

J. H. Murray

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 27

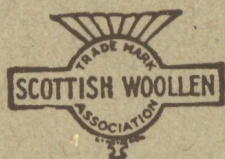
JUNE, 1923

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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 27]

JUNE, 1923.

[FOURPENCE

Editorial.

SO this is the last issue of the session. All too soon we shall be compelled to vacate that mythical piece of furniture known as the Editorial Chair. Few are the days remaining to us in which we can speak in the first person plural. But, before we vanish altogether from the public eye, there are one or two things we would discourse on with you. Patience, therefore, my friends!

Though it is extremely unlikely that anyone reads the Editorials, some great spirits seem to have been impressed by our indignant little outburst of the Easter number; contributions have been much more plentiful this term, than previously during the year. And there is no reason why this should not continue. The "Mag." is a genuine High School production, and, after all—"by their works ye shall know them." You would be genuinely surprised to know how many exalted University men still read the old "Mag." with interest. Therefore it behoves the School to take a pride in it. What hapless wight will accept the Editorial pew next year, we know not; but let him not take this amiss. 'Tis merely the dying swan inviting the rest of its colleagues to have a finger in the pie. Which, on the whole, is a very pretty simile.

Secondly, the Committee who have struggled to produce the "Mag." and you who have

borne the man's part—and bought it, have a debt to acknowledge and a big one. The inspiration and originality which have lain behind this year's "Mag." in its efforts to make a wider appeal, have their source in Mr Laird. His work towards making the "Mag." a success has been literally unflagging; his great gift of humour, his breadth of view, his wholehearted energy—all these have contributed largely to the "Mag's" welfare. Let us all then make due acknowledgment to Mr Laird for his invaluable services in this respect, and let us hope that he will be with us for many more years to lend his encouragement and active support.

And, lastly—Summer is here, the sun shines occasionally, "h.m.s" are being handed out in exchange for old lunch-tickets, and the cricket team has lost another match! What more is there in life, we ask you? Soon we shall all be setting forth, notebook in hand, ready to turn out our annual articles on "Pig-sticking in Klash-na-Bucket" and so on. No longer for the "Mag." are such articles, however! No, keep them for the Poet's Corner of the "Westgreen Waffle!"

We are keeping it up to the bitter end, you see—our Editorial mouthings of the past. The obvious thing of course would be to say, "Eheu, fugaces," but we refrain. Enough, our pen splutters and it is over. Good hunting to you all!

The Drum in History.

THE history of the drum is an interesting one. It has from time immemorial been the favourite instrument of barbarous tribes. The scalp dances of the Indian and the war chants of the Tartars are measured by its beats; it is a chief factor in the merrymaking and the mourning of savages, for whom neither art nor nature has produced sweeter sounds. Sixteen hundred years before Christ there is a clear record of the Egyptians having possessed drums. They doubtless obtained them from the East, for in Hindustan their history goes back to the mystic gloom of tradition. The Greeks ascribed its invention to Bacchus.

In Asia the drum was an inseparable attribute of every aristocratic household. Magnificent kettle drums of polished metal, borne on splendidly equipped horses, followed the great man on his journeys and campaigns. Savage chiefs made their marches to the harsh thump of rude drums fashioned of burned-out logs, with sheepskin over the end, and braids, enemies' teeth and even skulls dangling from them in way of ornament.

Military history is filled with examples of the bravery of musicians and among them drummers and pipers have always taken a foremost place. Napoleon, who cared but little for music of any kind, held the drum in high favour and the drum corps of the French army never attained such excellence as under his regime; but the armies of the Scots and other nations bear also on their rolls of honour the names of many heroic drummers.

Orders deciding the fate of some of the greatest battles have been written on a drum, which is the desk of the battle-field, and drum-head court-martials have sentenced many

offenders. There are also many incidents in history where drummers have played a decisive part in battles.

Moral:—Hats off to our pipe band!



An Evening Sail.

At sunset when the wind blows soft,
And golden glory fills the sky,
Our sail we gaily hoist aloft,
While envious comrades shout goodbye.
With purple hills across the bay
We steer our ship for open sea,
And watch the sun's last golden ray
Lighting up each waving tree.

Gliding fast before the wind
We have no need to pull an oar,
Our boat leaps on with joyous mind,
To bear us to another shore.

CLASS VI.



When the Wasp Stung Father at the Breakfast Table.

In it came serenely sailing,
Unconscious of impending doom,
Nor heeding father's angry railing,
Buzzed sedately round the room.
But now it fairly wakened things
For suddenly it smelt the jam,
Flew over with enlivened wings,
Stung father, who said—"Bother!"
Enraged with pain the angry sire
The jam-pot seized, in eager grasp,
Intent on gaining vengeance dire,
By killing "that confounded wasp."
However, reader, as you know,
A wasp is small and very agile,
So, sad to say, 'twas not laid low—
Dad broke a vase both rare and fragile.

A. B. B.



Top Row (left to right)—Wm. M. Crooks (*Pirie Golf Handicap Cup*); Ronald D. Allison (*Senior Champion in Athletics*); Wm. B. Cochran (*Gymnastics*); Jas. R. Myles (*Boase Medal, Golf*); Ralph D. T. Morrison (*Lord Roberts' Medal for Shooting*); Gilbert Balfour (*Commercial*).

Second Row—Seabourne S. Donald (*Polack Medal in Gymnastics, Class VI.*); Alex. G. Laird (*Urquhart Shooting Cup*); Henry H. Pattullo (*Beginners' Shooting Cup*); John B. Fenwick (*Junior Champion in Athletics*);

Third Row—Cath. N. Fraser (*Sewing*); F. C. Leonard Flemming (*Science*); Wm. G. Duff (*English, French, Greek (1st Equal) and Dux of Boys' School*); John F. MacLennan (*Latin and Greek 1st Equal*); Alison M. Cowe (*Art*).

Front—Gladys L. Low (*Gymnastics*); Helen Soutar (*Leng Medal for Singing*).

MEDALLISTS

Dundee High School
Magazine



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Scarlet Fever and How to Enjoy It.

