

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No 34

DECEMBER, 1925

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J. R. INGRAM



The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 34]

DECEMBER, 1925.

[FOURPENCE

Editorial.

3T is not without some diffidence that we take up that massive instrument, the Editorial pen (Parker Duofold-de-Luxe 23 ct. gold nib) after the extremely able way in which it has been wielded in the past two years. But duty, duty, must be done, and at present it is our duty to make one or two time-honoured remarks, just as it is yours to have a nice little nap by the fire instead of reading them.

Those of us who returned this year are now in the thick of that hectic time just before Christmas, when festivities are so rife that there is no time for work. Any spare moment we may have, therefore, is given to thinking of good excuses for the next day.

And what of those who have not returned! We see them occasionally in Reform Street walking hurriedly with furrowed brows and bowler hats. The cares of business weigh heavily upon their youthful shoulders.

Now and again, however, they may be seen strolling up to the West Passage with an air of lordly condescension.

All these things make life a little hard for us poor schoolboys; but—just wait till next year!

Meanwhile, the School goes marching on. The extended playing field is being licked, or

rather kicked, into shape; a shadowy outline of the new pavilion has been suggested by some string and wooden pegs—always something to be going on with; the Lit. Musical Evening has passed off very successfully; there is the School Dance on Friday, and Christmas and the holidays after that. Holidays! That reminds me. There were two red-letter days this term—two skating holidays—but I expect you noticed them. Even the weather seems to be playing up this winter as if it intends to provide us with a jolly, old-fashioned snowy Christmas. And so in this spirit we salute you. A good vacation and a good time everybody!

It is with the deepest regret that we note the passing of one of our staff, Miss Donaldson. A former pupil, distinguished in scholarship both at School and University, she was welcomed back at the beginning of this session as assistant in the Science Department, and by her fresh, inspiring methods, her obvious love of her work, her alert and kindly disposition, she had already made her mark in school circles, and endeared herself to staff and pupils alike. We should like to express our sympathy with her parents in their great loss.

Miss Janet P. Donaldson, B.Sc.

TWENTY-FOUR years is such a short lifetime to look back over. One does so much in one's first twenty-four years. As a rule our days are full to the last minute. But how pitifully little is destined to leave any impression, either for good or evil, on our neighbours.

Yet there are a few who do leave a very definite impression behind them of a life that has been full of influence for good.

Janet Donaldson was one of these, and in her twenty-four years' history there is much to help us.

She was so straight, so trustworthy, always filled with a desire to do and be her best.

And above all, she was always ready to take a thorough interest in everyone.

Ever since I have known her she has been of those in whom one instinctively confides without ever regretting the confidence. She was so utterly sympathetic, whether it was a rejoicing or a sorrowing, that her presence made all the difference.

This sympathy of hers was a wonderful gift wonderfully used.

Janet began her career in the High School somewhere about Class V., I think. She was clever in that steady, thoughtful way that carries people to the front in the end. In school it finally brought her the dux medal. She was good at all school work, and loved it all. Her drawing, for instance, was well above the average, especially her painting.

Yet she was not one of those who do nothing but lessons during their school career. She played hockey and tennis, and went to the baths regularly, and she took such a cheerful and wholehearted interest in these things that it was good to have her with one.

She was also a prominent supporter of the Literary Society.

Then on that memorable occasion when we of Class IX. produced "The Rivals," by Sheridan, Janet played the part of Lucy, the maid, with no small success. That was a time to remember—a splendid time.

Having completed her year in the "Tenth" at school, Janet went on to U.C.D. to take a degree.

It was there that her popularity showed itself to the full. She did everything and was in everything—S.R.C., societies, committees. If representatives for year or faculty were needed she was pretty certain to be one of them; and I know full well she was not one of the passive ones. She was there on behalf of part of the community, and she did her level best to promote its good.

And it was just because the students felt her sympathy and her interest in their wellbeing that she was so popular. It was herself shining through. So she wended her way through four glorious years of 'Varsity life—years we don't forget—to that Graduation Day and a degree B.Sc. with honours in Chemistry and Physics. It was a just reward for very hard work, I know.

After that a year at Training College to complete the preparation—another year when she was at the head of things. Then came her appointment to the High School staff as assistant in the Science Department. It was the work she liked, and she was proving herself a very worthy expounder of it. And then came the end here of her work.

However, we have still a memory to cherish and the inspiration of that intercourse to help us on.

T. T. B. J.



JANET P. DONALDSON, B.Sc.

**Dundee High School
Magazine**

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More Ancient MSS.

THE following was taken from a very ancient manuscript written by a Babylonian trader who found himself in Dundee about the year 1. It was translated from the Babylonian cuneiform by a learned savant, who sets it down as follows :—

Norman, the son of Rubal the Chaldean, the trader of the mighty King Medrodach, Baladan of Babylon, inscribes these tablets. I have stood in the halls of kings, but I now write these tablets in an inn of the town Deidoniwa, on the banks of a noble river. There is little to be seen in this sunless land at the world's end, and the only visit of interest that I can record was that which I made to the Temple of Wisdom and Magic at the centre of this town. It was on one of the days when Somas the sun god showed his seldom-seen face. I went up a long street at the end of which stood a large imposing building. It was bare of adornment and grey in colour. Many fair maidens and youths all dressed in strange and bright dresses were walking about. I entered a gate at the side, and finally found myself in a square encircled by buildings. A large poster bid me enter the Hall of the Palace of Magic. I tried to enter, but had to pay a silver piece before I was allowed to go inside. By Medrodach, Bel and Sida, I was afraid! No sooner had I entered than I heard a roar like a thundrous gong. The hall was lit by strange lights, and was full of strange sights. A stalwart magician did show me how to make a great noise. He said " $O + 2H = H_2O$ with a noise," but I was afraid and passed on. The next wonder was more terrible. A large wheel on a stand was turned by a fair-haired magician. Upon a stool stood a fair maid, who smiled sweetly upon me. I was glad to see this, for I was sore afraid. Suddenly her hair began to

stand on end like the reeds of the Tigris. She held out her arms to me, and when I accepted the proffered embrace a thousand pins pierced me and I fell back in terror. Truly she was of the race of the Urbelle. I crept tremblingly on and saw many wonders. I tried to get the silver piece out of a dish of cold water, but the demons of Ur held my hand. I saw weird lights flash, and many wonders. I was taken before the Asip, or Great Magician, who could take the flesh from legs and arms so that the bones seemed to stretch. I then climbed some steps and came to a large dark hall well filled with people. Upon a raised platform were some "damsels" (I learned this word from the natives, who said I was a "damsel" when I sold them my goods, and which I take to be an affectionate term for a good person). These maidens that were damsels danced to music and sang. They swayed from left to right to the music, and their listeners swayed from right to left. By Bet, how I enjoyed the singing, although some of the songsters could not look at the audience without bursting into laughter. It was here that I learned to take of essence of kine before I retired for the night. I then went into the fresh air, where I was informed by a trio of maidens that I must buy something for the "Pavilion." I was told that the "Pavilion" was a strange old building that was suffering through the buffeting of ages from senile decay, and which was to be renewed, like the phoenix. I was beguiled out of many another silver piece, and I went from out the Palace of Wisdom and Magic in great fear, great joy, and greatly reduced in wealth. May Kudur-Mabuh, the father of the setting sun, preserve me from the demons of the Asip, and may Vita-Bildit be the patron of the "Pavilion."

A Contribution.

I STARTED off to write a contribution to the "Dundee High School Magazine" with a new pen nib, a brand new notebook, and the best possible intentions. I wrote imposingly at the top—"To the Editor, 'Dundee High School Magazine,'" and then began to think of a subject. It had never occurred to me that I would have any difficulty at all on this point, but somehow I could think of absolutely nothing for quite a while. After chewing my pen for a few minutes I was inspired with the brilliant idea of writing an essay on Weber's Theory. The idea of an outcrop of North and South Poles always appealed to me. I began, "Weber's Theory is ——" What on earth is the beastly thing? Where in the world is my phys. book? After hunting wildly round I decided I'd leave Weber's Theory for my next contribution.

