

G. S. Murray

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 26

MARCH, 1923

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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 26]

MARCH, 1923.

[FOURPENCE

Editorial.

THERE are certain birds of ill omen who are prophesying that our Easter sales are going to be poor in consequence of the "Leavings." It is on this very fact that we base our hopes of redoubled sales; we have a vivid picture of youths and maidens surfeited and heavy with recent exams., having a mental spring-cleaning by means of cooling draughts from the crystalline springs of the "Mag." Sounds well, what? A little mixed we grant you; but still a hot effort. Who said Wordsworth? You all remember, or you don't—personally we ourselves had to look it up—Milton's remark about Fame being "that last infirmity of Noble mind?" Messrs Mackay, Irons can have no idea of the noble minds that are concealed beneath High School head-gear, or the fees would have gone up with a bang. We say "noble minds" advisedly; for you all show such marked contempt for literary fame that no other epithet would be applicable.

To tell the truth, we have not yet had to engage an assistant to cope with the mass of M.S.S. evoked by our tearful pleadings in the last number. Gladly would we pay such an assistant from our own private purse were he but needed. Underneath the usual, particular-

ly High School attitude of derision towards home industries, we presume that you are not so far sunk in apathy as not to wish success for the Mag. Useful as a blank magazine would undoubtedly be to those impecunious souls who cannot afford scribblers for Maths., still it is not without emotion that we contemplate such a prospect. Therefore, my friends, gird on your fountain pens; pour forth on to paper those gems of thought which one can almost hear fermenting in your brains. Do gems ferment, you ask? Certainly. All the best gems, at least.

In order to show you, however, that we are not always grumbling we will finish on a note of benevolence and goodwill towards men. May you all pass in the exams. you have been sitting, and may you all spend a joyous Easter vac.; that you may return, care free, to the arduous (?) labours that the summer term has in store.

❧

We wish to congratulate Mr Laird on his well-deserved promotion to the position of second master in the English Department in succession to Mr Borland, and to welcome Mr Legge who has come from Aberdeen to fill Mr Laird's position.

The Late R.S.M. Checkley.

3T was with a deep sense of the loss to the personnel of the School that we heard of Sergeant-Major Checkley's untimely death. It is no exaggeration to say that he was one of the most universally popular men in the School, and no adequate tribute could be paid to the great work which he did for us, more especially as regards the Cadet Corps. As instructor to that body, he displayed endless patience and unfailing good humour and strove in every way in his power to inspire us with that spirit of fair play and esprit-de-corps which was so marked a constituent of his own character. Nor was his influence vain; there are few of those who knew him at all intimately, but can say that they derived some great benefit from their association with so fine a soldier, so upright and worthy a man.

Our sincerest sympathy is tendered to his widow and children in their great bereavement. All we can say is that we, too, who knew him in work and play, mourn for him as for a dear and honoured friend.

A Nightmare.

MANY of you know, no doubt, as I do, what a terrific thunder-bolt descends upon you when that one-two-three-four, one-two-three-four person, your music teacher, tells you that you are to play such and such a piece at the recital at the close of the session.

You feel that dreadful sensation of getting hot and cold all over, and a lump immediately ascends into your throat. You go home with a heavy heart and practise the hateful piece until you get it to please you; then you imagine you are playing it to an audience and your fingers promptly stiffen and trip over one another.

The weeks pass all too swiftly and you discover with sickening suddenness that you have only three weeks now, and your hard-hearted teacher says he thinks you will be able to play it without the music; and so you go on feeling more dispirited every day.

At last the dreaded night arrives! You get into your best frock, somehow, to the accompaniment of your piece which is incessantly ringing in your mind. Your excitement is getting almost unbearable when you leave home and arrive at the hall half an hour too soon. What a long wait that half-hour is. It seems more like half a day. Now you are seated beside the other performers; and the pretty lace handkerchief you have with you, is rolled into an unrecognisable ball by your nervous fingers. You are sixth on the programme, but you haven't the haziest notion what items one to five were. Number five has played her last chord, and is coming back to her seat. You rise slowly to your feet and walk uncertainly across to the piano, then you sit down and are just going to begin when—horror of horrors! you have forgotten the opening chord! Why won't the floor open and swallow you? A sea of watching, eager, critical faces swims before you watching, waiting for harmony or discord

And then eureka! you have found it—the lost chord—and all the rest. An encore! Why, of course—delighted!



Sergeant-Major CHECKLEY

Dundee High School
Magazine



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The Major and I—A Golf Story.

 OUR position before the game, which, by your leave, I am going to describe was briefly this: In common with the majority of golfers, we played the game badly, but thought we played it rather well. Judge then how irksome it must have been to us to know we were considered easily the worst two players who had ever dug up this particular course—so bad that we were quite outside the reach of any known handicap. But the most irksome bit of it was that no one seemed ever to suspect that one of us might be worse, or better, than the other. Naturally we had our own opinions on the subject. To decide the matter once for all, we arranged to play a match under strict R. and A. rules.

While we were standing on the first tee waiting for the couple in front to get out of range, the Major took it upon himself to give the large audience which had assembled to speed us on our round an exhibition of poker bending with my brassie. . . . Of course when the thing happened he was profuse in his apologies. However, I think I used my large vocabulary to good effect. It was particularly annoying as I had got up that morning feeling it was the day for my brassie, a club which, in the ordinary way, I rather avoid.

Off the first tee I had a good low raking drive, which some purists might have called topped, while the Major sliced his badly into the teeing box. I blushed for the man. It bounded back and rolled down the hill behind him. There I left him, gardening with his niblick. When I had holed out in a useful nine (bogey four), I sat down and awaited his arrival on the next tee. He arrived comparatively soon, propelling his ball along in front of him.

"How many?" I shouted in friendly greeting.

"Twenty-seven," he answered perspiringly.

"Good, very good," I said to myself, "that is your hole: you're playing well to-day, my lad. A little more wrist work and follow through this drive, and you'll show the fellow."

