

(2) T.S.M.

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 9

JUNE, 1917

FOURPENCE

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Editorial.

“**B**REVITY is the soul of wit,” says Polonius, and, we would add, of editorials also ; therefore we will be as brief as we have always been, for never in the annals of the Magazine can the Editor be accused of usurping more than his fair share of one page. But the Editorial must be written, and we *have* heard of people who read it. This is our third and last issue for this session, which has been a difficult but successful one ; and we can congratulate ourselves that the Magazine has supported, and, if possible, raised its reputation.

Our roll of honour in this number is a large one, and though we are proud and sorry at the deaths of so many of our F. P's., we have a particularly great pride and an especially poignant grief at those of Mr Macbeth and Gordon R. Morton, and we are glad to be able to publish the latter's portrait. Mr Macbeth's photograph appeared in a recent issue.

We have also been asked to mention the handsome clock in memory of Miss Davina Matthew, placed in the sewing-room by the pupils of the Girls' School as a slight token of their appreciation of her work among them,

Early in June a dramatic entertainment was given by the pupils in aid of war funds. Goldsmith's “ She Stoops to Conquer ” and a comedietta in one act entitled “ Aunt Minerva,” were acted with great success, a sum of almost £100 being realised. The school will quietly close this year as in the last two years without sports, gala, or exhibition.

We have lost another master in the person of Mr R. W. Barr, our popular classical master, who has joined the colours and is at present training with the Inns of Court O.T.C. Before leaving, he was presented with handsome gifts from both staff and pupils. His position of business manager of the Magazine has been ably filled by Mr Borland, to whom our heartiest thanks are due. We would also take this opportunity of thanking Mr Valentine and Miss Brown for their unfailing help, and also all those who have kept us going with contributions of prose and poetry. These have not been so freely forthcoming as we would wish, but we have collected a pretty fair assortment of talent despite the difficulties and numerous calls on our time. Any person doubting this statement is requested to turn over the page and read,

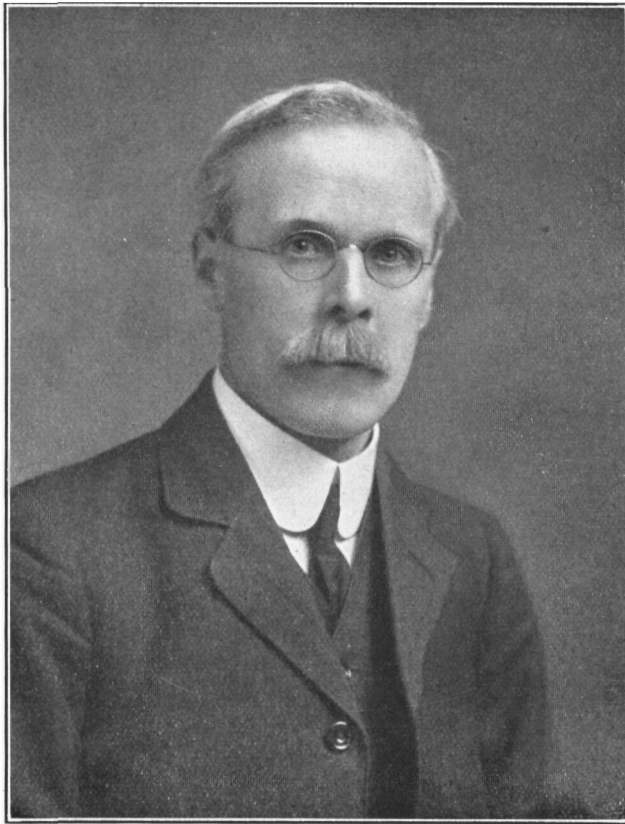
T. S. Murray, Esq., D.Sc.

THE days when a teacher was looked upon by his pupils almost in the light of a natural enemy, or at least as one so far removed from them in habits and thought as to be very difficult of approach, are happily past. In the school of to-day the pupils talk in a perfectly free and open way to their teachers, who desire nothing better than to be treated with that confidence which arises from a knowledge that ideas, whether right or wrong, will have a sympathetic hearing. No one exemplifies this better than Dr. Murray. By temperament and training he is peculiarly fitted for teaching. In his laboratory the chemical affinity of innocent looking substances may produce explosions; but not the human affinity that exists between pupil and teacher.

The Science department was particularly fortunate, when, having lost such an enthusiastic and inspiring teacher as Mr Young, it secured the services of an able chemist in the person of Dr. Murray. As a pupil within these same walls he had already given evidence of scientific leanings. With the Cunningham Medal in Science and Mathematics to his credit, he added to his reputation at Dundee University College, and at Edinburgh University carried off the Baxter Scholarship as "the most eminent B.Sc. of the two years preceding the award." After a period of important research work, he wrote a thesis on "The Electrolysis of Potassium Acetate Solutions," published in the transactions of the Chemical Society. This gained for him the degree of D.Sc. Here it may be mentioned that Dr. Murray collaborated with Dr. Japp, then Professor of Chemistry in the University of Aberdeen (another High School boy by the way) in the contribution to the same society of

three papers embodying the results of their work on some of the less common organic compounds. These complicated investigations led to important results and were characterised by great thoroughness and precision. In one, namely that on "The Preparation of Diphenylindoles from Benzoin and Primary Benzenoid Amines," incorporated in a paper sent to the German Chemical Society, the results obtained by two German chemists were shown to be incorrect, the chemical actions having been the outcome of the catalytic action of unrecognized impurities in the substances used. The above work was done in Aberdeen University, where Dr. Murray acted first as Research Assistant and then as Lecturer for several years. When there he acquired a reputation for lecturing. No experiment was ever known to fail. Clearness of exposition is not always a quality of University lecturers; but Dr. Murray has the happy knack of foreseeing every contingency, of grasping at once the vital points, and of presenting his subject in the simplest manner. In his lectures to our own Literary Society his ideal is to give his hearers a vision of the grandeur and beauty of the subject. Such lectures not merely inform, they awaken the imagination and open up new worlds. Structure of Metals, Fog, Explosives, Mountaineering, Music: on such themes Dr. Murray has treated the school to charming lectures not readily to be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear them.

