

J. S. Murray

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 25

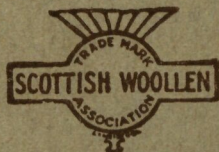
DECEMBER, 1922

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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 25]

DECEMBER, 1922.

[FOURPENCE

Editorial.

WE are all gradually emerging from the torpor produced by the quarterly examinations and are beginning to sit up and take notice. The School Dance will soon be here! And the Christmas Holidays! Let this be the slogan of those who got twenty-four out of at least four hundred in Mathematics. We ourselves are highly qualified to speak of such matters, we have "been there."

The Magazine is looking up these days, friends. It has every intention—let us whisper it—of seriously damaging the "Daily Mail's" record sale. This, of course, be it understood, we say in all humility, touching the while every available piece of wood and throwing at least half a pound of salt under our right in-step—or wherever one does throw these things.

A Brighter "Mag."! Deeply as we all loved these soul-stirring articles, packed with breathless incident, about the number of bricks in the Tay Bridge Station and such like, yet there was a sneaking feeling that we could do better if we tried. Well, we have tried, and for the rest—it is for you to judge. All adverse criticisms will please be accompanied by a proportionate Postal Order.

Seriously, though, one cannot achieve illumination without gas [Yes, we have heard of

electric light, but you might give us a free hand with our own metaphors at least!]; and we want gas badly and plenty of it. Incidentally we might explain here that we are not trying to insult our contributors. Far from it; all honour to them, and may they all send in two articles next time.

Anyhow, read on. If we have made you laugh twice by the time you lay this Magazine aside, we are very glad. If you haven't, go and fit a new kick-starter on your sense of humour.



WHEN WINTER COMES.

If winter comes, as long ago he did,
With snow and frost and mornings sharp
and clear,
As when our grandsires snowballed, laughed
and slid,
Then should we greet him with a hearty
cheer,
When winter comes.

But we, alas! know it shall be again,
A time of slush, wet winds, and noses blue,
And coming home drenched by the driving rain
We'll greet him only with a sad, at-chew!
When winter comes.

M. M., Class V.

Sir James Alfred Ewing,

Kc.B., M.A., Hon. LL.D., Hon. D.Sc., F.R.S., M.Inst.C.E.

IN this number we start a series of photographs of distinguished former pupils and none could more worthily occupy the first place than that of Sir James Alfred Ewing, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Edinburgh University.

Born in Dundee in 1855, he was educated at the High School, passing thence with an engineering scholarship to complete his training at Edinburgh University, where he specialised in mechanical engineering, and became a recognised authority on his subject.

In 1878 he was professor of this science in the Imperial University at Tokyo, Japan. Returning to this city in 1883 he was appointed Professor of Engineering at the University College, but resigned in 1890 to take the Chair of Mechanism in Cambridge University.

From 1903-1916, he was Director of Naval Education, and when the need for high explosives became urgent during the war the Government appointed him a member of the Explosive Committee. Many other honours have fallen to him, such as the Royal Medal for Research in Magnetism and the Rede Lectureship in Cambridge.

As one of the greatest authorities on his subject he has published many scientific papers and treatises, especially on magnetism and the physics of metals, earthquake measurement, mechanical production of cold, and thermodynamics.

Such briefly is the career and work of a former pupil who has done much to bring honour to the old school. The bare record of his achievements makes words of praise unnecessary, almost impertinent; but his work,

the monument of the industry of a great mind, stands as a beacon lighting the path which industry and high endeavour will try to tread—

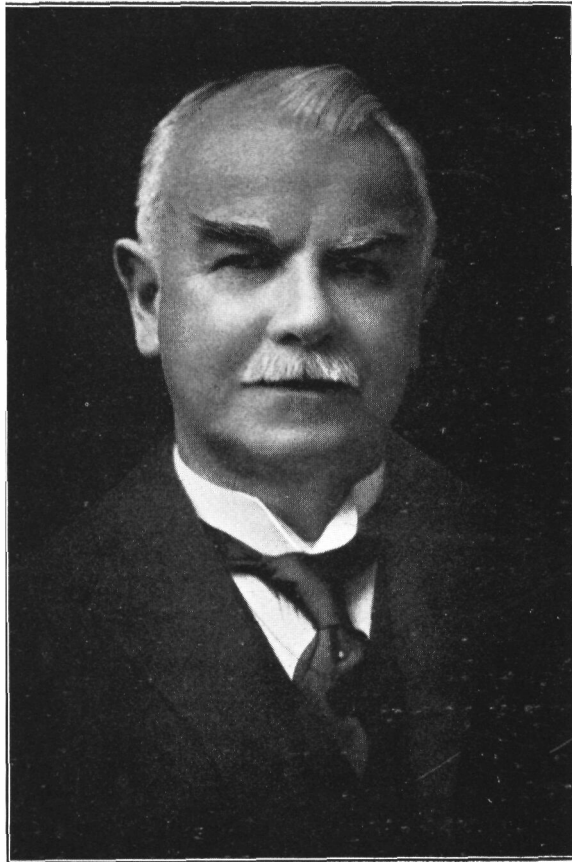
“ Sic itur ad astra.”



A Word of Greeting from an Old Pupil.

IT is fifty-one years since I left the High School, Dundee, with an engineering scholarship which took me to the University of Edinburgh. During half a century the School, along with the rest of the world, has seen many changes. In those days there was but little of the corporate life you have now. Not much was done to establish that esprit de corps which, when it is rightly promoted, comes naturally, and is so valuable an asset in a great school. We had much less reason than boys of the present day have of being proud of the School. But for all that, I do look back on my High School days with feelings of affection and gratitude which only become warmer as the years pass. For not only did I learn there things that interested me—things that opened up vistas, but I also learned the most useful lesson of all—to work diligently at any prescribed task, whether interesting or not. It is easy to work hard at the things one cares for. It is not so easy to work, steadily and effectively, at the things one finds dull. But if you have learned to do that you have taken a big step towards a useful and successful life.

J. A. EWING.



Sir JAMES ALFRED EWING

**Dundee High School
Magazine**



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How to Enjoy an Armitstead Lecture.