Unfortunately I pressed, and my ball soared with an ugly curl into a wilderness of stones, and rabbit holes, and tin cans, about fifty yards to the right. My partner missed his first two badly, and topped his third, but at the fourth attempt the ball moved forward in good order to take up its position about seventy yards further on: it was doubtless tired of the Major's attentions. With my ninth I hit my ball into a Californian pear tin, and the beastly thing wouldn't come out, just rattled about irritatingly inside. So I decided to take the tin along with the ball. With my eighteenth, however, I saw the Californian pear tin, with all it contained, disappear down a particularly large rabbit hole. When I came up, I saw that nothing short of a platoon of gravediggers could recover my good Star Challenger. So I sat down and swore quietly for a while, and then, like the honest soul I am, I decided to give up the hole: you see, I had not another ball of the same make in my bag. As I approached the green I was met with—

"How many?" in a cheery voice.

"I give you the hole."

"Oh thanks. Fact is, the cover came off my pill, so I was not quite sure what to do about it. But seeing you have given me the hole, it's all right."

I thought he looked rather uneasy as he said this, and I suspected that this cover coming off

was a synonym for a lost ball. Why could not the man be honest? I had given him the hole anyway.

The third is the long hole: the hole to which the Committee point when someone tells them their course is too short; the hole where most long-handicap men, and all women and children make a guess at their score at the end. When the flag was put back, we discovered that our scores stood at thirty-six and thirty-seven. I strongly suspected my partner of cheating, but said nothing as I had won the hole anyway.

The fourth which is a bogey four, was halved in an exciting and well-played seven. About this time we noticed that the people behind were driving into us, a practice which I detest; so did the Major, and he said so.

While the Major was improving the bunker which guards the fifth green, a Dunlop, with blue marking, dropped in beside him, which, he told me, put him off his stroke.

"The hounds," he remarked chattily, "the dirty, low, sneaking swine, I'll drive their dashed ball back to them." He took out his driver, laid the ball in a good lie, and drove it back to them. At least, that was the idea. To be exact, the Major's besetting sin asserted itself, and the ball trickled ridiculously off the toe of his club into the river, which is pretty fast at that bit. Always the perfect gentleman! Not a muscle of my face moved. Besides I had meant to keep the ball. Blue Dunlops were three and sixpence in those days; in fact they were hardly to be bought, and it turned out to have been driven by a well-known professional, who was rather annoyed at losing it, and said so.

Well, I am not going to torture you with a detailed description of the Major's bad play the whole way round. Suffice it to say that we were all square with one hole to play. All through, however, I had played the stronger game.

We were at the eighteenth. I was taking no risks, and used my putter off the tee. With a certain lack of originality my partner followed

suit. We both hit good long balls, and went after them; our seconds were quite up to the standard, while we excelled ourselves with our thirds and fourths. The hole is about two hundred and twenty yards long; about forty yards the other side of a pretty steep hill, down which our thirds had trickled, lies the green. "Now," I thought to myself, "the Major is playing a determined game; I may draw, or I might possibly lose: my game is to play for safety, first hide his ball, and then look for my own." This I did: I pushed his into a nasty, marshy bit of ground, with my foot. Unfortunately I could not find my ball. No, it was nowhere about. Finally I tumbled to the Major's little dodge, and he to mine. This was stale-mate! Everyone could see us from the club-house! Surely he might have more maiden modesty!

"Major," I said, "be a gentleman, are you not hiding my ball?"

A pause.

"Major, if I tell you, to within five yards, where your ball is, will you do the same for me? The first to hole out wins. Kind of hide and seek. And the winner may consider himself the second worst player."

"All right."

He indicated my five yards radius; I told him his ball was within five yards of where I was standing. I found my ball, and with three fine approaches (the first over the green, the second back again, and the third on to it) and four useful puts, I ended up, having won my match, and now second worst player on the course.

Then I went and sat outside the club-house, sunning myself, receiving congratulations, and getting used to my new position. I also watched the Major, and heard selections from his repertoire as he still obstinately hunted for his ball.

I wondered, too, when he would give up his search, for I knew he wouldn't, couldn't find his ball, because I had it. I felt to make sure—in my left-hand jacket pocket!

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“A Stitch in Time saves Nine.”

YOU all know how gagging and repressing a machine modern education is. What with a ban on slang, the censor's blue pencil on journalese, five marks off for writing round the point, and a month's hard labour, without an option, for phonetic spelling, our initiative, originality, humour, and imagination perforce march heavily, and excusably out of step, down the main turnpike, while a thousand and one things call them to winding mossy ways which lead to sunlit glades in woods, to deep pools where trout play, to romance.

Let me tell you all about how my first short story never was written. We had just got out our weekly essay, and even Jones major admitted that it was full of possibilities. Four pages were required from each of us illustrating the proverb, “A stitch in time saves nine.” I forget what I eventually handed in, but my first effort, that short story which never was written, was unceremoniously committed to the W.P.B. by my elder brother with the arbitrary remark that B—l—d would give you socks for that. As he was a 1st Year's Med., and shaved twice in three weeks, I began again, but not before I had rescued my master-piece to inflict upon you now that the thunder-cloud of March is past.

“We were deeply concerned about Rennie. For days on end he had been completely off his feed, and both Smith and Walker had noticed him frowning darkly at the village pump, muttering incoherently and sighing dimly. As the village pump was quite an innocuous affair, and, on inspection, proved to be as wheezy as usual, it was quite evident that old Rennie badly required rallying round. As he coached us at cricket, and had failed to turn up for the past five evenings, I felt it my duty

to call the Eleven together to solve the problem. My call to arms found two of our number missing, the Twins, who, I was informed, had been sent to bed for eating green apples.

The meeting was quite an informal affair, and after much exhortation on the part of Web-ley minor, who is going to be a private detective after he grows up, we proceeded to the house of Rennie père to view things as they actually were. Rennie père was “something” in the British Museum, as far as we knew, and at the time was absent on an ecclesiological joy-ride to Iona.

Dusk was just falling as we approached the house. Peering through the drawing-room window we could see our stalwart coach hunched in the depths of a big chair before the fire. Misery was written all over him, oozing out of every pore of him, being broad-casted from left and right of him, when suddenly he sprang to his feet.

“Alone! Alone here! And with the—the body there!” he moaned, pointing to a dark corner of the room. “What will Kitty say? Oh my dear, my dear, and you trusted me so!”

Here I turned to my white-faced companions to order them away. Poor Jack had evidently murdered a man, and this was no place for us. Then his voice came again: “Kitty, before we part, let me tell you the thing that is in my heart—tell you that I love you; as the moon-light draws the sea, so you draw me to you. Kitty, ah dear God! you wake the man in me. I love you, my dear one, I love you with body, soul, and spirit.”

