

# THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 8

MARCH, 1917

FOURPENCE

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# The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

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## Editorial.

**A** MIDST all the shiverings and tremblings, not all attributable to the cold blasts of March, but which are in some not very remote way connected with the grim spectre of the Leaving Certificate Examinations and all the studying we have omitted to do, there is a more comfortable thrill of anticipation. The end of March brings the leavings certainly, but it also brings the *Magazine*, and we venture to think that the one to a great extent balances the other, and that the wearied brains of Classes IX. and VII. will find relief in our pages. It is a pity that their studying has prevented them to a great extent from contributing to this number, and that therefore they will not have the pleasure of seeing themselves in print, but the other classes have responded well, and we can boast of a very creditable display.

A gloom has been cast over the whole School by the recent deaths of Miss Gray and Mr Thompson. Miss Gray has been at the School for many years, and was well known by all, although her work brought her into contact with comparatively few. Mr Thompson came to the School at the end of last session, but even in that short time he gained the admiration and respect of all. Their popularity may be judged by the fact that over five pounds was subscribed by pupils alone in two days to provide wreaths. We have lost four members of

the staff since the last issue of the *Magazine*: Miss Phin, Miss Matthew, Miss Gray, and Mr Thompson, four valued servants of the School who can never be replaced.

The Hockey and Rugby season is now at an end, and Cricket and Tennis will soon be taking their places. Both Hockey and Rugby Clubs have had a successful season, as may be seen from the reports. The Annual Hockey Tournament was held on Saturday, 17th March, the School taking a very good place.

We take this opportunity of calling attention to the heroism of our F.P.'s as shown in the long list of awards gained by them, which includes four Distinguished Service Orders, eleven Military Crosses, and one Medaille Militaire. A record that any school may be proud of! Another F.P., C. C. Morrison, has distinguished himself in another way, but one no less courageous. An account of his achievement will be found in the swimming report. We are very pleased to publish the photograph of Mr Macdonald, now a Second Lieutenant in the R.G.A.

We would again thank Miss Brown, Mr Valentine, and Mr Barr for their help, and all who have helped to make the "Mag." a success; with that and best wishes to all competing in the exams. we withdraw and make room for worthier people.

## Principal Sir Alfred Ewing, K.C.B.

IT is with peculiar pleasure that we have selected for this issue of the *High School Magazine* the portrait of Principal Ewing. Scarcely any of our readers need be reminded that in desiring thus to honour him we honour ourselves and our school, for the Principal is an old High School pupil.

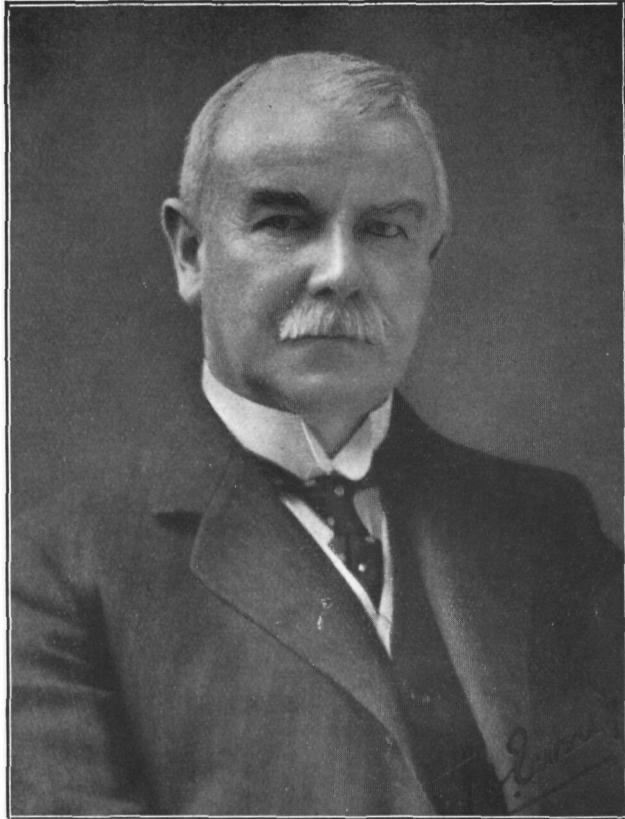
Many boys and girls, now distinguished men and women, have gone forth from our midst to carry far into the world the light that was first kindled within these walls. Principal Ewing's orbit, however, has brought him back, a star of the first magnitude, to shine in a place not too remote from our ken; so near, indeed, as the University of Edinburgh, whither in quest of "more light" many of our best pupils proceed after school years. And it is gratifying to think that in that higher institution they will still be under the guidance of one who has personally known their school and many of its best traditions. Nor could any one have been chosen by our Magazine Committee better suited than Principal Ewing for an object of hero-worship to our ambitious youth. In the United States any citizen who has it in him may rise from the log cabin to the White House; if he can follow in the wake of Sir Alfred Ewing, any High School pupil may aspire to one of the foremost positions in our land.

Principal Ewing's start in life was, however, more auspicious than that of the President born and bred in the log cabin. He was fortunate in his parents and in his early surroundings. Many in our midst have still a vivid recollection of his venerable father, the late Rev. James Ewing of Free St Andrew's Church, Dundee, a man in whom even strangers could not fail to recognise a unique combination of strong character, high intellectual power, and ready

sympathy. And in his home life the Principal-to-be had the priceless advantage in his earliest years of the tuition of a highly cultured and devoted mother, who instilled into the members of her family the literary tastes for which she was distinguished in her circle. The Principal's two elder brothers made names for themselves in their own chosen spheres—the one at Oxford, and the other in his father's calling, first in this country and later in Australia.

It is only fair to state that the High School was not the only educational institution in our midst that Alfred Ewing attended; his first school, one of deserved reputation, being Mr George Clark's West End Academy. The venerable head of that school is happily still living, and may well be proud of his share in the early training of the future Principal. Amongst Alfred Ewing's teachers at the High School were Dr Low and Mr Anderson in Classics, Messrs Miller and Dott in Mathematics and Science, Mr Durlac in French, and Mr Kennedy in Art; and becoming a prizeman in many of his classes, he left for Edinburgh University with a sound education of the secondary type.

If his natural bent for scientific pursuits did not get full scope in our school as it was then organised, he indulged it freely in the domestic attic, and Mr Ewing was fortunate on entering the university in coming under the influence of two of the most celebrated teachers of science that Scotland has produced—Professors Thomson and Tait. He entered Edinburgh University in 1871 at the age of 16, having gained the Scholarship in Engineering founded by the Misses Baxter of Balgavies. In his first year he took the first prize and medal in Natural Philosophy, and stood second in Professor Fleming Jenkin's Class of Engineering.



Principal Sir Alfred Ewing, K.C.B.

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These distinctions recommended him to Sir William Thomson and Professor Jenkin, who, being then engineers for the Great Western Telegraph Company, offered the young man a position on their staff, and on his acceptance of it sent him to London to learn the practical business of cable engineering. He was thus enabled to carry on his university studies during four winter sessions, and in the long vacations to pursue the practical calling of an engineer both in London and abroad, taking part in various cable-laying expeditions to Brazil and the River Plate. In due course he graduated B.Sc. in Engineering, and continued for some years to act as assistant to Professor Jenkin. During these years Mr Ewing busied himself in research work, and published papers in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. His close relations with his professors was of the utmost advantage to him in his career, and the highly technical character of his work fitted him to serve as scientific editor of the "Papers, etc." which Professor Jenkin left at his death.

