

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 10

DECEMBER, 1917

FOURPENCE

La Scala

Picture Theatre
Murraygate
Dundee 'PHONE 384



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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 10

DECEMBER, 1917

FOURPENCE

Editorial.

THOSE who read the preface of a book are few and far between; we believe that those who read the "Editorial" of our Magazine are in much the same case, and for this reason we shall be as brief as possible.

Since we last went to print, Mr Macdonald has been gazetted Sec. Lieut. in the R.G.A., and Mr Barr in the Army Service Corps. We are sure that the hearty good wishes of our readers follow them in all their present activities.

It is with great pleasure that we record the further military honours gained by F.P.'s. Especially would we like to mention those conferred upon Dr Kidd and Private L. B. Weatherhead, the former of whom has been decorated by the Serbian Government with the Cross of St Sava, the latter having been awarded the Military Medal for conspicuous gallantry in the field.

A very successful series of Tableaux Vivants

and a French Comedietta, entitled "Le petit grand-père et la petite grand'mère," were given towards the close of last session, and realised a most gratifying sum towards the War Funds.

Despite the many difficulties arising from the existing conditions on every side, the various clubs and societies connected with the School are in a very flourishing condition.

In conclusion, we would thank Mr Valentine, Mr Borland, and Miss Brown for their generous and unfailing help towards compiling the "Mag." We have also great pleasure in acknowledging the ready and willing response of all who have contributed to this issue either prose or verse. In our opinion all the contributions are excellent, an opinion which we believe will be shared by all readers if they will now turn over the pages and read for themselves

"The written word that conquers time."

H. S. Dennler, B. es L.—

MODERN-LANGUAGE Masters in our schools, in greater degree than the rest of their colleagues, play a part similar to that of a "liaison-officer" in an army on the field; they interpret for us certain parts of modern thought of which without their aid we should know little; they keep us in touch with the other battalions to right and left.

Especially is this so in the case of Mr Dennler, our modern-language master, whose portrait we present to our readers in this issue.

Few countries have had closer intellectual ties than Switzerland, France, and Scotland; the fact of the varying degrees of Celtic strains in the three peoples suggests the idea that these three democracies understand one another more fully than they do the peoples of other countries racially less happily endowed.

A short resumé of Mr Dennler's career will show how fortunate the High School is in having so widely experienced a head in its modern-language department. Mr Dennler was born in Switzerland. He had two languages, French and German, at his command from childhood. He received at school a classical education, which he continued at the University of Berne, of which he is a graduate. Thereafter he taught Classics for two years in Switzerland, French and German in two English schools, English and German in a secondary school in France, and was the principal teacher of French and German in three Scottish secondary schools before coming to the High School in 1905. His holidays were spent in visiting Italy, Germany, and Spain. So the claim already made of his being a "liaison-teacher" is seen not to be without a very substantial basis.

Finally, in the High School—I had almost said in Ithaca—we delight in the breadth of outlook that such a teacher, wise in the ways of men and in the knowledge of their countries and cities, displays daily in his classroom and among his colleagues; and we may add that this breadth of outlook is splendidly supported by vigour of character, geniality, and that clarity of mind that characterises the French race.



My School-Books.

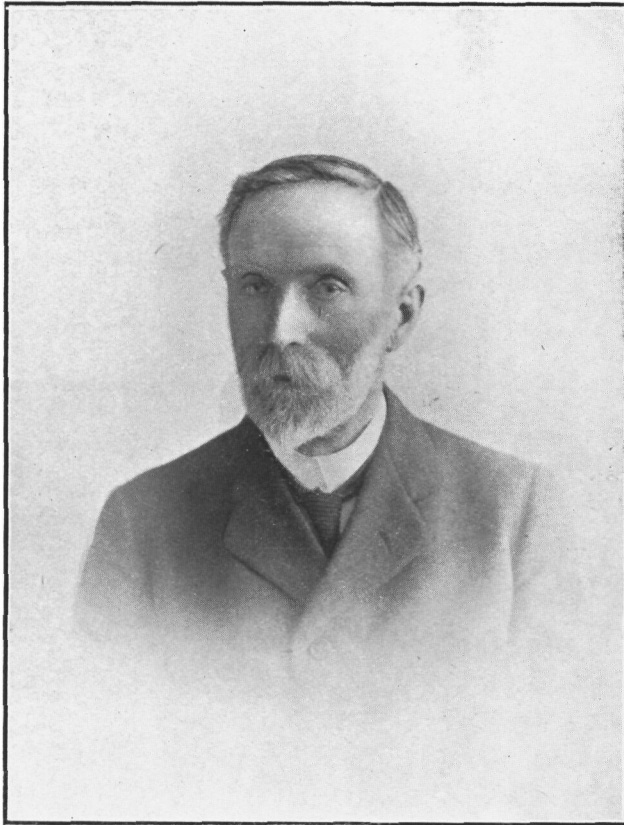
Thou tattered volumes in whose leaves I find
 The lore of centuries, the fruit of thought,
 Shall I e'er miss you and the tasks you
 brought
 When happy school-days have been left behind?
 Some chance word may some day bring to my
 mind
 Visions of you with pleasant memories
 fraught,
 Memories of how your learning once I
 sought,
 Not knowing you were cruel but to be kind
 I studied with scant diligence I fear,
 For then I loved not wisdom to pursue
 But longed for freedom far from toil and books.
 Such things may be, for after many a year
 Far from you, I may learn to long for you
 And backward cast full many longing looks.

E.C.S.



"By the soul
 Only, the Nations shall be great and free."

—Wordsworth.



Hans. S. Dennler, B. es L.

Dundee High School
Magazine

Serbian Memories—1915.

IT was Autumn—the time when the nights are long and cold; when snow has fallen on the mountains, and the tall pines look twice as dark because of it; when in town and country alike the family gathers round the cheerful fire, and so many tales of war and of heroes are told and retold.

It was a war-time Autumn; our brothers were serving on the various battle fronts, and with wonderful success warding off the Austro-German attacks. We spoke much of them, praising their courage and their endurance, and singing the song they had sung scarcely two years before about the ground being their bed, the snow their blanket, their pillow a stone. Most boys have rather a fancy for soldiering, and we were no exception to the rule. We were almost children then, and little did we think how soon we too must take haversack and rifle and seek our fortunes in a strange land. The treacherous Bulgarian attack came quite unexpectedly. Without even declaring war upon Serbia, their troops occupied Knjazhevatz. Our army was hard pressed on all sides, and at last a general retreat was decided upon. All the youth of the country from fourteen to eighteen years of age were ordered to leave the country!

For a moment everyone was quite stupefied. Then our mothers and sisters rose splendidly to the occasion. "Go!" said they, "the women of France and of Britain are our sisters; they will see to your welfare! The boys of France and of Britain will be your comrades, and together you will return victorious!" So, with as much as we could possibly get into our haversacks and pockets, with a water-bottle fastened round our waists, and with rifle slung across our backs we set out on our march.