THERE are many apparently unpleasant things in this world which may be thoroughly enjoyed by those who know how to set about it. Such are castor-oil, Latin, carpet-beating, and chloroform. I have—and I say it with pardonable pride and characteristic modesty—added another item to the category; to wit, that much-maligned disease, scarlet fever. Let us consult the “Dictionary of Health” :—

“Scarlet Fever—. . . an eruptive febrile malady” (take my tip; it is not nearly as terrible as it sounds) “. . . great thirst . . .” (This is an advantage, although, we fear, in America—but hush!) “. . . high temperature . . . enlargement of the glands . . . a characteristic rash . . . until the entire skin assumes the resemblance, as to colour, of a boiled lobster.” (This is a downright misrepresentation of facts—a terminological inexactitude. “Lobster,” indeed! Take my case. I had precisely four red patches upon my body, each about the size of a piece of cheese—so much so, in fact, that my medical adviser had to employ a magnifying glass of high power to discover them. And as for colour—it certainly was not “boiled lobster.” “Blanc-mange,” if you like, but not “lobster.”)

However, I have not yet stated how to enjoy this amusing malady. To begin with, one must be a “mild case.” That is essential. I reduced myself to this pleasant condition by a system of my own—a kind of cross between auto-suggestion and Pelmanism. Thus, when I was informed that I was a scarlet fever patient, I submitted with good grace to what I foresaw would be a splendid holiday. But I am not selfish—oh, far from it. In order that

others might also partake of the holiday, I went that evening to a cinema entertainment with a—er—few friends (male). However, my well-meaning scheme came to naught, as not one was infected. Next day I spent in bed, and very good it seemed after such hideous nightmares as solid geometry, Vergil, Livy, Phaedrus, or trigonometry. Then came a rather amusing episode. The fever van arrived to convey me to hospital. Two tall and muscular chappies came along with a stretcher. This would never do. I sat up in bed and folded my arms.

“Now look here, Adolphus,” quoth I gently but firmly (you have no conception how gently firm I can be), “I don’t object to coming to hospital—if you let me walk to the van. Put that stretcher in your pocket, Eustace—I’ll walk.”

Those two strong men crumpled visibly before my dominating personality, and surrendered. I walked out of the house. A crowd had assembled to see (as they thought) a shivering wreck carried to the van. Imagine, if you can—but I know you can’t—the universal astonishment when my tall, muscular, athletic form, swathed in blankets, marched with stately stride through their midst. It was a great moment! I was enjoying scarlet fever immensely!

The first few days in hospital were very enjoyable. Take the first night, for example. Naturally, all the other patients in the ward were asleep before I was, and it was an interesting and instructive study to listen to the chorus of nasal reverberation—oh, call it snoring if you like. One patient, a fine strapping fellow, aged three summers, and three winters,

changed key thrice in five minutes—a noteworthy achievement. Then, again, the fire threw some exceedingly interesting shadows on the roof. I noticed one that looked like George Robey, or Bernard Shaw, but it promptly flickered to a likeness of Julius Cæsar, or Peggy O'Neill. The shadow of the fire-guard was also rather amusing. I tried to count the number of bars, and my first ten results were as follows: 16, 23, 17, 24, 29, 13, 13, 20, 26, 17. (I found next morning that there were forty-five).

Then, of course, one received visitors—and the fruit they brought with them. I enjoyed that part of scarlet fever, too. When the nurse came to take your temperature on the evening of a visiting day, half-an-hour's hard digging was needed before the patient could be disintegrated from the tremendous pile of apples, bananas, oranges, eggs, jam, toffee, chocolate, books, magazines, papers, string, grapes, nuts—oh, I could go on for a long time, but the Editor tells me that I must confine this composition to one issue of the magazine.

Then there was one exciting and, on the whole, enjoyable experience just on the moment of departure from the hospital. I was taken away by a squad of nice young ladies and locked up in the bathroom. I was told that I had to bath myself in the tank of treacly-looking fluid in the corner. "Disinfectant," I thought lightly, and plunged in. Phew! Hot stuff, to say the least of it. Had the liquid been analysed, the result, I think, would have been somewhat as follows:—

Water (very hot), 10 per cent.;

Disinfectant ("Lysol") 90 per cent.

"Lysol," I am told, is poisonous. Alas, then, I fear this is my last contribution to the "Magazine," for I swallowed at least

three gallons of that fluid! But, as I say, it was exciting, and quite enjoyable.

Now, perhaps, you begin to see why I insist that scarlet fever is enjoyable. All you have to do to spend an A.I. holiday is to reduce yourself to a "mild case" by some process of mental concentration—and then, eureka, the thing is done.

(N.B.—My handbook, "Scarlet Fever, and Its Advantages," may be obtained post free for 10/6.)

"COLLATOR INVITUS."



Twilight.

Soft falls the eventide,
When all is still;
The gentle shadows fall,
And mist-bound is the hill.

The woodland now is dark,
Which but an hour ago;
The setting sun had wrapped
In golden glow.

Merry was the lark,
As he soared into the blue;
But now the world is dark,
He resteth too.

The bubbling brook that played
Amidst the ferns
Now seems hushed and staid
As it for freedom yearns.

This is the twilight hour
The hour of deep sweet rest
The blazing sun has lost his power,
And nature all is blest.

M. E.

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An Incident of the French Revolution.

THE jolting laden tumbrils rattled down the stony street. In one a man stood erect dressed in a soiled coat, which still bore traces of the hands of a careful valet. The lace, it is true, hung limp and dirty, stains covered the front, it was torn in places, but, perhaps owing to the superb carriage of the wearer these effects were unnoticed by the casual observer. His hair hung round a pale, thin, sensitive face. The mouth, set in a firm line, lifted at the corners in a sort of ironical, hopeless, smile, and once when a louder yell than usual broke from the hungry rabble he squared his shoulders and raised his head looking with a sort of pitying contempt on the swaying mass. Ferocious faces turned towards his, blasphemous lips howled curses, blood-stained hands shook threateningly, the very children held up in parents' arms added their puny voices, like so many young parrots, to the general howl. And yonder the dread reaper cut down the proud lilies of France so long the proud, despotic ruler until "The wrath of God and man combined to wither them."

The long hungry arms of the guillotine rose gaunt from the sea of faces. His lips moved in prayer and he thanked God aloud that he would be dead before his wife should meet her doom.

A soldier of the National Guard bustled along shouting "Stand aside citizens—Room! room!" He peered into a greasy slip of paper, "Citizen de Lavarolle," he shouted.

The man started, seemed to hesitate, then,

gazing stupidly at the soldier he passed his hand before his eyes.

Then he stiffened—"Ready," he cried. He stumbled up the step, the rough hand of a soldier steadied him.

