

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 42

June 1928

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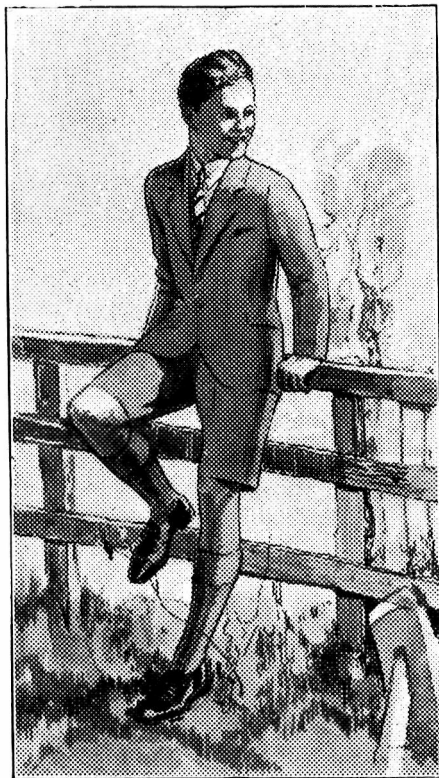
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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 42]

JUNE, 1928.

[FOURPENCE

Editorial.

"The time has come," the walrus said,

"To talk of many things:

Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—

Of cabbages—and kings—"

—Indeed, of many things — so many and varied do they crowd into our mind that it is hard to decide which to take and which to leave. We recollect that Midsummer Day falls on 24th June, and that brief summer, crowded into one blazing Sports day, will then "bate and dwindle" into winter. A melancholy thought.

And yet, in spite of our scanty attentions from the Weather Clerk, we have fared well on cricket fields and tennis court. Here we are holding our own—even if the Examiners were too much for us. One thing strikes us, however, on second thoughts. Judging by results our sport would appear to be sound enough; but there is still a lamentable lack of that elusive quality—enthusiasm. The whole burden of upholding the name of the School in sports is left to the enthusiastic few. "Verb sap—"

And then there is that much maligned institution, the Cadet Corps. At last, as if to show that Captain Mann's labours during the past few years have not been fruitless, recruits have

been plentiful. Such being the case, we look forward to a much bigger camp than usual—a cheery band under canvas in the fragrant Cortachy woods, enjoying to the full those privileges of which a Cadet alone can boast. There all morning will they "**grunt and sweat under a heavy life**"—and there for the rest of the day, will they enjoy a life which, after labours, is full of pleasures such as the non-cadet can never experience. Once a cadet, always a cadet, is what each one will tell you after visiting Cortachy.

And no wonder.

But we moralise. A truce to this folly—c'est à dire, let us be off to bed. Goodnight, everybody, goodnight—**et bonnes vacances.**

We are glad to notice that a few days ago a former pupil of D.H.S., Mr R. W. Chapman, had conferred upon him by Oxford University the honorary degree of D.Litt., for his work in connection with the New English Dictionary. Mr Chapman is secretary to the delegates of the Clarendon Press.

We also noticed that another former pupil, Mr W. M. Macgregor, has been made principal of the U.F. Church College in Glasgow.

Brains.

YOUNG BONEHEAD was up against it—badly. Dad had said hard things about his record card last term, and threatened worse if a percentage of 38 were to appear again, and dad had a heavy hand—he knew. Life was, indeed, hard. Live and let live—hang it! If you couldn't swot, then you couldn't, and that was an end to it; and he had so much cricket and golf—the serious things of life—to attend to, not to mention Bloody Bill at Scala.

And the quarterlies started on Monday! He had a kind of nausea at the very thought; nay, at the very mention of the word a foreboding of disaster was upon him. Instinctively he looked round the room to see if there were any fat cushions. He would need them in the days to come—of that he was assured. It would be 38 per cent. again or worse. Life was hard, school a torment at exam time, and parents unjust. Everything and everybody was wrong but himself.

He swung the window open with a bang; if he burst something so much the better—that was his mood. What top-hole weather too! You bet it would be when quarterlies came round. A groan! What was that? It came from behind the bushes. He went to a window further up to get a better view. Great Scott!! It was his older brother Jim. Excited, suddenly he ran down. On a strip of turf behind a clump of bushes lay his elder brother Jim, his hands clasping his head, his face pale green with a dash of lemon, a half-smoked Burma cheroot by his side. It was obvious that the cheroot had conquered; the victim lay prostrate.

Young B. stood staring, half-curious, half-sympathetic, the germ of an idea beginning to form in his brain (so called).

"Oh, clear out of this, you," groaned the brother suddenly gripping his middle. "Clear out and don't stand staring there." Young B. cleared.

Long he brooded over the idea. It might be painful, but it couldn't last long. Anything—anything was better than quarterlies. He had seen the box of cheroots in father's study; he, the Bonehead, would bone one; he would smoke one; he would be sick; verily not too much he hoped. A white pain-wracked face, numerous groans and, maybe, a slight temperature would see him safely past the dreaded exams. Gad-zooks! It would be worth it. He would do it.

Sunday afternoon was chosen for the ordeal. The cheroot was in his pocket and matches. In full view of the family and just before they retired to the various corners of the house for their Sunday afternoon siesta our hero, his brow furrowed with care and intelligent-looking wrinkles, made a brave show of carting a pile of books up to his room. Mother beamed, father sniffed. The coast clear, B. slipped up to the unused attic, opened the skylight, and began the funeral rites.

Feeling like something between a hero and a martyr B. got to work. He was a bit nervy; it wasn't so easy as it looked. Half a box of matches was wasted, but at last he got the secret of it. He puffed, it glowed, he blowed. Strange, nothing untoward was happening. It must be heredity. He had the knack already; he was rather enjoying it. Crash! Someone had dropped a tea-tray. The whole household woke up. Steps sounded on the stairs. He hurled the stump through the window rushed to the bathroom, scrubbed his teeth with some Colgates, and managed to gain his own sanctum and his books. Tea-time. He had little appetite, but he wasn't sick. He had failed.

"To-morrow! What's between us and the wrong and shame we dread?" he quoted miserably and incorrectly. His head was desperate. Was there yet time? Never had his brain (so called) been burdened thus. Ha! What was it that Fatty Flannigan had said

AND NOW FOR THE HOLIDAYS!
JUNE, GLORIOUS JUNE, when School breaks up, and
School Books are cast aside.



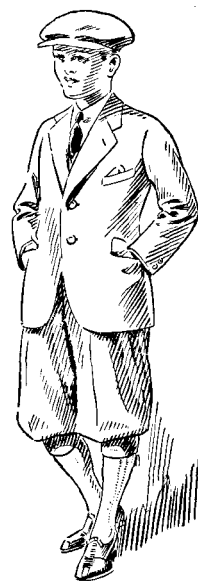
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about eating soap? Nasty, but it would make you sick all right. It simply had to be done! And what tender sympathy he would get if the trick worked! Courage and all will be well—or, rather, ill.

Sunlight, Yardley's Lavender, Lifebuoy, Oatmeal, ordinary yellow soap, soap powder—he could get any one or all. A deal of soap in the house—and he had never been very fond of it. And now, what kind to try and how to take it? Oatmeal soap sounded best for eating. He tried a little and frothed at the mouth. Ugh! Awful! His courage almost failed him. Would he make it up into little balls like pills or would he try a sup of soap powder with jam. He plumped for the pills. The perspiration was breaking out on his forehead as he got the third over. The die was cast.

He descended as if from his room and carrying a book.

"Ready for supper, son," cooed mother.

"No, ma; don't want any. Not feeling well."

"What's come over you, darling? He's all pale and shaky. It's bending over these horrid books all afternoon." Thus mother.

"Rot," said Pa, "he's been over-stuffing as usual. Give him a good dose of castor oil and send him to bed. I'll see that he takes it. No more of that coddling. A boy of his years. Why, when I was his age——"

Castor oil and oatmeal soap! Bonehead was bowled over. What a night! And morning saw him still green and bilious and with a rash out all over his face and neck. "Measles," said the doctor. Success at last, but at what a price!

P.S.—He has never had a decent wash since.

Tales and Traditions.

WHEN first I went to Rothiemurchus for my summer holidays I used to look at a large patch of snow on the side of Cairngorm. It was so like a tablecloth that we called it the Giant's Washing. It was not till later, however, that I discovered there was a story connected with this patch of snow. This legend states that a young lady called Margaret fell in love with the heir to the Mackintosh clan. This man had a herd of cattle which pastured on the sides of Cairngorm. One winter day Margaret set off to climb Cairngorm and see the Mackintosh who was with his cattle. As she was nearing her destination a blizzard overtook her, and she was buried in a corrie by the drifting snow. Her body has now been recovered, but the corrie is called Ciste Mearad, meaning Margaret's chest or coffin. Tradition says that if at any time the snow completely leaves the corrie the heir to the Mackintosh will die shortly.

Wherever one wanders in the Cairngorms

there are reminders of the doings of bygone days to be found, many like the story just narrated, being of a tragic nature. Take, for instance, the large boulder at the south end of the famous Larig Ghru (Savage Pass) which leads from Speyside to Deeside. The story goes that three tailors long ago wagered that they would dance at the three dells in twenty-four hours. These dells were the Dell of Aberfeldy, the Dell of Rothiemurchus, and Dalmore, near Braemar. They danced at Aberfeldy and Rothiemurchus, but when they were going through the Larig Gru to Dalmore they were caught by a blizzard and died in the shelter of the stone which now bears their name. There is a Tailor's Stone of Cairngorm, too, but its story is cheerful. There was an old tailor who used to take his cloth and gun during the deer season and sit on this stone stitching merrily away while keeping a sharp lookout for any stag that might come near.