In 1878 he was recommended by Professor Jenkin for appointment to the Chair of Mechanical Engineering in the University of Tokio. Having completed an engagement of three years in that capacity, Professor Ewing was pressed to continue office, and remained for two more years in Japan. If he taught Japanese students the principles of engineering, Japan did much for him in giving him lessons in its decorative art, of which he became an ardent devotee. While in the empire of our Eastern ally, Professor Ewing made golden use of his opportunities (all too frequent there!) to study the phenomena of earthquakes, and to devise seismological machines, by which the earliest complete records of earthquake motion were obtained. In that country, too, he met

and married a lady who traced her direct descent from a brother of Washington.

From Japan Professor Ewing returned to Dundee to occupy the Chair of Engineering in University College. He worked in our midst from 1883 to 1890, attending not only to the immediate duties of his chair, but interesting himself also in the planning and equipment of the Engineering Laboratory, and in the more public, but not less necessary work, of the Dundee School Board and the Dundee Sanitary Association. Needless to say, his energies were not confined to mere local work. He pursued a career of investigation and authorship, making many contributions to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the Transactions of the Royal Society, and other important scientific publications. In 1888 he was elected an F.R.S., and about the same time became a M.Inst.C.E. A notable achievement was his gaining in 1895 the Royal Medal for researches in magnetism. He also acted as examiner in Engineering at Victoria University, and was elected a member of the University Court of St. Andrews. In short, Professor Ewing proved himself an extremely capable man of affairs, and one whose sound judgment and well-balanced mind could be thoroughly relied on.

But calls to further duty were in store for the Dundee professor. In 1890 he removed to Cambridge, where he succeeded Professor James Stuart in the department of applied mechanics. Before his first year of work there was completed he had persuaded the University authorities to establish a Tripos in Engineering and to make provision for an engineering laboratory. This laid the foundation of what rapidly became a large school of engineering. During his tenure of the Cambridge Chair, Professor Ewing was frequently employed in Government work as a member of Royal Com-

missions and Committees. He was a member of the Explosives Committee from 1903 to 1906, and of the Ordnance Research Board from 1906 to 1908. In 1903 he resigned the Cambridge Professorship to become Director of Naval Education. In this capacity he has been responsible, as an official of the Admiralty, for organising the existing system under which naval officers receive their training, and for all the educational activities of the Fleet and of the Royal Dockyards.

Meanwhile honours crowded upon him. He became an Hon. D.Sc. of Durham, an LL.D. of Edinburgh and St Andrews, a C.B., and finally a K.C.B. His crowning glory (if, indeed, it be the crowning one—for Sir Alfred Ewing, though full of honours, is not yet, happily, too full of years), was his election last year to be Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Edinburgh University, his *alma mater*. In a word, this former pupil of the High School of Dundee is now in the very front rank of our educational and scientific authorities.



### The Region of the Dead.

A place of amber mist and golden bough,  
A place where every stream is lily crowned;  
Where well-earned laurels wreath each hero's  
brow:

And all delights that please the soul are found.

A place where honey drops from every tree,  
A region where the calm of summer days  
For ever is: where zephyrs floating free  
Sprinkle sweet odours through the woodland  
ways.

A place where all who for their country die  
Are healed of every wound, and granted rest:  
That land where all shall gather by and by,  
The wise man's "Paradise"—the soldier's  
"West!"

"VATES,"

### "Salvage."

[The following extracts give some idea of the life of one of our F.P.'s, now Salvage Officer, "somewhere in France."]

I AM known to all the officers in the place as "Salvage"—nothing more, nothing less. I collect all the stuff that is lost, stolen, or strayed, and do all sorts of things with it. I do not think that in telling you this I am giving away any Government secrets. I merely explain my official position.

We moved lately, and on the day we moved it rained like nothing on earth, and poor "Salvage" was put in command of all the mounted troops at headquarters. I was never so wet in my life, and to crown all my horse went lame, and I had to lead him the latter part of the way, and then—then, when I did reach my destination, even when I did make use of all the nicest things I could say in French, they wouldn't admit me to the billet allotted to me, and now I sleep in what must have been the cooling room of a dairy—a room with stone floor and no fireplace. France's icy mountains!

My men are the awfulest little beggars for getting into scrapes of all kinds. Of course "the officer can speak French," so here we are again! To-day, for instance, they started building a cookhouse, when suddenly a beautiful damsel objected. Enter "the officer," who says a few nice things, and our cookhouse is finished and everything in the garden is lovely! Ah! one week in France has done as much for me as the six weary years on Heath's (un)Practical French Grammar!

J. A. M. (France).



*Back Row.*—(Left to right) G. Gibson. N. Lindberg. M. Jobberns. Mr Cadzow.

M. Buist, N. Allan. M. Martin.

*Middle Row.*—N. Morrison (vice-captain). A. Milroy (captain). M. Wilkie.

*Front Row.*—H. Gibson. B. Crowe.

Girls' Hockey: First XI.

Dundee High School  
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## The Making of a Recruit.

My father was a shepherd, and an honest man  
was he,  
He took his sheep to pasture down the glen,  
And I, his son and helper, every morning of the  
year  
Took half a hundred higher up the Ben.

I'd worked for three long weary years without  
a single break,  
And every sunrise saw me tread the sward;  
My father in his heart of hearts was really very  
pleased,  
So a holiday he gave me for reward.

Some people might have thought that I would  
spend it in the town,  
But no, I loved to tread the springy heath;  
And so I thought I'd climb the Ben, and, stand-  
ing on his top,  
View five fair counties lying far beneath.

The morning was a perfect one, the sky was  
deep, deep blue,  
Although it was as yet but early dawn;  
And when I started on my way my heart was  
full of joy,  
For I'd a fairy sight to look upon.

A ray of light stole o'er the sky, and lighting  
on the clouds,  
Soon painted them a gentle silvery hue;  
The gleam of light reflecting it lit up the slop-  
ing moor,  
Which sparkled like a diadem with dew.

The hills towards the east loomed big against  
the sky,  
Casting many purple shadows o'er the plain,  
And where the sun was coming up the clouds  
like islands seemed  
With edges tinted with a light red stain.

As I began to climb the Ben the dazzling sun  
arose,  
Dispelling mists and vapours all around;  
A gentle breeze came o'er the hills and, aided  
by the sun,  
Soon lapped the shining dew from off the  
ground.

I reached the top by twelve o'clock and lit a  
tiny fire,  
The breeze died down, the sun was very bright;  
I stretched myself upon a rock and thought  
about the war,  
And wondered if I ought to join the fight.

The rock was very warm indeed, and gazing at  
the fire  
I fell into a trance-like reverie.  
The smoke was ever mounting up in spirals  
blue and grey,  
And some things happened very strange to see.

The rising smoke a staircase formed right up  
into the sky,  
And coming down that narrow winding way  
I saw an upright, martial man with eyes of  
Saxon blue,  
And hair in many places turning grey.

His uniform of red and blue was of a day long  
past,  
So was his belt, his high cocked hat, and all.  
He was so grand and lordly that I shrank into  
my shoes,  
Beside him I felt—well, extremely small.

He looked away, then with a sigh he turned to  
me and said:  
"You've heard the name of Wellington before,  
That name was mine, and Waterloo I fought  
against great odds,  
When Britain with Napoleon was at war.

