

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 41

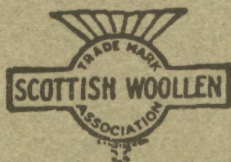
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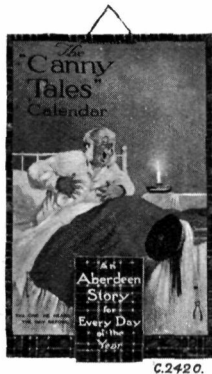
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DUNDEE



The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 41]

APRIL, 1928.

[FOURPENCE

Editorial.

BRETHREN,—Now is the winter of our discontent. Which, being interpreted, meaneth that the "Leavings" are upon us. For uncounted years the Editor has mentioned this fact in the Easter number: in most cases he has done more than mention it. We decline, then, to enlarge upon the melancholy matter: for appropriate comments, see back numbers of the publication.

The holidays are drawing near, and with them the close of the School Rugger season—this latter a matter for regret, as the season as a whole has been a very successful one. And now what else can we say? Oh yes, we cogitated long and carefully upon the matter of comings and goings in the Staff, and concluded that there were no changes to be recorded.

We accordingly reserve all palms, bouquets, laurels, and missiles for future use—that is, all but those verbal missives we hurled at the Weather Clerk last Saturday when he transformed the green sward (?) of our hockey pitches into a—shall we say, a milky sea?—enough to *seacken* our stalwart maidens of the orange ankle, although, poor things, for the last week they have so valiantly deprived themselves of all those small forbidden luxuries. The Annual Hockey Tournament, then, will not take place till the 24th—at which time the aforementioned winter will be well on its way to glorious summer—bless it!

At this point the cheering cup is lowered to

us over the barricade of Lexicons and European History books; our weary fingers make frantic grasps at the biscuits poked through the chink between Macbeth and Parnassus. Hast ever heard a feeble fly Going scrunch beneath a book or three? Laugh not, my friends; nay, rather sigh. Brethren, that fly is we! (N.B. —This is a poem.)

And yet there are some leavens in our lump, The big leaven is that hard-working member of the staff who virtually makes this lump. The little leavens are those industrious members of the committee, without whose aid this Production would fail to rise. And now, farewell, brethren and sistern. After all, you know, if Winter comes, Spring can't be so *very* far behind.



Oor Hens.

Oor hens conset o' buts o' meat and feathers. I hae my Norkers an' Leghorns. S'funny, but that's what ma faether's Sabbath hat was ca'd. Some fouks say their hens kekkle whan they hae layd aigs, But I think they kekkle whan they hivna, becoose ma kokrel kekkles an he niver lays onything. S'no fare!

SCOTTIE MAGGIE.

The Phantom.

ONE bright Thursday afternoon in the summer term, we boys of Halton High School were gathered round Alec Simpson. His was an exciting tale indeed. "And so," he was saying, when I joined the group, "I saw it come stalking down the edge of the wood in the Hollow, waving its arms, and groaning at every step. There were chains on its legs, too, and they made a fearful clanking sound, and - - - and - - - oh, dear me, it was terrible!" As soon as he stopped speaking, a babble arose.

"Fancy a real ghost in the Hollow at last!" "The good old phantom has actually shown himself." "Did you not feel rather scared, Alec?" "I wonder he didn't find the chains a little bit too heavy for him." These and other remarks followed fast on each other, and Alec was plied with questions.

You must understand that the Hollow being such an eerie valley, enclosed by an eerie wood, we always pretended it was haunted by a phantom. That a ghost had actually been seen in the Hollow was a surprise to us indeed.

As I was pondering over it all, Alec and Henry Arnton, my chum, came up to me. "Did you know there was a robbery at Sir Campbell Easton's house last night?" asked Henry. "Good gracious, no!" I answered. "Who were the thieves?" "They don't know who did it, for it was not discovered until this morning. Anyhow, there is a lot of cutlery and silver stolen. Sir Campbell is offering a reward to anyone who finds the thieves, or the silver. Now, listen," he went on, "you know that it could not have been a real ghost Alec saw. We think someone must have done it, perhaps for a practical joke. I vote you and Alec and I go to the Hollow to-night, and keep

a look-out for it." "That's a ripping idea," I answered, "and shouldn't we better take a rope or two, in case we should need it for tying up the ghost, if it turned out to be a man?"

Some hours later we were cautiously making our way through the wood in the Hollow. Without any mishap we reached the centre, where we climbed upon the spreading branches of a beech tree. None of us spoke for what seemed hours, but was in reality only a few minutes. The utter stillness was beginning to get on my nerves, when suddenly the dismal hoot of an owl broke the silence. I got such a fright that I nearly fell off my branch, and, in trying to get back to it, made a loud crackling noise. Hardly had I settled down in my former position, when I heard a horrible clanking sound. Half-dead with fright I looked round, and saw something, all in white, gliding towards us through the trees. Strangely enough, the nearer the apparition drew, the braver I felt myself becoming.

According to our arrangements, we climbed quietly down from the tree, and as the phantom passed by, threw ourselves upon it. Ghosts are not usually flesh and blood, but this one certainly was. The creature struggled vigorously, but we soon managed to overpower it. What was our surprise, when Henry pulled away the white covering, to recognise the surly face of Robertson, the school porter. "Now, then, ye meddling little fools——." What else he might have said, I can't tell, for Alec quickly thrust a gag into his mouth, while Henry and I bound his arms and legs. "We have evidently stumbled on a plot of some kind. Robertson must have had a reason for playing the part of ghost," Alec said. "Perhaps he has an accomplice," Henry suggested.

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"I think, Alec, you should stay by this man while Cecil and I look for his colleague, if he has one."

We hadn't gone far before we saw a young fellow engrossed in something, kneeling by a tree. Cautiously we crept up to him, and with one bound we were on top of him. He was so completely taken aback, that he submitted to being tied up and having his mouth gagged without a murmur. All at once Alec cried out,

"Here's a bagful of forks and knives and silver, in a hole at the foot of this tree. Why, Sir Campbell's initials are on them. These two must be the thieves!"

To cut a long story short, it was not long before Robertson and his accomplice were safely lodged in the police station, and two days later each of us boys was in possession of two pounds from Sir Campbell Easton.

B. H. S.

The Call of the Ether.

MY first introduction to wireless was when I was invited to visit a friend who possessed a small spark-transmitting station. What a thrill passed through me when I saw him, by a pressure of his fingers, send messages hurtling through space at a speed of 186,000 miles per second. I fell a victim to the craze. I sneaked about town collecting scraps of "wireless." A reel of No. 20 d.c.c., a piece of carborundum, a pair of phones, 30 yards of telephone wire, tinfoil, a few pieces of mica, and my fortune was exhausted. The coil was wound round a stone jam jar. This was then fixed to the board by six tie clips to assist the "fine" tuning, and the carborundum was wired into position with a small dry battery. Here the circuit diagram troubled me. I could not for the life of me see how a battery could have the positive terminal at one end of the resistance and the negative at the other, without making a mess of the battery. But how was I to know that a resistance prevented the current from flowing away.

The aerial was next erected. The 90 feet of wire refused to be pulled up taut at the top of the pole for the simple reason that the wire was too long. The mast came down twice before I had the aerial to my liking. The earth caused me tremendous worry. I dug for three-

quarters of an hour before I was satisfied that the old enamel saucepan was buried deep enough. Then after work which had lasted altogether for four weeks I donned the phones. I fiddled and twiddled for half-an-hour, but not a sound. In desperation the two tie clips went up the coil for the umpteenth time. Far, far away, I heard a faint dah dah, dit dit dah. A terrific flash of lightning, accompanied by a loud click, taught me that the clicks and sizzlings I heard were lightning noises. In a frenzy I tore at the aerial lead and flung it out of the window. It swung clear of the house, and I had no prospects of getting it back without (a) hiring a 40-foot ladder, or (b) taking down the mast, because there was no pulley.

My friend came and we conspired together. Next day the enamelled insulated earth gave place to a connection to the water tap, the aerial wires were insulated from their fastenings, and a lightning change-over switch was installed. Dah, dit dit, dit dah dah dit, came in at ten times the former strength, and my friend wrote it down in plain English, and there and then I commenced to learn the Morse Code. The set is now no more, but it was my most interesting set. That was "wireless."

H. BAT.

A Leaf from a Schoolboy's Diary.

TUESDAY.

WAKENED in a rotten mood. Tried to wangle a holiday, but nothing doing. After I lay for about 20 minutes there came floating upstairs a voice ordering me to get up at once or I should lose the train.

Arrived at the station just as the train was leaving. 'Howsumever' I got in, and, after a few scraps with the "star turn," I settled down to do M——'s prepares.

That blessed guard must have known my feelings, for the train stopped because of the signals, so I got most of my lessons done. We arrived safely at Dundee and disembarked into Dock Street. After hitting Willy on the back of the neck with my catty, I made him so angry that he chased me all the way up to School, and so we both arrived in plenty of time.

My first move was to go to P——'s to see if I had forgotten to do any of the lessons. I had them all done for once, and so I got a game at footer. After having a pleasant game the bell rang, and we all trooped up to Miss S——h and spent a pleasant period doing verbs like *mettre* and *faire*. Next comes a period of hard work (some people seem to like it!). Not one minute of it is wasted, and poor me gets the strap, first for Just-nows and then for factors. Next comes a not bad period when you have to read stories. When you are asked a question it is most aggravating for someone to whisper the wrong answer and so get you into trouble. The next period is one which everybody enjoys (?), that of translating Livy. I always try to answer a question at the beginning so's I can get a sleep afterwards. I was once wakened from a sleep by Mr H——r telling Jimmy Anderson not to swear. I looked up and there was Jimmy trying to decline

quidam, etc., and damning away for all he was worth.

Then comes DINNER ; off we trot and try to satisfy ourselves. After that, if funds are high, we go to Mary's.