I chewed feverishly for a few minutes more, and determined to write about some question of national importance, such as, "Should there be an aeroplane service between the Boys' and Girls' Schools on wet days?" Splendid! I thought; but then, of course, there should be, so that left me with nothing to write about.

Despairingly I turned to history, and after racking my brain I thought I'd write about my favourite hero. After much thought I chose Julius Cæsar, and I decided that I'd write about his motto, "Wait and see," and its lesson for us to-day. For instance, it teaches us never to prepare home-work, but wait and see if the teacher is going to take us. He might not, and then think of the wasted energy! I felt very pleased with myself for thinking of

such a good moral subject until a terrible thought struck me. *Was* "Wait and see" Cæsar's motto? Was it not Lord Oxford's? For one awful moment my fate hung in the balance, and then I remembered that, of course, Lord Oxford's was "Veni, vidi, vici," and that he said it when he first met Margot. It wasn't quite accurate, since she did the conquering, but we women must allow for men's little failings. Let me see. Where was I? Of course, Cæsar's motto. Cæsar's motto; dear me, there doesn't seem to be much to say about it after all. Perhaps I'd better take someone else, say, Jonah. Jonah was the man who "thought he'd like a sail, so he booked a steerage passage in a Transatlantic whale." Wasn't he? That whale has always had an awful fascination for me. I never felt in the least sorry for Jonah, but I always pitied the poor whale, with Jonah trying to make up his next prophecy in its internal regions. That's all I know about Jonah, and I'm afraid it would need to be a little longer. I feverishly chewed the end of my pen (now no longer recognisable), until the final inspiration came to me: I'd write something about Nature. Where do flies go in the winter time? No, that's too learned and obscure. Why do donkeys eat thistles? At last I've got a congenial subject! Donkeys eat thistles because—because—because—— Oh! hang it all! because they *are* donkeys, of course.

I'm afraid you won't get a contribution from me this time, Mr Editor. But next time, if you give me *at least* three months' notice, I'll write that essay on Weber's Theory!

Christmas 1925

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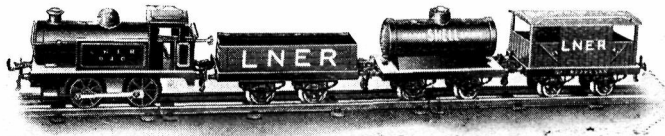
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With the Cadets at Cortachy.

THE hot, dusty march from Kirriemuir to camp was almost over. To the rousing lilt of "Hielan' Laddie" we swung over the bridge that spans the Prosen in fine style, and, marching into the field on the left of the road, set eyes upon the white line of tents, flanked by imposing marquees, that was to be our home for the next fortnight. The distempered walls of the school class-rooms had faded with a vengeance. Here was camp at long last. Exuberance of spirits was in the air; we flung ourselves upon the turf, and kicked our heels into it, utterly care free.

When one speaks of Cortachy, one is talking no more definitely than when one says that Mrs Jones is "At Home," without mentioning whether that lady is in her drawing-room, her bathroom, or under the somewhat doubtful laurel in her garden that has given her villa its name. The village of Cortachy is hard to come by. What strikes one immediately is the tranquillity of it all. The glen is plainly far from lifelessness, but there is no crowding, no noise, no frenzy of living. Here and there some isolated farms stand half thrust-out from the trees around them, or a trickle of blue smoke rises from a half-hidden chimney. One senses, half-wistfully, that to the people here life must still be a friendly mystery, and the world a place for a man's muscle and enjoyment.

Our nearest town was Kirriemuir, dear to us as Stratford-on-Avon to German professors or Tusitala to the Samoan native. Incidentally, in the course of our travels we saw "the highest mountain in the world." The actual camp was quite a mile from habitation of any kind. Further, our precise whereabouts were made vague by the extreme mobility of a Cadet

Corps, for after parade hours cadets might be found anywhere between Loch Brandy and Forfar.

For a fortnight the kilt again guarded "the Bonnie Hoose o' Airlie," and brave would have been the Argyle and his followers who would have dared to rush our lines; for a fortnight pipers of herculean wind and tireless zeal disputed the sovereignty of the narrow roads with noisy charabancs and expensively-purring Limousines.

The practical joker was not long in making his appearance. We are a mathematics-loving school, and the schoolmaster loves a groove better than most. At any rate, the Powers that Were insisted on the N.C.O.'s counting the figs before they were cooked for dinner. The Sergeant-Major's tally was two hundred and nine, while the Quartermaster made it two hundred and three, so they had to be counted again. The Captain's tent was religiously blanco-ed; the left-handed shovel was carefully searched for; elbow grease was supplied to recruits in paper parcels by cooks whose features might have been carved in Rubislaw granite, so scared were they lest the joke be spoiled. One had been initiated, passed, and raised only when one had used three different persons' knives, forks, and spoons in one day. The Grand Master regularly used as many at one meal.

Of more than passing interest was the visit of Lord Airlie, our Inspecting Officer. He made flattering reference to the standard we had attained in both drill and tactics. The latter is not as simple as it seems. Field-training is rudely known to the troops as "belly-flopping," as it largely consists of short rushes over uneven ground and rapidly assum-

ing a prone position under supposed fire. Now one of the chief secondary crops round about Cortachy is thistles, and a kilt, however picturesque, is for defensive purposes a kilt, and all too lamentably nothing more. Tactics, with its essential "belly-flopping," is a test of physical endurance as well as of mental agility.

The social side of camp life was excellent. Glorious weather lasted throughout the fortnight, and if marching was rather too hot for comfort, it made bathing all the more pleasant. The fashionable dress for the afternoon was gym. shoes and a towel, and "peeling" was the solitary ailment that the M.O. did not prescribe for with iodine. The school "Pierrette Troupe" gave us an excellent evening's entertainment, and the dance that followed put us in fighting trim for the "attack" that was diligently practised the following week. The favourite marching song of the troops was a parody of "Here's to the good old whisky," which began in seemly fashion—

"Here's to Captain Mann,
First in storm or calm,"

and ended "fittingly," as one wag feelingly said, with—

"Here's to the N.C.O.'s,
Heaven knows how they rose!
Here's to the N.C.O.'s—
Give us figs!"

The fortnight passed all too quickly. Early on the third Saturday morning camp was struck. Soon the field was deserted; the last strains of the pipes were caught by the firs of Caddam; and an hour later a train was tearing its way through green fields, bearing us back to the homes we had almost begun to forget.



Memoirs of an Airlieite.

AMONG the writings of that illustrious historian Lord Bluffskin, the following statement has been discovered:—"The year

1925 was epoch-making, for it was then that a famous institution was established. It received the name of 'The House of Airlie,' and was employed for the propagation of rugby football in schools. So enthusiastic were its members that at every house match they thronged the touchline and gave vent to such raucous shouts that both the 1st and 2nd XV.'s never left the pitch defeated. It is even on record that on one occasion twenty turned up to represent the 1st XV., and lots had to be drawn to decide who were to play, while about three hundred were waiting to cheer them to victory."

I can go even further than Lord Bluffskin, for I know for a fact that players in the House XV.'s were seen frisking blithely about the pitch fully three hours before the match was due to begin. I wonder if the motto of the House is:—"The 'Airlie' bird catches the worm"?

Although Airlie is as yet undefeated, their matches are not without interest. I refer, of course, to an encounter the 1st XV. had with the "Wasps," when a defeat was narrowly averted. The captain of the opposing team, A. N——n, a big, burly aggressive youth with a terrible sting, made the Airlieites look bluer than their jerseys. Airlie, however, was saved by such players as T. B——e, F——n, and M——r. The latter was the mainstay of the forwards, despite his small stature, for he is no more than 5 ft. 3 in. in height, and has such an insignificant look that the "Wasps" were completely deceived. The supporters on the touchline roared themselves hoarse, when M——r was suddenly seen pushing all in front of him, and calmly covering ten yards a second to score a beautiful try.

May we suggest that "Airlie" acquire their winning propensities from eating so much "jam."



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Magazine



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“A Long Time Ago.”

[Being certain extracts from an ancient papyrus discovered about three thousand miles from the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen, by Mr Coward Harter, and given to the public for the first time by kind permission of the finder.]

