

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 43

DECEMBER 1928

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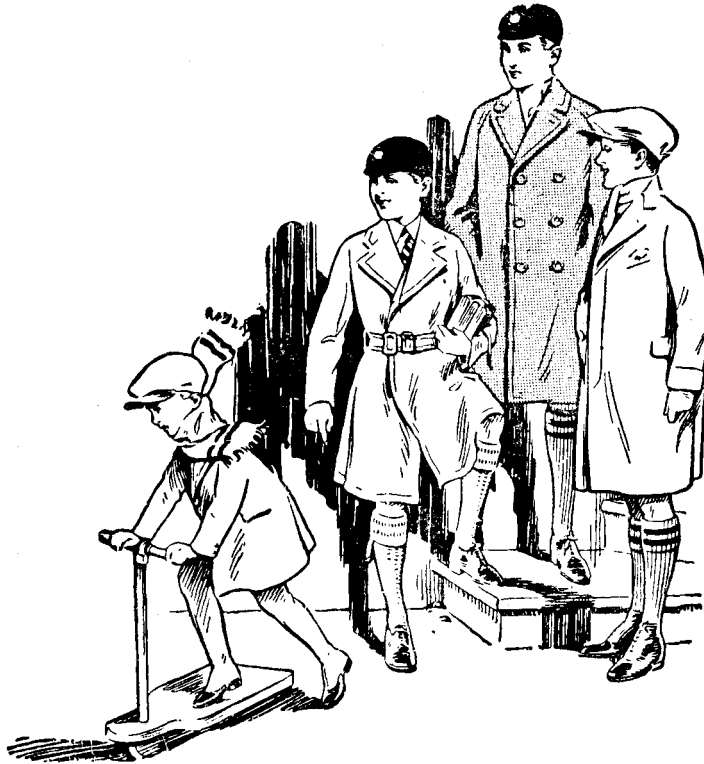
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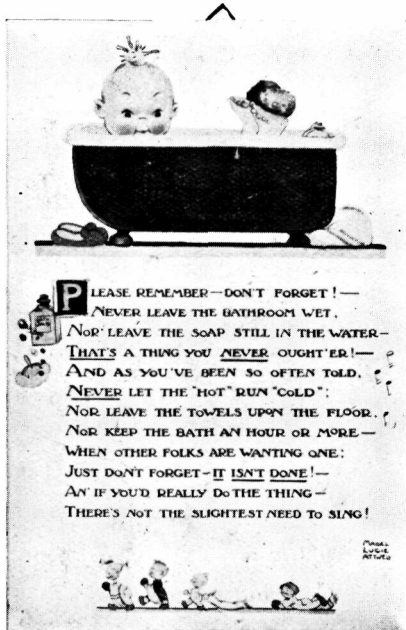
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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 43]

DECEMBER, 1928.

[FOURPENCE

Editorial.

NOW has come the season of abundance and of good cheer. Rejoice, my comrades! Christmas and its multitude of accompanying festivities crowd upon us and soon all the terrors and trials of the past term, forgotten amid the feasting and dancing, will be allowed to die with the dying year.

1929 looms up ahead. May it be a year fraught with prosperity and plenty for the whole school, staff, and pupils alike! May those mud-covered stalwarts of the XV. who have struggled so manfully and well against adverse fortunes have complete success in the latter half of the season. May those fair maidens of the orange-ankles meet with better luck in their endeavour to maintain that high standard of hockey now traditional in the D.H.S.! May the other clubs and societies flourish exceedingly!

Let us survey our position. This fine old "Schola Clara" of ours ever continues to live up to its great traditions. The Guides and the Cadets advance from strength to strength, and their efficiency and keenness does great credit to their officers. The Hockey and Rugby teams have done splendidly though that amount of success which is due to their efforts has hardly come their way. The Staff Badminton Club prospers; the Literary Societies flourish.

And so the days are hastening on. In three short weeks we shall be making our New Year resolutions. And what New Year resolutions will the D.H.S. pupils have to make? Well, now that we come to think of it, there are just one or two things that might be improved, especially in the masculine part of the School.