It is a far cry from the North Inch at Perth

to the Cairngorm district, but these two are connected by a remarkable tombstone which stands in Rothiemurchus Churchyard. This stone is said to mark the grave of Shaw, the captain of the Clan Chattan in the famous fight on the North Inch. On the stone stand five stone cylinders, one at each corner and one in the middle. Tradition says that if anyone removes one of these stones he will die within the year. When the Duke of Bedford rented the Doune one of his footmen removed a stone from the grave. There was such indignation at this that he had to put it back, and when he was drowned a few days later fording the Spey the natives maintained that he had brought on his doom by meddling with the Shaw's Stone.

The true Highlander is by nature a poet and a dreamer, so it is no wonder that the Cairngorms are reputed to be the haunts of fairies. It is said, for instance, that when a Glenmore hunter was returning from the chase he met a party of fairies marching with pipers at their head. The pipes were made of silver, and had jewels set in them. The hunter watched them passing and as the pipers passed he threw his hat amongst them, calling out as he snatched one of the wee pipes, "Mine to yours, yours to me." He hurried home with the prize hidden under his plaid. When he was about to display his treasure he found to his astonishment that he had only a broken spike of glass and an empty puff ball.

The fairies lend their names to many stories. High up in the folds of the Cairngorms there are four green lochs. The scientific explanation of their colour is that very pure water seen in quantity is green. The old story, however, was that the fairies who were usually clad in green used these lochs to wash their garments in and so turned the water green.

There is a story told of a kelpie who used to roam the shores of Loch Avon in the form of a beautiful horse. Many people tried to catch it, but no sooner had they mounted than the horse dashed into the loch and the unfortunate rider was seen no more. This went on until one

man, who was wiser than the rest, took a silver bridle with him. After he had slipped it over the horse's head the kelpie was powerless, and the man led the horse back to Tomin-toul, where it was the envy of the glen. When the old glen people are telling you the story they tell you that the bridle still hangs at Tomin-toul.

If you should be fortunate enough to visit the Cairngorms this summer you will find that these are only a few of the tales and traditions of that fascinating land of mountain and loch. Every corrie has its storied name, quaint reminder of days long gone, and the oftener you visit these haunts of the ptarmigan and wild deer the deeper will be your affection for the high peaks at the head waters of the Dee.

D. D.



The Call.

Come, away to the hills with towering peak
And never-melting snow-caps bleak,
Where the sun glints clear on crag and stone,
And the eagle broods in her eyrie alone.

Come, where the torrents headlong rush,
Where pools run deep, where the fountains
gush,
Where stately fir trees toss and moan,
And the trout lies hid 'neath the black-green
stone.

Up, for the desolate wind-swept moors,
Where rain beats down and the storm cloud
lowers,
And the grouse's note breaks the praise of the
lark,
Where wild deer battle with awesome bark.

And O for the lochs, be they storm-tossed high,
Or clear and calm with no tempest nigh;
Sun-kissed, dimpling with myriad smile,
Treacherous, with wild nor' easter's guile.

Hills, rivers, moors, the lochs, the fall,
Nature, serene and tranquil, on all
Casts her mantle of healing, of help and repose,
Brooding majestic till Eternity's close.



[Photo. by

D. & W. PROPHET]

Back Row—G. C. C. Wilson, G. J. Robbie, D. C. Smith, Mr Ramsay (President), J. H. F. Wilson,
J. B. Malcolm, J. S. Neish.

Front Row—S. W. E. Heath (Secy.), E. J. Glover, N. M. Ireland (Capt.), G. S. Ritchie (Vice-Capt.),
T. Reid.

Cricket 1st XI.
Session 1927-28.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

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A Corner of Piedmont.

IF it is permissible at all to speak of the genius loci with respect to any spot, it surely is so in the case of Piedmont. Yet the elements of its charm are so strange and elusive as almost to defy analysis. Perhaps the best way to evoke the spirit of beauty dwelling there is simply to recall some of the sights to be witnessed in the region.

An appeal to memory invariably produces an image of the majestic range of mountains enclosing this north-west corner of Italy. Grandly beautiful they are at all times, but especially so at sunset, when the varying hues, from a faint flush to a Tyrian purple, satiate the sight; or at noon, when the snow-covered slopes reflect a blinding light. Some prefer the effect of this dazzling brightness to all the glorious tints of sunrise. It is certainly most impressive—like “the soul of an innocent child,” to quote the expressive phrase of a local padre.

But one rarely rests satisfied with mere external beauty. In spite of oneself, a train of thought arises bearing on the interesting events connected with the site. Painful hours spent construing Livy in a fourth form are well repaid by the interest added to a scene recalling that of Hannibal's achievement. Gibbon records how he scaled Mount Cenis “in a light osier basket and not on the back of an elephant.”

Less fraught with danger but no less enthralling is the experience of piercing the mountain mass in a locomotive which shrieks through the tunnel like some imprisoned Titan. Southwards gleams the peak of Mount Viso, Chaucer's “Vesulus the colde.” Given a good day, the shadowy summit of a small hill may be perceived towards the west, whereon, the legend says, Constantine had his vision of the Cross of Christ, with its reassuring promises, “In hoc signo vinces.” While looking around thus the thought intrudes itself that these perhaps are the very slopes on which the bones of Milton's “slaughtered saints” lay bleaching. Doubt-

less, in our ardour, we credited the site with more events than it could justly claim, but our very ignorance begot a certain bliss which historical accuracy would have destroyed.

Such sights live on, more or less enduringly, in the memory, but an indelible impression is left upon the mind by the Piedmontese themselves. The typical native must be sought among the industrious peasants who people the hillsides and the fringe of the plain. Unlike his more exuberant compatriot of the south, he is comparatively reticent, impervious to flattery, conservative, and almost wholly preoccupied with the care of his maize crops and the culture of his vines—briefly, an Italian Scot. Almost as different again are the children. To a simplicity and naturalness they add a characteristic spirit of gaiety and almost passionate vivaciousness. There is no finer music to the ear than the chorus of their melodious voices as they engage in play or carol away in the fields unconscious of their charm. One almost regrets that they are ever destined to grow up.

A not uncommon sight is that of the entire family at work in the fields. In such cases the house—often a ramshackle structure revealing as much of the interior as exterior—is usually guarded by a pair of savage-looking dogs, trained to snap at strangers during the day and to keep the neighbours awake at night. More so than our own farmyards, that of the Piedmont peasant conveys the impression that not a wisp of straw extra could be introduced without dire effects on the equilibrium of the whole. This aspect of much in little is mainly created by the stacks of faggots stored away as winter fuel. These are gathered by the poorer peasants from the scrub of the hillsides or piously purloined from the grounds of a neighbouring monastery.

Rulers have always found this hill-dwelling population a tough problem to solve, and at the beginning of the Mussolini regime a walk

through the village streets would have revealed knots of swarthy, moustachiod, bandit type of individuals discussing the question of this fresh menace to their liberty. It must be the piercingly cold winds blowing, as they say, "tra montana," which instil this spirit of reserve into the people, for the warm vintage season seems to stir the hot native blood and thaw them again into a genial expansiveness. This is at the period of the Italian summer, so well known from description. Less often noted is a certain monotony attendant upon endless days of high temperature and the invariably blue sky which often make the homesick Northerner heartily wish for a genuine British fog. Not that he is blind to the beauty of the season, for then it is one may catch sight of a waggoner fast asleep upon his load of hay while the oxen, unperturbed, pace leisurely homewards. Then also the sturdy young herdsboy sings more enchantingly on the hills.

No sketch, however slight, of Piedmont could afford to omit the ancient capital, Turin. Viewed from a height at evening, the city presents a splendid spectacle with its girdle of lights, gaily-lit palaces, and, on festive occasions, the illuminated dome of Notre Dame Auxiliative. Within the walls many a pleasant

hour may be spent sauntering along the shaded embankment of the Po, visiting the richly-adorned churches of the Winding Sheet or La Consolata with its miraculous picture, or inspecting the many noble buildings lining the spacious streets. The stranger is sure to be attracted by the stalls of the melon vendors. Huge specimens of this luscious fruit are exposed to the gaze of the thirsting pedestrian. Nothing is more tempting after one has literally eaten the dust of the country roads than a slice of melon, even though it curls uncomfortably about the ears.

One cannot avoid noting the contrast between this scene of culture and the relative rudeness of the life led on the neighbouring hills. Still, the link between the city and the outlying villages is strong. This is touchingly exemplified in the fact that while the present Royal household resided at Turin all its deceased members were laid to rest in the magnificent family vault, situated on the summit of a neighbouring hill, La Superga.

Freedom dwelleth in the mountains, and surely she could have no more congenial retreat than this corner of the Alps, where liberty is the keynote of all life.

Looking Backwards.

WITH the third and final issue of the *Mag.* for Session 1927-28, it was suggested that a brief retrospect of the extra-mural activities of the School might not come amiss. Keeping in mind the fact that these activities are a means to an end only, and that end the growth and fostering of a sound, chivalrous character in a healthy body, it is nevertheless of supreme importance for a School of our standing that we should attain results that place us on a par with the other first-class schools in the country. That we are attaining such results we confidently affirm.