From town to town we went till we came to the frontier. Some of the more fortunate amongst us had secured horses (for many a one returned daily from the fight with empty saddle), but they were of little service to us, for our route through Albania lay along mountain paths on the edges of steep precipices, and the roads being either frozen or deep in snow, it was impossible to ride. Houses there were none, except now and then a lonely cottage; scarcely ever did we find a tree, and when we did it usually hid from view some Albanian robber, who was ready to rob us of what little we had. Many, many a time they caught some poor straggler who had fallen out of line, and stripping him, they left him to die in the snow. Many others also fell by the wayside, exhausted for want of food, and lay with their poor, still faces looking up at the sky, as if to thank God that they were at rest at last!

So the men suffered, and the horses with them. We had little or no food for ourselves, and could get none to buy, yet we tried to share as well as possible with our four-footed friends. Alas! few remained when the journey was over.

Yet all was not wandering over trackless wastes of snow. At times things were quite exciting. Parties of Albanians would come up, and fierce fighting take place. Sometimes, also, when the soldiers were desperate for food or for sleep, they would force an entrance to one of the houses. At those times the enemy within used to fire down from the windows, and our men rush quickly at the door and break it open.

All, indeed, was full of danger; but we never forgot that beyond the snow and mountains lay the sea, and beyond the sea Britain and France. Britain and France! What did that mean to

us? Let the women who, as they stood facing their captors, smiled to think that their sons were safe, and the dead men frozen in the snow answer, for in all their sufferings they kept repeating again and again those names of Justice and Liberty!

And so our journey came to an end. We arrived at Durazzo. Christmas was near at hand, and as we thought of the glad, happy times in the old homes, and all that Christmas had meant once, and thought on all that had been our lot since then, we understood as never before the story of the manger-cradle and of the dumb creatures looking on.

B. Lj. F.



Dora and her Food Controller.

"Ye powers wha mak mankind your care
And dish them out their bill o' fare."—*Burns*.

DEAR —

While you have been regaling yourself with dates and cocoanut milk, we have been anxiously watching the flirtations of Dora and her Food Controller. It was uncertain at first whether Dora would have a Food Controller or not, but soon the persuasive influence of Miss Uboat made her in haste choose Lord D. Dora, in the course of events, however, found out that he was only using her as an instrument, making rules on her authority, and in an obstinate mood she cast him off, seeking refuge in the arms of the millionaire Lord R. Up till now they seem to have got on fairly well together, but little difficulties have cropped up. Lord R. is a somewhat masterful man, with what he thinks logical ideas of household economy. For example, Dora's friend, Miss Uboat, having developed an insatiable appetite for sugar, Lord R. decided that Dora's supply must be regulated. Poor Dora was therefore faced with, what he called, her portion, neatly

served in little paper packets, more notable for their form than their substance. Encountering no protest against this measure, Lord R. improved upon it by providing Dora with neatly printed tickets, to be signed every time she received her portion. Dora bowed to the fates.

Inspired by his success Lord R. had a new and brilliant idea of economising on Dora's luncheon, and issued orders to the cook which limited the cost to One-and-Threepence. The cook, in difficulties, sought the aid of Dora in devising the menu, and having found that for One-and-Threepence only two courses could be afforded, they ingeniously arranged that fish or meat should each be one course, and soup and pudding each half-a-course.

Poor Dora!

"A dainty dame she cam' our way
And sma' soup meagre she wad hae."

M. L. B.

N. B.—(DORA) Defence of Realm Act.



FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS OF D. H. S.

"How to Murder Latin." M. F. MacD. Nelson. 1/6.

"Virol, and How it Helped Me." C. T. A. MacF. Nelson. 2/9.

"How to Evade Hard Work Successfully." R. M. B. Pitt Press. 4/-.

"Chattering, and How to Do it Unobserved." M. M. B. J. Blackie. 7d.

"How to Take Antipon." R. L. W. B. Pitt Press. 4/6.

"The Best Way to Set About a Greek Unseen." A. A. A. MacMillan. 1/-

"The Blessings of Sanatogen." W. C. H. MacMillan. 2/-.

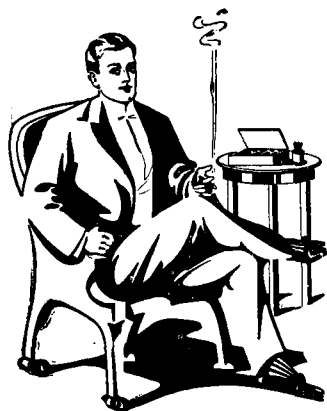


Annie Stobo Milroy
Dux, Session 1916-17

Dundee High School
Magazine

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Daddy!

AMONG a company of boys who had crossed Albania, I discovered one day an old school-fellow whom I had lost trace of during the Austrian invasion, when we had been forced to leave Belgrade. My memories of him were of a happy, mirthful lad, with eyes full of good-humour, and a cherry smile. When I saw him again, he was greatly changed, the result of what he had passed through; but his memory remained as good as ever, and was enriched besides by many events and tales of those last days, so that he was a never-failing source of delight to me. Among other stories, he related the following episode, which impressed me so greatly that I shall never forget it.

Here is the narrative in his own words:—

“We were going from Scutari to St. G——. We had heard that a ship had arrived there and was waiting for us. We hastened on in case the ship should set sail before we arrived. Night was already beginning to fall. A dense mist covered the marshes of the barren plains, mingling with the darkness and making the night much darker. It began to rain. Walking was very difficult on an empty stomach in the wet, with ragged clothes and torn boots, through which the water penetrated.

“In the mob of school boys there were many little, feeble, exhausted ones, who could hardly walk. They were lagging behind, falling down, then rising and running after the motely crowd for fear of being lost and left to die of hunger or exposure, or of being found on the deserted road by Albanians, who seemed to their childish eyes the worst and most cruel of monsters.

“I was at the back, tired and worn out, when a little boy appeared in front of me. He was going slowly, crying, falling down in the mud, then rising again and blaming his masters because of their haste. He accused them of taking him with them and then leaving him on that muddy road in an unknown country quite helpless. As I reached him, he stumbled once more in the mud. So I lifted him up, and, taking him by the hand, led him on.

“As we went along, we talked after this fashion:

“‘Why are you crying, little chap?’

“‘I am afraid of being left behind.’

“‘Don’t be afraid of that. What is your name?’

“‘Milan.’

“‘With whom did you come from your native country?’

“‘Alone.’

“‘By yourself? Where are your father and mother?’