Firstly, all the boys in the upper classes ought to come to the Dance. It is their duty, both to themselves and to their School. "Sperne puer neque tu choreas," wrote old Horace in his *Alcaics*. And the advice still holds good. We therefore pass it on to you.

Secondly, we are grieved to see the falling away in the attendances at the Boys' Lit. This simply will not do. It is a disgrace that this fine old Society should be so neglected.

And lastly—but need we mention it—there's the old question about the lack of contributions to this Magazine. We feel this very keenly as we sit here, in the editorial chair, at 12.35 a.m. scribbling articles that other people might well have written.

But—a truce to this sermonizing. You have all worked hard and played hard, and well deserve the coming break. Therefore, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all.

Reflected Glory.

EVERY great man, in raising himself to eminence, raises at the same time a number of less important men connected with him, and causes them to interest us beyond their deserts. So it follows that history has preserved a recollection of many obscure men who would certainly have been forgotten but for their chance association with one of the illustrious.

One very striking example of this that I came across lately in Boswell's Johnson is well worth dwelling on. In the particular passage I refer to an interesting character has been preserved for posterity merely by reason of a half-hour's talk he had with Johnson.

The celebrated Samuel was, just then, sixty-nine years of age, and was at the zenith of his popularity. He was eagerly sought after and universally respected. His latest "bon mot" was retold again and again by the beaux and wits of the coffee-houses. All the while, the "Sage" kept to that irregular mode of living to which he had "habituated" himself, rising at noon and retiring to rest in the grey of the morning, swallowing oceans of tea and talking like an oracle—the "lion" of Society and the idol of the "Club."

One day, we are told—Good Friday, 1778—when Dr Johnson, accompanied by the devoted Boswell, was returning from Church he was accosted by a decent-looking elderly man in grey clothes and a wig of man curls who saluted the Lexicographer with a familiar confidence. The stranger then, since Johnson was obviously quite unaware of his identity, hastened to inform him that he had been acquainted with Johnson when they were at Oxford University, fifty years before.

Fifty years! Half a century! What a tremendous period! During that time Britain had vanquished all her rivals and had risen to the first nation of the world; during that time Johnson had overcome want and poverty and become the foremost writer of his day; while all that period this Mr Edwards had a comfortable but humble position in law and had

now retired to spend the remainder of his days on a modest farm. Little wonder that Edwards had cherished a recollection of his intimacy with the now eminent Johnson! Little wonder that Johnson had forgotten the obscure Edwards! How many of us at the D.H.S. would remember our schoolmates after half a century?

Boswell, with his practical eye, saw marvellous "copy" in this extraordinary meeting, and therefore urges Mr Edwards to proceed to Johnson's abode in the dusky recesses of Bolt Court.

And so they walk along the street—Johnson absently muttering to himself, Boswell eagerly assisting to keep up a conversation, Edwards chattering light-heartedly about the joys of his country life. In the great Cham's library their talk is continued, and Johnson's ever-active mind recalls his association with his guest fifty years before. The whole interview, indeed, gives ample insight into the characters of the two college friends and one is thereby enabled to understand why Johnson succeeded in reaching eminence while Edwards remained unknown and obscure.

Johnson's masculine intellect, his acuteness, wit and strength of character vividly contrast with Edwards' complete lack of these qualities. Edwards, unlike Johnson, is obsessed with consciousness of his own senility and filled with vain regrets and dwells long on those topics. He is obviously a man who has lived his life untaught by experience.

Still he was an agreeable fellow. He pleased his host by his readiness to add to conversation, and commonplace as his contributions to the talk were, he made one capital remark—that he had, in his time, tried to be a philosopher like Johnson, but somehow, cheerfulness always kept creeping in.

Late in the afternoon Mr Edwards has to take his leave. Johnson bids him a kind good-bye and promises to visit him; and as Boswell and his famous companion are retiring again to the



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library, Mr Edwards walks out of Bolt Court into Fleet Street and, at the same time, walks out of human ken into oblivion.