Dr. Murray has also devoted not a little of his energy to technical problems. When in the Granite City, he had several commissions as a technical analyst, the most important being to analyse the city water supply at the request of the Corporation of Aberdeen. In his chemical estimate of the usual substances



T. S. Murray, Esq., D.Sc.
Headmaster, Science Department

Dundee High School
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found in drinking water, the results were so consistent and reliable as to arouse the admiration of the professional analyst, if they did not at the moment bring peace of mind to the citizens. In this investigation, among other exceedingly ingenious devices was the application of a scale of colour to assist in detecting contamination. An account of Dr. Murray's activities would be incomplete if reference were not made to his work in laboratory building. When in Aberdeen he was entrusted by Professor Japp with the designing of the splendid new chemical laboratory in the University. In this connection he visited many of the famous laboratories in Germany, where he met, among other noted men, the venerable Professor Bunsen, of gas burner fame, and Nernst, whose electric lamp is well known. Incidentally, too, it may be remarked that when studying at Leipzig Dr. Murray saw much of student life and can recall several incidents, which, in the light of present events, were as straws to show whither the ideas in which the youth of that country was being trained, were leading. The excellence of the laboratory in Aberdeen University, of the chemical research laboratory in the University of St. Andrews, gifted by the late Professor Purdie, in which many of our own pupils have worked, and of the laboratories of St. Leonard's School, for all of which he designed the internal arrangements, illustrates well the advantages of having the planning of the interiors and equipment of our schools guided at least, by one who adds experience in working in a school to his gifts as a designer. That Dr. Murray's wide experience and scheming instincts in this direction have been of no little value to the High School, is undoubted. At the beginning of the session some years ago, a waggish boy was observed to enter that upper room on whose lettered walls are rows of bottles, and, glancing round in expectation, was

heard to exclaim, "Dr. Murray has always something new." In the design of the laboratory, and in the arrangements for the working of his classes Dr. Murray has always new ideas. He has remodelled the school laboratory, which, be it known, is one of the oldest in Scotland.

In scholastic matters outside the school Dr. Murray has always taken a great interest, and has shown himself a valuable member of committee when important matters concerning Scottish Secondary Education have come up for discussion. He has filled with distinction the positions of President of the Science Association and of the St. Andrews Branch of the Secondary Association, and has acted as Examiner in Chemistry in the University of St. Andrews. To all his duties he carries that quiet humour and genial manner so well known to his pupils as he leads the youthful mind to wonder at those happenings in test-tubes and retorts. Powders disappear and gases give evidence of their existence; so that the whole affair seems uncertain, disjointed, and unfathomable until the master mind puts everything in its place, unravels the tangle, and, as with a magician's wand, makes the abstruse appear natural and simple. He takes chemistry out of that region in which subjects of study are too often left, wherein the pupil, by committing to memory facts in their isolation, is liable to suppose that nature works in compartments; and he reveals the unity underlying many apparently diverse and unrelated chemical phenomena. In a lecture delivered more than sixty years ago, the great Faraday pointed to "deficiency of judgment" as the chief weakness in mental equipment; and evidence is not lacking that we have not progressed very far along the road of improvement. But if there is one to whom "deficiency of judgment" can be attributed in a markedly less degree than to most men, surely it is Dr. Murray.

“In Hospital.”

IN a hospital devoted to wounded soldiers are to be seen some of the most pathetic sights of this great war—men, once strong and healthy, now battered wrecks of humanity. Yet the spirit of these men is splendid. They bear all the pain and suffering with marvellous patience, and it is seldom, if ever, one hears them complain. But not only are they patient and enduring, they are very cheerful, and never lose an opportunity to pass a joke or some cheery remark.

Perhaps the most harrowing of the scenes in a hospital during these days of war is the arrival of the wounded. A great many have to be carried to the wards on stretchers. Others manage to hobble along themselves with some assistance from a comrade or an orderly. They all look desperately tired and worn out. Some of their clothes are blood-stained, and some even bear the mud of the trenches on them. But once they reach the wards they seem quite cheered by the sight of the cool, clean-looking beds, the flowers, and the neatly uniformed nurses, waiting to nurse them back to health and strength. If you visit a ward two or three hours after the arrival of a convoy you will probably find all the men asleep, or, if it is during the day, enjoying a good meal and looking quite happy and contented.

The cheerfulness and optimism of the wounded Tommy may be seen in any hospital.

Mr A. A. M'Pherson, a soldier who was severely crippled early in the war, spent twelve whole months in hospital. Although most of that time he suffered intense pain, and was operated on once a month on an average, he

seldom complained, and was extremely sorry to leave the hospital, where he had made so many friends. He himself says that it was not until the day on which he was told he was to be sent away that he realised what it all meant to him—the picnics, the theatre parties, the concerts, and all the other pleasures. He did not like the idea of leaving behind him all his new friends—the doctor, his nurses, and the visitors who now knew him so well. This brave soldier has now been supplied with an artificial limb, in the place of the one he gave up for his country, and is “carrying on” where he left off in 1914!

In another bed in the same hospital lay a soldier from Leicester, who had won for himself the name of “Old Patience.” He was wounded in the thigh in such a way that amputation would not have helped, and day after day the poor fellow lay bearing the terrible pain, but never uttering a complaint. He had one peculiarity, however; those fussy visitors got on his nerves, and whenever he saw any of them coming he would immediately close his eyes and keep them tightly closed until they had departed.

Although hospital life has its sad side, it also has its funny side, and it might be well to bring this article to a close with our latest (the truth of which I can vouch for). A few days ago a woman came to the office of our hospital and asked if she could see her husband. “Certainly,” said the young lady in charge; “did he come in with a convoy from France?” “Lor' no, lassie,” said the woman, “he cam' in wi' a smashed heid!”

K. A. A.



Back Row—(Left to right) C. R. Baxter. (Sub-Editor). R. O. Parker. S. J. Mackintosh J. R. Philip.
M. M. Wilkie. D. L. Struth.

Front Row.—A. S. Milroy. W. G. Scott (Editor). K. A. Allison.

Magazine Committee

Dundee High School
Magazine

Sidelights.

(1) "LOOK HERE UPON THIS PICTURE"—

Picardy.

I AM writing this in the kitchen of our billet. Madame is very kind in an uproarious boisterous way. She smacks everybody (including messieurs les officiers) very vigorously, albeit a broad smile illumines her not uncomely visage. She is the proud mother of two small boys and a halflin who are all good singers, and who have been entertaining us all morning since church parade with French songs, mostly of the volkslied order, and travesties of English ones of the "Tipperary" class, which is a pity. We are in Picardy, and the patois de la Picardie is a fearful and wonderful thing, which I "no compris." I have been able to detect only a few differences between it and the Ffrench of Parys, such as *fro-ee* for *froid*, and *maçon* for *maison*. Needless to say I am spelling these phonetically. A few evenings ago, Madame gave us a detailed description, only part of which I was able to follow, of the first entry of the Germans into this village, in August 1914. A band of them came to this house, and the leader of them stalked into this room and shouted in a loud voice "Madame!" "Monsieur," said she, with as much sangfroid as she could muster, "que voulez-vous?" Then, while the officer displayed a revolver with unnecessary show, the others helped themselves to bread and eggs, without saying as much as "by your leave." A few yards up the street a house lies in ruins. The story attached to its destruction is as follows: In the early days of the war when the Germans had taken possession of Amiens, a boy who had been cycling out in the country caught sight of a body of horsemen, and rode back at full speed to warn the villagers

that a patrol of Uhlans was approaching. He had just time to deliver his message breathlessly at his home when the foremost rider lanced him in the leg. The lance broke, and part of it remained sticking in his leg. He withdrew it, and with a bound sprang up and buried it in the neck of the Uhlan. The boy was killed and the house was burnt to the ground. So we, who behave like gentlemen, are treated very well.