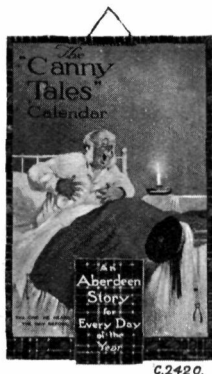
Thanks to increased acreage in the playing fields and to the House System, our Rugger is definitely on the up-grade. The only thorn in

the flesh is that our school curriculum doesn't allow us the time for the winter game that boys in boarding schools are given.

The Girls' Hockey Team had fewer experienced players at the beginning of the season than was usually the case, but a most serviceable side was built up in the course of the season, proof of which was found in their gaining second place in the seven-a-side tournament.

The cricket team is stronger than it has been for the past six years, and increased keenness in practice has resulted in the Eleven being able to declare their innings closed several times with less than half the side out. Smartness in fielding, too, we observed, kept runs down.

The girls' tennis continues to uphold past



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traditions, and we have F.P.s playing leading roles in most of the Dundee clubs.

The work of the Cadet Corps throughout the Session has been most satisfactory; though we are handicapped to some extent by the fact that the school curriculum forces the junior members of the company to parade by themselves. Even one full company parade a month would be of the utmost value. We go to camp this year with increased members and with unabated enthusiasm.

Most satisfactory reports are to hand, too, concerning the work of the Girl Guides. Enthusiasm and camaraderie are most marked and, in spite of the floods of last July, they return to Kirkmichael, after school closes, undaunted but hoping, of course, for more sunshine and less moisture than last year.

Both the Girls' and the Boys' Swimming Galas passed off at the Public Baths most successfully. We had a most glorious Saturday afternoon for the School Sports on the 2nd June, and the quarter-mile record was soundly

broken. A noteworthy feature of the Sports was the winning of the School Championship for the second year in succession by N. M. Ireland. We should like to see Place Kick and Hurdles introduced by another year, and no doubt the enthusiasm that characterises the Sports Committee will sweep away what little difficulties there are in connection with the introduction of these innovations.

Last, but not least, the modern schoolboy is also to be seen on the golf links and here, again, the High School team has demonstrated that it can hold its own with the best. Here's hoping that some of these grave-diggers will proceed in a year or two to shatter the American monopoly of bagging championships.

The Junior School of to-day is the Senior School of to-morrow, and to maintain the high standard we have attained there must be no slacking or decrease in interest. Remember that the battle is always to the strong and that no matter what game you are playing you are playing for your School first, your side second, and yourself last of all.

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Gone Wild.

A YEAR ago there was much writing in the papers about a collie which had turned renegade, and was doing great damage to flocks in the Strathearn district. This dog earned its notoriety by eluding destruction for weeks and daily adding to its formidable list of victims. Any dog will chase and kill a sheep if it gets a chance, but such criminals are usually detected and shot before they do serious harm. It is only those which develop a wild nature which can escape death for long when a whole countryside is up in arms against them.

The Strathearn dog had had no "fixed abode" for a long time before it started to worry sheep. It had lived by hunting and foraging for the greater part of the preceding winter, and this proved its rare ability to adapt itself to circumstances. It was a mad desire for blood that caused it to attack sheep, for it found them easy victims, but it showed great cunning when it was hunted. It actually killed lambs within thirty yards of an armed guard one night. But perhaps the most celebrated killer of all times was a hound which ran wild in Cumberland a hundred years ago.

The "girt" or great dog of Ennerdale, as it was called, was very seldom seen, and was as elusive as the will-o'-the-wisp. Gunners would wait up all night beside one of its latest kills, while it would be ravaging a fold twenty miles away. It was once driven into a field of standing corn, and a cordon of farmers and hunters was drawn round the field. The outlaw showed an almost uncanny knowledge in making its escape. It broke cover at the point where the worst shot of the party was stationed, and when he saw it he yelled "Skerse, what a dog!" and dropped his gun.

But the gun was not the least danger the dog had to face. A pack of foxhounds was set on its trail, and they hunted it for more than thirty miles on two occasions, but it left them all behind. As it was known to be as savage as it

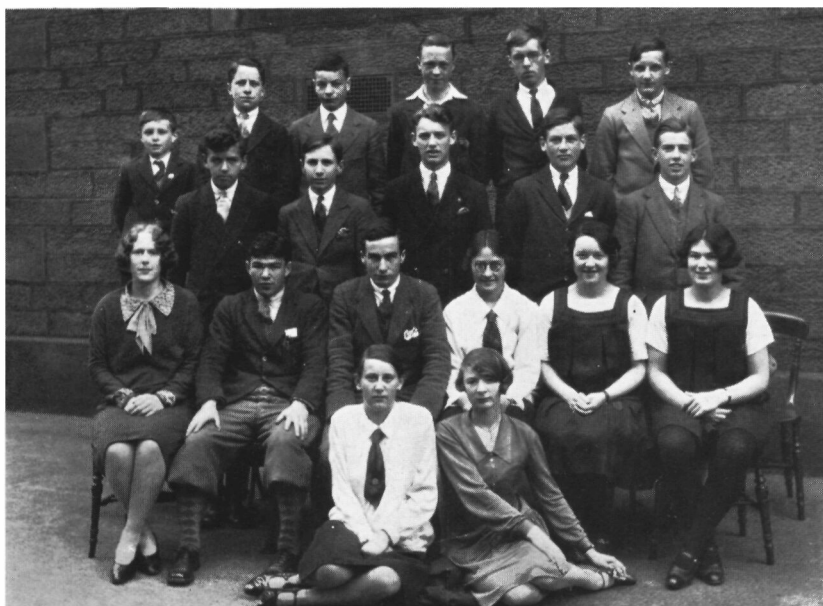
was cunning and strong, people in the outlying districts were afraid to send their children to school, and it was not till well on in the autumn that all fears were allayed when the hound was run to death and killed. It was set up by a taxidermist, and may still be seen in Keswick Museum.

There are various types of criminals among dogs just as among men. The hound mentioned above represents the highwayman, but there is also "the smiler with the knife hid under his cloak." R. L. Stevenson, I think, relates how a shepherd saw a collie of irreproachable character stealing through the heather to a pool, where it rolled over and over and rubbed its head with its paws again and again. Then it set off for home, tail in the air, quite different from the furtive creature of so short a time before. That night it was called up from the fireside where it lay, a paragon of innocence, and shot.

When the sheep-killer was busy in Strath-earn some farmers thought of setting a strong dog on its trail, but it is unlikely that anything less than a pack of hounds would be of much use. A few days ago, an Alsatian ran amok in the mountains of Abertillery, and when the gunmen hit it twice and it escaped they set a ferocious dog on its trail. But the Alsatian turned, seized it by the throat and tossed it in the air, and mauled it so badly that it refused to risk another encounter.

We may well be thankful that wolves have been exterminated in this country if a dog is capable of such destruction. Most of us feel a sort of admiration for an animal which escapes from a hundred armed enemies, but it is different with those who suffer from its depredations. The loss of a hundred lambs means the loss of three or four times as many pounds to a sheep-farmer. Any reversion to primitive ways is impossible as long as this civilization lasts.

D. M.



[Photo by

D. & W. PROPHET]

Back Row—James S. Ritchie (Dux, 4th Class, Boys—Polack Prize); Ronald H. C. Ford (Champion Athlete, boys under 14—Aystree Cup); Alan Reid (Best Shot, First Year—Oakley Cup); Thomas S. Lorimer (Dux, Gym., 6th Class); James A. Farfor (Dux, 7th Class, Boys—Jane Spiller Prize); Angus Wallace (Pirie Cup—Golf).

Second Row—Archibald E. Logie (Dux—Science); Douglas M. Greig (Caird Prizes—Phonography; Dux—Commercial Department); Leonard J. Smith (Loveridge Cup—Mile Race); Gordon Latto (Boase Medal—Golf); Graham S. Ritchie (Dux—Art).

Third Row—Gertrude Mackay (Dux—Music); Norman M. Ireland (Dux, Gym., Boys—Ballingall Gold Medal; Champion Athlete—Airlie Cup); David Maxwell (School Dux, Boys; Dux—English, Latin, French); Muriel Mitchell (School Dux, Girls; Dux—Greek, Mathematics); Agnes B. Stiven (Dux—German); Eleanor W. Stuart (Dux, Gym., Girls—Championship Cup).

Front Row—Mary K. Borland (Dux, 7th Class, Girls—Jane Spiller Prize); Rita S. Morton (Singing—Leng Silver Medal).

School Medallists,
Session 1927-28.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

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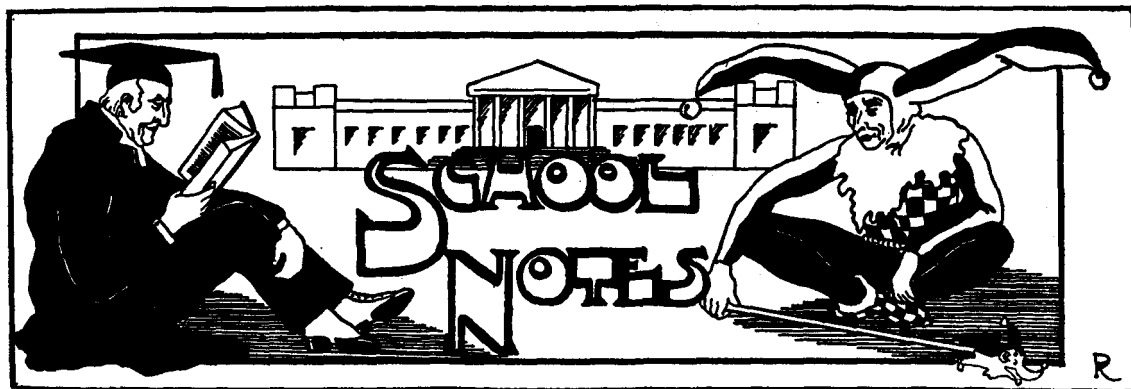
W. E. DRYDEN, Top of
WELLGATE STEPS,
23 VICTORIA ROAD, DUNDEE.
'Phone 5441.