Mr Edwards, Boswell tells us, departed highly pleased. And well he might. This was indeed, though he knew it not, the most memorable day in his life. But for that chance meeting with Johnson, but for that hour of conversation in Boswell's presence, Mr

Edwards would have remained among the other illustrious, obscure, unheard-of and unknown. And yet, by that strange destiny which undoubtedly sways human fortunes, this humble husbandman has a considerable reputation wherever books are read, as the man who tried to play the melancholy philosopher but was frustrated by his inborn and God-given cheerfulness.

A Crowded Hour.

FIRST I wake thinking, "Ah! It's Saturday, now for some fun!" Then I suddenly remember, with a sinking feeling, that just at the moment it happens to be Monday morning at 17½ minutes to 8 o'clock. Lying contemplating, for the next ten minutes, the cold that awaits me when I shall jump out of bed, I suddenly remember a long screed of French poetry yet to be learned. Jumping up hastily, I send the water-jug crashing on to the floor with my left arm. Having fetched a towel I stoop quickly to mop up the mixture of broken glass and icy-cold water, bumping my head violently against the corner of a chair. I rub the bruise tenderly, saying spiteful things to the chair meanwhile, and decide to leave the job of cleaning up to the maid. By this time it is five past eight, which leaves me exactly half-an-hour in which to dress, gulp some breakfast, and learn the poetry.

I rush wildly round, and am at last complete save for one shoe, which five minutes of frenzied searching by the whole household proves to be in the coal-cellar, the dog having carried it off some time in the early hours of the morning.

At last I am downstairs. Gobbling a hasty breakfast, I turn my attention to the French poetry which has caused me such a hurry. The jotter which contains it has absolutely and completely disappeared. Upstairs, downstairs, and all over the house I look. Just when I am giving it up as hopeless a thought suddenly strikes me with stunning force. I have left the jotter at school! Well, that is a shame, I think.

Fancy getting out of bed early for this! On second thoughts, however, I revise my opinion. It certainly saves me the bother of learning it! . . . And don't you wish you had been present at the ensuing French lesson?



The Swallows' Nest.

ONE year two swallows built a little nest on the window of a house. The mother swallow laid five beautiful eggs in it, and soon four little birds appeared.

One night, when the little birds were only a few days old, a terrible storm arose. Trees were blown down, roofs were lifted off houses, and the little nest was dislodged from its place and thrown to the ground. In the morning when the inmates of the house wakened they noticed the nest was gone. They hurried outside and there it was, lying on the ground broken into pieces. Two of the birds were dead, but two were alive. The kind people took the two living birds into the house and held them in front of the fire to heat them. Then they took a box, fastened it to the window, where the nest had been, and placed the birds in it.

The parent birds were seen hovering around and in a short time had started to build over the box to keep the rain out. They seemed to like their new nest, for they attended their little ones well till they were ready to fly.

My First (And Last).

DURING the last week I have been very interested in the Test Match at Brisbane. Each edition of the papers was eagerly awaited by me, every sentence devoured in rapt enthralment, but one remark more than any other impressed me almost as much as would some precious jewel of classical verse. This one sentence was—"Hendren and Larwood came out of the pavilion five minutes before the resumption of play, so that they might accustom themselves to the glare of the sun." Just as some bar of a half-forgotten tune will send the mind back to a half-forgotten moment, so also this sentence sent my mind back to the day when I set out in great expectation to see a Test Match.

