

J. S. Murray

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 18

JUNE, 1920

FOURPENCE

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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

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JUNE, 1920

[FOURPENCE

Editorial.

FOR the third and last time we take up the editorial pen before relinquishing it to abler hands. The session is now very near its close ; the holidays are seeming delightfully near. But the end of the session means for some the end of school days, and one cannot help feeling a little sorry that soon one will have finished altogether with school.

This last term has been marked by many interesting events. There was first the successful concert held in the Girls' Hall in May, to raise funds for the library. The Cadet Corps was inspected by Major-General Sir C. L. Woollcombe, K.C.B., on 1st May, and the Girl Guides had a Sale of Work, which was a great success. The Tennis tournament has been played off, and the Golf Competition for the Boase Medal. The cricket and tennis teams have been having a successful season of matches. But the great event of the term was undoubtedly the sports, which were held on 2nd June, before a large crowd of spectators. There is, however, an article on the sports; so we have no need to discuss them here.

The Swimming Galas, which will soon take

place, are arousing much interest and should prove very successful.

The Cadet Corps is eagerly looking forward to its camp, which is to be held at Cortachy. Judging from the success of the camp last year, this one should be even better and is to last for a fortnight.

We are fortunate in being able to continue our series of portraits of various teachers, this time having the photograph of Mr Meiklejohn, who needs no introduction. Mr Roy is likewise well known by all, although the nature of his duties kept him rather in the background.

Like Polonius we believe in the adage that "Brevity is the soul of wit," but, like him, we find difficulty in following its excellent advice. We must, therefore, draw to a close, but not without expressing our sincere thanks to Mr Valentine and Miss Brown for their assistance in reading the manuscripts, to Mr Borland for his invaluable help as business editor, and to the magazine committee for its helpful advice.

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From the outbreak of war in 1914 till the present year, Mr Meiklejohn made it his duty to collect the names of those connected with the school who had served with the Forces. Up till April last a total of 710 names, with rank and distinctions, had been collected for the Roll of Service. While new names were steadily being added, this list required constant revision to keep it up to date. Mr Meiklejohn, in the course of this work, examined the registers of the school from 1892. In the final stages of preparation of the roll, the work was very laborious and required Mr Meiklejohn's close attention. The Roll, now completed, in due course will be inscribed on the commemorative panels to be placed on the walls of the school. In compiling this record of service, with its demand on his time and energies, Mr Meiklejohn rendered a valuable service and deserves the thanks of all concerned.

Mr Meiklejohn has, in many and varied ways, proved himself a tower of strength to the High School, and all who have at heart the welfare of the school sincerely trust that he may be long spared to serve its highest interests in the future, as he has done in the past.



The "Leavings."

They dwelt on my uneasy mind ;
 Nothing could them remove :
 Things which no victim e'er will praise,
 Nor teacher, even, love.

A shadow, nearer week by week,
 Half-hid, yet always felt,
 Reminding me I ought to "stew" ;
 Upon my mind they dwelt.

They came, they were, they went, and now,
 My mind from care is free ;
 For they are past and gone, and oh
 The difference to me !

A School Entertainment.

FOR a long time a good library has been a much felt want in the High School, but now, thanks to the untiring efforts of Mr Borland and other members of the staff, this drawback will soon be removed.

In aid of the fund for establishing a school library an entertainment was given in the hall of the Girls' School, on Saturday, 15th May. Two very successful performances were given—one in the afternoon and one in the evening—when a most delightful programme was carried through.

The first part of the entertainment opened with a selection given by the school orchestra, followed by songs finely rendered by Mr D. T. Yacamini, and by the choir, conducted by Mr Nicoll, and concluded with a miniature drama entitled "Catherine Parr," or "Alexander's Horse," the decided success of which was due to Miss MacDougald and those who so capably filled the various roles.

The orchestra, conducted by Mr Loseby, opened the second part of the programme, which consisted of a most thrilling display of tricks given by that expert conjuror, Mr Hovell.

Mr Cadzow and Mr Borland were responsible for the concluding item, an amusing sketch, which aroused many bursts of hearty laughter in the audience. It was the court scene, "Bardel versus Pickwick," and the various characters were most ably impersonated by some of the senior boys.

Much praise is due to those in charge of the various items, and also to the performers, who all worked enthusiastically to make this entertainment what it was—an undoubted success.

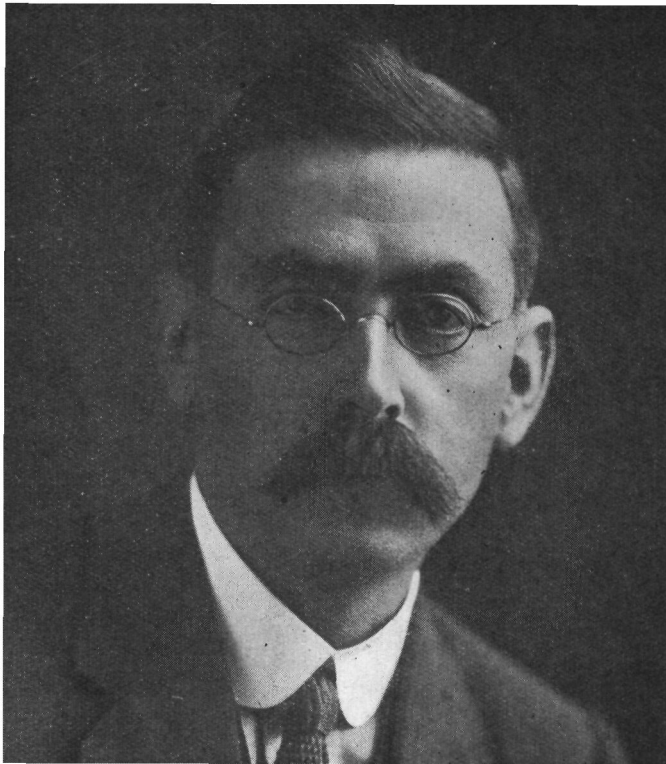


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Dundee High School
Magazine



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The Boys' Swimming Gala of 1920.

THE last Boys' Swimming Gala of the High School took place in June 1914. Six tragic years have intervened, and they have left their mark on the club as well as on the nations of the earth. There new life, new interest, new features had been gradually introduced: the Life Saving Class numbered about forty; there were passes in all but the final stage of the Royal Life Saving Society's award, and the outlook of the club was very bright. If we are ever again to aim at such proficiency, the swimming club must get facilities in the life of the school which it does not at present enjoy.

However, at the forthcoming gala, the enthusiasts who are still among us, and some notable former members of the club are presenting to the school a high-class programme, and one better adapted for the encouragement of good swimming than has yet been attempted among us. The Former Pupils are to meet the Belmont in a polo match, they are also to hold a team race, and a two-lengths race among themselves; the championship is to be decided by a speed race, style for three lengths, diving, and life saving; classicals are to meet the moderns in a team race of four each. The championship carries with it the possession for a year of a trophy given to the club by O. P. Thomson, Esq., Akyab, Burma, in memory of his brother, Walter D. Thompson, E. R. A., drowned by the sinking of the armed merchantman "Vitnor," during the war. Both gentlemen were in their youth pupils of the High School.