Come to the Fair.

By WHAT WILTMAN.

Nine by the clock—no more, and I sat at my
books;
A gentle zephyr filled the net curtains
And through the open window was wafted the
concatenation
Of horns and organs and the noise of men.
Evasit! Erupit! Irresistible: I went to the
fair.
The length of Dock Street children screamed
And played in the dust; good-wives gossiped
at their door-cheeks;
Clanging railway engines and honking chara-
bancs passed me,
Crowded, scattering dust; people hurried to
and from the fair, and
Around and about the Arch glared the lights
of the fair.
At the gates (!) people crowded round.
Rattle sellers, ball sellers, hen sellers, chirp-
ing bird sellers,
Squeaking pig sellers, trinket sellers, quack
sellers, auctioneers,
And gilded watch sellers.
No! there were no coal cellars.
Inside the gates
Fish and de chip sellers, and the indescribably
sweet odour
Of the fair—straw, chocolate, and old feminine
apparel—
And then the fairy paraphernalia;
And ever a coming and going of men, of
women, of women
With children in arms crying; of young men,
of young women,
Of young men and girls;
And the noise of tongues, the Haw! Haw! of
men,
The He! He! of girls, the shouts of the sellers;
The tramp of feet, the hoot of horns, the
screech of whistles;
The clash of many-tuned mechanical organs,
howl of flutes,

Roar of brasses, beat of drums, tinkle of bells,
general
Th-thump of jazz;
Revolver shots from a dirty boxing saloon; rush
of motors,
Hiss of Steam, clank of engines, bray of don-
keys—shouts,
Roars, screeches—pandemonium!
There were great gilded roundabouts, glitter-
ing in the light of
Many electric lamps, rushing and whirling.
One, a scenic, with painted landscape and real
Waterfall, I boarded.
A thrilling rush through the air, like aeroplane
mayhap, or
Motor boat on heaving sea. I looked at the
scenes
And thought of the quiet greenery of Newport,
Fife.
And ever the beat of engines, the hiss of steam,
The screams of girls, and the clink of money.
Here were picture shows and circuses, with
gorgeous
Palace front, fine organs, and juvenile cow-
boys and
Good pictures and popular sketches, not over
classical.
And 'mid the noise, uproar, there were the
patient
Engines, generating the subtle fluid which
caused the works
To work; the cause of all this hysterical,
hilarious enjoyment,
The Mechanical cause of the World; and the
dirty-faced
Engineers who tended them;
Round at the back of the booths were the
caravans,
Where little showmen children sleep.
Towards eleven I left the fair; went up the
Thinning, quieting street, and the wind blew
the
Clouds away and stars shone out in a peaceful
sky.



June 29—

From too much cram and swotting,

From tawse and tongue set free,

No more will I be totting

Algebra's a, b, c.;

'Mid broom or heath or clover,

I'll be a carefree rover,

For now that school is over,

It's out of doors for me.

Mr I—s (reading M—d—e's report)—

"Ah, I see you are good at art, M—d—e. There will come a day when I shall be dropping you pennies in the street as I walk up to school."

Mr W—n:—"Re—d, you sit there in a semi-comatose condition. I don't know how you live."

Mr C—d—w (looking at drawing of jar)—
"That drawing of a jar is as flat as a flounder, boy."

R. M—l—ne:—"What is the right side of the paper, sir?"

Mr R—m—y:—"Why, the opposite side to the wrong, of course."

"Use the word 'aqueous' in a sentence, boy."

M—t—i:—"The aqueous fish swims."

Mr W—l—n:—"Br—m—r, you're sitting there like an advertisement for comfort."

"HUMPH."

(The Song of the Average Pupil.)

[To be snorted in unison before going to bed.]

Some find Latin easy and some f—

—ind Trig.

I'll maybe like sums when I'm b—

—ig.

At present there's a nice hot

Fire in the lum, f—

—inding lessons awful rot,

Humph, humph, humph.

Why can't they teach us

Useful things more?

Humph, humph, sumph,

Sumph — sumph — snore! (ad lib.).

Mr L—g—e:—"Edward, don't lean over your desk like a minister leaning over a pulpit."

Mr H—n—er's description of how a class received a knotty Latin problem:—

No replies,

Vacant eyes,

Dreadful sighs.

From Class IX.:—"A sinecure is a man who eats an awful lot."

From Class V.:—"In 1700 the Scottish people were so poor that they sold their skins."

From Class VIII.:—"A phantom, I think, sir, has something to do with a special breed of poultry."

Math Master :—" Now then, if my weight is $x+y+z$ on one weighing machine, and $x+y+k$ on another, what follows?"

Pupil :—" One machine must be broken, sir."

Pupil :—" Where do the bricks land when they are fired, sir?"

Mr M—ir :—" What's your name, boy?"

" Davie."

" Davie what?"

Latin modernised :—" Seco secare secui—
To stick."

Dr M—r—y :—" Take a drop — not a drappie."

Mr H—r :—" What does gentes puellarum mean?"

Pupil :—" Tribes of girls."

Mr H—r :—" Well, gentes barbarorum means the same thing, doesn't it?"

Q.—What is the name of the racing sands at Cardiff?

A.—The dirt track.

Miss S.—" Quel fruit aimez vous le mieux?"

El—is :—" Une pomme de terre."

Br—th—te :—" J'aime la rhubarbe."

French!*?—Le vert quitters—the green leaves.

Les boeufs et les vaches ont des cornes—
Oxen and cows have horns.

Ont été—In summer.

Un bon feu—A bon-fire.

I leave the eggs—"Je gauche des oeufs.

Master—" What is the 'smell of Sunday morning'?"

Mudie—" Ham and eggs, sir."

Mr St—k—r :—" Mann, from what descent are you?"

M. :—" I think I'm a bit of a mixture, sir."

Miss S. to McK—y :—" Stop asking silly questions—leave that to me."

Mr H. to rowdy Class VII. girls :—" I thought Sanger's Circus was coming next week."

" He had a poisoned leg with a sceptical bite."

Mr C—z—w (to boy who has paint on his face) :—" It's only cannibals who paint their faces."

Bright Boy :—" And ladies, too, sir."

" At the Horse Latitudes they sometimes threw the horses overboard."

Go—f—y :—" Was that to pull the ship?"

" Le rhinoceros a pris un bain dans un bassin."—The rhinoceros took a bath in the basin.

A Tennis Dream.

I won a tournament last night
And vanquished others left and right;
All stood amazed to see my might.
I dreamt about it all night long,
And in my dream my arm was strong
And not a single stroke was wrong.
With ease I took the hardest shot,
Returned it in unlikely spot,
Was cool. My vis-a-vis was hot.
I really had a lightning serve,
Which came with unexpected swerve,
It shook the other player's nerve.
Ominipotent at base or net,
All kinds of stroke I calmly met,
I did not lose a single sett.
It was at Wimbledon you see,
And every eye was fixed on me,
They marvelled that such play could be.
And greater wonders soon there came
To brighten this astounding game;
The court seem'd changed — but yet the
same.
I kicked the ball, and scored a goal,
Then putted out and won the hole,
And snicked it for a six. 'Twas droll!
All records now I freely broke

With one unprecedented stroke;
 But in the middle—I awoke.
 Inspiration fled far from me—
 Sure a case of Humpty-Dumpty—
 Sorrow not! Sleep overtook me.



Aftermath.

I wish I hadn't ate the pie
 That made my tummy sore,
 I lie and wish, I wish and wish,
 After the night before.
 It was the last pie on the plate—
 Oh, dear! I was a fool
 To take the bet my chum had made,
 While he my leg did pull.
 He had bet me that I would eat
 The last pie on the plate,
 And when I did it he just laughed
 And left me to my fate.
 When I went to my bed that night
 I did not feel too light,
 And all night long I (in my sleep)
 With great he-men did fight.
 But I espied an old Ford car
 Upon a rubbish dump,
 And then the he-men got too fierce,
 So in it I did jump.
 Lo and behold, it began to fly
 Over the hills to the sea;
 And all at once the bottom gave way—
 That was the end of me.
 And I awoke as my mother spoke,
 She said, "How are you now?
 Just drink this up and then lie down
 Or there will be a row."
 And so I lie here whispering
 That no more pies I'll eat,
 And when I see my chum again
 I'll kick him in the street.

M.

Rising Early.

When you waken in the morning,
 And you stretch your arms and yawn,
 When you hear your mother calling,
 Don't you wish that school was gone.

