

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 2

DECEMBER, 1914

THREEPENCE

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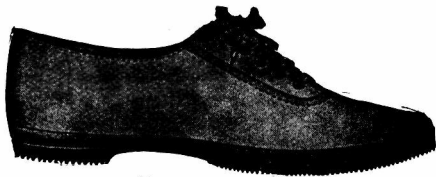
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Miss J. G. Anderson, L.L.A.
Lady Superintendent

Dundee High School
Magazine

The DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

No. 2

DECEMBER, 1914

THREEPENCE

Editorial

SOME months ago we submitted to public criticism, on the whole with great success, the first issue of the *High School Magazine*. Feeling that the kind and hearty manner in which it was received warranted further labours, we now produce as the outcome of these efforts the second number of the Magazine. In order, however, that future issues may be still better, the Magazine Committee will be glad to consider any suggestions for its improvement.

On account, no doubt, of the one absorbing theme at present—the war—it has been found somewhat difficult to procure contributions. It is hoped, however, that everyone in any way connected with the School will see to it that by their own individual efforts future issues of the Magazine will not want for material, and will thus stand a better chance of being a credit to the School. Besides this, the war has occasioned great difficulty in procuring advertisements to insert in the Magazine, and also a corresponding rise in the various expenses incurred in publishing it. These factors have compelled us to make it smaller than we should otherwise have liked. We trust, however, that what the Magazine may lack in quantity, it will

more than make up in quality. At the same time, we feel that the School as a whole might make a better response to our appeal for contributions, and thus greatly facilitate the production of future issues.

Since the last issue of the Magazine very little of moment has taken place within the School itself. The various clubs, societies, &c., are all in a most flourishing condition. About a month ago the system of Prefects was introduced, and now gives every prospect of success. Three prefects were chosen out of each class from IV. to X.; a senior prefect was elected out of each three; while one was chosen as head of the School. Noble support is being given to the various War Funds, well over £100 having been already contributed in money and in kind.

In closing we would thank all those who have contributed to the Magazine, and especially those F.P.'s who have come forward with contributions. We have also to thank the Harris Academy for sending us a copy of their Magazine, and Mr Macbeth for the invaluable assistance which he has given us in the production of this and the former issue of the *High School Magazine*.

Miss J. G. Anderson, L.L.A.

IT will be a matter of gratification to friends of Miss Anderson, and to her pupils both present and former, to have presented to them in this issue of our magazine one who has become so intimately connected with the life of the High School.

Miss Anderson is a native of Dundee, and received her early education at King Street Institution, an institution now no longer in existence, but at one time of considerable importance in the educational life of the city, and of her school days and her school masters Miss Anderson's recollections are particularly happy. A subsequent course of study resulted in her obtaining the degree of L.L.A. of St. Andrews University, with Honours in English, which was succeeded by a course of training at Stoneygate College, Leicester. She was afterwards appointed to the Staff of Stoneygate College, and remained in residence there for three years.

Miss Anderson's intimate knowledge of modern languages was acquired at first hand. For seven years she resided in various countries on the Continent, particularly in Germany, and left Hanover in 1900 to be appointed shortly afterwards to the position of responsibility which she now holds. To her travels may be partly attributed Miss Anderson's insight into character, and her living interest in foreign customs and in foreign languages and literature.

But these mere facts no more give any idea of Miss Anderson's personality than do milestones give the traveller any idea of the scenery. She is endowed with one of the rarest of gifts—the capacity for lasting friendship, based on sympathy and sincerity. As Lady Superintendent she has unique opportunities of exercising her influence upon the girls of the school, and

of winning their confidence. Incidentally, too, she has difficult situations to face at times, and to these she invariably brings patience and considerateness. The highest tribute that can be paid to a human being is that he gives unstintingly of his best, and to Miss Anderson we can confidently pay that tribute. To procure the intellectual development of her pupils she spares no pains. She has theories, and, what matters more from an educational point of view, she puts them into practice. Those to whom the thorny paths of knowledge are most full of obstacles never appeal in vain for help; those who are more lavishly endowed with gifts are stimulated and encouraged.

The various societies and clubs organised by the girls of the High School have to acknowledge Miss Anderson's support. Her energies and interests are both intense and extensive—she tackles with equal zest and patience what a less conscientious person might call exasperating attempts to grasp the intricacies of the language of our Allies across the Channel, and the no less perplexing duties of a stage manager when the need arises.

To the ever-increasing host of modern problems, so full of scope for speculation and so apt to swamp the impulsive, Miss Anderson bears a sane, and, I use the word in its best sense, a womanly attitude. In so far as one can judge the aims of another, one would say that Miss Anderson's aim as an educationist is to fit her pupils by duties conscientiously and faithfully performed, and by firm adherence to principles and ideals, not only for whatever intellectual pursuits lie before them, but for the problems and difficulties with which life will confront them. To Miss Anderson we wish success in her work, and to the High School her continued support and service.

M. B. B.

Robert Louis Stevenson

IN heading this article "Robert Louis Stevenson," it is not my purpose to describe the life or character of Stevenson, but rather to glance briefly at a few of the chief characteristics of his work. Let us examine this from three points of view—style, romance, and morality, and from these let us judge of the author's genius and ability. In general, the greatest writers of romance have been careless stylists. Even Sir Walter Scott wrote somewhat carelessly, and, as Stevenson himself says, often "fobs us off with languid and inarticulate twaddle." But Stevenson, who had romance tingling in every vein of his body, set himself laboriously and patiently to cultivate his other faculty, the faculty of style, to become, in short, the Master Stylist, the "Virgil of prose."

Stevenson had both the qualities that are necessary for one who is to be a successful artist in words. He had a fine sense of the value and meaning of words in themselves, and, besides, a sense of harmony and effect in their combination. But it was only by long and careful study that he attained to that exquisite daintiness of diction which has won him universal praise. It is seen to best advantage in his earlier work, after which his writing became more vigorous and direct, and better adapted for its later uses.

As models he took the vigorous prose writers of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, in particular Bunyan and Defoe, playing the sedulous ape, as he says, to one great writer after another. To none of these, however, does he owe his wonderful phrasing nor yet his mastery of syntax and orderly and emphatic arrangement of words in sentences, which, with his frequent archaisms, give to mere commonplaces the charm and sting of novelty. In Stevenson we see thought and feeling dressed for once in the trim, bright raiment he devises for them, while nowhere in his whole work is there the faintest trace or possibility of commonplace.

If style is one of Stevenson's typical characteristics, romance is even more so. He himself defines the highest achievement of romance to be the embodiment of "char-

acter, thought, or emotion in some act or attitude that shall be remarkably striking to the mind's eye. Romance makes its strongest appeal neither to the eye, nor to the reason, but to the blood, to all that dim instinct of danger, mystery, and sympathy in things that is man's oldest inheritance—to the superstitions of the heart."

Stevenson's whole work may be admirably described as "a gallery of romantic effects that haunt the memory." The fight in the round-house of the "Covenant" in "Kidnapped;" the duel between Henry and his brother, the Master of Ballantrae, fought by candle-light in the lonely and deserted shrubbery; the shrill and haunting cry of the parrot—"Pieces of eight;" the tapping of Pew's stick sounding clearly on the chill, wintry air as he approaches the inn-parlour; the murder of his sailors by Captain Flint and their ultimate use as finger-posts to point to the hidden treasure; and the terror caused by the blind catechist in "Kidnapped," and by the disguise of the blind leper in "The Black Arrow"—all these are examples which serve to illustrate Stevenson's wonderful skill in dramatic art.