3 DON'T expect you will believe me when I tell you there are actually men and women in our midst who have tried Armitstead Lectures and found them indigestible. You and I know better, but I think it would be charitable to show those unfortunate people where exactly they are mistaken.

I propose to tell them at once: they must, however absurd it may sound, have gone to listen to the lecturer; there is absolutely no other explanation. I don't know if they realise the blackness of their ingratitude. Why, do they think, have the Trustees gone to the trouble of engaging a hall where a sergeant-major's voice would be quite lost? Just because they are well aware that, while many people are willing to spend an evening of quiet meditation in a comfortable tip-up, only a few like—actually like—to be disturbed by the faint yet irritating drone of a human voice. Those maniacs go to the front. Naturally they come out with highly disordered nerves. What did they expect. But as I have shown, it is not fair to blame the Trustees.

Let us give, then, a few hints to those who need them. First, all real gentlemen and ladies [like me] keep well out of harm's way, i.e., outside the range of the lecturer's voice. They bring in a paper bag containing sweets—ah, delightful paper bag! At times, during the lecturer's chat, they extract a lozenge or a peppermint and—suck! Be sure to make plenty of noise with the paper bag: it is as well to let people know you are not of the vulgar throng who cannot afford sweets. (If you can't, my dear sir or madam, bring along a sheet of your "Daily Mail" and a cake of india-rubber, which are excellent substitutes.)

A cough is not "de rigueur," but you feel rather lonely if you have not brought one when everyone round you is enjoying his or hers—yes, decidedly, a cough is an added delight. Towards the end you must do your best to look as if you came from Newport; stand up and put on your coat and squeeze your way to one of the inside passages (It is important that it should not be one of the outside ones: later you will understand the reason); and tread on as many toes as you can without undue loss of dignity. By the way, I am sure that anyone who is anything of a strategist will see the importance of coming early and getting a seat near the centre of a row: the Newport people recognised this long ago.

Now here is where you can show originality in pleasure-hunting. "Quite so," you agree, complacently secure in the consciousness that you always drop your umbrella. I, however, know a trick worth a dozen of that. It was taught me by a philanthropist, and also, I think I am safe in saying, a man of monumental genius, at the Kreisler recital. Here it is:

When you have reached one of the inside passages make your way to one which leads direct to a door, looking hard at the lecturer the while, as if loth to leave him (which, I admit, is just a little bit absurd). When you have reached your cross passage, accelerate sharply, your head hanging over one shoulder, and your eyes glued to the platform. You will infallibly have the delirious pleasure of biting the dust on the steps kindly provided by the management. I defy anyone who has faithfully followed my instructions, to say (truthfully, of course) that he has not passed a most intoxicating evening!

Youth and Age.

WE are sixteen. They say that we are very young. But we have worlds to conquer and sometimes we feel quite old. With our elders of twenty-six, thirty-six, and forty-six, we have little or no sympathy, for toward us they are mainly cynical, even callous at times. They are not old enough to know us.

There is an age, however, which is in sympathy with us. We turn to Sixty, to our grandparents, for understanding in our aspirations and difficulties. They, like us, suffer from the tyrannies of the middle-aged. Their faces, like ours, are turned towards unexplored regions.

"Let them hop and skip and jump," says Twenty-six. "They are free from care and irresponsible as the wind." Thirty-six dismisses us with a trite remark about the arrogance of youth, while Forty-six rushes in to excuse us because we are "young" (and the word comes almost contemptuously from his lips). But the thoughts of age, like those of youth, are "long, long thoughts," and they who dwell between call them simplicity. As Sixty is responsible for what is, so are we, Sixteen, responsible for what is to be. They say that we are very young, but only our grandparents know the meaning of our youth, for they are sixty.

We are sixty. They say that we are very old. In reality, we sometimes feel quite young, no older than sixteen. Our children are kind to us. They give us a cosy armchair by the fire, and there they leave us. They have little use for us. To our youthful grandchildren, and to them only, do we turn for

sympathy and understanding. We have lived our lives, and Fortune has not always been kind, yet we can regard the mountains of youth as something very much higher than mole-hills.

Like the young, we dream dreams, and see visions, and we know how old they feel, who are so young. Twenty-six says that we are garrulous, when we talk of the past; Thirty-six, more respectful, pities our infirmities; while Forty-six shakes his head and says, "They are so old. They cannot understand." But Sixteen will listen for hours to the tales we can tell, and youthful eyes will shine in anticipation as we speak of "Things that have been and may be again."

To us our grandchildren come with hopes and fears alike, and irresponsible as they, we grow young again to help and guide them. They say that we are very old, but our grandchildren see eternal youth in us for they are sixteen.



LETTER.

Dear Sir,—Do the authorities of the School not see that appeals, inducements, and threats are no avail as a means to increase the size of the School Cadet Corps, and that the only course is to bring in conscription? Is there anything against forcing the shirker to do his bit? It is a pity that such drastic measures should have to be taken, but the type of man who requires it is the type who will have to be driven all his days, the lazy, sleepy, pleasure-seeking individual who has less idea of what playing the game means than the youngest child in the School.

Since then experience has proved that all efforts other than compulsion have been unsuccessful, surely this last resource deserves at least a trial.—I am, etc.,

P = mf.

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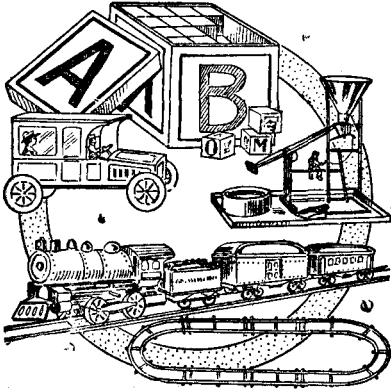
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Glanditis.

THINK back for a moment, said the learned professor, to the first tentative efforts which science made in the application of monkey gland for the purpose of rejuvenation and you will understand the gigantic steps which gland culture has made since 1922.