Britain is again at war with low and treacherous foes,

The constant cry is 'Money and more men.'  
You, being poor, can't give the first, but if you give yourself,  
You might do good that is beyond your ken."

I looked at him and bowed my head in token of assent,

A smile of joy lit up his careworn face.  
"The lad's a Briton through and through," he murmured to himself,  
"A good example of our island race."

The smoke-like figure disappeared, and rising from the rock

I saw the sun was shining in the west.  
The fire was out, my limbs were stiff; I must have been asleep;  
My vision must have been a dream at best.

As I started down the rugged path that led straight to my home,  
A herd of red deer quickly galloped past;  
A lonely curlew filled the air with weird and joyless sounds,  
The light of day was fading very fast.

The after-glow lit up the sky and coloured every cloud,

Until they looked like streamers in the sky,  
And soon the little stars came forth to gaze on Mother Earth,  
Each winking hard its bright and shiny eye.

Perhaps I'll never climb again the steep sides of the Ben,

Or pluck again the purple, flowering heath;  
For now I'm marching to the maze of trenches in North France—

Yes, now I'm marching maybe to my death.

A. C. J.

*To the Editor of the Dundee High School Magazine.*

Dear Sir,

I beg to call your attention to the disgraceful scarcity of soap in the upper school cloak-room. This state of affairs has continued for some time, and considerable hardship has ensued. Only the other day a distinguished member of the —th class was put to serious inconvenience, and almost pain, through this lack of cleansing and lubricating material. Other instances could be furnished. Hoping you will use your influence to have this put right,—I am, etc.,

SAVON.



*To the Editor of the Dundee High School Magazine.*

Dear Sir,

I should like to draw your attention to a fact which might be easily remedied. On asking, I found that the school did not keep a copy of each issue of the *Dundee High School Magazine*. It may seem a small matter, but those of us who do not have all the numbers of the *Magazine* would find this a benefit.

May I make another suggestion? It is that perhaps the Secretary of the Literary Society might take, at the beginning of the session, a list of the names and addresses of F.P.'s who desire to have copies of the *Magazine* sent them. These should be prepaid.

Please excuse me for taking up so much space of your very interesting *Magazine*.

—I am, etc.,

F. P.



Found in a German exercise:—

The steamer leaves at 10 o'clock.

= Der Dampfkochtopf fährt um zehn Uhr ab.

["Dampfkochtopf" is the kind of steamer used to steam puddings].

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## Sir Henry Newbolt :

### The Poet Laureate of the School.

WHEN Sir Alfred Austin, the late Poet Laureate, died a year or two ago, among the names of possible successors put forward was that of Sir Henry Newbolt, who holds the position of Professor of Poetry to the Royal Society of Literature. Another was preferred for the position of Poet Laureate, but I wish to say a word for Sir Henry Newbolt as the Poet Laureate of the School. We all know him as the author of "Play up! Play up! and Play the Game!"

"This is the word that year by year,  
While in her place the School is set,  
Everyone of her sons must hear,  
And none that hears it dare forget!  
This they all with a joyful mind,  
Bear through life like a torch in flame,  
And falling fling to the host behind—  
'Play up! Play up! And play the game!'"

To Newbolt *the* school is Clifton, but in writing of his own school he has written for all schools that deserve the name. "He has builded better than he knew," and, as I hope to show, has put all pupils under a debt of gratitude for the way in which he has voiced the spirit which ought to pervade *our* school—namely, that of keenness in work as well as in sport, and good comradeship through it all.

Clifton is one of the schools from which the largest number of boys pass direct into Woolwich and Sandhurst, and with our own long and ever lengthening Roll of Honour we feel that the High School of Dundee no less than Clifton is of the "fellowship" of which Newbolt speaks in "Clifton Chapel":—

"To-day and here the fight's begun;  
Of the great fellowship you're free;  
Henceforth the school and you are one,  
And what you are the race shall be."

In his novel "The Twymans" Newbolt claims for Clifton that at it the advantages of public school life can be got without the disadvantages. He says that whereas at Eton and Rugby the "Day Boy" is an exceptional being, anomalous, "isolated, despised," Downton (Clifton) combines the two systems, so as to secure the advantages of both without the disadvantages of either. A pupil might sleep under his parents' roof and yet during the day, as a member of one of the two "Town Houses" enjoy, and endure as full a "citizenship" as any of "the exiles in boarding houses." This no doubt helped to give Newbolt a wider outlook than that of his own school, and so helped him to be the voice of schoolboys in general, as in "The Best School of All."

"We'll honour yet the School we knew,  
The Best School of all:  
We'll honour yet the rule we knew,  
Till the last bell call.  
For working days or holidays,  
And glad or melancholy days,  
They were great days and jolly days  
At the Best School of all."

In a passage which is no doubt autobiographical, Newbolt pictures "A lanky youth, responsive and bright-eyed, but thin and rather sombre in countenance, devoted in his own opinion to football, for the wear and tear of which he was not solid enough, and to cricket, in which a too great impulsiveness invariably cut short his best efforts."

On the athletic side of the school it was as a runner that Newbolt made his name at Clifton, and it was no doubt because of this that he so vividly describes the finish of a closely contested race in his verses. For example, in

"He Fell Among Thieves," he makes his hero, a young officer, who is a captive in the hands of some rebel Afghans, see in his imagination:—

" . . . the school close sunny and green,  
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall,  
The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between  
His own name over all."

From Clifton, where he was head of the school, Newbolt went on with a scholarship to Oxford, and took a good degree in classics.

As a patriotic poet I should place Newbolt in the very highest place. His "Admirals All" is perhaps his best known effort, and you will remember that even in it he gets back to his memory of school days, saying of Essex:—

"Never was schoolboy gayer than he  
Since holidays first began:  
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,  
And under the guns he ran."

Newbolt in his poems emphasises all that is highest and best in British school life—honour, endurance, and good team play in sports—and so I think he is well worthy of the laurel I would seek to place on his brow as the Poet Laureate of the School. A. W. M.



## School Echoes.

There was lately a promise that some of the D. H. S. youths were to grow moustaches. We are disappointed that so little progress has been made. The ones that *do* exist are "Like cricket, eleven a side;" or "Like angels' visits, few and far between."

Name as many trees and plants as you can remember in the horticultural areas in the precincts of D. H. S., giving in detail (occupying not more than five pages) the nature of the wood of some of the most massive trees.

(N.B.—None but experienced horticulturists need attempt this question).

## The Old School.

There's an old weather-beaten gray building  
In an old weather-beaten gray town,  
That o'er smoke and o'er noise and o'er bustle  
Still looks grimly and quietly down.

It has stood there for long generations;  
It has mothered the father and son;  
It has taught them their first steps in wisdom  
And a wise and a strong man are one.

It has taught them to love their own language,  
And its beauties in verse and in prose;  
It has taught them the tongues of the Ancients  
And the beauties that lie hid in those.

They have painfully groped o'er the starting,  
For the key turns stiff in the lock,  
But a sure prize is theirs at the finish  
When the door opens wide at their knock.

They have learned to converse with the stranger,  
Though he come from the Rhine or the Rhone,  
And the writers of Gauls and of Teutons  
All the gems of their letters have shown.

The old school has given them wisdom  
By the precept of voice and of pen.  
But the highest by far of its teaching:  
It has taught them, please God, to be men.