(2) "—AND ON THIS."

I must tell you about our Boche. Being somewhat wearied of having nothing to do, and hearing a gramophone playing merrily at one of the Tommie's wards, we sent over and asked if they would send it across when they had finished using it. A few minutes later, the nicest looking youngster you ever saw came in, carrying the gramophone and some records. He is a German prisoner captured at Beaumont-Hamel, and looks very clean, pleasant, smart, and altogether un-Boche-like. Then we discovered, those of us who ever knew any German at all, how rusty it had become. We turned the Professor on to him, who discovered from him that he comes from Dusseldorf, is 21 years old, was in a shop before the war, and is very happy at being a prisoner and well treated in hospital. When I spoke to him, he stood to attention. All I could say to him was "Sie sind von Dusseldorf", to which he replied "Mais oui, Monsieur". I then said "Sprechen Sie französisch?" (is that spelt correctly?) and he said "Nein, mein Herr." "Können Sie Englisch lesen?" Again the answer was negative and so our conversation is practically at an end. We had rather a good joke with him a few minutes ago. A selection on the bagpipes was

being played and Professor M—asked him if he had ever heard this particular variety of Scottish Music, and he replied that he had heard the pipes in the German lines—the wind must have blown the sound across on a still evening for several miles. For a German, and a Prussian at that, he is most unlike the general kind. Poor lad! I suppose he realises now that we are not the savages and cut-throats we have been pictured. I am going to ask him to write his name down here:

Franz Eickhoff.

Looks more Russian than German, doesn't it?

(3) A PARIAH OF THE TRENCHES—AND TEETH.

In the Field.

Our battalion went into the trenches on Tuesday. I fully expected to have gone with them, but a day earlier I was sent away on a course of instruction in trench-mortars, and may be in future a sort of reserve trench-mortar officer. I find it a most interesting course. I had no idea that those little squat guns could be so interesting and so intricate. I had known only too well from previous experiences in the trenches that they could be particularly vicious. The infantry who hold the front-line hate them with a bitter hatred, for, though their effective burst is localised and limited, they can inflict very nasty wounds. One of the most interesting types that I am studying just now is a new gun which can have 7 or 8 shells in the air at once, and a skilful manipulator can fire over 30 per minute. The effect of several batteries of those over a few miles of frontage would be very demoralising to the Boche, I should think. We were practising firing with another trench-howitzer this morning. We had a range of 280 yards and fired from a trench, and we are to

continue with another one to-morrow. I feel I am having an altogether too good time. However, the trench-mortar officer has anything but a sinecure in the trenches, and this pleasant week will be paid for later on. For this officer is a kind of pariah among those who hold the front line. When he goes up with his detachment and his gun, to seek out a suitable spot for emplacing it, no one will bid him welcome. and this is the reason: after he has fired off a few rounds, he passes on to another part farther down the trench, like the barrel organ man with his monkey and his music box, and leaves the poor Tommies who have to keep sentry in their "Bays" to receive the return mortars from the wrathful Hun. No one loves to see the trench-mortar man coming with all his belongings, and everyone hastens to assure him that "there is no room here." I think one of the forms of future punishment which Dante omitted from his pleasant little list was to be condemned to be a trench-mortar officer in a trench war, and to have to wander up and down the front line forever, followed by a weary listless body of 5 men, always looking for somewhere to lay his gun, and always finding none. Could anything be more dismal?

But I protest too much, I have no other news to give you, unless I tell you about my teeth. I had a bad few days of toothache about three weeks ago, and at last was constrained—for the first time since coming out—to go and consult the medical officer (Dr. R—). He advised me to go to H— (no, not that place, but another beginning with the same letter). There I found a very pleasant surgeon-dentist with the rank of captain, who examined my teeth and said they were not in good condition. He was about to extract one when he asked me what Division I was in. I told him, whereupon he said very politely. "Ah, I

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don't draw the teeth of the — th Division. Your man will be here to-morrow. Come then. But I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll give you a certificate." This certificate described my teeth in short, crisp sentences, and I went back, driven in a motor ambulance. Next day I returned, and saw the Extractor-of-Teeth-in-Chief to the — th Division. He was another very pleasant surgeon-dentist-captain, who examined my mouth and said fatuously, "Ah, yes, what the other dentist said is quite true, isn't it? Of course, this is too big a job for me to undertake, but I'll give you a certificate to give to your Medical Officer advising that you be sent down to the Base for treatment." So with two certificates, a mouthful of rotten teeth, and no information *re* the Base, here I am. They could have drawn them out with their red tape.

(4) A "DUG-OUT."

Coming down from the hospital yesterday, I had one of those amusing experiences I so much cherish out here. While walking along the Boulevard St. B—— I overtook an aged British officer whom, by the crown and star on his shoulder I recognised as a Lieut.-Colonel. As I passed him, I half-turned round and saluted him, as a very good subaltern ought to do, and then passed on. I hadn't gone very many yards, when I heard him shout. "I say, hey!" I immediately went back, to be confronted with the abrupt question, "Which of the Scottish regiments does *not* (with an awful emphasis) wear a little red ball on the top of their caps?" (I was wearing a Glengary and he was alluding to the "reed toorie," as Wee MacGreegor would say). He spoke so indistinctly, so toothlessly indeed, that he had to repeat the question, which he did in a barking exasperated tone. I had then to admit that I

didn't know exactly, unless it was the regiments that were not distinctly and *really* Highland. "Well," said the Colonel, with an aristocratic and mumbling drawl. "It's the H.L.I. I believe. But what do you mean by really Highland?" "The Highlands, sir," I replied, "are that part of Scotland north of the Grampians, ~~ex~~cluding Caithness and the Orkneys and Shetlands, which are commonly known as the North-Eastern Lowlands." "Eh? Say that again," said he, taking out from somewhere a thing like a telephone receiver and putting it to his right ear, "Say that again, please." I said it again, slowly and loudly, and was asked, "But what *are* (again the emphasis) these Grampians? I have often heard of them." "The Grampians, sir," said I, "are a range of mountains stretching from Ben Macdhui, Lochnagar, and Cairngorm in Aberdeenshire, through the centre of Perthshire, and terminating in Ben More in the island of Mull in Argyllshire." Again out came the telephone receiver and I had to repeat the definition, but in the middle of it (it was raining hard) he interrupted me with "You'll get jolly wet; where are you going?" I paused to tell him I was going to have tea somewhere in town, whereupon he said, "But don't you have a mess to go to?" I told him I had, but that tea would be over by this time. Telephone receiver and repeated explanation. "Ah well," said the very deaf colonel, "I am sorry I have no longer time to talk to you, but there's one thing I should like to know, and it's this: where do the people in the south of Scotland come from? But I don't suppose you interest yourself in these matters?" "On the contrary, sir" said I, "I do interest myself in these matters, and it's my opinion that the people of the South of Scotland are partly Angles from Northumbria (those in the Lothians) and partly Kelts (those in the south-Western Counties)."