The first period after lunch is very enjoyable when the teacher gets started to talk about the Mag. Then we go to Drawing, a nice sleepy period unless you have to go out to the floor and draw a box on the board, or go down on your knees on the floor and look up at a box on a table. Drawing doesn't bother me much. The best thing to do is to mess up your drawing, and the teacher will come and do it for you (so thinks Bremner). By the time the last period comes I am so sleepy that I can hardly keep awake, especially after drawing. We then toddle down to the train, and after a few scraps, arrive safely home after a hard day's work.

D. G.



Oh ! For the Holidays.

Oh ! for the holidays,
The holidays for me,
When I can sit nor think about
Mistakes at algibree.

When I don't need to dread that look
Scowled by my old master bold,
Whene'er I dared look from my book—
Ah ! then my blood ran cold.

No French, no Latin, or Greek. How good !
No alg., geom., or anything more—
Just playing away in a merry wood,
Far from the old school door.

Alas ! the holidays will pass,
No more time to play,
We'll need to sit and work in class,
And swot all night and day.

HOLIDAY-LOVER (Class VI.).



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1927-28.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

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A Trip to the Canary Islands.

ON Saturday, 19th March, we sailed up the Mersey amid the hooting of syrens. Our ship, the s.s. Aguila, was small, being only about 5,000 tons, but it was quite comfortable and seaworthy. It had four decks—the boat deck, the promenade deck, the bridge deck, and the main deck. On the promenade deck the games, such as peg ring, bullboard, shuffleboard, deck bowls, deck tennis, and deck golf were played. Down below there was a smoking room, a drawing room, and a writing room.

As soon as we were out of the Mersey we ran into bad weather, and very few were feeling fit. As we proceeded southwards the weather became worse, and in the Bay of Biscay we were just making five knots. Rounding Cape Finisterre the storm was at its worst, and the propeller was lifted out of the water every time the ship dipped her bow into the waves, causing it to race and shake the whole ship. One night a huge wave struck the side of the ship, and my father, who was in the dining room, received the contents of the table in his lap, and as I was sitting in our cabin a bottle fell off a shelf and bruised my face.

We arrived at Lisbon a day late. As soon as we were alongside, two customs officials armed with swords and pistols came aboard.

That day we motored to Cintra, where King Manuel had been before the last revolution. We saw many things of interest in the palace, but the best thing we visited was a garden belonging to a millionaire. We passed through beautiful flowerbeds on to a kind of terrace, from which we obtained a fine bird's-eye view of the surrounding country. Farther on we descended by steps a round tower into the earth, 300 feet deep and open at the top. At the bottom was a grotto or tunnel dimly

illuminated by coloured electric lights giving a wonderful effect. The grotto opened into gardens again, where oranges and lemons grew. It is impossible to describe the riotous semi-tropical scenery through which we passed. There was a quaint chapel magnificently carved on the outside. The interior was composed of an altar and chairs, with still more carvings on the walls.

On arriving at the cars again we were besieged by beggars demanding, in a peculiar accent, "a penny." After lunch we motored on to Mount Estoril, a beautiful spot on the coast, and had tea in a pleasant little hotel and returned to Lisbon. Mere words cannot describe the state of the roads. I can guarantee that there is not a road in the British Isles half so bad. We made a tour of the shops next day and left Lisbon at night.

At Madeira the vehicles are bullock-carts, which are on runners like sledges, because the roads are so steep that they are made in ridges to give the mules and bullocks a footing. We motored up the mountain by a proper road to the most beautiful place I have ever seen. It was outside the Monte Palace Hotel. There was a small artificial lake with tiny islands about a foot square with fountains coming out of them. The lake could be crossed at one end by carved wooden bridges. There was also a small grotto, into which we were invited. As soon as we were in, water spouted from the walls, barring our exit.

After lunch I tried unsuccessfully to catch the lizards which abounded. We tobogganed down one of those steep-ridged roads which I mentioned before, and the cars met us again at the foot of the mountain and took us to Reid's Hotel, where we had tea on a beautiful verandah, high above the sea.

That evening we weighed anchor and sailed for Las Palmas, the first port of the Canary Islands. When we disembarked we had difficulty in procuring a conveyance to the town itself, but we finally got a pony cart. In Las Palmas there was a fine cathedral. The tremendously high arches were awe-inspiring, and I felt that every step I took on the paved floor sounded like an earthquake.

There were some fine gardens facing the sea, but if anyone went near the sea-wall, he was drenched with spray. The town of Las Palmas is not very interesting. It is modernised and has street cars.

The next port of call was Santa Cruz, on the Island of Teneriffe, where we spent three days. The first day we motored right across the island to Orotava. On the way we passed the great banana plantations. There were troughs through which water was distributed for irrigation. Our car stopped at a storehouse where bananas were being packed for exporting. It is a strange thing, but it is very seldom a banana can be bought at the Canary Islands. The reason is that the bananas are plucked green for exporting, and the trees are all in the plantations. However, we were given bananas which tasted far better than the ones we get in this country. A little farther on, we went into the Botanical Gardens. It was a marvellous place. The plants and trees were gorgeous, and there was an aviary containing all kinds of pretty birds. At Orotava the temperature was 120 degrees in the sun. The hotel was very large, and had a large lawn in front where croquet and other games were played. The town was a dingy little place with very narrow streets.

The next two days were spent in bargaining with shopkeepers and vendors of curios, because the Spanish and Portuguese islanders charge more than double what the article is worth, and sometimes they try to sell you

Birmingham goods for genuine Madeira work.

At the end of our stay in Santa Cruz we returned to Las Palmas, where we saw a football match, *Teneriffe versus Las Palmas*. The players were not as good as ours, but they played on a hard dusty surface, and there were clouds of red dust when the players fell. The result was 1 goal to 0 in favour of Teneriffe.

Las Palmas was the last port of call we touched before Liverpool. The second day out we had a gymkhana. The events were—cock-fighting, blind gladiators, chalking the pig's eye, bottle race, and the potato race. There were other events—slinging the monkey, etc.—which we did not have time for. The next day the weather was so bad that it was scarcely possible to stand on the deck. This continued till we sailed once more up the Mersey a day late. We were taken off on a tender, having missed the tide.

After saying goodbye to everybody, we were borne off to the Customs House, then to the station and thence home.



What Is It?

The world is half full of it,
The Scot does it contemn,
It sinks our ships, and yet,
We use it to float them.

We use it up at chemistry,
We have it down at phys.,
We use it in the art room,
In each it has its "bizz."

They need it in America,
For whisky they prohibit;
One needs it in Sahara,
For there it has life in it.

We use it in the morning,
The dust and dirt to scatter
(I hope the Editor takes this),
The answer's "Plain cold water."

W. McK. (Class VI.).

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FOR ALL THAT IS BEST IN GLOVE WEAR.

Letters to Angelina.

ANGELINA, *lamb*, only the other day I was reading in one of those *too* nebulous women's journals a *too* perfectly *inane* article about a day in the life of a something or other—I forget what. Anyway, I mean, my dear, it was *too trivial*, and I thought I could dash off a much more *human* one, my dear. So here we are. I think I'll call it a day in the life of a schoolgirl; that sounds too celestially flapperish, doesn't it?

Well, anyway, the other day we began with a positively *too morbid* period of mathematics; and, my dear, a problem I was doing about petulant triangles and things was *too provocative*—it merely bristled—*de toutes ses jambes*, or words to that effect, and wouldn't come out. And then, my *dear*, we were told a perfectly *leprous* theorem about *cis a*—*too suggestively allusive*, don't you think? And then we did another *positively* cataclysmic problem; and then, my dear, we all had definitely to stand on the floor in front of a *large* blackboard—*too wearing*, my dear—and answer such *pointed* questions about a positively *anaemic*-looking thing called an *ellipse*. And, my dear, you get *marks*, and I was second foot and got *one*—*too lowering*. And then we all went and sat down again. And I was so worn, my dear, that I evaporated *too* suddenly; and then, however, the divine bell rang and we all rather gravitated from the room—*too enervating*, my dear.

Then we all went to French, and we are reading an altogether *too* devastating book, with *such* futuristic pictures—*too weird*, my dear; but Nemesis was approaching, for I hadn't prepared *too* much—in fact, to be *too purely candid*, none at all—and well, my dear, as was only *too* devastatingly natural, I had to translate, so I got up *rather* ditherishly, my dear, and smiled *too* winningly. You know,

my dear, I've *always* been told I had a *too* disarming smile, but, my dear, it was *no* good; my translation was *too* liberal, my dear. and I was found *out*—*too* embarrassing—so I blushed *too magnetically* and *merely* subsided—all rather *painful*, my dear.

Well, after that we *tripped* round to Latin—*too* intriguing—all about bodies and voids, you know. What you have before a meal, darling. And, my dear, did you know that we are all made up of body and void—*too* uncomfortable—and absolute *things* float about in the void—*too aching*, my dear. Then *rather* opportunely the bell rang, and we positively flew for lunch. And I had the most perfectly *sensuous* steak, my dear, and onions—simply heavenly. And we had to trickle back to school again to Greek, another of these *too* utterly deceased languages, my dear. And we're doing such a rousing play, too, unscrupulously *brutal* men, my dear, saying *unthinkable* things about women, *too* old fashioned, and *so* pointed, my dear—I sit and *seethe*.

Well, then, my dear, we *merely* tottered round to History, where we are positively imbibing facts about a man called Disraeli or some *oriental* name like that, who *seems* to have had quite an *affair* with Queen Victoria—absolutely heart to heart, my dear—*too* moving.

Then after that we tramulated up to Hockey, and we were just a *shade* reluctant, my dear, because it was *too* glacially *freezing*, but we soon got *too merely* rubicund, and it was *too* calorific. My dear, the centre was in *rather* good form; she merely circumambulated the half and curvetted round the back and sailed through the posts. Then, my dear, I had a ghastly rush for the car, and a *too felonious* conductor positively refused to believe I was under fourteen and took *three* ha'pennies, my

dear ; and a *nephritic* policeman held up the car, and I had to shoot along the High Street—too *devastatingly* public, my dear—and when I got home I had all my *morbific* home-work.

And that's the *too soporific* end of my day.

I'm *merely* dying to know if you think I should send this article to the Mag., so write soon to your too literary little Sophonisba. T.