I am hoping for a considerable reaction in favour of swimming as a result of the gala, and the present pupils should make it a point of honour to be present for encouragement to their fellows and instruction to themselves.

Thursday, 24th June. Events begin at 7.30 sharp.
J. B. M.



A Hobby.

Curtained room and light subdued,
Water dripping, dropping gently,
Many dishes round the feet:
Frequent stumbling consequently.

Lamp diffusing ruby glow,
Magic atmosphere—though smoky,
Glimmer glass and chemical,
Feeling happy, messy, choky.

Fingers skilled in dropping things
Specially translucent, yellow
Lengths of paper, parchment like,
Slippy stuff that bores a fellow.

Slowly images appear—
Tense excitement, hands a-tremble—
Bring it near the lamp to see
What the images resemble.

Firmer, clearer, pictures come,
Operator howls with laughter
At the scenes his friends present
Wonder what they'll tell him after.

Other dishes take the place
Of the first one, strip gets clearer
Then it's washed in water. Now,
The end of this is drawing nearer.

Yet alone remains to tell
How his pictured friends received him.
Called him many, *many* names,
Said he surely had deceived 'em.

Here these feeble verses end.
Wonder who on earth conceived 'em?
M. QUINOL.

Ben Nevis.

ONE September we went to Fort-William and being near Ben Nevis, decided that it was our duty to climb Scotland's highest mountain. So one fine summer morning, after we had been in Fort-William for about three weeks, we set out to climb the Ben. First of all we had a good two miles walk to the foot, first along the road and then up Glen Nevis. This is a beautiful glen, and I was loth to leave it; it is such a calm, cool, delightful place. However, our minds were made up, so on we marched.

The first part of the ascent is over a delightful grassy slope, and we started very gaily indeed, expecting the climb to be nothing. Gradually the delightful grassy slope became steeper, and as the day was warm and sunny, we began to feel hot, but not tired; it was too early to be tired. Gradually the neighbourhood of the path became wilder and I caused great excitement to my parents by insisting on walking at the very edge of the path, where it falls sheer away to a mountain torrent rushing far below. The path winds on and on, always growing a little steeper, and several times it crosses torrents rushing down the mountain side. One very awe-inspiring part of the climb is where the path crosses a gully by means of a very rustic bridge. At the foot of the gully is a black-looking burn, which leaps over rocks and whirls along so rapidly that it made me quite giddy to look at it. Just after this we saw human beings for the first time since we had left Fort-William. Just as we rounded a corner we saw a lady and a gentleman climbing on ahead of us, and, more important at the moment, the half-way house.

This building is situated on the top of the first shoulder of the hill, and beside it is a loch. I did not like the loch. It is surrounded with

marshes, in which I almost stuck while attempting to find a short cut, and has a dull stagnant look, as if it were all reeds and mud. At the house a man gave us our tickets and we paid our toll. We rested for a few minutes and had a look round, and then on we went again.

After the house we began to experience the real delights of the road. Stones began to appear and more stones, and we began to wonder how a motor managed to get up, and came to the conclusion that the story of the motor that climbed to the top must have been a myth. Just about this time we met a man with a hill pony coming down. The food for the top and all necessaries are taken up on hill ponies, in two large panniers which hang one on each side of the pony. Very quickly the road got worse; in fact it was all stones, as if someone had covered it with newly broken road metal. The climb also became much steeper and we "peched" on, intent not on scenery, but on getting to the top. To add to our other discomforts it grew unpleasantly cold, and when we got to the final stretch of the road it was snowing, not heavily, but with just a few flakes always falling. The road levels out just at the top, which is a wilderness of stones. There is a very deep ravine at the side of the road, almost at the top, into which people have fallen and been killed. At the top the cold was intense and our hands carrying sticks were quite stiff. I had a bag in my pocket with some sandwiches which we thought we might eat for lunch, but when I took it out, the bread was as hard as the stones under our feet and, of course, was uneatable.

On the top is the old observatory. Most of it is disused and parts of it are in ruins. One part is used as a house, where tea is

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provided and post cards, etc., are sold. We went in and had tea there, and were very glad of plain bread and jam and tea. I was not accustomed to such cold regions and their peculiarities, and was badly cheated. My tea was steaming away and I was waiting for it to cool, but still it steamed right merrily. At last I took a cautious sip, and behold, it was almost as cold as the atmosphere outside. After buying a few postcards and having our tickets stamped to show that we had been at the top, we went out to see the view. Unfortunately it was rather hazy and we could not see far, but the man pointed out to us the directions in which things could be seen. We did see some loch or other far away on a hill top, but I do not remember its name. The sun was shining on it and it looked like a little splash of gold on the dark hills. It was disappointing that we did not see the view, because we had been looking forward to it so much.

Having rested, we started on our downward journey. We slipped and stumbled over the stones, and did not bless them. The lady and gentleman were going down too and were a little way ahead of us. After what seemed hours and hours, we reached the half-way house and the dark gloomy loch, so different from the pool of gold sparkling in the sun that we had seen from the top. Then we went on again, round corners, over bridges, past precipices, and at last the grassy road began to appear. We were dreadfully tired and lurched along as if we were drunk. It sounds so nice and quick to write about it, but we felt as if we had spent half a lifetime on that mountain. At long, long last we got to the empty house which stands just at the bottom of Ben Nevis, and our climb was over. But we had still the two miles to walk before we arrived home. Just as we were thinking we should have to sit down at the foot of the hill for the night, the lady and

gentleman offered to drive us into Fort-William, as they were going that way and had a motor car. Oh! to this day we all bless those two kind creatures for driving us those two miles. They dropped us at our door and drove off followed by our heartfelt thanks. We dropped into the first chairs we came to, groaned, looked at each other, then smiled and said, "Well, we have climbed Ben Nevis at any rate."

M.J.



Cloak-room's Locked.

One day while wandering listlessly about school I met a little boy who was weeping copiously. On being asked the reason for his grief he replied, "I've left my lunch in my coat-pocket and the cloak-room's locked"—"Never mind, I'll give you some money and you can get something" replied I in a tone of comfort, while hunting for my purse through every pocket. At last the terrible truth dawned upon me. I too had left my money in my coat-pocket and "the cloak-room's locked." After explaining this to the boy and again dashing his hopes to the ground, I passed on. Again I met a lonely figure, this time a girl. She explained that her Latin book was in her coat-pocket and "the cloak-room's locked." I was again about to offer help but suddenly remembered that I was in the same predicament and was compelled to offer sympathy. Then in the Girls' School I saw here and there groups of sad-faced pupils. I asked a member of one of these the melancholy reason, to which she replied, "We have nothing to do and nowhere to talk except these draughty passages or stuffy class-rooms because "the cloak-room's locked." Feeling depressed I continued on my aimless way wondering when the new Don Quixote would arise who was destined to champion the cause of these poor unfortunates.

Dundee's Garland of Poetry.

COMPARED with Edinburgh, or even Perth, Dundee occupies a very humble place in classic literature, but it is not without its garland of verse and of that I would say a little.

The song which is most associated in the popular mind with Dundee is, of course, "Bonnie Dundee." The air to which we now sing that song appears in an appendix to one of the editions of Playford's "Dancing Master," of the year 1688. We next meet the song in a collection entitled "The Merry Muse of Caledonia." It contains a set of verses beginning:—

"Ye coopers and hoopers attend to my ditty
I sing of a cooper wha dwelt in Dundee.
This young man he was baith am'rous and witty
Which pleased the fair maidens of Bonnie Dundee."