So all hail to you, hail to the old school!  
May you prosper through better and worse.  
We'll remember and love in the future  
You, our hard-featured, soft-hearted nurse.

W. G. S.



WANTED—Nos. 1 and 2 of the *High School Magazine*. Apply to the Editor.

### Extract taken from a Persian Manuscript of about 1917 B.C.

**N**OW it happened that the people were divided into ten tribes. And the Great King ruled over the people, and he put over each tribe three satraps to command the people, and the chief satrap in the tenth tribe commanded all the tribes.

Now in the third year of the great war the chief satrap was one Bachstare (which, being interpreted, means, He of the Flaming Locks).

And in the first month of the year strife arose between the lesser and the greater tribes, yea, even the sixth and the seventh tribes against the eighth and the ninth and the tenth tribes, and there was blood shed in the land.

*(Part of the account is lost here).*

Then the greater tribes fortified themselves in the Klo-Kay (which, being interpreted, means, The Room where the Coats are hung.) And the lesser tribes attacked the greater and they defended the Klo-Kay. And the greater tribes took one of the chief men among the lesser tribes, and they held him prisoner in the Klo-Kay, yea, and verily they tied round his neck a towel, and but for the previous removal of the soap . . . *(Another part is missing here).*

And as they fought, behold a man of the lesser tribes by misadventure struck against one of the regal windows with which the Klo-Kay was adorned, and it was shattered to an hundred fragments.

And straightway a great silence fell upon the tribes, and a great fear of what they had

done. And, verily, they forgot their strife and fled.

Now these things came to the ears of the Great King, and he was exceeding vexed; yet was he not wroth with the tribes, for once he himself had been a tribesman, and he knew their ways.

So he summoned unto himself the head satrap, Bachstare, and he spoke unto him, saying:

“Behold, messengers have made report unto me of the strife between the tribes; yet am I not wroth with the tribes, for I know their ways. But go thou round among the people and demand from each man an obol and an half, that I may hire skilled workmen to construct yet another regal window for the Klo-Kay. And if the people give willingly, behold, thou shalt subsequently give back unto each man half an obol.”

And Bachstare replied, saying: “O King, live for ever, thy servant heareth thy words and obeyeth.”

And Bachstare went round among the people and demanded from each an obol and an half, and lo! every one gave willingly.

Then Bachstare returned unto the Great King and reported these things, and the Great King replied, saying: “It is well. Return thou unto the people and give each man half an obol, that no man may say that I have dealt harshly with him.”

And Bachstare did as the Great King bade him, and there was peace between the tribes.

J. L.

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## **“THEY HAVE EYES**

but see not”—is undoubtedly the reason why many people find so little beauty in the world. Their eyes take in the big things, but fail to see the smaller and finer things. The pity is they rarely realise how much they miss which others enjoy. Fortunately, sight which is below normal can be wonderfully helped with modern glasses. Eye service, which is lastingly satisfactory, from

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**Serbian National Hymn.**

Bozhe pravde ti shto spasse  
 Od propasti do sad nas,  
 Chuy i od sad nashe glasse  
 I od sad nam budi spas,  
 Motchnom rukom vodi brani  
 Boudutchnosti Srbski brod;  
 Bozhe spasi, Bozhe hrani  
 Srbskog Kralya Srbski rod  
 Bozhe spasi, etc.

Iz mrachnoga sinu groba  
 Srbske krune novi syay,  
 Nastato je novo doba  
 Novu srechu Bozhe day  
 Kralyevinu Srbsku brani  
 Pet velkevvne borbe plod  
 Krolya Petra nasheg hrani  
 Moli ti se Srbski rod  
 Krolya Petra, etc.

**Serbian National Hymn.**

God of Justice! Thou who saved us  
 When in deepest bondage cast,  
 Hear thy Serbian children's voices,  
 Be our help as in the past.  
 With Thy mighty hand sustain us,  
 Still our rugged pathway trace,  
 God, our hope, protect and cherish  
 Serbian Crown and Serbian race.

Bind in closest links our kindred,  
 Teach the love that will not fail,  
 May the loathèd field of Discord  
 Never in our ranks prevail;  
 Let the golden fruits of union  
 Our young tree of Freedom grace.  
 God, our Master, guide and prosper  
 Serbian Crown and Serbian race.

**Stoke Poges.**

THE quaint, old world village of Stoke Poges is inseparably connected with the poet Gray, because of his immortal Elogy, though, perhaps, better known to our American cousins as being the birthplace of the famous Penn. It was from a point in this village, too, where a good view is obtained of Windsor, that the poet wrote his Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

Stoke Poges is situated two and a half miles from Windsor and about twenty from London, and the first thing with which I was struck when I visited it was the air of peace and quiet amounting almost to lifelessness. I had come direct from the noise and hubbub of London, and on that account, perhaps, the stillness impressed me the more. In the evening not a sound was to be heard, till suddenly there broke out in the quiet of the summer twilight the ringing of the church bell—the Curfew tolling the knell of parting day. This over, everything seemed to sink to rest, and so I waited till the following morning to inspect the village further.

The first buildings of interest I noticed were the Manor House and the church of St Giles near it. This Manor changed hands when one, Róbert Poges, received it from William the Conqueror. Thus, its history is an old one, and this owner gave his name to the village, which till then had been known simply as Stoke.

Other holders of the Manor were the Penn family. The purchaser was Thomas, son of the famous William Penn, who, persecuted as a Quaker, went to America, and founded the State of Pennsylvania. William Penn was a native of this district, and in his old age came back to spend his last days there. The result is that in peace times thousands of Americans

come over annually to visit Penn's birthplace.

Inside the church, a most interesting old building, are to be found many things of historical import. There is, of course, a pew for the owners of the Manor House, and a part of the edifice built in 1187 is still preserved. There are old tombs and relics most attractive to the antiquarian, and in a private entrance to the Manor House pew are very fine stained glass windows. In one corner is the Penn vault, where most of the members of that family are buried, though William Penn is not interred there.

The chief object of attraction to visitors, however, is not the church itself, but the sacred precincts without—the churchyard of the famous Elegy, perhaps the best known poem in the English language—with the tomb of Thomas Gray. Gray's own name is not upon the tomb, but he is buried there beside his mother, and on the covering stone are to be found the words in which he has so feelingly inscribed his grief at the loss of a beloved parent—"The careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her."

The burial ground has twice been enlarged since Gray's time, and is now closed, but the oldest part of it especially still bears the aspect which the poet has immortalised. An imposing monument, on whose sides are inscribed some verses from his poems, stands about one hundred yards outside the churchyard, but the most appropriate memorial is the quiet "God's Acre" itself, "a haunt of ancient peace," and breathing still the very atmosphere of the famous lines:—

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die."

F. W. O.



### Achilles' Choice.

They came at evening to the sunset sea,  
Beneath whose ruddy waves in Nereus' halls  
A princess she had reigned. Upon a rock  
They sat together; he with restless gaze  
Watching the fading hues; she pale as death,  
And cold as any stone. "To-night, my son,  
You needs must make your choice: long length  
of days,

Tranquillity, obscurity, and peace;  
Or some short years and then eternal fame."  
Thus Thetis spake, and with an anxious look  
She watched the young Achilles; mother-like  
She scarce dare breath until he made reply.  
And he, to his eternal honour, cried:  
"Life how so short, but oh! eternal fame!"  
So chose the Grecian boy.

