excerpts from his letters home.

British Military Hospital, Athens.
3rd November, 1949.

I was appointed to H.M.S. "Mermaid", a fine little frigate exactly similar to the "Amethyst" of which you will have no doubt seen photographs.

We left Malta on the 17th October, bound for Phalerum Bay and Piræus. The officers, only seven of them plus the Captain on a small ship, were excellent fellows and I was soon very much at home. On the way to Athens we took star sights and so I was able to put all my Greenwich theory into practice—with reasonable success too, I may add!

Once in Athens, we received our orders which consisted of making visits (showing the flag, if you like,) to various islands in the archipelago. These were Poros, Volos and Syros and we duly visited each one, staying a day or so and putting back to Athens between each visit. Volos is not an island but lies at the head of a land-locked gulf which bears that name. It is on the way to Salonika and can only be sixty to eighty miles from it.

The poverty of these Greek islanders is very real but their spirit is great. They seem to have a burning desire to defeat the Commun-

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ists and a great love and loyalty for their King and Queen. Their popularity compares with the popularity of our King and Queen in Britain. On top of all this they are extremely pro-British and very friendly.

When in Syros, our visit coincided with "Okki Day"—the day ten years ago when the Greeks said "No" to Mussolini—and each year it is made a national holiday with processions and general rejoicing.

We had a platoon of our matelots in their parade, complete with officer, plus sword, and the reception they got from the population was immense. Even marching from the jetty to the start point they were cheered and clapped all the way. It was simple gratitude and it moved us all, especially after the abuse poor old Britain has had to stand from ungrateful nations, after having fought their battles for them.

On the return to Athens from Syros, I suddenly lost my appetite, felt a bit seedy, and gradually turned yellow! I was put to bed and starved and, since the disease is infectious, it was decided to land me and put me into hospital—one of the stokers was also put ashore with the same trouble.

I'm very comfortable and well looked after. I'm on a high protein dish, so am eating much meat—steak, chicken, sheep's hearts—'tis excellent. The doctor (R.A.M.C., of course) says I have only a mild attack and

thinks I should be out in a fortnight; in this case I shall probably fly back to Malta rather than wait for the next frigate to return about the beginning of December.

Life is full of surprises. Who would have dreamed this time last year that I would be lying in a hospital in Athens twelve months hence?

Bay of Athens, 20th July, 1950.

I've been into Athens several times and, of course, visited the Acropolis. It is a wonderful place, extremely impressive and, I think, owes a lot of its beauty to the simplicity of the design. The Parthenon is the largest of the temples and, if you remember, its roof is supported all round by magnificent, lofty pillars.

Apart from the æsthetic beauty of the place I liked it, too, because it is up on a hill, airy and clean, and free from the smells and noise of the city below.

Athens is a curious mixture of the modern and the ancient, but one thing that a Britisher notices is the generally lower standard of living than he is used to at home—hygiene, good roads, clean streets and good transport facilities. Food and the general necessities of life are pretty expensive—a good meal costs you a minimum of ten shillings, being minus all the trimmings and a drink or two.

CHRISTMAS

Santa Claus is coming ;
He must be very near,
Coming down the chimney,
Bringing us good cheer.
The tinkling of sleigh-bells
I hear far away,
Bringing all the presents,
We find on Christmas Day.

The village in the valley
Is buried in snow.
With hardly any sound,
He will come and go.

When we rise on Christmas,
We will shout for joy.
Every stocking bulges
With a lovely toy.

J. WILSON, L.V.B.

CRICKET

I love to play cricket,
To run to my wicket,
To start and run with lots of fun
And, cheering from every one.
Oh ! isn't it nice to play cricket ?

C. MARS, L.V.B.

ANNE

I know a little girl with nice blue eyes ;
She has rosy cheeks, and seldom cries ;
She's always playing and laughing out loud,
And because of her I am very proud.
She jumps about and dances with glee,
And she's my cousin and only three.

JAMES HUNTER, L.V.B.

A THUNDERSTORM

The crows flew slowly and uneasily beneath the darkening sky, circling the moor which stretched like a dark shadow beneath them.

A shaggy pony, separated from the herd, which clustered timidly together, stood head erect, body motionless, anticipating he knew not what, while up above the grey skies grew black, as purple edged clouds rolled silently across the moor.

The crows swooped lower and in the distance was heard a slight rumble. The pony suddenly trembled, gave a slight snort, then trotted back to join the herd. The rumbling grew louder and the crows made their way towards a hawthorn tree standing solitary on a slight rise. Then, as if filled with foreboding, they wheeled and swiftly made off towards a group of trees.

Then the storm broke in all its fury, frenziedly tearing across the moor as if it would rend it in two. Rain lashed against the ponies, which, panic-stricken, stood as if turned to stone, while jagged forks of lightning, spelling destruction to all which dared cross its path, tore the sky.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash, then another, and this time it struck the solitary hawthorn tree.

A slight wind rose; the thunder and flashes of lightning grew less frequent; the clouds rolled off and a ray of watery sunlight fell on the still frightened ponies. Then, as if realising that the danger was over, they shook their manes and happily trotted off over the thirst-quenched moor, while the sun glinted on their wet backs.

Nothing remained to tell of that terrible storm except the crows, flying uneasily above the jagged and black outline of the hawthorn tree. Then they, too, fear forgotten, flew speedily off, circling over the moor beneath a brightening sky.

FIONA J. MILNE, F.III.

STORM OVER DUNDEE

As I lay in bed, one night, thinking about what had happened that day, a wind rose, and I shivered all over, when I thought about anyone being out on such a night. Little did

I know what would develop from it, so I managed to fall asleep.

I was awakened during the night by a terrific bang. My first thoughts were: "What was it? Was it a storm?" I sat up in bed and in a few seconds I saw a flash of lightning. My thoughts were confirmed, so I leapt out of bed, and went to see if my sister was awake, as she is rather afraid of storms. By this time the rain was coming down in sheets and the storm was overhead; it seemed as if it would never stop.

However, in about half an hour, it had blown over, but it was still raining. The next question was: "Was it high tide?" For, if it was, the basements would be flooded, as they are only ten feet above sea level at any time, and water finds its own level. Luck was against us, it seemed, for it was high tide and there was eighteen inches of water in the basements. We used the basements as stores, but there were only a few odds and ends in them just now. The people next door were unlucky as their basements were full because they were rearranging their house.

The next day the Fire Brigade was out, pumping the water from all the houses, offices, shops, and other buildings. There must have been a large number of places flooded, as the Fire Brigade was out the following morning, finishing off its work. The flood must have meant heavy loss to a great many people, as it is not covered by insurance as it is an act of God. This was the worst storm in Dundee since the "Dark Day" in the nineteenth century when the Tay Bridge disaster took place.

JOAN MCCRAE, III.M.

WHAT AM I?

My first is in duck and also in drake;
My second's in bun, but not in cake;
My third is in enemies, but not in foes;
My fourth is in daisy, but not in rose;
My fifth and my sixth are both in belle;
My whole is a town you all know well.

DUNDEE : ANSWER

ANNE F. BUTCHART, F.II.