“Here he began to cry again, but, when he grew calmer, he said to me through his tears:

“‘My mother is in the village, and the Mayor told her that the Austrians would take me away, so she sent me to look for my father and then to escape with him. I did not find daddy, and nobody could tell me where his regiment was. One officer met me in Prokonplje, and took care of me until we came to Prishtina. He was very kind and liked me, but he was killed in a fray in the neighbourhood of that town. The other officers did not like to keep me in the same regiment, for it was very dangerous, so I had to seek help in the rear. But there it was worse, because I

could not get even a slice of bread for about two or three days. When I was crying, some soldiers came and gave me bread. Some of them told me to go back home, and threatened to leave me in the snow among the high mountains, which we could see as we passed along between the high and rugged cliffs of that wild country. But two soldiers took care of me at last, and fed me fairly well for a time, but I lost them at Petch and went on alone for about two days, hoping always to meet my daddy. One evening I came up to a group of soldiers who were trying to warm themselves at a fire. They asked me again who I was. I told them in detail, and a soldier who had lost his regiment became interested in me, and took care of me afterwards. With him I came to Scutari, where he found his comrades and left me with much regret. I then saw these school boys, and asked one of their masters if I could continue my way with them. They allowed me, and here I am !'

"I helped him, and we approached St. G——. A strong wind was blowing from the sea. The dark and immense mass of heaving waves was moaning terribly. The little boy and I were going farther and farther on. We both were tired, wet, cold, and hungry. Neither of us uttered a word. He pressed himself quite near me, and seized my hand as if he were afraid of the night, dark without moon or stars.

"We arrived at the town, but the ship was not in the harbour, and we had to wait on the sandy beach for its arrival. During the night we were nearly frozen as we lay in or round about our small dirty tents, and as soon as the day dawned we had to run from the camp for fear of the enemy's aircraft. One day an aeroplane appeared suddenly steering in the

direction of our camp, so we scattered in an instant to wherever we could see any shelter. A supply column was going along the road, and they also began to run in all directions, leaving cars and horses alone. These latter got free, breaking their ropes and galloping away at full speed. When the danger was over, a crowd gathered on the road, and I went up to them to see what was the matter. A boy had been run over by one of the cars. I got at last so close to him that I could see him ; and there, on the sand, I saw to my horror my little chum, lying senseless, covered with mud and blood. Somebody said that he would not die, and lifted him.

At this moment a soldier began to force his way through the crowd (he had come along with his regiment). He was a thin man, covered with mud, and in rags, his coat being partly burnt away and his hair showing through the holes in his cap. He looked the little boy up and down, and turned pale ; his lower lip began to tremble, and he cried out in agony—'At last I have found you, my son, but in vain !' He clasped him to his breast with his long, thin hands, and fondled him gently. Presently the little boy began to stir, opened his eyes, looking up with a slight smile, and muttered—'Daddy, don't you know me ?'

"Just then he fainted again, and the father carried him away. As he went we heard him mutter—'I know you, my son ! I know you !'"

M. D.



From a contemporary magazine :—

"Edward III. was an enthusiastic hawk. In one of his expeditions he appears to have hawked and fought by turns. . . ."

We suppose this is meant to "bewit."



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Life Story of a Rumour.

DEAR me! what a crowded and eventful career I have had to be sure! What places I have visited, and what people I have seen! When I look back on my life which, alas! is soon to be ended, I remember how I travelled here, there, and everywhere, nursed and cherished by the people who had my life and existence in their power and each day—no, each minute of the day—growing with their aid in size and importance. For my career has been very important, and I who say it feel my heart leap with pride when I think that the destinies of many nations have hung in the balance, when one word from me would have set everything right.

I was born in the most unexpected place, I, who was soon to be known to the whole world, in a little out-of-the way village, nestling among the mountains, and far removed from the busy industry of the world. Just a stray word spoken casually by a wood-cutter to his mate as they rested after their toil under the spreading branches of an old gnarled tree, and I was launched into the world to begin my strange and short-lived career. Through the wood I journeyed until an old woman picking up sticks took me with her to her lonely hut on the side of the road, which led eventually to a large and prosperous city. I remember how unhappy I was when I thought that perhaps I should come to an untimely end here, instead of travelling about and seeing the world as I had fondly hoped and was assuredly meant to do. Happily, however, my fears were not to be realised.

Late that night a horseman, weary and

travel-stained, knocked at the door of the hut; he was riding to one of the great cities, and having gone out of his way several times now

only asked for food and shelter until he could start his journey again at daybreak. With him I set off the following morning along miles and miles of never-ending white, dusty road, until at last the great city was reached.

During our short acquaintance I must have greatly endeared myself to my owner for the time being, as that evening I accompanied him to a gorgeous ball, at which were present all the most famous lords and ladies of the land. Ah! how beautiful it all was, and how my heart almost stood still with a kind of fearful joy when I found myself handed very softly and gently from one to another of the beautiful beings who surrounded me—ladies with soft, silvery voices, clad in rich robes of silk and satin; men in their gay official dress, who lowered their voices to a whisper whenever I came near.

After this I passed through many different experiences. In an incredibly short space of time I had grown so large and had so altered in appearance that I hardly knew myself. Certainly the old woman of the hut could not have recognised me. In three continents I had travelled, and everywhere been the cause of fear and dismay. I visited a mighty battle-field, where it seemed that all the nations of the world were engaged in deadly conflict against one another. Amidst the smoke and the ceaseless sound of guns, I passed through the lines of tired, haggard men, who, although they faced the enemy unflinchingly, turned pale

as I approached, and seemed overcome by horror and consternation at the very thought of me. I was a nine days' wonder, and it seemed that through me great empires were at stake, and the downfall of certain nations was imminent. But what did I care?

Then everything changed for me, and I suddenly found myself sinking into utter insignificance. People turned the cold shoulder on me, and instead of being the idol of all the large cities I was a mere nobody. You can imagine what a downcome this was for me. Now all the lofty am-

bitions which I had entertained are shattered in the dust, and in order to hide my shame and sorrow I have retired from society and taken up my abode in the quietest and most uninteresting places imaginable. In these I still receive a little of the attention to which I had been accustomed, but I know that even this will soon be at an end. I have also so changed in appearance that it would not be at all difficult for the old woman of the hut to recognise me. Meanwhile I am just waiting for the end, which, I feel sure, is not far distant.

A. C. H.

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Forestry in Atholl.

IN taking up my pen to write this article, I feel I owe the public an apology. Now-a-days we hear so much about the brave deeds of our soldiers in France and in the East, and of our sailors on all seas, that our humble experiences and hum-drum routine of life as foresters will appear as child's play, and it is for giving the public the trouble (if they take it) of reading about child's play that I tender this apology.

When the call came to the youth and manhood of the British Empire in August 1914, many were found ready, and answered the call. Similarly, when the call came for volunteer land-workers, the High School gave its full complement, as it had done in August 1914, no fewer than twenty-two giving up their summer holidays, or part of them, for the sake of their country. Forestry seemed to offer most attractions, and on July 1st ten of us started work on Clunie Hill, Pitlochry, in the employment of Messrs R. Marshall & Sons, wood merchants.