In many instances there is a dominant principle of unity—a unity of atmosphere rather than of plot. The villains that haunt the placid lagoons of "Treasure Island" and "The Ebb Tide;" the terrors that constantly threaten the island of "The Merry Men;" and the starvation of David Balfour on the island of Erraid—these conceptions arise mainly from the scenery and background against which they are depicted.

Perhaps Stevenson's best romantic effects, however, are seen in such books as the grim and tragic history of Markheim, no doubt owing to the sordid and gruesome side of life that he is here portraying.

In spite of his virile morality, in none of his works has Stevenson blended together into a perfect whole morality and romance. His works, however, are ill-adapted for this; Stevenson is bound to sympathise with his characters, and thus it is that he loved heroic vice only less than he loved heroic virtue. In this way he sympathises

with such villains as Israel Hands, John Silver, and the Master of Ballantrae, all of whom "lived for an idea," even though it were an evil one.

Throughout all his works there is a charming flow of humour which cannot but catch the reader's fancy. Stevenson can always appreciate the ludicrous aspect of things, but this, like his gentle flow of satire, is expressed so amicably that it cannot possibly be taken amiss. In his essays, and in particular "Virginibus Puerisque," there are some delightful touches of

humour worthy to be ranked with any in our whole literature.

These, then, are a few of the chief characteristics of Stevenson's works, which combine to form our great attachment for him. We think of him as a friend and companion whom we ourselves had known. In fancy we view his island home and hear the deep Pacific knell his dirge, where —

"High on his Patmos of the Southern Seas,
Our Northern dreamer sleeps."

G. R. M. (X).

Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell

AMONG the many memories of those famous in the world of literature, the great city of London holds none so sweet, if so faint, as that of Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell.

The daughter of a Unitarian clergyman, William Stevenson, a man of some note in the literary world, she was born in Chelsea in 1810. When she was very young her mother died, and she was sent to live with an aunt near the quaint old village of Knutsford, where her early years were spent.

Had her youth been spent in London what a wonderful picture she might have given us of its people, and how well she might have described them, their struggles, their sorrows, and their joys! But, then, we might never have known those delightful people of Cranford, and that loss would have been really great. As it was, the authoress lived at Knutsford till her marriage with the Rev. Mr Gaskell, of Manchester. During the next few years she devoted herself to the many duties of a minister's wife, and it was not till after the death of her only son in 1844 that her first work, "Mary Barton," was produced. This was the beginning of her literary career, and she continued writing almost to the end of her life. It was always Mrs Gaskell's desire to live in the country, and she bought a country residence not far from her old home, but she did not live to enjoy it long. Soon after the removal to this house, the end of her useful, busy life came, and she was laid to rest in the churchyard of the quaint old village where her youth had been spent—a fit resting-place indeed

for one who knew its people so well and who so truly loved them.

Among her many works, the best-known are "Cranford," "Mary Barton," and a biography of Charlotte Brontë, of whom she was a sincere admirer. These are all that were ever published in book form, and by far the most popular is "Cranford." In "Cranford," Mrs Gaskell gives us a picture of the village of her youth, and of its worthies and their lives. It is only away in the backwaters of life, far from the busy cities with their bustle and noise, that we find people like these. There they seem to live in a little world of their own, where they have prejudices and conventions peculiar to themselves. It is scenes like these that our author loves to describe, and how well she does it! To open "Cranford" is like entering another world, and a wonderfully fascinating world it is. The charm of the scenes and characters lies in their very simplicity; no sordid or ghastly incidents defile the pages; yet what a great deal of quiet heroism the people have, and how bravely they bear their burdens of sorrow or poverty! Lastly, let us note the wonderful fund of humour that Mrs Gaskell possesses, and how it acts like a charm, turning into amusement even everyday doings, and relieving even the saddest scenes. It is a humour which is never biting or cruel, for it does not turn even the absurd little conventions into ridicule, and only shows the better the quietly-heroic spirit which is found even in everyday life. It is indeed true humanity she pictures for our delight, humanity in its laughter and its tears.

M. W. (VII.)



Isabella J. F. Miller
Dux of Girls' School, Session 1913-1914

**Dundee High School
Magazine**

Famous Scotsmen

II.—Admiral Duncan, Earl of Camperdown.

ADAM Duncan, the hero of Camperdown, was born in the Seagate of Dundee in the year 1731. His father was Alexander Duncan of Lundie, who was then Provost of Dundee, a man greatly respected by the people of the city, who completed as a monument to his memory the present Town House, the erection of which had been begun during his tenure of office.

Young Adam, a lad of intrepid and dauntless spirit, having determined to serve his country in the Navy joined the frigate *Tryal*, under the commandship of his cousin, Captain C. Haldane. Having entered the Navy at a critical period in the country's history, Duncan was soon on active service. He took part in several minor affairs, excellent preparations for that later engagement which was destined to make his name famous. In due course he passed through the various stages of promotion, until in 1795, in his sixty-fourth year, he was promoted Admiral, and in the same year was given command of the North Sea Fleet.

Britain, at this time, was beset with troubles at home and menaced by enemies abroad; the American Colonies had been lost; Ireland was in a state of rebellion, and an alliance had been formed between Holland, France, and Spain. These allied powers organised a double invasion of the British Isles. While the united fleets of Spain and Holland were to descend on Britain, the Dutch fleet was to sail for Ireland with an army of 14,000 men. The Spanish fleet was stationed at Cadiz, the French at Brest, and the Dutch at Texel, an island at the entrance to the Zuyder Zee. The question confronting the British was how to prevent the union of any two of these fleets. For this purpose Sir John Jervis, in command of the Mediterranean squadron, cruised off Portugal, Viscount Bridport watched the French fleet, while Admiral Duncan blockaded the Dutch off Texel.

Duncan's was a long weary wait. In May, 1797, a general mutiny which had broken out among the British seamen at

the *Nore* spread to his own fleet off Texel, one ship, the *Adamant*, alone remaining faithful to their Admiral, whilst the rest sailed off to England. Discouraged as he was, the old sea-dog nailed his flag to the mast, "For," he said, "I have taken the depth of the water, and I know that when the Venerable goes down my flag will still fly." But the Venerable was not to go down, for till the month of June Duncan signalled and manœuvred continually in co-operation with a fleet that did not exist—at least in the North Sea. The Dutch, gathering from the signals that Duncan was greatly reinforced, and that the mutiny rumours had been a ruse to lure them out to destruction, continued to hold back. Meanwhile terms had been struck with the mutineers, who were gradually rallying once more round their commander. October saw the British fleet ready for battle, but still the Dutch held back. By this time the gales to which the British ships had been exposed necessitated their putting into port for repairs. It was during this lull that the Dutch put to sea. But Duncan had been prepared for this, and no time was lost in putting to sea. On October 11th the two fleets met, and a fierce struggle lasted for three hours. The British had succeeded in destroying the Dutch Navy. They had lost no ships, while only seven Dutch ships escaped. This victory of Camperduin, or Camperdown, was the most decisive won by a British fleet since the Seven Years' War. It was greater than the victory at Cape St. Vincent, and as great as Nelson's victory at Trafalgar.