You haven't done your Geometry,
 The same applies to "Phys,"
 The essay due is still undone,
 It makes your poor head bizz.
 Then your mother's voice once more,
 Calls you, calls you, calls you clearly,
 "John, you'd better hurry up,
 for it's half-past seven nearly."
 Then you rise and dress so quickly
 That you're done by half-past eight,
 Gulp your breakfast quickly over
 And prepare to meet your fate.



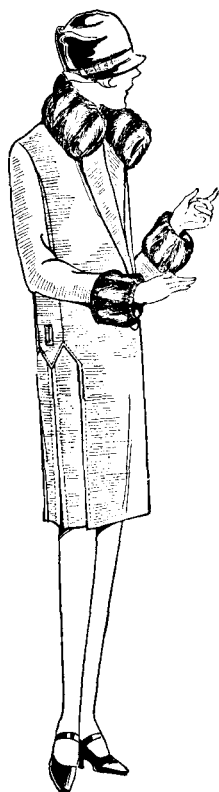
Bright Bill.

When Bill was born I'm perfectly sure
 That over his head shone no lucky star pure;
 But still, his parents voiced their joy,
 At this, their nucleus of a boy.
 When he was three, he delighted them more,
 By saying, "Twelve twelves are one-four-four,"
 And when he was five, they sat up and said,
 "Coo-oo!"
 For he did right a sum Dick-age-ten couldn't
 do.
 When he was ten it was far worse still,
 For he made his masters really ill
 Trying to make, or else to find,
 A problem hard enough for his mind.
 And at last the masters sadly said,
 "The wondrous brains in this boy's head
 Are so great, we cannot teach him more,"
 So kindly, but gladly, they showed him the
 door.
 And now we come to the part which is sad,
 In the story of this wonderful lad—
 For, without any problems, he faded away
 Until he was thin as a wisp of hay.
 And one night sadly and sorrowfully he cried,
 "If you don't give me work I'll die," and he
 died.
 And so Clever Bill this world forsook,
 Because none could teach him by voice or book.
 By "Endy," Class VI.

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Help!!

A LONELY moor, the sun setting in the distant horizon, the old farmhouse in the hazy valley before him, his head full of romance. A fitting setting for a romantic adventure. On he walked, deep in thought towards the old farm. He stopped and gazed amorously up at it. What was that? Was that a pair of white legs he saw dangling from that high window? A maiden in distress? He set off at a run towards the darkening building, picturing the father of the beautiful rescued damsel falling on his neck . . . offering him any boon he chose to ask for having saved his darling daughter . . .

The farmhouse door was locked fast. What was a door that it should stand between him and a damsel? He picked up a stone and smashed it at a blow. He fled up the stairs which he dimly saw before him. He heard cries. What was this horrible thing on the landing? A mass of white hair, torn out by the roots. . . . (He wished it had been russet-brown.) More cries. . . . He rushed in the direction of the sound. Another locked door, but more flimsy. With one blow of his strong right arm he smashed it to pieces, and found himself on the scene of the crime.

. . . The foully murdered damsel, a fat farm girl, who had been sitting alternately trying to darn socks and trying to quiet the baby, rose to meet him. The fair maiden's silk stockings hung drying outside the window, and a sheepskin hung over her chair.

"Well, sir," she demanded harshly, "what may I do for you?"

He looked about him, bewildered.

"If—if—you p-please, miss," he stuttered, "could you—sell me—a—a—glass of m-m-milk?"

Bohn Juchan.



Books of the Term.

Have you seen any of the books our brilliant members and ex-members have written this

term—truly wonderful, some of them. I wonder, in reading some of their fine poems, why they never produce like works for our journal. Take, for instance, this poem of Smith Junior—you surely remember P. K. with his bright red hair and snub nose:—

"Throw hither all your bright enamelled eyes!"

—Land and sea

Looked at each other with a wild surmise
Until the morning of eternity—

"When I consider how my light is spent
At the bent spray's edge,
Eyeless in Gaza, though my soul more bent
Overhung the hedge."

In the solemn midnight then Christabel
kneeled,

Little white lily,

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield,
Oh, love my Willy!

At the first reading you can see in this poem the grandeur of Milton, the beauty of Tennyson, and the delightful obscurity of Browning. Be not troubled if you fail to find the meaning the first time you read it; I have read it a hundred times, and cannot even yet fully understand its depth.

Then we have Tobias Mallon's delightful book, "Posies of Poesie," a book that should charm every true lover of literature. His poems are quaint and imaginative. For instance:—

"An Amphibious Ancient ambled along,
Bellowing brightly a beautiful song,
Cheerfully calling the crickets and cats,
The dolphins and dodos and dirty sprats."

This is a wonderful alliterative poem of some two thousand lines. But he can show his genius without going that length:—

"I once knew a man of ten toeses

Whose voice would permit not of dozes,

But forever one's doom

Was The Back of the Room—

He reminded me strangely of M-s-s."

Or take that melancholy yet sweet collection of Mabel B., our old friend.

"Oh! for another hour of sleep

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

I heard the swotter cry "
is the beautifully pathetic beginning of one of
her sweetest lyrics.

One of the most important books of the term
is, undoubtedly, " British Names and Nomen-
clatures " by our last year's dux of Class Five.
That such a young member of the School could
write so promising a book is, you will agree,
marvellous. The following are two typical ex-
tracts :—

" **Milton.**—Our great inventor of false teeth
was born in Basicsleg, Corkney, in or about the
year 1 A.D. An ardent student of metonymy
and calisthenics, it is said that he first conceived
the idea of false teeth from a certain species of
prehistoric animal that inhabited the coasts of
Kent.

" **Maxwelton.**—This was the first man to use
braces for controlling the lower male garments.
He died of a broken heart not long after his in-
vention because of the popular song of the
time—' Maxwelton's braces are funny.' "

I should waste too much valuable space if I
were to discourse further on such books as
" History of the Beer War," " Peter's
Polemics," and " Bruzer of Belfast." These
are all excellent volumes. I strongly urge you
to purchase them to-day. You will never, never
regret it.

Regrets.

When I have seen by dud's vile hands defaced,
The pages of the High School Magazine,
When sometimes ancient jokes I've seen up-
raised,

And howlers that have ten times entered been.
When I have seen the fierce Committee pounce
On luckless souls that do in English shine,
And editors lose many and many an ounce,
I've thought—Why, I will try this hand of
hand of mine.

Then have I raked up memories of the past,
And wrestled with the oft-eluding thought,
And when the bright idea came at last
I've wasted ink and paper, quite a lot.

But all my cogitations were in vain,
And in waste paper basket they have lain.

AKE-EARE.

To The Editor.

Shall I sing you the song of the snail in mail,
Or tell how friend Jonah behaved in the whale
When he slept all night in its silvery tail—

Oh, what shall I write for the Mag.?

The night is dark, there's a large round moon,
And I won first prize in the Egg-and-Spoon;
There's an owl here singing a wonderful tune,
All about icecream and tadpoles and June,

Catching fleas in a brown paper bag—

Oh, what shall I write for the Mag.?

I'd sing a song of the heath-covered moor,
I'd tell you how Bruce won at Agincourt,
Except that you wouldn't enjoy it, I'm sure—

It's hardly fit for the Mag.

There's a place in the sky all rosy red,
Why doesn't it give me a notion instead
Of swimming about like a piece of damp bread;
Oh, bother, I think I'll be off to my bed—

You've no idea what a terrible fag

It is to write things for your Mag.

Sunday Morning.

At half-past nine on Sunday morn,
When birds do sing upon the thorn,
When Johnny opens up his eyes,
And tells his Ma a lot of lies,
He looks at mother with a smirk,
And says, " Ma, I'm not going to kirk,
'Cos I've been at the school all week." Gosh!
wasn't that an awful cheek.
He grouses all the breakfast time
(And he slept in till half-past nine);
His mother (angry) gives a shout,
" You're going to church you lazy lout."
Young Johnny painfully objects;
In fact, I think the chap was vexed,
However, he put on his clothes
And off to church young Johnny goes.

D. G. M., Class VI.



[Photo by

D. & W. PROPHET]

Janet Swan. Margt. McCaull.

Lora McCaull (Vice-Capt.). Jess Davies (Capt.). Anne McD. Webster (Secy.).

Margt. Johnston.

**Girls' Tennis Team,
Session 1927-28.**

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

L'Origin De Mathematiques.

MANY years ago, when the world was younger and less wicked than it is now, there lived, away in the wilds of Asia, a little old man, called Ponermant. Ponermant hated the human race, and, although too old himself to torture mankind, he was determined that his children should carry on the good old spirit. His three sons, Gonon, Metron, and Gebra, were hang-dog, good-for-nothing, misshapen curs, every one of them. Gonon's chief fault was the use of bad language. He used to go about shouting "Tan, tan, cot, cot, cos, cos." These expressions, the most deadly oaths of the old Tibetan tongue (now long since extinct) are absolutely untranslatable. A veteran Billingsgate fishwife would stop her ears with horror at the sound. Metron, poor fellow, was sadly deformed. His legs from hip to heel, were unblemished by such irregularities as knees or calves. Ninety degrees exactly was the angle the foot made with the leg, while his head was a perfect sphere. Metron discovered one day that half his chest breadth $\times$ itself $\times$ himself—(his legs and his arms) = how much dinner he might eat without having indigestion.