We cycled up to Pitlochry on Friday, 29th June, and made our way to the offices of our employers, where we were shown, from a distance (a very far one), the place where we should be working. It was then arranged that we should assemble there on Monday morning at 7 o'clock. The week-end passed slowly, and on Monday morning at 7 o'clock prompt we started on our work, proud of the fact that we were "doing something." At the office we were met by our foreman, who was laden with what seemed to be a collection of prehistoric weapons. He had a five-foot cross-cutting saw (this was a very deadly implement, as one of us had the misfortune to find out), a collection of files, a few axes ranging from

4 lbs. to 7 lbs., about a dozen peelers, a pair of knee-caps, a bottle of paraffin, and a kettle. The peelers are like something between a garden trowel and a chisel. Our foreman, who proved to be one of the best, was a typical Scot, knowing more Gaelic than English.

Our road to Clunie Hill lay along the bank of the River Tummel, across Clunie Bridge, and hence through the grounds of Clunimore estate. We were able to cycle most of this, so a good deal of time and energy was saved. The climb from Clunimore House to the top of the hill was most laborious, but we soon became accustomed, and it just became part of the day's work.

The trees which we were to take down were larches. Some of them were very large—the largest being about three feet in girth, sixty feet high, and one ton in weight. There were four classes of trees. The first class were used for poles and masts, the second class for railway sleepers, the third class for pit props, and the fourth class for firewood and fence spars.

Our foreman stamped the trees—*i.e.* he cut away the bottom with his axe, so that the saw could get in. This was very hard and difficult work. A great deal of strength was required, and a very steady eye, as the stamping had to be done as cleanly as possible. After the foreman was finished, the sawyers came into action, and after a few minutes' sawing the tree was brought down. The sawing was comparatively easy work. No great amount of skill or muscular strength was required, save that you had to keep the saw absolutely level, or else it would stick. What makes sawing so hard is the cramped position in which one has to work.

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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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After the tree was brought down the snedders started. Their work was to take the branches off the tree. This is very hard work, requiring a good deal of muscular strength and a considerable amount of skill, as the branches have to be taken off as cleanly as possible. After the snedders were finished the peelers began, and stripped the bark from the trees. The work is easy, but exceedingly monotonous and slow. After the bark had been taken off some 1000 trees, it was gathered and put into stacks. If a peeler peeled nine trees per day, a snedder snedded thirty trees, and two sawyers brought down fifty trees, it was considered good.

At ten o'clock we were given five minutes' rest. This always passed too quickly, and our timekeeper's "Time up, gentlemen!" always came before we were ready for it. Work was resumed and continued till twelve o'clock, when we stopped for "dinner." "Dinner" consisted of a liberal (too liberal!!) supply of a black, grimy-like liquid (not unlike liquorice water), and a few lumps of bread with a suspicion of margarine. After "dinner" the pipes were brought out and loaded, and we kept the flies away until one o'clock. During this period all sorts of questions were discussed, ranging from "Who does the hardest work—the sawyer, the peeler, or the snedder?" to the question of the transmigration of souls! At one o'clock we started again, and carried on till five (with a short rest at three), when "the woodman homeward cycles the weary way."

This is a very, very brief description of our work, which, though hard, was exceedingly healthy and interesting, and on looking back over our two months we come to the conclusion that it is the best spent of any of our holidays.

J. B. T.

A Schoolboy's Day on the Moors.

ONE sultry day in August, a friend and I were finding time hanging rather heavily on our hands. I have no doubt all schoolboys have often experienced a similar feeling. We decided on an outing the following day, and so early next morning we were both cycling hard over rutty and stony country roads; by mid-day we were enjoying a good lunch in a small village near Pitlochry.

We were to stay over-night with friends in the neighbourhood, and happening to be in the village in the evening to post a letter, a typical gamekeeper stepped up to us and asked if we would care to do a day's beating, which is, in other words, driving grouse for shooters. We both thought that this would be rather good fun, and we volunteered for the next day. He gave us our instructions, and next morning before nine o'clock we were at the fixed starting-place.

At nine o'clock two keepers with dogs came, and gave each beater (of which there were about twenty), a flag, which was very brightly coloured. They then lined us out in a long string with intervals of about thirty-five yards between each boy. Of course this took a good time, and after each one got into position, it was a matter of awaiting a signal for the start. This signal was given by whistle, and one had to be very much on the alert to hear it.

At first my feet seemed like lumps of lead as I tried to make my way through the high heather. Only those who know what it is to walk on moorland will know how hard it is. Moreover, a certain speed had to be kept up, as all the beaters had to keep in line. After a short time, however, I became accustomed to the high stepping necessary, and found walking easier.

After we had been climbing for some time, the grouse began to rise in front of us in covies. The beater's job is to drive or beat the grouse from the heather towards the guns in the butts. The birds usually rise and fly from the beaters as they hear them stamping along, and if they (the grouse) attempt to break back, it is the beaters' duty to wave their flags and make as much noise as possible. One must make the most of one's voice at one of those moments, otherwise some grouse may escape, and then the keeper's language is not complimentary. Once, after I had been yelling and waving like a madman, I was told that I had a voice like a chicken. In fact, I think I broke my voice over that ill-rewarded effort.

As we got nearer to the butts we saw the grouse falling—sometimes!—and on coming even closer we heard the small pellets drop on the heather round about, but that did not bother anybody. As regards the shooting it was very poor, and many of the members of the D.H.S. shooting club might have had a better bag, for I noticed some shooters missing even hares that, terrified, were sitting in front of the butts!

When we reached the butts we got a good rest while the setters searched among the heather for fallen grouse and hares.

The stretch between one row of butts and the next is called a "beat," and in the whole day's work we had to cover seven of these "beats"—three before lunch and four after.

The shooters had lunch in a shooting box, while we—the menials—sat round about, eating a more frugal meal. While we were at lunch the pony with the game-panniers was led up, and the bag, composed of grouse, hares, and blackcock, was laid out for view.

In the afternoon we were caught by a heavy thunder shower in a wild spot which had absolutely no shelter. Nobody had thought of

bringing a waterproof, as the morning was perfect. When the day's beating was done there was nothing dry except our throats, but neither my friend nor I were any the worse of it.

I remember the joy with which we got back to our bicycles and made for the village.

My friend and I cycled home to Dundee next day, and we both felt very pleased at a grand day on the moors. After we had told our novel experiences to our curious parents, we each proudly produced five shillings—our first pay.

J. K.



The Law of the School.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

Now these are the laws of your school-days—

Ye may break them or keep, as ye choose,
But they that shall keep them may conquer,
And they that shall break them must lose.

Ye may slander your school to each other,
Her Classics, her Maths., and her Chem.,
But mock at her not to outsiders,
And seven times never let them

Take heed how ye speak of your teacher,
To what epithets couple his name ;
Angry words may be spoken too loudly,
And tongues make report of the same.

Beware of Inspectors ; before them
Write little, say less, and lie low ;
Ye may pray to your gods when they enter,
And thank all your stars when they go.

Pay, too, all respect to your elders—
Their arm is the weightier as yet ;
(They prosper that learn in their school-days
The lesson—forgive and forget).