“ And I, Canopus, the Navigator, sailed ever Northwards, far from the court of Egypt, into the Sea of Mists. And I reached a strange land, and made my habitation therein for many moons. And the name of the land was Scotia : and there was builded there a mighty city : and the name of the city was called Dun-Dee. . . . Of a truth, many wonders beheld I there : but, lo ! the mightiest of them all was a comely pillared building, and the name of the building was called the Hy-Scoole of Dun-Dee.

And I entered therein, between mighty pillars of hewn stone : and there stood within, in a glass case, a certain man girded about with gold braid. And he spake unto me, saying, “What are you doing here ?” And I answered him, saying, “Go, chase thyself.” And he turned and went away in a rage : his sandals creakéd as he departed.

I passed on : and as I entered a certain room, peopled with little children, lo ! I heard a mighty voice saying, “Go, get the strrrap.” Behold, he was a mighty man, and a tall : yea, his stature was as four cubits and a span. And when the strrrap was brought unto him he did lay about him hip and thigh, girded about his loins with a khaki overall. And there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. . . . Now it came to pass that after many days a fable was told unto me concerning fifteen stalwarts, clothed in black

and gold and crimson, who did bow down in the mud and worship an Egg-Shaped Ball. Verily, did they sally forth many times to do battle : but fortune favoured them not. Then came a mighty hero unto them ; and his name was Mills ; and he was clothed in black and green, and lo ! his sandals were spikéd. Yea, from the City of Dur-Ham came he to succour them : and they waxed great, and flourished exceedingly, and scored about twenty points.

. . . . And I saw a band of lusty youths clad in kylts, and bearing strange and obsolete weapons on their shoulders. With them was one Sha-And ; small of stature was he, but on parade he had the very deuce of a big voice. With them, also, was one Poll-Ock. Large was he, and a mighty athlete withal : yea, in all that band of youths none could Swing The Lead like unto Poll-Ock. With them also was a certain Man : and he spake unto them, crying with a loud voice, and saying, “‘Shun ! Quick march !” And as they departed he called after them, “Go ye alone : for I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.”

Now it fell upon a day that there was published and sold abroad, for four shekels of copper, a volume of clay tablets, called the Scoole Mag. And one Scrymm, an editor by trade, heaved a happy sigh, saying : “My hat, glad am I that it is safely published.” Nevertheless, his heart was heavy within him : for the choicest of his Hy-Scoole Notes (Middle Page) had been severely censured by the Powers That Be. And he said unto me : “Alack the day, for I have stirred up a hornet’s nest about mine ears.” And I answered him kindly, saying : “My son, be of good cheer : blessed

is he that sitteth upon a hornet's nest, for verily he shall rise again." . . .

[We make no comment upon the above extracts from the ancient papyrus, beyond remarking upon the strange manner in which history repeats itself.—Ed.]



Cigare' Pho'ies.

MOST fellows who have passed into Class VIII. and upwards are pestered daily by these young ruffians who trot round asking everything in long trousers for "Cigare' pho'ie, mannie; see's a cigare' pho'ie." They come on you quite unexpectedly sometimes. "*Tellee*, sir," says a youth of fourteen. You pass on with some appropriate remark or gesture. "Well, see's a cigare' pho'ie."

In different localities the terms used vary. For instance, in some places in Fife the term "Generals" is applied to them. This word is probably derived from the set of famous Generals which came out during the war. In London the cockney youth uses the term "fag picter," a much more plebeian word than "cigare' pho'ie."

There are lots of small boys whose sole aim in life seems to be to stand and accost likely cigarette smokers with these inevitable importunities. Yet never have I seen one of them achieve any success. I myself, on principle, never encourage these potential beggars. Still, it is annoying to have a grimy youth in rags trotting along on bare feet. "Go on; see's a cigare' pho'ie, laddie." Sometimes

they descend to sarcasm as a means of extortion. Two young lads trot along, one on each side of you, begging, until one says to the other, "Come awa', Jock, he's ower young; he doesna' smoke." Still, anything is better than a certain pair who came up to me and asked the usual question. Then the one turned to the other, "Och! go on, he smokes Woodbine."
S. R. R.



Riding Out.

Riding out, riding out, o'er the green rolling prairie,
With God's blue above, in the spring o' the year,
The smell of the earth is like nectar of faerie,
The wind's from the west, the world's full of cheer—
Riding out.

Riding out, riding out, smell the scent of the pine wood,
See the mist of young green in the maze of the trees,
Feel the frisk and the stir of great Nature's new childhood;
There's a lilt in the heart and glad light on the leas—
Riding out.

Riding home, riding home, when Autumn comes creeping,
When the taint's on the leaf and sad drips the rain;
Beat bravely, oh, heart, nor fear Nature's sleeping,
Beyond Winter's darkness will Spring wake again—
Riding home.

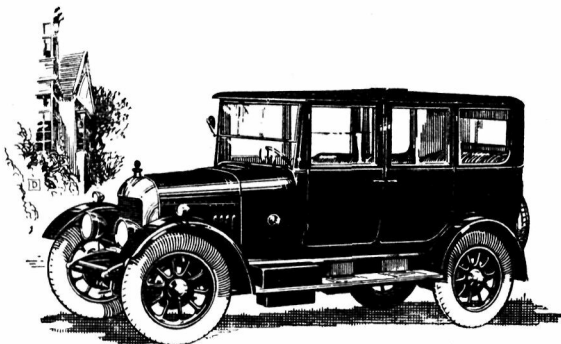
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Virgil Vindicated.

IN my last article on the great men of old I endeavoured to clear away the slur which has been for so long a time attached to the name of Euclid. I now propose to turn my attention to one who has been the undeserving object of almost as many maledictions. I refer, my friends, to Publius Vergilius Maro. The latter, in case he has escaped your memory, was a Roman, and wrote in Latin (which is not so easy as it sounds, as anyone knows who has tried). The *Æneid*, the *Georgics*, and various other tongue-twisters, were among his chief works.

Little is known of his boyhood, save that his mother dropped him on a stone floor while he was yet very young. We are not sure why she did this; perhaps it was an accident. The first thing we do know certainly is, that at the age of 22 he fell in love. I admit that this is not unusual. I myself am far short of that mature age, and yet once or twice or —; but I am wandering from my noble purpose. It is not Virgil's love in itself (though doubtless it was a deep and soul-shaking emotion) that is important. Its consequences, nevertheless, are of vital interest.

The really important point is that another swain shared Virgil's deep-rooted passion. This gentleman played "hooker" in the scrum of the Coliseum Vagabundi. Tradition has it that he was seven feet high and four feet thick; he had, moreover, a somewhat loud and overbearing manner. Virgil, on the other hand, perhaps as a result of his early fall, was a shy floweret who loved to bloom in peace. What was our friend to do? In his own words his remarks were as follows:—"Quae cum ita sint, in collum ei capiendum est." Which on literal translation means—"Since which are

thus, it to him be caught upon the neck." Quite so; but how?

Many people would have quitted the unequal struggle altogether. Not so P. V. Maro; he had centuries of the stern fighting stock of the Roman citizen behind him. He drew himself up to his full five feet three inches, slapped his puny chest, and started searching for ways and means with all the diligence of an Aberdonian who has lost a sixpence and found a three-penny bit.

He spent one night reeling off sheet after sheet of closely written paper, and in the morning he was in possession of a string of murderous Latin words and phrases arranged in the Elegiac couplet (or was it the hendeco-syllabic octopus?) which he called the "Eclogues." When his rival was in bed Virgil stole into his house, locked his bedroom door, and came out again. He next barricaded the window, and then proceeded to inflict his ghastly work upon the captive, disregarding alike the pitiful appeals of the latter and the short, sharp yelps of the athlete's dog. In the morning the unfortunate man was pale, haggard, and sleepless; he went listlessly about his business all day, and at night was so worn out with fatigue and the deadly influence of the serenade that he neglected to safeguard himself from a repetition.

The same thing happened again that night. Virgil let him have the *Æneid*. At the end of the seventh book, however, the victim, spurred on by desperation, at last hit upon a ruse to lay hands on his tormentor. He pretended to fall out of bed with a dull thud. Virgil rushed in in triumph; his enemy gathered all his strength into one last effort, and sprang at his throat. But Virgil was not quite unprepared

for a trick, so he leapt lightly on to the top of the wardrobe, whither the other was unable to follow him. The rest of the Æneid followed, whereupon the poor fellow fainted away. Virgil leapt down and dispatched him with a short sonnet, now, thank heaven, extinct.