This song describes the escape of a "gay deceiver" from Dundee and has for refrain:—

"Come fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horse and call up my man,
Come open the gates and let me go free,
For I'se gang no more to Bonnie Dundee."

Sir Walter Scott's word version is the one now universally known as "Bonnie Dundee," and the tune to which it is set is the "Bonnie Dundee" of popular parlance, although the "Bonnie Dundee" referred to in it is, of course, "Bonnie Dundee" the man, and not the city.

The song which next to "Bonnie Dundee" is associated most closely with the city is "The Piper o' Dundee." There are several versions of this fine old song. The following is the first verse of one of these.

"The Piper cam' to our toon,
To our toon, to our toon,
The piper cam' to our toon,
And he played bonnilie.
He played a spring the laird to please,
A spring brent new frae 'yont the seas,

And then he ga'e the bags a squeeze
And played anither key.
And wasna he a roguey,
A roguey, a roguey?
And wasna he a roguey,
The Piper o' Dundee?

We find that the Tay, Balgay and Den of Mains are the scenes most written about by the minor poets, but there are two poems of a higher order; one by the late Prof. Johnston, of St. Andrews University, and the other, on "The River Tay," by Alexander Glass, beginning:—

"Thy silver streams and vernal banks, O Tay,
Inspire my soul and swell the muse's lay."

Mr Joseph Lee has some fine poems in his book entitled "Tales of our Town." There is real music and true feeling in "St. Mary's Tower."

"The traffic and the tumult of the town
Roll round thy feet;
Above, upon thy ancient, hoary crown
The air is sweet.
The sunlight striking on thy sober stone
Turns it to gold,
And thou to us a vocal Memnon grown,
Dost straight unfold,
Stories of Scottish Stuarts' toppling throne,
And sad forgotten sagas of the days of old"

Some day a really great poem on Dundee will be written, and who will say there is any want of material when one thinks of the wealth which lies waiting to be transmuted into poetic gold, including the tradition of Wallace's boyish attack on the son of the English governor; David of Huntingdon's building of the Old Steeple in gratitude for his safe return from the Crusades; George Wishart's preaching from the East Port, standing between the living and the dying, and Claverhouse's marching away to die for his King at Killiecrankie, from his castle in what is now Dudhope Park. A.F.M.

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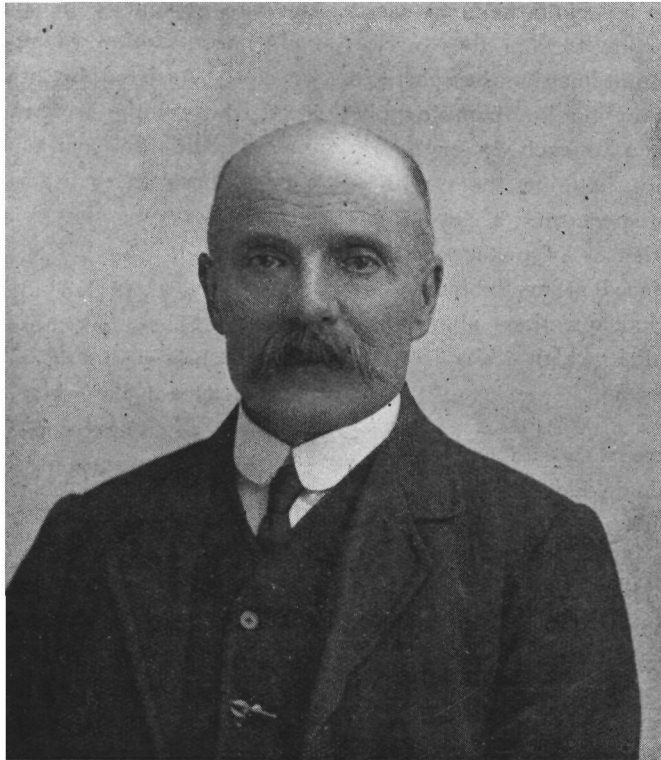
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ALEX. ROY, Esq.

The Sports.

IF you ask a High School boy whether the Annual Sports were successful or not, you will be astonished at the expression of bewilderment and slight amusement on his face. The sports have been successful for as many years as he can remember (and beyond the reach of his memory, he often has his father's to assist him), so that he has come to take their success for granted. He cannot imagine the sports in bad weather ; he cannot imagine them slow ; he cannot imagine them unexciting or poorly contested ; he cannot imagine them with a disappointing ring of spectators, because in his experience such evidences of unsuccess have never occurred. Hence it seems to him strange that anyone should ask questions about their success, or ever think it worth while to state that they were successful.

Of course they were successful on 2nd June. The weather was ideal—ideal at least for the spectators, if a little too warm for the competitors. Miss Jarvie's 'al fresco teas, served by numerous charming assistants, were in great demand. Competitors were even more numerous than in former years, and the struggle for the championships was consequently keener than ever. The general impression left on one's mind by the day was one of brightness—of bright sunshine, bright faces, bright dresses and bright contests.

While we are all inclined to take this success for granted, we are apt to forget how much of it is due to the unseen labours of those who manage the sports. Everything seems to go as if some mechanical contrivance were responsible for the smooth working. But the effort necessary to ensure this smoothness is great, though unseen. Only hours and hours of work

on the part of Mr Lowson, Mr Macdonald and Mr Webb, could produce this perfection of management. But that is not all. Hitches occur in spite of the most careful pre-arrangements, and what one particularly admires in Mr Lowson (for many years chiefly responsible for the management of the sports), is his power of swift improvisation to meet unforeseen emergencies. Assisted by other members of the staff, whose duties were more obvious, but less onerous, the three gentlemen above mentioned carried through the sports with the complete efficiency everyone has come to expect.

For the rest, all depends on the competitors. This year there was more evidence of careful training than we have sometimes seen, and the result was a brilliance of performance and a keenness of competition that delighted everybody. We congratulate the champion, Wm. Blackwood, and the junior champion, Alex. B. Barrie, on their performances. One specially admired the speed of the 100yds. (championship) and the excellent judgment shown in the mile, both of which races were won by Blackwood. But many of the other events were almost equally interesting. Poor judges ! Sometimes to decide which was first and which second was a difficult task.

The proceedings were completed by the presentation of the prizes. Mr Boase, who had shown great interest in the sports throughout the afternoon, presided, and the prizes were presented by Mrs Boase. We are grateful to both for their presence and kindness.

We add a list of the prize-winners in the championship events.

KEITH SCOTT,

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTER,

DUNDEE.



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KEITH SCOTT,

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CHAMPIONSHIP.

Throwing the Cricket Ball—(1) J. M. Meikle-
john (2) W. Blackwood (3) I. Mudie.

Broad Jump—(1) Wm. Blackwood (2) R.
Kinnison (3) J. Hardie.

Putting the Weight—(1) D. Reid (2) W. Hay
(3) G. Scott.

High Jump—(1) W. Scott (2) W. Blackwood
(3) G. Scott.

