

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 11

MARCH, 1918

FOURPENCE

La Scala

Picture Theatre
Murraygate
Dundee 'PHONE 384



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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

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Editorial.

THERE are many shrines at which men bow reverently, and many altars upon which they lay their thank-offerings, and before which they chant their songs of triumph, or whisper their sad regrets, but, perhaps of all, no shrine is so worthy of veneration, and to no other do the hearts of men so lovingly return, as to the School where they received their education. Amid all the changes in the great tumultuous world without, though years may pass and many transformations take place within the old school itself, the eternal flame burns on as clear and bright as ever, like the Vestal-Fire of old.

What the school stood for yesterday, it stands for to-day. The torch-race never lacks a runner to carry on the fair, fresh, healthy traditions in every sphere of work or of play, and at this time, when once more the runners stop for a moment, still holding their blazing torches on high, and look around them, they can say quite truthfully: "We, in our turn, have played the game!"

Yet although it is very gratifying to be able to say that every department and organisation of the school is at present in a very flourishing condition, our thoughts turn ever with mingled sorrow and pride to those who but lately were with us in our glad joyous life, and who have given their lives for us, and for their country. We feel that this is not a subject to enlarge upon, and the spirit of the Scot forbids such a thing; but there are still among

us some to whom the remembrance of their one-time comrades is very welcome. We are glad, therefore, to be able to give in this issue a short review of the life of one of our most distinguished F.P.'s—the story of whose life and death is a splendid expression of what many of us feel but cannot put into words.

Where honour has come to our School we rejoice in it. We are especially happy in mentioning that a sum of over £5000 was subscribed by the School during Tank Week in Dundee—an eloquent testimony to the practical patriotism of the School.

To get an idea of the various clubs and societies we refer our readers to the Reports at the end of the Magazine, and we are proud to be able to announce that at last a Cadet Corps has been formed from the boys over fourteen years of age, and that already some fifty boys are under training. The way in which contributions for the Magazine have been received is also worthy of notice; so ready and voluntary has been the flow of contributions that we required to make no appeal for any of the matter contained in this issue. Of its varied and interesting nature we now beg our readers to judge.

Before closing, we should like to express our indebtedness to Mr Valentine, Mr Borland, and Miss Brown for their continued help and advice, and to thank all who have contributed either prose or verse to the present number.

Miss Annie M'Gregor, L.L.A.

ALL present and many former pupils of the High School of Dundee will warmly welcome the latest addition to the staff portrait-gallery.

Miss M'Gregor's association with the High School extends over a considerable period, and in that time she has helped to lay the foundations of many scholastic reputations. No superstructure is safe without a solid basis, and experience has proved that the laying of the foundation-stones of a sound education may be confidently entrusted to Miss M'Gregor's care.

Miss M'Gregor's own mental equipment is such as to leave no doubt of her efficiency for her post. The early years of her school life were passed in Forfar, and, when her parents returned to the neighbourhood of Dundee, her education was continued at the High School. As a pupil Miss M'Gregor showed great aptitude, and carried off 1st prizes in English and Arithmetic.

After leaving school, Miss M'Gregor for a short time filled a post as pupil-governess in a ladies' seminary, but, later, directed her attention to private teaching, and for some years acted as governess to several well-known families in Dundee and neighbourhood. So greatly were her services appreciated that her pupils and their parents have remained her life-long friends. During this period of private teaching, Miss M'Gregor attended evening classes for teachers, and had the distinction of winning 1st prize for French.

Later, having a desire for a more settled appointment, Miss M'Gregor applied for a post as assistant-mistress in the High School. This she obtained, and has ever since held.

After her appointment in the High School, Miss M'Gregor resolved to continue her own studies, and attended classes to fit her to take the diploma

of L.L.A. This honour she obtained with distinction.

In addition to her aptitude for acquiring knowledge, Miss M'Gregor possesses the inestimable blessing of a retentive memory, and her ability to give "chapter and verse" for most of her statements endows her with that "infallibility" which young scholars love to attribute to their teachers.

Miss M'Gregor's calm and well-balanced mind is not easily swayed by the educational fads and fancies of the moment. She prefers to hold on the even tenor of her way, pinning her faith to the well-tried methods that her wide experience has found to be sound and efficacious.

In these latter days, when the relations of teachers and pupils are more human and friendly than they were in former times, scholars no longer consider it their first duty "to trace the day's disasters in the morning face." Yet the power to enforce discipline must always be one of the teacher's greatest assets. Miss M'Gregor may not go the whole way with the poet and say:

"The twig is so easily bended,

I have banished the rule and the rod,"
but usually the quiet restraint of her presence proves a sufficiently effective check to any untimely outburst of youthful spirits.

Being thus the fortunate possessor of a well-stored mind, a sound method, and a quiet and effective power of discipline, Miss M'Gregor's success as a teacher has long been assured, and parents have from time to time voiced the confidence and esteem in which she is held. Though offers of preferment have come Miss M'Gregor's way, she has elected to remain in the "corner of the vineyard" where she has spent many happy hours. Return visits of former pupils to renew their acquaintance with the Lower School prove that Miss



Miss Annie M'Gregor, LL.A.

Dundee High School
Magazine

M'Gregor has not spent herself in vain, and has found a warm place in the hearts of her scholars.

In a school like the High School there are many calls upon teachers apart from the actual class teaching, and in the various departments of school life and work Miss M'Gregor has taken a part. In the recent War Savings Campaign she rendered yeoman service, and she has ever been a faithful and loyal worker in all the interests of the High School.

We conclude by expressing our pleasure at the opportunity given us of testifying to our appreciation of Miss M'Gregor's many good qualities as teacher and colleague.

It may be of interest to record a few impressions supplied by one of Miss M'Gregor's former pupils who writes thus:—

"I remember well entering Miss M'Gregor's class-room for the first time. I had previously peeped through the partition dividing the class-rooms, and wondered how it was possible for one to gain more knowledge than sat upon the brows of the class within. But we soon learned. After the morning of the first day of the session, spent in inspecting new boys, we entered the class-room prepared to take this new session without much trouble. But from the first we were made to realise that work was to be done. Miss M'Gregor was able to keep the class in order by her diligence in carrying on work, and by the form in which she made it interest us.

"A teacher's work is of little avail if she does not take an interest in pupils personally and develop each one's individuality. Miss M'Gregor is specially successful in this. The interest she takes in present and former pupils never flags. The majority of her former friends are now in khaki, and the part she has played in preparing them for all their experiences, will, I am sure, be long remembered by them."

The Food Controller's Victims.

The milk of the cow with the crumpled horn
Is priced by the Food Controller;
The milk of the night and the milk of the morn,
Both fixed by the Food Controller.
The cow whose jumping gained renown,
And Mary's lamb with snow-white gown,
Must both be sold in every town
At the price of the Food Controller.

That famous dame; the Queen of Hearts,
Was charged by the Food Controller
With having hoarded too many tarts
To please the Food Controller.
The Knave who stole those tarts away,
Miss Muffet who took the curds and whey,
And all who gathered nuts in May,
Were fined by the Food Controller.

Taffy who stole a piece of beef
Too large for the Food Controller
Now lies in prison to nurse his grief
And swear at the Food Controller.
Jack Horner with his monster pie,
The man with a pocket full of rye,
And Simon's friend with wares to cry,
Must hide from the Food Controller.