To-day there stands  
By every Briton's side a pale, calm form,—  
The spirit Duty; and to-day, as then,  
The answer to the query is the same.  
What though our lives be but a little hour,  
A moment and no more, if we so live  
That this great Empire, this beloved land,  
Be better for our having lived? To die  
For what is highest is not death at all;  
It is the great adventure; the last fight,  
The noblest passion! And across the years  
Ring out the words of that old hero-king:  
"And mayhap we may touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles whom we knew."

W. F. M.

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## Sidelights.

### (1) AFTER LEAVE.

Flanders, November.

My Dear Ogilvie,

Back again!

Jenkins (who has been described by someone as "the pluckiest and the ugliest subaltern in the British Army"—though with the latter adjective I do not at all agree) has just returned with a working party from the trenches, soaked through and through. Coming through the communication trenches, which are now ditches rather than avenues, they were up to the thighs in water. I am told it was a picturesque sight to see them raising their kilts beyond the knee and plunging blithely into the watery ooze. I was on duty yesterday, and then we were up to the knees only, so you can understand what one day's rain has done. I am to be out again on Monday, and if the trenches deepen in the same proportion, I fear that my lack of inches will cause me to quaff unaccustomed drinks of clayey water. But the men are excellent: they regard these involuntary baths as a huge joke. It is only when they are working, as we were yesterday, well over the ankles in mud that sticketh closer than a brother, that they "grouse." But the harder they "grouse" the better they work, and on every occasion they have finished their allotted task before the time. There is one part of the way up to the trenches, which, though neither wet nor excessively muddy, is disliked more than the rest of the journey, and that is an open, unprotected road over which we have to walk for about 300 yards. From this road, on a clear day, one can have a magnificent view of the trees behind the German trenches, trees which are the happy hunting ground of snipers, and for that reason distinctly unpopular.

The day before yesterday we were all nearly *strafed*. There is a very active battery slightly to our left which has been vigorously bombarding the German lines for some days. Well on Thursday morning about ten we heard the well-known ominous whistle, rising "crescendo" to a kind of scream, and then—bang! There was the dense mass of black smoke, showing that it was a 6-inch shell at least. No sooner had it burst than we heard another approaching, and then they came in twos, threes, and salvos, working us up to an intense pitch of excitement, and—shall I say it?—fear. They were bursting only 50 yards away, and your fragile billet shook at every explosion. With their marvellous accuracy the German gunners were able to place their shells within a radius of a few yards, and the potato field in which the battery was placed was soon covered with craters. I heard one of our men remark that "they wadna hae tae dig for their tatties the day." This miniature bombardment (big enough for us, of course), lasted for two and a half hours, and in that time about 120 shells had fallen. And what was the net result of it all?—an artilleryman killed, two wounded, and a gun damaged. In the afternoon, on the grass in front of our billet, we had some smaller shells. These are disrespectfully known as "Little Willies," or, when they fall in the trenches, "Whizz-bangs." They are not preceded by the whistle, but just bang beside you before you can get under cover. One bit of shrapnel tore a small piece out of our door, and there are about twenty shrapnel holes in the tent in which some of us sleep. As a result of that and of the wet weather we awoke in the middle of the night drenched through. But of course these are but incidents in this most romantic war.

**(2) BEHIND THE LINE.**

Flanders, December.

My Dear Ogilvie,

We are still behind the line: no news as to when we go back to the trenches. We hope that we are lost or forgotten. Perhaps a hundred years after this a strange race, half Scottish, half Flemish, will be discovered in the Forest of N——, wearing peculiar garments that reach only to the knee, and speaking an uncouth tongue, three-quarters of which will be profanity. They will display an unconquerable tendency to make hurdles and fascines, and, if not carefully watched, will sing wild songs about obscure places called Tipperary and Tennessee. They will always complain about "no' gettin' ony leave," though the meaning of that phrase will be subject to many explanations. And their most essential characteristic will be an irrepressible habit of going up and down beshrewing everybody and everything, while they will endure danger and suffer cold and privations bravely. A strange race, my masters!

**(3) ON THE MARCH.**

Flanders, March.

My Dear Ogilvie,—

Thanks so much for your letter. I should have written you earlier were it not that we have again been "on the move." We left that part of France where we were when I was home on leave, and are now back again in mud-bespattered Flanders. To begin with we had a nine miles' march in blinding snow, over frosty, slippery roads, and carrying our earthly possessions on our backs. The men were very cheerful, notwithstanding, and cracked many jokes en route. After we had halted for ten minutes, for example, to ease our wearied shoulders of the heavy packs we carried, they

would resume the journey again with a laugh and a jest. I don't claim that their jests were overflowing with wit, for "Next stop, Lochee," is not a side-splitting remark, yet it helped to cheer us on our way, as also did the witticism of one of them when passing a cemetery: "That's a gey big rest-camp, Jock."

And when we reached the station, white-haired with fleecy snow, we had to sit in cold, comfortless carriages for an hour while the transport was unloaded. After eight hours in it we reached our "rail-head" at midnight, and had to march eight miles to our destination. This time we were silent and tired, and arrived at billets utterly weary and unjesting to find that we had to sleep on a chair during the dark hours of the early morning, and be fit for duty in the forenoon. I confess that I was "fair lickit."

But still we can sometimes, even when tired, laugh at a feeble joke. To-day, for instance, my orderly was asked to buy eggs from Madame. He had forgotten the word for "eggs," and so I told him. The next thing I heard was his strong Dundee voice saying loudly: "Hi, hae ye ony oofs?"

**(4) THE PERFERVID GAUL.**

Picardy, April.

My Dear Ogilvie,

We had a foot inspection this afternoon, and found that most of the men had blistered feet, caused by the long march and the heavy roads. It was after 1 a.m. before we reached these billets, and 2.30 before we got to bed, so we slept until this afternoon.

We marched through the city of A—— in fine style, pipes playing and kilts swinging.

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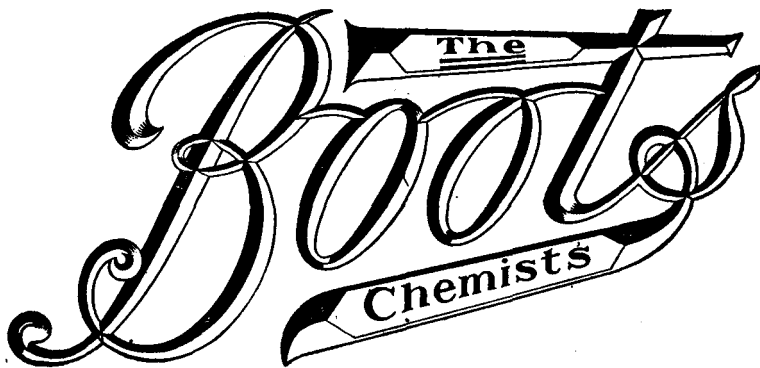
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Our company, the rear one, was too far behind to hear the pipes, and so we got our company cook to play on his melodeon. Peter has won many prizes in Dundee for melodeon playing, and is an exponent of no mean order. Marching through the better-class streets of the city he played the Marseillaise, to the great admiration of the throngs in the street. The people were greatly pleased, and broke into exclamations as he played their national hymn, and clapped their hands and cried: "Ah, c'est bien

ga; bien ga!" I could not refrain from wondering how these same people felt in the end of August 1914, when the Germans, in temporary possession of the town, passed through their streets, treating them to scornful looks and ribald jests. Is it any wonder they welcomed the Scotties with such enthusiasm? But the night grows late, and we must be up betimes. Au revoir.