Take for example our champion wrestler, Crushemal. It was inoculation with grizzly gland that made him the superman he is. And Whistil, the human piccolo; blackbird gland did the trick for him. Then there are our famous comedians and politicians reared on slight cultures of March hares. Dullards and sluggards are fast disappearing, thanks to a copious supply of "gland formica," while artificial light expenses have been cut down since the feline serum became popular. I listened amazedly, though the rest of the audience seemed to take it as a matter of course.

I always had a hankering after the diving profession, ever since I dropped a threepenny bit in the deep end of the baths. In due time, I called at the Institute to study a bit, and take the fish gland treatment for six months.

Rather nasty stuff to take was the gland concoction, smelling vilely of concentrated cod liver oil—decidedly fishy. I was given enough to last the course, my daily quota being a tablespoonful after meals.

At last! I had just gulped down my final tablespoonful. The next morning my training was to start in earnest. Morning dawned clear and bright and with my thermal skin-tights to keep out the cold and two fin-like attachments I was ready for the real thing.

The fathers of the Institute were to give me my initial send-off, and punctual to the minute I met them at a well known spot on the Arbroath Cliffs. Twelve Beavers with snow-white overalls representing the brains of modern times gave me a dignified good morning, and without more ado led me to the beetling brow of a cliff.

A considerable initial velocity, they explained, was a sine qua non for a good dive, so they had decided to ensure my success by propelling me forcibly from the cliff. "No danger, my boy," they chuckled, as they slapped me encouragingly on the back, "just leave yourself in our hands"—I began to wish I could. Stout fellows too, I thought, as they clutched me with scientific precision, and well they might be with about a score of different serums in their system ranging from buffalo to black-beetle.

Off! The blue waves rushed up to meet me, but with a fairish splash I clove through them and started walking about the sea floor. So far all had worked according to programme, but now my breathing began to trouble me. I was getting dizzy and choking, so I stumbled blindly towards what I hoped was the shore. Up and up, but could I gain the surface? I had done it! I pulled myself into safety and collapsed. . . . "A trifling if rather inconvenient mistake," beamed the professor, "but now we know where the whale gland went to. You got it!—now, don't blubber, there's a lad.

P.S.—New Year's resolution to date from to-day:—I must break my Gorgonzola habit at supper.

The Result of a Dance.

The bell for classes had just rung
 When I opened the door,
 In breathless haste, my clothes I hung
 Upon the cloak-room floor.

Without e'er looking in the glass,
 Or tidying my hair,
 I hurried over to my class,
 And up the chem. lab. stair.

Doc. M. is not a pleasant man
 To any who are late,
 In vain I told him how I ran—
 A huge task was my fate.

At last th' experiment was begun,
 My partner worked it all,
 For I was dreaming of the fun
 I had at last night's ball.

Day dreams bring grief in such a place
 For crash! went my poor flask;
 I left that room in deep disgrace,
 Also with doubled task.

Next period was M—k— for trig.
 Dreams cost me dear there too,
 For I emerged with tousled wig
 And nose of chalky hue.

I next went into W—ls—n's class
 Determined to be good,
 But my intentions were, alas!
 All broken, by my mood.

Before me dainty feet would dance,
 I wanted to dance too,
 I sat and watched them in a trance
 But this I soon did rue;

For W—ls—n, seeing my straying glance,
 Asked the next word from me,

And being confused, I numbled "Dance,"
 "Take eighty lines," said he.

At last the longed-for lunch-time came,
 Misfortune seemed my lot,
 And once more 'twas the dance to blame—
 No money had I brought.

With hungry pains and sleepy eyes
 I wandered o'er to art,
 For grief seemed bound to me with ties
 That would not break apart.

And now indeed my poor head reels,
 Instead of drawing a box,
 Here was I, drawing Louis heels
 And dainty party frocks.

At M—s—s' class I worked no more
 But toppled off to sleep,
 But I was wakened by a roar,
 Out of my slumber deep.

"Go to the back of the room," said he,
 "You trifling, sleepy-head,
 No wonder would it be to me
 If you brought here your bed."

Before that awful day was o'er
 A few more tasks were mine,
 M—s—s and W—bb had added four,
 In all, I now had nine.

With tired limbs and aching head
 I left the school that night,
 All love of dancing had now fled
 And balls held no delight.

Now you who've heard of my mistake
 And my unhappy fate,
 I hope you will a lesson take
 Before it is too late.



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Our Burglar.

THERE was great excitement one morning when father told us there had been a burglar in our house while we slept. Breathlessly we listened while he told us the story.

About midnight, the previous night, he had put out the gas and was just about to go upstairs, when he heard what sounded like a muffled foot-step, the sound seeming to come from the kitchen. So convinced was he that a stranger was in the house, that he even searched the scullery and the coal cellar. No one was found, and thinking his ears had deceived him, he went to bed. After he had been asleep some time, he woke with the certainty that some one was moving down-stairs; he told us that he lay and wondered whether he could persuade himself it was all imagination. The clock struck four. For a while there was no sound; then the stealthy movements commenced again. Groping for a box of matches he bravely determined to face the intruder. As he went down-stairs, a stout stick in his hand he lit each gas as he came to it. Again came the sound as of a muffled foot placed heavily on the floor. When he entered the kitchen, there, on the table, were the remains of a half-finished meal. No one could he find so he searched the whole of the ground floor. But on his return to the kitchen he saw a white face peering in at the window.

We sat holding our breath as father made a long pause at this point of the story.

Then he told us how he darted to the window and saw the burglar running swiftly across the garden.—Another dramatic pause.

At last we learned that the burglar was a great—big—white—cat. The kitchen window had been left about four inches open and the cat had come prowling in search of food. On the

table was a mass of mutilated rabbit and brown paper wrapping. Sic transit our potential next day's dinner. The cat had clawed away the paper and eaten about half of the rabbit.

The muffled foot-fall had been the pad of the cat as it jumped from the table whenever it heard anyone moving in the house.

"The lower sashes of our ground floor windows are now regularly closed at nights."—Stray felines take notice.



The Lament of the Classical Student.