The third brother, Gebra, was a half-wit, and his madness took a strange but fortunately laughable and harmless form. He resolved to count the sands of the Gobi Desert. Night and day you might see him contentedly crawling about the desert counting, counting. When he had counted 348,976,821,157,984,329 grains of sand he began to tire, and tried to find shorter methods. His plan was to divide his desert into squares and juggle about with them for a time. The many bare patches of rock brought minus quantities into existence, and joy of joys! when he multiplied a stretch of rock by a shallow salt lake, lo and behold! two minuses made a plus. After many weary years Gebra had his desert nicely added up to the very last half-grain of sand, and, with this tremendous calculation there gradually

evolved the system of counting which we call "Algebra," after its illustrious and hare-brained inventor. (The word is not derived, as I have heard suggested, from algo, I have a pain, although this etymology seems very appropriate.) I don't venture to explain the exact processes by which Gebra brought to perfection his fiendish machine. The Sanskrit manuscript from which I have translated most of this account, although elsewhere perfectly clear, is at this point somewhat obscure.

When the old father was dead those three devilish brothers used to meet of nights in a cave in the mountains, exchanging the day's news. Gonon would crouch in his corner shrieking his fearful oaths, " $\cos^2$, $\sin^2$, $\tan^2$, $\cos \times \sin$, $\sin \times \tan$," and other expressions unfit for Christian ears. Opposite him, Metron would be joyously calculating the surface area of his right hand or his left ear (a mere matter of $l \times b$). Gebra, diligent youth, worked even in the leisure hours, cubing and squaring handfuls of sand.

Enraged at their encroachment on his domains, the god of the deserts visited that cave one night, and slew the brothers. But, like Rome, although they perished their work (worse luck) did not. A strong west wind swirling into the cave swept out, amongst dead leaves and other rubbish, the spirit of Mathematics and carried it far over the world. Unhappy creatures, chancing to stand in that wind's way were filled and permeated with its power and goaded to a madness as great as Gebra's. And it is as the result of this unfortunate accident (the wind's fault) that if you enter certain establishments at certain times of the day you may see people grubbing away the hours of their all too short and precious lives in occupations almost as useless as Gebra's, as if nothing more profitable than this could be found to "develop their brains" and "make them to think."

Way—Ay—Ah.

IT has always been, generally speaking, a nightmare to me to learn history, and I suppose it's the same in the case of others. I don't quite know the reason. I reckon it's because the endless rigmarole of Popes and Kings, of Wars and Treaties fails to make much impression on our imagination. They are important, we know, but they fail to interest us. Now this is just what makes history difficult. On the other hand, if we could but infuse some life into the dry bones, if we could brighten up the memorizing of historical facts so that instead of repelling us, they attract us, we would soon be able to repeat the story of, let us say, George III.'s reign as fluently and as accurately as we can now describe the Swimming Gala or the 1st XV.'s match with Morrison's Academy.

Ingenious theories have been put forward at various times on the subject of minimising the difficulties of learning history. The best of these is the one that suggests that if the main historical facts were put into verse form they would be much easier to learn. This idea has been largely made use of in other branches of learning.

Who, for instance, of our Latinists is not familiar with that delectable book, the Latin Grammar by John Barrow Allen. This is full of those charming little poems and couplets in Macaronic verse that have gratified the ears of generations of Latin scholars. I have always been very much puzzled as to the motives that led the compiler of the Golden Treasury to exclude from that Anthology such gems as—

"Many Latin Nouns in 'is'
Are Masculini generis."

Or—

"Sans Plural Genitive we class,
Cor, cos and rus, sel, sol and vas."

"Tough stuff but great stuff" is the only phrase adequate to describe those.

This idea applied to history might be a fairly possible one, but up to the present it has been

merely toyed with by humorous writers, and few have taken it seriously.

My own solution of the problem is, however, a much more satisfactory one. And it all came about so suddenly. We were reading that chapter in Grant's History entitled, "The Napoleonic Era," and I was busy digesting the facts therein and trying to memorise them when it suddenly occurred to me that I had some previous knowledge of the events. In fact, I had in my mind a useful summary of Napoleon's reign. After some considerable cogitation on the matter it dawned upon me that it was all contained in that popular and tuneful sea-shanty, "Boney was a Warrior."

Now this is very important, as no person who knows "Boney" need ever be at a loss for an answer to an examination question about Napoleon's reign. In fact, it is just the very thing we have been searching for.

It is a very easily memorised piece of history, and admirably written. In thirteen short stanzas you have a masterly epitome of all Napoleon's dazzling career. The shanty opens appropriately, &c., emphasises the fact that Napoleon was above all a warrior and a fighting man. Having given this key to the whole of his exploits, it hastens you on to the loftiest point of Napoleon's greatness, when all Europe trembled before him after he had humiliated both the "Proossians" and the "Roossians." At this point there begins the period of failure. The disastrous expedition to Moscow is brilliantly summarised in the three great lines—"Boney went to Moscow," "Moscow was afire," and "Boney he came back again."

Is not the whole course of the stupendous catastrophe conjured up before the eyes by those simple phrases? Next, omitting the sequel to this expedition, it shows Napoleon an exile in "Elbow." Finally the great hundred days is described in language at once simple and expressive in the five stanzas between,



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"Boney went to Waterloo," and "Boney broke his heart and died."

With such words is the meteoric career brought to a conclusion. Last of all the line, "Boney was a warrior," is repeated to end the shanty on the same triumphant note on which it began.

The History of Napoleon's reign, therefore, does not need to be much expanded for any imaginative reader who peruses the shanty with some poetic feeling. However in the case of a prosaic-minded individual who cannot, as it were, read between the lines, "Boney" leaves a good many gaps unfilled. Where, for example, do we find mention of Austerlitz or the Peace of Tilsit.

Not but what that could be easily remedied. The metre is neither strict nor difficult and anyone could fill up the blanks with little verses such as—

"Boney going to Austerlitz, Way-ay-yah,
Knocked the Proossians all to bits, John France—wah."

I leave this task to our promising young poets and also the duty of writing up the Hundred Years' War or Louis XIV's reign to the tune of "Boney." They would assuredly become popular. And if this ever does come about we shall face our leavings without fear, knowing that we have unconsciously absorbed the story of all the ages and can reproduce it at will.

Parympian Dialogues.

WHAT will the scientists expect us poor deluded fools to believe next? They fondly assert that words once spoken echo on through space for ever. (Certain Lit. debaters will be relieved that their words have not after all fallen on unresponsive ether.) Some day, they say with relish, we may be able to hear Socrates handing out the rough stuff to his judges, or Virgil in the throes of the sixth book. "Heaven forbid," I hear from all sides. Still, such a belief has endless possibilities. Surely, if we can hear utterances so very far back we can catch some more modern conversation. For instance—

Scene—Mount Parympus in Ghostland.

Enter Cæsar clad in the orthodox fashion, wearing a somewhat dilapidated laurel wreath. He wanders round aimlessly muttering classical oaths under his breath and collides with a middle-aged gentleman in Elizabethan attire.

Cæsar (irritably)—"Mind where you're going, can't you?" (Recognising him.) "Oh, sorry, Will. I say, have you seen my confounded wreath? I can't stand the horrid thing really, but those beastly little princes of yours laugh at my bald spot if I don't have it

on. The ones who were done in, you know. And serve them jolly well right. They're abominable boys."

Shakespeare (absently) — "It's on your head, Julie." (Looking nervously round.) "You haven't seen Ann about, have you? She keeps nagging at me. She says I'm old-fashioned. Me! who writ—"

Cæsar (interrupting him)—"I. Anyway you've said that this morning already. I heard you in your bath. All the same, Will, there's a lot in what your wife says. Were we ever taught to play cricket? Did we ever have swimming galas or gailas? Did we ever get off periods to practise for gym. displays? N—no." (He retires sulkily into a corner, overcome.)

Shakespeare (also overcome, patting his shoulder)—"Never mind Julie. The moderns can't touch you when it comes to scrapping (slyly) nor at writing the history of it either."

Cæsar (not quite "on")—"Do you know what they do with my Histories, my little commentaries? Translate them and use them for unseens!!" (He relapses into gloom.)

Shakespeare (trying to outdo him)—"That's

nothing. They read my plays—round the class!"

Cæsar (indulging in a luxury of gloom)—
"You aren't so bad as I. They don't re-
translate you. They do appreciate you some-
times. You are acted in the theatres." (He
claps his hand over his mouth, but is too late.)

Shakespeare (fiercely)—"Theatre! Theatre!
Don't mention theatre to me!"

Cæsar (aside resignedly)—"Deos immor-
tales! He's off!"

Shakespeare (getting into his stride)—
"The only modern with any pep is Shaw, and
it needs an intellect like mine to understand
him. If he were to write a detective play now,
with four murders, ten robberies, an elopement,
and a divorce, the poor fishes would rush in
platoons to see him."

Cæsar (faintly trying to conciliate him)—
"But they go to see you."

Shakespeare (impatiently)—"Who said I
didn't write detective plays? Shove Hamlet
into a dressing-gown, give him a pipe, put in a
few extra lines:—

'How did I know my uncle killed my
father? Too simple, childish in fact, my
dear Horatio. He has a black moustache,
a squint, a ring on his little finger, and a
guilty look—the complete villain.'

'Wonderful! Amazing, my dear Ham-
let!'