100 yards—(1) Wm. Blackwood (2) R. Kinnison
(3) W. Clark.

Quarter Mile—(1) Wm. Blackwood (2) R.
Kinnison (3) J. Hardie.

One Mile—(1) Wm. Blackwood (2) D. Hardie
(3) A. Monro.

Points—Blackwood, 14
Kinnison, 6

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

Throwing the Cricket Ball—(1) N. Kennedy (2)
W. Dunbar (3) P. Jack

Broad Jump—(1) A. B. Barrie (2) J. Drysdale
(3) J. Mosson.

High Jump—(1) J. Spence (2) J. Drysdale, (3)
J. Mosson.

100 yards—(1) A. B. Barrie (2) J. Drysdale (3)
N. Kennedy.

200 yards—(1) A. B. Barrie (2) N. Kennedy (3)
J. Drysdale.

Points—Barrie, 9

Repentance.

JOHN was the beadle of a country parish, and as was the custom in olden days, filled the office of grave-digger as well. As a grave-digger, however, he was much hampered, as he was little, and was wont to climb out of the grave, when it was dug, by means of a short ladder. One day while he was in the middle of this operation the boys of the village pulled up the ladder when John's back was turned. John, when he had finished, was about to climb out up the ladder, but finding it gone, began to scrape away with his finger nails, using some choice language. The minister, as the manse adjoined the churchyard, was reciting his sermon for the Sunday, and on hearing the noise went in search of its source. On looking down into the grave he beheld John covered with clay and swearing as hard as he could, and in astonishment exclaimed, "John, John, have I been your minister all these years and have I lived to see you in this state? Repent! I say repent before I let you out." John looked up and sulkily replied, "Hoo often hae ye preached 'There is no repentance in the grave'?"



SOME MORE FAMOUS QUOTATIONS.

Can you locate the following celebrated quotations?

(1) "If I catch anybody scribbling on the bench I'll take the belt to him!"

(2) Test Examination: "— — —."
Question one, part one, first section:—"Who said the following; why, where, when, how, to whom and on what occasion;—"

(3) "Shshshshshshshshshsh!!!"

(4) "Do you wish me to deal with you, Willie Smith?"

Some Imperial Anecdotes.

IT is to please the reader who delights in reading details in the life of a monarch that I write this article.

Some time ago I was speaking to a lady who had been on a visit to Paris. She told me that a staff officer took her into one of the leading restaurants in Paris, and introduced her to a young gentleman. The lady talked quite freely to him, and he spoke excellent English. After she left the restaurant she was astonished when she learned that the gentleman to whom she had been speaking was His Imperial Highness The Crown Prince of Siam. The Crown Prince is a very quiet young man, and comes regularly to Paris to study Parisian life, as his father, the Emperor of Siam, is a great admirer of the French. Some day he may be one of the very few remaining absolute monarchs.

A certain ruler (not European) habitually cheats at cards. One day this dignitary gave a reception to some French officials, and among them was one he strongly disliked and whose reason for coming to the court he did not know. An English gentleman, who was very intimate with his Highness and who knew his weakness, and wished to play a joke on him, said that there was a rumour that he cheated at cards and this French official had come to see for himself that it was not true, and once and for all put an end to the rumour. The poor man was very much agitated, and sure enough, after dinner, cards were brought out. Wonderful things happen by chance sometimes, and it was so this time. The French official sat down on the right of his Highness at the table. As the game went on, some of the courtiers gathered round to enquire if his Highness was being successful, but he was losing everywhere and had a very red face, with huge beads of perspiration trickling down his

cheeks. At length he jumped from his seat and cried, "How can I ever win with this beastly French delective at my side?" I may add that the English gentleman who played the trick has not, I believe, paid another visit to that court.

The same ruler is very fond of cricket, but hopelessly bad at it. After a cricket match in which he has played, he is immediately given the result. He removes his name from the foot of the list to the top, and gives another man his score, and then publishes the result.

Everyone is filled with admiration for Prince Alexander of Serbia, but few know how he became Crown Prince.

Although Alexander is the second son of King Peter, the eldest son, George, had to give up his claim to the throne. One evening Prince George of Serbia kicked his valet down the stairs and the poor man died. That evening he went to the theatre and, going on to the stage, made love to a beautiful actress. He then threw some wine bottles at the orchestra. For these shocking acts he was forced to resign his claim to the throne.

He pointed to three trees in the Palace grounds and said, "From one of these I will hang my father Peter, from the other Alexander, and from the other Pashitch" (the Serbian Prime Minister). Yet Prince George fought nobly for Serbia in the war.

"When we see the king we are all heroes," said a Montenegrin priest to a friend of mine. The king is Nicolas of Montenegro, who used to sit in his palace grounds smoking fifty cigarettes a day, and was worshipped by his people. His son unfortunately betrayed his country and joined Austria.

The daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen of Roumania, has a passionate love for her country and her children. When the

invading armies were approaching the capital from all sides, the Queen remained by the bedside of her dying child. A bomb burst in the passage outside her door, but she remained calm. She was a second Florence Nightingale. She went about the hospital as a nurse, tending the wounded soldiers, many of whom in their dying agonies looked at her and would say "God bless you ; may you be Queen of all Roumanians." The Queen Mother is a passionate lover of music and musicians crowd to her court.



The Session.

Now a year has come and passed away,
 Now the quarter's work is done at last
 And once more we come to a session's close
 And looking o'er the days gone by, we ask
 Has all my labour here been spent in vain ?
 When we think of all that lies before us
 In the years at college, and the future
 Far beyond our mortal comprehension,
 See we not the hand of wisdom pointing
 Onwards, ever onwards to the goal
 Of freedom, knowledge, happiness and life ;
 Life in its fuller sense of living nobly
 Not for self or party, but mankind ?
 'Tis not the Latin that we have been learning
 Nor the Maths. we've tried to understand
 Nor our flights in boundless realms of science
 But the forming of our character for life
 That has occupied us all this year.
 To this great end all our surroundings help,
 Our friends, our teachers and the books we
 read.
 So as the years roll onward o'er our heads
 We shall see and understand more fully
 Exactly what true education means.
 When, like trees, we grow above the mist
 Of childhood, boyhood, girlhood, and begin
 To view our life more clearly, then we will
 Come back to see the school, old, faulty, dull,

Yet still the one-time guardian of the years,
 The tenderest and sweetest in our memory.
 Then we shall see the same old process
 moulding

The younger generation as it did
 Us, when we were there so long ago,
 Perhaps a child may ask " Dear father, what
 Was school like when you were a little boy ?"
 And you will answer " Just the same my child,
 Only that different faces fill the gaps
 Where once our leaders taught and sometimes
 raged."

I see the same thing acting once again
 Some twenty, thirty, forty years ahead.



A Tale of Christmas Eve.

OLD Jasper Sterne sat up in bed suddenly.
 Somewhere in the old house he heard a
 sound. Perhaps it was a rat, he thought.
 Hark ! there it was again. The old man
 cautiously put one foot out of bed, but when it
 touched the cold floor he shivered and drew it
 back again. " I'll set a trap to-morrow," he
 reflected " There's no need to rise for rats."
 So musing, he turned over and tried to sleep.