A savage action, and one deserving of some censure, you will say. Yes, but remember that it was not aimed directly at us; remember, also, that the scale of morality has changed since then; and remember, above all, the good old adage, "All's fair in love and war."

Virgil was married happily, and soon had many little Virgils clambering over his knees. Before his death he gave orders that his friends should burn and utterly destroy his fiendish documents, and it is these base friends whom we must thank for the well-known works; for these self-seeking thieves elected to use them for their own foul ends instead of burning them, as Virgil commanded.

A New Version.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of trash,
Dundee High School teachers
All in need of cash.
When the High School teachers
Find that they can sing,
P'r'aps they'll take to guising,
That would be the thing—
M—sh—l with a crinoline,
I—gl—s with a kilt,
Singing joyful melodies
With a cheerful lilt,
P—t—r with a banjo,
D—y with a drum—
All with faces painted,
Or whiskers stuck with gum!

"I Remember."

I remember, I remember, I thought it very sad,
I had to sit in school all day when I was but
a lad.

I remember, I remember, the building old and
grey,
The little windows shutting out the fresh air
night and day,
The "hoppers," too, all firmly closed,
Rejoiced the germs while scholars dozed.

I remember, I remember, the Rector dark and
high;
I used to wish some angel bright would waft
me to the sky
Before the hour for Latin prose
Had plunged me in the deepest throes.

I remember, I remember, the day McLaren
said,
"Now, boys, you must have jerseys new, some
blue and some striped red,
They'll last you, dears, for many years—but
now, alas! 'tis true,
I've got to swap my jersey red for one striped
white and blue.

I remember, I remember, the things my mother
said
When I informed her (clad in blue) I must be
clothed in red;
It was her childish ignorance—she thought it
little joy
To have to lay more shekels out upon her
heedless boy.

But now the years have passed and showed the
wise and kindly rule,
Which still keeps happy memories bright
around the old High School.

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Speeches of the Term.

D——y, you've got as much taste for poetry as a hen has for cigarettes.

You sit there like lumps of wet dough !

Really, if some of you had about ten times the sense you have you'd be half-witted.

The most obstinate creature in the world is woman.

The cream of the school is Class IX. and X.
—only one jar available.

Some of you tie up your homework like love letters.

Class X. is a very superior crowd.

Old :—" Dead for a ducat."

New :—" Bet you a bob."

Romance in Maths :—Kiss alpha (cis a).

And one of my five best girls to get marks like this !

You are too self-conscious, miss. If you only had on a pierrot costume you could say it perfectly.

Stop that internal chattering.

You are most unromantic, N——n !

I don't see why you should all laugh when I say rouge.

You've a tongue like a rugger ball !

SCENE VIII. G.—After mention has been made of Lit. musical feed. Mr Laird—Let's get back to Macbeth, " Fail not our feast."

AT CORTACHY CAMP.

Officer of Cadets : " Have you all got your coffee over there ?"

Chorus of Cadets : " No, sir."

Officer : " All right, come and get it—it's finished."



Things We Would Like to Know.

If it is true that the new Pavilion will be commenced before the next war ?

If Mr M——l has really taken a dislike to a certain member of his superior class ?

What a certain master says when his cleek breaks ?

If some of our Math. masters could supply chemical laboratories with powdered chalk ?

What sin has a certain Math. master committed that he has been cursed by teaching Class VI.

Whose threepenny is causing such excavations in front of the Girls' High School?

Where is the ghost of Airlie House?

If it is true that N——n was "coopered"?

Where all the lost pins go at Physics?



From the Exams.

Putting "pep" into Goldsmith's parson.

"From town to town he ran his godly race."

That Xmas feeling.—The Norman Baron was very ill during the Xmas wassail.—Class V.

Chemistry extraordinary.—A solution of sodium acid (!) turns redlitmus blue ∴ it is alcoholic.

A man stole two of the caterpillar's eggs, and he hatched them and brought them to Europe.



Petit Bo Bouton,
A perdu ses moutons,
Et ne sait pas qui les a pris ;
La.ssez-les tranquilles,
Ils vieudront en ville,
Chacun son queue après lui.



Oft in the stilly night,
When other folks lie dreaming,
I've got to sit and swot
By lamplight dimly gleaming.

And thus the tears of boyhood's years
Are tribute paid to learning,
Yet "longus est" the lane, they say,
That never has a turning.

And so the day must surely come,
When homework will be banished ;
For Britons never should be slaves—
The days for that have vanished.

Things We Wish to Know.

Last year the High School was supposed
To contain a disease diagnosed

As "Pavilionitis."

Will you tell us why 'tis

This year it is not "indisposed."

Why is it the Rugger Fifteen,
To win their match seldom are seen,

While the D.H.S. Hockey

In matches are lucky ;

Is't their stockings of bright tangerine ?

Why is it "the back-of-the-room"

Is of classical culprit the doom ?

That he feels there more able

To construe his fable

Is the reason of this, I presume.

Why is it that day after day

A D.H.S. master (they say),

While his pupils do sigh

Over "x," "z," and "y,"

Finds charm in "P" and in "K" ?

QUAESITOR.



An Ode.

Ah ! thou bright and shining star,
Lo ! we view thee from afar,
Even when our brains you rack,
X to Y, from there and back ;
Ah ! when then we bow to thee,
Nor murmur as thy rod we see ;
Do we writhe beneath thy scorn,
Ever witty, English born—

Rumour answers "No !"

In years to come, when you grow old,
Nor counted one in High School fold,
Going weakly on a stick,
Let your thoughts to us return
In sorrow for the wrong you've done,
Scots ! remember Bannockburn !

SAPIENS.

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The Fourteenth of July.

THIS date may not signify much to us, unless it marks the passing of a fortnight of our summer holidays, or the end of the Cadet Camp; but to the French it is the occasion of a holiday. It is like our Empire Day. All the schools have a holiday, and all grown-up workers have one too. I think the French need this holiday, for they start work at seven and finish at six or seven at night, and they *do* work. This holiday is called the *Fête Nationale*.

The town is decorated for the occasion. Work is started on this weeks beforehand. The streets are festooned with balloons and other decorations. On the actual day each paterfamilias puts out his flag; indeed he feels ashamed if he has not put one out. The people themselves wear little rosettes of red, white, and blue. I saw one boy who wore trousers with red ends, white socks, and blue slippers.

The French get up as early on the *Fête Nationale* as on ordinary days. They put on their best clothes and go into town. In Britain we put on our plus-fours and go out of town into the country, but the French have different ideas. They certainly have a great many entertainments in the cities.

The towns usually have reviews, or something in which the town officials and some prominent persons take part. Medals and decorations are awarded at this time. This parade is held early in the day, and I, for obvious reasons, have never seen one. After this they go and celebrate the occasion in the *cafés*. The *cafés* are crammed full, and you

have to walk on the roads to get past them. They stay in the *cafés* for the rest of the morning. Whenever I passed a *café* I heard each one telling his neighbour I was English. I should have taken my kilt to France. In the afternoon bands perform in the gardens, and displays of gymnastics are held all over the town.

About eleven at night fireworks are set off. A man is appointed by the town for this work. These fireworks last for a long time, sometimes over an hour. No wonder I had a stiff neck. They are held at different parts of the town, and go on without any intervals. Rockets, catherine wheels, and all kinds of patterns in different colours are set off. The grand finale is the display of the words "*République Francaise*," which are written in all colours, and this ends amidst exclamations of wonder and loud bangs. Then the crowds disperse to start dancing. The casinos are full of dancers, and many novelties are exhibited. The streets are filled with dancers too, and this continues far into the morning of the next day.

"NOX."



A New Song.

Twinkle, twinkle, falling star,
'Tis a cabbage prize you are,
You that have forgot to shine,
Twinkle, twinkle, star of mine.

Let the blackboard shine, I say,
For 'tis all that shines to-day;
Twinkle, twinkle, falling star,
'Tis a mutt I think you are.