Again the receiver and the vain repetition.
 "Ah well, you'll get jolly wet; good-bye!"
 And so abruptly left me this very aged, very
 deaf, and very eccentric colonel, who as he was
 stalking wonderfully quickly in front of me,
 turned to say, "It's extraordinary the ignorance
 of Scotland that we English people possess,"
 with which I cordially agreed. But wasn't he
 a funny old man?



Winter Joy.

Take to thyself thy mellow summer's eve
 Whose gold-red banner hides the vanished
 sun,
 Whose wafting air some Paradise doth leave,
 Or drowsy western isle where ever-rest be
 won.
 Mine, mine be the winter's night
 When the fingers thrill to the frost's keen bite,
 And the stars in the wind-swept sky shine
 bright.
 Wind in the tree-tops moaning;
 No moon be there with soft, calm light
 To weaken the stars' austere delight,
 The russet-black fields enthroning.
 Thine be thy summer evening's languid stroll,
 Slow and too slow along scarce darkened
 path,
 Surfeit of sweets how sweetened by strict toll
 Of closely counted hour—tempered by tem-
 pest's wrath.
 But 'tis oh! for a winter's brisk, brisk pace
 By some hidden road or darkened chace,
 When an arm meets arm by a chance's grace,
 Company-boon imparting!
 And a sense of a wind-cooled, blood-warmed
 face,
 And a close hand-clasp at the parting place,
 And a kiss, one kiss at parting!

J. W. F.

School Echoes.

The other day our office boy, who has a
 weakness for mathematics, worked out the
 exact portion of their school course the editors
 have spent in writing examinations. The
 answer comes to 35 days 17 hours 43 minutes
 7 6-13 seconds. Out of this vast fund of
 experience we offer the following.

A Few Hints for the Uninitiated:—

(1) When asked in a Latin paper about a
 Dative call it the ΕΤΗΡΙC. During six laborious
 years this ruse has never failed us.

(2) An Aorist that is worthy of mention in a
 Greek paper is always Gnomic. No one knows
 what this really means, but just try it.

(3) Be sure and put plenty of subjunctives
 in French. Remember the old proverb:
 "When in doubt put a subjunctive."

(4) When asked for a proof in geometry
 never stand silent. Look wise, say over all
 the letters in the figure as quickly as possible
 two or three times, with a few "therefore's"
 and "similarly's" intermingled, and sit down
 looking very pleased. It will very probably
 be taken for a new proof.

Proposed Question for English Examination.

Give authors of the following, and mention
 some of their works:—

"There's a limit, you know, and if you pass
 that limit—well, something's bound to happen."

"Next, please; Miss er-er-er. Miss er-er-
 —" (as paper is so dear just now we cannot
 go any further).

"Dis is awful; you do not do your work
 conscientiously, lad."

"Do you follow that?"—"What do you
 follow?"

"I am not angry; I am only grieved and
 disappointed."

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Guslar u Progonstvu.

[Serbia is of all lands, the land of Poetry,—of that passionate oriental poetry which is so untranslatable into English; yet interpreted by the music of a violin it is able to rouse the dulllest imagination; and it is in such a setting that a few rough paraphrases of Serbian lyrics are given here.]

A spring-time night when the sky was red,
 "Guslar mine!" to my friend, I said:
 "Wake the strings with the fleeting bow;
 Plain the grief of a long dead woe;
 Weep the fate of a joy new dead;
 Sing the song that the *pesma** sings,—
 The deathless song of a deathless theme;
 Tell of the past, and the golden dream
 Of a great ideal; from the magic strings
 Bring forth thy land as a mighty stage
 Thronged by the heroes of every age!"

He touched the strings and the music came
 Bursting forth as a sacred flame,—
 Mingling soft with the evening skies,
 As the incense sweet of a sacrifice.
 He sang of home, and of mirthful scene; [gay;
 And his eyes flashed bright, and his heart seemed
 Then he sang of all that had come between
 The things of yesterday and to-day.

"Where richly rippled the Danube flows
 By Smedrevo with the hill above;
 By stately terrace, and marble steep,—
 Mirrored fair in the shining deep;—
 Where the crimson oleander grows,
 And the fragrant bloom of the queenly rose;—
 Where the cypress' shadows at evening roam,
 Over the lawns of the place I love;—
 There! Oh there was my happy home!"

"Light as the shadows that softly pass
 At twilight over the kindly grass,
 In stately languor the dancers glide;
 Or changing step to a sprightly dance,
 The gleaming toes on the marble glance,
 As gay-plumed birds in their tuneful pride
 Skim o'er the face of the sunny tide
 Such was it oft in the days of yore;
 But to-day these dancers will dance no more."

"Our blanket the snow; our tent the sky;
 Our pillow the cold, cold stone'—
 So the *vojniki*† said in the war gone by,
 Daring to suffer, and daring to die
 Out on the mountains lone."

"One last metre, and then, ah! then!—
 An alien land and a land of foes;
 A land of mountains—a land of snows,
 And a land of savage men. §
 So one last tear for the land we leave,
 As stumbling over the ice we go;
 One more draught of the cup of woe!
 Was ever there exile that did not grieve?
 Then the aged king from his horse got down,
 And firmly clasping a soldier's hand,
 Sadly mingled his heartfelt tears
 With the poor man's grief; he had lost a
 crown,—
 And the other the dream of his youthful years;
 And both together had lost their land"

"Lost their land!"—And the quiv'ring strings
 Seemed to ring with a mighty scorn;
 "Out of the mists the rainbow springs;—
 Ever so is a land new-born
 In the midst of the chaos that battle brings
 Over the earth. From their bonds set free
 Every race of the earth must be,—
 Heedless of sacrifice, countless of cost;
 What does it matter though life be lost?
 Ever the soul of man is free;
 It is immortal; and so are we!
 Give me to drink of thy nectared wine,—
 Or send me to die in thy battle-line,—
 Serbia! my mother! it is for thee!!"