A clambering, blood-maddened, fiend struggled over the rail and thrusting his blotched face close to the pale sensitive one, cried, "There! There she is waiting for you, you blood-sucking aristo, hungry she is, hungering for more of you. Ten years ago, you struck me, called me canaille, ah, but you find that the dog you beat can bite."

He was dragged back howling, "Vive la Guillotine—Vive la Republique!" With heightened colour the man resumed his walk to death.

He glanced behind fearing to find her face yet sure of the discovery. He started, yes, there she was, a tall white figure with horror filled eyes gazing at the gaunt outline of the guillotine. He staggered a little, his hands working feverishly at his bonds, his chest heaved. A swift understanding glance passed between them. He shouted out with an agony of emotion in his voice—"Good-by!" he said. She smiled bravely through her tears, "Au revoir," she answered.

There was a flash of steel, a rattling crash, and a voice cried—"Look to that woman, she has fainted—Revive her quickly, she is next!"

W. PRITCHARD.

Freckles and Bare Feet.

WE had had a most exciting day playing Indians. And now, long after sunset, we were burning whins on the hill-side. The night was quiet; a thin mist hung over the lower ground and the moon had just risen. There were the four of us, the gamekeeper, and two Indian braves, White Wolf and Eagle-eye with their sister, Humming-Bird, deaf to everything but the riot of crackling bushes and the roar of spreading fire. Ghostly figures we were in the half-gloom, flitting with ready-made torches from bush to bush. Eddies of pungent smoke would engulf us for a few moments and drift away to leave us weeping. At last the gamekeeper called a halt, and, telling us not to get lost on the way home, he set off across the face of the hill to his lonely bothy.

As we slithered down the slope amongst the young heather, a long-drawn out whistle from Eagle-eye brought us to a stand-still.

"Look!" he said excitedly, "there's a light in one of the windows of the deserted farm. What can it mean? There's been no one living there for years and years."

"People do say it is haunted," observed White Wolf thoughtfully, "but we have never seen any of their ghosts, not even in the old churchyard."

Unconsciously we had crowded together and I noticed for the first time how cold it had become. We moved on. The end of the slope was reached and we turned along the rough sheep track towards home. The mist was thickening and moving in fantastic shapes. One moment the very edge of the sheep track would be obscured; the next, the dimness would dissolve into clear moonlight; a breath

of wind, and the haze would open up corridors at the end of which some landmark would appear at an immeasurable distance.

We had grown silent. Something seemed to whisper that witches were abroad on their broomsticks, off to keep an unholy tryst across the utmost rim of the world. In the fantastic moonlight the solid earth seemed to be dissolving and our thoughts ranged like the mists.

The solitary farm loomed up in front of us, effaced, indistinct, with vague features that seemed to melt into the gloom. Long since the roofs of the out-houses had fallen in. The garden-fence lay uprooted, twisted amongst gooseberry bushes grown wild or hidden beneath beds of nettles and creeping ivy. With hearts hammering against our ribs we crept past the sighing elm-trees that had sheltered the garden, and so to the front of the house. There the flickering light was, sombrely yellow through the cob-webbed window, now shining steadily, now palpitating grotesquely and uncertainly like a reflection in rippling water.

That the doors of the farm were locked and every window barred, we knew from past experience. Presently the light began to move and finally disappeared. The moon struck dead white against the window. A stray sheep set a wire-fence clanging behind us, and our hearts jumped into our throats.

"Home!" gasped Humming-Bird.

But the sound of hollow groans rooted us to the spot. They ceased—a green light spluttered uncertainly and again the yellow glow appeared. Then from the house came sounds like the faint tinklings of glass against glass, followed by low, sobbing strains of music.



Back Row (left to right)—C. Mitchell. E. McLaren. F. Tough.

Front Row—M. Wallace, E. Laird (Capt.), B. Howe.

TENNIS TEAM

Dundee High School
Magazine



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You could just hear the music: it might have been fairies weeping over a dead linnet so sad and faint was it. It was music that left your heart aching, you did not know why. Suddenly came the splintering crash of breaking glass; something fell at our feet; unrestrained, fiendish laughter sounded in the house. A dim, black shape came between us and the glow, waving long arms like tentacles. . . .

"Run!" gasped White Wolf, "run for your lives." A feeling that all the black, evil forms in the world were in pursuit, took possession of us. I cast a hasty glance over my shoulder, but could see nothing but a mist-blue wraith hovering like a tangled dream over the farm. Suddenly a figure showed up in front of us. Humming-Bird cried out hysterically and, moaning with fear, tumbled in a heap at my feet.

"Hallo!" shouted Daddy's voice, "are my braves still on the war-path?" Eagle-eye answered him with a whoop that might have curdled the blood of a thousand pale-faces.

Next day I told the gamekeeper in awed whispers of our ghost. He heard me in silence, and, when I had concluded, pulled out his pipe and grunted dourly, "H'm aye min! that'd been yon spinnel-shankit, fiddlin' tink I got a glisk o' this mornin', as he gaed across the shooder o' the hill. I thocht he'd a bleerie look in his e'en. A braw ghost!"

But I knew better.

The Age of Radio.

(Mudville High School have had a four valve wireless receiving set installed in one of the French Rooms, the pupils listening in to lessons broadcast from the Paris School of Posts and Telegraphs.—Daily Paper.)

THE other day I visited my old school. I stepped into the lift and was taken to the well equipped kitchen. A fair maiden had her hand on the control switch of the electric pudding bowl and a pair of ear-phones on her head.

"What are you doing Elinor?" I enquired.

"Hush, only three seconds till that time signal comes."

In three seconds she put off the switch. I asked her for an explanation.

"Well you see, Aunt Helen is giving her daily cooking chat from London. When a succession of three dots comes through, I must switch off at once. If I don't, then the Tay-side pudding will be burnt."

I next visited the workshop. From one end came the whirr of lathes, verticals, etc. Under a glass case labelled, "Private, no admittance," was a 50 h.p. electric motor. At the other end of the room was a theory class sitting front of a loud-speaker. The lecturer was speaking from Glasgow Broadcasting Station on "Penetration and Indentation."

"If a piece of wood in the form of a cylinder, 4 in. x 2 in., standing perp. to the h.p. is penetrated by another cylinder 4 in. x 1 in.—"

Editor—"Stop the talking."

Me—"Alright."



Things We Want to Know :—

Where Mr W—ls—n has put the banana skin?

If next year's head perfect will be bobbed?

Where Mr G. D—b—r's halfpennies go to?

If Miss S. A—n "got it in the neck"?