The goose that lays the eggs of gold
Was seized by the Food Controller.
The black sheep found in every fold
Is claimed by the Food Controller,
Poor goosey-gander on the stairs,
Wonderland's stock of mad March hares,
And Noah's ark with all its pairs,
Belong to the Food Controller.

E. W. O.



Over what door in school might Dante's famous epigram be written: "Abandon hope all ye who enter here?" (The Censor forbids us to publish the correct answer.)

Mothers' Day.

THE War, though it has brought sorrow and suffering to many, has been the means of producing many changes for the better in social life. One of these is that it has virtually abolished "Days at Home." To many who have no other opportunities for a friendly chat, this change will be unwelcome, but to a greater number it will be more than welcome. Personally, I belong to the latter class, for I'm afraid I never considered "Days at Home" anything but a bore.

Before the war, "Days at Home" used to occur twice a month in our house. I seldom took any part in those formal affairs, but one thing I do remember about them was my feelings on coming home on those days. I would arrive home from school, tired and hungry, to hear, on opening the front door, voices in the drawing-room. I would immediately proceed to the kitchen and put the questions—"Who's in?" and "How long have they been here?" On receiving the answers to these questions, I could pretty well guess how long I should have to wait for tea, as I never liked having tea without mother; and besides, if I had taken tea before the visitors departed, I should not have got any of the cakes or biscuits provided for them. Many a half-hour I have spent looking at my fingers, and wondering when, oh when, that drawing-room door would open.

Sometimes, however, if I was in a good mood, and not feeling particularly hungry, I would go into the drawing-room. Let me tell you of one of those days and the people I met.

Four ladies and mother are seated round the fire. I shake hands with one and all, and

smile when one says "What a big girl you have grown!" or another remarks "How like your mother you are!" while still another says "I think you're so like your father!" After each has made a similar remark, I slip away to a corner by myself, and watch and listen to the different ladies.

Nearest to me sits a lady of whom I am particularly fond. Doubtless she first won my favour because she used to keep her three-penny bits for me, and a child always has a kindly feeling for a person like that. She is a motherly person, and I always liked to go to her house, for she always had some game to amuse me, and would often play with me herself, for she is not one of those persons who say to children "Run away and play." She understands that little girls get tired of sitting listening to their elders talking, and provides accordingly. Such a person is loved, and deservedly loved, by children.

On her left sits a lady who knows more about everybody else's affairs than she knows about her own. She can tell you all the news of the village whenever you choose to ask her, but (more often) she will tell it you without waiting to be asked. Though she has this failing—if I may so call it—she is a very kind-hearted creature, and is always ready to do a good turn and oblige in many little ways.

Next to this lady sits one whom, to quote our maid, we may expect every time she gets a new costume or a new hat. Clothes seem to be this lady's one interest in life—in fact her whole conversation is about clothes. If you meet her in town she has either just come from ordering a new dress, or she is just going to choose a new hat, or she is taking her last



Ivan R. Philipowsky
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winter's one to be retrimmed. If you meet her near a shop which has hats or blouses displayed in the window, she will keep you talking about them till you are sick of the sight of a velour hat or a crêpe-de-chêne blouse. This sort of thing is all very well for a little, but when carried too far it becomes very tiresome indeed.

Last, but by no means least, we have a funny wee lady sitting next mother. She is very small and thin, and always reminds me of a bird, because of the hopping movement in her walk, and the peculiar way she has of quickly nodding her head. She invariably wears, placed right on the top of her head, a huge black hat, which, every time she nods, falls over her forehead, and has to be flung back with a characteristic wave of her hand. She talks incessantly, rattling on from one subject to another, and stopping only to sip her tea. Not only does she talk, but she talks in such a way that you would think she was the hostess and not the visitor. She tells all the other visitors to make themselves at home, and even asks the hostess if her tea is all right. No doubt she means well, but she uses up too much energy in talking to have much left for anything else.

K. A. A.



From the French Class:—

Trois ou quatre en guenilles, qui laissaient voir la chair aux genoux . . . —Three or four in tatters were allowed to see the legs of meat.

Tu es né coiffé: you're a born hairdresser, or you were born with your hair dressed.

J'ai été aux prises avec la misère: I've had a hard fight with the miserly woman.

An Epitaph.

(With apologies to Goldsmith).

Here are sleeping four fellows whose genius was such,

We scarcely can praise or extol it too much;
In personal beauty they all four excelled,
But to die prematurely by chance were compelled.
Hic jacet one bearing a curious name—

In Greek, a tree-sparrow, in Gaelic, a stream;
Beloved of us all, he ne'er injured a soul,
Though somewhat a dreamer, not given to loll;
Whose dreaming propensities oft times drew down,
The reproof of the mighty—the wrath of the gown;
At Latin, a don; quite as good too at Greek;
At French, you'd go far if his equal you'd seek;
A Homer Unseen would him strait-way enchant,
While for Horace and Virgil he'd longingly pant.
But one day, alas! he was caught off his guard—
What use to attempt the sad end to retard—
Though Theseus' reforms could not cause him to quail,

Yet at Oedipus' wallings I saw him grow pale,
And Pericles' speech o'er the Athenian slain,
Struck the last cruel blow at his tottering brain.
He never revived, and to tell you the truth
H. S. boys and girls are still mourning for —
And near him lies one who at scrum and line-out
Would encourage his men with a right manly shout,
"Coming in on your right, School," and "Each
mark your man,"

While some red-stockinged henchman seized the
ball, dodged, and ran.

Beloved by all, he had enemies none,
For who for his brilliance can envy the Sun?
But awful the death that put end to such fame:
A poor wicked wretch (O! inquire not his name!)
Perpetrated that crime which the worst player
blames:

HE PASSED THE BALL FORWARD. *Ci-git*
our poor ———.

Next, here lies one who, so great was his fame,
Could "scholae poeta" write after his name;

Who could write you an epitaph over the dead,
And tell how the heroes of olden time bled.

At the Lit. he was verbose, the point constantly
losing

He would calmly proceed, while his hearers were
snoozing;

With infringement of rule he could not sympathise;
Then his mighty frame quivered, fire flashed from
his eyes,

And the poor quailing wretch who had stirred up
his ire

Would humbly crave pardon and meekly retire.
The "Mag" he had made an undoubted success.
The reason of this? It is easy to guess:

For so winsome his manners, so taking his ways
He had one and all striving to merit his praise.

But alas and alack, on one mournful day
He discovered a rival (his name—we won't say);
Then that beacon which often our poor eyes would
dazzle

Winked thrice, and went out. Such the end of
poor ———.

And here lastly lies one (tell it not then in Gath)
Whose darling was Horace, whose *bête noire* Math.

(For who can compare the Bandusian Fount,

Or Hadria's rage, or Apulian mount,

With planes that are parallel, lines that are skew,
Equations with no roots, equations with two.)

But like many another of widely spread fame

He died in his youth while trying to obtain

A word that would rhyme well with "rose-fingered
Dawn."

He found it; and lo! 'twas his own name;
'twas ———.

J. L.



Overheard after an English exam.: "It was the
boy who married the girl THAT . . . !" —
Great emphasis on the "that." (To be continued
in next Mag.—Ed.)

"Emptis fruamur!"—The food-hoarders' motto.

My Fellow Guests.

PART of my holiday this year was spent in
an old-fashioned country hotel not many
miles from Loch Tay. The house itself is
beautifully situated at the gates of an old
feudal castle, and nestling at the foot of a
tree-covered rock.