W.F.M.

*Poet. †kind of soldier. §Albania.

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Some Hours in a Serbian Camp.

THE day was breaking; the Eastern part of the sky was enveloped in purple, and the purity of the rest showed even better the change from dark to red.

Soon the sun appeared on the summit of the more distant mountains, which could be seen from that picturesque country as a waving line marking a slight rise towards the north.

There had been several engagements between the Serbian and the Austrian troops, in which the latter had been defeated, and, hard pressed by a victorious attack had given way and retreated from the place, they had previously plundered. But later, when the soldiers lost their coolness and their spirit, they carelessly left behind both guns and provisions, and allowed 60,000 of their members to be captured.

The battle was over. The battlefield showed yet traces of the struggle, in its many black graves. Those humble but glorious tombs showed plainly how dearly we had paid for all,—how many soldiers had been killed fighting for freedom.

Then came a perfect peace. The stream of blood which had flowed was stayed, and the survivors found rest in the silence. A fresh breeze was blowing over the country, which stretching far away to the mountain region where so much was destroyed and desolate, yet presented a beautiful piece of scenery, dotted over with the white lines of a soldiers' camp,—a picture of order. The air was pure and the grass was beautifully green. The reflection of the sunshine revealed to the eye a countless array of gleaming dew-drops. Here was the camp, in which as yet the soldiers were sleeping. Ah! how much Serbia has suffered! How great is the honour due to her soldiers!

Silence still reigned. Then suddenly the brisk note of a trumpet pierced the air, and the whole camp sprang into motion. The trumpeter repeated twice more "the Reveille" and there was stir and noise on all sides. Someone was singing and giving to the morning life of the camp what the soldier's spirit alone can give, indifference to trouble or discomfort, his only care being to spread as well as possible the day then before him.

The soldiers were lying on the grass, talking, laughing, preparing their arms, or dressing themselves. Breakfast was distributed, and already a sergeant-major had gone his round of inspection. Having seen to the men in the camp, he next received information from the men of the out-posts and entered the officers' tent, as was the custom, reported the state of the camp, and received his orders for the day, and that day there was to be an outstanding event. Soon he reappeared, and went among the soldiers criticising here, exhorting there, and urging all to make their tents look as well as possible and put everything in order, for in two hours they were to be inspected. The regiment to which these soldiers belonged was the 12th Tsar Lazar, one of the bravest and most renowned, consisting as it does of young men who, although only twenty years of age, have already fought in two wars. The commanding officer then came up to make sure that all was done as he had commanded and while he was still among the soldiers, several horsemen appeared riding towards the camp. "They are coming!" the chief cried. The officers gave the command, "Stand Easy."

The colonel came down and met the chief officer of the regiment who saluted and gave

his reports. Then together they went round the soldiers who were all ready for inspection, and the colonel was pleased both with the order and with the condition of the camp. Having asked the officers to give the command "Stand Easy," he spoke for a short time to the soldiers, trying to express to them the gratitude which everyone owed them. Then referring to their valour, he added that their regiment's name would never be forgotten, and, seeking for a conspicuous proof of their prowess, asked every man who had been wounded once to hold up his hand, that he might count them. Immediately every man raised his hand! Then one from the rear rank—a smiling youth, well known for his humour—asked: "Please, sir, what must those men do who have been wounded twice?"

The colonel thought for a moment, and then got out of the difficulty by saying: "Well, they can hold up both hands." Immediately, amid the laughing of the staff, half the regiment put up another hand over their grey military caps.

"Dis-miss!" And in a few minutes the colonel rode off, and the men resumed their daily work.

M. D.



Brainy Translations:

The translation of "I shall go out wrapped in my cloak," was given as "Proficiscar in pabula iniectus!"

A very important person in the school also gave this: "In gravi caeno" means "In face of a good meal!" Are High School pupils degenerating into a set of gluttons?

Jottings.

By an F.P.

THREE times a year does the *Magazine* come out; three times a year did the editor hunt about the school for contributors who told the same story "I have nothing to write about."

What can *I* write about? Is there nothing? Not at all, there is everything. Herein lies the difficulty. If there were nothing to write about, well, you couldn't write, and there would be an end of it. Who has not felt this on sitting down to write his little bit for the *Mag.*

The *Mag.* is a luxury for the pupils but it is more than that to the F.Ps. It is a link between them and the old school. The school news is real news to an F.P. and it is read and re-read. The athletics reports are, perhaps, the most interesting. The records of victory and defeat are criticised and compared with old battles, and the photos are always scanned for familiar faces—brothers of old chums, or one time juniors, seniors now with the cares of the school (and the *Mag.*) heavy on their shoulders.

The chosen teacher's photograph and biography is one of the first things I turn to. It recalls old thrashings and "rows" we had in his class-room. It brings back all his little peculiarities and idiosyncrasies (hard word) which are laughed over and performed to an audience on whom the humour is wholly lost.

The editor's notes are usually full of news—changes in school life, innovations and old customs done away with. We cannot get too much news of the old school.

The Literary work is the biggest part of the *Magazine*, but the least interesting to me. Writing poetry was always above me but I can appreciate the poems of others.

Here's to the D.H.S. *Mag.*! Long life to it!

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The Busy Bee.

Men bid us note the busy bee that flies from
flower to flower,

With a buzz,

And see how ardently he tries t' improve each
shining hour,

With a buzz ;

But our teachers and philosophers somehow
forget to say

That he never does a stroke of work but on the
brightest day,

And then it's but to gather food that he may
stow away

With a buzz.

When I am called a busy bee it always makes
me feel

I must buzz,

And gather stores which other folks may come
around and steal

With a buzz.

No doubt it is a joke, but then it don't seem
very funny

To be treated like the busy bee who's robbed of
all his honey ;

But there are men who'll smoke you out to
steal your hoarded money

Whilst you buzz.

I'd rather praise the cockchafer who flies about
by night,

With a buzz,

Who's industry's so great that he won't come
out in the light,

Just to buzz ;

Who stays by day to mind his house beneath
the shady shrub,

And when he's out his every thought ain't given
to his grub,

To see the most that he can get to store up in
a tub,

With a buzz.

E.A.O.

IF.

If—I should go to bathe one day,
And lo ! the sea was fair and calm !
Then should I swim but little way ;
But rather floating with the tide,
Should look abroad on every side.

But—IF—upon a ship at sea,
Five—six—seven—eight miles from the land,
I in a storm should chance to be,
If—that ship sank, then should I put
My trust in skill of arm and foot,
Nor rest until I reached the strand.

SI—MAN.