How many wall-flowers adorned the back of a certain room third period on Thursday, 14th curt.?

Would any budding psychologist tell us if "wall-flowering" stimulates the action of the brain?

Why Mr C. B. K—r and Mr G. E. G—s had to "staand" the other day, and if Puddin had anything to do with it?

What Mr W. A—n—n knows about an electric motor?

Recent Publications :—

"Speeding," by S—t cousins.

"Our New House," by J. M. W—k—e.

"Shower Baths and Their Benefits," by B—g. B—b.

"The Addition of Exam. Marks:" or How to get one more, by A. B. B—e.

"My Prospects of Marriage:" or Life in a Bank, by G. B. G—m.

"Modern Business Methods," by G. G—s.

"The Secret of My Success in the Ton-social Art," C. B. K—r.

Sayings :—

At the Golf Match :—"Would you please keep out of sight, sir, or I can't keep my eye on the ball?"

"Tut! tut! my jacket is too tight."

At a school cricket match :—

Onlooker—"What class is that small fellow in black in?"

One of the team—"Oh, that's one of the staff."

In the Class Rooms :—

Heard lately in a history class—"We are in the middle of a rotten period."—Bravo! Mr L—d.

"He wouldn't know the infinitive if it came and struck him across the nose!"

"These two just gape at you like dried fish!"

Definitions :—

Room 17B—A Fool's Paradise.

Classics—Jokes by blokes to mokes.

Crêpe-de-chine hankie—A thing not to be possessed by the owner.

Class 10—Buddin Bejants.

Le temps s'enfuit et les vacances s'approch-
ent ;

Nous ne faisons que ce qu' il nous faut.

Nous avons bien fait, ou nous n'avons rien
fait—

N'importe, car le temps fait beau.

B. COM.



THE SCOTTISH MOTOR CYCLE CLUB.

The above club held a successful meeting on
Wednesday last at Speedwell Road.

Among the competitors was Mr J. B. S. C.
Ott, who made fastest time of the day on his
racing Victoria. His superb driving and cor-
nering gained him the honour of winning the
long jump with a distance of 25 yards stand-
ing start. In the mile race he lapped at an
average speed of 9.6 miles per hour, thus
breaking the record for the course by over a
minute.

The most amusing incident in the trial was
when J. H. Bill on what was once a Raleigh,
turned a complete somersault with surprise at
his machine attaining 5 m.p.m. in top gear.
The machine was in good condition, and
sounded like a new housemaid with the crock-
ery, but through bad driving won nothing.

The committee have to thank Mr C. K. I. N.
Near for presenting the prizes, two gold
mounted Rolls Royce.



The poet tore his raven hair,
He rolled his eyes in wild despair,
He searched his dictionary through—
No rhymes he found would ever do.

He stood some time upon his head
To shake out more ideas, 'tis said,
And made one most unfair remark—
"That wretched School Mag. bores me stark."

The Muses loud he did upbraid,
And pointed references made
Regarding Editors who keep
Contributors, at night, from sleep.

He swathed his head in towels wet,
And, for encouragement, he bet
Himself, that he would get that rhyme
Within, at most, twice two hours' time.

He failed to do so, so he wrote—

"The High School Mag's not worth a groat."

W. H. B. M.



The shades of night were falling fast,
As o'er the slated roof there pass'd
A cat, with stealthy step and sly,

Meiaow! Meiaow!

His eyes were green, his whiskers white,
His coat, it was as black as night,
Like eldritch witches' yell there rung
The accents of that well-known tongue,

Meiaow! Meiaow!

"Oh, stay," the old maid said, "and share
With Poll and me this attic bare."

'Gainst such inducement Tom was proof,
The voice replied far up the roof,

Meiaow! Meiaow!

"Beware the dog," the notice said,
Or you will soon be lying dead,
Beware the boys with stick and stone,
Down through the night is borne a groan,

Meiaow! Meiaow!

There in the twilight, cold and grey,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay.

No more from roof we'll hear his cry,
Nor see the boots go hurtling by,

Meiaow! Meiaow!



School Notes Competition :—

Six designs were submitted, the prize be-
ing awarded to Patrick Ritchie (Class VIII.)
whose design is reproduced above. The de-
signs submitted by Walter Pritchard (Class
VIII.) and Alice White (Class VI.) are
awarded honourable mention.

A Tragedy.

THE dusk of a September evening was fast deepening into night when a man, bearing a heavy package, glided noiselessly from the portals of his home across a stretch of green sward, bordered by trees, in which the wind moaned eerily. Soon he had left the terrace of stately houses behind him, and reached the margin of a little lake, glimmering pale in the fading light.

Many times he hesitated—many a suspicious glance he cast around him—then, with a mighty effort, he hurled his burden far into the middle of the pool. A splash—a whirring of wings—the clamour of startled water-fowl—a woman's shriek—then silence . . .

The man, with a sigh of relief, turned, and stole homewards. Upon the threshold his wife awaited him, and greeted him eagerly. "Oh, Augustus! Have you got rid of it?"

"Rather," he replied proudly. "Didn't you hear the splash? And that girl yell? There must have been some trippers about though I couldn't see them, it was so dark. What a fright they must have got!"

"But what a wicked waste!" she sighed. "It looked such a good gigot too. But it really was too high, don't you think, dear?"



Sibu Laut.

THE little island of Sibu Laut, off the coast of Borneo on which I lived, is a beautiful place. It is covered with cocoanut and with palm trees which twine their branches in and out and make a net-work of leaves overhead.

The lobahs which are waterways wind through dark dense forests, and in the forests you will see families of monkeys. The monkeys always come in this order, the mother and then the father monkey, after them come the little monkeys which go in order of size

and if the smallest monkey is very small then the mother carries it in her mouth.

The lobahs are infested with crocodiles which are very dangerous to little punts, as the Chinamen in them usually fall asleep and when they wake up nearly always find themselves in a rather uncomfortable predicament.

There is only one European house on this island, and that was the one I stayed in; the next English house is 40 miles away.

The China Sea surrounds this island and stretches in all directions, as far as one can see. During the heavy rainfalls the sea floods the garden round our house and often goes back as far as our cocoanut estate which is a quarter of a mile farther inland.

PHYLLIS SCOTT, Class V.



To a Golf Ball.

Wee, white and shimmering ba'
I didna think thou wast so sma',
For when I smote thee wi' my might,
I thought to see thee flee frae sight.
But och, alas, ma dreams crashed doon,
Noo I mysel' would wish to droon.