It was Christmas Eve, and snow was falling.
 Most of the windows of Sterne's house were
 shuttered, only three being uncovered ; for
 Sterne was a harsh, grasping miser, who,
 though known to be very rich, had never given
 away a farthing in charity, and lived very
 wretchedly himself, in order to hoard up more
 money. Christmas, which to others was a
 time of mirth, was to him like any other day.

Now to return to Sterne's bedroom. About
 ten minutes after his first awakening, he again
 sat up listening intently. This time he had a
 feeling that something was going to happen.
 As he peered into the gloom he saw a dark
 shadow glide apparently through the wall and
 approach the bed. The old man would have
 taken the intruder for a burglar but for its

strange mode of entrance. As it was, he could only sit gaping at the vague shape, which stood regarding him for a moment with eyes that pierced the gloom like twin shafts of light, then said in a sonorous voice, "Mortal, arise and come with me, for this night you will see such sights as have never before been seen by man."

At once the miser felt some influence making him rise, and to his astonishment he was fully dressed, even to his hat and boots. His knees knocked together as he stood by his strange visitor and wondered what would become of him.

The spirit, perceiving he was ready, seized him by the arm, whereupon they rose through the roof out into the cold night air, at a great speed. In a short time they landed before a great door studded with red-hot nails, at which Sterne's strange guide knocked.

The door was immediately opened by a fearsome demon with glaring red eyes, a tail, and two sharp horns. They passed through and found themselves in a long passage paved with red-hot iron plates which burned the feet of the terror-stricken mortal. At the end of this awful passage was another door, guarded by another terrible demon.

This door gave access to a vast hall, the walls, roof, and floor of which were made of asbestos. Round the walls of this immense hall were ranged huge cauldrons filled with people being cooked. Others were being chased round the hall by terrible fiends who continually pierced them through and through with great spears, while others again were being immersed in a lake of fire. Sterne's companion bade him notice that, although these people were subjected to the most horrible tortures, they did not die.

"Mortal, repent," said the shade, "for many of these now in anguish heeded not the joys of Christmas and the cry of the poor and needy. Wouldst thou see more?"

"Oh, take me away," cried the cowering

man, "I have seen enough of this inferno."

"So be it," said the spirit. He waved his hand and in a minute they were transported from Pandemonium to earth.

Again the supernatural being seized his arm, and they flew off and alighted in a lovely region. Here all were happy, and the shade said, "*These* were kind to their fellows on earth. For them is perpetual happiness."

He took the wonder-struck man by the arm once more, and they returned to earth. Here the spirit gave Sterne a sealed envelope and a tiny glass phial, saying, "Open them at home."

"But how am I to get home?" asked Sterne nervously. The ghostly form waved its hand and immediately a great cloud of smoke enveloped both of them. When it cleared away the miser was back in bed with his night-cap on, while the spirit was nowhere to be seen; on the counterpane were the envelope and the phial. With trembling fingers Sterne opened the envelope, finding inside a message telling him to mend his ways before Christmas day, else he would join those whom he had seen in regions below. If he determined to turn over a new leaf at once, the message said, then let him drink the contents of the phial. He did so, and at that moment the clock struck eleven.

Only an hour to make amends for his greed! He hurriedly dressed and went out into the snowstorm, taking a large sum of money with him. Visiting the poorer districts of the town he pushed a gift of money through each letter-box; then, his pockets empty, he trudged home through the snow with a light heart. Before twelve o'clock he wrote cheques for large sums and forwarded them to various hospitals and institutions. Truly a wonderful concoction in that little phial!

Sterne's nature was entirely changed and for many years he lived to aid his fellows, and earned the name, no longer of a miser, but of a philanthropist.

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These treatments are not expensive, nor could they, when looked at sensibly, be thought of as luxuries.

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Something about Nothing.

HERE are problems *and* problems. Their name is Legion; but one of the most formidable of the species is that of writing "something" for the Mag. It is that word "something" that is so troublesome. You are in the position of the man who spoke because he had to say something, not because he had something to say. Set down to problems such as calculating the height of a flagstaff (at least it is generally a flagstaff) or deciding whether Hamlet was mad or not, that "something" is provided, and you can generally arrive at *some* conclusion, though it were that the flagstaff was twenty times as high as the tower it stood on, or that Hamlet was just a genius, neither mad nor sane. But here you are up against a blank wall.

Suppose you try poetry. You sit down with all your writing apparatus and look out of the window for inspiration. It is a glorious day and if you sit long enough, you feel it (the inspiration) will come. But before it does, it is banished by a cloud of midges which begin their endless dance in the sun in front of the window. The next thing that catches your eye is a lady-bird walking up the curtain. How lovely to write a sweet Wordsworthian lyric, or rather ode, to a lady-bird! You persuade the unconscious object of your poetic fancy to come upon your hand so that you may examine its perfections more closely. Its feet are feathery. But of course that would not come into the poem. You must lay stress on the regular contour of its back and end up with its humility and perseverance. Now it has come to the end of your finger, and you await in breathless excitement its next move—which is to fly away. Of course! you had forgotten it was possessed with wings! It is again on the curtain engaged in the task of repacking them,

which operation strikes you as so ludicrous that the ode has gone completely.

By this time the midges are gone but so is the sun, and you have missed the sunset! So after you have made a few more vain attempts your "something" ends in "something about nothing," or nothing at all.



Will Anyone Take On The Bet?

I hear that the prices are rising
Of all that one wishes to buy.

The price of our suits
Of our hats and our boots
Is soaring right up to the sky.
No profiteers yet have been punished,
And ere by the heels they are set,
I'll lay you long odds

We are all 'neath the sods
Will anyone take on the bet?

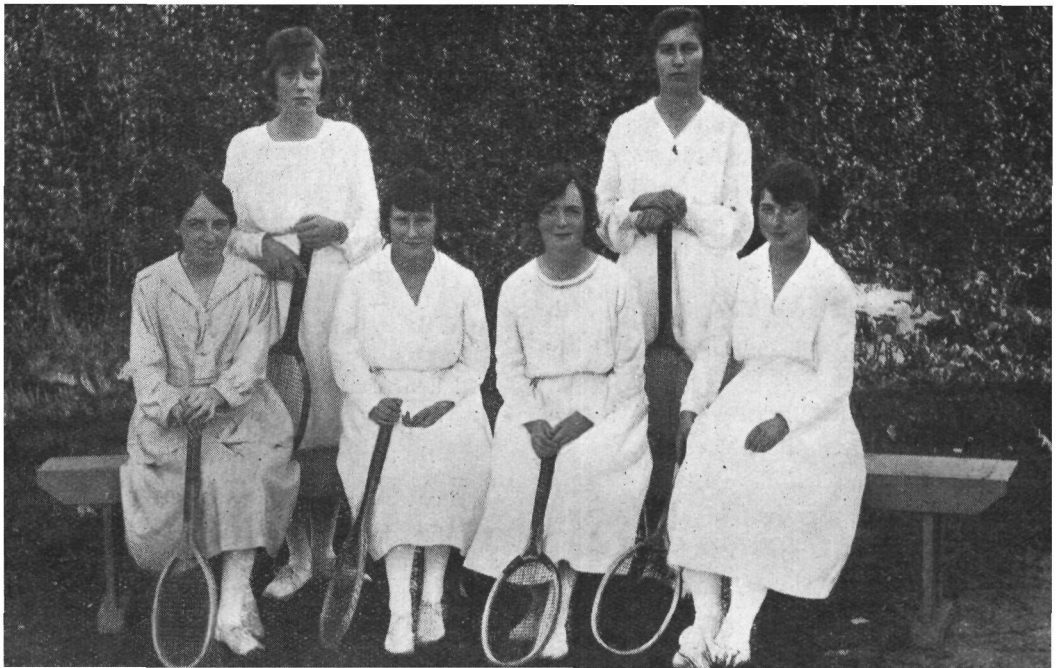
I hear that the men who can marry
Are getting exceedingly rare,
So the dames should not fail
At the next auction sale
To see if my name figures there.