(With apologies to Tennyson.)

My heart is wasted with my woe

Happy Moderns!

There is no rest for me below

Happy Moderns!

While long dull odes of Vergil great

Fill even my very soul with hate—

Happy Moderns!

Oh! hang construe! why is't my fate?

Happy Moderns!

3.20 comes—my grief's not o'er,

Happy Moderns!

In W——'s room again I score,

Happy Moderns!

With "majies" "Maxies"—I'm oppressed

By Ovid, Livy, all the rest—

Happy Moderns!

My soul-inspiring construe's best,

Happy Moderns!

Alas! some years of classic grind,

Happy Moderns!

Yet stretch before my eager mind,

Happy Moderns!

Then—Joy! my books from me I'll cast

The book-leaves scatter in the blast,

Happy Classical!

My purgatory is now past,

Happy Classical!

SCHOOL NOTES.

The other day "soft-headed" and "soft-hearted" were described as synonymous. It is understood that the Society of the Naturally Soft-headed have filed an indignant protest against this infringement of their privileges.

Who took the "Corps" out of Cadet Corps?

There was once a young lady named M——, Who to get her hair bobbed was just crazy.

Her friends said to her: "Well,

If you think you'll look swell,

Your notions of beauty are hazy."

It is rumoured that one of the features of the Literary Society next term is to be a paper by Mr W——y on the health-giving propensities of radiators. Personally, we hardly credit it, but y' never know, y' know!

The following vers de société have been excavated recently in the neighbourhood of Westgreen:—

She wore a dress,
I laughed at it;
For brevity's
The soul of wit.



Things We Want To Know.

When is corporal punishment to be introduced at the Litt?

Why some more of the staff don't take up gliding?

When Mr M—k—hn's book on the "Calculus made difficult" is coming out?

Whether Mr C. B. K—— really has exceeded his half cigarette per annum?

And what the School is going to do about it?

Whether Mr G. Eddes held a commission in the Boys' Brigade prior to his not joining the Cadet Corps?

A feeling of deep horror ran round the School a few weeks ago when a certain rashi young lady announced that the apostles were two in number. We thought everyone knew by now that there were three—Se, Seo, and Thaet.

We are sorry to say that Mr J. B. S——t is confined to bed just now, owing to a severe attack of senile decay contracted when riding a certain motor-cycle from Broughty lately.

Apropos the name S——t, we were informed that the Editor had been forced to reject as many as three choral odes from as many young ladies, on the subject, "On first seeing a 1st XV. Cap," varied by "My Love he rides an A. J. S."; and one another whose theme is so purely private we dare not divulge.



With Apologies to Lord Tennyson.

Break, break, break,
For the ball is out and away,
And the "threes" are tearing for the goal,
With a sure try before them. Hurray!

Oh, well for the small "stand-off,"
That his partner had that one out!
Oh, well for the centre men,
That they ran at their half-back's shout!

Now the ball flies out to the wing,
But, alas, it is wide and low;
And, oh for the men of our last year's team,
For the scoring of long ago!

Break, break, break,
The whistle has sounded once more,
The enemy touch down the ball on our line,
While the forwards stand watching them score.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Recent Addresses :—

"B—x—r, you have no brains; you might as well have feet at both ends."

"M——, you've no conscience; you ought to go to the place where you don't need one."

Have you heard—What a splendid, industrious, hard-working, painstaking, attentive fellow W——n is?

He must be getting on—swimmingly!

"On with the Dance."

Pupils of the D.H.S.

Hear us as we sing
With the praises of our School
Let the rafters ring.
Loyal hearts and true,
Bring we here to-day,
Chanting as our battle-cry,
D.H.S. for aye.

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

The turquoise sky of but an hour ago
Flushes from pink to crimson, all aglow
With colour; and the autumn-tinted leaves,
Ruddy before, now change to burnished gold.
The fiery sun, fast sinking out of sight,
Tinges the cold grey hills with warmer light,
And mellows all.

The iron rings out on the frosty road
As tramps the ploughman homeward with his load.

The weary workers gather round the fire;
All animals and men at rest once more.
A drowsy blackbird from a tree nearby
Twitters a song of praise, and gives soft cry
Its mate to call.

A whisp'ring wind comes rustling down the glen

And dies away; an owl hoots twice, and then
A dog barks loud at some lone passer-by;
Then all is silent, save a murm'ring stream.
A few bright stars are twinkling here and there—

The gathering dusk and twilight fills the air—
And night doth fall.

FROM AN OLD BALLAD.

The schoolboy he was walking,
Was walking round the square,
With footsteps long and swinging,
And his eyes fixed in a glare.

Chorus:

With his stick upon his shoulder,
His cap perched on his crown,
And half an inch of hanky
From his coat sleeve hanging down.

He went up to a bobby,
And to him he did say,
"I'd rather go to Scala
Than do lessons any day."

Chorus—With his stick, &c.

The bobby found a master,
And told him what he'd said.
Then the master told his pupil,
He was soft about the head.

Chorus—With his stick, &c.

The boy he told his parents,
Who took him straight away.
They had felt his head all over,
And 'twas hard as wood they say.
Chorus—With his stick, &c.

An Adventure.

THEY all sat silent as the last words died away. Bobby was the first to recover from the mystic spell of that hair-raising ghost-story. Gazing into the heart of the fire, Bobby was filled with awe as slowly a troop of ghosts and cavaliers took shape in the glowing coals; but Bobby was practical if anything, and, shaking off this unusual dreaminess he shuddered violently. Just then the nuts began to crack and brought the others back to earth. The shackles of silence were broken and Joy was congratulated on the complete success of her story. After some discussion by the elder members of the party, and considerable squabbling for nuts on the part of the younger members, Bobby announced that it was Uncle Jack's turn to take the mystic chair. (Each person had to sit, while he was telling his story, in a chair in which Charles I. is said to have sat for the last time.)

Another log was thrown on the fire, and, accompanied by the merry crackling of the wood and the dismal howling of the wind outside, Uncle Jack commenced his story.