Wee, white and shimmering ba',
'Twas on the green I thocht thou'd fa',
Wi' my iron I lifted thee,
As confident as man could be.
But och, alas, the burn was near,
Ne'er more I'll see thee, ba', I fear.

Wee, white and shimmering ba',
Noo ye're gone and lost and a',
If ye'd but listed unto me,
For I gied warning oft to thee,
Ne'er frae the straight and narrow way
Wud ye hae wished to gang aoley.

Wee, white and shimmering ba',
'Tis useless noo thee names to ca'
But oh! ye were a Dunlop new,
Twa and six ye cost me too!
Och, ma luck's oot this dismal day,
Why wasna' ye a repaint, eh?

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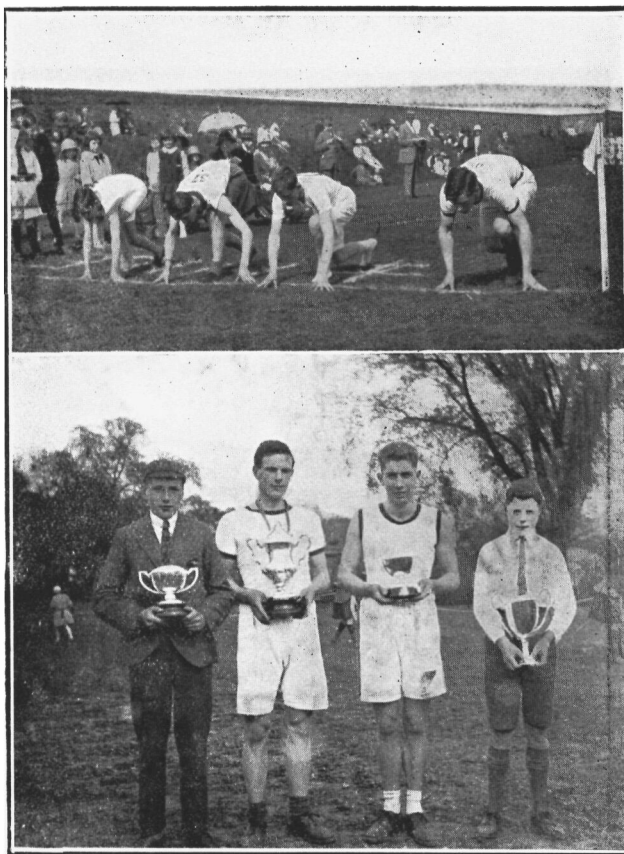
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L. L. Scott (*Mile*); J. Fenwick (*Junior Champion*).

Curiosities of the Cricket Field

MANY curious incidents have occurred on the cricket field. One of the most remarkable took place in Australia a few years ago. A batsman hit the ball into a tree, where it lodged at the junction of a branch and the stem. The rule then was that if the ball was seen it was not lost, and so the batsmen were allowed to run on. By the time the ball was recovered the very useful score of 286 runs had been made of that one hit.

Dr W. G. Grace, it is said, hit the ball into his shirt. He dared not touch the ball without being put out for "handling." On the other hand the fieldsmen could not retrieve it without obstructing the batter. This was an incident which the laws of cricket had not contemplated, and when the players had had sufficient of the fun the letter of the law had to be broken.

In a match in England the wicket-keeper was struck in the face by the ball and several of his teeth knocked out. When his fellow players had rendered what assistance they could, he drew himself up and said, "Are they all out?" He was referring to his teeth, but the captain of the team thinking his question had reference to the match, replied, "No, there are two to fall yet." By a strange coincidence, when the wicket keeper took stock of his remaining teeth he found that there were two firm ones left.

At the Oval in 1862 a player was struck in the face by a rising ball and knocked over on his wicket. Fortunately for him, although his stumps were almost levelled, the bails jammed and did not fall to the ground, and so he continued his innings.

Sides have been dismissed for such small scores as 12, 16, 20. The most notable instance

of low scoring happened many years ago.

The home team had been deprived of the services of its principal player. As he was considered a champion the visiting team was very sure of a victory. This put the home players on their mettle, and one of their bowlers said he would try lobbs. The result was ludicrous. The visiting team was dismissed for 2 runs, one of which was a bye. The lob bowler took 6 wickets for 1 run, and the other 4 for nothing. The scorer of the solitary run was fined for overworking the marker, and soiling the score-sheet.

T. R.

The Poplars.

One summer evening very late,
As I passed the churchyard gate,
I heard three poplars in the breeze
Whisper about the neighbouring trees.
Said one: "I simply cannot see
Why that young laburnum tree
Should deck herself in green and gold.
She should be seriously told,
To choose her gowns less gaudily!"
Another sighed, "I quite agree.
Just look at that pink hawthorn tree!
I really don't approve at all
Of how she leans across the wall.
She thinks it's graceful, I suppose,
But I think it's a silly pose.
The other poplars echoed on
In sibilant shocked undertone,
"A silly pose, a silly pose,
A silly, stupid, wicked pose!"
And so I left them rustling there
Very stiff, and tall, and spare,
Ever whispering, "don'ts" and "can'ts,"
Just like three solemn maiden aunts!

The Richest Man.

THERE were only two people in the 3rd class carriage travelling to Edinburgh that night — a tall, sun-burned, immaculately dressed individual, and myself. A desultory conversation ensued, which finally turned upon travel.

"I've travelled a good deal," volunteered my companion. "In fact, I think I have seen every civilised land on the face of this earth, from China to Peru."

"That must take money," I observed.

My fellow traveller smiled a trifle indulgently.

"Money," he said, "is no object to me. I have buckets of it, to use a vulgar phrase." He paused, puffed reflectively at his cigar for a moment, and continued. "In confidence, I may tell you that I'm worth more than Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, and Henry Ford put together. I have practically unlimited credit—yes, just like the 'Count of Monte Cristo'," he said, noting my openly incredulous stare. "Naturally, you don't believe me—it's rather a startling thing to spring on you all of a sudden. After all, there's no particular reason why I should tell you the fact at all. . . . It's true, however. I guess I'm the richest man on this side of Eternity. Proof? You want proof, of course? Well, I always carry a bank note for £100,000—several of them, in fact—in case of emergency. Oh, yes, I sometimes need as large sums as that upon a

moment's notice. Well then, here is the money, just as a proof."

At this moment, the train began to slow up at the station. The "Richest Man in the World" drew out his pocket-book swiftly, and opened it.