The Adventures of a Puppy in a Gluepot.

I AM a small puppy living at a farm. I have a kind master and am very happy.

I had been told that I was not to go near the dead fowl in the larder, but I was just going to have another one look, so off I went.

On the way I met a cat, the same cat which I found sleeping in my kennel the other night, so I was determined to pay him back. Whenever he saw me he curved his back, opened out his claws, and, with his tail standing straight up in the air, stood waiting to fight me.

I gave a low growl, but he did not move. I then rushed at him; he spat at me, but stood motionless as before. Now I was angry. I rushed straight at him. The fight had begun in earnest. I chased him through the house, up stairs, down again, and finally into the store room.

Here he jumped up on a shelf and upset a large gluepot. Crash! Down it came on top of me, and in less time than it takes to tell I was sprawling amongst the glue. Seeing this the cat ran away; that's just like it, never offering to help a friend.

However, it is no use crying over spilt milk, or, in my case, spilt glue. I was in it, and I must just try to get out. Suddenly I heard steps approaching the room. I knew too well whose steps they were. The door opened and my master entered. Upon seeing him I tried to get out of the glue, but the harder I tried the faster I stuck.

My master approached me and picked me up. I was then carried to the duck pond and thrown in. Ow! The water was icy cold,

and my mouth was full of a mixture of glue and water, the taste of which reminded me of the medicine I had to take after eating the best part of a golf ball.

I scrambled up to the edge of the pond but immediately was thrown in again, so I decided to swim to the opposite side. Here I landed in safety, and after shaking myself dry went off to relate my adventure to my brothers.

WM. A. MAXWELL.



A Symphonic Poem.

A teacher named N—I once thought,
That more music to boys should be taught,
So with gramophone he
Made such sweet melody,
That each pupil an instrument bought.

Young Davie preferred the bassoon
(He hadn't much ear for a tune);
But a musical treat
Was a song from James Beat
Entitled "A Howl to the Moon."

A mouth organ was Hutchison's pride,
As a player his fame was spread wide—
He played Chopin and Liszt,
Bach, and others I've missed
(In Westgreen now his parents reside).

When Hollingworth played the guitar,
You yearned to be wafted afar;
But the French horn by Sime
Made one weep every time,
And long to be "crossing the bar."

PATERFAMILIAS.

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Then and Now.

In days of old when Parliaments
And M.P.'s there were none,
The man who held the kingly power
Had often lots of fun.

When beef he needed he just stole
Out of a baron's byre ;
When drink, he took it from the cask
Of some fat hearty friar.

And then to keep the barons quiet
He made them magistrates ;
And asked the friars to toddle round
And gather up the rates.

One fine day John the First (and last)
Succeeded to the throne ;
The people were quite pleased at first,
But soon began to groan.

Instead of taking one fat ox
The greedy John took ten,
And gave the highest stations
To fawning foreign men.

Then every baron swore that he
Such insult would not stand,
So each did don his coat of mail
And sharpened up his brand.

They marched on London town and tower,
They seized the greedy John ;
But learned, alas, a horrid truth—
The crown jewels were in pawn !

The barons passed a helmet round,
And soon got back the gems ;
They carried John to Runnymede,
An island in the Thames.

At Runnymede the barons bold
Drew up a lengthy scroll
Of privileges, rights, and wrongs,
And statutes, tithe, and toll.

The King he scowled and raved and swore,
And chewed his finger nails ;
In vain, the barons closed their ears
To all his tearful wails.

At last John cried, " Adjust the seal,
For write I never could."
The barons smiled and strutted round,
And sent for carts of food.

They held a feast that night, they did !
The wassail bowl went round
Full oft, and when the light appeared
The barons drunk were found.

In present times when Parliaments
And M.P.'s many are,
The man who holds the kingly power
Does not dare go too far.

D. M.



By the Sea.

Before me lay the green-blue sea,
'Twas still and sparkling, wide and free ;
Far off it stretched for miles around—
I listened to its lapping sound ;
The sun's rays shone and made it bright,
Made it dance in shimmering light.

At night the raging storm rose high,
The waves roared, and the spume hissed by ;
The fishing smacks tossed to and fro ;
We heard the crew and lifeboat go
Out to help some stricken ship where
Rocks are dread and lights are rare.

All was calm in the morning hour—
The mighty deep seemed stripped of power ;
No tales she tells of her wild deeds—
One voice alone she ever heeds.
How cruel the deep in tempest torn !
How gentle on a summer's morn !

M. C. C. (Class VII.).

Historical Researches into the Noble Science of Hockey.

IT is an entirely mistaken idea to place Hockey in the category of games recently invented. It is a game of considerable antiquity. In fact it may surprise some of you to learn that the first "bully-off" took place, not on a patch of ground resembling a duck pond after a heavy shower (now, I believe, styled a "pitch," for obvious reasons), but in a beautiful garden of flowers and fruit trees of all kinds thereof. In the event of any readers being hazy about this ancient period of history I would remind them that the said garden was noted for the production of apples. Composition and solid rubber being at that time unknown quantities, the ball was ably represented by a particularly hard specimen of the aforementioned fruit. Oranges, as nowadays, were absorbed at half-time, with the only difference that, since the participants in the game were but two in number, and as the oranges were home grown, slightly larger slices were allowed. On one occasion the weaker member of the team desired a change in the half-time menu and partook of an apple—with disastrous results. That it went under some other name than Hockey is almost certain, although documentary evidence fails to inform us on this point.

With the fate of many other things the game went out of fashion for a few hundred centuries, and the next instance we have of its being

played, this time on our own island, is in Ye Doomsday Book. We are herein informed that so many acres in the estate of Baron de Such-and-Such were granted to the villagers of the village of So-and-So for the encouragement of the noble art of hitting a ball with a piece of wood specially carved for the purpose. By this time people, for one reason and another, thought it too hard work for two people, and accordingly the number on either side rose to eleven.

Chronicles of the year 1588 show that on the very day the Spaniards sent their Armada to our shores the English Admiral, Sir Francis Drake, was engaged in a most exciting game of Hockey. The game was at such a critical stage (the score being 2-1 against his side) that he refused to leave till the end of the match.

From that time till the present day historical records fail to give us more information on the subject. Now, however, the game has been revived with enthusiasm by Scottish and English ladies, and international matches are keenly attended. If by this article I have roused the interest of anyone in this exciting game, let him or her board the car bound for Baxter Park, get out at the terminus, and enter the D.H.S. Recreation Grounds. There he will see, if the day be a Wednesday and the time about 4 p.m., Hockey as it ought to be played.

Much for Little.

THIS is a very trying time of year for most of us. The rush and bustle of the recent "quarterlies" is over, and Christmas festivities

have scarcely yet begun. The result is that we are tired mentally and physically, and therefore inclined to be restless and irritable.

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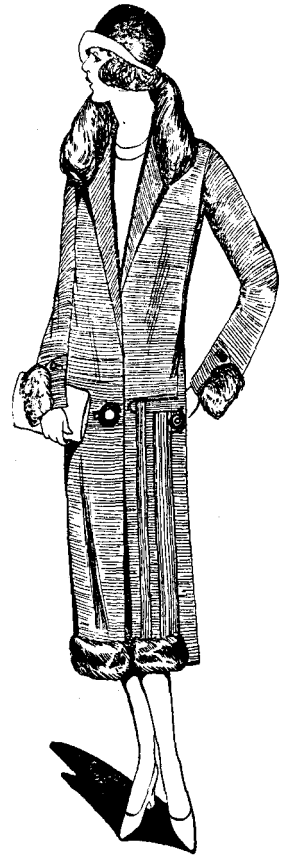
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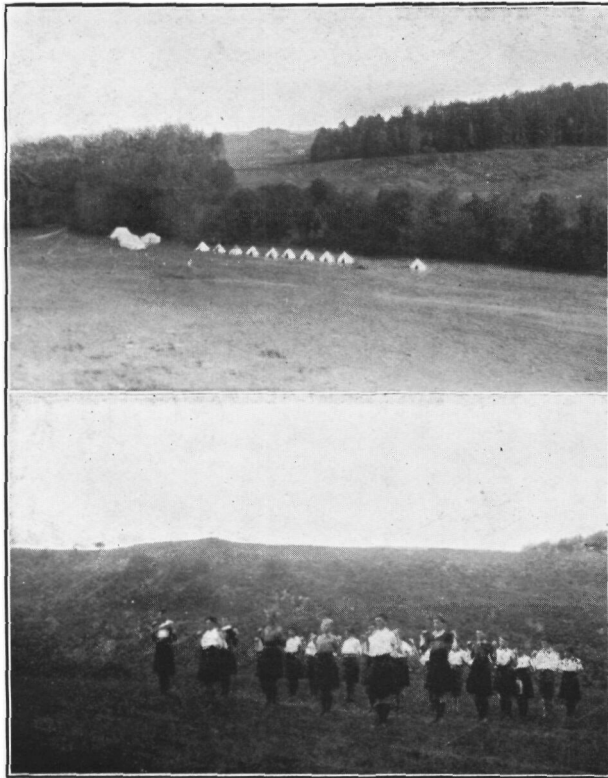
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CADET CAMP
CORTACHY, JULY 1925