**Tumulus Vatis.**

Oh ! bury me where heath flowers deck the brae,
Where bracken hides the lowly grave from
view,

Where bubbles sweet the torrent day by day,
Where some lone lakelet jewels the height
with blue ;

Where endless mists hang silent on the height,
Where comes no sound but of the prattling
stream,

Where eagles soar on high, and placid night
Gives to the deer the wondrous starry
dream.

There, where the moss-grown crags rise grey
and steep,

Where vales untrodden lie unknown between ;
Take muffled spade, and dig the grave full
deep,

And lay me down, and softly heap with
green

Of moss and lichen ; and, beneath the sod
Unmarked by man, leave me alone with
God.

Roll of Honour.

Seventh Supplementary List.

Armit, Cecil B.—Cameron Highlanders.

Barr, Robert W.—Cadet, Inns of Court, Officers' Training Corps.

Batchelor, Alex. G.—Gunner R.G.A.

Bell, William—2nd Lieut. 8th Black Watch.

Cate, James B. W.—R.F.A.

Deas, Reginald John—Civil Service Rifles.

Donald G. R.—promoted Captain, Black Watch.

Downie, George—Lieut. D.A.C. General Staff.

Downie, George Jun.—Mech. Transport, A.S.C.

Fergusson, James W.—Cameron Highlanders.

Gordon, Kenneth W.—53rd Canadian Over-Seas Regiment.

Kinnear, George A.—2nd Lieut. Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders.

Low, Norman J.—Scottish Horse.

McBurney, John C.—Army Field Ambulance.

McBurney, Tom—Cameron Highlanders.

McPherson, R. S. L.—promoted Lieutenant. 5th Black Watch.

Millar, Alex.—79th Training Reserve Battalion.

Robertson, Alex. Brown—Major, D.S.O. Cameron Highlanders.

Scrimgeour, D. M.—Cadet, Royal Flying Corps.

Stalker, James—promoted Captain R.A.M.C.

Stewart, F. W.—18th Royal Scots.

Stewart, James Stuart—Pioneer, Royal Engineers, Special Brigade.

Sturrock, E. W.—2nd Lieut. 13th Black Watch.

Taylor, N. R.—promoted Captain, Black Watch.

Weatherhead, Kenneth K.—3rd Scots Guards.

MILITARY HONOURS.

Lieutenant T. B. Barrie, Canadian Infantry—Military Cross.

Major (Temp. Lieutenant-Colonel) Hermann Luhrs, Northumberland Fusiliers,—The Order of St. Michael and St. George.

George Marshall, Royal Army Medical Corps—Mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's Despatches.

2nd Lieut. Gordon R. Morton, Cameron Highlanders—Military Cross.

Captain James R. Philip, Black Watch, mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's Despatches.

Captain (Temp. Major) Andrew Spreull, A.V.C.—Companion of the Distinguished Service Order.

PRO PATRIA.

Lieut. William David Macbeth, Black Watch, killed in action, 23rd April 1917.

2nd Lieut. Neil MacVicar, Seaforth Highlanders, died from wounds received in action, April 1917.

Captain Harold Y. Martin, Manchester Rifles, killed in a bombing accident, 13th April 1917.

2nd Lieut. Gordon Reid Morton, Cameron Highlanders, killed in action, 9th April 1917.

2nd Lieut. James W. Robertson, Black Watch, killed in action, 23rd April 1917.

Private Arthur John Sturrock, Black Watch, killed in action, 23rd April 1917.

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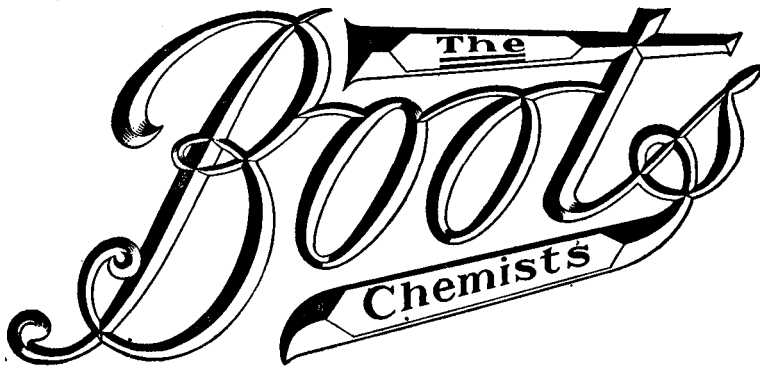
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Unus ex-Multis.

CO enlist had been his one aim since the beginning of the war, and he had been rejected—once? no; not once, nor twice, but thrice. Only when he had visited the recruiting office for the fourth time had his perseverance been rewarded. He had found himself, to his great joy, a soldier of the King.

The months of training, how quickly they had passed! How different from old times had been the reception accorded to him by his village acquaintances, when he had come home to say farewell! How happy had he been during those few sweet days spent among the hills of his native district. The rough, though short Channel passage, how he had enjoyed it, and France—how novel, how interesting it had been! Since then the novelty had worn off, although the people remained the same: kind-hearted and generous to him and his comrades.

He had liked the army life in France, and as winter had come on, he had settled down to "stick it out" like a true British soldier. He had applied for leave, but had been informed by his comrades that there was no chance of the authorities granting his request. They had however proved themselves false prophets, and he had found himself on his way back to Scotland on seven days' leave.

He had never till then believed that so much could be done in seven days, and he had never enjoyed a holiday more than those five short days spent at home. The welcome, the questions, the good cheer—all had been new to him who had been at one time the weakling of the village.

How well he remembered the good wishes at parting, the "Haste ye back again" and the "Au revoir" and, best of all, the words of her

whom he loved most dearly—"I know ye will come back again." Bravely he had set out for France once more, and almost immediately he knew that "something was in the wind." Great trainloads of men had been rushed up to the firing line, and he had taken his appointed place in the first-line trench, not thirty yards from the enemy. How glorious had been the charge! How well he remembered the German's face, who in the act of shooting a British officer from behind, was transfixed with his bayonet—his bayonet!—that of the man who, three years before, could not pass a dog without a tremble. And then had come the check. The officers were gone, either killed or wounded; the men were falling under the machine-gun fire—with one wild shout of encouragement, vengeance and hatred, he had sprung to the nearest machine-gun, and knocked-out in true British fashion two of the enemy gunners, his comrades "doing for" the others. The trench had been taken.

A breathing-space, then on again in obedience to the lust for blood. His greatest army chum had been killed, and vengeance burned within him. Two more of the hated enemy were accounted for, and they had paused in the second German line. Reinforced by fresh officers and men, on again! But they had not reached the third line; they had melted away before the awful machine-gun and rifle fire.

He had not gone back to the second line. He had first bound up an officer's broken leg, and had then staggered with him to safety. Back had he gone on his errand of mercy, with the bullets whizzing around, but he had not reached his goal.