It is not of the place, its situation, its sur-
roundings, or its attractions that I mean to
write, but rather of the strangers within the
gates of the homely hostel. In a hydropathic
or large hotel one may pass out and in un-
known and unknowing, lonely or alone in a
large crowd if one so wishes it, but in the
seclusion of a small country inn one has to
be more or less friendly and has many oppor-
tunities of studying other guests. It is the
world on a small scale, and under shelter of
the same roof one meets all sorts and con-
ditions of men and women, principally the
latter, on this occasion.

There was the elderly lady with her learned
daughter, who is "delicate," and requires to
lie in her hammock in the afternoon with her
book and her cigarette. The mother is of the
posing type, who talks about the latest novel,
and waits impatiently each day for the *Scotsman*
with the article of Mr Gerrard! She is the slow
spoken, much travelled dame who is "amazed"
at much that goes on around, and could not
have "believed" such things were "possible."
Pleasant, amiable, and inquisitive to a degree,
but a lady.

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way, but hardly, it seems, of the twentieth century in their modest, unassuming way.

In striking contrast is the young woman of short skirt and thick soled boots ready to go out in any weather and with any companion—male preferred. She is alone, but soon finds congenial company, and with quip and jest makes laughter prevail, in the bar parlour usually, with host and guest. She is loud-voiced in lament about the lack of a piano, for she is sure to know all the latest rag-times.

Another solitary dame is she who talks to everyone, but in a different way. She is of the affectionate type, addressing us as “dear,” and anxious to tell of her numerous friends abroad. She, poor thing, cannot endure the silence and whisperings of the select drawing room, and would rather sit alone in the door-way, where she can breathe freely and hum unchallenged.

Amongst the men we find the knickerbockered, curly haired, boisterous specimen, who shouts and sings in hall and room, who smokes all over the house, and shocks the susceptibilities of some of the ladies by “going into the drawing room with his hat on”! At his table is a different style of man altogether. He is tall and athletic, has brought his clubs but finds no golf, and so climbs, walks, fishes, to be as much as possible in the open air. He is a young man evidently there to make as much as possible of a well-earned holiday.

There is also the old man—invalided father with his devoted daughters; the dotting mother with her soft red-haired son; and the jolly couple who carry their extra supply of sugar with them, and share it with the betrothed pair who scarce want any society but their own; the impatient Daddy and over dressed young

Mother with their much spoiled, disobedient, only child, and their friends with a little delicate boy, who finds little pleasure away from his parents.

Last, but not least, are the shooting guests, down from the worries and anxieties of state affairs. Tall, severe, stolid, is the knight, away from the strain of the city, whilst Madam, powdered, painted, and very sure of her own importance, causes much merriment to the other guests when she mounts her “pony” and sets off with the men to the shooting. Their gentleman visitor also comes in for a share of our sarcastic interest. He seems so unaccustomed to the ways of the country, and has great difficulty in “keeping his beastly eyeglass in his eye.”

“ Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oorsels as ithers see us!”

or to hear what our fellow guests thought of us. But what we do not know does not hurt us, and it undoubtedly added to the charm of our holiday to study those around us.

E. W. O.



Heard in the class-room:—“The maiden planted her feet” “Nonsense!”—(Why, we thought this was the latest allotment story!)



Hope for the Future:—

— Checking:— “Sit up, sir! Perhaps in the new era of schools there will be padded seats; ay, and padded rooms also!”

The Fiddle.

THE Fiddle is one of the most interesting instruments in the world. It has been in existence so long that no one can tell who made the first of its kind, or what it was like hundreds of years ago. When we see violins in music-sellers' windows we do not stop to look particularly at them, for they have become so common that they no longer seem wonderful to us. Music lovers stand admiring them, but most people just pass on.

"It's only a fiddle!" they say, and they look at the man or woman who does stop for a little to examine the instrument as if they thought he or she were to be pitied for being so foolish. But that is only their ignorance, and anyone who knows how a fiddle is made, and the pleasure that can be got from playing it, will tell you that it is indeed a very wonderful instrument.

To begin with, it requires a great deal of work and skill and patience to make a violin. The neck, back, and sides are made of maple, and have all to be glued carefully together. The breast, which is of pine, is put on in the same way. The ebony finger-board and nut are fastened to the neck, and a small piece of wood with four tiny grooves in it is glued on to the upper end of the finger-board, for the purpose of keeping the strings in position; four tuning pegs also are put into its head, two into either side.

All those things are fairly easily seen, but there are other things to be done which are not so well known. A little beam of pine has to be glued to the inside of the breast; this is the bass-bar. Two f-shaped holes are cut, also in the breast, some little distance below its waist. The sides require to be strengthened by strips of pine, bent into the same shape, and called "linings," and only after peg-box, shoulder, tail-piece, etc., are fixed in position is the instrument a finished violin of over fifty-eight parts.

The greater part of the fiddle yet remains to be

varnished, and the strings have to be put on and tuned so as to give the correct note; but were any of those things overlooked or carelessly done, the instrument would be useless.

So far only the workmanship of the fiddle has been dealt with; its musical value is quite a different thing. Some men play the violin because it is a sign of a good education to be able to do so; they go to famous masters, and take lessons, but they never become great players because they do not play from the heart. Others play because they love music, and their fiddles are a source of delight to themselves, and their playing to everybody. It is wonderful what a man who really loves his instrument can get it to do for him! It is like a boat; he can guide it through storms and difficult places with his bow, which serves him for a rudder. When he presses it under his chin, it seems to respond to the touch. There is an understanding between the man and the fiddle. When he draws the bow across the strings a hundred sweet voices call to him, and his own eyes sparkle with delight. It is once again the Power of Music; it can comfort the sorrowful and the lonely, it can rouse men to hatred and love of vengeance, and again it can give them such a peace in their hearts that there is nothing left there but love.

Most people when they go to a foreign country try to read a number of books telling of the character of the people, and their history. They would find it a much more pleasant way, to take a fiddle with them, and play the national music of the country. They would feel then as the natives do, for national music always breathes the spirit of the race who composed it; it tells about their battles, their daily work, their holidays, their dances, their joys and sorrows; and so, although one goes to a land unable to speak the language that is spoken there, if one can play a fiddle, one can understand the people and be understood by them. This is especially true of Scotland. The old Scots

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B. L. F.



The Fiddler.

A fair young queen in the Long Ago,
Weary of battle and endless strife—
And dreaming perchance of a fairer life—
Sitting alone in the sun's last glow,
Gently sighed, as she whispered low:
"Oh! that I had a child whose eyes
Might turn in love to the sunset skies,
And read their message! Whose youthful ear
The starry chimes of the spheres should hear,
And hearing, held by the mystic spell,
The wonder of life and death should tell,
When measures of pure delight should flow
From the trembling strings, as his magic bow
Woke the echoes when day was done!
Oh! Would indeed, I had such a son!"

Softly whispered the gentle queen;
But a Spirit was near, and heard unseen.

A warrior king on the battle-plain
Looking over a field of slain,
Thought of the glory his sword had won,
And wished in his heart for a hero-son—
A gallant boy who would love the fray,
And lead to battle the proud array
Of his father's knights, and their kingly name
Render more noble by deeds of fame!

It was only the wish of a soldier-king;
But a spirit was near and heard the thing.

The king came home from the wars, and lo!
Rocking the cradle to and fro,
The queenly wife in her castle hall
Sat in the midst of her ladies all.
And he kissed his babe, and his heart beat high
With martial hope for his little heir;—

But the mother whispered another prayer
For the far-off years of the By-and-By.