“Oh, my great-aunt,” yelled our amateur detective, “it's only that mouldy old play he's practising for.”

And then the relief doubled us up. The appearance of an infuriated Rennie with a stout stick in his hand caused us to flee. We knew the strength of his swipes, and we knew that he hated to be caught fooling—by us. Fear lent terror to our wings. We could hear him pounding along behind us. Twelve yards he was, not a foot less. We were at least a quarter of a mile from safety of any kind. Webley minor began to gasp. Suddenly the pursuing footsteps stopped. I looked round. There was old Rennie, doubled up, one knee in his hands, kissing it furiously, and hopping all over the road. Glory be! We had been delivered from the hands of the Amalekites.

"It's all right, you fellows," I gasped out, "take it easy. A stitch in time saves nine."

V.B.



Your Editor—His Tragedy.

Up till a short month ago his manner had been cheerful, nay, even boisterous. He would accost his friends with a hearty buffet on either ear—he was never particular about these little matters—and ask jovially for their contribution to his beloved mag. His friends, knowing him, would laugh sheepishly and murmur something in which 'next week' and 'hard at work' were the only distinguishable remarks. Away he would wander, well content, thinking in his innocence that they had promised to contribute. In his mind's eye he saw with joy that dream which every editor—be he never so amateurish—looks on as his own special delight; seas of manuscript, overflowing from the editorial table on to the ditto floor, with himself, as presiding deity, armed with a scythe and an evil smile separating the grain from the chaff.

Alas! Little he knew to what depths of inhumanity his so-called friends had sunk; all their promises were 'chaff' indeed. As the weeks wore on unattended by contributions, his mind began to give way. His hair grew white here and there, his weight decreased, and, eventually, so shrunken did he become that even Dundee tram-conductors gave him half-tickets unsolicited. His manner grew furtive and cringing; he was surprised one day licking an erstwhile contributor's shoes in an ecstasy of self-abasement. His intellect failed him to such an extent that, incredible though it may seem, he ceased to know the difference between Tayside Pudding and Brown Pudding as served in the School Luncheon Halls!

This was the last straw. A committee of influential friends secured him an entrance into Westgreen where he lingered for a few weeks calling incessantly for red ink and a cake of bathbrick. This latter request puzzled his friends for some time till it dawned on them finally that the poor fellow in his delirium wished to make test of the great Mr Heath's well-known bon mot—see his French grammar—'San fairy bathbrick,' seeking to find therein some solace for his woes.

But why prolong this sordid story of misery? Suffice it to say that he eventually succeeded in drowning himself in a hot-water bottle and so gave release to his gentle soul. Ere he passed away he expressed a wish that the following lines be his epitaph. I give them as he wrote them down, with apologies for his peculiar sentiment:—

Come, my beloved, come with me and take
One cup of coffee and a chocolate flake;
What boots it whether Draffen's have a sale?
No farthing will they from the reckoning
take.



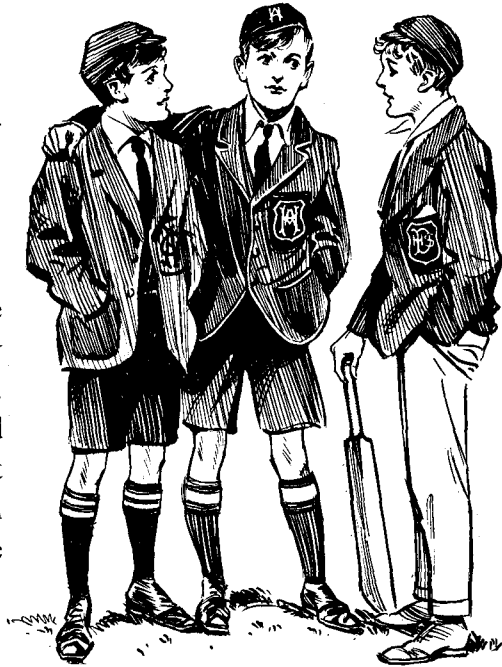
Back Row (left to right)—C. Shearer. M. Wallace. E. Anderson. M. Y. Braid. Miss O. H. Smith (*Pres.*)
Middle Row—L. Macpherson. L. M. Mudie. E. Laird (*Capt.*) B. Robertson. B. Peat.
Front Row—A. Linton. I. Davidson.

GIRLS' HOCKEY, 1922-1923

**Dundee High School
 Magazine**

High School BLAZERS.

The Blazers and the Badges are the correct colours—passed by the High School Authorities. The official badge is coloured thus: the Shield is in Light Nigger Brown, the “D” is in Emerald Green, and the “H.S.” is in Old Gold.



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Girls' Blazers,	21/-	22/6	23/6	24/6	25/6	26/6	27/6	28/6	29/6	32/-	34/6

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Our Plumber.

"Burst pipe!"

Little brother yells the news in exulting tones from the bathroom.

The rest of the family troop hurriedly to the door in their dressing-gowns. There a dismal scene meets the eye. Two sponges, a hot-water jug, and a soap dish eddy sorrowfully in four inches of water, while from the water pipe in the corner, a wavering spout of icy water ascends to the roof, and falls in fine spray. James, my elder brother, ever a man of action, rolls up his pyjama trousers to the knee, and wades into the bathroom to tackle the burst with a large towel. The fountain of water wobbles for a second, changes course, and drenches brother James.

"——!!!!" explodes he, fizzling like a damp squib. (James is an ex-officer, and has a magnificent vocabulary.) "Fetch the plumber—quick, now!"

The plumber is ordered at 8.30 a.m. At 12.35 p.m. he wanders up to the house, whistling discordantly. He is conducted to the burst pipe, and surveys the scene of devastation with a philosophic calm worthy of a true Stoic. He scratches his head thrice, and turns to mother, who is almost in hysterics.

"'Fraid the pipe's bust, m'am," he says, almost apologetically, "I'll 'ave to go an' get me tools." And he clumps downstairs noisily.

Half-an-hour goes by. The despair which has been prominent in the house all morning becomes three semi-tones blacker. One can almost see it.

Then the plumber returns. (No—he has not got his tools yet, but an apprentice follows him, whistling blithely.)

"We'll manage now, m'am," the plumber states hopefully, "Albert 'ere knows summat

about leaks an' such-like. We'll mend it for yer."