W. D. M.

## Roll of Honour.

### Sixth Supplementary List.

- Burns, John S.—Scottish Horse  
 Butchart, Raymond K.—promoted Captain Commandant, Signalling School  
 Clark, Thomas G.—promoted 2d Lieutenant, R.F.A.  
 Dall, Alexander—10th Seaforth Highlanders  
 Fleming, Rev. John—Chaplain, H.M.S. Britannia  
 Forbes, Rev. A. Hay—Chaplain, Black Watch  
 Graham, T.—2d Lieutenant, 3rd Royal Scots Fusiliers  
 Kennedy, Norman W.—Motor Transport, A.S.C.  
 Lee, Joseph S.—Lieutenant, 239 Battalion Canadian E. Force  
 Leng, Arnold E.—Able Seaman, R.N.D.  
 Low, Norman J.—Scottish Horse  
 Macdonald, John—promoted 2d Lieutenant, Heavy Garrison Artillery  
 Macdougald, Leonard D.—promoted 2d Lieutenant, Black Watch  
 Mackenzie, Robert—Company-Sergeant-Major, Dundee Volunteer Regiment  
 Paterson, Frank B.—promoted 2d Lieutenant, R.F.A.  
 Scroggie, J. Austin—promoted Captain, Canadian E. Force  
 Slimman, Frederick—Scottish Horse  
 Sturrock, Harry Douglas—promoted Captain, Highland Cyclists  
 Watt, W. H.—promoted Lieutenant, R.N.R. and R.N. Air Service  
 Webb, W. A.—promoted Lieutenant, Machine Gun Section
- Lieutenant Stewart F. Butchart, A. and S. Highlanders—Military Cross  
 Captain Adrian N. Davidson, Gordon Highlanders—Distinguished Service Order  
 Lieutenant Leonard A. Elgood, Black Watch—Military Cross  
 Lieutenant Lawrence A. Gordon, Motor Machine Gun Section—Military Cross  
 Second Lieutenant Denis W. Reid, Seaforth Highlanders—Military Cross  
 Lieut.-Colonel (temporary) Alexander Brown Robertson, Cameron Highlanders—Distinguished Service Order  
 Lieutenant William S. Robertson, Royal Highlanders—Military Cross  
 Major J. S. Y. Rogers, 4th Black Watch—Distinguished Service Order  
 Captain J. Austin Scroggie, Canadians—Medaille Militaire; and the Military Cross  
 Lieutenant S. H. Steven, 4th Black Watch—Military Cross  
 Captain Talbert Stevenson, Black Watch—Military Cross  
 Captain Harry Douglas Sturrock, Highland Cyclists—Military Cross  
 Captain Norman R. Taylor, 8th Black Watch—Military Cross  
 Major Julian Weinberg, Royal Lancasters—Military Cross

### PRO PATRIA.

The following military honours have been awarded to former pupils of the High School:—  
 Major H. M. Ballingall, R.A.—Distinguished Service Order

Second Lieutenant William Audsley Butler, South Stafford Regiment, killed Nov. 15, 1916.

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### In Memoriam:

F. S. W. T.

Dream voices called him to the Fields of Sleep,  
And he obeyed their call;  
Into that misty, long, mysterious deep  
He passed beloved of all.

He was so young, so cheerful, and so gay,  
Youth haloed his fair head;  
He was so full of life, but yesterday,  
To-day—is with the dead.

He is not dead, but resteth; do not weep;  
Death could not chain his soul;  
He knew he had a sacred tryst to keep,  
And steered straight for his goal.

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### To Sirmio.

(Catullus: Carmen xxxi).

Oh Sirmio, bright jewel of islands fair,  
Or forelands that the mighty sea gods keep  
In placid lake or ocean's boundless deep,  
How welcome to re-view thy beauties rare!  
From Thynia and Bithynian steppes bare  
I've scarce escaped, and scarce can realise  
That all is safe; that thou'rt before my eyes.  
Can greater blessing be than cast off care  
When minds are free, and spent with far-off toil,  
To well-known hearth and long-dreamed couch  
we come?

This moment all our costly pains repays.  
Hail then, thou beauteous Sirmio, happy soil!  
Rejoice, ye waves of Lydia! And of home  
Let haunting echoes all their laughter raise.

A. U. C.

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## Reports.

### Rugby Club.

18th November.—*High School v. Military Team.*—Our opponents opened the scoring with a try by the captain, Lieutenant Lickmann. This was converted by G. H. Philip. In the first half tries were scored for the school by N. J. Low, F. E. Anderson, G. R. Parker (2), and C. B. Armit, while F. E. Anderson also converted two. J. R. Philip scored for the school in the second half. The pitch was very greasy, and play was for the most part confined to the forwards. Final score:—22-5 for the High School. Referee—R. W. Barr, Esq.

23rd December and 30th December.—*High School v. Dundee High School F.P.'s.*—The team chosen to play was:—Elder; Reid, Baxter, Philip, and Parker; Kerr and Kinnison; Low, Anderson, Thomson, Cameron, Armit, Henderson, Linton, and Mudie. The first took place on an almost unplayable pitch. Low kicked off from the "south" end. Two attempts by the F.P.'s to break through were frustrated by Elder. Scorers for the School were Parker, Baxter, and Cameron (2), while K. K. Weatherhead scored for the F.P.'s.

Anderson converted two of the tries for the School. Elder's tackling was very sure, but he tried to make too much ground himself. Anderson, Thomson, Cameron, and Armit often broke away well, while Low and Thomson were noticeable for good work in the scrum. Final score:—16-3. Referee—P. Lowson, Esq. The second game was played on a splendid pitch. The P.P.'s kicked off, and unluckily a try was scored against them almost at once by Craig. It was not, however, converted. After this play became more equal, and several attempts were made by us to score. After a vigorous attack, a well-deserved try was scored by Cameron. Parker also evaded the opposing threes and scored. Meantime the F.P.'s also scored, Brush getting over the line. After a smart pass from a scrum in our "25" by Shaw, the F.P.'s, by their united efforts, secured another try, L. B. Weatherhead passing along to G. H. Philip. The game moved farther from our end, and, after a first unsuccessful attack, J. R. Philip succeeded in crossing the line. Final score:—9-14. In place of Mudie and Kerr, we had playing Scott and B. Weatherhead. Referee—J. G. Shearer, Esq.



2nd Lieut. J. Macdonald,  
H.B.R.G.A.