"I get out at this station," he informed me, "but, before I go, there is—look, there is a note for £100,000!"

I stared forward eagerly, as the train came to a standstill. But before I could see what he was showing me, I heard a voice on the platform say excitedly, "There he is!"

They took him away quietly. He raised his hat politely to me, and bade me "good evening."

An official-looking person gave me a word of explanation.

"He's quite harmless. Escaped a few days ago from — Lunatic Asylum. I suppose he spun you the usual yarn about £100,000 notes? Yes? That is his one delusion—namely, that he's the richest man in Christendom. Well, sir, I'll go and superintend his removal to the Asylum, if you'll permit me. Good evening, sir."

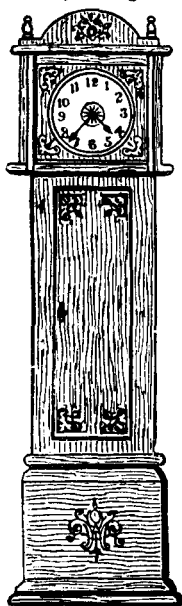
I often wonder what my travelling-companion was about to show me when the warders led him away.

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Early Cricket Abroad.

CRICKET, nowadays a universal game was in bygone days scarcely ever played in any country except in England. Imagine then the amazement and wonder of some of the inhabitants of other lands on seeing a cricket match.

In 1867 the M.C.C. sent a team to Paris to engage the French in a few matches. You can guess the surprise caused at the end of the game when one of the French spectators approached an English player and remarked, "Truly it is a magnificent game, but I can't understand why you don't get a servant to field for you instead of having to do so much running about yourself."

Another example of the French humour was

again in evidence when two Frenchmen were trying to explain to one another the intricacies of the game. "It seems very dangerous, Henri" said one. "True," said the other, "for my part I would rather exercise myself with dominoes."

Some young foreigners seem to have had an unbounded enthusiasm for the game as the following anecdote seems to relate:—

A young Russian was invited to play in a match and was advised to provide himself with the necessary equipment. Determined to do the thing in style he went to London and ordered amongst other things, a bat, pads, gloves, stumps, bails, cap, belt, bag, score book for 100 matches, ball, and a large tent.

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Reports.

Cricket.

Batting	No. of Innings	Times Not Out	Highest Score	Total Runs	No. Average
J. R. Myles,	13	0	34	134	10.3
W. B. Cochran, ...	12	1	29	99	9
J. M. Wilkie,	13	0	30	101	7.8
Bowling	No. of Overs	No. of Runs	No. of Wickets	Average	
W. N. Guild,	38	78	20	3.9	
J. M. Wilkie,	124	249	43	5.8	
J. R. Myles,	112	250	38	6.6	
J. F. MacLennan,	13.5	42	5	8.4	
High School,	Played	Lost	Won	Drawn	
.....	13	9	2	2	

Characteristics.

- W. B. Cochran.—A very capable captain. A careful bat with a splendid defence; best scoring strokes on leg side. Invaluable fielder at cover point, his returns to wicket keeper very smart.
- J. B. Scott.—A sound batsman, who must learn more scoring strokes. Fine fielder at square leg.
- J. M. Wilkie.—Very fine medium to fast bowler. Myles and he make a very fine opening pair. Inclined to take risks in batting; strong drive. Might study defence. Very smart catch as slip-fielder.
- J. R. Myles.—Has borne with Wilkie the brunt of the School's attack. Medium tricky bowler; a stylish bat, his crisp cutting being a feature. Excellent fielder at point, a sure catch.
- W. D. Young.—A stylish bat; shaky defence. Fielding could be improved, must return sooner.
- J. M'Lennan.—A very useful slow change bowler. Erratic bat, whose defence should improve with practice. Smart fielder in slips.
- W. N. Guild.—A very good slow to medium bowler. Requires batting practice, rather slow in fielding.
- W. S. Anderson.—Erratic bat, lacks confidence. Very safe fielder.
- G. Baxter.—Batting improves every week. Must learn to place. Good fielder in slips.
- K. M'Houl.—A fair bat, who will improve with practice. He has made his place in the team secure by smart wicket-keeping.

C. Ker.—Good bat who will improve. His fielding in the country has been rather erratic.

Our 1st XI. has not had such a successful season as usual this year. This is no doubt due to want of practice. However, there are a good many young players coming on and an improvement is certain next year.

Our best thanks are due to Mr Legge for his unflinching interest in the team, and also to Mr MacLaren for his help at the grounds.

W. B. C.



Cadet Pipe Band.

The Pipe Band of the Cadet Corps has had a very successful year. The band now numbers twelve, seven pipers and five drummers, including the drum-major and junior pipe-major. The band has taken part in various public functions during the year. The following is an extract from a letter written to Captain Wilson by a Longforgan gentleman, a day or two after the band had been at that village.

"I want you to know that the presence of the band at our ceremony yesterday gave our folks a peculiar pleasure. Beyond their inspiring playing—which critics said was excellent—their appearance added to the occasion a very welcome note. . . . Our people were deeply impressed by the honours rendered by the band at our War Memorial, on which are the names of two High School boys."

(The General Salute was played in front of the Memorial.)

Again a drummer has taken a high place in shooting, Drummer A. G. Laird having won the senior cup and Bell medal.

The following promotions were made in the band at the beginning of the session:—Drum-Corporal M. D. Kippen to Drum-Major; Piper J. F. Ross to Pipe-Major; Piper J. A. Laird to Pipe-Corporal.

Our thanks go to Col. T. H. Smith and the officers for their unflinching interest in us, and to Pipe-Major Low for the valuable instruction he has given us.