"Well," he said, taking a deep breath (which Bobby said was a sigh of despair), "a number of years ago I was shooting over the extensive moors of Glen Rannoch. After a successful day's sport, I felt I could not remain at home, and, as the first pale streaks of pink began to tinge the evening sky, I started to climb a neighbouring hill. As it was still early in August I knew that darkness would not reign supreme for some time yet. I reached a sort of shallow cave; indeed, it could scarcely be called such, as it was merely caused by the projection of the ground overhead. Not thinking of any danger, I sat down

and took out my pipe. I had been sitting there for some time, gazing at the beautiful scenery, when I realised that my pipe had gone out. I was just in the act of refilling it, when several wild colts, that used to wander over the hills, galloped by, it seemed to me, directly overhead. The "roof" of the "cave" shook ominously, and before I had scented the danger, it collapsed. I was pinned beneath the fallen earth. At first I thought I would be able to free myself, but on attempting to do so, I found I was utterly unable to move my right arm; my other limbs, I could move slightly, but I was unable to free myself. At length I gave up, exhausted. I was dazed by the pain of a gash in my forehead, from which the blood was flowing freely; my limbs grew numbed, but I kept hoping someone would discover me. It was a very frail hope, for it is not often that anyone is on the hills at such a late hour on a night in August. Darkness began to fall, and a sharp breeze sprang up shaking the tops of the gloomy pines.

I tried to forget my pain and prayed for strength to last out. Occasionally the wind increased making a weird whistle as it bustled through the woods. Many times I started, thinking help was at hand, but each time I was the victim of my overstrung imagination. Time dragged on slowly, and still no help appeared. At last a dull red flush spread over the eastern sky, a great red orb slowly began to peep over the horizon; dawn was breaking. I felt I could hardly last out much longer when suddenly, I seemed to hear a distant bark. Joyous expectation kept me conscious. At last (oh, what a time it seemed to me then) a dog bounded towards me. I was saved."

R. P. D.

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**CADET CAMP
CORTACHY**

**Dundee High School
Magazine**

The Corps in 1920—A Fantasy.

THE vast hall was tenantless; its walls, shrouded in sombre black, seemed to exude a grim malignity which struck chill into the heart of the old bent man who tottered wearily up the marble stairs and into its pillared vestibule. Shades of past glories mocked at him as he entered; a tear slowly trickled down his furrowed cheek as he stood sunk in thought.

Suddenly 15.30 hours rang out from the great clock. An involuntary shudder ran through the listener, and another tear fell with a splash on the mosaic floor. 15.30 hours—what memories were brought back! The old words of command returned to his palsied brain: "Shahpah there, mahkah!" The long forgotten words could scarce be formed by his enfeebled tongue; his glottal stops had grown rusty through insufficient oiling. He mused and the ghosts of the past rose before him.

But, sir! Creeping furtively from pillar to pillar stole a small child of light. Stealthily he peeped in and spying that bent figure, he took heart and drew near. Blushing self-consciously, he timidly murmured a few words, a strange indefinable feeling of pity in his heart. The old man scarce comprehending, turned a lack-lustre eye on him.

"Sergeant, can I join the corps, please?"
"How old, my son?" "Eight, Sergeant."

A peal of demoniac laughter reverberated through the vaulted hall. "Too old," moaned the aged warrior, "Just Heaven, too old," and he fell swooning to the floor.

The urchin retreated pale, trembling, scarce wotting what he wist. The funeral hangings became two semitones darker. All was silent save for the frenzied beating of the old man's pulse.

The Sum.

(With apologies to Charles Kingsley.)

I once did a beautiful sum dears,
The neatest sum in the world,
The lines were so beautifully ruled dears,
And the figures so charmingly curled.
But I gave in my poor little sum dears,
As I sat in the class one day,
And I sorrowed for nearly an hour, dears,
For I knew on whose table it lay.

I got back my poor little sum, dears,
As I sat in the class next day,
And I must say it was terribly changed, dears,
For the figures were red-inked away.
It was all torn up by the master, dears,
And into the waste-basket hurled,
But though wrong—all wrong, it was still,
dears,
The neatest sum in the world.



Letter.

Sir,—I have lately observed that members, nay, almost whole classes of the Lower School have contracted the pernicious and undesirable habit of standing on the steps opposite the western gate of the Boys' School. Last session mandates were posted up relegating the classes of the Lower School to their proper sphere. Are the steps assigned to the seniors to be polluted by the presence of the juniors? Are Classes 8, 9, and 10 to be forced from their own demesne? As the immortal Maro says, "Barbarus has segetes?" And lastly, have not 8, 9, and 10 a more intelligent interest than lower classes in the—er—traffic on the adjacent roadway?—I am, sir,

8, 9, and 10's steps for 8, 9, and 10.

Reports.

Cadet Camp—1922.

The fourth annual camp of the High School Cadet Company was held this summer on the Estate of His Lordship, the Earl of Airlie. We pitched our tents in the same field as on the last two occasions.

We left Dundee in a drizzle of rain, under command of Captain Wilson, but by the time we reached our camping-ground, the weather had cleared up. We got all our tents pitched on practically dry ground, and were soon settled down to a fortnight's holiday of the best kind imaginable.

Unfortunately Captain Wilson had to leave us, but we were left under the wing of Lieutenant M'Laren, who was ably supported by that fine old soldier, R.S.M. Checkley.

We were all up early on Sunday morning, but the weather clerk must have been up sooner because it was raining. An unofficial Church Parade was held at which about a dozen were present, and we marched to Church headed by Pipe-Major Low.

We were all fairly tired on Sunday, especially the "rookies," who were at camp for the first time, and had got very little sleep the first night.

Monday morning saw the start of the daily routine which was run on the usual lines. We finished drill every day by 12.45, and after that we had various kinds of sport till lights out was sounded at 10.15.

There was one distinctive feature about this year's camp, and that was the number of fatigues which had to be done. Kit inspection was a terrible affair. If your blankets were not folded correctly, or if a blade of grass was on your kit, you got "fatigue." Indeed, when a fatigue party was required, say, for cleaning the lines, it was wonderful how many reasons were found for putting the whole company on fatigue.