He rolls up his sleeves, much as Perseus may have done when he smote the Gorgonzola (or was it Cheddar?—we really forget).

"Now, m'am," he says genially, "could you get me a soap-box for to sit on?—an' you buzz off an' get me tools, Albert." He taps the pipe thoughtfully with a grimy forefinger.

"Why not turn off the bloomin' water at the main?" he suggests brightly. Then, with an optimism which Mark Tapley might envy, "The water might stop then."

"For goodness sake, do something!" pleads mother, almost in tears, "I don't know where the main pipe is—oh, do hurry—and the Smiths and Mrs Stevenson coming to tea this afternoon!"

The plumber eventually finds the water main, and turns the water off. Albert eventually comes back with the tools. They begin to mend the leak.

The house echoes with the melodious sounds of metal grating on metal, and hammers falling into four inches of water.

At last the pair depart triumphant. The plumber smiles at us genially as he leaves us at the front door.

"That pipe's O.K. now, m'am," he says, thoughtfully putting his foot in the flower bed, and crushing an early crocus to the likeness of a poached egg. "Least-wise, it won't bust again, serious-like. The water may trickle for a day or two—an' like-wise it may not, m'am. 'Morning, m'am."

Five months later we receive the bill, and we all watch father's head over the back of his armchair as he reads it. The head quivers with

Continued on page 10.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Things we should like to know:—

When is Mr M——d going to “open out” on a fellow?

When, also, is he going to “pounce on a fellow?”

Is it true that Mr C. B. K—— looked “chic” at the School dance?

Where do Miss J. H. A. S——’s handkerchiefs go to?

If Mr D——ff has paid his quarter seat rents for back left-hand pews in La Scala?

How Mr T——’s cap stays on?

The exact definition of “Larryish?”

NATURE.

(As Wordsworth might have done it.)

Fog.

Like slime in a bog,
Adhesive, yellow,
Clammy but mellow,
Like the smell of dog.
Fog.

Hail.

Like stones in a pail
Thrown by a boy,
In joy.

Sleet,

Like underdone meat,
Stained with its meed
Of bleed.

Snow,

Like boots in a row;
Blacker than night,
Or white.

Rain,

Like lunch in the train;
Gravy all o’er
The floor.

Mud,

Like cows with a cud,
Greasy and placid,
Filthy, though flaccid;
Like soap in a sud,
Mud.



RECENT ADDRESSES.

“You could lift up on a tooth-pick all the L——n that W——d knows!”

“You’re a poor withered stump C——b——ll!”

“You know no more about L——n than a hen knows about its great-grandmother.”

Q.—M—y, What is the woolsack?

A.—Your head, sir!

Latest publications:—

“Maan and Maathamaatics.”

“Dabbling in Physics.”

“The Camel and its Habits.”



APT QUOTATIONS.

(Suggested by the Leavings.)

“Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart.”—Troilus and Cressida.

“In Algebra, if Algebra be ours,
 x and x^2 can ne’er be equal powers,
Unless $x = 1$, or none at all.”—R. F. Murray.

“Things without all remedy should be without regard; what’s done is done.”—Macbeth.

“O that man might know the end of this day’s business ere it comes!”—Shak.

“Now I am here, what wilt thou do with me?
None of my books will show;
I read and sigh, and wish I were a tree.”

—G. Herbert.

“I shall hereafter . . . be more myself.”
—Hen. IV.

For M. W—l—ie:—“I am not in the roll of common men.”—Hen. IV.

SCHOOL NOTES.

COMPETITION.

A prize is offered for a design for a heading for the "School Notes" page.

1.—Design must include the words "School Notes."

2.—It should be drawn with pen and ink.

3.—Dimensions:—9 in. x 3 in., but a slight variation from this proportion is permissible.

4.—The length of the design when reproduced will be six inches.

Designs must be handed to Mr Laird not later than May 14th.

A Tennis Court in France.

THE average school tennis court in France provides not a little interest and amusement to the Scotch visitor.

Some of the French boys wear their hair so long that they have to keep it out of the way when they play, and so they tie back their flowing locks with a ribbon, and the brighter the colour the more "chic."

Somehow or other their "esprit" for the game is different. They seem to lack and cannot understand what the Britisher calls "the sporting instinct." So long as there is a fair chance of success the French boy has plenty of élan and shows himself a skilful player, but set him an uphill fight with the odds against him and he does not give of his best. He seems to lose heart too easily. This explains why in a British versus French match the British side almost invariably wins, though the French are usually the more skilful players. And well they might be, for in France they play all the year round. Indeed, in the south tennis is much better in winter as the weather is then comfortably cool.

It is amusing at first to sit and listen to the

quaint mixture of English and French expressions used in counting the games. Although the actual numbers are French—"trente," "quarante," and so on, they say "quinze all," "love," "deuce," and "outside" as we do, while a hearty "zut" usually accompanies a bad stroke.

To us their tournaments seem altogether too serious affairs, and unless there are some Britishers in them to brighten things up a bit, they are very different from the jolly games we make of tournaments in Scotland.

The French always seemed surprised that any of us Scotch people could play tennis at all; they thought apparently that it was always raining or snowing in Scotland, and that the climate was much too cold for tennis. By winning several of their tournaments, however, we soon disillusioned them, and let them see that Caledonia, though stern and wild, could keep up her reputation in tennis as in most other things.

A SCHOOL-BOY IN FRANCE.

A Sleighing Song.

When the frost is keen, and the snow is white,
When the wind is still, and the sun shines
bright,

Then out we come with our sleds so light,
Over the hills, away!

When the sleds go well then we sing and shout,
It's the fun of the year without a doubt,
And we only laugh when we tumble out.

Over the hills, away!

When the sun goes down in a crimson glow,
And the moon comes out and the night winds
blow,

Then we say goodnight and we homeward go
Over the hills, away!

M. M., Class V.

anger. It is a bad sign, and little brother slips quietly from the room—sagacious fellow!

"Listen to this," says father in a voice thickened by anger to the consistency of Lyle's Golden Syrup:—

Here are the items:—

(1) To coming to inspect pipe, ...	2/-
(2) To returning for apprentice, ...	6½d
(3) To sending back for tools, and finding water main, ...	1/10
(4) To mending pipe, and returning to shop,	2/6
Total,	6/10½

"COLLATOR INVITUS."



"Ave Atque Vale."