The years rolled on, and the parents smiled
As they watched the growth of the princely child.
Strong, and nimble and brave was he,
Fond of riding and martial sport;
Never another with heart so free
Among the knights of his father's court.
And the warrior-king was exceeding glad
As day by day he beheld the lad.
But the pale queen watched with a wistful smile,
Thinking, no doubt, of the Afterwhile.
Yet, with his fiddle and magic bow,
When he played to her in the evening glow,
He calmed her fears, and she smiled for joy
Fondly watching the noble boy.

The foemen came in a savage band
Working havoc throughout the land,
And the young prince came to the king to pray
That he might marshal their fair array
Of noble knights, and with sword in hand
Fight the invader, and glory gain
Of battles won, and of foemen slain.—
And the king was pleased, and he bade him go;
But the queen was grieved and she answered: "Oh!
Where are the things that I longed for so?
Why hath my son asked such a boon?
Why should he ride to the wars so soon?"
Then the prince replied: "Mother! Weep no
more!

I will come home when the war is o'er!"

The battle was fierce, and the prince rushed in
Eager for glory, and eager to win,
Rushed straight ahead—and an arrow came,
Swift and silent, and sure of aim;
And the routed remnant of his array,
Fleeing fast in their wild dismay,
Left their prince midst the bruised and slain,—
His eyes transfixed by a nameless pain;
And the fight was lost; and the day was done;
And the queen made moan for her gallant son:
Made moan, and sank to a nameless grave;

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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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And the king was carried away a slave ;
 And the people lived 'neath the tyrant's blows,
 Bearing the yoke of their foreign foes.
 But a spirit came forth of the sunset skies
 And drew the dart from the prince's eyes,
 Bidding him pass through the land, and play
 The grand old ballads that made the Past
 Present and living ; and hold a sway
 In his people's hearts, that he might inspire
 Patriot's passion and hero's fire,
 And the land be free from the foe at last !

Ever anon with the passing years
 Up and down through the land he strayed,
 Up and down through the land he played,
 Moving the people to mirth and tears,—
 Singing the glories of Long Ago,—
 Making moan for his country's woe,—
 Pointing them to a far-off goal,—
 Telling the tribesmen they had a soul,—
 Rousing their spirit to challenge the foe,
 Fighting for freedom, at any cost

Making a bid for those things long lost.
 —He was but a boy when he had begun,
 But an old, grey man ere the task was done.

The people rose, and the hated foe
 At the point of the sword was forced to go.
 The years had passed, and the king was dead,—
 Dead, as a slave, in his captor's train,—
 And they fancied the prince in the battle slain ;
 And lacking a ruler, at last, 'tis said,
 They thought of the blind, old man, whose bow
 Touched their hearts as he played, and told
 Of the deeds of heroes who lived of old ;
 And knowing well he had stirred the men
 To drive out the foe, and be free again,
 They sent for him, and with regal show
 They made him king of the land, and so
 The Fiddler came to his own again,
 Ruling over his gallant men
 By the gentle power of his magic bow,
 As the Prince had ruled in the Long Ago.

W. F.M.

A Serbian Saint.

THERE is an old Slav poem which speaks of the Fatherland as being not so much the rivers and mountains and all that go to make a country beautiful and attractive, but "that unity of custom and language and mood which blends soul with soul." That this is indeed very true was felt by a number of High School boys who, one bleak November morning, were present at the celebration of a short Serbian service held in Dundee.

We, for our part, stood out as the representatives of a people in all ages deeply moved by religious emotion, and to whom the thought and atmosphere of the East Christian Church were entirely new, while our Serbian

friends, rejoicing to hear again, even in the land of their exile, the old, familiar chants of the Slavonic service, only regretted that they were unable to stand side by side with their Allies during the celebration of the service in one of the beautiful churches of their native land.

To describe the church we attended would give an erroneous impression of the East Christian Church. The exterior of a Serbian church is much the same as that of a Russian one, and the interior is decorated with pictures of the saints and religious heroes of the country. The altar is hidden from the congregation by a screen, on which are depicted the figures of the

saint from whom that particular church takes its name. The priests (there are usually five) remain behind this screen, except when officiating, when they come in front of it. The arrangement of the choir is something the same as that in an Episcopal church, except that the choir is seated in balconies of a circular formation, with the result that some of its members are not seen by the congregation. Also, strange as it may seem, in the Serbian church there is no organ.

At the beginning of the service, the priest, clad in his robes, entered, attended by a choir boy, and, after a preliminary prayer, all stood. The priest sang a prayer, to which the choir at certain intervals chanted the responses. Thereafter the priest again prayed, without any responses being sung. All this with the priest facing the altar, and his back towards the congregation. On the conclusion of the prayer, the choir sang an anthem in praise of the National Saint—Saint Sava, of whom some account will afterwards be given.

The priest then read from a book of arranged passages, and at the conclusion of the reading, after a short prayer and another anthem, delivered his sermon. All the service was choral, except the sermon and some of the prayers, that were chanted softly by the priest. After another prayer, the Serbian and British National Anthems were sung, and so ended a service in which we, as Allies of that glorious and much-tried nation, are proud to have participated.

Once outside the church, we began plying our friends with questions as to the various parts of the service, and among other things we were told the somewhat romantic, old-world story of Saint Sava.

Rastko was the youngest and favourite son of King Nemanya of Serbia. So much did

Nemanya love Rastko that he promised him the crown after he died. When Rastko was eighteen years of age some of the monks from the "monk-colony" of Sveta Gora came to Serbia for a few months. During their stay Rastko made friends with them, and delighted in listening to their teaching. When the monks left the country for their home, it was discovered that Rastko was missing. The king sent couriers all over the country, and at last discovered that he was at Sveta Gora with the monks. He sent for him, but Rastko had already become a monk, and according to monastic law had changed his name. From this time he is known as Sava.

Sava would not go back to his father, and the result was an estrangement which lasted for two years. On the death of Nemanya, Sava had his father buried in Sveta Gora. The kingdom of Serbia then went to the second son, Stevan. But the oldest son, Vukan, was enraged at this, and with the help of the Hungarian king, defeated Stevan, and laid waste the country. On Sava writing to the two brothers separately, however, they agreed to become friends once more; but still they felt some animosity, which was not dissipated until Sava brought the body of their father from Sveta Gora to be buried in Serbia.

Sava then became the chief man in the Church in Serbia, and was the founder of most of the schools. He became the patron of learning, and his Slava ("Glory" or "Day of Remembrance") is kept by the Serbian schools on January 14th. This is considered a great event, and is looked forward to eagerly by all schoolboys—a fact which interested us greatly, as it served to remind us that, in spite of the difference of creed, language and custom, a schoolboy is the same at heart the whole world over.