The 1928 Hockey Tournament.

FROM the comparative comfort of the Pavilion last Saturday we viewed the Seven-a-Side Tournament, and were reminded of the Somme at its worst. Rain, rain, and more rain ; mud, mud, and more mud. It was a day more suited for mackintoshes and gamps than for "gym. costumes" and hockey sticks. Evidently, very evidently, thought one of the official time-keepers, for, arrayed in two overcoats, a trench coat, a huge scarf, and a "dinky" light grey umbrella, his lone figure on the touch-line attracted much attention. We firmly believe that he was studying the game with a view to the forthcoming Hockey match the Staff have with the F.P. Ladies.

Considering the conditions, the Hockey we were treated to was exceptionally good, and we should have liked to have seen several of the matches on our usual perfect turf. Two points separated the winners from the three runners-up, and the final result was in accordance with play. The F.P.'s Hockey was consistently clever and purposeful throughout, their centre-forward, M. Sinclair, displaying International touches before the pitches cut up so badly, that it became difficult even to see the ball. Miss Whytock has seldom played with more resource at back, while the halves worked extremely well and combined well with their forwards. B. Wallace at centre half imbued her team with the proper team spirit and refused to admit herself beaten.

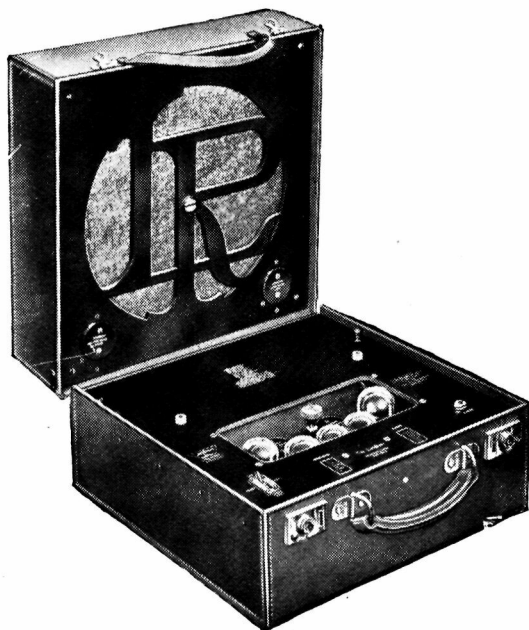
Last year's winners, Bell-Baxter, almost repeated their former triumph. One had to admire their first-time, raking tactics ; they knew how to hit the ball. They were beaten

once only, and by Grove F.P.'s, whose style of play closely resembled theirs—forceful, determined, and, to use a Soccer term if one may, real Cup-tie stuff. The High School P.P.'s shared second place with Cupar and Grove F.P.'s, and fully maintained the tradition of the high standard of Hockey which the School has consistently produced during, to our knowledge, the last five years. Mention ought, perhaps, to be made of the whole-hearted play of Marjorie Murray. She collected both goals and mud, and was ever in the thick of the fray. We were struck, too, with the unruffled way in which Muriel Mitchell retrieved many dangerous situations caused by the bad conditions underfoot. As a team they were well trained and finished stronger than they began.

Mud larks were, of course, a feature of the Tournament, and that the captains of the teams decided to go on with the play at all speaks volumes for the grit and spirit of the girls. Mr M'Laren had all the arrangements of the Tournament perfectly organised, and deserved better weather and a bigger "gate" for the pains he had taken in having everything in "apple-pie" order. We were glad to see that a considerable number of the pupils and several of the staff did brave the elements to "spectate"—evidence of the "team" spirit, without which no school can be successful as a school or as anything else. Better luck with next year's Tournament from the point of view of weather, Mr M'Laren, and, do you think, your funds would stretch to wood round the foot of your goal-nets?

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Words.

THERE are many things which we use every day and think little about, and sometimes abuse, that are in reality very wonderful. The greatest of these are our words. Every word can almost be regarded as a living thing with a history of its own, which is, in many cases, more interesting than the history of a man. In museums, under glass cases, they keep things which were used long ago. But every day we use words that are older than the oldest rusty sword or suit of armour in the British Museums. Of course there are young words and old words, just as there are young people and old people, but they are all interesting and instructive.

Take, for example, apothecary. It is from the Low Latin apothecarius, "a store keeper," from apotheca, "a store." Apotheca is from the Greek apothēkē [apo (=ab. of apa) and thēkē (=a chest)], from which are also derived the French boutique, the Italian bottega, and the Spanish bodega. Theke itself is from the root of tithēmi, to "put," from which there are a great many other words in English. And we get all this simply by finding where one of our words, and a fairly uncommon one at that, comes from. But the worst of it is that we don't really find where it comes from, but are left gasping with curiosity as to why, away back in Indo-European, the root THE should mean to "put" or "place."

One of the most unwelcome days in the life of a young Roman spendthrift must have been the first of the month. For it was then that he had to "stump up" to his money-lender, a very unpleasant business. There was little hope of the stingy fellow's forgetting about those five talents he had lent last month, for he had taken a careful note of the little transaction in his calendarium or "account book,"

so called because accounts fell due on the first of the month or calends. And why on earth was the first of the month called calends? Because the pontiffs of Rome, who had charge of the calendar, proclaimed the calends, and the Latin verb "to proclaim" is "cālō cālāre," earlier "cālo cālēre," from which calends is formed. But why does calere mean "to proclaim"? There we stop. Except that it is from the root KAL or CLA (cf. Greek kalo clāmō), and that it is not connected with the English "call," which is from a root GAR-. I don't know any more about it. Perhaps it is imitative of the sound. Who knows? Thus, after a long and interesting history, the word calendar has come down to us. It has, of course, nothing to do with John Gilpin's "good friend the calender," who was a cloth presser. He should really be spelt calendrer, from the Old French calendrer, "to smooth linen," from la calandre, "the mangle." Calandre is a derivative of the Low Latin calendra, a corruption of the Latin cylindrus, a roller or cylinder. And here we are, from a nursery rhyme to rrrh! If we follow cylindrus any further, we find that it is from the Greek cylindros, from kylindein, from kyliein, "to roll," which is probably connected with cyclas, "a circle," from which we get cycle and other English words. There is yet another word calender, which occurs in the "Arabian Nights," meaning a Persian monk. Perhaps it is from the Hindustani galandar, a kind of Mohammedan. Mr Pecksniff called this gentleman "an almanack"!

Another very interesting word is esquire, which is seldom, if ever, used in English except in addressing letters. It comes to us through the old French escuyer, from Latin scutarius, "a shield-bearer." Scutarius, of

course, is a derivative of *scutum*, "a shield," and *scutum*, and our word *sky*, are both from the root *sku-*, "to cover." And, as usual, we go no further. This absorbingly interesting study leads us on, and on, but ultimately we can only guess. As one scholar aptly put it, "there are no answers in the back." We wonder why "bread" should be *panis* in Latin, *pane* in Italian, *pain* in French, *rão* in Portuguese, but *bread* in English, *brood* in Dutch, and *bröd* in Swedish, but no one can tell. (Of course the Italian, French, and Portuguese are from the Latin). Advice often given to an absent-minded umpire at cricket is to keep count of the balls of an over by dropping a little stone as each ball is bowled. It is from such a primitive system that we have the (to me) dread word *calculator*, which is derived from the Latin verb *calculare*, "to count by pebbles" (*calculi*). It may interest some budding mathematicians to know that the Greek verb, "to count," is *pempazein*, which shows that at one time they used their five fingers for this laborious business (*pente* = five).

Words, as well as being interesting and useful, sometimes betray weaknesses in the character of those who use them. One very telling one is *proud*. It is from the old French *prud* (*Mod preux*), and is ultimately derived from *prodesse*, "to be of value." The fact that a word meaning "valiant" or "brave" should come to have the meaning of "haughty" can perhaps best be explained by the arrogant bearing which the conquering Normans assumed towards the English. This one contains history as well.

The common hangman in the time of James I. was called *Derrick*, from whom we have the word *derrick*, a kind of crane. It is interesting to know that *lumber* is derived

from *lombard*, because it was people of Lombardy who first practiced pawnbroking in England. They kept their pledges in the *lombard-room*.



The Roads.

O Northwards lies a chill road,
By tarn, crag, and ben,
A rough road, a hard road,
But loo'd by Hielan' men;
And now the snaws are wastin',
Spring's keekin' up the glen,
The caller Northland's calling,
Take the road.

And Westward lies a bonnie road,
Wi' the gold o' settin' suns,
A fair road, a rare road,
That leads you straight to faerie
Magic isles and silver beaches,
Where blue the sea-loch runs,
There's a whisper in the west wind—
Take the road.

O Southward lies a broad road,
It leads to town and plains,
A luring road, a fickle road,
To sweatin' mine and busy mart.
There you may strive, and striving
May win to golden gains.
But keep the hills and islands in your heart—
'Ware the road.

O Westward lies a misty road,
Dank wi' North Sea haar,
A new road, a strange road,
That leads to lands afar.
Now take this road ye venturers
Would follow fortune's star,
"If you've heard the East a-calling"—
Take the road.

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Reminiscences.

I WAS in India from 1914 to 1927, and I passed many happy days in that country. I stayed at the Alexandra Jute Mill, which is 25 miles from Calcutta. It is in a bazaar called Jagatdal.

The bazaar is a very interesting place, crowded with little shops of all descriptions. Gaily clad people pass to and fro, looking into the shops and handling the goods before making a purchase. (All natives are inclined to do this).

The oxen are the beasts of burden in the district in which I stayed. The ox is the sacred animal among the Hindus. These Hindus adore the sun, moon, and stars, and other natural objects. They never eat any kind of flesh. They live on unleavened bread, milk, and rice. A Hindu would never eat anything which is touched by a non-Hindu. He would not even dine with others who do not belong to his own caste.

You have to take off your shoes before entering their houses. If your shadow passes over their food they will throw the food and plate away. Also, if you throw any of their belongings into any filthy place, they will say, "Taba, taba," which means, "Bad, bad." These natives believe in ghosts, which they call, "Bhuts."