A cricket tournament was held, each tent having a team in the competition. It was won by the team captained by Cadet J. F. Strain.

We played two soccer matches with the Cortachy

team, but we were beaten both times. They play no cricket at all now, so we did not manage to get our own back, as we usually do in the cricket field.

The weather was very unkind to us most of the time, and one afternoon our Rector was coming up with Colonel Smith. It poured all forenoon, but after the rain stopped it cleared up wonderfully, and by the time Mr and Mrs Maclellan arrived our camp was looking tip-top.

Our band treated them to some music, and then eight of the company, in full dress uniform, gave an exhibition of how the eightsome reel ought to be danced.

The days slipped by only too quickly and we were soon on our second week. We had plenty to do as we had to get into shape for the inspection. This meant keeping the camp ground in perfect order and doing as much drill as possible. We were inspected by Colonel Black, supported by Colonel Smith and Major Smith. The inspecting officer inspected the company, and then R.S.M. Checkley put us through some drill. We then had a sham attack which was carried out very well.

A piping contest was carried through, and was won by Piper Ronald Watson, who was presented by the inspecting officer with a magnificent pipe-chanter. Another presentation was made to Cadet N. R. Jamieson, for the best aggregate in the three shoots for the Strathcona Shield.

Colonel Black expressed his satisfaction with our turn out, and again commented on the smallness of the company. What there was of it, he said, was very good, but he felt that from a school the size of ours the Cadet Company should be far stronger.

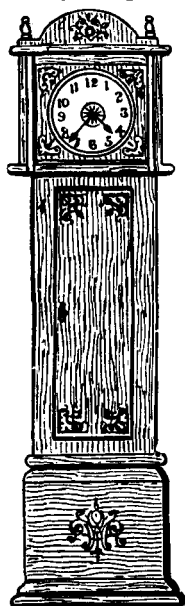
The most enjoyable part of the camp was kept for the last week, namely, the concert and dance held in the Cortachy Drill Hall.

The concert party, in charge of ex-C.S.M. William Blackwood, had been rehearsing during the fortnight's stay in camp and everything was in shape for the performance. The pierrot troupe consisted

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of Sergeant-Major Mudie, Quartermaster-Sergeant Spence, Sergeant Kinnison, Corporal Hardie, Cadet J. B. Scott, and ex-C.S.M. Blackwood. These six carried through a delightful programme of solos, duets and concerted numbers. They were ably supported by an orchestra got up from the company, under the leadership of Drummer Hartley.

Besides those mentioned above the following contributed to the success of the evening:—Miss Elsa Kinnison, who danced most gracefully; Mr William Roger, who amused everyone with his humorous songs; and Drummer Hartley, who gave selections on the violin. Special mention must be made of two of the performers, Lieutenant M'Laren, who gave a splendid exhibition of physical jerks and stunts, also Pipe-Major Low for his bagpipe solos.

This year, for the first time, we were honoured by having the Earl of Airlie in the audience at our concert. At the opening he was presented with a manuscript score of the pipe music of the "Bonnie Hoose of Airlie." The artistic work which included a black and white sketch of the entrance to Cortachy Castle, was the work of Cadet N. R. Jamieson. Sergeant-Major Mudie made the presentation, and thanked the Earl for the kind hospitality he had shown the boys during their stay in camp.

In his acknowledgment, the Earl told the boys how glad he was to have them camp on his estate, and hoped that Cortachy Castle grounds would be the scene of their annual camp for years to come.

After the concert an impromptu dance was held which was greatly enjoyed both by the Cortachy folk and by the Cadets.

The last day of camp arrived, and we were all very sorry to leave. Some of us will not have the pleasure of another Cadet Camp, but those who have the opportunity of getting such a glorious holiday, and do not take it, well, they don't know what they are missing.

The greatest thanks are due to Lieutenant M'Laren for the way in which he ran the camp. This was his first camp with us, and I am sure it was the pleasantest camp of the whole four. It is to be hoped that he will have charge of many more camps because there could not be a better leader for the Cadets, both in drill and in sport. He was very

ably supported by Sergeant-Major Checkley. It would be a difficult thing to imagine a High School Cadet Camp without him.

Pipe-Major Low deserves the greatest praise also for the way in which he has made a class band out of the junior members of the company.

In closing, mention must be made of two others who did great work in making our 1922 camp the success it was. These are the two cooks, Jock Macfarlane and Sergeant Healy. The way they managed to have everything cooked perfectly in the pouring rain on an open fire still remains a mystery to many.

Cadet Corps.

The Corps this year is fighting its way against an unaccountable wave of prejudice which has swept through the upper classes. The numbers are lamentably small, the total strength being about forty, of whom almost fifty per cent. are in the band. There have been many previous appeals to the School to join the Corps and justify all the time and trouble that Colonel Smith has lavished on it, but surely none so urgent as this. It is the duty of all who are old enough and strong enough to join and not to let the School down.

Owing to the low strength of the Cadet Corps there have been few promotions, and those merely temporary. They are as follows:—Company Sergeant-Major, W. G. Duff; Company Quartermaster Sergeant, J. M. Wilkie; Sergeants, J. R. Myles and J. F. Maclellan.

Boys' Literary Society.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was called on 21st September by the new President, Mr P. Lowson, and after the usual custom office-bearers were then elected.

The first private meeting was held on Saturday, 7th October, for the purpose of hearing selections of literature read by three members. At the next meeting, Saturday, 14th October, the opening address of the session was made. The lecturer was Mr T. M. Davidson, who delivered an address on "The Evolution of Christian Art." Both Boys' and Girls' Societies were present.

On Saturday, 21st, the Society held a "Hat Night." At the close of the meeting, the President

announced his decision that in future private meetings would close at 8.15 p.m.

The following Saturday, the 28th, a "Discussion" was held on "A League of Nations." There were three leaders—Messrs Rattray, Fleming and Geddes. Mr Rattray supported the opinion that a League of Nations was desirable and ought to be set agoing. Mr Fleming maintained that such a League was neither desirable nor possible; and Mr Geddes, that it was desirable but not practicable. All three speakers made good speeches and used strong arguments. The meeting decided in favour of Mr Rattray.