On October 17th the now famous Admiral was created Viscount Duncan of Camperdown in recognition of the service he had rendered his country. Through the winter of '97 he remained ashore, partly because of bad health, and partly owing to the fact that his services were no longer urgently required at sea. Not till the next summer did he again hoist his flag, this time on the *Kent*, the successor to the war-worn *Venerable*. In November, however, he returned to port on sick-leave.

He again spent the winter ashore, and in the summer returned once more to the blockade; but failing health made it necessary that Duncan should think of retiring. War in the North Sea was practically over, and danger from Holland had ceased, and so in April, 1800, he struck his flag and departed to Scotland, there to spend in repose and quiet the evening of his life.

For three years he stayed at his Scottish home, till in July 1804, in his seventy-third year, he journeyed to London to offer once more his services to his country, which was again in a critical position. But though the spirit was willing the flesh was weak. In the words of his biographer,

"He was attacked with illness which made any command quite impossible, and on his return home died on August 4, 1804, near Coldstream. Thus he may be said almost to have fallen in harness, with one single thought in his heart—the service of his country—to the very last."

History has repeated itself to-day in the death of Lord Roberts. Like Roberts, Duncan was characterised by his saintliness of character, his Christian tenderness and humanity, and his exceptional tact, and, like Roberts, he will ever be remembered by a country whose national spirit is nurtured on the deeds of great men of the past.

E. D. H. C.

The Waiting List

(TO THE BOYS OF THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL,
NOVEMBER, 1914)

There's the kid who's just come from his
mother,
There's the "blighter" who loves to swot,
There's Jones, the young "limb" (though
he knows how to swim),
And Smith who calls everything "rot,"
Dodging the hand of authority,
And tough as Lord Kitchener's fist,
Little and big, the "dux" and the "prig,"
They're all on the Waiting List.

They must sit and perspire over Virgil,
While out in the trenches there,
Armies are slain on the banks of the Aisne,
To keep their inheritance fair;
And Pan of the primal thunder,
Alive in the shell-ridden mist,
Leaps from the page of the Roman sage
In the books of the Waiting List.

So, when the guns are silent,
And Peace, like a child long-sought,
Comes to the hands outstretched of lands
Weary, and long distraught,
For the salving of stricken empire,
For the future that shall exist,
For the place to be filled, and the walls to
re-build,
Forward, the Waiting List!

A. W. S.

"Ave atque Vale"

(TRANSLATED FROM CATULLUS)

Through many countries, over many seas,
my way
Has brought me, brother, to thy sad and
luckless pyre;
And now, behold, the tribute to the dead
I pay,
And call on the unheeding ashes of the fire.
And why? 'Twas Fortune's summons at
thy gate;
Alas, unhappy brother! Cruel Fate!

Our fathers used to offer up by old decree
Sad tributes to departed souls. I cannot
quell
My surging tears as now I pay these rites
to thee.
Farewell, my brother dear, a long and
last farewell!

J. S. S.

While out for a walk in the country the other day I overheard the following conversation between two young girls:—"We get pheeetical exercises at our school," said the one, while the other, who was contentedly munching "sooroks," replied—"I wad rather ha'e a feezy drink!" Are there not many of our number who agree with the latter?

A Ballad of a Bed

A peaceful man am I, and fat,
To luxury and comfort given;
And like a noble aristocrat,
I used to sleep as if in heaven,
Inside a feather bed.

My wife, a horrid shrew, insisted
When war broke out, that I should swell
The ranks, and so before I 'listed,
I took affectionate farewell
Of my cosy feather bed.

Alas! Alack! My tender back
Knew not the torments then in store;
I soon became all blue and black,
And thus I found a barrack floor
Is nothing like a feather bed.

I dined on jelly-pieces, slaved
And toiled, but I was nothing daunted
Although I went about unshaved;
My spirit knew its home, and haunted
My good old feather bed.

But soon they sent us to be slain,
To trenches, where it simply poured
With shot and shell, and hail and rain;
I'd fain have slept on barrack-board,
Or, better still, my feather bed.

I peered above the mound one day,
And saw a bullet towards me whizzing;
With sympathy it seemed to say—
"I'll give you now what you are missing,
I'll put you in a feather bed."

They carried me under the Red Cross Flag,
(It's a fine old flag to fight beneath)
To a peaceful life I'd now come back,
For they put my bay'net in its sheath,
And me inside a feather bed.

When home I went, a wreck and worse,
I knew where I should be content,
But my wife, she is a Red Cross Nurse,
And to a hospital had sent
My precious feather bed.

O, feather bed! O, feather bed!
I've ever loved thee like a brother,
I'd rather I had been shot dead,
Than be alive, and know another
Finds bliss within my feather bed.
J. M. G.

The Reason Why

When I sat down to write some verse,
The Muses fled before me;
I could not write a single line,
And black despair crept o'er me.

I looked around with weary eyes,
To see what made them leave me;
I gave a start of blank surprise—
I doubt if you'll believe me.

But on my pencil's smooth, round side
Was printed, plain to see,
(No wonder that the Muses fled!)
"Made in Germany!"

M. B. F. (V).

What is Queen Margaret important in
Scottish History?—Because she brought in
plates for dinner!

Heard in the Latin class:—"Rem acn
tetigisti." "You have struck the needle
in the eye.

The following were translated thus at
an examination:—"Ma petite sœur dit 'Je
jette ma langue aux chats'"—"My little
sister said 'I put out my tongue at the cats.'"
"Les denrées de la contrée sont exposées
pour la vente"—"The products of the
country are exposed to the wind."

Fragment of a Great English Epic

(DISCOVERED DURING EXCAVATIONS IN THE RUINS OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL).

The Wolf of the Germans, the Lord of the Teuton hordes,
Bethought him to go see his giant war-howitzers,
Dreadsome war engines, stiff-wrought and steel-hardened
That cast on the foe cares, grievous, unnumbered.
Then set forth the Lord with his stewards and his sculptors,
His clerks and his painters, well trained, by his orders,
To show what their Lord, the mighty head-chieftain
Might do in the battle, great breaker of battle-blades.
He summoned his motors, surmounters of hill-tops,
To the number of twenty, great and gray-tinted;
He summoned his bodyguard, sons of the Junkers,
To the number of thousands, drinkers of Lager Beer.
He summoned his eldest son, prince among plunderers,
But to the summons this safe-breaker answered—
“Busy I am in the sack of some French chateaux.
But soon, when the champagne, gladdener of men’s hearts,
Is totally drunk up I shall approach thee,
Lord of the Germans, my father mustachioed,
Bringing to gladden the eyes of my mother,
Greatest of women, for did she not bear me?
Greatest of women, is she not thy help-meet fair?
Pictures by hundreds and plate of Poincaré’s,
The rascally chief of degenerate Frenchmen,
Got from his chateau, a hovel in Lampigny,
Not to be named with thy palace of Potsdam,
Admired of the world, the wonder of nations.
I shall bring of the gold plate the dragon’s bright treasure;
Of this I have store fit to feast seven hundred

At a banquet in Berlin of pure “blut und eisen.”
Of all this, my father, revered and mustachioed,
I shall give thee the half if thou wilt but keep silent
Nor give me away to that grim man Von Moltke,
Who might try my misdeeds under martial law rigid.”
Thus answered the Crown Prince, the baffler of locksmiths.
His father on reading it smiled a pleased smile,
And straightway an Iron Cross granted the hero.
Then entered the swift cars the Lord and his retinue,
With the speed of the whirlwind whirled they onward;
And when they arrived at the fore-front of battle-line
Descended Wilhelm from out of his limousine
And mounted a charger swift as the thunder-bolt,
Then ‘gan the horse, once the bearer of Attila,
To prance and to curvet to the War Lord’s discomfiture,
As a shell from a howitzer, to gallop he started,
With Wilhelm Mail-fist his manèd neck clutching,
Straight for a river that waters rich Belgium
The charger directed his prairie-fire progress,
Like quarrel from cross-bow from saddle flew Wilhelm,

[Here unfortunately the manuscript ends.]