And at last when your school years are over,
When her gates close, and ye have passed
through,
Remember the school that hath made ye,
And forget not the thanks that are due.

M. B. F.

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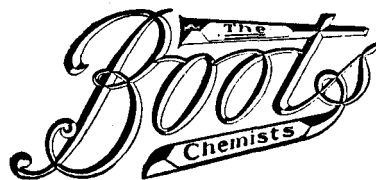
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A Soldier's Tale.

At Salonika, where we were last year,
I met a young Italian officer
Who, speaking of the features of that time,
Told me a tale—a strange and tragic one—
That took my fancy.
“ You must know,” said he,
(And as he spake a flush of pride o’erspread
His handsome features), “ centuries ago
My ancestor was Doge, and cast the ring
Into the waters at our annual rites
In queenly Venice. Then the chance of war
Drove him from there ; and we were exiles till
The time of good King Victor, when we came
To settle there once more. My grandsire then
Was Colonel in the army ; but his son—
My father—was a merchant, like those chiefs
That made our city famous.

“ Well, it chanced
My mother was a Florentine, and loved
The Tuscan city, with its lordly arts.
She played well, sang well, taught me, too,
those things
That her old scholar—father loved, and spent
The light of Life in seeking. So it came
That I had more of poetry in my soul
Than love of ledgers, and the dog-eared bills
Of even MERCHANT PRINCES.

“ With the years
My tastes developed ; in my sixteenth year
I still could revel in Romantic lore,
And dream the dreams of childhood ; in my heart
I had a hero, whom I had not seen,
But whom no less I honoured, when at last
One summer night I met him.

“ I had gone
To see a distant comrade ; darkness fell
Ere I returned ; a thousand silver lamps
Hung from the great, dim arches of the sky,
And in the murky water-ways there danced

A thousand fairy creatures. As I crossed
One of our high, old bridges I could see
A stranger leaning on the parapet,
And gazing with dark melancholy eyes
Upon the pale reflection. As I passed
He ’stirred himself, and with a dreamy smile,
Saluting, walked away. Yet something stirred
Within me, and I thought—O ! foolish boy !—
So, it is said, the immortal Dante caught
A glimpse of Beatrice.

“ When the solemn bells
Called us to prayer upon the Holy Day,
I found him standing in the loggia
Before our old cathedral. Once again
He raised his great dark eyes and scanned my
face,
Then, smilingly, saluted. Once again
A sadder impulse stirred me, and I went
And spoke to him ; and in the great, dim church
We stood together while the sacred rites
Were carried through ; then as we gained the
street
He told me of his father and his race—
He was an Austrian !

“ ‘ Ah, you marvel then,
I speak Italian well,’ said he ; ‘ tis true
My father and my family are such.
But then my mother—(and his wistful eyes
Looked far away as if to scan some face
Long hidden by dim shadows)—she had left
This city in her girlhood, but she still
Remembered with regret the blue canals
And the white bridges of her home ; and when
She lay worn out by illness, and they said
That she was fated never more to see
Th’ Italian city, calling to her side
My father she besought him that each year
I might be sent to Venice for a time,
And be in part Italian.’

“ More and more

I wondered as he spoke, and when at last
We parted there was still a silent bond
That bound us soul to soul. The years sped on ;
Each summer for one long, sweet, glorious
month

We had each other's company; when the nights
Were cold and dark, with paper and with pen
We held a written converse. So we lived ;
We both had grown to manhood ; he became
Lieutenant in the army ; day by day
I studied for the Law. Two springs ago
He came to Venice ; when he left he said :
' Whatever happens I will be your friend ;
Pray do me a like kindness.' He was gone ;
And I was left to wonder at his speech ;
Yet, ere three months, war solved the riddle !

Then

Came one last message written in great haste
Upon the eve of battle ; nothing more
I heard of him, until one autumn night—
Months after we ourselves were in the strife,
And I had doffed my gown, and left my books
To take a sword and pistol—while we fought
Among the mountains, on th' approach of night
Some pris'ners were brought in—a weary crowd
Of hungry, war-spent men, but with them, too,
An Austrian Captain.

“ As we passed a-down

The dismal line I saw a wounded man—
A blood-stained bandage round his head.
(Ah ! me,

I tremble when I think of it ! 'Twas like
That great old painting in the church at home !)
And by his side one arm hung limp. I looked ;
This was the Austrian Captain ! This . . .

Just then

He raised his great dark eyes and scanned my
face

With one quick glance ; I started ; it was he—
My foreign friend, my hero ! Then there came
One swift, hard thought—My prisoner ! My foe !

What was the Past ? I gave a sharp command :
' See to the prisoners !' And walking off
Rejoined my comrades, and advanced with them.

“ We made an all-night march ; 'twas
scarcely dawn

When from the rear there came a corporal
And handed me a package ; with a start
I looked at it. It was a pocket-book ;
And opening it I found a hasty note
Scrawled by a trembling hand upon a page
Smutted with blood: 'My noblest friend and foe,
Take this last gift, and in it you will find
The Cross for Valour ; keep it, for no man
Is worthier of it. May it be God's will
That, crowned with glory, you return in Peace
To Venice ! Now, for evermore—Farewell !'

“ I felt a sudden tremour seize my frame.

Whatever did he mean ? At the first halt
Going to the rear I sought him, all the love
Of our once happy childhood springing up,
Even in my soldier's heart. He was not there.
I questioned all the guards ; they either could
Or would not tell me of him ; but at length
An Austrian soldier in the rear said : ' Sir,
Our wounded Captain whom you seek is now
Beyond the reach of earthly aid. Last night,
As we were clamb'ring on the slipp'ry verge
Of that dark precipice behind, he gave
A package to his guard, and with one bound,
And one last shout of—' Onwards ! Austria,
I gladly die for thee ! Loud, roaring stream,
Receive my body—I who loved so well
'The city of waterways !' he leapt
Into the gorge beneath. We heard a splash,
And that was all. Yet better so to die
Than live as we do !'

“ So, that was the end—

The end so far ! But whither in his dream
The war-worn Florentine essayed to go
Shall I in spirit travel, where the soul
Knows no more limitation, and we twain
As brothers in the far off happy halls
Shall spend Eternity ! ———.” W. F. M.