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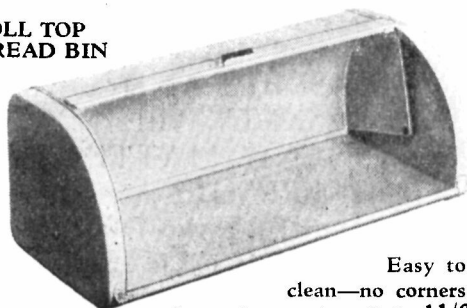
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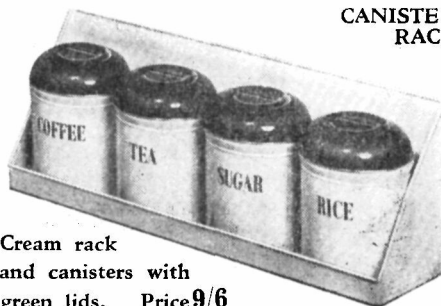
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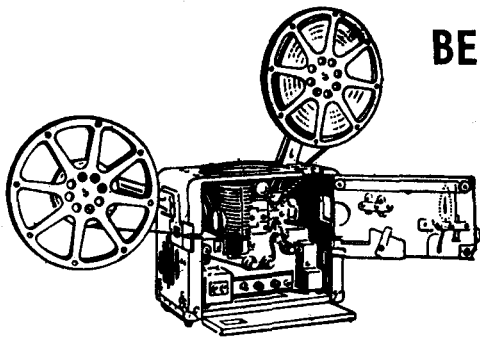
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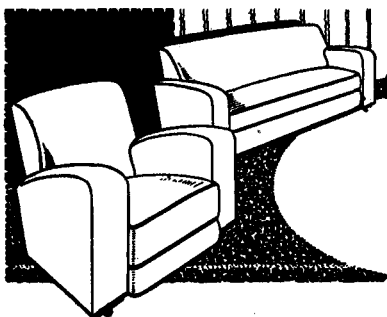
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Land of Lakes

Mr Henry McGrady Bell, the author of "Land of Lakes", is a member of a family well-known in the timber trade in Dundee, and an old pupil of Dundee High School and Morrison's Academy, Crieff. His earliest associations with the Baltic, and Finland in particular, were due to his business connections, when he was appointed Secretary to the Fennia Timber Company of Dundee and Helsingfors, and from that day his interest in Finland and his work for her people have been intense and unremitting.

The book is a forthright, bluff, and personal account of Mr Bell's activities in Finland, where he became British Consul-General during the first world war, and to which he returned later as a trader. As was to be expected from his antecedents and training, he carried out his official duties with a sharp pair of scissors which cut through many rolls of red tape: indeed the whole book shows how business methods and officialdom are uneasy companions.

Mr Bell admires and loves the Finns, their physical fitness, their integrity, their love of independence. He understands the difficulties with which they are confronted by reasons of geography, yet he still hopes and believes that Finland will retain her soul. To-day, though overshadowed by Russia, the Finns enjoy a democratic constitution which they will never surrender. To Mr Bell, Finland is "a torch of liberty flaming in a wilderness". This judgment is based upon his knowledge of the leading personalities of Finland during the last forty years, with whom he has been on terms of intimate friendship — Mannerheim, Sibelius, Paasikivi, and others. It can at least be said that Mr Bell, whose estimate of the Finns appears to be equalled by their affection for him, has written a book which will do much to promote friendship and understanding between our two countries; and to-day what can be more valuable than the promotion of international goodwill?

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In its Prime

Small girl writing about a mediaeval castle : " This middle-aged castle."

The Jacobite

" Even after his death, his heart was still broken."

A Compliment or — ?

" All things bright and beautiful,
All teachers great and small."

Confession

Form II. has a new book called " Exercises in Comprehension."

F.II. Boy : " Please, Sir, I've lost my ' Comprehension ' ! "

Autobiography of a Tree

" I was very board."

Comment on Boyle's Law

" Boyle's is a pain in the neck."

They are a nuisance at times

" Joseph asked his bothers many questions."

Shalott Washing Day

" Four grey walls and four grey towels
Overlook a space of flowers."

Dundee Mounties ?

" I looked at the mountain slops."

Shakespeare Improved

" Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lugs to speak so loud."

Not Supersonic

" The normal speed of a fully-loaded camel with a kind master is about eighty miles a day."

Apt Quotations

Mag. Editor : " Blessed is the man who expects nothing." (Pope).

A reminder to teachers : " Examinations are formidable, even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer." (Colton).

Form VI. : " Studious of laborious ease."
(Cowper).

Form V. : " There's a good time coming, boys, a good time coming." (Mackay).

Prefects : " Let's find out what everyone is doing, and then stop everyone from doing it." (Herbert).

School Dinners : " Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both."
(Shakespeare).

1st XV. (and XI.) :

" 'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all."
(Clough).

In All His Glory

"I dawned my best clothes."

Secular Office

"What is a layman?"

"A man who fixes the rails to the sleepers."

"Mislearned"

"There was a birthday cake with five lairs."

French with a Smile

Un ouvrier : a tin-opener.

Une voyante : a sight-seer.

Mouiller l'ancre : to put water in the ink.

Il était un de ces hommes fort silencieux : he was one of those strong silent men.

L'aubergiste tient l'auberge : the innkeeper's wife is holding the innkeeper.

Cela blessait son goût : this hurt his gout.

Auto da fé : a fairy cycle.

Deux domestiques l'avaient apporté à grand'peine : two servants had brought him a grand piano.

Assis à la fenêtre était un petit garçon aux joues fraîches et rouges, et aux yeux brillants : seated at the window was a bright-eyed boy, flushed by new games.

Il aimait beaucoup la vieille demeure : he was very fond of the eventide home.

Le vieux monsieur ne voyait jamais personne : the old man never travelled in person.

Donnez-lui un boisseau d'avoine : give him a tankard of beer.

Je distingue les masses confuses des vaches, frappant la paille du sabot : I see confused masses of cows kicking over the pail.

Ouvrez-moi la porte : open the port.

Allah gab ihm die Kraft : everyone gave him the cheese.

On the Move

I entered the lounge and the sight which met my eyes appeared to be chaotic. "Not again!" I thought. "Why, I'll never find anything now!"

The modern housewife seems to take a delight in shifting her furniture. A certain article, which occupied a prominent place in the room before, is now stowed away in the Lumber Room, whilst something else holds the place of honour. Slowly I walked, or rather picked my way, across the room, past a low coffee table and swung round the revolving book case. It spun madly round and I sighed, for I might have known that the books would be changed also and fewer put on its shelves.

An armchair now sat in one of the smaller windows and the settee was sprawled across the centre of the floor. Other chairs had become "displaced persons" and had wandered in search of refuge to all parts of the room. The grand piano, alone, held its own position, but the standard lamp was now far away from the instrument to which it had

so often lent its light. The music cabinet had disappeared taking its contents with it.

I fingered the keys of the piano, but all the notes seemed discordant and, restless, I got up and glanced at the clock which wasn't there. I felt exasperated and, after a good deal of looking round, found it on a ledge of the display cabinet. Six o'clock. I turned to switch on the radio to hear the news. No radio! Ah, yes! There it was, sitting in the wrong corner. Having switched it on, I opened the small cupboard set into the mantelpiece. Empty! Where, oh where, was the Radio Times?

Thoroughly disgusted, I went out of the room and downstairs.