J. W. F. (IX.)

The following heading appeared in one of our local newspapers in October:—
“Appeal to bury dead and wounded is refused by the Allies.” Well, we should hope so!

Roll of Honour

THE following Former Pupils of the High School are now serving in His Majesty's Forces, or as Doctors in Hospitals for the wounded. The list is not complete, but all information up to 7th December has been made use of, and any additions or corrections will be gladly received by the Rector :—

Adams, William,	Black Watch.	Davidson, Lieut. A.,	Gordon Highlanders.
Adamson, Lindsay,	Black Watch.	Dick, Lce.-Corpl. R.,	Black Watch.
Air, Capt. Chas.,	4th Black Watch.	Dickie, Lieut. A. P.,	Black Watch.
Alexander, W. Mercer,	3rd City of Glasgow Batt.,	Dickson, William,	Highland Cyclist Battalion.
	H. L. I.	Dingwall,	
Alexander, Lieut.	City of Dundee Battery, 2nd	Sub.-Lieut. G.,	Royal Naval Reserve.
Ronald R.,	Highland Brigade, R.F.A.	Doull, William,	Black Watch.
Anderson, Lieut. J.,	Royal Garrison Artillery.	Duncan, E.,	Royal Engineers.
Anderson, William F.,	Royal Engineers.	Duncan, Capt.	
Andrew, Serg. James,	Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.	Ogilvie,	4th Black Watch.
Anton, E.,	Royal Naval Brigade.	Duncan, Capt. P. F.,	4th Black Watch.
		Elgood, Lieut. L. A.,	5th Black Watch.
Ballingall, Maj. H. B.,	Royal Field Artillery.	Esplin, Alex.,	Lovat Scouts.
Banks, Lieut. H.,	Indian Artillery.	Falconer, James H.,	Dispatch Rider, R.E.
Batchelor, Ed. C.,	Dispatch Rider.	Ferrier, Ernest,	4th Black Watch.
Baxter, R. L.,	National Reserves.	Fisher, R.,	Scottish Horse.
Belford, Douglas,	Royal Army Medical Corps.	Fleming, Major F.,	1st Highland Brigade, R.F.A.
Bell, William	Royal Army Medical Corps.	Fleming, Capt. G. D.,	10th Royal Fusiliers.
Bell, Robert,	National Reserves.	Foggie, James K.,	Royal Engineers.
Blackadder, R. J.,	16th Reg., Queen's West-	Foggie, Lt.-Col. Wm.,	Royal Army Medical Corps.
	minster Rifles.	Forbes, Surg. D. J.,	Royal Naval Vol. Reserve.
Brand, D. H.,	Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.	Fraser, Cedric,	Scottish Horse.
Brown, Aitken,	London Scottish.	Fyffe, D. R.,	Royal Naval Air Service.
Bruce, Corp. F.,	Scottish Horse.	Gardner, Wilfred W.,	Royal Engineers.
Buist, Lieut. T. C.,	Officers' Training Corps.	Gibbs, Lieut. W. H.	3rd Black Watch.
Burke, Kenneth,		Glenny, Lieut. D.	9th Black Watch.
Burke, Lieut. Wm.,	Army Service Corps.	Gordon, Lawrence,	Royal Naval Air Service.
Burnett, Lieut. G. A.,	Army Service Corps.	Gorrie, Capt. H. G.,	Royal Army Service Corps.
Burns, T.,	Royal Engineers.	Gowans, Capt. S.,	4th Black Watch.
		Gracie, Alexander P.,	London Scottish.
Campbell, Capt. E. V.,	4th Black Watch.	Grant, John C.,	2nd Canadian Contingent
Campbell, E. F.,	Royal Army Service Corps,	Grant, Lieut. J. M.,	14th Reserve Cavalry.
Campbell, Serg. I. D.,	1st Scottish Horse.	Grant, Lieut. Fred.,	North Scottish R.G.A.
Cargill, David E.,	Royal Engineers.	Gray, Lieut. James,	Army Service Corps.
Chalmers, William,	Calcutta Battery, R.F.A.,	Hardie, John,	Scottish Horse.
	British East Africa.	Harley, Norman,	Black Watch.
Clark, T. G.,	Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.	Harris, James,	Royal Army Service Corps.
Cleghorn, Alf.,	Royal Engineers.	Henderson, Lieut.	
Cleghorn, Lieut. H.,	Quartermaster, R.A.M.C.	J. R.,	4th Black Watch (deceased).
Cleghorn, Lieut.-		Hendry, Alistair,	Black Watch.
Com. W. H.,	H.M.S. "Ghurka."	Hendry, Walter,	Black Watch.
Conway, Lce.-Corpl.		High, William,	Royal Army Medical Corps—
J. F.,	Scottish Horse.		Motor Field Ambulance.
Conway, Wm. E.,	Falkland Island Volunteers.	Hunter, Capt. J. H.,	Royal Army Medical Corps.
Couper, Capt. C. M.,	4th Black Watch.	Hunter, Thomas,	Royal Scots.
Coutts, Capt. F.,	5th Black Watch.	Hutton, Corpl. J. G.,	London Scottish.
Crabbe, Serg. J. R.,	Royal Army Medical Corps.	Imper, Albert A.,	Royal Army Medical Corps.
Croll, David,	Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.	Jarvis, Charles,	2nd King Edward's Horse.
Cunningham,		Jenkins, Capt. John,	Royal Field Artillery.
Lieut. R.,	4th Black Watch.	Johnstone, Alex.,	Canadian Contingent.
Cuthbertson,		Johnstone, Alex. S.,	Transport Officer, C.P., Africa.
Lieut. F. T.,	2nd Border Regiment.	Keay, Lieut. Wm. F.,	Royal Naval Vol. Reserve.
		Kidd, Major A. E.,	Royal Army Medical Corps.
Darby, Douglas		Kidd, Max,	Army Service Corps.
Darby, Ralph	Scottish Horse.	Kinnear, Col. Wm.,	Assistant Director, Medical
			Service.
		Kinnear, Wm.,	Royal Army Medical Corps.
		Laird, James,	Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.