Dundee High School
Magazine

Whilst poring over Virgil or the calculus we often feel inclined to pitch the book through the window, run into the street, and bite somebody on the ankle. At such times I have a remedy which has never yet failed me. I hum or whistle under my breath a snatch of a tune. This invariably calls up pleasant memories which soothe the worrying mind.

For example, as I whistle a certain tune the room around me fades away. It is morning : the sun shines, and a light wind caresses the birches. The whole day is before me, as also is the open road. I can see it winding away through glorious stretches of purple heather, now and again losing itself in the silvery green of the birch woods. Now it runs along by the flashing river, and now it walks sedately in awe of the tall dark pine trees. There are no restrictions as to how I shall spend the day, so I set off happily along the white ribbon. I do not require to keep to the road if anything

attracts me from the mountain or the burnside. I am absolutely my own master ; my dinner is on my back ; and all I care for is that there are miles and miles of sun and wind and heather between me and the hour when, tired but filled with a great peace, I shall return home at the end of a perfect day.

Or, again, it is evening. I have been strolling by the side of the loch. The sun is setting behind the hill where brawls the Burn o' Vat. The splendour of that sunset is toned down by a mere suggestion of cloud about the hilltop. Everything is still ; even Time himself is resting for a few moments. All is serenely beautiful, yet there is something mystic in the uncanny, silent solitude. I half expect to see some ancient Pictish votary at prayer to the god of the evening. A peace greater than that of this world reigns absolute o'er all the moorland. Faintly across the vast stillness is borne that call, dearer than all others to lovers of the

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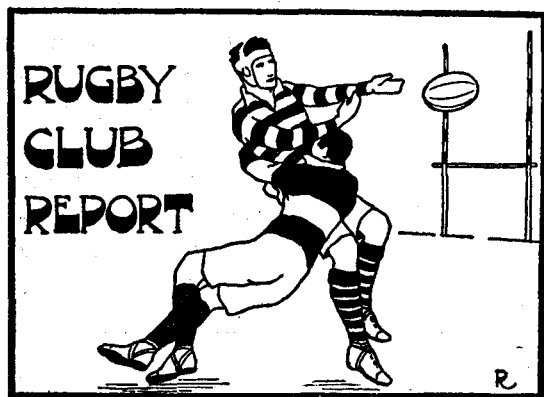
Soon a breath of wind will kiss the birches by the water side, and a shimmer will run across the surface of the lake. This is the official intimation that this crystallised heaven is at an end for to-night at least. Already

there is a chill overstealing the air, and I had better be moving regretfully homewards.

Well, well, I have not done much Virgil, but I have had a delightful little holiday, and that is far more important. And to think that one can get to a place like that for a little breath blown between one's teeth!

EVELLE.

Reports.



Rugby Report.

The following office-bearers were elected for the season 1925-26:—President, D. M. Mann, Esq., Captain, A. Niven; Vice-Captain, J. J. Ferguson; Secretary, J. D. Grant; Committee—the above with J. Pollock and J. S. Wilson added.

Only five of last year's XV. were available as a basis for this season's team, and great difficulty has been experienced in putting together a side. Ferguson resumes his old position as left wing-three. Niven shifts from three-quarters to stand-off half position, while Grant, Pollock and J. Wilson are again in the back. Parker comes in at full-back, while the three-quarter line is completed by G. C. Wilson right-wing-three, G. Ritchie, right-centre-three, and E. Glover, left-centre-three. Ireland is the new scrum-half. The forward line is, after many experiments, completed by J. S. Smith, Wylie, Boyle, Millar and Mills.

We started the season with our annual defeat by the 2nd F.P.'s. Lack of weight and weak tackling were responsible for the score of seven

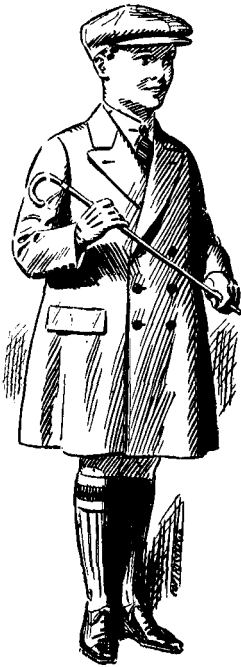
tries and four placed goals to our one try scored by Niven. For our next match, we travelled to Perth to play the local Academy on the North Inch. The school fielded a weak XV., and were beaten by a much superior team.—D.H.S., 0 points; Perth Academy, 29 points.

On October 3rd, the School travelled to Crieff with a team much below full strength to meet Morrison's Academy. The homesters were a much heavier lot and made the School look easy stuff. The School forwards started off well and then fell off towards the interval. It was nearing full time when the forwards again began to show their real worth, but alas, it was too late. There was no holding the homesters as the score will show. D. H. S., nil; Morrison's Academy, 72 points.

The following Saturday we played St Andrew's Varsity 2nd XV., at St Andrews. The students fielded a very strong team, but the School played a plucky game, and were distinctly unlucky in having such a big score against them.—D.H.S., 0 points; St Andrew's Varsity 2nd XV., 24 points.

On October 17th, we played the return match with St Andrew's Varsity 2nd XV. The School team played a sound game, although our opponents scored first. After continuous pressing by the School forwards, Mills forced his way over and touched down for Pollock to convert. St Andrews scored another two unconverted tries, which finished the scoring.—D.H.S., 5 points; St Andrew's 11 points.

Our next match was on 31st October, when we had Madras College as our visitors. Madras scored in the opening minutes of the game with a placed goal. The School pack then played a great game, but eventually Madras again scored through a penalty goal. A very good game ended—D.H.S., 0 points; Madras College, 8 points.



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The following week we were again at home, this time to Glenalmond 2nd XV. The School started well and scored a try through Grant. A little later Duff scored for the School, while Glover also scored. All three tries were unconverted. Good passing by the visitors' threes resulted in the scoring of two placed goals. The School forwards had lost all their opening dash. In the second half Glenalmond crossed our line four times, while the School scored through J. Wilson and Pollock. The game ended with the School pressing.—D.H.S., 15 points; Glenalmond, 26 points.

The following week the match against Bell-Baxter at Cupar was cancelled owing to hard frost.

We are greatly indebted to Mr Mann for his unflinching interest in us, and also to those members of the staff who have given us their support (both vocal and moral) upon the touch-line.

J. D. G.

Measured by points scored for and against the 1st XV., in their matches of this season, rugby would seem to be at a low ebb in the School. Yet even the statistician will note that, while 166 points were scored against and 3 for us in the first four matches, in the remaining three games the figures are 45 and 20.

As usual, there were few members of last year's XV. available as a nucleus for the new side, and some difficulty was experienced in deciding upon the individual members. Team work is still in process of development. Judging from more recent displays, there are grounds for hoping that the XV. will yet bring credit to themselves and their School.

Those who look elsewhere for indications of the state of rugby football in the school, will find everywhere the greatest enthusiasm. The knowledge and practice of the game is being gradually extended over all Classes, from IV. upwards, and the scene at the Grounds on Wednesday afternoons and Saturday mornings is very different from what obtained even two years ago. The new division of the School into four houses and the institution of inter-house matches between both 1st and 2nd XV.'s, have created a new interest and proved a powerful stimulus. All this work has been made possible by an increasing number of masters both able and willing to give instruction in the game, and to superintend its practice. The results of their labours are bound to make themselves evident in the near future.