When a Hindu man dies he is burned. There used to be a custom where the wife would throw herself on to the flames, so as to accompany him to the next world. After they are burned their ashes are thrown into the Ganges. The Hindus have a religious day during the year, when they make idols from mud and straw, and then go and drown them.

The Mohammedans are quite a different

class of people. They eat all kinds of flesh except that of the pig. These Mohammedans are very true to their religion. Their holy day in the week, like our Sunday, is Friday. No matter where a Mohammedan is at sunset he always faces in the direction of Mecca, kneels down and prays.

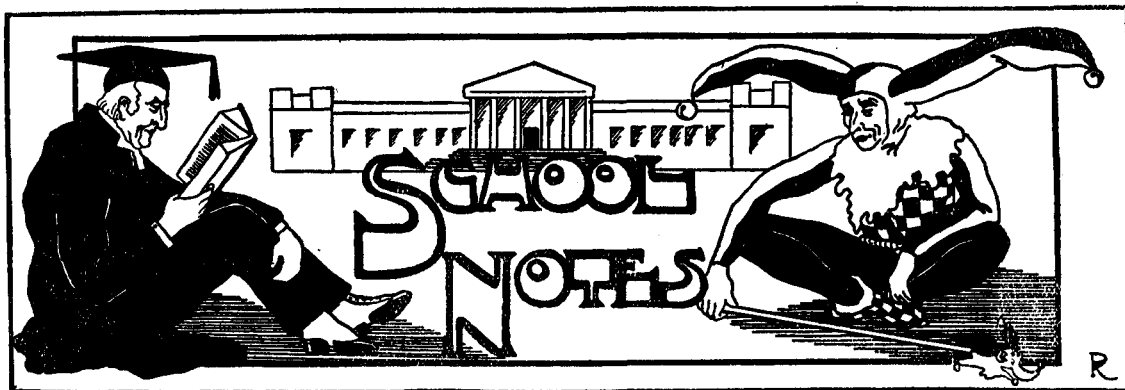
The Mohammedans have a great fast once a year. This fast is called, "Ramadan," which is the ninth month of a Mohammedan year. Throughout it the Mohammedans are required to fast from sunrise to sunset.

The chief dress of the native men is the dhoties, and the women wear saris. Some of them wear nothing on their heads, but others wear the turban or a fez. There are many different tribes in India and each tribe speaks and writes differently, but the Mohammedans and Hindus use nearly the same language.

There are many dangerous serpents in India, the most dangerous being the king cobra. There are smaller serpents, such as the grass snake, which, when it bites, gives you a fever, which, however, is not dangerous; also the rock snake, which is quite harmless.

There are a few wild animals in the jungles that surround Jagatdal, the most common being the jackal, which at night gives a series of weird howls. Bats are common, and during the day you see them hanging from the branches.

After a very hot and dry day you often get some violent north-western storms. These storms are needed as they cool the parched earth where the sun has blazed down, and restore that green appearance to all vegetation.



Mickey has a motor bike,
A really speedy thing,
The bits that aren't fixed with wire,
Are tied with good stout string.

You'll often see young Anderson,
In plus-fours bright and flashy,
Digging, digging, digging deep
In bunkers with his mashie.

Mac. he has a pretty pet,
He calls it "Little 'Orace,"
But motor engineers in town
Call it that "blank blank Morris."

Mr W—n.—"You know, Agnes, our bodies
are not fitted for such reverberation as you
subject yours to when you laugh."

Anti-climax—After five minutes of scathing
adjectives from Mr M—l Wh—te, the poor
victim turns round and says, "Beg pardon,
sir?"

Master—"What is a curfew?"

Pupil—"Please, sir, it is a small bird with
a white beak."

Master—"No, no! Where's your French—
couvre—

Pupil—"Oh! yes—a fire-guard."

"*Les courriers de toutes les saisons*"—The
scavengers of Spring."

Whitley (speaking about Cardiff)—"They
are adding more and more animals to our Zoo
every day, especially monkeys."

Hugo—"I thought there would be fewer
when you left."

Whitley—"Oh, no! They let me away, but
I think there is still some room for your
particular breed."

Mr Web—"Grant, are you going to join
Morton's (The Sleeper's) Company? We shall
soon have a regular railway line."

Pro-Evolutionism.

Puerulus erat Romæ
Qui sæpe clamabat, "Vae, vae,
Si simia eram
Infelix sum, nam
Simiis sed non mihi caudæ."

Speeches of the Term.

"What you said just now would break the
heart of a stone image and drive an archangel
to drink."

"If you come without your book again next
week, don't come at all."

"Brass does not mean brass there; it means
Brass."

"In November everyone goes about with a
red nose even although they are teetotal, and
look very miserable."

Reductio ad absurdum means explaining a
thing so minutely that the meaning becomes
absurd. This is often seen in geometry.

Mr M—l—n.—"Wake up! You're as fast
asleep as Moses."

Mr M—l—n.—“I couldn't hear you speaking even if I was perched on the tip of your nose with an ear trumpet.”

Mr W—b.—“Come on, drooping lily—I mean drooping silly.”

Mr L—d.—“And where have the yeomen of those days gone to now.”

Pupil—“Into the sky.”

Mr M—l—n.—“Your voice has not been quite hatched yet.”

“Hold up your book and your voice, too.”

Miss P—k.—“*Avez vous une bête noire ?*”

Donald—“*Oui, mademoiselle, ma soeur.*”

Miss St—l.—“How do you know there is a gas there?”

Ellis—“Because you can't see it.”

“*Tel vient chercher de la laine qui s'en retourne tondue.*”—“It is the case of the bitter bite.”

Mr M—z—e to M. Bruce—“Come and stay in at 3.20.”

M. B.—“Please, sir, I can't; I've to go to a party.”

Mr M.—“You can come to my party.”

Jottings from the Jotter of the Backward Pupil.

(a) The Backward Pupil pours out his classical grief:—

De Profundis.

Back of the room! Back of the room!
O Benigne, Doctissime, spare me such doom!
Horace and Virgil, Conqueror of Gaul,
Cicero, Livy, and Saint Juvenal,
Senatus Populusque, O hear me call,
Out of the depths of the murky gloom—
Back of the room! Back of the room!

(b) The Backward Pupil is worried by the subtleties of the English tongue. He overhears Hamlet soliloquising before the microphone.

“That is the question! Do I say purpose or propose?”

Are these words virtually or practically one?

Aye, there's the rub—which way I should dispose

Elusive, subtle words before the microphone,
I know not, listener—yet pray you now give heed,

List to the passage I *propose* to read.”

(c) The Backward Pupil chooses his mathematical motto from Christina Rossetti—

“Does the road wind uphill all the way?”

Yes, to the very end.”

His chant of triumph:—

Down to the Ones through

Awful condition!

Down to the Nones—oh!

Near to perdition!

Euclid attacked me,

Calculus wracked me,

M—j—n whacked me,

Now I am THREE.

Who's Who?

Tols, Stols, Tube, Le Lapin, The Rat,
Birze, Les Jumeaux, Pencily, Tweaks, The
Boy, Whistley, Boney, Chappie, Luggy, Dido,
Poodle, Gabes, Fauré, Künik, M'Grory, Sol.

The Test!

Long, long he gazed, then pale he grew,
The sweat-drops one by one
Bedewed his noble forehead
And down pale cheeks did run.

“I am undone!” The words he gasped
So low you'd scarcely hear them.

“Look!” and we looked—at question one—
Prove the Remainder Theorem. B.

Making the Breakfast.

MOTHER and father announced that they were going for a week-end, leaving my brother and I sole occupants of the house.

The question of getting meals arose, the result being that my brother should make the breakfast on Sunday, and that I should make the breakfast on Monday (?), as the other meals could be disposed of easily. * * *

My brother had made quite an eatable breakfast on Sunday and all had gone well, but this being Monday, I should have to make our breakfast.

The breakfast was presumably to consist of bacon and eggs, fried bread, toast, and tea, so I got up about six o'clock in the morning to make sure it would be ready for an eight o'clock breakfast.

After I had dressed and gone downstairs I lifted the frying-pan off the shelf, got the bacon, eggs, and bread, also the tea. The tea was the only thing I was sure how to make, so I decided to make it first; having made the tea I took it through to the dining room and took a look at the clock and saw it was only a quarter-past six! I thought this rather early, but the thought of strong tea fortified me.

I lit the gas below the stove and put the frying pan on it; then the problem arose as to how much fat I should put in the pan. I remembered that when I was cooking "smokies" one day, mother told me to always have the pan about half-full.

I plumped a large piece of dripping into the pan, but when this melted I found the pan wasn't nearly half-full, so I piled in more and more till it was well over the half mark. Next I dropped some rashers of bacon into the seething pool of bubbling fat, and it hissed its hate and threw splashes of boiling fat all over me, giving me some really beautiful burns. At last I got the bacon out well done, but the

house by this time was smelling like a fish and chip shop.

Then came the eggs!

I wondered which instrument I should use to break the eggs, whether a knife, a fish-slice, a fork, or a rolling-pin would be the correct weapon. I couldn't remember if I had seen anyone doing it, so I decided to look up a cookery book; it said, "To test the freshness of the eggs, place them in a basin of cold water, and if they rise off the bottom in the least, they are not fresh." I decided to do that; it was going to be a whopping good breakfast, was mine!

I put the eggs in a basin of cold water, but unfortunately one struck the side and gave off a sticky substance, so I hastily removed the rest in case the same end should come to them.

I looked up again and read, "Chip the eggs on the side of the frying pan and, keeping hold of the shells, drop the yolk and the white in."

I gave one egg the gentlest tip on the side of the frying pan and found it did not break. I gave it a much harder bang and cut the top portion completely off, while the inside and larger part (of the other) dribbled dismally down the front of the stove. My next attempt was no better as I got the eggs chipped all right, but my foot slipped and I deposited the contents over the grill. My third attempt was just as bad, for I dropped the whole egg, shell and all, into the fat; but I hastily removed the lot with a fish-slice! * * *

I fried four eggs at last more or less successfully, toasted some bread, more or less burnt, but which I managed to scrape with a bread-knife, and served quite a digestible breakfast, except for the tea, which should have been advertised—

SCOTCH TAR.