- Laird, Wm. P., Fife and Forfar Yeomanry. Prophet, W. Ramsay, Royal Field Artillery.
- Law, David, Colchester Transport. Reid, David, Army Pay Corps.
 Law, Lieut. I., Black Watch. Rettie, Sub.-Lieut. A., Royal Naval Vol. Reserve.
 Law, Lieut. R., Calcutta Light Horse. Rettie, Capt. J. L., 4th Black Watch.
 Law, Thomas, Canadian Contingent. Rettie, Philip, Glasgow Queen's Own
 Lawrence, Lieut. Wm. R., 11th Black Watch. Yeomanry.
- Lennox, Lieut. G., Indian Army. Ritchie, Dr Douglas D. Red Cross.
 Levie, Serg. P., Royal Engineers. Ritchie, Lieut. E. J., Royal Scots.
 Low, Alex., Royal Field Artillery. Ritchie, Fred J., 2nd Horse Guards.
 Ritchie, Sydney T., 2nd Canadian Contingent.
 Robertson, Capt. A. B., Queen's Own Cameron
 Highlanders.
- Macdonald, R. J., Aircraft Corps, R.N.V.R. Robertson, David, Royal Field Artillery.
 Macfarlane, William, Royal Engineers. Robertson, Lieut. Wm., Black Watch.
 MacGillivray, Lieut. I., Army Service Corps. Robertson, Capt. Wm. L., Royal Army Medical Corps.
 McGrady, Capt. H., Gordon Highlanders. Robertson, Lieut. W.S., Black Watch.
 McGrady, Capt. F., 4th Black Watch (Reserve). Rorie, Capt. T. H. B., 4th Black Watch (Reserve).
 MacGregor, T., Royal Flying Corps. Ross, D. R., Royal Scots.
 Mackie, Chas. B., Royal Scots.
 Mackenzie, Lieut. K. G., 5th Black Watch.
 MacLaren, Thomas, Cycle Corps.
 MacMaster, James, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
 McLean-Laing, Capt. T. J., Royal Field Artillery.
- McPherson, Lieut. R. S. L., 5th Black Watch.
 Malcolm, Capt. A., 5th Black Watch.
 Malcolm, Dr Alf., Royal Navy.
 Malcolm, Lieut. G., 3rd Black Watch.
 Malcolm, Major K., Royal Field Artillery.
 Malcolm, Lieut. K., Black Watch.
 Marshall, George, Royal Army Medical Corps.
 Martin, Lieut. Frank, Calcutta Battery, R.F.A.
 Mathers, Lieut. J. A., 1st Scottish Horse.
 Mathers, Capt. J. A., 4th Royal Scots.
 Mathers, Lieut. R. P., Officers' Training Corps
 Maxwell, Lieut. C. H., 7th Royal Highlanders.
 Maxwell, Capt. D. A., 4th Lowland Ammunition
 Column.
- Merry, Colin, Paymaster, Royal Navy.
 Miller, Capt. G. W., Royal Army Medical Corps.
 Milne, Lieut. John, Royal Army Medical Corps.
 Milne, J. K., Canadian Contingent.
 Mitchell, Wilbert, Royal Army Medical Corps.
 Mitchell, Capt. W. L., 5th Black Watch.
 Moodie, Staff-Capt. O., 4th Black Watch, Tay
 Defences.
- Moon, Capt. Fred, 4th Black Watch.
 Morrison, Wm. T., Assam Valley Light Horse.
 Murray, Surgeon E. F., H.M.S. "Caroline."
- Nicoll, J. S., ———
 Nicoll, Major P. S., 5th Black Watch.
 Nicoll, Wilfred, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
 Niven, Andrew, Scottish Horse.
- Ogilvie, Serg.-Maj. A., Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
- Patterson, F. B., Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
 Patterson, Lieut. W., Royal Army Medical Corps.
 Parsons, Alfred, Cape Force.
 Paul, Bruce, 9th Royal Scots
 Paul, Graham, South African Forces.
 Peebles, Lce.-Corpl. D. Adair, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
- Peebles, Jack Adair, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
 Philip, Lieut. J. R., 4th Black Watch.
 Pirie, Lieut.-Col., 4th Black Watch Reserve.
 Proctor, A., Black Watch.
 Proctor, Lieut. Wm., Scottish Horse.
- Ritchie, Lieut. E. J., Royal Scots.
 Ritchie, Fred J., 2nd Horse Guards.
 Ritchie, Sydney T., 2nd Canadian Contingent.
 Robertson, Capt. A. B., Queen's Own Cameron
 Highlanders.
 Robertson, David, Royal Field Artillery.
 Robertson, Lieut. Wm., Black Watch.
 Robertson, Capt. Wm. L., Royal Army Medical Corps.
 Robertson, Lieut. W.S., Black Watch.
 Rorie, Capt. T. H. B., 4th Black Watch (Reserve).
 Ross, D. R., Royal Scots.
- Savill, Dr Agnes, Scottish Women's Hospital,
 France.
- Scott, Lieut. D. H., Royal Army Medical Corps.
 Shearer, Walter, Royal Naval Vol. Reserve.
 Shepherd, Lieut. D., 4th Black Watch.
 Shepherd, Lieut. E. A., 4th Black Watch.
 Shepherd, Lieut. I., 4th Black Watch.
 Smail, Lieut. G. S., Seaforth Highlanders.
 Smail, Lieut.-Com. W., Royal Naval Vol. Reserve.
 Small, John, Royal Scots.
 Smith, Capt. and Adj. Ch. J., Canadian Contingent.
 Smith, Daniel K., 4th Black Watch.
 Smith, Edwin H., 4th Black Watch.
 Smith, Capt. and Adj. H. K., National Reserve.
 Smith, Lieut. J. S. R., Royal Army Medical Corps.
 Smith, Lieut. K. R., Army Service Corps.
 Smith, Capt. J. Martin, Royal Army Medical Corps.
 Smith, J. L., Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
 Soutar, Jack, Scottish Horse.
 Spankie, Serg. D., Army Service Corps.
 Spreull, Capt. And., Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
 Stalker, Lieut. D., Royal Field Artillery.
 Steggall, J. W. A., Royal Naval Division.
 Stevens, A., Royal Field Artillery.
 Steven, H., Scottish Highlanders.
 Steven, Lieut. S., 4th Black Watch.
 Stevenson, J. Leonard, London Scottish
 Stevenson, Lieut. T., 4th Black Watch.
 Stewart, Lieut. Alex., 4th Black Watch.
 Strachan, Capt. E., Royal Army Medical Corps.
 Sturrock, Edwin, Royal Army Medical Corps.
 Sturrock, Harry, Cycle Corps.
 Sturrock, Capt. J. Percy, 10th Royal Highlanders.
- Taylor, Lieut. N., 5th Black Watch.
 Thomson, Major C. L., Barrackpore Fusiliers.
 Thomson, Lieut. D., Army Service Corps.
 Thomson, James, Cameron Highlanders.
 Thomson, S. J. K., ———
 Tosh, Major E., 4th Black Watch.
- Urquhart, D., Scottish Horse.
- Valentine, B. Gordon, Royal Engineers.
 Valentine, Maj. and Adj. A., 4th Black Watch Reserve

Walker, R. F., 4th Royal Scots.
 Walker, Capt. N. C., 4th Black Watch.
 Watson, Lieut. S., 4th Black Watch.
 Watson, Fred., Canadian Contingent.
 Watt, Lieut. E. G. B., H.M.S. "Bulwark" (killed).
 Watt, Capt. A. Lyle, 4th Black Watch.
 Watt, J. C., Assam Vol. Light Horse.
 Whitton, Elliot, Black Watch.
 Wighton, A. N., Cossipore Artillery, India.
 Wighton, Lieut. A. H., Royal Field Artillery.
 Wood, Eng.-Lieut. A., H.M.S. Warrior.