About four or six weeks later, I had become quite reconciled to the "new" lounge. School had finished for the day and, when I arrived home on that fatal Thursday, I was unprepared for the shock which awaited me. Yes, the lounge was "on the move," again!

MAIDA MACDONALD, F.I.I.G.

Forest Fantasy

Through a canopy of leafy branches, interwoven with scented honeysuckle, the sun shone on a glittering object which lay on a bed of bracken. It was a small needle. Though so small, the loss of this tiny needle was the cause of a soft crying that was heard shattering the silence. It was a little person who was sobbing, a little person from the underworld who was to mend Oberon's cloak for the Court which was to be held next day.

This small person had searched for his needle at the foot of at least a dozen blades of grass and all over a patch of bracken, and still could not find it. At this moment Oberon was taking a walk in the shade of the trees when he noticed the glittering needle, and, guessing whose it was, he took the needle with which he meant to try the loyalty of his tailor.

First, he called Puck, and, giving him some instructions, hurried back to his Palace. While the sobbing little person was once again searching for his needle, an old man stumbled through the network of branches, trampling over all the gay flowers. The little person was very distressed about the flowers and begged the intruder to take care. The old man looked down at him and mumbled, "I have found something better than these flowers," and at these words he held up the needle.

"Oh! 'tis my needle, 'tis, indeed!" cried the little person.

"What would you give for it?" queried the man.

"Anything," replied the little person anxiously.

"Then I'll have a silver crown, if you please."

"Then just a minute," replied the little person, and he sped away to Oberon's Palace where he begged Oberon to give him a silver crown for the work he was to do. Oberon asked why he wanted the crown, and the little person told him how he had lost the needle, and about his meeting with the old man. He terminated his story by saying he would like his crown now, so that he could still mend Oberon's cloak for the Court.

Oberon was delighted with him and, giving him three crowns, told him to go and recover his needle. When the little person returned to the place where he had left the old man, he found nothing but a needle. It was not his own but a lovely new one and, delighted with his find, he raced across the leafy glade towards his home where he would then patch Oberon's cloak. He did the patch so well that Oberon gave him another three crowns which made the little person the happiest being in the underworld.

FIONA VINE, F.II.

CHRISTMAS DAY

One day, not long before Christmas, I asked my mother if I could have an electric train. She smiled and said nothing, so I thought I might get one.

On Christmas Eve I heard a funny buzzing noise in the sitting room and I thought it was an electric train. My guess was right! When I came down it was on a table in the room, so I asked my father if he would show me how it worked.

It consisted of two carriages, one engine and a tender. It had four straight rails, eight curved ones, a controller and a transformer.

ALASTAIR D. STEWART, L.III.B.

FOR A SLEEPLESS NIGHT

(Answer to problem of 17.2.89)

Let it be assumed that each beggar sat down with x pennies in his possession, and let "a" be written for $1\frac{1}{2}$.

The amounts in the bag are successively x , $ax-6$, $a^2x-6a-5$, a^3x-6a^2-5a-4 , $a^4x-6a^3-5a^2-4a-8$,

whence

$$a^4x-6a^3-5a^2-4a-8=5x$$

$$\text{and } x=696.$$

$$\text{i.e. } £2:18:0$$

L. C.

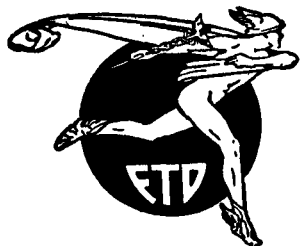
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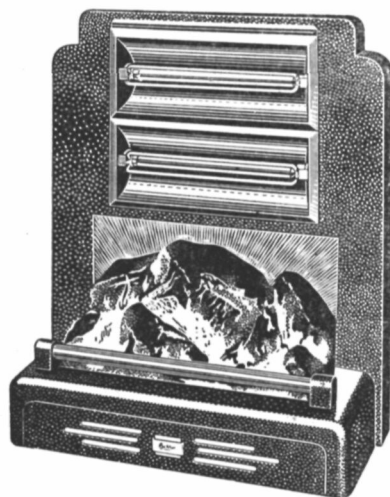
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THE FIRST CIGARETTE

"Oh, what a vile weed!" the small boy ejaculated, as a dense cloud of green smoke streamed out of his mouth. He had just lit his very first cigarette, one carefully removed from his father's cigarette case, and had almost choked himself in the process. Great tears rolled down his cheek from his smarting eyes and it was several minutes before he persuaded himself to take another draw.

Gradually, as the ash on the end grew longer, he found that by quickly withdrawing the cigarette after each puff he could manage to keep the smoke out of his eyes. He began to delight in blowing out the smoke, which had now turned grey, in a long column and in watching it curl slowly up to the ceiling. Now, as the cigarette diminished and the ash lay thick on the new carpet, "Our Hero" puffed frenziedly, and great billowing clouds of smoke circulated through the small bedroom. At last it had become too short to handle and had been carefully stubbed on the newly varnished mantelpiece.

Strangely enough, no sooner had he done this, than a feeling of extreme nausea swept through him. He stared into the mirror and saw himself turn red, blue and green in quick succession. "Oh, my poor stomach!" he gasped, and staggered through the smoke towards the door. Before he could reach the door, however, it opened and revealed his father, who took the scene in at a glance. One look at his unfortunate son and he knew that he would not wish to smoke again for many a year. However, being a wise parent, he didn't let his son see that he was found out and said in a surprised voice, "What's the trouble, Son?" To which "Our Hero" replied, that he had "eaten his dinner too quickly" and was "feeling sick."

After being informed that the best cure was fresh air, our youthful friend went for a long walk and vowed never to smoke again—ever.

B. C. C. F.

MY HOBBY

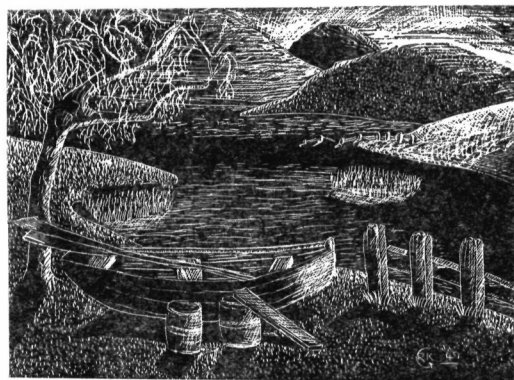
My hobby is photography. To some people this may not be particularly interesting, although I think quite a few of those people, if presented with a camera, a few films and some advice on the subject, might take it on as quite an interesting hobby.

The most important piece of equipment is, of course, the camera. This should have a good lens or else the prints will not be very "sharp." It should also have a range of "stops," from f4.5, or whatever the diameter of the lens is, to, say, f16. One may wonder what the numbers mean, but it is quite simple. It means, whatever the "stop" is, say f7, that the diameter of the lens will go seven times into the distance between lens and film. The larger the lens the smaller the number. By the aid of a lever the lens can be made smaller or larger by working a lot of small "fins" or "leaves" across the lens, therefore making the lens apparently bigger or smaller. Apart from those, it must have an accurate shutter with a range from at least 1/25th to 1/100th seconds.