Dundee High School  
Magazine

27th January.—*High School v. Honourable Artillery Company, Cupar.*—In spite of the hard frost earlier in the month, we played this match on a very favourable pitch. It had been postponed from the 13th inst. owing to severe weather. F. E. Anderson kicked off from the "north" end for the School, and play was conducted for a time near the opposing "25," both sides, however, having an equal share of the ball. A rush on our part took the ball down to the line, but there was no score. A second attack was more successful; G. H. Philip got a try near the touch line, which he converted with a long kick. When the Honourable Artillery Company kicked off again they bore us back to our defences, and secured a try through Smith, aided by their threes. This they did not convert, the ball striking the outside of the post. The School forwards—most noticeably Low, J. C. and F. E. Anderson—took the ball down to the Honourable Artillery Company line, and Armit scored from a scrum near it. G. H. Philip did not convert. Half-time:—8-3 for School. No more scoring resulted for some time, the play being mostly in our "25." Lieutenant Ellen and his team were practically on the School line. The ball was touched down over the line several times by Elder, Kinnison, and others. Then J. R. Philip relieved the situation by a rush three-quarters up the pitch. Here the play remained for some time, and a try was almost scored after a line out. After this Parkes, for the Honourable Artillery Company, took back a large stretch of ground, and was brought down just in time by a good tackle by Scott. This was frustrated, but later Lieutenant Tancock scored an unconverted try. The game ended in a victory for the School by a narrow margin. Final score:—Dundee High School, 8 points (1 goal 1 try); Honourable Artillery Company, 6 points (2 tries). Teams:—Honourable Artillery Company—Robinson; Bush, Parkes, Lieutenant Tancock, and Pocock; Smith and Lieutenant Ellen (captain); Wodehouse, Byron, Edge, Rees, Dottridge, Hills, Harman, and Short. Dundee High School—Elder; Reid, Baxter, J. R. Philip, and Parker; G. H. Philip and Kinnison; J. C. Anderson, N. J. Low, F. E. Anderson, Thomson, Scott, Cameron, Armit, and Watson. Referee—R. W. Barr, Esq.

17th February.—*High School v. Honourable Artillery Company.*—A return match. There were no changes in the team; but in the Honourable Artillery Company team, which was stronger, Jones, Lieutenants Johnson, Appleyard, Dr Jordan, and Lieutenant Stuart took the places of Robinson, Pocock, Byron, Hills, and Parkes. Low kicked off on a rather muddy pitch.

The Honourable Artillery Company immediately took the offensive, determined to retrieve their previous loss. A heavier three-quarter line gave them an advantage. In a short time they scored a try through Smith. This was converted from a difficult position. A forward movement of the School took us from our line, and as a result of a loose scrum G. H. Philip scored an unconverted try. Lieutenant Tancock secured two tries in quick succession. The Honourable Artillery Company pressed heavily this half. Half-time:—3-13. Rees kicked off for the Honourable Artillery Company, and almost immediately Bush scored. Then Lieutenant Appleyard scored an unconverted try. Almost as soon as the ball was kicked off again Lieutenant Ellen got over the School's line. After this the High School removed the play to the Honourable Artillery Company's "25," where they pressed for some time. They looked like touching down, and in fact they crossed the line. Lieutenant Appleyard had several long kicks to touch. The School team played well, but were much lighter than the Honourable Artillery Company. Cameron dribbled the ball well, and Elder and Baxter proved useful in lying on the ball, while Baxter took back a good deal of ground with a good kick to touch. On the whole the game was confined to the forwards. The Honourable Artillery Company received great assistance from their superior weight, which told considerably in the scrums as well as elsewhere. Final scores:—Dundee High School, 3 points (1 try); Honourable Artillery Company, 25 points (2 goals 5 tries). Referee—R. W. Barr, Esq. The Committee thank Mr Barr for superintending and refereeing our matches and practices, and also Mr Lowson for acting as referee.

J. R. P.

#### CHARACTERISTICS.

H. H. ELDER.—Tackling very reliable; hangs on rather long to ball; not certain in kicking, but improves steadily. (Weight, 9 stone 3 lb.).

E. N. REID.—Strong runner, but neglects opportunities. Could improve greatly if he made more effort. (9.8).

C. R. BAXTER.—Has made great advance from last year, with additional weight. Is apt to hang back; requires surer hands. (9.13).

J. R. PHILIP.\*—A tower of defence; also formidable in attack. Uses his weight to advantage, but not to excess. Much less selfish than last season. Takes his duties as captain seriously, and deserves much of the credit for the all-round improvement of the team. (11.4).

G. R. PARKER.\*—Runs well, with something of a swerve. Shows well in attack, but is inclined to neglect defence. (10.4).

R. R. KINNISON.—Very light, but with sure hands. Ought to improve rapidly, but with more practice. (8.8).

J. KERR.—Is light, and will become fast. Requires more experience at the scrum. (9.0).

N. J. LOW.\*—Has acted well as leader of the forwards. Hard worker in scrum. Plays steadily and is to be relied on. An excellent vice-captain. (10.4).

F. E. ANDERSON.\*—Most dashing of forwards. Successful in breaking through, and very prominent. Has done a good share of place-kicking. (10.8).

J. B. THOMSON.\*—Work for most part confined to scrum. Valuable especially as hooker. (10.0).

W. G. SCOTT.\*—Lost ground through absence, but makes great headway. Fast and light; works steadily and hard. Tackles high. (9.7).

D. H. CAMERON.\*—Best with his feet. Is very useful in a forward rush where his weight tells. (11.2).

C. B. ARMIT.—Has improved very much. Breaks away well, with a strong hand-off; but lacks experience. (11.1).

W. WATSON.—Does good work amongst the pack, especially at the line-outs. (9.10).

A. HENDERSON.—Very promising. Lacks experience, but is hard worker, and will improve. (9.9).

\* Caps.

Average weight: of team, 10.0; of forwards, 10.4; of backs, 9.10.



### Net-Ball.

The Net-Ball Club has flourished this year chiefly through the sustained enthusiasm of a few of the older members. There is a membership of about fifty, and it is felt that, with such a number, more might be done in arranging and carrying out class matches. This has also been rendered difficult, however, by the bad weather and the frost, which have prevented the usual practice on Wednesday afternoons. We had hoped to arrange a match with the Training College, but have as yet been unable to do so. Play has improved considerably since September, but much has yet to be done before we can hope to meet a rival team on an equal footing.

### Girls' Swimming Club.

The attendance of the girls on Wednesday afternoons is now increasing, and since the weather is becoming warmer, we hope the number will increase.

We have now managed to start a Life-Saving Class, thanks to Miss Lindsay, who has been very energetic during the past few weeks. In due time the girls will be instructed down at the baths, if not in the school, and we sincerely hope the class will be a great success.

A. G.



### Hockey Club.

The Hockey Club has had quite a satisfactory season. We played several matches with local Clubs, winning seven times, and losing only to Dundee Ladies, to whom we nevertheless put up a good fight on both occasions. With the Training College we drew both matches after very hard play. We have been somewhat unfortunate in having to scratch several matches owing to weather conditions and other reasons, once having to stop on account of heavy rain after the first ten minutes. The scores stand at 24 goals for and 12 against, which on the whole is satisfactory.

M. M. W.

The following criticism of the play of the XI. has been given by Mr Cadzow, to whom we are very much indebted for devoting so much time and attention to the Club as coach and referee:—

"The forward line has been handicapped, seldom having the same five players two games in succession. Hilda Gibson was successful at centre forward, playing vigorously, and doing most of the scoring. Better judgment in shooting would make her play even more effective. The wing players did a lot of useful work, crossing well, but they are both inclined—at times—to dally too long with the ball. Marlow Buist scored some good goals. The inside forwards still have something to learn, not only in feeding the other forwards, but in assisting the halves in breaking up the attack. The halves have played very steadily throughout, their keen tackling and hard hitting being valuable factors in the play of the team. Perhaps Nora Morrison,—who filled the onerous position of centre half—deserves a special word of praise. Bessie Crowe has played a safe game at left back, tackling effectively. Annie Milroy, at right back, is improving with experience, hitting well, but still a little slow in recovery. The goal has been well kept by May Jobberns, who, as she develops more resource, promises to make a clever custodian."