On Saturday, 11th November, the Society heard Seventh Class papers read by two members, Mr G. Roberts and Mr W. Gilmore. Mr Roberts gave an interesting address on "Our New City Hall." Mr Gilmore gave a paper on a "Comparison between the merits of a Motor Bicycle and a Car."

The next Saturday, the 18th, Mr D. C. Anderson gave an essay on "Athens." He described in an interesting manner Athens and her people in the time of her fame.

The Society is in a flourishing condition this session. The attendances at all meetings have been very high and the speaking has been very animated.

W. D. Y.

Girls' Literary Society.

The office-bearers of the Girls' Literary Society were elected at a meeting held on the 21st September, and with Miss O. Smith as President, the Society has made a most promising start to this session. The membership has, unfortunately, decreased slightly from that of last year, but the weekly attendance is good.

The first meeting for the session was held on Saturday, 14th October, when the Girls' and Boys' Societies met in the Science Lecture Room to hear a lecture given by Mr T. M. Davidson, M.A., B.Sc., on "The Evolution of Christian Art." The subject was treated in a most interesting manner, and was illustrated by some beautiful lantern slides.

At the first private meeting, held on the 20th October, selections from literature were read. The next meeting was "Hat Night," and a notable feature of the evening was the keenness in debate evinced by the younger members.

On the 3rd November, owing to the inability of the Seventh Class to be present to give their papers, the debate was held (instead of on the 19th January) on the subject, "The Business Woman v. The Domestic Woman." Miss K. Fraser led for the Business Woman, and Miss E. Robertson for the Domestic Woman. The debate, rather slow at first, became keener as the members warmed to their work, and the result of the vote was a majority for the Business Woman of six votes. The Seventh Class papers will be given on the 19th January.

On the 10th November, the annual "Hat Night" was held, and many articles suitable for the Magazine were read.

Three members of the eighth class read very interesting papers on the 17th November. Miss R. Dow read Miss J. Sinclair's paper on "Hallowe'en," in which Miss Sinclair first told us the origin and meaning of Hallowe'en, and then described the various ceremonies which take place then. Miss J. Clark's paper was entitled "Books," and in it she summarised the books of some of the best known authors, both classical and modern. Miss J. Buchanan wrote about "Ghosts," and in her paper she told us some very weird and gruesome ghost stories.

Members will be interested to note that Miss Lorimer has kindly consented to get up an entertainment for both Societies, which will take place on the 10th of March.

E. W. M.

Rifle Club.

During the past session the Rifle Club had a record number of members, 126 in all, including Girl Guides and Cadet Corps.

The Girl Guides made themselves acquainted with the rifle very creditably, four of them gaining the Cross Rifle Badge with the required number of points, eighty per cent. The Captain and Lieutenant of the Company proved themselves able to compete with any shot in the Club this year.

Unfortunately the members of the Cadet Corps do not attend regularly. This being one of the most important parts of their training they should try to shoot once a month at least. All the other members of the Club, however, were most keen in their practice throughout the session.

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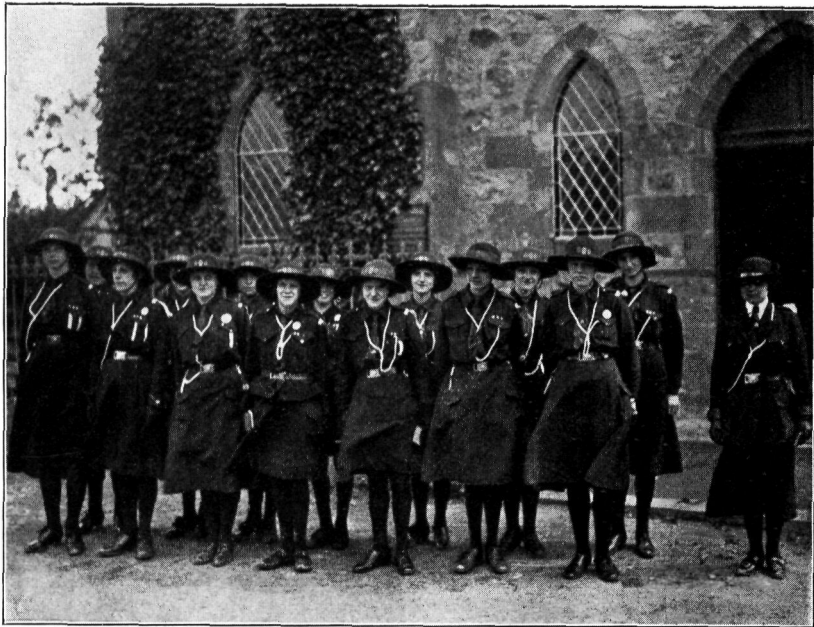
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**GIRL GUIDES
CHURCH PARADE**

**Dundee High School
Magazine**

The following were the prize-winners:—

Urquhart Cup and Gold Medal.—Ninian Jamieson.

Beginners' Cup and Gold Medal.—Alec Millar.

Bell Medal.—Ninian Jamieson.

Lord Robert's Medal.—John MacLennan.

"Daily Express" Medal.—J. B. Hill.

"Daily Telegraph" Certificate.—George Chalmers.

"Daily Mail" Certificate.—Frederick MacLennan.

First Section Prizes.—1st, Ninian Jamieson; 2nd, John MacLennan; 3rd, J. B. Hill; 4th, George Chalmers.

Second Section Prizes.—1st, Peter Jack; 2nd, Andrew Thornton; 3rd, John Mosson; 4th, Ronald Watson.

Prize for the Best Attendance.—Alec Millar.

Girl Guides' Prizes.—1st Edith Robertson; 2nd, Barbara Robertson; 3rd Alice White; 4th, Betty Miller.