So much for the camera itself. We now need a film or plates. A film is just a roll of celluloid coated with a light-sensitive solution. A plate is a piece of glass covered with the same kind of solution. A film is capable of eight or more exposures; a plate can only take one. There are different kinds of films, such as, "orthochromatic," "achromatic" and "panchromatic," which are too complicated to deal with here. I will only say that "panchromatic" is sensitive to red light whereas the others are not.

Once the camera is loaded, all that remains to do is to take the photo. This is not so simple. To start, if it is a landscape, it is simpler than groups, because no focussing is required as the lens is automatically set at "infinity" meaning that everything is in focus.

RONALD PRINGLE, F.I.



THE LOCH

OUR GREAT ADVENTURE

I have often read in books of the wonderful adventures, and the miraculous escapes of their heroes and heroines, but I had never imagined that I might be in an adventure myself—until this summer. It happened this way.

I was on holiday in Iona during the month of August, and one day my aunt announced that she was going to Bunessan to the Agricultural and Horticultural Show. She and her two friends took the ferry across to Fionnphort in Mull, and went the rest of the way by bus.

In the afternoon, my uncle, my other aunt, my brother and I, set out to fetch them in the "Antuan," the boat which we had hired for the summer, taking a picnic hamper with us. The waves were fairly choppy as we crossed the sound. We did not worry about this, however, but continued until we reached the Bull Hole, which is sheltered by rocky islands. Once out into the open sea again, we continued round the coast of Mull until we reached Market Bay where we were to have our picnic. Here we put our uncle ashore with the kettle to make the tea, while we sailed on to meet our friends and bring them back with us in the boat.

The accident happened when we were returning from Bunessan, and were trying to land on the rocks at Market Bay. There was a terrific swell on the water, and, unluckily for us, a wave swept right over our outboard engine which promptly stopped.

After our picnic, my brother, returning to the boat, found that the engine obstinately refused to start. Eventually, we started out—rowing. The wind and tide were against us, and, after leaving the shelter of the bay, we found ourselves in very choppy seas. We struggled on for a long time, but were hardly making any headway at all when a passing fisherman offered us a tow. Gladly we accepted and he towed us to the Bull Hole, where, waving aside our thanks, he left us.

It seemed like hours, that journey up the Bull Hole. Adventures sound fine afterwards, but it was not very pleasant then because I was very cold as a result of sitting still for so long.

At last we reached the Granite Quarry, and we decided to land there and walk over to the ferry at Fionnphort.

The road over the hill was more like the bed of a stream than anything else and we constantly had to make wide detours round muddy patches.

When we arrived at Fionnphort, the ferryman absolutely refused to take us across, saying that we were far too late. Well!

My aunt refused to give up, however. She went into the telephone kiosk and phoned over to Iona, asking if one of the boatmen could come across for us. A few minutes later our straining eyes glimpsed a tiny black speck starting out from the other side.

When the boatman arrived we explained our predicament and he took us round to the Granite Quarry in his boat for the "Antuan" which we towed home.

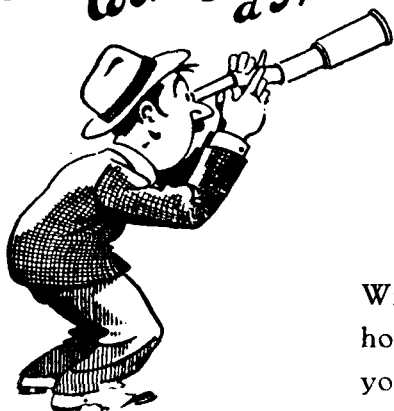
When our feet touched the jetty at Iona it was after ten o'clock and pitch dark. We hurried home, feeling that nothing was more to be desired than bed. So ended our "Great Adventure."

JANETTE M. N. WEATHERHEAD, F.I.G.



THE LURE

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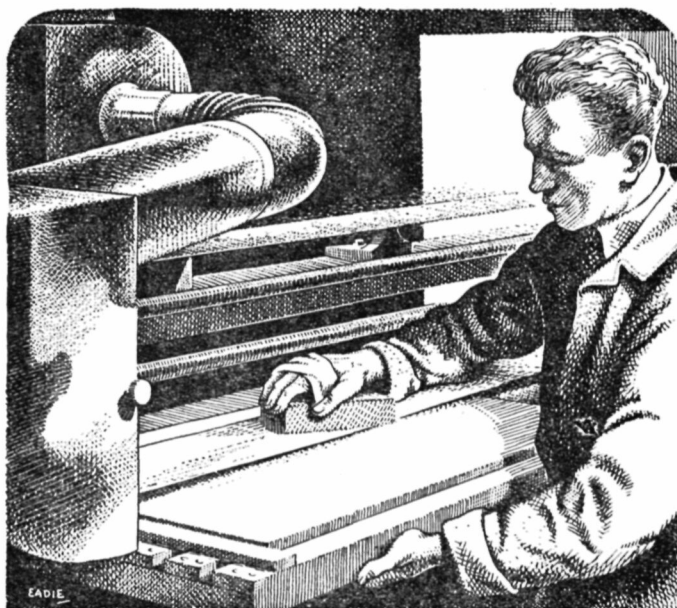
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JUSTICE OF DUNDEE
DESIGNERS AND CRAFTSMEN IN WOOD

A STREET SCENE

Hong Kong is a very busy centre of commercial life. The main street is a confusion of sounds, voices, traffic and the general hubbub of any busy street. The coolies' squeaky voices mingle with the deeper tones of the Western races and the ancient rickshaws contrast with the modern cars.

Although many of the Chinese have adopted Western clothes, many of them still keep to the flowing robes with multi-coloured dragons adorning them. The English and Americans mix freely with the native inhabitants. They usually wear smart white suits on account of the heat, but now and then an Englishman is seen in his normal dress. The little Chinese hawkers cry their wares and try their best to cheat their neighbours out of a bargain.

Coloured lanterns hang above the openings of dark entrances to alley-ways. The darkness inside hides a multitude of sins. More lanterns hang above disreputable eating houses, full of the "scum" of the waterfront. Sailors and dockworkers crowd together at the bar in the smoke-filled room or sit at dirty tables eating fourth grade rice with chopsticks. In the back room oily Chinese play fantan and drink intoxicating brews made from sea-weed.

The street becomes busier as night closes down and the honest citizens put up their shutters.

JAMES D. GIBB, F.II.

ONE SUNNY DAY

One sunny day, during the summer holiday, I was staying at Glen Clova. In the early morning the weather was not at all promising—the swallows were flying low, and all weather prophecies indicated rain. I wished to make the most of the morning, as I thought that the afternoon would be wet. About ten-o'clock, I started off for a ride with my father. I rode a lovable pony called Jackie, and father rode Donald, a heavy pony. We had a glorious ride. We followed the road for more than a mile, then we entered a field, where my pony started bucking. When Jackie was more subdued, we forded the river, and then followed the most exhilarating canter I have ever had.

We took the ponies home and unharnessed them, and then prepared to climb to Loch Brandy, on a hill behind the hotel where I was staying. In places the way is steep and very boggy. Our labours were well rewarded though, because, just as we came in sight of the Loch, the sun broke through. The whole glen lay before us, and the view which we could see was really wonderful. Soon after, we climbed back to the hotel, just in time for lunch.