I haven't a penny of money,
I'm the ugliest chap you have met
I'll bet you a quid
There isn't a bid.

Will anyone take on the bet?

I hear that our WINSTON is willing
To take on a job or two more,
On land or on sea
Where'er it may be,
Whatever the fates have in store.
When LLOYD GEORGE no longer is premier,
His heart on the place he will set,

I'll bet you a bob
That he don't get the job.
Will anyone take on the bet?



M. Hyslop.

M. Jobberns.

M. Howe.

M. Fergusson.

A. Mudie (Capt.)

D. Annan.

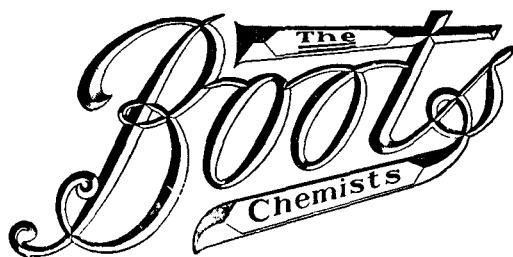
Tennis Team, 1920

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Something without a Title.

"COULD you please write something for the Mag.?" I gasped. I had thought myself safe from this question, and it came as rather a shock. "B-b-but I c-can't write anything," I managed to say, "and anyhow I don't have time." "Nonsense! give it in on Monday," and the Terror passed on to find other victims.

I had not the ghost of an idea what to write, then I had an inspiration—I would write a poem!

Now I had written a poem only once before, and when I read it to the family, several members collapsed. But this was too good an idea to lose, and I went home cheerfully, thinking how everybody would listen entranced to my poem.

After I had had my tea, I sat down with paper and pencil, and thought. What would I call it? Then I bethought me of my experience that morning; yes, "The Terror" would make a grand title! It is one thing to write a title, but quite another thing to write words—particularly poetry—appropriate to that title. I soon found this out and it was only after an hour's intensive thinking that I finally managed to write down the first three lines:—

"The Terror treads on tip-toe,
And hisses in your ear,
A contribution for the Mag.?"

I stuck at the last line. Lots of words rhymed with ear—dear, fear, hear, beer, tear—ah! that was it!—

"It makes you shed a tear."

I was getting on splendidly now and soon had written down as the first line of the second verse—

"He stalks his prey both near and far."

But just then I happened to look at the clock and suddenly, and rather inconveniently, re-

membered I had some lessons to do. So there was no more time for the poem that night.

Next day in the hard work that I had to do at school I forgot all about my poem, or rather I had to forget about it; for once, when seeking a rhyme for "far" I was pounced upon for the next word, and had not the slightest idea what it was. Luckily I heard a whispered word, and said it. Afterwards I learned that the real place was two paragraphs ahead and consequently learned to forget about my poem.

At lunch-time however, it was forcibly brought back to me when I saw the Terror descending on me. "By the way," he said with a sweet smile, "don't write poetry as we have already got quite enough."

I collapsed on the nearest bench and thereupon called him all the names I could think of. I knew I could have made myself famous with that poem but now my hopes were all shattered. Well I really think it was too bad! After school, when I reached home, I went straight for my master-piece, tore it up into a thousand fragments, and consigned it to the flames.

The fertility of my brain was quite exhausted; I had no more ideas left now. So I wisely (?) decided to leave the filling of the Mag. to others who could write long, grave, and solemn essays.



BRAINY TRANSLATIONS.

A few days ago Class X—were at French. The master in charge asked a pupil to translate "Have you any soap?" After thinking deeply for a time he said—

"What is soap?"

(We presume he meant what is the French for soap, but one never knows, does one?)

Holiday Anticipations.

“**F**URRAH ! A good session’s work over and the glorious prospect of the summer holidays in view !”

These are the thoughts which rush into our minds on the last day of school.

In a few days some of us will be enjoying our morning dip at the seaside ; some will be climbing the hills further north, while others may be surrounded by the beautiful scenery of the Trossachs.

It will be delightful to see the sea sparkling in the sunshine, and the sandy shore looking as beautiful as ever ; or to see Loch Katrine, with its wooded shore, among the hills.

Then there are the Highlands, where we are surrounded by hills, where we only have to go a short distance to find an ideal spot for a picnic. There are also the fields, where we may romp about as we please, and the long walks through country paths and woods.

Some of us may be lucky enough to stay in a cottage on the hillside, when we only have to go to the door to be among the heather. Others may stay at farm houses, a very pleasing holiday, and will help in the fields and look after the animals.

We also look forward to sports, such as tennis, golfing, boating and many other pleasant pastimes.

TELEPHONE No. 1051.

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FACING THE FUTURE.

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The Three Loaves.

ONCE upon a time there was a man, and this man was enormously rich; he used to send cheques to all sorts of charitable institutions just to show how rich he was; also, he smoked very expensive cigars with the band on. He lived in a very beautiful old Elizabethan mansion which he stocked with very beautiful old furniture and old pictures and old wine. His interests were confined chiefly to the wine. And he kept a secretary to buy more pictures for him, and many other beautiful things which other people of a much more artistic temperament might want, but could not afford to buy.

Now, among his other possessions he had three large loaves of bread and a grandson named John. The three loaves of bread were kept in the safe along with the family diamonds, but John was allowed to run about the grounds. I expect you wonder where he got the three loaves from and why they were kept in the safe. Well, I can't tell you. Perhaps he bought them, or perhaps he stole them, or perhaps he baked them himself. Possibly they were given to him by his aunt Dorothea along with the pink woollen socks which she used to send him every Christmas. At anyrate, there they were in the safe, beside the family diamonds.

Time passed, and as the rich man approached his 67th year he caught a chill and it was feared that he would die before long. His grandson John, who had just come of age, was almost heart-broken at the thought of losing his grandfather. He wept very sadly and solemnly in the ancestral hall and everyone was very sorry for him. But sometimes, when no one was looking, he would stop weeping and take out a little notebook and pencil, and calculate the

yearly interest from £5,000,000 invested in Mexican Railroads, and then he would hear someone coming and would weep sorely and bemoan his fate.

At last, one day, the rich man died and John cheered up a bit and went to hear the will read by the family lawyer. It was a very long will, but the principal clauses in it were:—To the rich man's married sister there was given and bequeathed £5,000,000, and to his grandson John, three loaves of bread and the family diamonds.

Now, this was a nasty blow for John. However, there was only one thing to do and he did it. He sold the family diamonds, which, being mostly paste, only fetched four thousand pounds. This done, he lived quietly for a year, at the end of which time he had only 16/7½ left.