D. M. M.

Hockey Report.

With seven members of last year's undefeated team no longer available, it was practically a new team that had to be formed and trained to face the task of defending the School's record for the present season.

It was unfortunate that the first match should have been against Bell Baxter (probably the strongest combination in the League), for the team was by that time scarcely licked into shape and was further handicapped by the absence of Dorothy Grant, the mainstay of the defence. The result was a defeat by 5 goals to 1, which, however impalatable, was a fair reflex of the play.

The record of the subsequent matches, however, clearly indicates a marked improvement in form and is a splendid tribute to Miss Smith's coaching. The matches played up to date are as follows:—

For. Ag.

Oct. 3rd v. Bell Baxter (away), ... 1 5
Oct. 10th v. Madras College (home), ... 3 2
This was a close game with very little between the teams.

Oct. 17th v. Grove Academy F.P.'s (away), 6 5
The scoring was heavy in this match and the result was, if anything rather flattering to the school.
Oct. 24th v. Perth Academy (away), ... 4 3
This also was a well contested match.

Oct. 31st v. Morrison's Academy (home), 6 2
Nov. 7th v. Harris Academy (away), ... 8 1
Nov. 14th v. Bell Baxter (home), ... 3 2
This was a very strenuous encounter from which we were glad to emerge with full points. This win puts us on a level with Bell Baxter in the Schools' League, as they have won all their own matches.

This year in addition to the 1st and 2nd XI.'s the School has formed six other XI.'s whose captains are taken from the 1st XI. and whose vice-captains are members of the team in question. They are as follows:—

1st XI.—Captain, Jean Robertson; vice-captain, Dorothy Grant.

2nd XI.—Captain, Betty Higgs.

3rd XI.—Captain, Dorothy Duff; vice-captain, Maidie Scotland.

4th XI.—Captain, Dorothy Grant; vice-captain, Chrissie Rattray.

5th XI.—Captain, Margaret Webster; vice-captain, Rosemary Taylor.

6th XI.—Captain, Marjory Murray; vice-captain, Florence Ramsay.

7th XI.—Captain, Muriel Mitchell; vice-captain, Maisie Kay.

8th XI.—Captain, Kitty Robertson; vice-captain, Mary Will.

Only the 2nd and 3rd XI.'s engage in match play, and up to date only one match has been played, viz., 2nd XI. v. D.H.S. F.P.'s 2nd XI., the result being a win for the F.P.'s by 4 goals to 3. The other XI.'s, however, practise every Saturday and the keenness of all their members augurs well for the future of the senior teams.

D. D.

Cadet Corps Report—Cadet Camps, Cortachy, 1925.

On Saturday, June 27, the Company pitched camp on the north bank of the River Prosen, just above Prosen Bridge. The camp consisted of forty-six cadets and n.c.o.'s, four officers, and two army cooks.

Our daily routine was as follows:—6.30, reveille; 6.45, P.T. (usually a sharp walk and trot round the beautifully wooded paths of the Airlie estates); 8, breakfast; 9, kit inspection; 9.15, parade (after inspection, we were kept busy with company and squad drill, rifle drill, target designation, and fire orders, artillery formations, skirmishing, guard-mounting, and lectures by the officers); 1, dinner; 5, tea; 9, supper; 9.15 roll-call; 10, guard-mounting; 10.30, lights out.

From 1 o'clock onwards we were free to do as we pleased. On most afternoons we bathed in the splendid natural bathing pool below the bridge—where, by the way, a kingfisher had its haunt, until frightened by our daily invasions. We were kindly allowed the use of the Cortachy cricket and football grounds, and many of the Cadets made full use of them daily. We played two soccer matches against the local XI., drawing 3-3 on the first occasion, but losing the return match 4-1. Cpl. Crooks scored all the Cadet goals.

On both Sundays of our stay, we had an official church parade, Cadet Martin officiating at the organ with great success. On the second occasion a Cadet choir was also in evidence, ranging from double bass to falsetto.

On the first Friday of our stay, we gave our annual concert and dance in Cortachy Drill Hall. Before a full house, the concert had even more than its usual share of success. The School Pierette Troupe, and the U.C.D. Dance Orchestra very kindly gave us of their best, and in the dance which followed, the latter entertainers gave the good folk of Cortachy probably their first taste of real dance music. At midnight, we marched back to camp

—though the C.S.M. and the C.Q.M.S. did not get much sleep that night, so 'tis said.

Early in the week Colonel T. H. Smith paid us his usual unofficial visit, and again brought us a huge load of first-rate strawberries.

Many of the Cadets visited Kirriemuir frequently, as the local Tennis Club gave us free use of their courts for the duration of camp.

Two route marches were successfully undertaken. On the first Wednesday, we did a circular route in Glen Prosen, near the Airlie Memorial, about seven miles in length. On the next Wednesday, we marched for about ten miles round the country to the east of Cortachy and Kirriemuir.

Guards were posted every night, but no unforeseen incidents were reported. Rumour has it, however, that the two Cortachy Castle ghosts were seen outside the Parish Church at midnight one night, clad in pyjamas. We wonder . . . ?

Good fishing is obtainable in the surrounding hill-burns, of which the officers frequently availed themselves, returning on one occasion with very well-filled baskets. . . The camp had trout for breakfast next morning.

And, of course, we had the usual "tent feeds" every night. Sardines and pine-apple chunks do not usually go well together, but there were only three cases of "reported sick."

On Friday, July 10th, the Earl of Airlie inspected the Company. We paraded, marched past in line, and column, gave exhibitions of physical jerks and guard-mounting, and finally "attacked" and "took" a position indicated by the Earl. At the conclusion of the inspection, the Earl gave us a very satisfactory report, saying that we were now a very soldier-like company, and congratulating us on the general smartness of our manoeuvres. Col. Smith's chanter, for the best piper in the band, was won by Pipe L/Cpl. Greig.

Before closing, our thanks are due to several people. First, to the clerk of the weather, who favoured us with the very brightest and warmest of weather, for the whole fortnight. Second, to our host, the Earl of Airlie, who so kindly allowed us to use his magnificent estates as camping-ground yet once again. Finally, to our officers, and in particular to Captain Mann, the O.C., for the excellent manner in which all things pertaining to the camp were conducted.

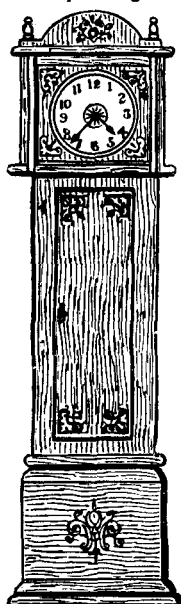
Well, let's hope for another camp like it next year. . .

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**GIRL GUIDES' CAMP
KIRKMICHAEL, JULY 1925**

**Dundee High School
Magazine**

Swimming.

The Boys' Swimming Club has to thank Mr Marshall for extending his interests to swimming. On Wednesday afternoons he is present at the baths to encourage and instruct boys in swimming.

We have already been able to send in teams to compete in two galas. On the 7th October in the Midland Counties Amateur Swimming Association, a team consisting of Boyle, Jeans, Hanlon, and Glover gained bronze medals, being the second prize. On the 6th November, at the Dundee School Gala, two teams were sent in for the Schoolboy Life Saving Championship, and one team, Jeans and Glover, gained second prize, bronze medals. These results show that swimming is still thriving, although it has been rather dormant the last year or two. It is hoped early in the new year to start a life saving class, which was given up a few years ago, but always used to be well attended by the juniors.

There are some very good swimmers among the boys, but a competition every Wednesday might do a great deal of good in encouraging and inspiring enthusiasm into the boys. I should like again on behalf of the club to thank Mr Marshall for the interest he is taking and the good work he is doing in connection with swimming.

J. G. M.



Boys' Literary Society.

The work of the Society for this session has again been begun, and interesting syllabus has been in part gone through. We are indeed very fortunate in having as our President this year a man such as Mr Laird, who, by his constant devotion and hard work is succeeding in maintaining unimpaired the name of the Society.