THE term now drawing to a close has witnessed changes in the personnel of the school: some there are who will not pass this way again.

To all connected with the High School, staff, pupils, and former pupils, it was a matter for regret that, in February, Mr Valentine had to sever his connection with the school which he had served so long and so well. But the allotted number of teaching years was complete: the Department had spoken.

In many ways Mr Valentine was truly "of the High School." He was educated there, and passed out as one of its distinguished sons. After a brilliant college career and a sojourn on the Continent, Mr Valentine was, ere long, back to his old school as assistant master in the English, Classical, and Modern Language

Departments. In 1901, he was appointed Headmaster of the English Department.

Of his merits as a master and an organiser it would be idle to speak. Hundreds of grateful pupils, many of them now holding distinguished positions, gladly testify to his efficient teaching and methods.

Energy and a capacity for hard, painstaking work were characteristics of Mr Valentine. With his many-sided activities most of us are already well acquainted. He was, as Sir Sidney Lee said, "The first parent" of the English Association. For this work alone it would be difficult to estimate how much modern educationists are in his debt. Amidst all the work and worry of looking after a department and its organisation, Mr Valentine, besides frequently contributing to the press, found time to write several educational works. He has also been examiner at various times for the Universities and for the higher branches of the Civil Service.

After his long period of "sturm und drang" one would have expected Mr Valentine to show some effects of the arduous years; but right happy are we to see that time has laid his finger but gently upon him, and that he has passed from our midst hale and hearty and able to enjoy his well earned retirement. Health and happiness be his for many years to come!

While bidding farewell with regret to an old associate and well-loved master, the school is fortunate in that she has not had to bring a stranger within her gates to fill the vacancy. Mr Borland who has already served the High School well for many years succeeds Mr Valentine as headmaster of the English Department. We trust he will long be spared to fill the position with the distinction his past work gives us the right to expect.

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HOCKEY 'TOURNAMENT'
March 1923

Dundee High School
Magazine

Musings in Maths.

I dreant I walked through fields of πr^2
 Whose orthocentre was n radians,
 And ever and anon there brushed me by
 The figures of those wretches who had
 ploughed
 Their Highers, and were doomed to dwell for
 aye
 In conic parallelopipedons.
 And suddenly I found myself alone
 Before a black-gowned figure; in his hand
 He held a sphere, whose volume $2f(x)$
 Struck terror in the rhomboids of my heart,
 He smiled an evil smile: 'Now what,' he
 said,
 'Is your conception of a tetrahedric cube?'
 I shuddered and replied: 'A square, per-
 chance,

Whose angles are obtusely vertical
 And perpendicular to its medians.'
 The phantom spake no word but sneered a
 sneer;
 He raised his dreadful weapon, and one blow
 Felled me to earth; and as my senses swam
 I heard him snarl: 'Go, bring a red-hot Sec
 And brand him with the mark of infamy
 A cosine rampant on a skew-line gules.'
 Thereat I swooned away.

A deep voice boomed

As through a maze of darkness: 'That boy
 D—
 Spends all his time here sleeping, he must
 think
 He's doing Greek They're all the same
 these Greeks,
 Stupid and lazy,—oh, go on please, next!'

Reports.

Boys' Literary Society.

Since the report published in the last number of the magazine the Society has continued to flourish. The attendances dropped a little after Christmas, but the speaking has been of the highest order.

On November 18th, Mr D. C. Anderson read an interesting essay on "Athens." He described the architecture of the ancient city in the time of the old Greeks, the customs and dress of the different classes, and gave some idea of the social divisions of the people. His paper caused great discussion. A greatly debated point being, whether the ancient Greeks were more intellectual than the modern peoples.

At the next meeting, Eighth Class papers were read by three members. Mr J. K. Roger spoke on "The Glider," giving a sketch of the evolution of gliding.

Mr P. Ritchie followed him with a very interesting paper on "Future Sources of Power for Use in Industry." He suggested certain possible sources of power to be made use of when the present ones gave out, such as harnessing tides and atomic energy.

The last speaker was Mr R. Weatherhead, who gave an interesting paper on "Radio Telegraphy and Telephony."

On the 2nd of December, the Boys' and Girls' Societies met together in the Science Lecture Room to hear a lecture on "The Orchestra on the Gramophone," by Mr E. Nicol.

Upon being called upon by the President, Mr Nicol delivered a very interesting lecture, illustrating his points by means of a gramophone and some excellent records. He described each instrument of an orchestra, and illustrated its qualities.

The next week the Society heard an essay on "Spooks and Spectres" read by Mr J. B. Scott. Mr Scott gave a series of ghost stories and succeeded well in making the meeting feel rather creepy and uncomfortable. His well-written essay caused some keen discussion on spiritualism.

On December 16th, an essay, with the title "What We Laugh At," was read to the Society. The essayist was Mr J. MacLennan. Mr MacLennan described in a gripping manner the different types of humour in present day literature, and read very amusing extracts from the works of different authors.

The annual Musical Evening of the Society took place on Saturday, 22nd December. An excellent programme had been arranged, and in spite of a disappointing turn out of former pupils, the evening went very well. There was a very efficient orchestra,

and refreshments were served. A few of the staff were present, and speeches were made by Dr Murray and representatives among the F.P.'s of the different Universities.

The first meeting of the Society after the Christmas holidays was held on the 13th of January. The business of the evening was a Hat Night, and some interesting questions were discussed. The attendance on this evening was rather poor.

On the 20th, the Society heard short papers read by Mr J. M. Wilkie, and Mr W. D. Young. Mr Wilkie's subject was "Vagabonds in Literature," and he quoted several authors who were lovers of the open. Mr Young spoke on "Sea Captains of Nelson's Time," narrating some exciting tales of daring exploits by certain Naval Captains.

The Boys' and Girls' Societies heard a lecture on "Mountaineering in Scotland," given by Mr G. R. Donald, on Saturday, 27th January. Mr Donald illustrated his interesting discourse by some fine lime-light views of different parts of the Scottish mountains both in summer and in winter. He spoke on rock climbing and on climbing in snow and gave us a very enjoyable evening. Miss Scott of the Girls' Guildry was in the chair.

The next Saturday, Mr C. B. Kinnear and Mr L. L. Scott read short papers. Mr Kinnear gave a very interesting paper on "General Wade's Roads in the North," sketching a short history of their construction. Mr Scott's paper was on the "Evolution of the Game of Rugby," and was enthusiastically received by followers of the game who were present in the meeting.