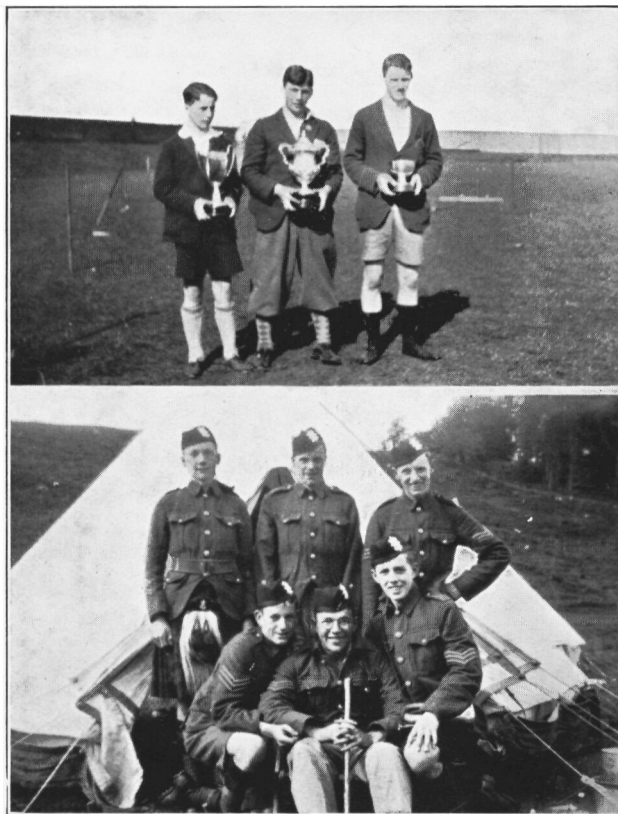
Before proceeding further I must explain that this match — hereafter referred to as "my match" — was not played in Australia. I have never been to Australia, I very much doubt if I shall ever go there, and I don't think I have ever wanted to go there. My match was played in England during the beautiful summer days about which many have written, but which few have experienced.

I arrived at the cricket ground one watery morning about ten o'clock, having risen at dawn, or almost dawn, and having stealthily crept out of the house right into the arms of a policeman on night duty who regarded me with suspicion, as well he might, for, as afterwards proved, I was on "false pretences." Play was due to begin at eleven thirty, and so having read a newspaper—including advertisements—containing the reasons given by each captain why his side should win, I regarded the surroundings. Nearby a boy was busy disposing of so many bars of chocolate that I came to the conclusion he had had no breakfast, and then an individual in a seedy suit stood up on a box and offered to tell anybody anything they

wanted to know — about cricket. Finally this encyclopædia's flow of patter was drowned in a mighty roar—the captains had come on to the field to inspect the wicket. This they did leisurely (everything at a cricket match is done in a leisurely fashion), and I noticed that one carried an umbrella! They returned doubtless to finish their conference, which had started on the way to the wicket, and continued all the way back again. Then the rain came about 11.20 a.m.; not a big shower, but sufficient to delay the start until noon. By the time the clock outside the pavilion showed half-past eleven, the sun was shining "waterily" once more, but once a decision is made at a cricket match it is never revoked. Between eleven thirty and eleven forty-five the encyclopædia again was at work, until once more a shower of rain stopped his recital and again postponed the match this time until two o'clock.

Now I had time to cogitate over the hours that had just passed by. I thought of my home and the dear ones therein, rising in a cricket-match fashion—leisurely—at eight thirty and enjoying their breakfasts as I had been unable to do; then their departures about nine thirty to their various offices, when they went to sleep until kicked out for lunch at twelve. Was a cricket match, even between England and Australia, worth all this hardship, this braving of the elements, this eternal recital of records from an encyclopædia in a seedy suit and a squint? As you will guess, my temper, a difficult one to rouse I admit, was becoming rather frayed. I finally decided to postpone a decision until the end of the day.

The clock by this time showed one forty-five, and I felt that the great struggle was about to be started when I saw the captains again leaving the pavilion, this time for the purpose of



1. Cup Winners, School Sports, June 1928.

Right—L. J. SMITH—Loveridge Cup (Mile Race).

Centre—N. M. IRELAND—Airlie Cup (Champ.).

Left—R. H. C. FORD—Aystree Cup (Jun. Champ.).

(2) Sergeants' Tent, Cortachy Camp, July 1928.