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*Back Row.*—(Left to right) E. N. Reid. A. Henderson. W. Watson. G. R. Parker.  
D. H. Cameron. C. R. Baxter. C. B. Armit.

*Middle Row.*—J. B. Thomson. N. J. Low (vice captain). J. R. Phillip (captain).  
R. W. Barr Esq. F. E. Anderson. W. G. Scott.

*Front Row.*—R. R. Kinnison. H. H. Elder. J. Kerr.

**Boys' Literary Society.**

Our year's work at the Literary Society is now over, and we can look back on a very successful session, one in which everything connected with the Society has been as near perfection as these troublous times will allow. Our average attendance is somewhat lower this year than last—viz., 44, as compared with 46 in 1915-16. This can be attributed to several causes, including the smallness of the upper classes and number of F.'s, and the alterations in the train service. But the enthusiasm and keenness of the members, and the general excellence of both papers and criticism, to a great extent make up for this.

Without a man at the wheel a ship will very soon drift to disaster, and the success of the "Lit." is to a great extent due to our man at the wheel, Dr Murray, who has guided the Society through the past session with a master hand. In many ways he has furthered its interests, and has taken a warm personal interest in its welfare, for which our heartiest thanks are due to him.

The Easter term has been as successful as the Christmas term, which is saying a good deal. Containing, as it did, three master's lectures and a debate, it was worthy to rank with any session's work, however successful. The first of the master's lectures was that given by the late Mr Thomson on "Primitive Man and his Mind." It was Mr Thomson's first appearance before the "Lit.," and we will not soon forget it. He gave us a vivid and clear picture of our far off ancestors, their appearance, customs, and mind, and one fully appreciated by his audience. His recent death is regretted by all, but especially by the "Lit.," for we feel that after that lecture he belonged to us. We also feel that, whatever happens, the memory of that lecture will remain with us, and that it will be long ere his name is forgotten by the Society. The second lecture was Mr Cadzow's: "Dress—and Other Things," a delightfully humorous and at the same time carefully prepared account of the progress of clothes from Adam's fig-leaf to present day fashions, whose charm was further enhanced by a well chosen set of slides. The last, but by no means the least, was the President's closing address: "Mountaineering on the Bernese Oberland," a story of experiences at first hand, illustrated by the lecturer's own slides, in which Dr Murray upheld his high reputation as a lecturer. The debate: "Highland v. Seaside Holidays," although rather one-sided,

was the occasion of some fine speaking, and resulted in an easy victory for the Highlands of 24 votes to 7. The papers were up to the usual high standard, and left little to be desired.

For clubs may come, societies pass,  
The "Lit." still stands secure ;  
*Their* memories may leave our hearts,  
*Its* place in them is sure.

W. G. S.

**Girls' Literary Society.**

Session 1916-17 of this Society is now almost at its close. Two papers remain to be given, on one occasion by two of the members, the session closing, as usual, with the President's address.

The meetings are again being held in the afternoon on account of the darkened streets. The attendance so far has averaged 36, which is very gratifying, considering the changed hour of the meetings, and the fact that the three highest classes are especially small this session. This year the attendance of 51 has been reached, a record for several years back.

Among the papers given after Christmas were two delightful ones by Miss Izatt and Miss Riddoch, the two Vice-Presidents of the Society. Miss Izatt chose for her subject "Work and Play," Miss Riddoch's being entitled "Sunrise in the Alps." The latter was illustrated by some beautiful slides. Mention must also be made of the paper given by Miss M. Wilkie, entitled "Doon the Watter." She described in a fascinating and humorous way her experiences in some of the health resorts down the Clyde.

By kind permission of Dr Murray and the Boys' Society, a joint meeting was held to hear Mr Cadzow's lecture on "Dress and Other Things." Slides were shown illustrative of the type of dress worn at the various periods. There was a large attendance, who thoroughly appreciated the lecture. The papers, one and all, have been most interesting and varied in subject, the members being most enthusiastic.

We should like here to thank our President, Miss Brown, for her untiring interest and help throughout the session, and for the time she has devoted to the Society.

K. A. A.  
S. J. M.

### Boys' Swimming Club.

This term, unfortunately, there has not been much doing in the swimming line. There are several reasons for this: the very considerable alterations in the train services, which in most cases only allow a few minutes practice, if every one turns up in time; and, secondly, the wretchedly cold weather we had throughout the whole of January and the beginning of February. One or two members of the Club—the captain and some others—go down occasionally and practise throwing, or something like that, but the whole team has not managed to get a practice together for several months. For this reason we had to refuse a challenge for the middle of February, from Belmont, who had some of their old team home from the front, and who wanted revenge for their former defeat. However, we hope to get another game with them later on in the session if all goes well, and in the meantime the only thing to do is to practise hard to give them a good fight, and if possible to beat them again with more honour.

On Wednesday, 21st February, the R.N.A.S. held a gala at the baths. One of the items was a handicap race of 50 yards, open to neighbouring clubs. The School sent in three representatives: L. G. Kinnear, W. G. Scott, and C. R. Baxter. Kinnear had a start of four seconds, while the other two were scratch, along with Ford (Arnhall). The race was keenly contested, and the competitors arrived almost on a dead level, a fact which speaks well for the handicapping, but the result was: 1st Steele (Arnhall), 2nd Ford (Arnhall), 3rd Baxter, the time for all three being about 31 or 32 seconds.

Our annual life-saving class has been restarted this year under the careful supervision of our President, Mr Meiklejohn, and the able command of W. G. Scott, helped by G. R. Parker and C. R. Baxter. There are two or three candidates for the silver medal, about the same number for the bronze, and about twenty for the proficiency certificate—a very creditable number, compared with the early days of the class. The younger ones especially seem very keen to learn, and have already made rapid progress.

And now last, but by no means least. On the night of the Channel raid on November 23rd., a seaman fell into Plymouth Harbour. C. C. Morrison, now an A.B.

there, happened to be in the vicinity at the time, and immediately went to the rescue. He pulled the man out of the water after a hard struggle, for both were fully clothed, and then carried him up a long ladder up the side of the harbour. Unfortunately the man did not survive. With his characteristic modesty, he made no mention of his brave act till the other day he sent home the Royal Humane Society's medal, with which he had been presented. Here's our very heartiest congratulations to our brave chum!

C. R. B.



### Rifle Club.

The weather has been of such a nature during last quarter that no kind of sport could be indulged in very much, but our Rifle Club is exceptionally favoured by having such a fine range. Riflemen who visit us occasionally for a friendly match declare it to be the best range in Scotland, yet of a frosty morning such sport as shooting is rather against the grain, even with all these advantages attached, for the "cold iron" touch of the rifle is not at all pleasant. But we can congratulate ourselves on the spirit of purpose to keep the eye straight and the nerve strong for any emergency in this line of home defence. We have an average attendance of 70 members each week-end, which includes Friday evening from 6 to 8, Saturday morning from 10 to 12, and Monday after School till 5 p.m. This is sufficient to show the keenness of the Club, and the practice done proves quite good. We should like to thank the Directors for every encouragement given in supplying and keeping in proper repair the necessary equipment, etc., for helping on this important branch of military training.

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W. W.

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