DON'T BLAME THE MANUFACTURER.

"Would I do it again?" Well, I ask you.
O. Y.

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In Speckled Tweed of Fawn with orange nigger flecks is a smartly tailored Coat with belt at front only, pockets and collar showing the new border effect. Length 22 ins. Price **59/6**

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Right.—This dainty little Frock is in Powder Blue Crepe de Chine. The collar and the trimming on the short sleeves are of white georgette. The front is finished with neat white pearl buttons. Length 32 ins. Price **69/6**

A charming Frock in Wool Marocain is in pretty New Blue shade with collar of shell pink delaine. The bodice is neatly finished with tucks and buttons. Length 32 ins. Price **55/6**

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mAG! are nor Tueperiten,? but thatdoes not
mien tHat the yare ni goood. IT Only
shoes that typewriterS are svarecer thAN
they oughttobe/ iF i had my wiSH ebery
scjolari nd% H%s. would hace a pORTAvle
Coorano oRAt least a blick four ude in
SchoLi. Whata cheerfull clateri twould makr
in the CLASS) rooms wheb we all got bisy. ,,
and then thinj hOw out Teachers woul d
apr3ciat3 it when the6 came to correct our
exam% paperd½ off Corse wen it camw to
Mathes ,, I don8t ser how we could tipe type
circles and tryanfles? but we couls paws in
our Klick- claxking todour frEE hand
drazinh

I must apologise? Dad has just got a newew
toeperiter, a nd has giben ne hid old i to
practise with. When he wurks it yttthe
wretched thing spells decently , but though
I take 3times the time and care that he does
the mombustulated mamachineXXXX goes
of on its own.

It reminds me of the time when my uncle
go6t his new typerwriter. (drAt that ma-
chIne½) AFTER Pr a ctising Har d He wrote
this Testimoniak too the maker s.
2222" /Dear slr?

iIIII have receive d my newew
manchine!£/ & after only 3(Three)) days
practice.. i acn now write in iLL @ howr and
io minutes wat fornerlie took me 20 minntes
tio writte by hand.

Thus has taken me so long to wirite and the
Balalahaligated!!?% tapper is behaving so
badly that i shalll hav e to hold omer the rest
ofmyplea FOR tupiperyters till th e next
issue of th E Magaxine. D. D., Class VI.

To Some Lazy Snowdrops.

FAIRY SOFTLY.

" Little Snowdrops, are you dead?
Up and waken from your beds.

Are you still in winter slumber?

Sleepy-heads.

All the little buds are starting,
And the birds make joyful sound,
Little Snowdrops now rise quickly
From the ground."

SNOWDROPS SWEETLY.

" No, my dear, you're quite mistaken,
We are neither cold nor dead.
We've been sleeping through the winter
In our bed."

FAIRY KINDLY.

" Will you waken now, my Snowdrops?
Try to make the season bright.
Hark, the birds are singing sweetly
In their flight."

In the morning Snowdrops glistened
On the lawn as white as snow,
And they made the world so happy
With their glow.

Moral—Make the world happy and you will
be happy yourself.

By "HENRY PHILLIP BUCK" (Class iii.)

Spring.

By a Budding Poet.

" The Spring, the Spring is here," you cry.
Well, who knows that as well as I;
For have I not a fearful chill?
Your "gentle zephyrs" made me ill.
You praise the "dancing daffodil
That blows," you say. "on yonder hill."
Don't mention yellow things to me;
I'm down with jaundice, don't you see.
You speak about the "gambolling bird,"
Or was it "twittering lamb" I heard?
Can I be thrilled, do you suppose,
While burdened with this swollen nose?
I think I heard you mention, sir,
"The breezes in the trees that stir."
If only they would stay in trees,
I'd not have such rheumatic knees.
You say "the Spring is full of meaning."
To me it simply means Spring cleaning.
So, Poet, you and I must part,
Your babblings do not touch my heart.
Others may join in your delight,
But I've got "flu," so, sir, good-night.

MATER FAMILIAS.

The Ravens.

By "Ebb and Flow."

Just last Saturday so dreary, from my fireside
snug and cheery,
To the High School grounds I wandered,
oozing rain at every pore;
I arrived there, fairly soaking, and found
everybody croaking,
Croaking, absolutely croaking, Dismal
Desmonds by the score—
Only this and nothing more.

On the muddy touch-line peering, long I stood
there wondering, fearing,
Wrapped in plaids and trench coats heavy,
mufflers, sweaters by the score;
Anxiously I waited doubting, while the mush-
rooms were a-sprouting,
If these rare and radiant maidens would e'en
dare to take the floor.
Suddenly there came a murmur, then a hum-
ming, then a roar—
Enter maidens—nothing more.

Forth upon the miry gutter, with a wealth of
splash and splutter,
Dainty damsels by the score from our new
pavilion door,
Streamed these amazonic beauties: atta boy!
now, aren't they cuties?
There and then there came a rapping, a slimy,
slithering, oozy tapping,
And such whistling, yelling, cheering, as one
never heard before—
Rain and mud and nothing more.

Up the field went stockings yellow to the tune
of thunderous bellow,
Scorning mud and knocks and gore, piling up
the goals galore;
Nor from out this slimy welter did they, craven,
run for shelter,
But stood fast and all undaunted, not so
radiant as of yore,
Mud-bespattered, torn, and tattered, bruised
and battered to the core—
F.P.'s croaking "Nevermore."

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A Chemical Change.

WHEN Archbishop Auckland, in the course of a public address on "Some Aspects of Religion," referred to Sulphur as "that hydrated chloride of Alumina," there was a tremendous sensation. People wrote to the papers asking why a man in such an exalted position should be ignorant of the rudiments of Chemistry. One man signing himself "Tut-tut" suggested that the Government should dismiss all the clergy as senseless extravagance, but that is by the way.

In the House of Commons, during a lull in the Rear Lights debate, Mr Johnson asked the Prime Minister if he was aware that a leader of the Church had actually called sulphur a hydrated chloride of alumina. The Prime Minister, in a voice vibrant with emotion, replied that he was, and asked the Minister of Education what he was going to do about it. Hereupon there was prolonged cheering from the Socialist party. The Minister of Education, striving to make himself heard above the groans of the Conservatives, said that the matter had been thoroughly investigated, and it had transpired that Chemistry was not a necessary subject for those entering the ministry; but in future a knowledge of Chemistry would be required not only from those going in for the Church, but also from prospective lawyers, clerks, office-boys, M.P.'s, miners, grocers, professors, and light-house keepers. At this point he was completely drowned out by the yawns of the Liberals, the snores of the Communists, and the menacing cries of the Christian Pacifists.

This was the beginning in the rise of Chemistry as a vital subject, and in future a knowledge of Chemistry will be indispensable for all those who want to get on. The following questions, for instance, were set in the

Preliminary Examination for the Institute of Office Boys—"How would you differentiate between Carbon Monoxide and a Bunsen Burner? Describe briefly (quoting from any poems you have read) the formation of an Acid, an Alkahol, Disentigrated Calcareous Amygdaloidal Andesite."

It can be seen at a glance that questions like these cannot be answered without a knowledge (of some sorts) of Chemistry (of some sorts). Therefore I have constructed the following little table for the use of all going in for such examinations. It is a comprehensive synopsis, compiled at great expense, of all I know about Chemistry.

CHEMISTRY.—Chemistry was invented by Euclid in 505 B.C. He discovered it by mistake while working in his garden. He jumped up and cried "Eureka" (which is the Greek for Chemistry). The Roman Emperors were great patrons of the art and were always stimulating it. Every time a new poison was discovered their joy knew no bounds. Their hearts were full of it (the latter), so were their wives (of the former). This year I saw the end of Chemistry for the time being.

BUNSEN BURNER.—It is very important. It was the invention of the Bunsen Burner, which revived the lost art. It is an apparatus for boiling water, which it does with remarkable success, and derives its motive power from coal gas. By a strange coincidence it was discovered by a man called Bunsen. The formula is $4\text{BU}\text{N}_3\text{SeN}$.

ACID.—An Acid is the opposite of an Alkahol. It is thus a popular temperance beverage, but owing to its peculiar taste, great care should be taken in preparing it. It should be placed in a bowl with two parts of water. Heat gently till boiling, then strongly till boiled

away. Rinse thoroughly and insert lime juice, with a dash of speed. The drink is then ready and should be served with ice, hot. The great economical use is the manufacture of acidulated drops. The formula varies.

BASIC.—A Basic is a kind of acidish alkahol, or rather an alkaholish acid. Salt is an Acid, Pepper an Alkahol, and Mustard a Basic. It colours litmus green, and is easily recognisable by its feel. The formula is not for publication.

BEAKER.—This is the most important thing in Chemistry. It may be safely said that if it were not for the Beaker there would be no such

thing as Chemistry. Where would the Chemist to-day stand if he had not the Beaker to fall back upon? In fact, its importance cannot be underrated, and it should be held firmly in the right hand away from the flame. It is a vessel somewhat resembling a Cephalopod (from a distance). In outline it has the general appearance of the Pterobranchial, though without its delicate fabric, and the surface is covered with apocryptic microderms, so minute as to be indiscernible, which give it a distinctive appearance. To put it briefly, it is made of glass and must be replaced if broken. **GAMMA.**

Swan Life.

WHILE on holiday in the country last spring, I came upon a swan's nest built near the side of a small loch, in a marshy part thick with rushes. The nest was built of rushes, lined with feathers. At this time the birds had just finished building, and sometime later, passing this way, I found the female sitting on her eggs, with the male keeping guard not far off, watching that no harm came her way.

Some six or seven weeks later, I went to the loch again and found the female escorting her young out on the water, one perched on its mother's back. On making my presence known, the mother appeared to give a signal and they all quickly made for the rushes.