Now as he lay bleeding in the deep shell-hole he thought of all those things. Vividly did he remember them. He was dying. He was not

sorry, for he had done his duty, and that was enough for him.

"I know ye will come back again," he said softly to himself. . . .

"Missing!" The grey-haired woman fell

back in her chair, and the paper fluttered to the floor, where the sunlight shone on that one word.

She waited in anxious suspense many days, weeks, and there arrived one morning a little brown cross inscribed "For Valour." She wore it as a brooch, and later came the official notice. . . .

In Memoriam.

MANY expressions of regret, many words of affectionate remembrance and appreciation have been spoken and written since the sad news of Mr Macbeth's death reached us; but no sorrow has been more sincere, no appreciation more heartfelt, than those of all connected with the Magazine, for to him the High School Magazine owes its birth, or rather re-birth, and to his tireless energy and clear-sighted management it owes the success that has attended it from the first.

Mr Macbeth came to the High School in 1912 after several years in Blackness Public School. It was not long before his reputation as a fine teacher and a kindly and energetic helper was established. His popularity grew as the time passed. As President of the Literary Society (1913-14) he was as in other things, self-sacrificing and energetic, and proved himself an able chairman and fluent speaker. One of his many achievements was, as we have said, the resurrection of the Magazine. It was an immense undertaking and, in many ways, a

leap in the dark. But it was done and was an instant success. It is impossible to dwell on his innumerable other activities. Every one of us has seen or shared in them, has felt his personality, and admired his capabilities.

He joined the Army in 1915 and soon obtained a commission in the Black Watch. It seemed to us only a day or two till he was at the Front, and some of his experiences he vividly described for us in various numbers of the Magazine. He was home on leave several times and invariably came to the School with a word for us all. Then one day in April rumours began to spread, and all too soon the news came: "Killed in action, April 23rd"; he had fallen at the head of his men. His activities are ended, and for us his place in school is for ever vacant. We mourn his loss; but with our grief there mingles a proud consciousness that a life which ended so nobly cannot have been spent in vain. His spirit abides with us, is in us and of us for ever pointing to worthy ends, and urging to high endeavour.



Sec. Lieut. Gordon R. Morton
Killed in action, 9th April 1917

Dundee High School
Magazine

Reports.

Cricket Club.

Even under war-time conditions our cricket season has so far been very successful. Following the precedent of last year it was decided that only home matches should be played. The only exception on the fixture list being our visit to our neighbours, the Grove Academy, at Broughty Ferry.

We have been fortunate in having as our president Mr Dennler, whose enthusiastic interest has been shown in many ways. Mr Barr, our energetic secretary of the field, has left to join the colours and his place has been worthily filled by Mr Mackenzie, whose regular attendance at the grounds has been much appreciated.

Our first match of the season was played against Arbroath High School and ended in a draw in our favour. Thanks to the bowling of H. R. McHardy and K. C. M. Anderson and our smart fielding, Arbroath were dismissed for 60, of which their captain scored 38. Our innings opened rather disastrously, 4 wickets being down for the meagre score of 8 runs. K. C. M. Anderson and C. R. Baxter, however, brought the score up to 40 before they were separated, and at half-past one, the time appointed for drawing stumps, we found ourselves with only four runs to win and still a wicket in hand.

The Harris Academy succeeded in lowering our colours by beating us by 23 runs, the scores being 91 against 68. Since then they have again visited us, and this time, after a very exciting and interesting match, we came out on top, beating them by 29 runs. In this match, C. R. Baxter was top scorer, his 21 being very welcome indeed. Our fielding here was exceptionally good, and especially in long field where several excellent catches were taken.

We have played two Saturday afternoon matches with Maryfield, both of which we have won. In the first match Maryfield batted first, but met with little success, four of their wickets being down with the score at nil, and they were finally dismissed for 20. On the following Saturday they put up a better show, but again we were easy victors.

We have also beaten the Grove Academy F.P.'s, whom we dismissed for 11 runs; and a team representing the R.N.A.S. with whom we were privileged to have a match, the scores here being: R.N.A.S. 38, D.H.S. 120 for 8 wickets, of which G. R. Parker had 59.

The Second XI, thanks to the fine batting and bowling of L. Greig (captain), and of J. Lichtscheidel, and to the keen enthusiasm which prevails throughout the team have won all the matches they have played and are looking for other teams to conquer.

One finds it difficult to sum up all who are worthy of honourable mention, but I think I express the general opinion of cricketers and spectators when I mention the names of G. R. Parker, our excellent secretary, for his fine style of batting and fielding; of Speed for his excellent wicket-keeping; of our two leading bowlers, H. R. McHardy and K. C. M. Anderson, both of whom have a splendid analysis; and of N. Garrad, whose scoring has not only been high, but consistent.

Any notice of the cricket team would be incomplete without a tribute to our splendid prof., Mr Stewart, for it is to him in the first instance we owe the success that has been achieved. He is not only a skilled "coach" but has taken an almost paternal interest in the progress of all our players.

It is proposed to give caps and colours for merit, but it has not yet been decided to whom they will be given as we have still several important matches to play.

Order for Batting :

Name.	Innings.	Times not out.	Highest Score.	Total.	Average.
G. R. Parker,	7	0	59	191	24.4
K. C. M. Anderson,	7	1	23*	93	15.5
N. Garrad,	5	0	21	48	9.6
C. R. Baxter,	4	0	21	33	8.2
G. Speed,	6	2	22*	32	8.0
R. Kinnison,	7	0	10	38	5.4
J. R. Philip,	4	1	12*	16	5.3
H. R. McHardy,	5	2	9*	11	3.7
A. W. Mudie,	2	1	2*	3	3.0
H. Elder,	6	0	8	17	2.8
J. B. Duncan,	7	0	9	18	2.6

Order for Bowling :

Name.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average
K. C. M. Anderson,	55	7	95	27	3.5
J. B. Duncan,	8	3	14	4	3.5
H. R. McHardy,	63	4	130	33	3.9
G. R. Parker,	8	0	29	4	7.2

Order for Catching :

G. R. Parker, 7; N. Garrad, 4; R. Kinnison 2; H. R. McHardy, 2; G. Speed, 2.

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Back Row.—(Left to right) K. C. M. Anderson. Mr Denmler (pres.) C. R. Baxter. J. R. Philip.
A. W. Lundie. W. Stewart (coach.) G. R. Parker (sec.)

Middle Row.—R. R. Kinnison (vice-capt.) J. B. Duncan. G. Speed. H. R. McHardy.

Front Row.—N. M. Garrad. H. H. Elder.

Cricket: First XI.

Dundee High School
Magazine

CHARACTERISTICS.