M. D. K.

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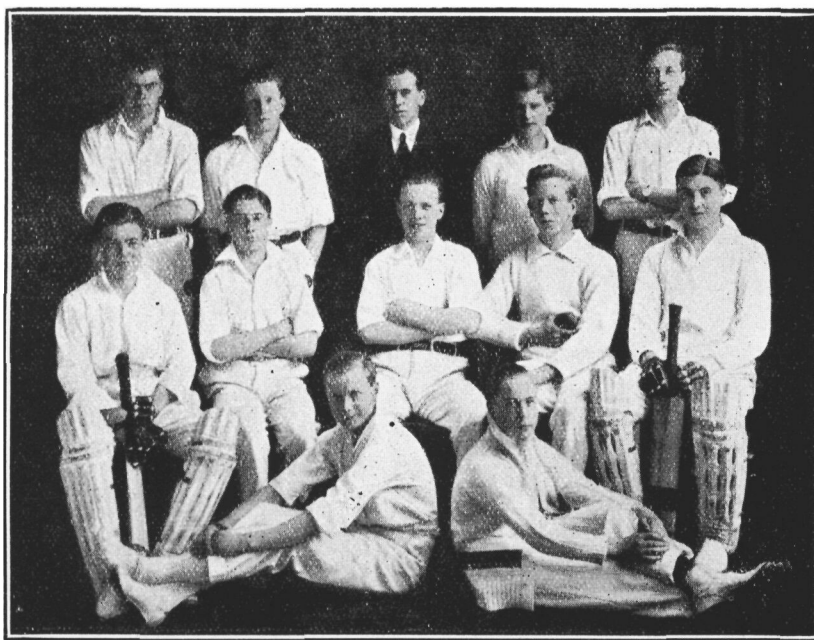
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Back Row (left to right)—W. Anderson, G. Baxter, Mr Legge (*Hon. Pres.*), J. MacIennan, W. Young.

Middle Row—H. Miles, J. B. Scott, W. Cochran (*Capt.*), W. N. Guild, J. M. Wilkie.

Front Row—H. G. H. H. Kern, K. McHoul,

Boys' Swimming Club.

Under the careful management of Mr M'Laren the Swimming Club continues in a flourishing condition. That the training is producing good results is shown by the fact that all the boys entered have passed the examination for the Proficiency Certificate in Life-Saving. A large attendance is requested at the baths on the day of the closing gala as this goes a long way to keep up enthusiasm for this branch of our athletics. We would tender our grateful thanks to Mr M'Laren for his unfailing interest and support.

Golf Club.

The Club has had a most successful season, and play has often reached a high standard as is shown by the fact that the Boase medal was won with a score of 82.

Results:—Boase Medal—1, J. R. Myles; 2, J. Maclellan; 3, J. M. Wilkie. Pirie Handicap Cup (presented by Mr Pirie)—1, W. Mc. Crooks; 2, J. B. Scott.

Masters v. Pupils—9th June, 1923.

Mr Mann, 1, v. J. R. Myles, o.

Mr Gillman, 1, v. J. F. Maclellan, o.

Mr Cadzow, o, v. J. M. Wilkie, 1.

Mr Simpson, 1, v. G. Philip, o.

Mr Laird, o, v. G. M. Wilkie, 1.

Mr Webb, 1, v. J. B. Scott, o.

Mr Stalker, o, v. W. Crooks, 1.

Mr Winton, 1, v. Frederick C. L. Flemming, o.

Mr Lowson, o, v. W. Young, 1.

Mr M'Laren, o, v. K. Heggie, 1.

Two-ball foursomes:—

Messrs Mann and Gillman, 1, v. Messrs Myles and Maclellan, o.

Messrs Cadzow and Simpson, 1 v. Messrs J. M. Wilkie and Philip, o.

Messrs Laird and Webb, o, v. Messrs G. M. Wilkie and Scott, 1.

Messrs Stalker and M'Laren, o, v. Messrs Crooks and Heggie, 1.

Messrs Winton and Lowson, o v. Messrs Flemming and Young, 1.

A Day on the Links—Masters v. Pupils.

Third time lucky! During the past two sessions

Mr Simpson has been untiring in his efforts to arrange a golf match between the staff and the pupils, but owing to the crowded events of the last term a free Saturday could not be found. This year, however, our hopes were realised to the full, and so successful was the issue that we hope it will form a precedent, and that a Saturday will be kept apart for this annual event.

The net result was a splendid day's outing for both parties on the classic links of the old Grey City, strenuous and exciting golf for every one, and last but not least a beating for the staff by the none too disgraceful margin of one match.

The glass was going up, so were our hopes. It was wet the night before, and the orders were "9.30, Taybridge, rain or fine," but we wanted to play golf and even golfing stars cannot shine in bad weather. Fortunately it, too, played up to the occasion. And so to the Mecca of golf where the rival teams to the goodly number of twenty in all gradually assemble at the first tee, and indulge in really elegant trial swings.

Plus fours were the order of the day with varying degrees of baggy-ness; a pipe—a Ray (but empty) could be seen stuck doggedly between pursed lips, while one jumper caused a mild form of colour blindness and a heated discussion as to who would have the handicap of playing behind it.

Smack, or thud, or swish echo at intervals from the first tee, and the bonny new balls skip towards the verdant green, the whins, or the bunkers, and soon the happy band of friendly rivals are set loose on the New Course—

"Maltreatin' the bloomin' whins, subtractin' the turf from the 'eather 'ole, and addin' unto their sins." By routes many and devious up hill and down dale we get round the eighteen holes—all square after the morning round.

Lunch proved a very pleasant interval, but the thought of the 6.54 dragged us away from our coffee and soon we were at it again, two ball foursomes this time—and in the heat of the afternoon youth won, and won well. Tea, then the train, and home tired but happy and all of one opinion—a great day.

Guide Report.

Since Easter our Company meetings on Friday have been held up at the School grounds. This idea was greatly welcomed as we have been able to do much more outdoor work. For the past few weeks we have been busy with tracking expeditions and despatch work; we are also practising Netball, which is to be the Company game.

On Saturday, 19th May, we were present at an inspection by Dame Catherine Furse, in Baxter Park. Sunday, 10th June, saw us present at Church Parade, which was followed by an inspection.

This year our camp is not to be pitched at Kirk-michael, but at Lintrathen where we hope to spend 10 days under canvas. This is a change which everyone is looking forward to.

We are under a different Captain and Lieutenant, Misses Turnbull and Crowe having resigned: our new officers are Misses O. H. Smith and Jarvie. They are both very interested in Guide work, and we are sure that they will always be well supported by the Guides. Many recruits have been enrolled; a new patrol being formed, and we give them a warm welcome to the D.H.S. Guides. There is still plenty of room for more recruits, however, who are sure of a welcome.

E. W. R.

Girls' Swimming Club.

Keen interest has been shown this term by the members of the Swimming Club who have been attending the Baths on Wednesdays and also in many cases on Saturday mornings.

The Life-Saving Class has had a successful season and most of the members are entered for various tests in connection with the Royal Life-Saving Society.

The event of the year, the Gala, is to be held on Wednesday, 20th June, and a very interesting pro-

gramme has been arranged, thanks to our President, Miss Olive Smith. Miss Smith not only attends the Baths on Wednesdays with the senior members, but goes regularly on other days to teach the juniors. In addition, she holds a class for instruction in Life-Saving on Thursdays.