In the afternoon a nearby farmer started hay-making, and we went to the field carrying a hay fork to help to build coles. I worked there all afternoon, and went back after tea, but the men had all gone home. I went back to the hotel, and my friend suggested a bathe. The river was cold, but Patricia and I found our bathe most enjoyable. We had only just reached the hotel, when one of the sudden downpours, which are so common in the glen, started, and put an end to outdoor activities.

JEAN S. THOMSON, F.I.G.

THE WILD GEESE

The noisy, honking wild geese
Are flying overhead.
The leader cries with all his might.
Oh ! what a noisy bird !

The wild geese fly in V shapes,
With the leader at their fore.
And the familiar sound they make
Brings me running to the door.

JOHN W. D. LOGAN, L.V.B.

A FOAL

I am a little shaggy foal,
The farmer calls me Dust.
I shelter by my mother's side
When the wind comes in a gust.

I live in the sunny meadow
Beneath the apple trees,
A thrush sings up above us,
Piping his tuneful keys.

In Winter, when the days are cold,
We live in a nice warm stable.
The children come and feed us
With tit-bits from their table.

JANE BOWDEN, L.V.G.

Old Boys' Club

OLD BOYS' CLUB ANNUAL DINNER

The Old Boys' Club Annual Dinner was held in Keiller's Restaurant, on 1st December, 1950, and was very much enjoyed by a company of eighty. The President, Mr Andrew W. Mudie, was in the Chair and the Guest of Honour was J. Randall Philip, O.B.E., K.C., Sheriff of Renfrew and Argyll. Sheriff Philip proposed the toast of the Club and the School, and delighted us with an excellent speech delivered with great humour but doing full justice to the more serious aspects of the subject. He stressed the value of the breadth of the education received at the High School as against too specialised study at an early age and paid tribute to the outstanding ability and influence of the staff of his day. Mr Leslie B. Weatherhead, the School Secretary, replied suitably. The toast of the President was proposed, very ably, by Mr H. J. Carlton and replied to by Mr Mudie.

Attending the Dinner as guests were Lord Provost Fenton, Rev. Dr. J. H. Duncan and Mr T. Stewart Tait, the latter representing Dundee and District Watsonian Club.

The Committee of the Old Boys' Club announces the following Programme of Events for the coming year. Will all members please make a note of these as it is only practicable to notify members of some of these items through this medium?

Rugby International—

Scotland v. Ireland—24th February, 1951

A coach has been reserved for a trip to Edinburgh for the purpose of attending the above Rugby International. All Old Boys wishing to be included might please send their names, in writing, to W. S. Phillips, 386 Strathmartine Road, Dundee. Friends of Old Boys may be included by arrangement. Fare is 11/- per head, lunch extra. An endeavour will be made to secure seats for the match. Coach will leave Dundee High School gate at 10.30 a.m., returning 7.30 p.m. from Edinburgh.

Motor Gymkhana.

Mr Alex. Gibson, 305 Strathmartine Road, Dundee, has undertaken to organise this event, if possible, in the early summer, and

the names of those interested should be sent to him.

Fishing Outing.

It is proposed to have a fishing outing to Loch Leven during the month of May, 1951, probably an evening. All interested might please communicate with W. S. Phillips, 386 Strathmartine Road, Dundee.

Golf Outing.

The usual Golf Outing will be held at Kirriemuir, on Saturday, 16th June, 1951.

Tennis.

During the next Tennis Season, Mr I. L. Thomson, 46 Balgillo Road, Broughty Ferry, will recruit an Old Boys' Club Team to play a match with the F.P. Tennis Club at Dalnacraig.

Annual Dinner.

The Thirteenth Annual Dinner will take place on Friday, 7th December, 1951. Invitations will be sent as usual.

COMPETITION

On the opposite page you will see a copy of the school song. Each line has been written by a different teacher. If you can guess who wrote each line enter the number of the line opposite the teacher's name. We offer a prize for the best entry received by the Editor before 10th Jan., 1951. Members of the staff are invited to send in solutions whether their names appear on the list or not.



EVENTIDE

- 1 *Scholar Clare, hodie*
- 2 *Grato te laudemus*
- 3 *Uos alumni carmine,*
- 4 *Matrem quam fovemus*
- 5 *Prisca nitens militum,*
- 6 *Virula qui super*
- 7 *Scotis, et pro patria*
- 8 *Bello cecidere.*
- 9 *Laodumum Floreat;*
- 10 *Floreat Mercatura;*
- 11 *Floreat, schola nobilis,*
- 12 *Aeternum sis mansura.*

Mr PATON.		Mr TREASURE	
Mr ANDERSON.		Miss TURNBULL.	
Miss J. COUPAR.		Mr MARSHALL.	
Mr VANNET.		Mr RITCHIE.	
Miss H. FALCONER.		Mr LAIRD.	
Miss M. C. HUTTON.		Miss SPREULL.	

NAME

CLASS.....

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SHEEPDOG

The dawn was breaking over the Highland mountains when Lachlan McDonald and his father stepped out of the lonely cottage on the moor. They were dressed in old-fashioned kilts and capes and wore bonnets on their heads.

After letting their dog, Ben, run out of his kennel on to the stone path, they walked slowly round to the fold where Ben chased the Highland sheep round the fold twice and then allowed them to run out and up towards the mountains. Ben was old, nearly eleven years of age, and was coloured light brown with patches of black and white. He cantered happily after the sheep, making sure that the lambs did not fall into the nearby stream or stray away to the prickly briar hedge. The day was beautiful; not a cloud to be seen in the sky above them.

While Ben chased the sheep and hurried them on, Lachlan helped his old father to keep clear of the whin bushes and big stones while they neared the summit of the mountain. At last they stopped, and, after Ben had barked the word of command to the sheep, he came to his master, wagged his tail,

and lay down at Lachlan's feet, with his eyes firmly fixed on the sheep and his tongue hanging down. The old man and his son were seated on boulders overlooking the sheep. Not a sound was heard except an occasional bleat from a sheep or the cry of a hawk after catching its prey.

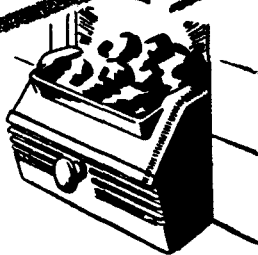
At noon, Lachlan and his father ate their sandwiches and moved on still higher to the summit with Ben at Lachlan's heels, still with his eyes on the sheep. There Lachlan ran off to find a reed from which he could shape a whistle.

When the sun was dipping its head on the western horizon, the little company made their way homewards downhill. Ben barked to the tired sheep who were now eager to get home. Lachlan's father, with his hand on his stick, strode wearily downhill towards the little cottage where they had their supper of cocoa and milk and put Ben in his kennel and the sheep in the fold. The last scene of all came when the bright sun disappeared over the horizon and left the little cottage to guard the people, and Ben, the sheepdog, to guard the sheep, until it appeared next morning.

ROBERT LOGAN, F.I.

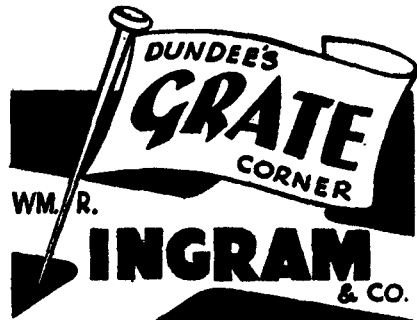
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GUIDES and CADETS

Reports

Guide Report

After the school broke up for the summer holidays, the Company enjoyed 12 days' camping at Bridge of Cally.