It was exactly a year after his grandfather's death that, while pondering over this sad state of affairs, he happened to seek relief from his worries in a book of fairy tales (a relic of his childhood), and in it he read a story about a fellow who ate an enchanted pie, and after eating it, found a beautiful Princess standing behind him, holding in her hand an attaché case, which contained a million pounds in notes.

Of course, this reminded John of the three loaves of bread; so he sent one man out to buy some butter and another man to fetch a teller from the nearest bank, as he himself was awfully slow at handling notes. Then he got out the three loaves of bread, and they were very large loaves.

When he had finished the first loaf, John looked round to see if there were any signs of a Princess and told the footman that if a lady

should happen to call at the door with an attaché case, she was to be shown right in.

Having done this, he started on the second loaf, at the end of which he felt very, *very* queer. He concluded that he must be undergoing a magic spell, and with a certain weariness and lack of interest he began the third and last loaf, at the end of which he gave a gasp and died. And, as his soul sped through the open window, the door flew open and a messenger entered to say that the enquiries which had been going on for the past year as to the whereabouts of the rich man's sister, had shown that she could not be found, having, in fact, died fifty years ago, and that, therefore, in accordance with the last paragraph of the will, his grandson John would inherit the sum of five millions sterling.

P. A. S.



Cycling.

DURING the Easter holidays some ambitious spirits among the boys thought of going cycle runs together, and we had quite a number of routes planned out.

The first was to Dunkeld, going by Blairgowrie and the lochs, and returning by Coupar-Angus.

The second was towards the east, and we hoped to get as far as Montrose; and as a third we had planned going over to Edinburgh by the Burntisland Ferry.

But there is no need to detail our schemes further, for all, except the first, came to nothing—due to the weather. But when there are still one or two who think of such things, it may be of interest to hear how the same

ideas occurred long ago, and were extended and magnified till the school had a well-organised cycling club with a membership of well over fifty—I believe it once touched eighty. Unfortunately it did not last very long, but while it did, it thrived wonderfully. It required a group of enthusiastic cyclists to start it and keep it going. But as the originators of the scheme gradually left school, the enthusiasm of their successors abated, and so gradually the whole thing died out.

This all happened about thirty years ago, but while it lasted it must have been quite an imposing sight on fine Saturday mornings to see a long string of young cyclists, two abreast, with the captain and other officials—as well as a teacher now and again I suppose, for there was a teacher “in charge” of this just as there is one in charge of golf and cricket and other sports of to-day—at their head, streaming down Reform Street and through the High Street, thus effectually stopping the traffic. Of course, never all the members turned up, but sometimes they mustered forty. No wonder the citizens stopped to see them pass!

With so many members, and some of them quite young, no great distances were covered, but the club went to such places as Bridge of Isla and other places round about. If they ever went across to Fife, where did all the bicycles go on the “Fife?”

The club sometimes went out for the whole day, though it also went out for mornings or afternoons, but it was always on Saturday, for there was no short day then on Wednesday. Cricket cannot have been so popular then as now, else when did they play their matches or practise?

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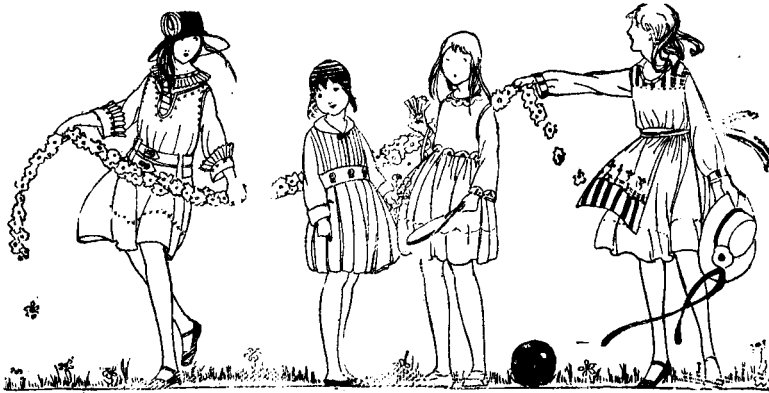
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Front Row.—W. Blackwood. I. Mudie. M. McKenzie. T. Ferguson (Capt). W. Scott. J. Mechan.

Reports.

Cricket Club.

This year, our secretary, by his untiring efforts, has provided us with a very large fixture list. We are having to play on week nights as well as on Saturdays to overtake this.

Our first match was against Montrose Academy and resulted in a win for the visitors by the narrow margin of 3 runs. McKenzie, for the school, had 6 wickets for 16 runs.

Our next match was against Grove Academy at their grounds and resulted in a decided win for us. Grove 9, School 70.

We played the Harris Academy at the Grounds and again had an easy win. Mudie played a fine game, and when run out, had made the very creditable score of 42. Harris 34, School 70.

Our next match was against the Morgan Academy which also resulted in a win for us. Our opponents made 46 to our 61 for 8 wickets, of which Monro had a fine 18 not out.

The next match was against Perth Academy and we retrieved some of the honour which we lost at Perth last year. The scoring was very slow and we put up 30 to their 24.

Our hardest match was on Wednesday, 26th May, against Tayport. Tayport brought over their best team, and although the School played a magnificent game we were beaten by 99 to 57. E. Morgan, of Tayport, had 60 runs and 6 wickets for 27. For the School, Monro made 15 and Ferguson had 6 wickets for 30.

Arbroath came to the Grounds on the 5th June and this game resulted in a draw. We batted first and scored 80, of which Blackwood had 23. Arbroath went in and we had put 9 of their men out for 55 when the stumps had to be drawn.

The Harris Academy played us again, but we dismissed them this time for 15. Our score was 81 for 9. Mudie had 25.

We have still four matches to play; three of which are away. These include Rossie Priory 2nd XI and Rhineach Mhor.

We have had a very successful season although we have not had a coach as in former years.

In conclusion, I should like to thank all those who have helped us at the grounds, and especially our president, Mr Lowson, for his great help this season.

BATTING.	No. of Innings.	Times Not Out.	Highest Score.	Total No. Runs.	Average.
I. Mudie,	9	0	42	128	14.2
A. S. Monro,	8	1	18 not out	59	8.4
W. Blackwood,	7	0	23	55	7.9

BOWLING.	No. of Overs.	No. of Runs.	No. of Wkts.	Average.
J. Ferguson,	80	118	36	3.1
J. Mechan,	46	72	17	4.2
M. McKenzie,	63	103	22	4.6

	Played.	Lost.	Won.	Drawn.
High School,	9	2	6	1

CHARACTERISTICS.

J. Ferguson.—A very capable captain. A careful and steady bat. Good medium-pace bowler. Smart fielder.

M. McKenzie.—Good medium-pace bowler. Poor bat.

J. Mechan.—Steady bat; has improved greatly. Smart fielder in slips. Good change bowler.

W. Blackwood.—Reliable wicket-keeper. Batting has improved greatly.

A. S. Monro.—Good bat. Improving steadily. Good fielder, but his returns are weak.

W. G. Clark.—Good bat, rather inclined to slog. Smart fielder in the out-field, with good return.

W. Scott.—Good fielder at point. Reliable catch. Good eye, but no defence whatever.

I. Mudie.—Very reliable bat, with good defence. Good fielder.

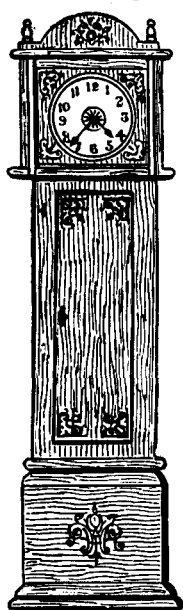
J. Carmichael.—Good reserve wicket-keeper. Erratic bat, but will improve greatly with practice. Smart fielder.