On Oct. 16th, an opening address, which as usual, took the form of a joint meeting with the Girls' Society was delivered by Rev. George Blair, B.D.

He took as his subject "Through the Highlands with Sir Walter Scott," and gave us a very interesting and enjoyable lecture on the beauties of Perthshire in which Scott laid the scene of some of his novels and poems. The lecture was illustrated with lantern slides. Thanks were expressed by Miss Reid, Mr Borland, and Mr Scrimgeour.

Next Friday evening a Hat Night was held, when some interesting questions were discussed, while the following week, the Society took part in two debates, "Should Parliament or Trade Unions rule this Country?" and "Should there be Professionalism in Sport?" Mr Scrimgeour led for Parliament in the first, while Mr Stalker opposed him. The latter was defeated by a large majority. In the second debate, Mr Morrison was leader for the motion and Mr Taylor was against him. The vote resulted in a win for the counter-motion.

On Friday, Nov. 6th, two Seventh Class papers were heard. Mr Adamson gave us an interesting description of Skye and some adjacent places, while Mr Logie chose as his subject "Pearl Fishing." Both were very enjoyable papers.

On the 13th, the Society was treated to an excellent essay from Mr Ross on R.L.S. Mr Ross, in interesting fashion sketched Stevenson's career, and mentioned one or two of his best known novels.

On the next Friday, we had an open meeting, when Mr Marshall, of the staff, delivered a very interesting lecture on "Sparks," illustrating it profusely by means of a mass of scientific apparatus.

Mr Marshall also dealt at length with the discovery of X-Rays, and showed their effects on two ladies' handbags. He was thanked from the Girls' Society by Miss Gow, and from the Boys' by Mr Stalker.

We are now eagerly looking forward to the Musical Evening on December 11th, which shows promise of being an excellent one.

We take the opportunity here of expressing our very hearty thanks to all who have helped us by delivering essays, lectures, papers, etc.

The attendance at meetings has been fairly good, but we are still looking for an improvement.

D. M. G. S.

Girls' Literary Society.

The Society has commenced another successful season under the presidency of Miss Cooper. On

the 16th of October the opening address was delivered to both Societies by the Rev. G. Blair, B.D., who lectured on "Through the Highlands with Sir Walter Scott." There was a large attendance and the lecture was much appreciated.

Our first private meeting was on 23rd October, when we held a Hat Night. The questions were many and varied and caused a good deal of discussion.

On the next Friday three members of Class VIII. gave papers. Miss Moodie chose as her subject, "A Camping Holiday," Miss Scotland "The Days of the Week" and Miss Scott wrote on "Victorian and Elizabethan Dress." The papers were excellent and greatly enjoyed.

At our next meeting, November 6th, a debate was held on "Living in the Town versus Living in the Country." There was good speaking on both sides and at times the discussion was very keen. The voting resulted in a large majority for the country.

On Nov. 13th several members read selected readings. They were very varied and particularly enjoyable.

The average attendance at the meetings has been very high and we are now looking forward to the continuance of a successful year.

E. S. R.

Girl Guide Report.

The July camp this year was a great success, as was to be expected, when one considers the glorious summer we have had. Unfortunately the number of campers was small, but the Guides made up for this by their hard work and heartiness. Captain Smith and Lieutenants Jarvie and Chisholm were the life and soul of the party. On July 1st Colonel Smith paid the camp a visit and with his accustomed generosity brought the Guides a feast of strawberries. A collection of camp photographs has been mounted in an album made by one of our Guides, in which we intend to preserve snapshots of future camps.

When our weekly Guide meetings were resumed on September 4th, there were many vacant places, several of our senior Guides having left. There was, however, a big influx of recruits, who have swelled our numbers so that it has been possible to form a new Patrol, the Skylarks. Five new Patrol Leaders have been appointed. The Patrol Leaders are now as follows:—Swallow Patrol—Alison Donald; Robin Patrol—Eileen Smith; Nightingale Patrol—Eleanor Stuart; Woodpigeon Patrol—Marjory Campbell; Chaffinch Patrol—Muriel Mitchell;

Skylark Patrol—Kitty Scrimgeour. The three-monthly system of Patrol Seconds is being continued, the Patrol Seconds just now being:—Swallows—Sue Scott; Robins—Chrissie Rattray; Nightingales—Margaret McCaull; Woodpigeons—Sheila Bell; Chaffinches—Jess. Davies; Skylarks—Jenny Fernie.

On September 19th we attended the huge Guide Rally at Perth. Our Company gave an exhibition of physical drill. We were inspected by Lady Baden-Powell, and afterwards the Guides closed in in a great ring to hear her speech, which was amplified.

Miss Sharp paid us a visit on 23rd October. She inspected us, and talked to us about the Law and Promise, after which she taught us some rounds and Guide songs.

From week to week the Tenderfoots have been doing their Second Class Test. During the last month too, the Proficiency Badge tests have been carried out, but the results are not yet known.

During the holiday week-end we had a Nature competition. Each Patrol made a collection of notes on things found on the sea-shore, of plants, birds, animals, insects, or trees. We drew lots to find what each patrol would do. The Nightingale Patrol was first with a splendid collection of pressed flowers most beautifully mounted.

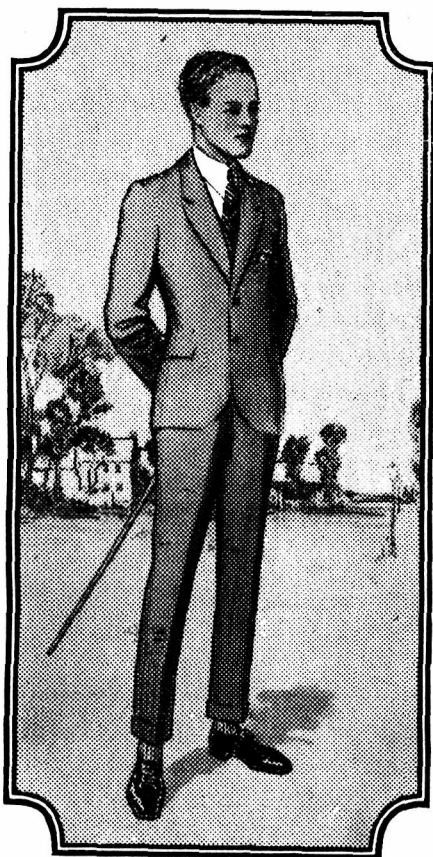
The Patrol Shield is at present in the hands of the Woodpigeon Patrol, who have now held it for three consecutive terms, and as a special honour have their name inscribed on it.

Our weekly meetings continue to be a source of instruction and enjoyment, and we would take this opportunity of thanking most heartily our Captain and Lieutenants to whose keenness, ingenuity and energy this is due.

E. A. S.

Netball.

Considering the weather, we have been fairly fortunate in obtaining all our practices. It is encouraging to note that the girls of the lower classes show great enthusiasm, and that some of them even wish the practices were longer. It would be a great benefit if the players, before they go to the grounds, would ascertain on which side they were and also note their places; then the game could be started more quickly. This opportunity is taken of thanking our referees and president, Miss Smith, for all the help they have given. The captain this year is Margaret Cosh who has attended practically all the practices and the vice-captain is Elspeth Simpson.



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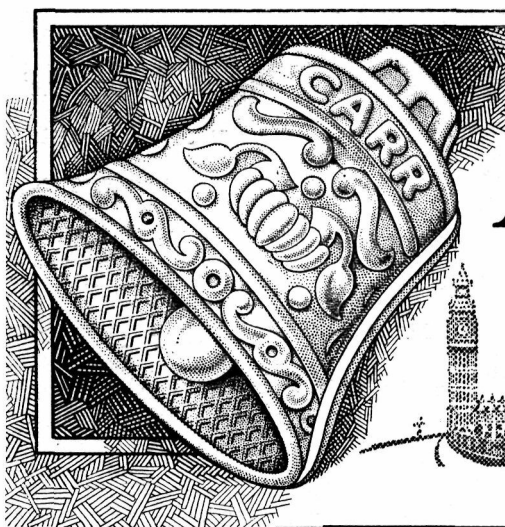
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