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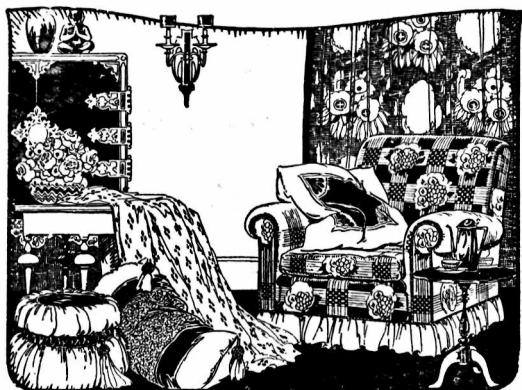
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"tossing." England was to field, so I learnt, and now, I thought, I shall be able to explain to-night how Tate took "six for six," how Larwood bowled at super-express speed, how Hendren could run from one side of the field to another, turn a double somersault, and in so doing make a wonderful catch—for a cricket fan is a full cousin of the angler.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! fortissimo ad lib., England takes the field, Tate to open the bowling. A milder round of applause greets Australia's opening pair. (All cricket journalists talk of "Australia's opening pair" never "Australia's first two batsmen.") Woodful takes guard, Tate bowls. (Hurray!

I have seen at least one ball bowled in a Test Match.) Tate is again about to bowl—was that a spot of rain?—he has bowled, Woodful has "snicked" it for 4. It is raining slightly, but it will doubtless soon clear. But it did not; Tate bowled four balls altogether, and then players and umpires were sent scurrying back to the pavilion by the rain. This time there was no mistake about the weather "breaking down," for the field was in about ten minutes "unfit for play."

And so ended my Test Match, in rain, mud, and general disorder; so now perhaps you will understand how I feel when I read about the glare of the sun at Brisbane.

A Visit to Italy.

DURING my summer holidays I went to the country of Italy and visited the town of Naples. A few miles from Naples there are the ruins of Pompeii, one of the most wonderful sights in Italy. On your left side when entering Pompeii from Naples there is the great volcanic mountain Vesuvius, which was the cause of destroying that ancient town.

There are many local museums containing relics. In one of those museums there is the cast of the old chemist who was killed when the lava came down the mountain side. Other points of interest are the Street of Abundance and the Street of Fortune. When they were excavating in the former a few years ago they found many casks of wine in a good state of preservation.

Continuing my journey, another day was spent at the island of Capri, where we visited the Blue Grotto. This was something entirely novel. A local steamer conveyed us to the island, and small rowing boats took us off at Capri to visit the Blue Grotto. The entrance in the cliffs is so small that the vast swell makes it impossible for the small boat to get inside. It would be dashed to pieces against the rocks.

We were lucky and by lying flat in the bottom of the boat, while the boatmen pulled himself in by the help of a chain overhead, we got into the most wonderful waters ever seen. It is almost impossible to describe its blueness. If you dip your hand into the water it immediately becomes like silver. For ten liras a native dived in. He looked like some silver god seen through a veil of purest blue.

After this holiday I realised that the best way to learn one's geography is by travelling from country to country. CLASS IV.



As my wife and I at the window one day,
Stood watching a man with a monkey,
A cart came by with a slip of a boy,

Who was driving a stout little donkey.
To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke,
"There's a relation of yours in that carriage."
"Ah, yes," she replied as the donkey she spied,
"That is so—a relation by marriage."

Oft had I heard of the famous charge
Of the noble Light Brigade,
But I ne'er realised till the gas bill came
That their charge had to be paid.

A Vision.

A STRANGE thing happened to me not so long ago, so strange that I must write it down lest it should fade away as dreams do in the morning.

I had made an appointment one Saturday with a friend, to meet him at the cross roads and go for a cycle run. As usual, he was late, so I propped my bicycle against the stile and climbed a knoll studded with tree stumps. It is not high, but from its top you get a splendid view. To the north the hills rose high and purple, towards the west they were low and wooded, and a stream ran through the strath between. I mused as I looked around me on what strange things this bit of land, so familiar to my eyes, might have seen in days gone by. The very hill on which I sat could tell a tale, were it able to speak, for here stone coffins had been found in grandfather's day, and urns and implements of the Stone Age. And on the far side of the strath lay "Tothel Broo," the site of a Roman Camp.