—and you have the popular sleuthhound. Same
with Macbeth, only I let the audience into the
secret. 'Cute idea that, Julie? In your own
sensational murder case Hixon Dawke isn't in
it with Mark Antony. And——"

Cæsar (hastily)—"Er-yes. So interesting.
But I'm afraid Purnie will be waiting for me.
I promised to take her to a fancy dress dance.
We're going as Peter Pan and Wendy. I've
got——"

Shakespeare (not to be put off, grasping his
toga)—"As for Shaw——"

Ann's Voice (off)—"Will! Will Shake-
speare! The chips are getting cold!"

Shakespeare (with complete change of man-

ner)—"Sorry, Julie, I must be going. Tell you
about Shaw to-morrow."

[Exit Shakespeare confusedly.]

Cæsar (left alone, striking an attitude dra-
matically)—"Oh, never shall sun that morrow
see!" [Curtain.] T.



Cleopatra.

Cleopatra, I've been told,
Was a great Egyptian lady,
Features of a classic mould,
Eyes of black but somewhat bold,
Complexion just a trifle shady.

Queen of Egypt's million, she
Ruled with zest and cruelty.
On martial mission eastward sent

Cleo was admired by Tony,
A celebrated Roman gent.
Of crafty and designing bent,
In days before the macaroni.

Coming to her court one day,
Tony saw with glance unsteady,
Cleo clad in royal array,
And she stole his heart away
Though he had a wife already.
Tony's speedy bunk from home
Raised the ire of ancient Rome,
And well-rowed ships to Actium sped.

Then the dusky queen of Egypt,
Frightened by the dire bloodshed,
Fleeing from the conflict dread,
Out of battle nimbly she skipt.

Tony thinking she was dead,
Full of grim and black despair,
Sword in hand he grimly said,
"Here a Roman's blood I'll shed,"
Spoiled himself beyond repair.

But the story proved a hoax,
She was always fond of jokes.
Cleo lost her temper quite

(For Cleo 'twas that spread the rumour)
Perished of an adder bite,
Crying though in direful plight,

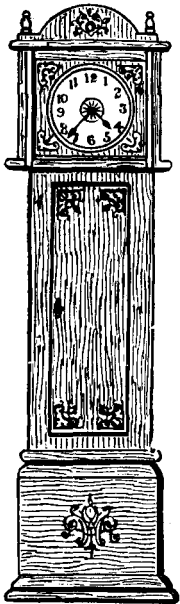
"He never had a sense of humour."

T.

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Back Row—D. F. Wilson. H. D. McDougall. D. C. Smith. Mr Hunter (House Master). W. S. Phillip.
G. E. Davie. H. Beats.

Middle Row—J. B. Malcolm. A. B. Jeans. P. Watson. G. C. C. Wilson. C. R. McLeish. J. T. Potter.
A. E. Logie.

Front Row—E. R. Winton. J. S. Boyle.

Inset—N. M. Ireland.

Wallace House Rugby XV.
Champions for Session 1927-28.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

A Leaf from a Schoolboy's Diary.

Thursday—Wakened in a good mood, having dreamed that it was Saturday. After taking about half an hour to decide whether to be sick, have a headache, or go to school and trust to luck, I chose the latter as I specially wanted to fight Willy. Took a long time to breakfast and lost the 'bus so I had to walk to school. Arrived a little late, but in time to get to Miss S—h's before the door was shut. After French followed an exciting and hard-working period, but as I got one "just now" done I escaped the belt for once. Next we had a good period collecting School notes for the Mag., after which followed an exciting period where we did "possum" and translated Livy.

Then we dashed off to dinner, and having had a "kingly repast," I came up to settle the score with Willy. After two or three fights we adjourned to Toby's to try the delights of a "twopenny squasher" or a "Lochee." After that I went to the cloakroom and learned the poetry.

When the bell rang we went to English. This was a great period as the teacher read us some poems by John Masefield. Drawing was next, during which period we threw wet paint rags at each other when the teacher wasn't looking. After messing about for a while we went to gyms. I tried to get off with a "sore" foot, but as Mr Mac—n threatened to send me round to M—'s to do sums my sore foot suddenly got better. After a lot of running, jumping, and hard work we sometimes get a game, but I think gyms are best when you sit and watch other people preparing for the gym. exhibition.

Class VI.

The Rabbit.

In our household a long time ago there was a sudden craving for "white rabbits with pink eyes." Well, when we were almost in desperation (Tootles and I) a friend, having heard of our plight, sent us a couple of Angoras. These arrived, along with a hutch to keep them in, at about 10 o'clock at night, and as it was too dark to put them outside we left them in the kitchen.

It was in the middle of a dark night, with a wind whistling round the house when my mother woke up. Then suddenly "ticka-tick-tick" broke through the gloom in the room during a lull in the wind's whining. This rather startled my mother as she has a dread fear of mice. However, she decided to go to sleep again, but just as she was dosing off a loud "scr-a-i-ch" woke her with a start. This was repeated with agonising intervals between times.

Then she determined to awake my peacefully snoring papa. His reply was a sleepy, "A mouse? No, no; it's the blind."

"I am perfectly sure the blind can't rattle underneath this bed," argued ma. So he determined to get up "for peace's sake" as he put it.

He got up, put his foot on something furry, and went down with a bang. The furry thing whimpered. It was the smaller of the two Angoras. How it mounted a flight of eight-inch steps when its size was about 10 inches long still remains a mystery, as does its death two days after when its skin was found spread out in the back garden on the grass.

Reports.

Cricket

N. M. Ireland—As captain of the team he has carried out his duties in a convincing and able manner. He has shown that he has a sound capacity for leadership, and has acted as a steadying influence to his team throughout the season, both with his advice and example. In all departments of the game he is good, and

has this season shown brilliance as a bat, making several scores beyond the half-century.

G. C. C. Wilson.—A good medium-paced bowler, who has taken a good number of wickets this season. A few years' experience ought to make him a difficult bowler to play, but at present he is inclined to rely too much on pace, and not enough on science. His

batting, however, has been very disappointing this season. He has got into a cramped style which he finds very difficult to get out of, with the result that he has neither good scoring strokes nor a good defence. He is a keen fielder, but must learn to judge the flight of the ball better.

S. W. E. Heath.—Although this is his first year at school, Heath willingly took on the thankless job of secretary, and he has carried out his secretarial duties most efficiently. He has been a conscientious, hard worker in the pleasant side of cricket. He is a good bat, but is inclined to be rather slow in making his strokes. His defence is fairly good and next year he should develop some fine scoring strokes, if he learns to take advantage of his long reach. At fine-leg he has distinguished himself by his accurate throwing in to the wicket.

G. S. Ritchie.—A very sound, stylish bat, who has been most successful this year. His defence is well-nigh perfect, but he is a somewhat slow scorer. Most of his runs have come through well-placed cuts, and, but for the slow wickets we have experienced this year, his scores would have been much larger. His consistency is proved by the fact that the average for the first wicket partnership this year is well over 50, while his own average is about the 20 mark. His leg hitting can be improved. He is an excellent fielder, catching well, and gathering and throwing accurately. He has a good all-round knowledge of the game and has been one of the mainstays of the side this year.

E. J. Glover.—After a shaky start Glover has at last shown his true form. This is largely due to the fact that he has almost entirely cured himself of the bad habit of stepping away from his wicket before the ball is bowled. He is still, however, rather impetuous, and would be well advised to "get his eye in" before he starts to hit out. His best shot is one through the covers, which he occasionally brings off very effectively. He has a sure pair of hands, and fields well in the slips.

D. C. Smith.—A bat who although very promising towards the end of last season, has not quite fulfilled expectations. A little more enthusiasm and confidence would probably help his batting and his play generally. He has a fine reach and can cut a ball well, although he is inclined to overdo this. He has a good straight drive which, with practice, will be playing stroke. His fielding would also be improved if he took the game seriously. He is a useful change bowler, although he has not been much called upon in that department of the game this season.

E. A. Ballantyne.—As a bat, he has been rather unlucky this season. He undoubtedly has the ability, as he has shown at the nets, but he has not quite "hit it off" in matches. He has a fine style and is very promising. A smart fielder both at cover point and

in the slips, he has a sure pair of hands. With more attention to length he will yet be a good bowler.

J. S. Neish.—A most promising, polished young bat, who has played very consistently all through this season. He has a good defence, and is particularly strong in his shots to off. His fielding, however, is weak, and must be improved if he is to be of greatest use to the side next year. He is not sure in gathering the ball, and, having gathered it, takes too long to throw it. He is not alone in this respect. This can be easily rectified with practice. Next year he ought to be a useful medium-paced change bowler.

J. H. F. Wilson.—The Jessop of the team. He has a very good eye, and when once started is a player who very soon utterly demoralises the bowling by his devastating hitting all round the wicket. His inconsistency, however, shows that in order to be a great player he must cultivate some defensive strokes, otherwise he will seldom get a chance to knock up a really decent score. His off-driving is particularly good. He is a good, although erratic, fast bowler, and, given a hard wicket, is very dangerous. His fielding is fair and he is very keen.

J. B. Malcolm.—A player who started the season very well, but who has somewhat fallen off as the season has advanced. He adopts an awkward stance which he would do well to rectify as soon as possible. [This year's cricket manual (D. J. Knight) ought to help him greatly.] His fielding is good and bad by turns: he catches well, but after gathering the ball he takes too long to throw in. He, as well as the others, must learn to gather and throw in the ball almost in one action. He should also throw harder and with a lower trajectory. He is a good reserve wicket-keeper.