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 Blair, James—Royal Naval Air Service.
 Don, James—Cadet, Royal Garrison Artillery.
 Edwards, Albert—3rd Gordon Highlanders.
 Fenton, J. W. B.—Gunner, Edinburgh Univ. O.T.C.
 Gray John M.—Bombardier, R.G.A.
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 Kinnear, John—Lieut. R.A.M.C.
 Lamb, R. S.—London Scottish.
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 MacGillivray, Allister M.—Surgeon, Royal Navy.
 MacHardy, Horatious—Gunner, Edin. Univ. O.T.C.
 Mackenzie, James M.—Argyle and Sutherland High.
 Maxwell, C. H.—Promoted Major.
 Maxwell, D. A.—Promoted Major.
 Paterson, David—Essex Regt., B.E.F., Egypt.
 Philip, G. Harold—Promoted 2nd Lieut., R.F.A.
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- Captain Herbert S. Cleghorn, Royal Engineers and Royal Flying Corps, killed 2nd September, 1917.
 Lieut. Alistair Hendry, R.F.A., killed in action, 27th September, 1917.
 John J. Keillor, Pioneer, Royal Engineers, killed September, 1917.
 Arthur H. Lawrence, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, killed November, 1917.
 2nd Lieut. George C. Leslie, killed, Black Watch.
 2nd Lieut. Alex. Low, killed 23rd June, 1917.
 David K. Maxwell, Seaforth Highlanders, missing after 31st July, 1917.
 Thomas M'Burney, Cameron Highlanders, killed in action, September, 1917.
 George Sydney Ness, Black Watch, killed in action, 12th October, 1917.
 2nd Lieut. Leonard O. Nicoll, Black Watch, reported missing 8th October, 1917.
 2nd Lieut. W. H. Stewart, Royal Iniskilling Fusiliers, killed in action.
 Captain Talbert Stevenson, M.C., Black Watch, killed in action, November, 1917.
-

Sergeant-Major Woolaway.

IT was said by a writer in the *Dun'ee High School Magazine*, some years ago, that Sergeant is a most valuable man. This is true, and it may be added that he is a most valuable asset to the D.H.S. in more ways than one.

Sergeant (Sergeant-Major is really too cumbersome) joined the Coldstream Guards in the seventies as a private, and worked his way up to the rank of Company Sergeant-Major, which is no mean attainment in His Britannic Majesty's Brigade of Guards. He served twelve years in this distinguished unit, and then went to Australia, where he was attached to the troops of the Commonwealth in Victoria.

During the twelve years he was in the Guards, he saw much active service in the Soudan, being at Tel-el-Kebir, Suakim, and at the relief of Khartoum, under Lieut.-General Sir Gerald Graham. For his services he received the Soudan Medal, with two bars, and the Khedive's Star. During this campaign, he was closely associated with General Bridges, who fell at Gallipoli in 1915. The Sergeant served on Sir G. Graham's staff as a Sergeant-Signaller, where he acquired an accurate knowledge of signalling in all its branches. This knowledge has stood him in good stead, as two years ago he started and trained a large signalling class, which met on Friday afternoons at 3.20. So efficient did the members of this class become that some of them, when called up, passed into the Army and Navy as first-class signallers, and in no small measure do they owe their success to Sergeant's efforts.

On coming from Australia in 1896, Sergeant

joined the Corps of Commissionaires, from which he received his present position as janitor and drill instructor of the D.H.S.

After his ordinary duties, his greatest care is the Rifle Club, one of the most flourishing and popular organisations in the School. Since its inauguration in 1906, he has acted faithfully in the capacity of instructor, and has shown himself to be one of the first rank. It is evident that his efforts have not been in vain, as many F.P.'s now serving in the army are first-class marksmen, and admit that their School shooting has accounted for a good deal of their success. It was at the School range that their eye and nerve were steadied and accustomed to the rifle, and these are perhaps the most important factors which go towards the making of a satisfactory shot.

Being of an amiable and genial disposition, Sergeant makes an excellent friend, to which many a pupil, former and present, can testify. This can easily be seen on taking a glance round the walls of his box, where it is evident that he is held in high esteem by a great many pupils. When a khaki-clad F.P. comes within the precincts of the School, one of his first roads is to Sergeant's box, to renew his friendship and exchange his own views of the present conflict with one who has fought and conquered.

Long may Sergeant carry on his work in the D.H.S., where his whole interest centres.



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—*Glawill.*

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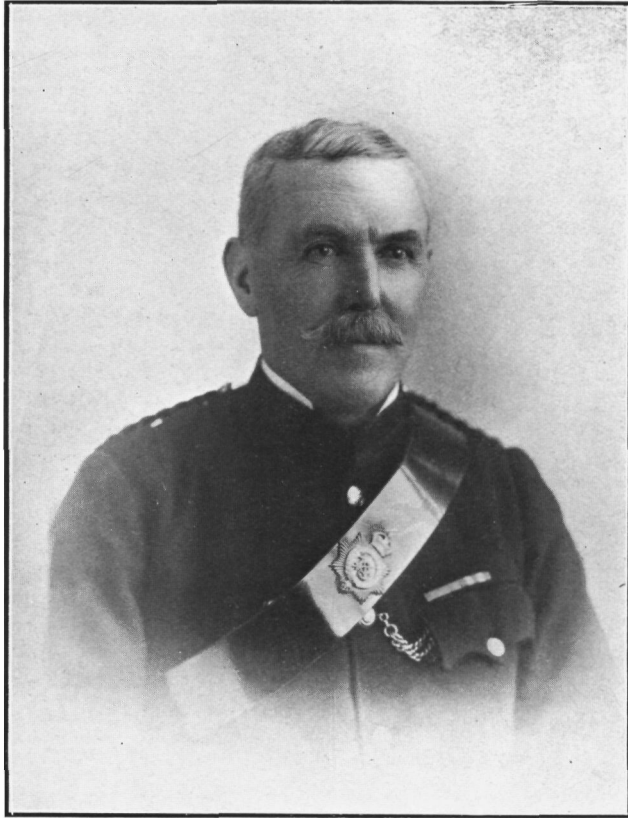
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Dundee High School
Magazine

"Playing the Game."

Only a little cadet,
 But his hopes are very high
 He may help to man a submarine,
 He may even learn to fly.

Only a little bonnet,
 And a little leather belt ;
 With, perchance, a dummy rifle
 On his shoulder proudly felt.

But his spirit is the real thing,
 And his heart beats high with pride
 As he thinks of Britain's glory,
 And her heroes who have died.

And he trusts that when his time comes
 He will "bear the torch in flame,"
 And pass it on with light unquenched
 To the next to "Play the Game."

CADET X.

Reports.

Dundee High School Literary Society.

Under the presidency of Mr Cadzow this Society has started upon what promises to be a very successful session. Up to the present time the attendance has been exceptionally high—a most gratifying fact when one remembers the great number of F.P.'s now on military service.

A most appropriate opening address, entitled "A Journey to Moscow and Back," was given by James Allison, Esq., M.A., LL.B., on the evening of 6th October. Selections from Literature and a Hat Night occupied the two subsequent "Lit" meetings, while on 27th October Mr F. W. Oakley read a paper on "The Development of Travelling in the Air," which is indeed worthy of mention as the subject of the essay for the Leng Medal, which only a few weeks before had been won by Mr Oakley.

A most exciting debate—whether the Scholar or the Business Man contributes more to the welfare of his fellows—took place the following Saturday; while short papers on "The Life and Experiences of General Gordon," "Reading as a Refuge," and "The Life of Hannibal," given by Messrs Kinnison, Kelt, and Buchanan occupied the following "Lit." night. An essay on "Serbian Sculpture and Guslary" had place on 17th November, when the essayist was very ably supported by Gosp. Filipovitch, a young Serbian violinist of great promise, who interpreted the "Serbian National Hymn" and "Potpourri" with a master hand. Herewith concludes our notice for the present term.—W. F. M.