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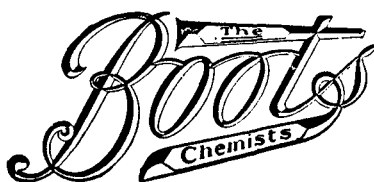
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THE above volume was put into the Editor's hand early in the autumn of last year, and we gladly treasure it for the sake of him whom it commemorates, and commend it to our readers as a faithful **portraiture of a life sacrificed on the altar of this war** just when its light was beginning to spread. Mr Peter Ross Husband—or Ross as we familiarly called him—was the dux of the school in 1903, and at the same time medallist in two subjects—Latin and mathematics. I remember him well in the highest class, and other three fellow pupils, each one of whom has justified the early expectations formed of him. A modern secondary school education is so thorough and gives one such an enormous advantage that it is almost impossible for one to make up for the lack of it in the first thirty years of one's life. I have no doubt Mr Husband, from an early age, had dedicated himself to the Christian ministry, but that did not limit his outlook on education, rather it widened and deepened his resolution to be equipped at all points for his life's high task. I had the honour to teach him the elements of a subject which is not believed by modern minds to have many points of contact with theology, although the Greeks thought far otherwise; and yet he was as assiduous in making it clear to his mind as if he meant to pursue the study of it ever afterwards. Nebulous knowledge to him was worse than ignorance; at any rate Ross's nature could not admit of work half done. This trait in his character was quite conspicuous in school, and I am certain it became intensified in manhood. Would that this war had left him with us so that we might see the full fruits of such a sane, manly resolution. Knowing his life's calling, he prepared himself for it as a wise general prepares for an offensive movement. He was methodical in his reading in philosophy, history, and literature. He analysed works in private as if he were to be examined on them in public. That is the kind of

study whose penetration is only disclosed as the years accumulate. He was in no hurry to obtain a church; rather he deliberately took service under distinguished ministers with a view to intensive personal preparation, and their testimony to his nobility of character is told in the pages before us. But when this world conflict between right and wrong, as he believed it, and as we believe it, broke out, the horrors of war did not deter him. He joined up, as a combatant, in the days of voluntary service when other courses were easily open to him. In order to be accepted for service he had to undergo an operation of not a little severity. Therein lies the worth of his sacrifice to us who remain safe at home. Here was one to whom violence towards his fellow man was abhorrent, willingly submitting to the surgeon's knife, to loss of personal freedom, to hard physical training, to the iron inflexibility of military discipline, that he might move over to France and station his living body between us and the brutality of arrogant injustice. It is good to have before us examples of such heroism, but how much more effective should the example be when set by one who followed the same time-table, trod through the same corridors, and occupied those benches which pupils of the High School now occupy. It behoves us to fashion ourselves on the same basic principles as those which directed his life through youth, student days, early manhood on to and over the first line of trenches on 26th September, 1916, when he fell. I quote from his last pencilled jotting before going into action—"Oh, glorious life! Fought the battle long ago." What did he mean? As for me, this book and my own remembrance allows me to appropriate Shakespeare's fifty-fifth sonnet,

"When wasteful war shall statues overturn,

And broils root out the work of masonry,

Nor man his sword, nor war's quick fire shall
burn

The living record of 'his' memory."

J. B. M.

A Scottish Dialect Poet.

WHO is Charles Murray? I do not know who he is or what he is; I only know that he writes poems,—poems which are vivid, real, picturesque, the more so because they are written in a good Scottish dialect. It is only through the language they use that we can get a glimpse of the character of a people, and Charles Murray, by his use of dialect, brings before our eyes a picture of rural life in North-Eastern Scotland as it is known to those who have been born and bred there.

One of the most outstanding of his poems is "The Packman." It introduces us to a pedlar who comes round the country every summer, bringing with him his pack and incidentally all the gossip he can gather. He thrives so well on the profits of this trade and of furtive dealings with poachers that he is able to set up as "merchant" and money-lender in the district. He marries a wife "wi' siller," and sends his sons to college, while his daughter, though no beauty, marries "a strappin' Deeside laird."

Similar to this in style is a poem in which John Watt of Dokenhill appears before the Local Tribunal to plead for exemption for his family and farm servants. Talking of farm-hands, he says, "We've nane to spare for sojerin," but that—

"There's men enuech in sooter's shops, an' chieils in mason's yards.
An' counter-loupers, sklaters, vrichts, an' quarry-men an' cyaurds
Tae fill a regiment in a week wi' oot gyaun vera faur;
Jist shove them in ahent the pipes an' tell them that it's waur,
For gin auld Scotland's at the bit, there's naething for't but list.
Some mayna like it vera sair, but never heed—in-sist!"

He then makes a stout plea for his youngest son, who is barely twenty, "Owre young to lippen wi' a gun, the crater wad be fear't." When all other means fail, he succeeds in getting "Total Exemption" by recalling to the minds of the members of

the Tribunal, the favours he has done them in former days.

Charles Murray is especially good at depicting the schoolboy, and knows exactly how he sees things, how he thinks, and how he expresses himself. The hero of "It Wasna his Wyte" is a boy whose life is so crowded with interests and so thwarted by unlucky circumstances that he thinks no one can say it is his "wyte" (blame) if he usually happens to be late in doing unimportant things which his elders wish him to do. How can he be expected to go to bed before he has counted his "bools," and blown the "yirlin's fower eggs?" Or to start in time for school when his "beets" and "claes" have disappeared, his "porritch" is cold and unsalted, and some one has been taking liberties with his "bap?" Nor is it his blame that, "A pairtrich, sair-frichtened, rins trailin' a wing, Fae her cheepers to tryst him awa',"

and he has to follow her, or that, while running to make up for lost time, he tripped in the heather and "barkit his shins." When at last he does reach school, the fates are still against him.

He tried on his taes to creep ben till his seat,
But the snuffy aul' Dominie saw.

He had to pay the penalty, but his opinion that "it wasna his wyte" never wavered,

An' fat was a wap wi' a spainyie or tag
To hands that were hard as a steen.

Another poem about boy-life, but one of a much more delicate texture, is that of the "Wee Herd." A born lover of music, the "wee herd" made for himself, out of a

"Sappy sucker from the muckle rodden tree,"
a whistle which was his constant companion.
"He wheepled on't at mornin', an' he tweetled on't at nicht."

All went well till winter came and school had to take the place of herding. Then came the pathetic result:—

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"He couldna sough the catechis, nor pipe the rule o' three,
 He was keepit in and lickit, when the ither loons
 got free;
 But he aften played the truant,—'twas the only
 thing he played,
 For the maister brunt the whistle that the wee
 herd made."

Through all these poems there runs a rich vein of humour and pathos, the effect of which is often greatly heightened by the poet's use of his mother tongue. Nor is the patriotic strain absent in his latest poems, as can be seen from the letter "Fae France," and "The Thraws o' Fate," of which the following is the last stanza:—

"But I was born ower early, an' Donal far ower late,
 Sae we maun soss awa' amo' the kye;
 I gang nae mair to markets, o' kirk I've tint the
 gait,
 At smiddy, an' at mill I hear the cry
 For men, an' here I hing my heid an' ban the
 thraws o' fate,
 That I was born sae early, an' Donal cam' sae late."

J. S. S. B.

cyaurds—tinkers. yirlin's—starling's. rodden—rowan. tint—lost.



Crail.

CRAIL is a very ancient Royal Burgh, lying close to the East Neuk of Fife, and was frequently given as a marriage dowry to the brides of the kings of Scotland. Of the Castle of Crail, which at one time was a royal residence, no trace now remains that would give any adequate idea of its extent or appearance. The recorded history of Crail may be said to date from the charter of 1310 granted by Robert I, but there is ample proof of Crail's being a Royal Burgh at least two hundred years earlier. Its position at the most easterly point of Fife would naturally make it a convenient spot for landing the troops of an invader, hence the reason for a castle or post of defence.

The most interesting-looking building is the Town Hall, which stands near the middle of the High Street, its short, square tower and spire giving it an almost Flemish look.

Not far from the Town Hall stands the Market Cross—a tall column resting on a wide four-stepped base, and surmounted by a figure holding a standard.