I would express the thanks of all the members to our President for her keen interest which so largely contributed to the success of our club this session.

B. H. R.

Tennis Club.

The membership of the Tennis Club is very large again this season; and there are a number of very promising players amongst the younger girls.

Efficiently captained by Esma Laird, the team have played and won two matches. On May 25th, we beat Madras College at home, the score being:—D.H.S.—6 events, 9 sets, 71 games; Madras College—3 events, 3 sets, 35 games.

Against Seymour Lodge on June 9th, on our own courts the score was:—D.H.S.—5 events, 10 sets, 60 games; Seymour Lodge—0 events, 0 sets, 22 games.

We still hope to play return matches against these two teams.

Our team this year is as follows:—E. Laird and M. Wallace, W. Peter and C. Mitchell, F. Tough and B. Howe.

The Singles Knockout Championship has been played, and in the finals on the sports' day Winnie Peter beat Florence Tough, 6-4, 6-0.

A girls' double tournament is to be held on June 27th, and a large entry has been made.

In closing I should like to express the thanks of everyone in the club to our President, Miss Olive Smith, without whom we should never have enjoyed such a successful season.

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The Rifle Club.

Owing to the illness of Sergeant Woolaway rifle practice had to be discontinued; this term and has been restarted only very recently under Sergeant Smith who has proved himself a keen and very efficient instructor.

First Section.

1. A. G. Laird, possible 80, actual 69. Prize—Urquhart Cup, Gold Medal, Bell Medal, and 1st Prize.
2. R. Morrison, possible 80, actual 68. Prize—Earl Roberts' Medal and 2nd Prize.
3. A. Millar, possible 80, actual 68. Prize—"Daily Mail" Certificate and 3rd Prize.
4. J. B. Hill, possible 80, actual 68. Prize—"Telegraph" Certificate and 4th Prize.
5. J. F. MacLennan, possible 80, actual 67. Prize—"The Times" Certificate.

Second Section.

1. H. Pattullo, possible 80, actual 68.
2. N. Adams, possible 80, actual 49.
3. J. Edward, possible 80, actual 46.
4. Harold Latto, possible 80, actual 41.

**Sergeant Woolaway.**

BY the retiral of Sergeant Woolaway the School has lost a good friend and an efficient and devoted servant, who for twenty-five years has given of his best in its interests.

As a sergeant in the Coldstream Guards he saw service in many parts of the world and took part in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Even in such a 'crack' regiment, with its reputation for discipline and efficiency, Sergeant Woolaway was conspicuous as a drill instructor, and countless old pupils will testify that

in later years he never lost his power to drill and command.

As time went on he grew to be, as it were, an integral part of the institution, and his stately military figure added a picturesque touch to the old building. We were proud of our Sergeant and he obviously took a pride in the School.

The Rifle Club began and was fostered successfully under his care and guidance. To see him sitting at the telescope patiently marking, advising, or correcting, absorbed in his task and seemingly impervious to chill or fatigue, was to realise the large heart which was hidden under the stern exterior of the old soldier.

With regard to the building itself, he groomed it like a guardsman, so that visitors, inspectors, and others, were struck with the scrupulous care with which it was kept. Nor did he refrain from embellishing the interior by touches of colour. He gradually gathered and mounted prints of various kinds, and many rooms now bear beautiful mementoes of his labour of love and his good taste.

But he has passed from our midst; no longer will his stately figure grace our halls, but we who have known the Sergeant will never forget the work he did so well and the good influence he has had on so many young lives.

Right glad are we to know that he is well on the road to recovery from the illness which struck him down, and extend to him the heartiest good wishes for many happy years in the pleasant countryside where he is to spend his well-earned retirement.

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Phaedri Fabularum Liber Is.

A cow, a goat, and a patient sheep
 Were friendly with Leo in a forest deep.
 One day when their prey was a bulky stag
 Thus to the others did the King of Beasts brag:
 (When shares of their victim had quickly been
 made
 And these lay around in a woodland glade),
 "The first share is mine, for Leo I am;
 The second you'll award me—I'm not quite a
 lamb;
 Then because of my valour the third falls to
 me, too;
 Who touches the fourth his rashness will rue."
 His speech at an end, King Leo alone
 The whole carried off and left not a bone.

J. H. C.

An Incident.

IT was quarterly examination time. The room was grey and dull as a dungeon. At the desks, the class were patiently staring at the blackboard in wait for inspiration, or laboriously writing. Alone at his table, the very genius of the scene, sat the master, keeping, with strange obliquity of vision, one eye on the persevering pupils and the other on the papers he was trying to correct. All were dull.

From the thicker grey in the corner of the room, by some unexplained process there gradually grew, line by line and limb by limb, a long lank figure. For a minute he stood turning his head mechanically round, and then awkwardly he approached a troubled pupil, bent down till lips were close to ear, and whispered, "When you dont know—blether!" To one after another he went whispering the same advice, and leaving busy pens behind him. But one boy, bolder than the rest, lifted his head at the words, and looking straight in his

face, said, "Why should you come whispering to me? Do you not know that during examinations all whispering is forbidden?" The eyes smiled dully and the slack lips replied, "Oh yes, I know, but during examination time, I am supreme—I am the spirit of stupidity." The boy groaned and became busy like the rest, while the teacher went on correcting.

Letter to the Editor.

Dear Sir,

I am sure you will grant me a little of your invaluable space to ask a question about which I have been much worried. Last week I was an interested spectator at the Girls' Gala—and very nice too, if I may say so, sir. Though I left school in 1831, I have never yet missed a gala, and there was one thing which struck me most forcibly last week. Why were there none of those bright boyish faces we saw of yore? Where were the immaculate and stiffly-starched collars of yesteryear? In other words, were the young men of the staff down at Ascot for the day, or what? In my humble opinion, there is nothing more calculated to banish care from the brows of our young masters than the succulent sound of the competitors drinking bovril, and I most strongly protest against the lack of interest shown by the staff. If, of course, there is any ulterior motive—though what could there be?—I shall be glad to apologise.

I am, sir,

Yours, etc.,

MOTHER OF SIX.

Dundee High School Cadet Corps at Camp (30th June to 14th July).

On Sunday evening, 8th July (visitors' night), the band will play the Ceremonial Black Watch Retreat. On Friday evening, 13th July, a Concert will be given in Cortachy Drill Hall, to be followed by a dance.

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