Boys' Swimming Club.

The Boys' Swimming Club has had a most success-

ful term, notwithstanding the fact that illness has kept some of the members from attending the baths. It was decided to change the day for polo practice to Friday, and this has proved a great success, as a larger number of members are able to attend. So far there has been regular weekly practice, and it is to be hoped that it will not require to be discontinued owing to colder weather.

This year the school has lost some of its best polo players, but nevertheless the play has been of a fairly high standard, and a great improvement has been made since the beginning of the session. Mr Meiklejohn, our able and enthusiastic president, has inaugurated a system of weekly reports on the practices, and this, by pointing out mistakes, has given great assistance to the players, and has stirred up great rivalry amongst them.

So far we have not been able to play any matches, as there are so few clubs in the vicinity who have teams at present. However, we hope to have our first match against the H.L.I., who have sent us a challenge.

Some of the junior members, too, are shaping very well, but would be the better of a little more practice in throwing the ball.

The results of last session's examination in life-saving are very satisfactory, all entrants having passed.

This reflects great credit on those who so ably drilled the classes last year, namely, W. G. Scott and C. R. Baxter, who are now with H.M. forces. Their loss will be keenly felt when the class is resumed, but we hope to be able to "carry on" as usual.

In closing we should like to express our warmest thanks to Mr Meiklejohn, who has devoted so much time and energy to make the season a success, and also to Mr Maclaren, who has refereed the practices and coached the polo teams.—D. B. S.

Tennis.

Although to talk of tennis at this time of the year is rather out of place, we have yet to make mention of the most important event last season.

Our first and only tournament (an American) was held on 27th June. School closed early, and play began about two o'clock. The weather was ideal, and everything went off successfully. Tea was served in the pavilion, and was enjoyed as much as the tournament itself. As last year, the players were divided into three sections, and the winners proved to be—Miss Joey Gibson and Mr J. B. Duncan, Miss Bessie Crowe and Mr J. R. Parker, Miss Hilda Gibson and Mr R. Simpson.

The success of the tournament was greatly due to Miss Jackson, our president, and to the joint committee of boys and girls, to whom we offer our grateful thanks.

—K. A. A.

**Girls' Swimming Club.**

Early in the term a competition was held to determine the championship of the lower school. The champion was Barbara Robertson, class IV.

In this and in other respects our gratitude is due to Miss Duthie for the earnestness with which she strives to make the Junior Club an increasingly efficient "feeler" for the Senior.

In order to stimulate the interest and increase the attainment in swimming it was decided to aim at having a similar competition among the Seniors towards the end of the session. To this end weekly competitions for Wednesday afternoons have been arranged and carried out, and in this matter we must thank Mr Meiklejohn for the valuable help he has given. Many more entries for these competitions might be made. At present the interest is confined to a few enthusiastic girls who practise regularly, but it is desirable that this interest should spread. Although with the advent of winter the attendance has decreased, there are still some girls who are able to come regularly enough, but who remain content with a minimum of ability to move in the water without making an effort at further attainment in swimming.

The Life-saving Class announced at the beginning of the session has not yet been formed, but we hope to begin it soon.

The following record gives the result of the Wednesday competitions:—

Helen Agnew ...	7.5	25.0
Constance Parsons ...	8.2	25.0
Winnie Galloway ...	7.5	26.6
Annie Galloway ...	5.3	28.2

J. S. L.

Girls' Literary Society.

The Girls' Literary Society is again in a flourishing condition. It has again been decided to hold the meetings at 3.20, and, although this is an inconvenient time for many, the girls have rallied round so well that this year we have the biggest membership on record. This is very gratifying to those who are responsible for the welfare of the society, and we express the hope that the membership will continue to increase in future years. The attendance at the meetings so far has been excellent, and we are very glad to see so much enthusiasm amongst the younger members.

By the kind invitation of the Boys' Society, we were present at their opening meeting, when an address was delivered by James Allison, Esq., M.A., LL.B. We here offer our thanks to the boys for their invitation to the lecture.

On 2nd November we held our first meeting for the session. The speaker was Miss Flossie Winton, who chose for her subject "Holland." She gave a most delightful paper on the country and life of the Dutch people, skilfully introducing little touches of humour which were much appreciated by all present.

On 16th November the Society met to hear the 1st class papers. The first of these, "Dundee and History," was given by Miss Agnes Mudie, who showed an intimate knowledge of her subject. The second paper, entitled "Golf," was given by Miss Winnie Galloway, who treated her subject in an interesting manner.

Our president this year is Miss Lindsay, who unfortunately, owing to extra work, is unable to attend all the afternoon meetings, but we are lucky in possessing two energetic vice-presidents, Miss Jackson and Miss Izatt, who have kindly come forward and taken Miss Lindsay's place in her absence—K. A. A.

**Rugby Club.**

This year the Rugby Club started its career under somewhat adverse conditions. We were unfortunate in losing no fewer than 11 of our last year's 1st XV., and also our energetic president and grounds convener, Mr Barr, whose place has been efficiently filled by Mr Lowson. The membership this year is extremely high. In fact it is a record. At present there are 153. If others intend to join, they might please hand in their names to the captain.

The success of the club is due in no small measure to our last year's captain, J. R. Philip, who carried on so well the organising work begun by J. C. Anderson, captain, 1914-15, 1915-16.



Colin R. Baxter
Dux, Session 1916-17

Dundee High School
Magazine

We started our session by playing a number of games with F.P.'s. Two practices take place every Saturday—the senior practice at 9.30 and the junior at 10.45. Instead of playing games this year, we have indulged in more passing and dribbling. The practices have proved to be beneficial to both the old and to the new members. So far we have played three matches—two against military teams and one against Madras College, St. Andrews. Our secretary, R. R. Kinnison, has succeeded in forming a satisfactory fixture list. The chief fault of the team this year lies in the lack of experience and the want of weight. This especially applies to the pack which has only one of last year's men. Nevertheless satisfactory progress is being made, and it is evident that a considerably higher standard will be reached. The back divisions are on the whole more satisfactory, especially the "threes." Their main fault is that they hang on to the ball too long, and consequently they are tackled. The halves, though lacking in weight, have done good work. It would be to their advantage, however, if they indulged in more touch kicking. The back is the same as last year. He continues to tackle with the same confidence, and has greatly improved in kicking since last year.

H.L.I. v. D.H.S. (6th October).—D.H.S.—Elder; Jackson, Parker, Kerr, Linton; MacGee, Kinnear; Thomson, J. Anderson, F. Anderson, K. Anderson, Soutar, Armit, Dennler, Cowper. The School kicked off, playing towards the north goal. Play was for some time confined to the "School 25," but the situation was relieved by a long touch kick by Jackson. The H.L.I. "threes" now came into action, and the captain scored. Half-time—H.L.I. 3, D.H.S., 0.