Farther along the High Street is the Old Church of Crail, which was probably erected about the year 1380, and dedicated to Saint Mary. In the vestibule of the church is a sculptured stone bearing a figure group which has been identified as the Virgin and Child. It is supposed to belong to early Christian times, and to have been erected because of the teaching of Saint Columba and his followers. Long ago the stone was supposed to have healing powers, and any diseased person who touched it was said to recover from his disease. From an early period Crail Church was connected with the Cistercian Priory of Haddington, and the nuns of Haddington retained possession of property in Crail until after the Reformation. Archbishop Sharp, who was murdered on Magus Muir, began his ministry here. John Knox opened his campaign against Rome by preaching in Crail Church in 1559. His sermon is said to have roused his hearers so much that they immediately rushed out of the church, and did not halt until they reached St. Andrews, and destroyed the Cathedral there. Crail Church may be regarded as one of the first Scottish churches reformed by the destruction of Popish relics and furniture.

Another place of interest is the harbour, which at one time was the most important in the East Neuk, for, although small, it is good and safe. Long ago the inhabitants of the village were almost entirely engaged in the fishing industry, but the prosperity of the Burgh has now fallen away.

The seal of the Burgh has been in use for many centuries, and suggests the maritime importance of the town by having as its chief device a large galley with a dragon-head and close-furled sail.

One interesting old-time custom that is kept by the inhabitants is the advertising by a town-crier of things lost or found. He goes from

street to street, ringing his bell and calling out the different items of news.

Not far from Crail are the famous Balcomie Golf Links. On the way to Balcombie one passes the ruins of Balcombie Castle, a very ancient and at one time a very extensive and imposing structure, which has now been transformed into a commodious farmhouse. The only existing portions of the castle are a tower and an arched gateway. In 1511 James IV acquired it, and intended to make it a royal residence, but he was killed at Flodden before his arrangements were completed.

An interesting feature of the district is the caves, which are found along the coast from Fife Ness to Dysart. From the carvings of the Cross and other symbols which are still to be seen on their walls, it is supposed they were used as places of refuge by Christian missionaries in early times. In one of them a hermit was living quite recently.

Crail shows more clearly than many a larger town the distinctive Scottish nationality of

former times, and, as a link with past Scottish history, is well worthy of a visit. C. C.



Roll of Honour.

Ninth Supplementary List.

Chalmers, William, promoted Captain, E.A.O.D. ;
D.A.D.O.G., Dar-es-Salam
Foggie, James K., promoted to 2nd-Lieut., 6th
Black Watch.
Fyffe, Douglas J., Gordon Highlanders.
McKelvie, William R., Pioneer, Army Signal Coy.,
R.E.
Miller, G. W., promoted Lieutenant-Colonel,
R.A.M.C.

MILITARY HONOURS.

Lieutenant-Colonel G. W. Miller, R.A.M.C.,
awarded the Distinguished Service Order.

PRO PATRIA.

Captain Harry Douglas Sturrock, M.C., Highland Cyclist Battalion, died from the effects of wounds on 1st February, 1918.

Reports.

Boys' Literary Society.

We are of opinion that this report should be not so much a record of the proceedings of the "Lit," as the minutes already give that, but rather a brief description of the various lectures and papers, given since the last issue of the "Mag."

On November 24th, we had a most fascinating lecture by Mr Borland. He chose as his subject "Tchaikovsky," and after narrating one or two facts about the career of the great Russian composer, he announced that the various movements which he was to describe were to be illustrated by Mr Nicol and Lance-Corporal Morris at the piano, and by Miss Macdougald, Miss Emily Russell and himself in vocal parts.

A specially fine selection of Russian music followed; at times the soul of Russia seemed fast asleep in the depths of the past; then a sudden outburst of passion would rouse the sleeping giant, and a wonderful and entirely indescribable feeling of an endless number of souls marching unceasingly through infinity would follow; sometimes, too, the semi-Asiatic spirit would creep in, and the barbaric grandeur of the symphony that followed reminded one of that night when the gory head of Crassus was borne in triumph to the tent of the Parthian general, accompanied by just such strains.

Miss Russell's renderings of "Knowest thou the Land," and "The Canary-Bird" were most charming; while Miss Macdougald sang, in characteristic manner, "Too Late," and Mr Borland followed, by singing "Why so pale are the roses?" Other songs were also sung, and altogether a most enjoyable evening was spent. The attendance was a record one, totaling almost 240.

On December 1st, four excellent papers were given by members of Class 7, as follows:—"President Garfield," by G. Watson; "The Forth Bridge," by J. W. Laverock; "Cecil Rhodes," by A. P. Kinnear; and "Cinematography," by E. W. Oakley.

The following Saturday evening, a most delightful essay was given by J. Lambert, on "Life in Athens," who treated his subject in an exceedingly interesting manner. He was followed by W. Fraser Mitchell, who under the title of "Fragments from a School-boy's Diary," read several pieces of original poetry, and in a Memorial Poem, and a number of short references, paid tribute to the one whom the School might very well claim as its "Beloved Master,"—the late Mr Macbeth. December 15th was the occasion of another Hat Night.

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The first meeting for the year was one of unusual interest, a Parliamentary Evening being held then after an interval of over seventeen years. A Cabinet was formed, and various constituencies were held by the members. The first ten minutes of the evening was devoted to "Question-Time," and was a great success. Thereafter a most interesting and spirited debate took place, and "the question was put to the House." Mr Cadzow acted as speaker, and Mr Lowson as speaker's clerk, while the following positions in the cabinet were held as under:—

Prime Minister and

First Lord of the Treasury,.....W. Fraser Mitchell.
Chancellor of the Exchequer,.....Ian. D. W. Buttar.
Secretary of State for War,.....F. W. Oakley.
First Lord of the Admiralty,.....B. Lj. Filipovitch.
Secretary of State for Ireland,.....A. P. Kinnear.
Secretary to the Ministry of Food, J. Balfour Thomson.

E. C. Scott was Leader of the Opposition, while H. H. A. Elder proposed the Vote of Censure. The proceedings throughout were followed with the greatest interest and enthusiasm, and it is to be hoped that the excellent example thus set will be followed, and a "Parliamentary Evening" become a school tradition.

On January 19th an extremely interesting and original paper on "Weapons," was read by E. C. Scott. On the same night I. D. W. Buttar gave a paper on "Leonardo da Vinci," which was further enhanced by beautiful slides.

On January 26th, H. H. A. Elder made quite a new departure in the way of essays. Under the title: "A Holiday Camp at Kirkmichael," he related the experiences of himself and some friends all well known to his audience. The paper was pronounced an undoubted success.

Four papers were given by members of Class VI. on the following Saturday evening. Those were: "Port Patrick Harbour," by D. C. Munro; "The Indian Mutiny," by J. Thornton; "An Episode of the Reign of King Frederick William," by F. H. MacLennan; and "The Tuck Shop," by A. C. Wilson.

The second lecture for the season was given on February 9th by Mr Stalker, who treated "Kipling's American Characters" in a most entertaining way, and showed the American watchword to be that of the school: "Labor omnia vincit."

On February 16th J. Balfour Thomson gave a very interesting essay on "The Pipe Organ." He first of all dealt with the invention and evolution of the organ,

and then went on to a more technical analysis of the instrument. The lecture was illustrated throughout by a great many excellent slides, and musical illustrations were also given.

All through the attendance has been very high and the enthusiasm of all members most encouraging.

W. F. M.



Girls' Literary Society.