G. J. Robbie.—The regular wicket-keeper. He stops the ball well enough, but is inclined to drop it after stopping it. This will be improved with practice and experience. He is rather slow in getting across to leg balls. Despite this he has very creditably filled this most difficult position. He has really not had much chance to show his batting powers this season, for he generally gets in at the "tail." He will improve, however, after he has learned to play a straight bat.

T. Reid.—A promising young player, who unfortunately has had to leave school before the end of the term. He has a stone-wall defence, and has a fair knowledge of the fundamental principles of batting. His attack ought to improve as he develops physically. He bowls well, being surprisingly fast for his size, and he is cultivating a good leg-break.

R. Milne.—A newcomer, who has been converted from golf into an able cricketer. His late start, however, prevented his playing regularly, and consequently he has had few chances to show what he can really

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do. He promises well at the nets, however, being quite sound both in defence and attack. His fielding will have to be improved and his game generally speeded up a bit.

Cricket Club Report.

This season must be put down as an extremely successful one. We have played 11 matches, won 8, lost 1, and drawn 2.

The team is an extremely young one, Class 7 being well represented, and if these present players improve as their present form promises we shall next year have a good foundation for an XI.

Throughout the season a spirit of willingness has characterised the players; the fielding has been smart, the only bad part of it being the return to the wicket keeper; the bowling has throughout been good, and the only really weak department has been the batting.

The result which we most treasure is, of course, that long-awaited win over Perth Academy.

There are still two matches to play, viz., Mr Legge's XI. and Gordon's College at Aberdeen. Two wins we hope.

G. R.

BATTING AVERAGES.

(Up to and including Monday, 18th June.)

Player	Innings	Not Out	Score	Total	Average
N. M. Ireland,	11	2	97	453	50.33
G. S. Ritchie,	11	2	46	166	18.44
J. H. F. Wilson,	8	0	53	92	11.50
G. J. Robbie,	8	5	9	30	10.00
D. C. Smith,	6	1	21*	32	6.40
J. S. Neish,	8	0	20	51	6.37
E. A. Ballantyne, ...	8	0	20	39	4.87
R. G. M. Milne,	2	0	9	9	4.50
S. W. E. Heath, ...	6	0	14	26	4.33
E. J. Glover,	9	1	15	32	4.00
J. B. Malcolm, ...	7	1	8	18	3.00
G. C. C. Wilson, ...	7	0	5	11	1.57
T. Reid,	1	0	1	1	1.00
W. Keir,	1	1	2*	2	—

*Signifies not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES

(Up to and including Monday, 18th June)

Player	Overs	Maidens	Runs	W'k'ts	Average
N. M. Ireland,	99	42	136	34	4.00
G. C. C. Wilson, ...	109	40	159	39	4.06
J. H. F. Wilson, ...	20	7	33	7	4.71
E. J. Glover,	52	18	82	9	9.11
D. C. Smith,	3	0	14	0	—

Tennis Report.

We opened our tennis season with the usual meeting to appoint office-bearers for the summer term, and the following were elected:—President, Miss F. E. Whytock; vice-president, Miss J. Coupar; Captain, Jess

Davies; vice-captain, Lora MacCaull; Secretary, Anne Webster.

On 21st April those wishing to try for a place in the tennis team were present, and after a match Captain v. Vice-captain the following week, the team was chosen as follows:—Jess Davies and Janet Swan; Lora MacCaull and Anne Webster; Margaret MacCaull and Margaret Johnston.

Our first match was against Harris Academy at Elliot Road, where we won 9 matches to 0.

On 12th May we played Morgan Academy at home. This was a stiffer match, but we won 6 matches to 0, 1 drawn match and 2 unfinished.

The following week Madras travelled to Dundee. We were very evenly matched, and time did not permit us to play to a finish. The score was 4 matches to 3 for D.H.S. and 2 unfinished.

We played Morgan Academy at their grounds on 26th May, when we again succeeded in beating them. This time the score was 5-2 and 2 draws.

On 2nd June, at the annual Sports, the final of the Singles Championship was played. There were 58 entrants this year, Margaret Johnston, Janet Swan, Lora MacCaull and Anne Webster reaching the semi-final. In the final Lora MacCaull beat Anne Webster 6-1, 6-4.

The following Saturday, owing to the rain, the Harris match was cancelled.

On 16th June we played Seymour Lodge at home, when we beat them 6-1 and 2 drawn matches.

We take this opportunity to thank Miss Whytock and Miss Coupar for their unfailing help and interest in the team, and also in the game.

A. McD. T.

F.P. Lawn Tennis Club.

Season 1927 was rather a poor one, due to the deplorable weather. The ladies and gents. did moderately well in their League games, but neither earned promotion although the men just missed this by the narrowest of margins. The club membership remained about stationary.

Club competitions were run and prizes awarded as follows:—

Gent.'s Championship—1 H. C. H. Kerr; 2 I. G. Mudie.

Ladies' Championship—1 A. M. Robertson; 2 M. W. McGregor.

Mixed Doubles Handicap—1 Miss H. F. Annan and Mr E. J. Ritchie; 2 Miss A. M. Robertson and Mr A. W. Mudie.

A successful dance was held in the Girls' School Hall in January. There were about 45 couples present.

It is to be hoped that all pupils leaving school interested in tennis will join the F.P. Club, as this is the only way to increase the membership. The facilities are excellent, 6 splendid courts, and the subscription is probably the lowest in the district.

Cadet Report.

A record number of cadets will go to the annual camp at Cortachy this year. The camp will be pitched in the same field as last year's, and visitors are reminded that we dwell then quite close to the bridge over the Prosen on the Kirriemuir-Dykehead road. This year we are to have an official visitors' afternoon—Wednesday, 4th July,—when an extensive, and we hope a comic, programme of sports will be gone through. Tent-pitching, five-a-side football, hurdles, boat race, bun-wrestling are already on the programme, and no doubt further laughs will be engineered. The company proceeding to camp will be divided into four platoons, each platoon under its sergeant, and competition and rivalry will no doubt be keen. Given the weather we are experiencing at the time of writing, we are assured a glorious fortnight.

Promotions—Coporal Ralph Morrison to be Sergeant, 1/6/28. J. R. L.

Guide Report.

At our first meeting since the Easter Holidays a vote was taken on the articles made by 1st Class Guides during the holiday. The Woodpigeons were voted first place for an elaborate 2nd Class outfit. The prize for the best holiday Nature Note was won by a member of the Robin Patrol.

On Sunday, 13th May, the annual church parade was held in St Mary's Parish Church at three o'clock.

On May 25, we held a Patrol Leaders' night, when the P.L.'s, after Colours were over, took sole charge of the evening's proceedings. They took this opportunity to inspect the officers, and we believe that the Company enjoyed the evening!

Our meetings this term have been particularly enjoyable. The badge tests being over, our officers have shown their ingenuity in providing new games for us each evening, and Morse games have been a useful feature on our programmes.

At the present moment the total amount of silver paper collected since Christmas is 289 lbs. 7 oz.—a very creditable achievement doubling our last total.

By this time kit lists are the order of the day. Kirk-michael is once more to provide us with our site for camp, and a large number of old-timers, with some who have yet to taste the joys of camp, are looking forward to a blissful ten days there—and, of course, praying for a spell of specially fine weather!

We would now offer our heartiest thanks to our officers, to whose keenness and sympathy is due such an enjoyable session of meetings; the fortunate amongst us are looking forward to their company at Camp.

M. M.

D.H.S. Golf Club.

This year our golfing programme has been carried out quite successfully. We have played four matches to date, and we have yet to meet the Staff. On Saturday, 28th April, we met Arbroath High School at Elliot, and we emerged victorious by 1 match, one match being halved. On Saturday, 5th May, we met Forfar Academy at Caird Park and beat them by 4 matches to 3, one match being halved. On 23rd May we met Morgan Academy at Caird Park, and we were beaten by 5 matches to 3. We played our return match with Forfar Academy on Saturday, 26th May, and we were beaten by 6 matches to 2. The absence of James Wright and William Anderson probably accounted for this big defeat.

We arranged a match with Harris Academy for 19th May, but they failed to turn up. Last Saturday we were to have played our return match with Arbroath High School, but owing to a misunderstanding we were forced to cancel the match.

We go up to Caird Park on Wednesdays instead of Grounds, and this practice has been very beneficial to our play.

The Boase Medal was won by Gordon Latto, Fergus How being runner-up, while the Pirie Handicap Cup was carried off by Angus Wallace, who beat Ronald Cowley in the final.

We should like to give our heartiest thanks to Messrs Laird, MacLaren, and Stalker for having taken such great interest in the golf matches and competitions throughout the term.

Netball Report.

Owing to the more favourable nature of the weather on Wednesday afternoons, we have been fortunate this term in securing most of our practices. For the summer months our pitch has been removed to the new grounds, and some lively and enjoyable games have been engaged in there. I take this opportunity of thanking our referees most heartily for all their help and interest during the session.

M. C. C.

Swimming.

The boys' Swimming Club has this session been visited with a measure of success in spite of many wet Wednesdays.

An enthusiastic Life-Saving Class has worked consistently and well on Tuesday evenings throughout the season and, thanks to the hard work of Mr M'Laren as trainer, thirteen entries for the Preliminary Certificate of the Life-Saving Society were made and thirteen gained.

The gala on Tuesday, 19th June, showed a high standard of swimming in the boys' School, A. Jeans again winning the championship belt with G. W. Mackay a good runner-up.

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