Wood, Eng.-Lieut. W., H.M.S. "Bulwark" (killed).
 Wylie, John R., 6th Black Watch.
 Young, Frank G., London Scottish

In order to avoid the possibility of errors no distinction has been made between 1st and 2nd lieutenants; also, owing to lack of information, divisions of regiments have sometimes been omitted.

Our Camp at Logierait

THE High School Class V. Boys' summer camp at Logierait was a huge success, such a success that we think it will interest the entire school to know all about it. The bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond are famed in Scottish song, but it is ours to sing the praises of the banks of the silvery Tay.

Picture to yourselves the Dundee West Station on a bustling holiday Saturday, and fourteen boys, with huge bags of equipment on their backs, jostling through the crowds as if they were soldiers on their way to the front, with Captains Macbeth and Mann at the head of the column. This was our party setting out for Logierait, and a right jolly party it was.

The guard sounds his whistle, and we are off!

With song and story the journey passed very quickly, and we arrived at Ballinluig Station, whence we had to march about a mile to our camping-ground. You who have read of the landing of the British Expeditionary Force in France will have some idea of our invading the quiet little village of Logierait.

First of all we had our luggage to see to, and, after procuring a horse and cart and the stationmaster's barrow (for the cart was not large enough to hold all our kit), we set out on our march. Arrived at our destination, we unpacked the tents and pitched them with difficulty, as a strong wind was blowing and not one of us was an expert at the job.

It was an ideal spot on the north bank of the river where our three tents were erected. Quite near was the time-honoured hostelry, known as Logierait Hotel, whose hostess, in our need, was to prove to us a real

friend. The waters of the Tay were within an easy stonethrow. All around was real Highland scenery, with the handsome railway viaduct on the Aberfeldy line as a notable object in the landscape. We were really on historic ground. As the shades of evening began to fall, our fancies carried us back to the days when the fiery cross was sent round summoning the clansmen to the battle of Killiecrankie, which was fought some six miles distant. We were reminded, too, of the days of Rob Roy by a curious old building behind the hotel where tradition says the famous freebooter took shelter. Soon, however, we were brought back from fancy to reality—our captains called for volunteers to carry on the work of the camp, and met with a loyal response.

Our first night in camp was spent on what, to most of us, was a novelty—on beds which consisted of sacks of straw, with blankets thrown over the top. To guard us against night attack, three of our number were posted as sentries, but, even with this precaution, three a.m. found us all wide awake. For want of something to do, the sentries loosened the guy-ropes of the captains' tent, and in this way sounded the reveille. Strange to say, although the discipline of the camp was perfect, the perpetrators of this outrage were never court-martialled.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning, and the fresh Highland air gave us good appetites, but before breakfast we had to complete our toilet. This was done by damming up part of the river, and thus forming an artificial basin.

For breakfast, too, it was a case of "first catching our hare and then eating it."

Happily, in view of our invasion, the shops were all open on Sunday, and we had no difficulty in getting in supplies of bread, eggs, and milk, and certain little luxuries that need not be mentioned.

The great camp-pot was at last crackling over a roaring fire. Douglas Keiller and James M'Kenzie would easily have won a diploma for the excellent porridge they served up, and, as for the eggs and the tea, Miss Phinn would, no doubt, have given them certificates of merit. All the time of the camp the cooks kept up their excellent cuisine, with weird and wonderful changes in the bill of fare.

But it is still Sunday, and hark, the church bells are ringing! Leaving the cooks in charge, we marched to the Parish Church of Logierait, where we had no difficulty in finding seats. We forget what the text was, but the minister preached a very interesting sermon.

It was a typical country service. The people came from far and near, and, before the service, gathered in the churchyard where, in friendly fashion, they chatted over the events of the week, and made kindly enquiries about sick friends and absent relatives until the last sound of the bell. We are sorry we do not have the pen of a J. M. Barrie to do justice to the occasion.

Sunday over, we settled down to the work and play of the week. Cricket, boating, and bathing were our chief recreations, and the days sped all too rapidly. Camp life was never monotonous. One day during cricket a "stinger" of a ball went

straight for one of the tents, and to our great amazement, just as it alighted, the head of a boy emerged from underneath the flaps of the tent to receive the ball right on the "brain-pan." It was what someone called "a strange coincidence." Fortunately, the boy was not much the worse, and he enjoyed the incident as much as the rest of us—nearly.

Round the camp-fire at night many funny stories were told. Mr Mann and Mr Macbeth could always cap our jokes. The funniest night of the lot, however, was when they caught us napping, and gently turned the conversation into a discussion about nicknames, especially about nicknames given by bad boys to their teachers. Oh, it was rich! and they got a lot of information out of us that they could never have got at school.

And so the days passed. We had excellent weather for the first three days, and then "the rain descended and the floods came." It was a regular "wash-out." There was nothing for it but to pack up, and make for dry land—and home!

A merry but bedraggled company wended its way to the Logierait Hotel, where we had one of the finest breakfasts we had enjoyed for many days.

(Press Bureau forbids the preceding paragraph to appear in our cooks' copies of the magazine.)

And so our camp of 1914 came to an untimely but very happy end. Good luck to Messrs Macbeth and Mann from all the boys!

J. B. D. (VI.)

D. K. (VI.)

To Arms

The call to battle has gone forth,
The banners are unfurled;
The dogs of war, unleashed, are loose
On an affrighted world.

The hosts are in the field; and we?—
To us too comes the call:
"The Lord of hosts hath need of thee"—
"Lord, we are ready—all!

When others man the shell-torn trench,
And face the thundering guns;
When God and justice are the stake,
Shall England grudge her sons?

Lord, we are ready; life or death,
Be ours the foremost line;
Our strength, our youth, life, body, soul,
Lord, take them; they are thine."

J. M.



Quentin Chalmers
Dux of Boys' School, Session 1913-1914

Dundee High School
Magazine

A French Lesson in the Field

(Translated from a German account in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*.)

SCENE: *A Stubble Field in Belgium.*

AFTER a long, hot march the regiment is resting. Rifles are stacked, and kits are unslung. The field kitchens accompany the battalions, and in trainlike procession and faultless order the thirsty men step up with their jugs to get their morning coffee, which has been making during the march. The brown beverage has again refreshed the wearied bodies of our men, and the soldiers are now lying round in groups laughing and chatting. Along with my comrades (an attorney from G., a teacher from the Vogelsberg, and our "Benjamin," an 18-year-old lieutenant, whose blue eyes keep sparkling so expectantly), I have had the good fortune to discover a heap of sheaves on which we are sitting consuming good-humouredly our sumptuous breakfast, consisting of black bread and a piece of bacon. Near us our reservists—fine fellows all of them—have lit their pipes, and are singing the fine patriotic and soldiers' songs that soften for a moment the heart of the roughest warrior.

"Frankreich, ach Frankreich, wie wird's dir ergehen
Wenn du die deutschen Soldaten wirst sehen,
Deutsche Soldaten, die tragen schwarz, weisz rot;
Weh, o weh, o weh, o weh — Franzosenblut."