Sixth Class papers were read on 17th February by three members. Mr Abel delivered an address on "Epitaphs," giving examples of witty, grotesque, and elegant epitaphs. Mr Richmond spoke about "The First Flying Men," and Mr Smith read a paper on "The History and Development of the Domesticated Canary."

A Magazine Night, on 24th March, was presided over by Mr Laird. One article only was handed to the secretary. It was entitled "Our Plumber," and was written in a humorous strain. The meeting then discussed methods of brightening the magazine, and a good debate arose.

On 3rd March, Mr Lowson gave his President's Address, this meeting closing the syllabus for this session. Mr Lowson spoke on "Relativity," and was very interesting indeed. He made clear to many of the members present, certain points of the new Theory of Relativity, and gave one of the best President's Addresses the Society has heard. As was said at this meeting we are greatly indebted to Mr Lowson for his kind interest in the Society. In spite of the fact that he has been very busy during this past winter, he has given up his spare time to preside over our meetings. The Society gives him its heartiest thanks for work on its behalf, and will be only too glad to see him installed in the Presidential Chair in other sessions.

We have had a very successful and entertaining winter, the Society being still one of the most important features of the life of the old School, and we hope that it will continue to be so in the years to come.

Mr P. Ritchie has been elected interim secretary, and will carry on any business till next session.

W. D. Y.

Girls' Literary Society.

The Girls' Literary Society completed a very successful session on the 2nd of March. The membership was 87, and the average attendance was 43, both being four less than last year, which was, however, an exceptional year. The only interruption in the course of our syllabus, since the last issue of the Magazine, was caused by the school concert, which was held on the night of the Class IX. papers. They were therefore transferred to 23rd February, our second Hat Night, and the latter was omitted.

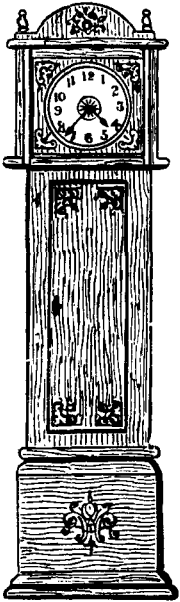
Our first meeting since the last issue of the Magazine was held on 24th November, and papers were read by members of Class VI. Miss A. Johnson described in detail the life of Edgar Allan Poe; Miss B. Robertson told us many interesting facts about the orange-growing industry in her paper entitled "Golden Fruit;" while Miss S. Scott gave us a most entertaining account of "A Visit to France."

On 2nd December both Societies met in the Science Lecture Room, when the lecturer was Mr Nicol, and his subject, "The Orchestra on the Gramophone."

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Mr Nicol described many musical instruments which may be heard in an orchestra, and then illustrated each one's tone and range on a gramophone, which Mr Borland help to manipulate.

Our last meeting in 1922 was the Musical Evening on the 8th December, when a long and varied programme was sustained by members of the Society. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. One of the principal items was a Pierrot Tronpe composed of seven members of the hockey team which made its first appearance with great success.

The first meeting in 1923 was held on 12th January, on which date the Society met to hear two excellent papers from two of its former members—"Dick Whittington" by Miss M. Mackie, and "Joan of Domrémy" by Miss M. Clark.

On 19th January, three papers were delivered by members of Class VII. "Touring in the Western Highlands" was the subject chosen by Miss D. Bald, who described in a very interesting manner the island of Skye, and Loch Maree in Ross-shire. Miss C. Mitchell's paper was entitled "Girls of Yesterday and To-day," and in it she drew very interesting comparisons. Miss D. Jackson told us the lives of "Three of the World's Famous Artists," namely, Raphael, Michael-Angelo, and Titian.

The last open meeting for the session was held on 27th January, when Mr G. R. Donald lectured to both Societies on "Mountaineering in Scotland." This proved to be one of the most enjoyable lectures of the session, and many beautiful slides were shown of mountains which Mr Donald himself had climbed.

At the next private meeting, held on the 9th February, Miss Scott gave a paper, entitled "Jean Henri Fabre." After describing the life of this great French naturalist, Miss Scott read a few selections from one of his works—"Insect Adventures."

On the following Friday night, the Society met to hear papers from two members of Class X. "The Pond," by Miss C. Hutcheson, proved to be an exceedingly interesting account of bird and plant life to be found in the neighbourhood of a pond. Miss K. Fraser's subject was "Old Edinburgh," and many of the old buildings in Edinburgh were described.

The postponed papers from Class IX. were delivered on the 23rd February. Miss A. Cowe dealt

with the life of Beethoven, and mentioned several of his works, notably the nine symphonies. Miss J. Recordon's subject was "Newcastle," and she described that town in a most interesting manner. The third paper was by Miss B. Farrell who dealt with "Tennyson's 'Maud'," and criticised its characters in a very able manner.

The last meeting for the session was held on 2nd March, and the Society met to hear a lecture given by Mr Mann on "Some Excavations—not Egyptian." It was a very interesting lecture, dealing with the excavations at Micene and in Crete. Many slides of the various discoveries were shown, the lantern being operated by two members of the Society.

The success of the Society has been due in no small measure to our president, Miss O. Smith, and we are greatly indebted to her for her unfailing interest, and constant endeavour to make this a successful session. We take this opportunity, therefore, to offer her our heartiest thanks for all she has done to help us.

E. W. M.

Cadet Corps.

The Corps is at present in a transition stage. We have as yet no definite instructor, the vacancy caused by R.S.M. Checkley's death—to which reference is made in another column—not yet having been filled. Parades are held as usual, but the numbers are still far under strength. It should be understood that unless sufficient cadets can be found, our annual Summer Camp will be discontinued, and that is a contingency which none would care to see. The remedy is obvious and rests with the School.

Promotions:—The previous temporary promotions have been confirmed, save in the case of C.Q.M.S. Wilkie. Cadets Anderson and Cochran have been promoted Corporals.

W. G. D.

Rugby Report.

After the Christmas holidays the Rugby team turned over a new leaf. Our first match was with St Andrew's University College XV. on the 13th January, when we won by 11 points to nil, L. L. Scott, J. M. Wilkie, and C. B. Kinnear scoring tries for the School, and Wilkie converting the first.