J. B. DUNCAN.—Batting not so good as last year, due, no doubt, to want of practice. Good change bowler, and slip fielder, and a good captain.

H. R. KINNISON.—A fairly good fielder whose speed helps him to save runs. A good bat once he gets set, but liable to take risks to begin with.

G. R. PARKER.—A splendid all-round man, who heads the batting with an average of 24.4, and whose fielding is perfection itself.

H. McHARDY.—A good all-round man. His bowling has been one of the main-stays of the team, and although his batting is slightly shaky to begin with, once he gets set he is quite capable of knocking up a score.

K. C. M. ANDERSON.—A good fast bowler and a sure fielder. He heads the bowling analysis with an average of 3.5, and although he sometimes misses opportunities by not running enough he is a good steady bat, coming second in the batting averages with 15.5.

N. GARRAD.—One of the most stylish and reliable bats of the team. He is a good change bowler and a good fielder at point. His batting average is 9.6.

G. SPEED.—A very reliable wicket-keeper who, in every match, has been the means of dismissing someone. He is a very good bat once set.

C. R. BAXTER.—A good slip fielder, and had he but a little more self-confidence would be a splendid bat. Needs more practice.

H. H. ELDER.—Is slow, but sure in the bat. He is a sure catch and a smart fielder at "long-off."

J. R. PHILIP.—A good bat once set, but needs more practice both in batting and fielding.

A. W. MUDIE.—A rather erratic bat, but will improve in every way once he gets practice.

**Tennis.**

The Tennis is once more in full swing, and, as always, there is keen enthusiasm. The attendance at the Courts on Wednesdays is very good, notwithstand-

ing the fact that most of the members of the senior classes have been giving the time, usually devoted to recreation, to preparation for the dramatic entertainment.

We are glad to see such enthusiasm among the juniors, several of whom, promise to be good players in future years and to keep up the record of the school.

The first annual tournament, usually held in May, had, unfortunately, to be cancelled, but we hope to close the season with an American Tournament, on Wednesday, 27th June.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking our president, Miss Jackson, for the trouble she has taken to further the interests of the club. K.A.A.

**Girls' Swimming Club.**

Since the Easter holidays the baths have been attended much more regularly than during the winter term. This may be due to the warmer weather, but it is also due to the interest aroused by the life-saving classes. These classes are conducted by Miss Alexander, and the girls are very lucky in obtaining such a capable instructress. Although several of the upper girls have had to give up this class owing to rehearsals for the theatricals being held on Wednesdays, the class at present consists of a dozen very enthusiastic members, all of whom speak highly of their instructress and her work.

Our president, Miss Lindsay, also deserves great praise for her efforts to get up this class, her constant attendance at the baths, and her interest in all the girls.

**Boys' Swimming Club.**

The paralysing effect of the war is felt in the Swimming Club probably more than in any other club attached to the school. The curtailment of the train service deprived us throughout the session of the association of several able swimmers; the stimulating effect of the final gala is greatly missed, and the want of local school clubs with which practice in polo could be enjoyed is a further handicap in maintaining the interest and efficiency of our members. These are the

outward disadvantages under which we labour. There are others of a more personal kind. First of all, boys don't seem to realise that swimming cannot be acquired without persistent practice, and without deliberate and persevering attention to style from the very beginning. When one of our most youthful members can go two lengths without exhaustion, he proudly asserts he can swim, and further skill is only a matter of practice. But his style may be such that development of speed is impossible, and the practice is not forthcoming. The want of will-power to continue, and contentment with any kind of clumsy attainment sap all further efforts, and he remains a mere plunger for the rest of his life. Again, I notice that some boys play polo for years and yet never acquire rapid control over the ball, and that is because they don't slowly and deliberately set about mastering this difficult art at the beginning. The skill in this matter shown by 2nd Lieutenant B. G. Valentine and Private James W. Fergusson was phenomenal, and among our present pupils W. G. Scott, C. R. Baxter, and G. R. Parker easily excel all others.

I am glad to say some juniors are promising well. The "A" team in polo this session is quite a formidable combination, and gave an excellent account of themselves both against a Belmont Team, and against the R.N.A.S. The names are C. R. Baxter, D. H. Cameron (goal), W. M. Duncan, L. G. Kinnear, G. R. Parker, W. G. Scott (capt.), D. B. Soutar, Chas. M. Willocks.

This year the school establishes a record in its life-saving classes. There are entries for the whole gamut of certificates issued by the Royal Life Saving Society: The Elementary Certificate, the Proficiency Certificate, the Bronze Medallion, the Silver Medal, and the Teachers' Certificate. The credit for this is due almost entirely to our captain, W. G. Scott, and our vice-captain, Colin R. Baxter. Mr Scott is a first-class drill instructor. When he drills he already resembles a sergeant-major of the old regular army. What will he be when he returns from his forthcoming campaign? Mr Baxter is quieter in manner, but probably not since the days of Mr Conrad Wenyon has the school turned out a more accomplished swimmer, diver, and polo

player. The club, the school, and I myself, are greatly indebted to those two young gentlemen and to Mr G. R. Parker for the splendid services which they have rendered to the art of swimming throughout their school career, and to the frank and charming way they put their time and skill at my disposal for the benefit of the school generally.

As the end of the session draws near I realise how many things in the interest of the club remain undone of those which I had purposed to do at the beginning. My only plea is the stress and strain of unforeseen events. But already I am looking for some worthy successors to this group of boys who have been the heart and soul of our swimming club ever since I took a special interest in its welfare.

J. B. MEIKLEJOHN, *Pres.*



Rifle Club.

We hoped in this issue to give the results of this year's practice but through the change in our method of Prize Shooting we find difficulties arising pretty much on the same line as before—too many competitions to be settled at the finishing of the 3rd quarter's shoot. Our total membership amounts to 117 pupils after shooting a target for each. The winners of each section which consists of 4 then compete for Urquhart Cups, and Oakley Gold Medal, Bronze Medal, Lord Roberts, and Daily Mail Medals. It takes quite a month to finish these competitions, seeing we have only the same days to shoot as in ordinary practice, so that it counts the same thing as was objected to in our late system, namely, rushing the moment of the contest for those who have come out top of sections.

It has been suggested to bring before the School a proposal for next session regarding the Rifle Club, namely, to have an hour's drill on Saturday mornings. Should the weather be unpropitious the same time could be put in at Telegraphy or Signalling, fixing a fine (amount to be arranged) for those who have no fair excuse for being absent. Officers, N.C.O.'s could be selected by ballot. Any who intend to join this proposal should give their names before the closing of the school to the sergeant.

W. W.

All Communications should be addressed:—W. G. SCOTT, Magazine Editor, High School, Dundee.

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