So the song sounds through the field in the morning air, while the dull thunder of the cannon in the west shows us that our brothers-in-arms are already at work. Everyone is in the highest spirits. The march of our troops into Brussels has been officially announced to us on the way, and the smoke-clouds in the south-east can, according to the map, be only from the burning houses of Longwy, which has been shelled since yesterday. We feel that today or to-morrow grim earnest for us must begin.

"Professor!" sounds through the field the ringing voice of our captain. "Yes, sir!" At once I spring up from my welcome rest, and stand before my chief, who in service is so strict, and out of service the best of

comrades. "Professor, battalion's orders. French lesson for the company. Start at once. Who knows where we shall be by this evening?" "At your orders, Captain!" "Second Company, listen! Take pencil and paper and go at once to our professor, Lieutenant Hartmann, for French lesson!"

A hum of laughter sounds through all the ranks, and a few minutes later everyone is lying round me armed with paper and pencil, and the lecture begins.

"Well, lads, here we are in Belgium, and soon we shall be in France. There they count by francs and centimes. Write, 1 franc=100 centimes (z-a-n-g-t-i-m), 1 franc=80 pfennig, 1 sou (ss-u)=4 pfg., 1 franc=20 sous. So do not let yourselves be cheated. And what pretty things would you like to have in France?" "Wine," most of them call out. "Write, du vin (dü wäng). And note this once for all: every word where an *n* or an *m* occurs is spoken through the nose, and long drawn out like an indiarubber man. Otherwise the people do not understand you. Well, then: du vin. And now I shall endeavour to show you (just as though I were at home standing before my sixth form pupils) how to produce as beautiful a nasal sound as one could wish to hear. Well, all of you, just hold your noses and say that after me." And 250 powerful Hessian and Westphalian fists grasp more or less firmly their olfactory organ, and "du vin" resounds through the field. The whole Company roar with laughter. "How is that for a comical language? Write further: milk=du lait (dülä), bacon=du lard (dülar), ham=du jamboi (düs Chambong), cheese=du fromage (dü fromasch)." Many another dainty is served on the paper, and all write as diligently as though the massive hands had done nothing else at home than drive the pen. Then come the numerals 1 to 10 (öng, dö, troa, kattr, ssänk, siss, &c.) in rows; then the appellations—monsieur (mssiö), madame, mademoiselle (madmo-

asäl), and last of all the words *donnez-moi* (*donnehmao*), which they are to place before what they want to have.

"Fall in! First battalion fall in! Second Company, to arms!" Such is the sudden order on all sides. Paper and

pencil are pushed into breadsacks, and ten minutes later the iron corps marches on to meet the foe. One hour after we receive our baptism of fire.—*Emil Hartmann, Frankfurt Garrisonlazarett, Hannover.*

A. M. S.

To "Der Kaiser"

(WITH APOLOGIES TO "THE DE'IL")

O thou we ken by mony a title,
 "Der Kaiser," "Fader of der debble."
 And wha as War Lord thocht to settle
 Auld Europe's fate,
 I doot you've dropped the stinging nettle
 A thocht too blate.

Hear me, auld Wilhelm, for a wee,
 And lat yer puir doomed Deutchers be;
 I'm shair sma' pleasure it can gi'e,
 E'en for a de'il,
 To see the weans and women flee
 And hear them squeal.

Great is thy po'er and great thy fame,
 Far kend and noted is thy name,
 On every Belgian's hearth and hame
 For mony a wile.
 Yer men ha'e marked the road they came
 By a' that's vile.

But a' yer daein's to rehearse,
 Your wily snares and fechtin's fierce,
 Since Belgium's frontiers ye did pierce
 'S beyond my pen;
 Ye ha'e the po'er to turn, like Circe,
 To pigs, yer men.

And noo, yer freend, "Auld Cloots," I ken,
 Is ettlin' to prepare yer den;
 Ye may be shair 'twill be far ben
 In his black pit,
 We'll willin' be, a hand to len',
 Nor grudg't a bit.

J. S. F. (V).

School Notes

We publish in this issue the Roll of Honour of the High School. The fact that over 200 have, in one capacity or another, joined His Majesty's Forces bears eloquent testimony to the splendid spirit of patriotism which has been displayed by the Former Pupils. We are proud of them.

Before the end of this year the School will have made two efforts to raise money for the War Funds. On the afternoon of 7th November a very successful programme was carried through by the Junior Schools under the direction of Miss Peat, Miss Duthie, and Miss Macdougald. On the evening of the same day, a concert arranged by Mr Milne was held, and at both entertainments the hall was packed.

A notable feature of the entertainment was the display of knitted and sewed articles made by the girls under the supervision of the Misses Matthew. These numbered in all 314, and their destinations are as follows:—

Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, Devonshire House.
 King's College Hospital, London.
 Red Cross Hospital, Lochee.
 Lady Jellicoe.
 Lady Tullibardine.

A brisk sale of cakes and candy went on all day, and the sum realised, including the value of the articles gifted by the pupils, was over £100.

On 18th and 19th December a Dramatic and Musical Entertainment will be given by the boys and girls of the Upper School, when it is hoped that the attendance will be good, and an equally large sum of money realised.

Then and Now

THE sun was shining down on the silver Tay as it glided along its winding way.

This was an important day for Dundee. It was the 2nd August, 1555, and King James III. was expected.

The procession which was to parade through the streets was headed by his Majesty, wearing a doublet of rose-coloured satin and on his head a black velvet bonnet, bearing the St. Andrew's Cross.

Near him was James Duke of Rothesay, then a lad of seventeen, tall and handsome. Behind him came the Lord High Treasurer, the Duke of Montrose, Lord Drummond, Archibald, Earl of Angus, and many more of high degree, who were yet, in years to come, to prove themselves traitors to the ill-fated king.

The brilliant cavalcade passed from the harbour up through the moss-grown, smoke-encrusted archways, and through the narrow streets, flanked with overhanging houses, timber-fronted, and turreted, with turpike, stair, and armorial bearings over the embattled porches. Such streets were the Fluckergait and the Overgait.

Large crowds of people stood awaiting their king. Burgesses in plain broadcloth, with steel-hilted poinards in their girdles grouped together.

In the market place seamen and others jostled one another in order to fill their cups with the wine which poured from the fountain.

Turning off the High Street the procession entered St. Margaret's Close, in which stood the royal residence. The king having passed, the crowds began to dwindle away, and soon the market place had resumed its normal quietness.

The sun sinking behind the green conical Law cast a rosy light on the royal frigate and the minor ships and mirrored them darkly as they lay at anchor.

Far east beyond a dreary curving

stretch of salt marsh, the rocky promontory of Broughty Ferry jutted out, bearing on it the square, solid-looking castle.

A few huts dotted here and there served to break the monotony of the expanse.

Across from the Castle clustered the busy little fishing village of Port-na-Craig. The setting sun glistened on it as it nestled in its green background. The light also struck on the old battlements of the Castle, and tinted the river as it hurried past.

* * * * *

Half-past nine. The notes of the Last Post die away on the frosty air. All is darkness, with the exception of an occasional street lamp or the light from an ill-shuttered window. Sometimes a blue-lighted car rumbles past.

All is quiet with the exception of the tramp, tramp of the sentry's feet or the hurrying steps of a late home-goer, who is brought to a sudden standstill with the sentry's "Halt" and demand for the pass.

On the battery behind a screen a blue and green mountain, bearing wooden chimney pots, all, now blackly outlined against the starry sky, marches the artillery sentry.