Last term the Patrol Shield was won for Company 2 by the Blue Tit Patrol, and for Company 2A by the Bantam Patrol. As both of these Patrols have won the Shield twice running, their names will be inscribed on the new Shields presented by Mrs. Robertson.

The following Guides were elected Patrol Leaders for the 2nd Company :

Blue Tit : M. Stewart (Senior P.L.)
Canary : M. Greenlaw
Nightingale : E. Anderson
Skylark : E. Swinton
Thrush : K. Heron

and for 2A Company :

Robin : R. Henderson (Senior P.L.)
Bantam : J. Sprunt
Blackbird : F. Gair
Chaffinch : E. S. Anderson
Swallow : P. Thomas

This term there were many new recruits, all of whom have already been enrolled. The badge work has started for the tests in November and a few Guides are preparing for their first class badges, also to be tested towards the end of November. An interesting talk was given by Ranger Pat Thomas, a former Patrol Leader of the Company on her visit to the World Conference held in July of this year at Oxford, where she was chosen to act as a messenger.

Ex-Patrol Leader D. Braithwaite and Patrol leaders F. Gair, P. Thomas and J. Sprunt are to be congratulated for gaining the first class badge.

Finally we take this opportunity of thanking the Guiders for the help they have given us in the past term.

M.F.E.S. R.M.H.

Hockey Report

On 7th October the Hockey Club celebrated its 50th Anniversary. This event is reported elsewhere in the magazine.

We are fortunate this season in having five members of last year's team still with us. The following officials were elected for season 1950-51 :

Captain : Iseabal H. Henderson
Vice-Captain : Ann A. Heron
Secretary : Elizabeth M. Robertson

The 1st and 2nd XI's started the season enthusiastically and many of the keenest could be seen on the hockey pitch. Extra practices were held every Tuesday after School.

The weather so far has been favourable and no matches have been cancelled. Results show that the 1st XI, although defeated in three matches, show promise for their future fixtures. The 2nd XI have an unbeaten record, which we hope will continue.

We hope to show our appreciation for the interest shown by Miss Spreull and Miss Smith by winning our future matches. We should also like to thank Miss Whytock for her help and advice.

Match Results :—

1st XI		F. A.
Sept. 16	D.H.S. F.P.'s.....	(h) 3 2
„ 23	Madras College.....	(h) 0 4
Oct. 7	Morrison's Academy...	(h) 2 3
„ 14	Grove Academy.....	(h) 3 2
„ 21	Waid Academy.....	(h) 0 2

2nd XI Captain—Carole White

Sept. 23	Madras College.....	(h) 6 1
Oct. 7	Morrison's Academy...	(h) 1 0
„ 14	Grove Academy.....	(h) 6 1

3rd XI Captain—Jean Ogilvie

Oct. 7	Morgan Academy.....	(a) 0 7
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4th XI Captain—Hilda Binnie

Oct. 7	Morgan Academy.....	(h) 2 4
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2nd Year XI Captain—Jean Gellatly

Oct. 7	Morrison's Academy...	(h) 1 3
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E. M. R.

Girls' Literary Society

Office-bearers for Session 1950-51 are :—Hon. President—Miss F. E. Whytock, Hon. Vice-President—Mrs. Peter Jackson, President—Miss M. C. Hutton, Vice-President—Miss E. Yeaman, Secretary—I. Jean Ogilvie, Treasurer—Elizabeth M. Robertson, Artistes—Rita A. McIntyre and Mona Mars, and Form Representatives—F.6., Joyce Mackenzie ; F.5., Isabel Munn ; F.4., Joy Stewart F.3., Irene Herd ; F.2., Anne Drummond.

The first meeting this session, the proverbial Hat Night, took place on October 13th with Miss M. C. Hutton in the chair. It was well attended by both Junior and Senior members and much debating talent was shown by some of the new members. The Musical and Dramatic Evening which usually rounds off the Christmas term has been postponed till next term because of F.5's examinations in December.

This Year's syllabus contains the usual Form Nights, two lectures by outsiders, a lecture by a member of the staff and a night's entertainment by three of the pupils who were abroad during the summer. There is to be a mixed debate on Nov. 17th, but a subject has not yet been chosen. The Boys' Literary Society has also invited us to their meeting on Dec. 15th.

On behalf of the members, I should like to thank Miss Hutton and Miss Yeaman for their keen interest and help which they have given us this term.

I. J. O

Boys' Literary Society

Under the joint presidency of Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Stevenson, the Society has enjoyed a successful season. That this is true is proved by averaging the attendances for the five meetings already held. The average is sixty-nine.

The first meeting took the form of a debate—"That the present system of education is radically unsound." The Society departed from its customary form of debating. Mr. Duncan supporting the motion, was questioned by Mr. Davidson, and Mr. Taylor, speaking against the motion, was cross-examined by Mr. Laurie. Members then gave their opinions and, the matter being put to the vote, the motion was carried by a slight majority.

The next Friday a "Discussion Group" was led by C. R. Anderson, Esq., M.A., B.A.,—his subject being "Barriers to World Peace." This was followed by an excellent set of papers by members of Forms II and III. A wide variety of topics ranging from railway modelling to skiing had been chosen.

A lecture by a well known Dundee man, D. Henderson, Esq., F.S.A., Scot., was given on October 27. The first thing that met the eye, as the Society assembled in the Science Lecture Room, was an heterogeneous collection of articles arrayed on the teacher's desk. Round this collection Mr. Henderson had built his talk. He showed and described a Crusader's helmet; a fountain pen five hundred years old; old lamps used by the early Christian martyrs; manuscripts of Sir Walter Scott, discovered by the speaker; documents bearing the signatures of R. L. Stevenson, Queen Victoria and others; in fact, a host of objects, all of great interest to the Society. Apart altogether from the interest, however, the Society was entertained by the manner in which Mr. Henderson delivered the lecture, his attitude being, not that of the aloof, impersonal speaker, but that of a friend of each member of the Society.

Political enthusiasm was rife throughout the school during the week of October 29th and had manifested itself in posters and slogans, hung round the notice board. The climax of this enthusiasm was reached on November 3 when the Society held its "Mock Election". Bagpipes, red ties, green rosettes, kilts, a real fiery cross, and one hundred and seven members were present at the meeting. The candidates, in order of speaking, were: Mr. Laurie, Conservative; Mr. Jacob, Communist; Mr. Fox, Socialist; Mr. Duncan, Liberal; and Mr. Lyon, Nationalist. Each had a different technique for presenting his speech. There were those who favoured quiet, decisive tones; others, loud declamation, tinged with rhetorical questions, theatrical gestures and other oratorical artifices. After heated questions had been asked and answered, voting took place. Mr. Laurie, the Conservative candidate, was elected member for D.H.S.

Mr Ritchie must be thanked for, and congratulated on, the excellent manner in which he has conducted the meetings. We also thank Mr Steven-

son, Mr Anderson and Mr Stark for their encouragement and assistance.

I.T.

Cadet Report

This year the annual camp was held at Berwick-on-Tweed. Good weather was experienced throughout the week and our stay there was most enjoyable.