I. Hardie.—Good fielder. Inclined to be too careful when batting.

W. G. Parker.—Reliable catch in out-field. Good bat, and will come a bit with practice. J. F.

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Tennis Club.

The Tennis Club is having a very successful season, due chiefly to the untiring energy of our president, Miss O. Smith, who has performed at matches and tournaments the trying duties of umpire, and of our captain, Agnes Mudie.

We have got up a tennis team this year, and have played and won two matches, the first against Seymour Lodge, the second against Perth Academy. The couples are M. Hyslop and A. Mudie, M. Jobberns and D. Annan, M. Fergusson and M. Howe.

Ladies' Singles, knockout, have been played, the finals taking place on the afternoon of the sports, and the winners being: first, M. Hyslop; second, Agnes Mudie.

On Friday, 28th May, a mixed tournament was held. Miss Brown and several girls kindly looked after the tea, and as the weather was splendid the whole affair was a great success. The winners were: south court, Eileen Anderson and E. Boyle; middle court, Dorothy Annan and W. Blackwood; north court, Mabel Anderson and C. Scott.

M. B. F.

**Golf Club.**

We had all been looking forward to a match against the Staff, but owing to bad weather this match had to be postponed, and has not yet been played. The Boase Medal Score Competition was played round Monifieth links on Monday, 7th June, in beautiful weather, and resulted in a win for J. Mechan (last year's winner), who returned the excellent score of 87.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking the members of the staff who umpired on this occasion, and especially Mr Stalker, who arranged matters.

Mr Simpson, who was very keen to help with the different matches was unable to take an active part in them owing to illness, which was a disappointment to us all.

W. G. P.

Girls' Swimming Club.

The Girls' Swimming Club is in a flourishing condition, the attendance on Wednesdays being greater than in former years. Everyone is practising hard for the gala which is to be held on 18th June and which is eagerly looked forward to. The Life Saving Class this year numbers a dozen enthusiastic members more than last year. Thanks are due to Miss O. Smith, our president, for her untiring efforts to make this class a success. Our thanks are also due to Miss Duthie and Miss Brown for the great interest they take in the club and the valuable help they give.

**Guides.**

The chief event to report in this issue is the Guide Sale which took place at Mayfield, on 29th May. All the Dundee companies took part and the School Guides had their share of the work. At the demonstrations our company had the artist stall and four of our guides were there at work stencilling blotters, making candle-shades, and embroidering buttons. The rest of the company were employed other ways, some taking part in the concerts and dancing, some serving tea or at the stalls, some taking tickets, etc.

The guides are now looking forward again to camp, and we hope to have a very successful holiday, especially since some of us feel quite experienced in the art of camping out.

A. F. M.

**Magazine Club.**

The Magazine Club which was started this session continues to be a decided success, and the papers and magazines are read with interest. After perusal, the latter were put up for auction, and found ready purchasers, and the same will be done with those in hand.

To classes IX and X this club has been a great boon, and we trust that, as others pass into these classes, they will help the development of the venture begun this session.

Girls' Literary Society.

Though it is now nearly three months since the meetings of the Girls' Literary Society came to an end for this session, there are still three of these to report.

The first is that held on the evening of Friday, 27th February, when papers were read by Miss Annie Higgs and Miss Mary Hyslop. Miss Higgs entitled her paper "Schiehallion," and gave an interesting account of that mountain. Miss Hyslop's subject was "St. Andrews Castle," of which she gave a brief historical sketch, relating its connection with the kings of Scotland.

On the following Friday a delightful paper, written by Miss Janet Donaldson, was read to the society by Miss May Jobberns, in the unavoidable absence of the writer. Its title was: "The Most Amazing Man in the World," and it proved to be a charming and amusing sketch of the career of Thomas Alva Edison, the great American electrical engineer and inventor. Towards the close of this meeting Miss Whyte, the president, along with Miss Fergusson and Miss Hyslop, the artists, were each presented with books in recognition of their services to the society during the session.

The last meeting of both societies for the session was held in the Hall of the Girls' School on Saturday, 13th March, and took the form of a concert, arranged by Miss MacDougald, one of our vice-presidents. Miss MacDougald herself contributed four songs: "Tell me, Nightingale," "Eldorado," "Son of Mine," and "When Love is kind," all of which were much enjoyed, and Mr Mohr was enthusiastically encored for his banjo solos. Two other members of Miss MacDougald's party, Miss Robertson and Mr Miller, took part in an amusing one-act play by Mrs Barrie Paine, entitled "Dinner Here."

This meeting brought to an end another session of the Girls' Lit. It was a very successful one in every way, the papers all coming up to the usual high standard of excellence. The average attendance compared favourably with that of last year, and the membership was high. Our best thanks are due to Miss Whyte, Miss Smail, and Miss MacDougald for their sympathy and support.

A. M. M.



Boys' Literary Society.

Two meetings only remain to be spoken of, but they were two of the most interesting. On Saturday, 28th

February, Prof. A. H. Gibson lectured to a large audience of the boys' society on a subject of very pressing importance: "Natural Sources of Energy." He traced the development of man's ability to use Nature's latent power, up to the present, and even into the future, when he will be with the want of coal and oil. Prof. Gibson finished with some advice to those intending to follow the mechanical line and left us an enthusiastic society of young engineers.

On the 13th of March was held the concluding meeting of both societies. Miss MacDougald had arranged an attractive, but all too short, programme. Several pieces on a banjo took very well. Miss MacDougald gave some beautiful songs with all her well-known taste. A telephone sketch, very realistically acted by Mr Miller and Miss Robertson, formed the central piece of a most enjoyable evening. Miss Mackie and Mr Blackwood read reports on the progress of the respective societies, thanking Miss White and Mr Meiklejohn for their devotion to what is a rather irksome duty, and for their help in sustaining interest to the end.

J. M. M.



Cadet Corps.

On 1st May the company was inspected by Major-General Sir C. L. Woollcombe, K.C.B., on the Magdalen Green, and a satisfactory report was given by the General, although, as might have been expected, he could not see why a school of over two hundred senior boys should have such a small cadet corps. I was struck by the genuine interest that he took in us when we were drilling. Previous Generals have watched the proceedings from a safe distance, but this time the inspecting officer determined to see and hear for himself and walked about with us.

The Band has been provided with kilts, and with a little practice will be able to carry itself worthily.

The annual camp has been fixed from 25th June for a fortnight, and a good proportion of the cadets have handed in their names. We are going to Cortachy-- a place about five miles from Kirriemuir--and our enthusiastic captain, apart from general arrangements, has been to see the place and has actually arranged several cricket matches against local teams for us. With good weather a very enjoyable holiday will be spent.

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