Silent and sinister, the black gun follows the ship that creeps up the river. No chance of secrecy. The searchlight plays determinedly on her bows and changes her from a trawler into a phantom ship of silver, so white does she look 'mid the blackness. Her signals are accepted. She rounds the corner, and the bin. once more points oceanwards.

Night wears on. The "Halts" grow less frequent, but the tramp, tramp, continues, the searchlight still flashes over sky and river, and the big gun still remains stubbornly on the alert.

—And we sleep.

Athletics

CRICKET CLUB

Last year's Cricket Season was an outstanding success in every department. Hardly had the summer term commenced when the cricketing brotherhood of the school met and selected their officials for the season, the most noteworthy selection being that of Mr Mann as President. During the season, Mr Mann showed his keenness in the game and his interest in the welfare of the Club, and a great deal of the success was due to his encouragement in school, at practice, or before a match. His keenness inspired the whole team, and practice was gone into with a heartiness and vim which made our good old coach, Lazenby, smile as he pulled on his sweater for an evening's hard work, when he thought that perhaps, someday, these lads whom he was just now training would play for "Forfarshire," or even his own county, "Yorkshire." Who knows?

We started the season with sixteen matches on our fixture list, but only eleven of these were really brought to a finish. Even this, however, should take some beating in a two months' season. Six of these matches were won, four lost, and one drawn, while a twelfth match was in progress but had to be abandoned because of heavy rain. We scored 816 runs for the loss of 107 wickets, whereas our opponents scored 741 runs for 93 wickets. Our first match resulted in a good win over Perth Academy, who for many years have proved to be a sore "thorn in the flesh" of the High School C.C. We suffered rather severely at the hands of Clifton Bank both times we played them, but in matches with our nearer rivals, the Harris and the Morgan, we always came off best.

The batting this year, thanks to Lazenby's coaching, was very much improved, and five or six of the team had an average of ten and over at the end of the season. E. B. Duncan headed the batting averages with 16.2, closely followed by W. D. Roger who, no doubt, would have had a bigger say but for his indisposition in the closing matches. The bowling average lay between D. M'Kenzie and A. J. Sturrock the whole season, the former getting it by a very narrow margin. It

might be a good thing in future if something were done whereby the competition for the bowling prize was opened to more than the usual two or three.

In conclusion, we trust that the team which represents the school in 1915 will do their utmost to equal, if not surpass, the results of their predecessors in 1914.—
W. A. Y.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Encouraged by the remarkable success which attended our last winter's efforts, we began Rugby this term with renewed zest and vigour. Though we sustained a great loss, indeed, by the departure of our Captain, W. P. Laird, for military service, his place has been well filled by J. C. Anderson, under whose able and energetic rule Rugby has decidedly advanced by "leaps and bounds." "Soccer" is now a thing of the past; all three divisions play Rugby, and that, too, with an eagerness which bids fair to match or even surpass the traditions of the old High School Rugby team of the 'nineties.

In response to the Rector's appeal for contributions to the War Funds in the School, we are playing no away matches this year, but are contenting ourselves with matches with scratch teams at home. So far we have played only two, one with 2nd East of Scotland, which resulted in a defeat of 12—3, our only try being scored by G. L. Prophet, and the other with the Royal Engineers stationed in Dundee. The latter was a most exciting game, ending, after a hard-fought fight, in a draw of 3—3, C. C. Morrison scoring for the School.

In conclusion, we wish to express our warmest thanks to Mr Barr, our President, and also to Mr Mann, both of whom have given us invaluable assistance.—G. R. M.

BOYS' LITERARY SOCIETY.

This session the Boys' Literary Society is in a very satisfactory position. The society has been fortunate in procuring the services of an able President in the person of Mr



ALICE BRUCE. Miss GLASS (Pres.). MABEL BISSELL.
EMILY SMEATON. SYBIL MACKINTOSH (Capt). DOROTHY HENDERSON. CARA NICOLL.
ELLA MUDIE.

Dennler, and under his supervision seems likely to retain its reputation as the premier recreative organisation in connection with the school. The membership is 88, some 10 short of last year's record, but this decrease is accounted for somewhat by the small numbers of the Seventh Class, a class which usually furnishes a large proportion of the members.

The opening address was delivered on Saturday, October 3, when one of the Directors, the Rev. A. W. Fergusson, B.D., lectured on "Patriotic Poetry." The lecturer confined himself to no particular period, but began with the "Song of Deborah," and worked up to the poems on the present war. Such names as those of James Thomson and Henry Newbolt figured largely in a most enjoyable lecture, and one which was thoroughly appreciated, particularly the rendering of Newbolt's "Play the Game" with which it was brought to a close.

The only other open meeting so far, has been a lecture by Mr Kerr, a former D.H.S. master, which was delivered on Saturday, October 31. Mr Kerr chose a somewhat difficult subject in "The Art of Hugh Thomson," but one which he treated very skilfully, and with an abundant store of wit. Innumerable slides helped to make the lecture a perfect masterpiece.

The ordinary meetings of the society have been fairly well-attended, and the essayists have been very successful. The discussion after the essays is invariably heated and amusing, and one feature of it is the intrepidity shown by the younger members. Another encouraging feature is the regularity with which a good number of Former Pupils turn out.

Of course, the greater part of the syllabus has yet to be gone through, but if what is yet to come can compare at all with the essays already delivered, session 1914-15 bids fair to be one of the most successful sessions of the society.—J. A. M.

HOCKEY CLUB

As the Hockey season has just begun, not much can be said about it as yet; but so far our club seems likely to have a successful season. The membership has made a large increase since last year, and now numbers about fifty. The enthusiasm of the members

and the valuable assistance of Mr Cadzow, to whom we are greatly indebted for giving up so much of his time to help us, have already given the club a good start. Only local matches are to be played this season; so it is to be hoped that our club will retain its good position, gained in former matches, throughout the coming season.—D. H.

GOLF CLUB

This is only the second year of the Golf Club, and so very much cannot be expected of it. However, the members of the club are taking a keen interest in it, and a "knock-out" competition has been played. As yet we have played no matches, but we expect to play a few before the School Championship comes on. Early in the season we tried to arrange a match with the Harris, but they could not play because of their inability to raise a team.—R. B.

GIRLS' LITERARY SOCIETY

As the season is not far advanced, there is little to record concerning this society. There have been four meetings, two by the kind invitation of the Boys' Society. A most delightful paper was given by Miss E. Craig, on "Women and the War." Miss Smith, who was detained in Germany for a considerable time after the beginning of the war, addressed both societies, giving a most interesting account of her experiences. The meetings have been well attended as yet, and the membership has increased.—V. J.

RIFLE CLUB

The membership this year, including masters, is 100, as compared with 65 last year. This is very satisfactory. The scoring this year also shows a marked improvement, thanks to the painstaking instruction of Sergeant Woolaway.

All communications and suggestions should be addressed to the Editor, High School Magazine

Several contributions have been crowded out through lack of space.

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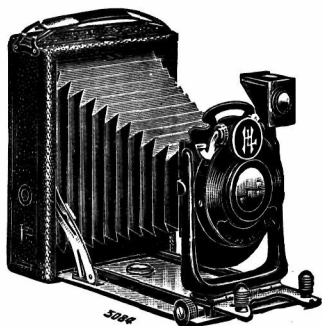
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