After only three weeks of the new term, we were unfortunate enough to lose our very able C.S.M., Douglas Lemon, to whom we accord our best wishes for the future.

The following promotions were made at the beginning of term:—Cpl. Stewart to Sgt., Cpl. Hutton to Sgt., L/Cpl Dewar to Cpl., L/Cpl. Richardson to Cpl., L/Cpl. Dorward to Cpl.

The senior platoon this term have been attending a Motor Transport Course at Bell St. under the instruction of R.S.M. Cameron. This course has proved a most instructive new item in our training programme.

On Sept. 19th the company was given a very interesting lecture on jet-fighters by Fl. Lt. Upton of Leuchars. A visit to Leuchars aerodrome had been arranged, but this was unfortunately cancelled owing to unforeseen circumstances. We are still, however, entertaining hopes that this visit may yet take place.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Murray, who is an Observer Officer and Group Officer of No. 37 Group of the Royal Observer Corps, for arranging lectures given by himself and Observer Lt. Goodchild, the Deputy Group Commandant of the same Group.

The band, although composed of some youthful members, has recently been giving us evidence of the able tuition of Pipe-Major McLeish. On Friday evenings the drummers have been under the instruction of Drum-Major McIntosh.

On November 10th, the company, with the rest of the school and the Guide Company, attended the ceremony at which a wreath was placed on the War Memorial. A guard of honour, consisting of the senior N.C.O.'s, was provided.

Lt. Button of the R.N.A.S., Arbroath, gave a most interesting lecture about destroyers on Nov. 17th. His talk was illustrated by a sectional model of a destroyer.

We take this opportunity of extending our thanks to Major Halliday and his fellow officers for their continued interest in the company.

C. S. M.

Rugby Report

The rugby season has started badly this year, only one game having been won by the 1st XV to date. The team is small and light, yet it must be said that the games have all been played in the true, sporting spirit by our boys. The rule that school uniform must be worn wherever possible has led to a smartening of appearance of travelling teams. On the field, too, this neat, tidy appearance has been maintained.



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Our finest match was against a heavy Hillhead side. Although three of our players were suffering from injuries received during the match, only one try was scored against us, the final result being 6-0. Unfortunately our captain, hard-working Douglas Lemon, left school after this game. We wish him every success in his scholastic and sporting activities.

The captaincy of the team has been taken over by J. L. Stephen who has played consistently well all season. Ever ready to do more than his own share of the work, he has been the outstanding player in attack and defence. Ian Taylor, filling the dual rôle of vice-captain and secretary, started off the season very well at full back. In the scrum, Alastair Christie and Louis Smith have both been playing hard and well and have done their utmost to add punch to the pack. Douglas Dorward, James Gibb and Ivor Watson have all given of their best and improve with every game.

The 2nd XV is strong and there is little to choose between its members and members of the 1st XV. Under the excellent leadership of C. M. Paton, the team has won three of its five games. Both L. Blyth and M. M. Laurie have shown much promise and it is gratifying to note the keenness and enthusiasm of the younger boys, R. Crawford, I. Dorward and G. Murray, who have been playing well for the 2nd XV.

Farther down the school the enthusiasm for Rugby is ever present. The class teams have all been doing quite well. Keen players, such as I. Croft, L.V., I. Richardson and H. Wright, FI., G. Allan and A. Bowman, FII., should receive every encouragement from members of 1st, 2nd and 3rd XV's, for in their hands lies the future of the school's rugby.

The new rugby film was shown to members of Forms I to VI on November 2. Here we saw the fundamentals of the game illustrated by well-known internationals. It is to be hoped that the movements shown will be put into practice and that our teams will follow the examples of the instructors. We must thank Mr. Brown for letting us see the film.

This report would not be complete without due expression of our gratitude to Mr. Wood, who has willingly and cheerfully devoted a great deal of his time coaching us and travelling with us. We thank also the Rector and Mr. McLaren for their support and encouragement, and all other members of staff who have given their assistance.

Stamp Club

On 10th November the club was highly favoured by a visit from Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Meredith. Mrs. Meredith gave a display of Canadian Stamps and also some good advice on writing up for competition purposes. The club is glad to welcome Mr. Jas. Stevenson of the Modern Languages Department to its membership.

K. G. H.

Report by the Union Committee of Management of the Dundee High School Former Pupil's Athletic Union to the Third Annual General Meeting which was held in the High School on Tuesday, 5th September, 1950 at 7.30 p.m.

The Union has now completed its first full working year and, while nothing spectacular has occurred since the last Annual General Meeting, steady progress has been maintained towards the unifying of the activities of the various Athletic Clubs.

At a meeting of the Recreation Committee held in March this year, the representatives of the Union settled with the Directors that a block payment of £80 would be accepted for the use of the Grounds by the various Clubs for the year 1949-50. Owing to costs continuing to rise, however, the Directors indicated that this figure would be raised to £100 for the year 1950-51. The largest proportion of this Grounds rent has to be met by the Lawn Tennis Club, since the upkeep of the Courts is quite considerable compared to that of the rest of the sports field.

The Clubs themselves have met the proportions of the Grounds rent allocated against them by transferring the balances at credit of their respective revenue accounts at the end of their financial years, but the Cricket, Hockey and Tennis Clubs had deficits of £4 3 4d., £2 18 5d., and £1 2 1d. respectively on their respective proportions of £12, £8 and £38, which deficits were borne by the Union. The Rugby Club met its proportion £22 in full.

The Clubs' membership subscriptions to the Union were as follows:—

Cricket Club.....	17 members
Hockey Club.....	17 members
Lawn Tennis Club.....	56 members
Rugby Club.....	40 members
	130

During the year to 30th June, 1950, the Union received from the Clubs the following payments by way of initial grants:—

Old Girls' Club.....	£10	—	—
Cricket Club.....	10	—	—
Hockey Club.....	5	—	—
Lawn Tennis Club.....	10	—	—
Rugby Club.....	20	—	—
	£55	—	—

To this total falls to be added the initial grant of £25 received from the Old Boys' Club at the end of the previous financial year, making a grand total of £80 from all Former Pupils' Clubs.

There were six ordinary members who joined the Union during the year 1949-50. The committee of Management would welcome more ordinary members, and they feel sure that there must be many who would willingly join if this fact was made known more widely throughout the Clubs.

The Accounts of the Union for the year to 30th June, 1950, show a surplus of income over expenditure amounting to £66 5 5d. This balance was transferred to the Surplus Account which now stands at £91 — 5d.

The balances of Clubs Accounts transferred to the Union amounting to £71 16 2d. were made up thus :—

Cricket Club	£7	16	8
Hockey Club	5	1	7
Tennis Club	36	17	11
Rugby Club (to account)	22	—	—
	£71	16	2

The statutory half-yearly meetings of the Committee of Management were held on 28th April and 29th August, 1950, when reports were received from the Athletic Clubs and general business was conducted. Various other meetings of the Committee took place during the year as circumstances required.

The Athletic Clubs have acquitted themselves well on the Sports field, but more playing members are required by the Cricket and Hockey Clubs to strengthen these Clubs.

A Badminton Club was formed at the beginning of the winter session last year and quickly gained strength and enthusiasm amongst its forty-five members. Facilities in the Gymnasium being somewhat limited, it was felt that this Club should

have a trial season before being affiliated to the Union. After hearing a report on its activities the Committee of Management at their meeting last month unanimously resolved to affiliate the Badminton Club to the Union.