In late autumn, going again to see the swan family, I found the young had grown from small bluish-grey fluffy balls into fair-sized cygnets, not quite so pretty, but not at all shy. Much to their parents' anxiety, they came to the edge of the loch without hesitation to get the crumbs I had to distribute. The male bird, coming as close as he dared after the cygnets, put up his wings and made a queer

grunting noise, the mother staying in the back ground.

The last I heard of them was that a strange swan flew into the loch and a terrific battle ensued, and in the mêlée of wings and beaks a cygnet was killed. The stranger (a male) was at last driven off. S. W. G. (vi.)



Latin Composition.

Oh! Latin comp. I do detest,
Of all one's homework it's the pest;
Night after night my hair I tear!
'Twill soon be more than I can bear!

Six deep in lexicons I sit,
Until I nearly have a fit.
The words I hunt up one by one,
Till all my energy is done.

When finished, not the slightest sense
In it I find for recompense;
And then when handed back I'm told
My English grammar's grown o'er bold!

It really does seem rather hard,
When one's thought out each single word,
To then be told with many a sigh,
"You can do better if you try!" S.

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Varsity Letter.

EDINBURGH VARSITY, 2/3/28.

Eh bien! (French) old friends and quondam (Latin) fellow-sufferers,—

The last post (not the military one—Varsity is not so bad as that) has just made me realise the truth of the saying, "Some have greatness thrust upon them," in the shape of a note, respectful but firm, written on Magazine newspaper, demanding a Varsity letter. Well, we must bow to Fate.

Varsity! How we pity you poor beggars at school who *work*. Lash-driven slaves. But, then, you have Varsity to look forward to.

"There may you sit and quaff the Muse's stream,

With naught ungentle to break the blissful dream,"

as the poet says. It is only occasionally we work here; but when close on 5000 do actually start, such as on Infirmary Day, Edinburgh sits up and takes notice. And then there are the Internationals, when we daren't go along Princes Street for fear of having to stand the whole lusty School its lunch—and we notice the School has a healthy appetite. Must be the House system. Speaking of School, do you know, we are all very surprised that you have managed to carry on so well this year without us. Of course, we realise that the whole reason is that you still remember us, and are struggling to follow the noble example we set. It's tough work, laddies, but keep it up. You're doing fine.

We're a cheery crowd up here, we are. From all reports we believe that our old friend Morrison is the only man in the Varsity who is doing work. But, then, you can never trust the Engineers, especially if they are in the O.T.C. Wedderspoon—well, all that we can say of him is that he's still the same old laddie, shaping well to become next Labour Prime Minister. The mists of the past still enshroud dear old Stalker like a London fog. And, tell it not in Gath, he smokes now! The naughty boy. Robertson and Whitehead do maths—bless the dears—a terrible punishment. Dan-

cing and Boxing seem to claim the attention of Clark and Ferguson—Innocents Abroad—while we occasionally rub shoulders with such deities as Allison, Lumsden, and Philip, old men now, with bowed shoulders and haggard looks.

That's the D.H.S. band in Edinburgh. Not a single girl amongst them. Disgraceful! But we're ready to welcome anyone who comes up this year. In fact we'll get up a civic welcome for them. We humbly suggest you can't beat Edinburgh for a Varsity. (Eileen doesn't think so, but she's wrong. We've dances in Edinburgh as well as Dundee).

But this letter is becoming too long and away from the point, so we will close by wishing you all the best of luck and an A1 Easter vac.—From Cives Universitatis Academicæ, Edinburgensis.



Horace, Odes III. 13.

O spring of Bandusia, clearer than crystal stream,

Worthy a garland of flowers, sweet wine withal,
To-morrow a kid to be thine
Whose horns, fresh sprouting, destine

A tale of battles and love: but, alas! in vain,
For thine the clear cold waters he stains in blood,
Red-running into thy flood,
The wanton child of the herd.

The parching rays of the dog-star are unknown to thee,
E'en when all else is dry, and a glad shade, see,
To oxen tired with the plough,
And flocks that wander afar.

Renowned amongst springs to be by my Muse's telling,
The holm-oak that overshades with its leaves the grot
Whence from the hollow welling
The rills babble down from the rock.

Reports.

The "Houses."

The "House" system has now been in force in the school for three years, and its effect has been particularly marked in the play of the first XV. By the end of October eight only of last season's team were left, and yet young players were found to step into the vacant places, and in many cases to keep them, until the end of the season. Most of these, under the old régime, would still be spending their leisure at places other than the Grounds, and the vacancies in the first XV. would be filled more according to size and weight than to skill. Four years ago some found themselves in the first XV. in their first season's play; now all must graduate from the "House" XV. to the School XV. The "House" games have been extremely valuable in giving experience to those who really seek it, and experience is half the battle in Rugby.

It is important to point out this service that the "Houses" have rendered the school, for, unfortunately, there is not the keen competition in "House" games that there was three years ago. The novelty of the notion has now worn off, and with it the enthusiasm. Members of the school seem to be like the Athenians on Areopagus, ever seeking for some new thing, even in Rugby. This was evinced by the enthusiasm that greeted the idea of a third XV. last season. It was decided that this notion, good as it was, should be dropped, for it was apparent that the "Houses" could not exist with three XV.s taking away their better players. One reason for the apathy has been advanced above; another is the attitude of some, who, while really too old to play with the juniors, prefer to do this rather than to make an effort to play for a school XV. They do not seem to realise that they are occupying places in their "House" XV. which should be given to much younger players. The bad weather has undoubtedly contributed to the poor attendance at the Grounds on Saturday morning, but another season like this past one will probably

KILL THE "HOUSES,"

and once more the first XV. will be unable to take that place in the Rugby world that it should, and is now approaching. Although the various Housemasters—Messrs Hunter, M'Laren, Stalker, and Wilson—have been untiring in their efforts, their example has not been followed. To find real enthusiasm one must look to the XV.s of Classes III. and IV., or the first XV.

"Wallace" has won the Championship for the third year, and to their credit it must be recorded that they beat the "Rest" on 17th March. Next year is likely to

see another House to the fore, for most of the "Wallace" stalwarts have worn the "black and red" for the last time.

The First XV.

Rugby is a game about which many theories are evolved; all these are different, but most of them have a quantity of truth in them. My own theory is that the halves make or mar the team, and it is pleasant to find that the progress of the school team this season agrees with this idea. The three-quarter line only assumed its ultimate form about the end of November, and the forwards have been spoilt by injuries and illness. Yet up to 10th March, out of fifteen matches played eleven have been won, credit for which must largely be given to the halves. An appreciation of these players has been written in another place, so that no more need be added to that. The chief defect of the forwards throughout the season is the weakness at a "line-out." There seems to be no one who can catch the ball and pass it cleanly to the halves, although the play in the "loose," in general, has been good. The hard pushing type of forward is fast disappearing from the game, but there cannot be eight wing forwards in a team! The play in the tight scrummages has not been good; the heeling of the ball particularly has been poor; and next season the fault must be remedied by frequent practice. The three-quarter line has distinguished itself more by its defensive powers than by its ability to attack. This latter is no doubt due to weak passing, and here again hard practice is indicated. The mention of practice has raised another point—that is, which is the better practice? The game played for the whole time at our disposal, or the spending of most of that time in practising movements and remedying weaknesses? I am inclined to favour the latter, even though it is not the pleasanter of the two; but, after all, we are desirous of playing Rugby so that we may thoroughly enjoy it, and the better we play it the more will be our enjoyment. Consequently, it seems as though we should, in the interests of our own ultimate pleasure, spend the time we lay aside for practice in this "unpleasant" (?) manner.

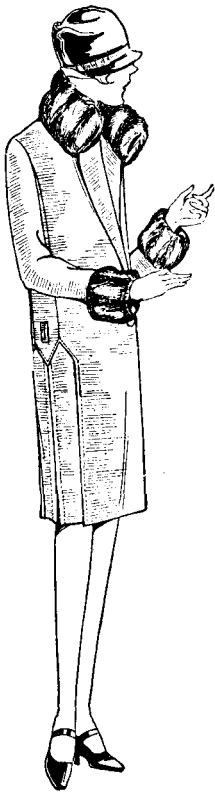
In the arrangement of the fixture card for next season it is hoped to give the second XV. one of the fixtures that usually the first XV. had, and to substitute another that will probably teach us more about the game. Another fixture will be discontinued altogether, and an effort made to arrange one in its place with a Glasgow school.

A. I.

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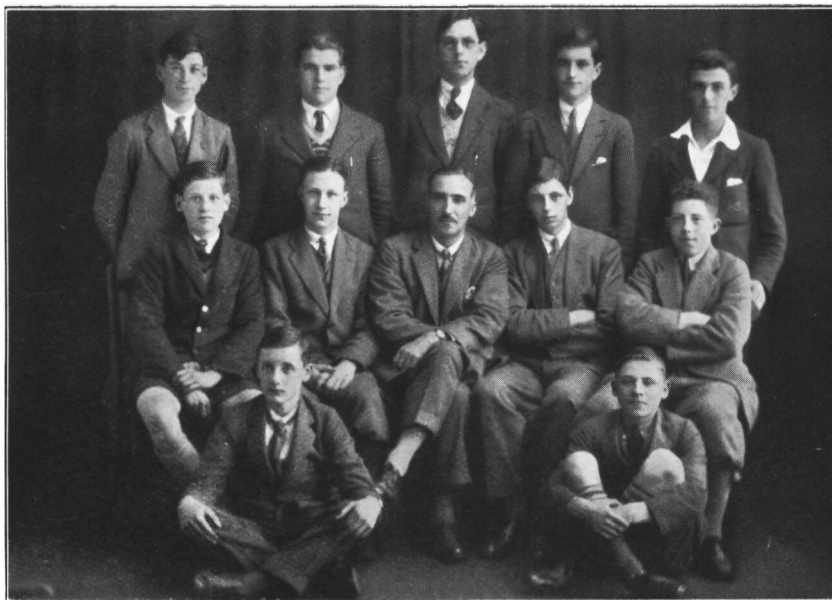
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Back Row—J. Wright. G. E. Davie. W. M. Wedderspoon. E. Stewart. A. L. Ramsay
Centre Row—G. Latto. G. B. Mudie (Secy.) Mr W. G. Laird (Pres.) D. M. G. Stalker (Capt.)
W. F. Anderson.
In Front—A. Wallace. W. Keay.