In the second half the visitors added three more to their score. W. S. Jackson with his good touch-kicking was perhaps the most noticeable player in the back divisions. J. C. Anderson very efficiently inspired and led the forwards, and Elder player a sure game at back.

D.H.S. v. R.F.A., Cupar (27th October).—D.H.S.—Elder; Parker, Dimitrijevitich, Kerr, Linton; Duncan, Kinnison; Thomson, Anderson, Soutar, Monro, Armit, Dennler, Buttar, and Cowper. The first half was very fast, but the School was rather heavily scored against. This, however, was due to excess of weight rather than to skill. In the second half, after a combined rush by the forwards, D. Soutar touched down, and K. Anderson converted with a long kick. Three more tries were added to the R.F.A.'s score. Final score—R.F.A. 23, D.H.S. 5.

D.H.S. v. MADRAS COLLEGE (3rd November).—D.H.S.—Singer; Elder, Dimitrijevitich, Kerr, Linton; Batche-

lor, Kinnison; Thomson, Anderson, Soutar, Monro, Armit, Dennler, Buttar, Cowper. Madras kicked off, playing towards the north goal. Play was fairly even for the first ten minutes, being confined to the School half. M. Dimitrijevitich then broke away, and, after beating the Madras threes, was brought down by the back a few yards before the goal line. After a series of scrums Madras cleared, and play was shifted to the School "25," and remained there until half-time. Half-time—No scoring.

On resuming the School forwards took up the initiative, and broke the Madras defence. At this point one of the D.H.S halves had the misfortune to be hurt, and had to retire. His place was taken by W. B. Philip. The game now developed into more of a forwards' game. The pack kept round the ball well, but did not make any progress. Final score—Madras 0, D.H.S. 0.

The play on the whole was satisfactory. The pack played well, and easily had the better of the opposing forwards. In every case the School forwards heeled the ball out of the scrum. The halves played well, but could have made more of it if they had kicked to better advantage.

The threes for the most part were disappointing. Passes were fumbled, and in no fewer than three cases the ball was thrown forward! The back was exceedingly satisfactory, except that he was a bit nervous in tackling.

As regards the individual play, M. Dimitrijevitich was the most noticeable in the three line. He ran with a good swerve, but neglected to kick. I. Linton hung on to the ball until he was tackled, and consequently little ground was gained. He received his passes satisfactorily. G. Armit, G. Monro, W. Dennler, K. Anderson all marked their men at the line-out to good effect. The others played well, but in mentioning those, I think I have mentioned the most outstanding players. We were unfortunate in not having J. B. Duncan playing at stand-off half.—J. B. T.

Rugby in France.

At a certain town some distance in rear of the line is an Artillery School, where officers and N.C.O.'s come for a course of gunnery. The staff instructors are rather keen on sport, and one Saturday last month the school Rucker team played against the best team that could be raised in the district, which consisted of representatives of Kent, Oxford, Cardiff, Toronto, Winchester, Durham, Gloucester, and Dundee High School. The score was 9-0, and the following teams provided the scorers—Toronto, Gloucester, and Dundee High School, a fact which may interest the followers of the best game played by D.S.H.—G. H. P.

Hockey Club.

This year the Girls' Hockey Club, under the presidency of Miss Jackson, promises good results. The juniors especially take a lively interest in the game, and the Saturday morning practices are usually large. The greater part of last year's team is again available, and with Nora Morrison as captain we can hope for a successful season.

Of the matches arranged three have already been played. The first of these, against the Boys' XI, ended in a win of 3 goals to 0 for the Boys. The second match, against University College, was the first the School had played against that team, and there was some trepidity at meeting the new combination. But the School team soon gained confidence, and won by 8 goals to 0. The third match, against Training College 1st year, also ended in a victory for the School, the score being 6 goals to 0. This result must be attributed in great part to the untiring devotion and skill with which Mr Cadzow meets the responsibilities of coach.

M. L. B.

Remarks on Play.

C. Macrae (centre forward) promises well. She might have more confidence in the other forwards. Combination is always more effective than individual play. She must practice getting control of the ball quickly, especially in the circle.

M. Buist (left wing) and G. Gibson (right wing) are improving rapidly in their passing, but still occasionally hang on to the ball too long. Their object must be to feed the ball to the centre forward, at the middle of the circle, as quickly and accurately as possible.

E. Martin (inside left) should aim at developing a better parting stroke, towards her partner at left wing usually.

N. Allan (inside right) might mark the opposing inner more particularly, so as to assist the right half in breaking up the attack.

M. Agnew (left half) is developing a tendency to play "sticks" in trying to hit hard. A shorter swing would be an improvement.

F. Winton (right half) tackles well, but is in need of a better parting stroke.

M. Winter (right back) must learn to stop the ball with the foot. She requires a lot of practice in tackling, and is much too slow in recovery when beaten.

M. Jobberns (goalkeeper) is still improving. She should aim at getting rid of the ball more quickly after stopping a shot.

N. Morrison (captain and centre half) and B. Crowe (left back) tackle keenly and well, and their sound defence goes a long way towards giving the rest of the team confidence.—J. C.

**Netball.**

The Netball season this year promises to be a good one. There is not a big membership, but those who do play are regular in their attendance, and there is every prospect of our having a trained team before very long.—M. G. I.

**Rifle Club.**

The club maintains its membership, 93 being the total number, of whom 35 are beginners who are eligible for competition for the handsome cup presented by Mrs Oakley last year. Such earnestness for practice amongst beginners was never experienced before. Many extraordinary shots have been brought out of the fifth class, who shoot with the Martini-Henri rifle. The spirit and enthusiasm of the whole club is perfect. The practices, on Monday afternoon, Friday evening, and Saturday morning, are all well attended. The coming first quarter's shoot (which is to be conducted on new lines) ought to prove an interesting contest. A prize target with five bulls will be used at the end of each term. Every member will shoot ten rounds with two sighters, making the possible 100. No competitor will see his target further than spotting for himself when shooting until the end of the last term, when the aggregate of the three shots will decide the prize-winners.—W. W.

**Dundee High School Magazine.**

A meeting of a number of the senior pupils resulted in the formation of a Committee to transact the business connected with the School "Mag." Mr Valentine, Miss Brown, and Mr Borland very kindly agreed to continue their most helpful work in this connection, whereupon the following list was drawn up, and received the cordial approval of the Rector:—

Hon Editor, John MacLennan, M.A.; Hon. Sub-Editors, E. S. Valentine, M.A., and M. B. Brown, M.A.; Treasurer, W. P. Borland, M.A.; Editor, W. Fraser Mitchell; Sub-Editor, H. H. A. Elder; Committee—K. A. Allison, M. L. Buist, A. C. Hay, M. S. Roger, F. A. L. Winton, J. Lambert, F. W. Oakley, D. L. Struth, and J. B. Thomson.—W. F. M.

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