The Committee of Management desire to express their appreciation to the Directors of the School, the Rector, Gamesmistress and all members of the School staff and groundsmen who have assisted the Union and the affiliated Athletic Clubs throughout the year.

OFFICE BEARERS 1950-51

- Hon. President :** Douglas Nairn, Esq.
Hon. Vice-President : F. G. Young, Esq.
Hon. Secretary : D. K. R. Lawson, Esq.
 6 Thomson Street, Dundee.
Hon. Treasurer : A. T. Millar, Esq., C.A.
 56 Reform Street Dundee.

Notice

The Inaugural Dance of the Union will be held in the Empress Ballroom on Tuesday, 27th Feb., 1951, and it is hoped that this dance will become an annual function well attended by all Former Pupils and their friends. Invitations will be sent to the members of all F. P. Clubs who are asked to give the dance their whole-hearted support. Should there be any F.P.'s who are not members of any Club but who wish to receive invitations, would they please notify the Secretary of the Union?

Who Likes History?

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THE GRIM OLD CASTLE

The old castle stood out in a stately manner against the sky. Its walls were covered with ivy, which provided beautiful nesting places for the birds. It was situated on a high cliff, overlooking the wild Atlantic Ocean, as it was on the coast of Ireland. If that old castle could have told its story, we should now have heard of battles and invasions of long ago.

The moon was high in the sky and Old Jeff, the keeper of the castle, was fast asleep in his bed. Suddenly he was startled by the screeching of the seabirds, which were encircling the castle. He suspected something queer was happening, as the birds never screeched during the night. Jumping out of bed, he walked over to the window, and, looking out, he saw a weird, shadowy figure striding on the beach down below. A cold shiver ran down his spine as he saw the figure walk into a deep shadow made by a high rock.

Old Jeff regained courage and walked back to his bed and sat down on it. He sat for a while, meditating on the strange happening. Suddenly, he remembered, the ghost of Sir Rowland of Archaen, the terror of Banflae ! Old Jeff ran to the window, but all was dark and quiet and that was the last he saw of the ghost, and nobody has seen it since.

Yet still the old castle with its turrets and battlements will go on in the world, looking as palatial as ever, and every evening, when the sun is setting, one can see it, silhouetted in black against the rose-coloured sky, keeping its secrets unknown to the outside world.

PATRICIA MACKENZIE, F.I.A.

CANTON

Canton is a funny city,
With winding alleys, oh ! so pretty.
The shops are just like little stalls,
And from their fronts the trader calls
To crowds of people there.

The rich man has a sedan chair,
For no rickshaw can travel there.
The coolies carry loads on poles.
And the clatter of their wooden soles
Fills the alleys there.

J. WILSON, L.V.B.

A VISIT TO HUNTLY

Huntly is a small town about thirty miles north of Aberdeen. It is quite an ordinary place with a square with a few streets branching off. On the main road my uncle has a newspaper shop, so we stopped the car to visit him. He showed us the printing machines. After that he took us home for a cup of tea.

The next day he took me down to the office. I watched the men at work. Afterwards he came in and asked one of the men to make my name on the metal. While I was watching him, uncle went for an ink pad for me.

Two days later was a grand day for me because it was when they printed the papers, and I was allowed to put the last fold into them. This was because the machine could not do it.

The next day he gave me the job of fixing the string on parcel labels. Two days later we returned to Dundee.

STEWART HARVEY, L.IV.

WINTER IN STRATHEARN

Fierce blasts from the westward sweeping
down the valley,
Lashing lonely uplands with a flint-like,
biting flail,
Heralds of the Storm-King with his powers
all in rally,
Their awful steeds the cloud rack, their
whip the shrieking gale.

Look ! With numb fingers they cast the
deathly snow-flakes,
See the transformation of hills and valley
green !
On every slope and field the snow-cloud
breaks,
But dark and black the river makes its
gloomy way between.

The far lines of the Ochils rise majestic,
soaring skywards,
Clothed in their white mantle far greater
seems their height,
Giant-like they hold the sun's rays on their
crests like gleaming broad-swords
Reflecting on their mighty cairns a glowing,
amber light.

MAIDA MACDONALD, F.II.G.

LOST ON THE MOORS

Once upon a time, a little girl and a little boy lived with their parents in a little cottage in a wood. Their father was a charcoal burner and he worked hard to keep his family. One morning, the girl and the boy set out to ramble on the nearby moors, for both were fond of watching the birds and animals. The morning was bright and sunny when they started out, with bread and cheese to eat on the ramble.

A little rabbit popped out his head and, seeing the little girl, scampered away. It was still early, and the morning mists were still hanging on the highest tips of the branches in the wood; but they left the wood far behind and scrambled over the springy turf, listening to the waking song of the birds. A breeze sprang up and blew the autumn leaves in the wood. It blew the mists, too, floating across the moor. By this time, the children were sitting on a rock watching a baby rabbit playing with his brothers.

They sat there for a while, for it was not often they had time to play, because they had to help their parents a great deal. The mists were gathering thickly and soon all that was left of a bright, sunny morning, was a thin beam of white light shining through the mist. The little girl was frightened.

"Hans! Hans!" she cried to her brother, "We shall be lost!"

"Hush! We shall be all right. I am here to look after you."

This made the little girl smile, but she was a real little woman and she let her brother think she was pacified.

Suddenly a small voice whispered, "Hans," and a funny little gnome appeared out of a hollow.

"You are lost and I sha'n't help you. Ha! Ha!"

The little girl began to cry. But her brother was not afraid, for he had seen a tiny elf behind the gnome, and, being a very wise boy, he knew that elves have greater power than gnomes.

"Elf," he cried, "take us home."

"Of course, Hans. Follow me," a tiny voice to match its owner said.

Suddenly the two children were in a stone passage-way. They followed the elf down and up, and up and down, till the little girl thought she could go no farther. And then they were home. They did not know how, but there was the cottage and there was their mother at the window. They turned to thank the elf, but he was not there. How glad they were to be home!

Now, when the big boys and girls say there are no fairies, Hans and his sister know better.

M. A. DRUMMOND, F.I.I.G.

A VISIT TO TRENT BRIDGE

This summer I went to Trent Bridge Cricket Ground to see the West Indies play England in the third Test Match. We went down to Nottingham from Carlisle on the Friday night and arrived in Loughborough, a place fifteen miles from Nottingham, at midnight. We were up at seven o'clock next morning and at Nottingham at eight. We paid our entrance money and took our seats.

Play commenced at half-past eleven, so we sat and waited. At about eleven o'clock some of the West Indians came out of the pavilion and practised in the nets. They went back again in twenty-five minutes and play started. Worrell and Weekes were batting and they added another fifty to the score before they were both out.

Then the collapse started. Seven West Indian wickets fell for seventy-nine runs and the West Indies were all out for 558 runs before lunch.

England went in and Washbrook and Simpson made two. After lunch they quickened up the scoring, although frequent showers made them run to the pavilion several times. Rain stopped play at a quarter-to-six, instead of half-past-six, but Washbrook and Simpson were still in and the score stood at eighty-seven. We arrived home at seven o'clock after a very pleasant day's cricket.

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