Our return match with Strathallan having been cancelled, our next game was on the 27th January,

when we travelled to Perth. Here we had some very bad luck, just missing several tries by inches, and the game ended in a draw of 3 points, all our score being through R. Allison.

The following Saturday, to quote the "D.A.," the High School were "in scoring mood." Our opponents were Morrison's Academy; and we revenged the previous defeat by a victory of 25 points to 3. Scorers for the School were L. L. Scott, L. Fleming (3), W. B. Cochran, J. B. Hill, and W. Gilmore; J. M. Wilkie converted two tries.

On Saturday, 10th February, we met Bell-Baxter at the Grounds and came out on the top after a hard fight, by 9 points to 3. The tries were scored by L. L. Scott and R. Allison (2), none being converted owing to the greasy state of the ball.

Our next match was at the Grounds on the 3rd of March, when we beat Madras College by 11 points to 6. The School scored through L. L. Scott, L. Fleming, and R. Allison; the 2nd try being converted by Wilkie.

In our last School match we were unfortunately without the services of W. G. Duff. J. B. Scott filled his place at the base of the scrum, G. Baxter playing stand-off half. Although the School forwards were able to hold their own the Borroughmuir backs were too strong for us, and we were defeated by 11 points to nil. After this match the team and supporters were able to witness the thrilling encounter between Scotland and England.

We have still one more match before the season closes, namely, with the 2nd F.P.'s, on the 31st of March. Although completely over-shadowed by last year's success, we have had a very successful season considering the severe handicaps under which we started.

School Matches v. 1st XV.

Points.

P.	W.	L.	D.	For.	Against.
16	7	8	1	103	145

In conclusion we should like to express our regret that J. K. Davidson has been unable to play for so long. It soon became evident that there was something missing in the forward line; and his forwards felt the loss of his leadership very much. But we are pleased to note that he is well on the road to

good health, and will soon be with us again. We should also like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr Mann, our president, for the help he has given us; and also Mr M'Laren for his help at the practices.

L. L. S.

Characteristics.

- L. L. SCOTT.—A success as captain. Has developed into a strong wing three-quarter, with an elusive swerve and a penchant for scoring spectacular tries. Must avoid cross running and learn to pass. Not too ready with his feet. Weight, 11st.
- W. B. COCHRAN.—A very serviceable centre three-quarter, tackles well, runs straight, and finds touch readily. Inclined at times to delay his pass too long, and to deliver it too straight. Should devise more tricks for beating his men. Weight, 11 st. 2 lbs.
- L. FLEMING.—Centre three-quarter. Has a good conception of the game. Tackles well and, in attack, has a strong hand-off and something of a swerve. Passing fairly good; kicking weak. Weight, 10 st. 2 lbs.
- W. G. DUFF.—Scrum half. Works the scrum well; service lacks strength. Is a good tackler, and falls on the ball pluckily. Weight, 8 st. 7 lbs.
- J. B. SCOTT.—Stand-off. Very light, but opens up the attack well. Good kick for touch; weak in delivery of passes. Weight, 8 st. 7 lbs.
- R. ALLISON.—Wing three. A very fast and very strong runner, who recovers frequently after being tackled. A very ready kick for touch. Suffers from inexperience and wants to develop handing-off and swerving. Weight, 11st 13 lbs.
- G. M. WILKIE.—Back. A very safe full back with a deadly, well-timed tackle. Handling fair; touch-kicking hardly developing as it promised. Weight, 8 st. 5 lbs.
- J. B. HILL.—Has at times led the forwards very well. Uses his weight in the scrum, and is prominent at the line-out. Weight, 12 st. 9 lbs.
- J. M. WILKIE.—Hard working forward of the winging type. Dribbles well. A strong kick at a place, but has been rather dogged by bad luck in this department. Weight, 12 st. 1 lb.

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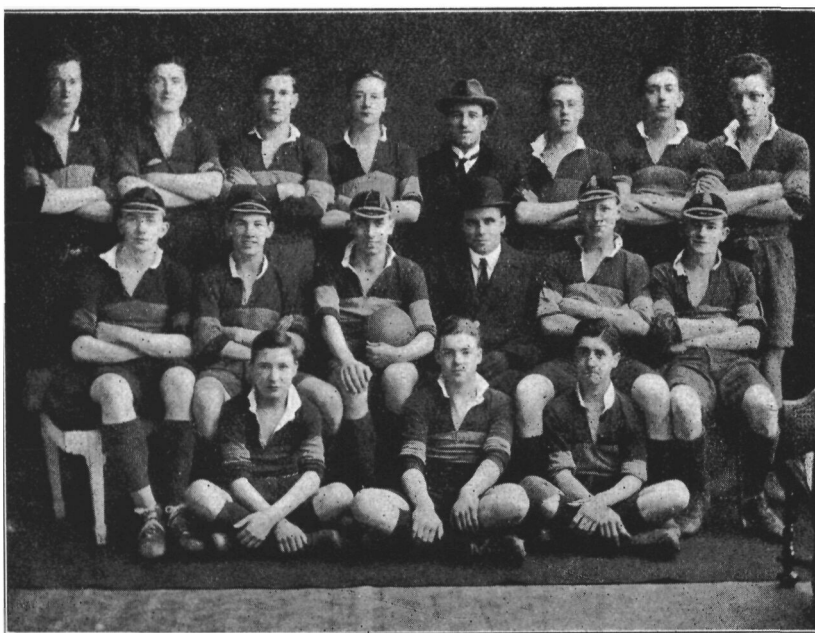
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Back Row (left to right)—A. B. Barrie. J. M. Wilkie. P. Allison. W. D. Young. T. McLaren, Esq.
P. Ritchie. W. Gilmore. C. B. Kinnear.

Middle Row—J. B. Hill. L. Fleming. L. L. Scott, (*Capt.*) D. Mann, Esq. W. B. Cochran, (*Vice-Capt.*)
W. G. Duff.

Front Row—G. Wilkie. J. R. Myles. J. B. Scott.

A. B. BARRIE.—A very keen forward, who works hard both in tight and loose. Prominent in close dribbling rushes, and at the line-out. Weight, 10 st. 6 lbs.

W. D. YOUNG.—Light for a forward but lively, and always prominent in forward rushes. Kicking weak. Weight, 9 st. 13 lbs.

J. M. MYLES.—Good hooker. Otherwise a very useful forward, who has a good idea of the whole game. Rather slow. Weight, 10 st. 8 lbs.