Golf Team,
Summer Term 1927.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

The Second XV.

The second XV. has enjoyed a fairly successful season, despite unfavourable weather conditions causing many games to be cancelled. Many changes have taken place in the team throughout the season, and the play has probably suffered in consequence. This should not be, for all can gain a good grounding in the game by taking part in the Saturday "House" matches. There is no lack of talent among the backs, but there is unfortunately a marked tendency towards individual effort rather than sound combination. With more combination the three-quarter line should prove a very effective scoring machine, and when its members can be induced to tackle hard and low its defensive qualities will be greatly enhanced. The lack of a good leader is the reason for the weakness forward, but it must be said that the "pack" plays best against a strong opposition. Here again combination is lacking. The chief fault, however, to be found with the forwards is lack of vigour; their play is not "fierce" enough. When they can infuse more energy into their movements they will give us players worthy of representing the school.

T. McL.

1st XV. Results.

Date	Opponents	Venue	For	Ag't
Sept. 17—	D.H.S. F.P.s,	H	6	8
24—	Waid Academy,	A	41	0
Oct. 1—	Morrison's Academy, ...	H	3	8
8—	St Andrews University, ..	H	18	3
15—	Madras College,	H	36	8
22—	Strathallan School,	A	3	0
29—	St Andrews University, ..	A	0	14
Nov. 5—	Perth Academy,	A	0	9
26—	Strathallan School,	H	42	6
Dec. 10—	Boroughmuir School,	H	15	5
Jan. 7—	Bell Baxter Academy, ...	H	35	3
14—	Madras College,	A	17	0
21—	Dollar Academy,	A	6	3
Feb. 18—	Glenalmond School,	A	18	0
25—	Boroughmuir School,	A	4	0

2nd XV. Results

Date	Opponents	Venue	For	Ag't
Sept. 24—	Waid Academy,	H	69	0
Oct. 8—	Harris Academy,	H	11	9
15—	Perth Academy,	A	13	16
29—	Perth Academy,	A	3	6
Nov. 5—	Harris Academy,	H	16	14
19—	Morrison's Academy,	H	3	9
26—	Strathallan School,	A	0	36
Dec. 10—	Madras College,	A	19	3
Jan. 7—	Madras College,	A	3	8
14—	Perth Academy,	H	14	9
21—	Perthshire,	A	7	9
28—	Harris Academy,	A	3	8
Feb. 18—	Perth Academy,	H	15	6

CHARACTERISTICS OF PLAYERS —

Ireland, N. M., has occupied the stand-off half position with conspicuous success throughout the season. His individual play has been very good, although he is apt to concentrate upon this to the exclusion of more constructive work. His tackling is almost perfect in its execution and unerring in its accuracy. His kicking also is very good, and the sudden drop goal in which he often indulges has a good moral effect upon the side. As a captain his work has been good; well acquainted with the theory of the game, he has proved able in administration, both on and off the field. To his leadership, and partnership with Mackay, the team owes a large part of its success.

Wilson, G. C. C., commenced this season as a wing three-quarter, but was not particularly successful in this position, and so made his presence felt in the "pack." This experience proved very valuable to him when he returned to his old position on the wing, where, without being conspicuous, he has been quite valuable. He is a very difficult man to tackle, but is apt to try to achieve results by strength only.

Glover, E. J., is something like Ireland when playing "Rugger"; it is remarkable that both had a "Soccer" upbringing. After two seasons on the wing, he has this year become a centre three-quarter, much to his own satisfaction and the increased defensive powers of the side. He sometimes indulges in a flying tackle after a run across the field, and has saved his side in this way upon many occasions. His tackling is good, he has a useful "punt," his hands are sure, and he is the champion sprinter of the school; all the ingredients that make a good three-quarter seem to be here.

Mackay, G. W., was a very efficient scrum half at the beginning of the season, and his partnership with Ireland in the first few matches approached the brilliant stage. With the advent of colder, wetter weather his play deteriorated a little, but towards the end of the season he improved once more. He is inclined to be clumsy for a scrum-half, and some of his passes are rather wild, but he is particularly good at smothering tactics.

Whyte, N. G., a wing forward, whose chief characteristic seems to be dogged tenacity. He even carries this to an extreme, and holds on to the ball, upon occasion, far too long. His "spoiling" tactics have been good, but he is inclined to distrust the ability of the scrum-half. He has led the forwards for the greater part of the season, but his value to the team is more that of a good individualist than of an inspiring leader.

Wilson, D. F., was unfortunate in being kept out of the "pack," owing to an injury, until after Christmas. His return coincided with a general improvement in the forwards, and this is no doubt largely due to his own skilful and forcible play. He is a wing forward whose

biggest asset is his dribbling, and no doubt by the end of another season his handling will also have improved.

Ritchie, G. S., has been secretary of the club this season, and his secretarial worries seem to have affected his play. After two seasons as a centre three-quarter he has played for the greater part of this season at full back. As a player he is good and bad by turns. Sometimes his tackling and kicking to "touch" are good, sometimes they are not. He is rather apt to overdo the attempt to gain ground by cutting through, rather than by kicking to "touch"; a certain amount of excuse, however, must be laid to the fact that he has been played in a new position.

Wilson, J. H. F., is one of the youngest players in the XV., but by this time is regarded more or less as a "veteran." He excels in the "loose," and his handling is also good. He was prominent in the first few matches, but seems to have become a little stale. No doubt the interval during the summer will improve his play more than would a great deal of practice.

Grant, Q. S., is now a forward, but started the season as a three-quarter, where he was not a success, owing chiefly to bad tactics. As a forward he is a dogged type of player, and upon occasion can tackle quite well. He is fast, and should use his speed more in following up the play; also he must improve his scrummaging powers.

Heath, S. W. E., has the distinction of having played for the School XV. during his first year. He was unlucky to be out of the team for a time owing to an injury, but after one game with the second XV.—in which he distinguished himself—he returned to the seniors, and has been prominent in most of the later matches. His tackling is good, and when he improves his running power he will no doubt develop into a very useful wing forward, or even a three-quarter.

Malcolm, J. B., is a young player whose chief fault is his lack of experience, a fault that no doubt will be remedied by time. His defensive play is good, and when he brings his attacking powers up to that standard he will be a valuable asset to the XV. His kicking has not been prominent this season, and his passes have lacked power, but his tackling has been of great value.

McDougall, H. D., has played in most of this season's matches, and has been prominent at the "line-out." He is another young player who doubtless will benefit by further experience. He must work harder in the "tight" play, and not confine his attention to play in the "loose."

Ramsay, A. L., has proved quite an efficient "hooker" this season. He is a third young player whose chief fault is lack of experience, and who promises to do well after another season.

Smith, L. J., a hard-working forward, rather inclined

to be clumsy, but his keenness and enthusiasm cover "a multitude of sins." He follows up well, and is energetic in a scrummage, but is apt to kick the ball too far ahead, together with a tendency to be "offside."

Wallace, A., a wing three-quarter, who rightly considers Rugby as a game to be played more with the mind than the body. He has considerably improved during the latter part of the season, but while rather handicapped by the lack of inches, he must in future be more ready to fall on the ball. His short "punts" to "touch" have been most valuable, and have frequently brought relief to a defending side.

Davie, G. E., has been rather unlucky this season. He was injured in one of the earlier matches, and since his recovery has not managed to regain his old form. He is best fitted for scrummaging, but must considerably speed up his "loose" play. He used to have a most effective kick to "touch," but that quality has not been seen this season.

Ritchie, J. S., a wing three-quarter who is rather apt to consider speed as his only necessity. While not belittling his sprinting powers, he must try to develop other qualities. When the defence has been drawn elsewhere, a pass to him will usually result in a score, but all defences cannot be drawn elsewhere.

A. I.

Hockey Report.

The weather this season has been anything but satisfactory, and several matches, as well as many practices, have had to be cancelled. The 1st XI. has shown a marked improvement in the later matches, although some players are still very erratic. We have not gained the Schools' League Cup this season, but we have taken third place in the League.

On 3rd December the Schools' trials were held at the Grounds, and the following were chosen:—M. Mitchell, L. Kippen, M. Murray.

A mixed team of 1st and 2nd XI. players played Morgan Academy on 3rd December, and won. Score—D.H.S., 3; Morgan Academy, 2.

On 10th December we played Perth Academy at home in a Schools League match, and were badly beaten. D.H.S., 1; Perth Academy, 5.

On 17th, 24th, and 31st December our matches with Grove P.P.s and D.H.S. F.P.s were cancelled owing to snow.

On 7th January we played Harris Academy at the Grounds in a League match. D.H.S., 2; Harris Academy, 0.

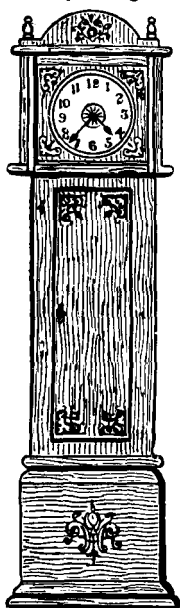
On 14th January we travelled to Crieff to play Morrison's Academy in a League match. D.H.S., 5; Morrison's Academy, 3.

On 21st January we were left without a match owing to the Dundee and District Schoolgirls' match being cancelled.

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Back Row—D. Whyte. M. Murray (Secy.) M. Mitchell (Vice-Capt.) J. Swan F. Whytock (Pres.)

Centre Row—J. Smith. J. Mackenzie. B. Higgs (Capt.) M. Pae. J. Davies.

In Front—A. Webster. L. Kippen.

**Girls' Hockey, 1st XI.
1927-28.**

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

The next Saturday Schools XI. played a team of Dundee and District Ladies, and were badly beaten 15-1.

On 4th February Dundee and District Schoolgirls played Aberdeen and District at Games Club. Aberdeen won by 3-2.

On 11th February we played Dundee Ladies 1st XI. at the Grounds with three reserves in the team. This was our worst defeat of the season. D.H.S., 2; Dundee Ladies, 9.