This society has had a very successful session, which to a great extent is due to the untiring efforts of our very able president, Miss Lindsay. Throughout the session there has been a remarkable enthusiasm amongst all members, both in attending the meetings and in taking part in the proceedings, so much so that, this year, we have exceeded last year's average attendance—the highest on record—by 7. The attendance for this year averages 42 which shows that the keenest possible interest has been displayed by all.

The main features of interest after the last issue of the "Mag." were the lectures from members of the staff. The first of those, given to both societies, was by Mr Borland, who treated his audience—a record one—to a fine appreciation of Tchaikovsky and to a delightful concert illustrative of his lecture. Our two vice-presidents, Miss Izatt and Miss Jackson, both charmed the society with their interesting lectures. The first of these was a vivid description of the old-world town of Cambridge and the college life therein, while the second was "Speling without Teerz," which Miss Jackson treated in a thoroughly entertaining manner. The fourth and last of those lectures was given by Mr Stalker, who treated both societies to a thorough and most interesting analysis of "Rudyard Kipling's American Characters." Mr Stalker's lecture was very much appreciated by all present.

The papers given by the members themselves have all reached a high standard, and special mention must be made of those given by the pupils of Class VI.—Miss Elsa Meiklejohn, Miss Janet Donald, Miss Beatrice Ferguson, and Miss Nan Lindsay; one and all were noted for their excellent composition, originality and imagination.

On December 16th, Miss Helen Munro gave a splendid essay on "Women and War Work," a subject which interested all. Two papers, by members of Class VIII., were given on February 1st. The first, by Miss Jean Laird, was entitled "A Trip to South

America," and was remarkable for the colour and movement it contained. The second, given by Miss Mabel Graham, was a charming description of "Comrie," together with some interesting tales connected with that highland village. On December 7th, a "Hat Night" was held when several interesting, and sometimes heated, discussions took place. The meeting proved very popular.

In conclusion the society would like to express its gratitude to Miss Lindsay and also to thank the vice-presidents, Miss Izatt and Miss Jackson, for the time and energy which they have devoted to this work.

K. A. A.



Hockey Club.

The Hockey Club has completed its fixtures for the season with the exception of one important event, namely the tournament. Of the eleven matches played, we have won nine, lost one, and drawn one, so that we have every reason to be satisfied with the results, especially when we remember that nine of those matches were against senior teams. Three fixtures were not played.

In some of the later games the team showed the lack of the Wednesday afternoon practices with which the weather played havoc after the New Year.

The Eleven for the season are:—May Jobberns; Bessie Crowe, Nellie Allan; Muriel Agnew, Nora Morrison, Flossie Winton; Marlew Buist, Millie Winter, Cissy Macrae, Etta Martin, Geoy Gibson.

In emergencies the team has been ably assisted by the reserves; Agnes Mudie and Margaret Ferguson. Aggregate of goals scored: for School, 58; against, 10.

M. L. B.

The following are the detailed results for the season:
Nov. 3rd, 1917.—Girls' High School, 8; University College, 3.

Nov. 17th, 1917.—Training College (1st year), 0; Girls' High School, 6.

Nov. 24th 1917.—Girls' High School, 3; Grove Academy F.P.'s, 0.

Play was at times fast, School doing most of the attacking against a good defence. School forwards played well together, the wings being particularly effective.

Dec. 1st.—Training College (2nd year), 0; Girls' High School, 4.

Played at the College grounds on a heavy pitch, which severely tested the staying power of the teams, the game was scrappy and seldom interesting.

Dec. 8th.—Girls' High School, 3; Dundee Ladies', 3.

The game was fast all through, the play at times being more vigorous than clever. Against a strong and fast forward line School put up an excellent defence. C. Macrae (centre forward) was unfortunately absent, but M. Winter made a good substitute.

Dec. 15th.—Girls' High School, 9; Harris Academy, 0.

The Academy are lacking in experience, but put up a dour defence against the sustained attack by the School.

Jan. 12th, 1918.—Girls' High School, 4; Grove Academy, 0.

School attacked continuously, but the shooting was erratic and ineffective.

Jan. 26th.—University College, 3; Girls' High School 2.

Played at Training College grounds. College scored in the first few minutes of the game, and the rest of the first half was fairly even. School showed lack of practice, and the defence was somewhat shaky, while College forwards were fast and often dangerous. In the second half the defence improved and School did most of the attacking, but their shooting was unfortunate.

Feb. 2nd.—Grove Academy F.P.'s, 1; Girls' High School, 4.

At Broughtly Ferry. Grove scored early in the game. School then took up the attack but were somewhat ineffective in the circle. Grove defended well, and School forwards took some time to find the goal, but when they did they scored three times in quick succession. The second half was fairly even, School adding one goal.

Feb. 16th.—Dundee High School F.P.'s, 0; Girls' High School, 7.

The F.P.'s could muster only nine players and have had only a few games this season. We were without our usual centre forward and play was somewhat scrappy.

Feb. 23rd.—Girls' High School, 8; Training College (2nd year), 0.

Played, by arrangement, at the College grounds. The College forwards were effectively held by the School halves, with the result that the School forwards kept up a persistent and well sustained attack during most of the game.

J. C.



Back Row.—(Left to right) M. Dimitrijevitich. G. Armit. I. Linton. I. D. W. Buttar.
G. W. Monro. W. S. Dennler.

Middle Row.—R. R. Kinnison. H. H. A. Elder (vice-captain). J. B. Thomson (captain).
P. L. Lowson, Esq. (president). D. B. Soutar. J. Kerr. K. C. M. Anderson.

Front Row.—W. B. Philip. C. B. Singer. J. R. Cowper.

Rugby Club.

24th Nov., 1917.—D.H.S. v. Westmoreland and Cumberland Yeom. D.H.S.—Singer; Dimitrijevitich, Taylor, Parker, Linton; Kerr, Kinnison; Thomson, Anderson, Elder, Armit, Soutar, Munro, Buttar, Cowper. The School kicked off, playing towards the south goal. Lieut. Lea (Captain) then broke away, and with the help of his "threes" brought the ball down to the School "25." The situation was relieved by Singer. From a scrum Parker broke away, but was brought down a few yards from the goal line by the full back, Lieut. Pollock. A series of scrums followed, and the Westmoreland "threes" broke away, and Lieut. Box scored. This was not converted. Half-time—W. and C. Yeom., 3 points; D.H.S., 0.

On resuming at half time, one of the Westmoreland "threes" broke away, and after running practically the whole length of the pitch was brought down by Taylor. Two other tries by Lieuts. Lea and Stalker followed, which were not converted. Final score—W. and C. Yeom., 9 points; D.H.S., 0.

15th December, 1917.—D.H.S. v. 4th H.L.I. The School kicked off, and a combined rush by the forwards, brought the ball well within the H.L.I. "25," but their "threes" came into action, and scored through Captain Laing, who converted with a long kick. The visitors finished the first half with two other tries, one of which was converted.

The second half was mostly a forwards' game, and was exceedingly fast. After crossing the line three times the H.L.I. won the game, with the handsome score of 24 points to nil.

Although somewhat badly beaten, we have no reason to grumble, the H.L.I. were very heavy and well trained. Those who deserve special mention, on the School's side, are Mr J. G. Scougal, the three Andersons, Elder, and Kinnison.

On December 29th, a team representing the School played the H.L.I. again, and was beaten by 11 points to six. Dimitrijevitich scored.