C. B. KINNAR.—Fairly heavy forward, but might use his weight to better advantage. Follows up well. Weight, 10 st. 13 lbs.

W. GILMORE.—A keen, winging forward, who is always forging head. Good tackler, and useful with his feet, but slow. Weight, 10 st. 4 lbs.

P. RITCHIE.—Works hard and has improved greatly with his experience in the 1st XV. Weight, 9 st. 10 lbs.

Average Weight, 10 stone 6 lbs.

Hockey.

The hockey season is now almost over; it has been a most successful one for us, placing us first in the tournament and in a creditable position in the School League.

We have still one League match to play against the Harris Academy. Of those already played we have won five and lost two, thus obtaining ten points out of fourteen.

On March 10th the annual tournament was played, under ideal weather conditions, and the school fielded the following team:—I. Davidson, L. M'Pherson, B. Robertson, and A. Peat; L. Mudie, E. Laird, and F. M'Gregor.

At the interval we had seven points out of eight, having beaten Grove Academy F.P.'s, High School F.P.'s, Morgan Academy, and drawn with Dundee Ladies.

In the second half we beat Grove Academy and Seymour Lodge F.P.'s, drew with Arbroath High School, and were beaten by Madras College, so that, at the finish, we came out first with twelve points out

of sixteen, being closely followed by Madras College and Morgan Academy with eleven points each.

On November 25th we played our return against Perth Academy and won 4-2, and on December 2nd we beat Morgan Academy at home 2-0. Our next match on December 9th was also a win for us. It was against Arbroath High School and the score was 3-1.

On December 16th we had to scratch our match with Madras College on account of the Trial held in order to pick a team to represent Dundee and District Schools' League against Aberdeen Schools' League. Five of our team played and Ina Davidson was chosen to play right-half in the picked team, and we should like to congratulate her on her success on this occasion.

Our match against Harris Academy had to be scratched on January 13th owing to bad weather, but it will be played on March 24th.

On January 20th we travelled to Crieff to play Morrison's Academy. The game was most exciting, and we won by 5 goals to 3. Our return against this team on February 24th was not, however, a victory for us as we were beaten 7-3.

On January 27th we were beaten at St Andrews by Madras College 6-4, and on February 3rd we drew with Seymour Lodge F.P.'s 1-1, but were beaten by them on February 17th in our return match 6-2.

Unfortunately the weather prevented our return match against D.H.S. F.P.'s on February 10th.

The 2nd XI., captained by Sheila Allison, have played and won four matches since December, and hope to play one more against Seymour Lodge 1st XI.

The results of their matches are as follows:—Morgan Academy 2nd XI. (away), 2-1, and at home 7-0; Newport Ladies 1st XI. (away), 1-0; and Dundee Ladies 2nd XI. (home), 4-2. They have, unfortunately, had to scratch a match with Dundee Training College.

The 3rd XI. have played one match this season against Newport Higher Grade School at Newport, and they won 7-0.

Great enthusiasm is being shown by the younger members of the club. In spite of the inconvenient hour of their Saturday practices, Classes V. and VI. have turned out very well throughout the season,

and have displayed such a keen and good standard of play that the future of the senior elevens seems very hopeful. Class V. have played a match against Ancrum Road School and won 3-1.

On Friday, 2nd February, Mr Nicol gave a musical and elocutionary entertainment, the proceeds of which he very kindly handed over to the Hockey Club.

After Christmas, Miss East gave us some coaching in stick work and dribbling on Wednesday afternoons, and we are very much indebted to her for the useful hints she gave us. We practice stick-work and running also in the Gym. on Tuesday afternoons.

In concluding, I should like to express the heartfelt thanks of the Club to Miss Olive Smith, our President. Without her untiring interest and helpful advice we should never have had the successful season which is almost over.

B. H. R.

Only four of the season's players were in the 1st Eleven last year and of its other members a number had scarcely played any serious hockey before, but their keenness and enthusiasm has enabled them to overcome this handicap, and to the hard work of the whole team may be attributed its creditable achievements. Of the general play the main fault is a tendency of some players not to stick absolutely to their own opponents, but the style of play is much improved, and the stick work particularly is now quite good.

Esma Laird, who has been a tactful and most efficient captain, has proved herself as capable at centre forward as she previously was on the wing. Her command of the ball is always excellent, she is quick and persistent, and should with a little more practice become quite reliable in shooting.

Lillian Mudie, in her old place on the right wing is depended on by the whole team to get the ball up the pitch.

May Wallace on the left wing has shot some good goals, but her play is spoilt by "sticks."

The inners, Molly Braid and Eleanor Anderson, have played most conscientiously throughout. Their play is perhaps never brilliant, but it is painstaking and intelligent.

Barbara Robertson at centre half has improved immensely. She is now quick and sure with her stick, and she breaks up an enemy attack admirably. She is just apt at times to wander away from her opposing forward and to leave her unmarked in the circle.

Nan Linton is perhaps a little erratic at right half, but she tackles persistently and feeds her wing well.

Lyla M'Pherson is a most promising player—her very slight experience leads her to make mistakes at times, but when these are corrected her form should be excellent.

Barbara Peat is another player who has quite fulfilled her earlier promise. She has become much quicker and more determined in tackling, and is now a very reliable back.

Ina Davidson's game is also satisfactory. She is always on the spot, and has saved the situation on innumerable occasions when the defence has been hard pressed. It would be still more effective if she got rid of a tendency to hesitate between stopping the ball and hitting it away.

Connie Shearer in goal has been somewhat erratic, her play varying from a high standard in one match to a low one in the next.

Florence M'Gregor shows very good promise as her stick work is good, and she has a quick turn of speed.

In the second eleven the play has been quite satisfactory—the defence being on the whole stronger than the attack. Seizing opportunities in the circle is, of course, very difficult for beginners to learn.

Florence Tough has shown herself, on one occasion in particular, to possess the elements of brilliance in goal-keeping, and Betty Howe should become very useful, as her style of play is good. Sheila Allison has made a keen and capable captain.

O. H. S.

Girls' Swimming Club.

During the winter months there have been very few attending the baths, but we hope for increased enthusiasm with the warmer weather. The Life-Saving Class will recommence shortly, and we want as large an attendance as possible.

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