The Annual Rifle Match between Master and Pupils this session was won by the boys. The following are the scores:—

Masters.		Pupils.	
Mr Cadzow,	92	J. Roger,	94
Mr Stalker,	91	J. B. Hill,	92
Mr Mann,	91	R. Morrison,	91
Mr Lowson,	90	A. Laird,	90
Dr Murray,	88	J. Jack,	90
Mr Laird,	85	J. Mosson,	89
Mr M'Laren,	85	J. MacLennan,	88
Mr M'Donald,	83	J. Anton,	86
Mr M'Kenzie,	82	J. Myles,	85
Mr Wilson,	82	H. Scarlett,	82

Total, ... 869

Total, ... 887

Hockey Club.

The Club has opened again this year with a large membership. Amongst our Junior members there are a number of very promising players, and the Saturday morning practices are well attended.

Seven matches have been arranged for the 2nd XI. of which one has been played, against Seymour Lodge 1st XI., resulting in a win for us, 1-0. The others are versus Dundee Ladies' 2nd XI., Morgan Academy 2nd XI., and one with Newport Ladies.

The 1st XI. are again playing in the School League; we have only played three League matches, two of which we have won. On October 14th, we travelled to Perth to play our first League match, but were

badly beaten, as the score of 10-3 shows. On October 28th we played Arbroath High School at home. We won a most exciting match by 14 goals to 2. Of these Esma Laird scored ten.

Our match against Harris Academy at home was also a win for us, the score being 6-1.

On November 18th, Morrison's Academy were, unfortunately, unable to visit us owing to infectious illness in the School. We played a 2nd XI. from St Andrews instead in a friendly game.

Apart from League matches we have also played D.H.S.F.P.'s; this was a good game though we were beaten 6-4. Two matches have been played with the Waid Academy. We beat them 7-1 at home, only to be ourselves beaten 6-5 at Anstruther. We have had two good practice games against Seymour Lodge F.P.'s and the Games Club on the election holidays granted the School.

The team has been changed about a lot, and is at present as follows:—C. Shearer; I. Davidson, A. Peat; F. Macgregor, B. Robertson, and N. Linton; M. Wallace, E. Anderson, E. Laird, M. Braid, and M. Mudie. Our Captain this season is Esma Laird; Vice-Captain, Lilian Mudie; Secretary, Barbara Robertson.

We must heartily thank Miss Olive Smith, our President, for her unwavering interest in us, and for the time she devotes to coaching us and refereeing our matches.

B. H. R.

Rugby.

The School Rugby side began the season under a severe handicap, in that no fewer than eight of last year's XV. had left—six of them "caps." The back division was more seriously hit than the forward, as of the seven, who represented the school so well last season, only two were left. In consequence, a great deal of experimenting has had to be carried through—forwards of previous years being converted into three-quarters and substitutes found for the vacant places—and it is only in recent weeks that the side has assumed a more or less fixed shape. Several casualties added to the difficulties.

A very full fixture list has been prepared, including home-and-home matches with the schools usually met, and a notable addition in the Colleges' XV. of St

Andrews University. Of the nine matches already played two have been won and seven lost, four of them by a narrow margin. There seems some reason to hope, now that the side has found its feet, that the balance of wins and losses will be readjusted before the end of the season. Caps have been awarded to:—I. L. Scott (captain), W. B. Cochran, J. K. Davidson, L. Fleming, and W. G. Duff. In addition to these the following have represented the School:—A. B. Barrie, W. D. Young, W. Gilmore, J. Myles (9 matches), C. B. Kinnear, P. D. Ritchie (8 matches), J. M. Wilkie (7 matches), R. Allison, J. B. Scott (6 matches), J. F. Anton, J. B. Hill, W. D. Leslie (5 matches), R. R. Davidson (2 matches), G. M. Wilkie (1 match).

Good evidence of the flourishing state of the game in the School is the existence of a strong 2nd XV. Unfortunately their enthusiasm is somewhat damped by the difficulty of arranging suitable matches, owing to the fact that few of the Schools we meet are able to run a second string. Only one match has been played so far—against Waid Academy. We were victorious here. Class VI. enjoys the distinction of being able to field a side of its own.

Girl Guides.

This year, the Girl Guides again camped at Kirk-michael. The weather was by no means favourable, but the Guides made the pleasant discovery that camp might be enjoyable despite rain, wind, and thunderstorms. All displayed the true Guide spirit, and smiled and sang under difficulties. Despite the lack of sun, the girls returned home looking and feeling very fit.

A visit from Mrs MacLennan and Colonel T. H. Smith was much appreciated by all in camp.

This session the Guides decided to help some of the poorer Guide companies in Dundee, and have, therefore, during the latter part of the term, been knitting and sewing for that purpose.

In the recent Badge Tests, four senior Guides brought distinction to the Company, not only by

gaining the First-Class Awards and All Round Cords, but by taking the first four places among all the Guides in Dundee who entered for the examination.

The results were:—Betty Miller, 89 per cent.; Edith Robertson, 89 per cent.; Mollie Braid, 82 per cent.; Barbara Robertson, 78 per cent.

Girls who are desirous of joining the High School Company may do so at any time, and will be heartily welcome.

Swimming Club.

The Swimming Club continues to have a large membership, and although the attendance at the baths is not so large during the winter those who do go are making good progress.

Some of the members of the Life-Saving Class entered for tests at the end of last session, and were successful in winning a number of certificates and medals.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking the President, Miss Olive Smith, for her keen interest and valuable instruction, which go so far in making the Club a success.

The officials for this season are:—President, Miss Olive Smith; Captain, Barbara Robertson; Vice-Captain, Elizabeth Miller.

W. G. D.

Boys' Swimming Club.

The Club continues in a flourishing condition as the following results show.

The School team took second place in the Dundee Schoolboys' Swimming Championship—team race. The following made up our team:—G. Meiklejohn, J. M'Fadzen, T. Richmond, and I. Gray.

In the Individual Swimming Championship J. M'Fadzen took second place, while in the Life-Saving Competition the School carried off the Shield, thanks to the fine performance of G. Meiklejohn and Fergus Greig.

Our thanks are due to Mr M'Laren for his unfailing interest and support.

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