On 18th February we travelled to St Andrews to play Madras College in a friendly. The score was exactly the reverse of the first match at Dundee. D.H.S., 6; Madras College, 2.

The next Saturday we travelled to Perth to play Perth Academy in a League match. We played well in this match, but shooting was poor. D.H.S., 2; Perth Academy, 3.

On 3rd March we practised "sevens" at the Grounds with a team of F.P.s.

The tournament, which was to be played on 10th March, had to be cancelled owing to a snowstorm, and will probably be played on 24th March. The following players will represent D.H.S.:—M. Mitchell, J. Mackenzie, B. Higgs, J. Davies, M. Pae, M. Murray, and J. Smith.

The 2nd XI. have played the following matches:—

Date	Opponents	Venue	For	Ag't
Dec. 10—	Dundee Ladies,	A	0	7
Feb. 11—	Perth Academy,	H	3	5
18—	Grove Academy,	H	6	0
Mar. 3—	Grove Academy,	A	3	4

The 3rd XI. played Newport School at home on 3rd March, and won 5-0.

The Junior XI.'s are still practising every Saturday, and some members show great promise for a future 1st XI.

We are greatly indebted to Miss Whytock for her unfailing interest in us, and also Miss Jarvie for refereeing in 2nd XI. matches.

M. M.

Girl Guides Report.

Our Guide meetings are being carried on as usual every Friday, and our company is now full, having six patrols of eight members each. Those who joined as recruits at the beginning of the session are well on their way to become second class Guides. The results of the Badge tests held in November were very satisfactory.

The silver paper collection which was carried out in school during first term totalled 122 lb., and this term every tiny scrap is being snatched up by eager Guides. A competition was held to see which patrol could collect the most, and the Woodpigeon Patrol were first.

The Inter-Patrol Shield is held by the Chaffinches this term, the Woodpigeon Patrol being second.

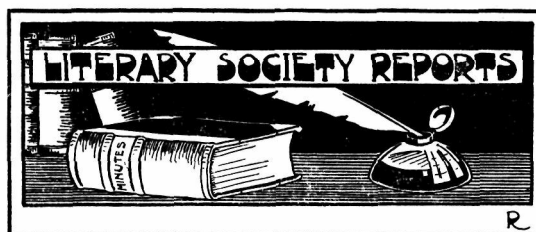
This session we have adopted a Post Guide (i.e., a Guide who is either crippled or bedridden and unable to attend Guide meetings owing to illness), and we take turns of writing to her. She has attended one of our enrolments, and seemed to enjoy the meeting very much.

We had an unexpected visit from Miss Mackness on Friday, 17th February. She visited each Patrol in the Patrol Corner and discussed Guide work.

Miss Mackness held a Camp Fire on Wednesday, 29th February, for Central District Guiders and Guides. Six representatives attended from each company, and many new camp songs were learned.

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

M. M.



Boys' Literary Society.

The Easter Session of the Literary Society is now over, and it has passed off exceedingly well. The gratifying fact has been that the attendances at meetings have not suffered their usual diminution during the latter part of the session, and this we may attribute to the popularity of our genial President, Mr D. D. Wilson.

On Friday, 9th December, we held a Hat Night, at which some interesting questions were discussed.

On account of the school dance there was no meeting of the Society on the following Friday, and our last meeting for the Christmas Term was held on Wednesday, 21st December, for the Annual Musical Evening. A large attendance listened to an excellent concert provided by members of the staff and members of the two Societies.

We opened the Easter Term on 13th January very appropriately with an Open Lantern Lecture delivered by Mr W. H. Valentine, one of our Directors. In entertaining and racy fashion, Mr Valentine described to us a holiday he had had in the U.S.A. and Canada. His lecture was illustrated by some marvellous lantern slides, and was much enjoyed by all present.

On 20th January we listened to a very interesting essay on "Tusitala," delivered by Mr William Harvey,

who described in full to us Stevenson's life and writings.

The remaining Class VII. papers were delivered on the next Friday, and they proved very interesting and interactive. Mr R. Allison spoke on "The Suez and Panama Canals," and Mr C. R. M'Leish on "Tea Clippers."

The following Tuesday we listened to two fine short papers. Mr Alexander Adamson described cleverly the life story of "Buffalo Bill, the Last of the Great Scouts," while Mr William Williamson gave us a very interesting paper on "Alchemy."

On the two succeeding Fridays, 10th and 17th February, the Society was unable to meet owing to entertainments being held in the school.

The Open Debate was held on 24th February, the subject being "Science v. Literature." Miss Pae led for Science and Mr Davie for Literature, and they were ably seconded by Mr Williamson and Miss Stiven respectively. By the large majority of 36 votes Science was victorious.

On the following Friday, 2nd March, we listened to Class VI. papers. Mr David Donald spoke on "The Prince of Punsters," and Mr J. Meotti on "The Land of William Tell." Both papers were very interesting and of a high standard.

The remaining Class VIII. papers were read on Friday, 9th March. Mr William Keir gave a well-thought-out and clever paper on "Thomas Alva Edison, while Mr Preston Watson kept us abreast of modern development by a very interesting paper on "The History of Aviation."

The concluding meeting for the year was held on Friday, 16th March, when Mr D. D. Wilson gave us his Presidential address. A large attendance of members of both Societies listened to an extremely fine and scholarly lecture on "The Sea." Mr Wilson, with great skill, treated the sea in all its aspects, and his excellent lecture was a fitting conclusion to work he has done for the Society during the past year. Our grateful thanks are due to Mr Wilson for the interest he has taken in the "Lit.," for the kindness he has shown us, and for the trouble he has taken to make our meetings so enjoyable.

Girls' Literary Society.

The Society's last meeting before Christmas took the form of the annual musical evening. An entertainment was provided by members of the staff and pupils. Songs, recitations, and an amusing dialogue by two members of the staff were greatly appreciated, while a duet and minuet in costume, by two younger members of the Society, proved a most delightful feature.

Our first meeting in 1928 was the long-postponed open lecture by Mr W. H. Valentine. This interesting lecture, on "Foreign Travel," was illustrated by a number of beautiful lantern slides, and maps were

thoughtfully provided by the lecturer to enable us to follow his route.

On January 20 we heard delightful papers from three members of the Class IX. Miss Stiven's paper, "Sport in Switzerland," was a detailed account of the many sports to be enjoyed there. Miss Dunbar gave us a glowing description of the wonderful Bermuda Islands. Miss Fernie chose "Aircraft in its Beginnings" as her subject, and provoked much laughter with her anecdotes.

On January 27 the school was given over to the F.P.s, so our next meeting took place on February 3, when we heard Class VII. papers. Miss Dewar chose a most unusual and interesting subject in "Madame Tussaud." Miss Mathers gave us a masterly account of life in the Foreign Legion, a subject of great interest to all readers of P. C. Wren's popular novels.

We held a Hat Night on February 17, and a number of fresh, interesting questions were submitted and discussed.

The Annual Open Debate took place on February 24. The subject for discussion was "Science versus Literature." Miss Pae led for Science, and was seconded by Mr Williamson, while Literature was defended by Mr Davy, whose seconder was Miss Stiven. The leaders and seconders gave us such thorough and excellent speeches that few points seemed to remain for open discussion. This was soon exhausted and a vote taken, declaring Science an easy victor.

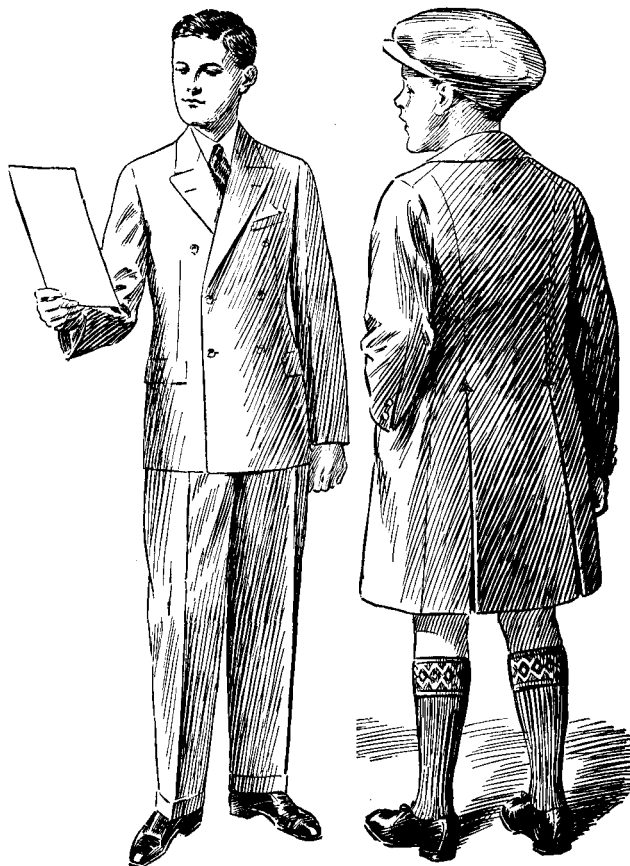
Class X.'s papers were read on March 2. These were but two in number, but Miss Pae's masterly paper on "George Bernard Shaw" was illustrated by the acting of a scene from his play, "St Joan," by Miss Pae, Miss Mitchell, Miss Kippen, and Miss Dewar. Miss Mitchell chose as her subject "Lady Hester Stanhope."

Our last meeting of the season was held on March 9, when our President, Miss Steele, gave us a most delightful discourse on "Science in Everyday Life." In an incredibly short time she had given us countless instances of common substances and utensils, in the making of which Science plays an interesting part. She treated her subject with a master hand, and brought it to an end all too soon.

We are looking forward to hearing Mr Wilson's address to both Societies on March 16, the last meeting of the session.

Altogether the session has been a most successful one. The attendances throughout have been excellent, and the standard of the papers high. The warmest thanks of the Society are due to our President, who has attended all our meetings with unfailing interest, and has done so much to make this an enjoyable session. We take this opportunity of offering her our heartiest thanks for her unstinting help this session.

M. M.



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