4th D.H.S. v. Seafeld House, Broughty Ferry. 4th D.H.S.—Kyle; Clark (captain), MacLennan, Smith, Rattray; Kinnison, Roberts; Hall, Begbie, Carmichael, Galloway, Campbell, Levie, Anderson, and Burke. Played at Broughty Ferry. Hall kicked off, and the School forwards immediately took the initiative, and after getting the ball clear to the "threes," Rattray scored. Begbie converted under adverse conditions.

Half-time—Seafeld House, 0 points; 4th D.H.S., 5 points.

During the second half Seafeld recovered, and put up a better fight. The School "threes" marked their men to good advantage, and twice broke their opponent's defence, Clark scoring each time. Full time—Seafeld House, 3 points; 4th D.H.S., 11 points.

Throughout, the High School distinctly had the run of the game, but unfortunately missed their opportunities. In the forward line, Begbie and Hall deserve special mention. The halves played a sound game, and marked their opponents with good effect. In the "three" line Clark and Rattray deserve great credit for the way in which they broke the Seafeld defence. The team, as a whole, played exceedingly well, and if they continue to play together, ought to make one of the strongest combinations which the School has ever fielded.

February 2nd—D.H.S. v. School of Musketry (St. Andrews). The School kicked off, and scored through Clarkson, within the first five minutes. Play was for some time confined to the School "25," but J. C. Anderson broke away, and scored.

In the second half, Lieut. Glover (an inter-city man) took the ball well up the field, but was brought down by Elder. A series of scrums followed, and he touched down, and converted with a good kick. Dimitrijevitich scored for the School. K. Anderson experienced very hard luck with his kick. Final score—S. of M., 5 points; D.H.S., 9 points.

Though handicapped by the long spell of frost which rendered playing impossible during January, we soon recovered after a few well attended practices. Very often they took the form of matches, such as "Modern" v. "Classical," etc.

This year we have in our team one of our Serbian school-fellows, M. Dimitrijevitich, who is the mainstay of our three-quarter backs. Probably never since the days of Mr W. P. Laird, and 2nd Lieut. G. H. Philip, has the School had such an efficient runner. He goes at great pace, and has a remarkable kick.

Much, however, is yet required of the "threes" as a whole. Combination is always better than individualism, and efficiency in this can only be acquired by steady practice. The same, thing applies to the forwards.

In conclusion, I should like, on behalf of the whole club, to thank Mr Lowson for the great interest he

has taken in the team, and for refereeing practices and matches. The committee, comprising J. Kerr, K. C. M. Anderson, and D. B. Soutar, have been of great help in organising junior games, etc. R. R. Kinnison has been a most efficient secretary, while H. H. A. Elder, has shown great earnestness in the way he has performed his duties as vice-captain.

H. H. A. Elder* (10 st. 5 lbs.). Still tackles with the same surety. Kicking has improved since last year. Has acquired more confidence.

M. Dimitrijevitich (10 st. 11 lbs.). Most dashing threequarter. Swerves and runs well with good kick. Hangs on to the ball rather long. Might pass more.

J. Kerr (9 st. 5 lbs.). Strong runner and kicks well. Tackling uncertain, but improves.

W. Philip (9 st.). Runs well, but misses opportunities through hesitation. Lacks weight.

J. Linton (10 st. 6 lbs.). Goes ahead well. Figures best in the offensive. Fumbles slightly. Uses his weight to advantage.

C. Singer (10 st. 2 lbs.). Good swerving run and strong kick. Will improve in tackling. A good place kicker.

R. R. Kinnison* (9 st. 7 lbs.). Good scrum half. Runs well with strong hand-off. Inclined to run across field. Kicks well. Might distribute passes better.

J. B. Thomson* (10 st. 10 lbs.). Reliable hooker and leader of forwards. Keeps scrum well together, and uses weight to advantage. Marks his man efficiently at the line out. Might be more certain with his feet in the loose.

K. C. M. Anderson* (12 st.). Does good work at the line-out where his weight and height tell. Does good work in the scrum. A reliable place-kicker.

D. B. Soutar (10 st.). Figures best in the offence. Hard worker in the scrum, and at the line out.

G. W. Munro (10 st. 2 lbs.). A good reserve hooker. Work for the most part confined to scrum.

W. S. Dennler (9 st. 6 lbs.). A good all round forward with a sure kick.

G. Armit (10 st. 11 lbs.). Uses his weight to advantage at the line out. Needs more practice.

I. D. W. Buttar (10 st. 6 lbs.). Uses his height to advantage at the line out. Requires more speed.

J. R. Couper (9 st. 5 lbs.). Knows his game, and has plenty of pluck. Lacks weight. Needs more practice. Gained his Cap for 1917-18.

J. B. T.

Boys' Swimming Club.

There is very little to report about this club this session as the weather has been too cold for regular attendance at the baths.

Before the Christmas holidays, however, we managed to arrange two polo-matches and put up quite a good fight against the opposing teams.

The first match was played on 30th November against the H.L.I. (Newport), the final score being H.L.I., 1; D.H.S., 1. Our opponents were rather heavy for us but we played a passing game and did not let them come to close quarters, and so managed to hold our own. Great credit is due to the backs and the goal keeper who time and again saved the situation. L. Kinnear, after a very fine rush up the pond, scored the goal for the School.

The following was the team:—Singer; Kelt, Soutar; Crichton; Kinnear, Meiklejohn, Carmichael.

Our next match was against the U.C.D. on the 19th December. Unfortunately they were two men short and so we had to supply them with two men from the School. From the very start it could be seen that the School had it almost all its own way, and most of the play was in our opponents' half. The forwards played a very fine passing game and put in some stinging shots. The final score was U.C.D., 1; D.H.S., 3, two goals being scored by L. Kinnear, and one by J. Carmichael.

The team was as follows:—Singer; Kelt, Soutar; Crichton; Kinnear, Meiklejohn, Carmichael.

In closing I should just like to refer to the great loss that the club has sustained in the departure of Mr Maclaren, who has temporarily given up his post at the baths. He has taken a great interest in the Swimming Club for a good many years now, and has coached the polo team and given invaluable advice and assistance in all matters connected with swimming. Before he left, the club presented him with a small present in recognition of the valuable services he has rendered it.

D. B. S.



The Shooting, Netball, and the Girls' Swimming Clubs are all in a very flourishing condition, and one and all give promise of excellent results this summer.—Ed.

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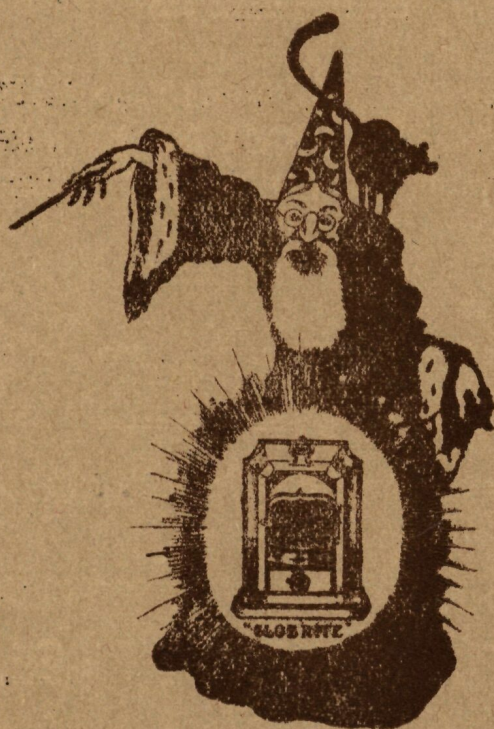
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