As I looked across through the dim heat haze a gleam caught my eye just as a fragment of

glass flashes in a new-ploughed field. Then another, and another. Gazing spell-bound, I seemed to see, just where a gap between the trees marked a roadway through the wood on the western hills, something which moved and glittered and filled the gap from side to side. In the twinkling of an eye I seemed to cross the strath and was hiding in the wood beside the road, and this is what passed by—Row upon row of men clad in armour, with glittering helmets and flashing spears, filed four abreast along the road and made their way to the old Roman Camp. Well guarded in the centre of that great host was a man, borne on a litter. The camp soon filled with noiseless bustle, and on creeping nearer to get a better view I became conscious of the forms of many men in the undergrowth beside me; dark featured and dark-haired they were, and clad in skins, and lo! on looking down I saw that I too was clothed in skins. Just then a loud halloo struck my ears; the vision faded, and I stumbled down the hill to meet my friend.

THE SEER.

The Mystery of Atlantis.

NO doubt many readers have heard of the lost continent of Atlantis, supposed to have existed in mid-Atlantic hundreds of years ago, and which was destroyed by a deluge nine thousand years before the birth of Christ.

In 600 B.C. Egyptian priests as Saïs told the philosopher Solon that once upon a time, according to ancient traditions, beyond the pillars of Hercules, a great island kingdom, Atlantis, lay, and only a few years ago the question arose whether Plato's account of Atlantis was a fable or actual history.

Now, if we accept Plato's description as true, we learn that once the highly cultured and powerful inhabitants of Atlantis carried on attacks to the east in the Mediterranean. If this is true then it is no longer wonderful that, among one hundred similar words, in American Indian language the word "malko" means the prince; in Arabic "malka" has the same meaning, and in Hebrew "melek" means the king. Again the famous step pyramid at Gakkara in Egypt, said to be the most ancient building in the world, has its counterpart in

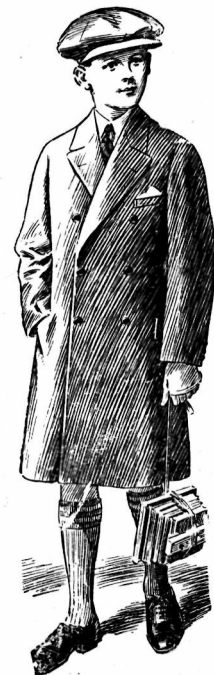
This is a Drawing of Prudence (on the right-hand top).

SHE'S the smartest girl in the High School. Not that her folks spend a fortune in clothes, but just they know where to get the best at moderate prices. (CAIRDS, of course.) Here are some of the things Prudence wears :—Her Coat, which is in velour cloth with fur collar and cuffs, it cost four guineas. Last year she had a navy nap coat (Cairds' "College" Coat, which is the best of the navy naps). Then her Gym. Tunic, made from Botany Serge, 27/6; with D.H.S. colours on neck and girdle, 4/6 extra. Also a Gym. Blouse, in tricoline or delaine, prices from 8/6, or a Braemar Navy Jersey, with two pockets and official colours on neck, 12/6. CAIRDS supply all High School requirements for girls in the best qualities.



Gentlemen—on my right— Johnny Brown

—the neatest dressed boy—not that he cares much about clothes—he is a real sport is Johnny—but his mother wisely buys at CAIRDS and he can't help looking smart. His clothes wear longer too. His coat is the kind boys like, easy to wear but hard to wear out (the prices are from 27/6). Just now he is wearing a Navy Pullover with D.H.S. colours (from 10/6), but he has his eye on a Braemar Pullover, which is a little dearer. His Ties and his Scarf are also in correct D.H.S. colours, and if he doesn't watch out his sister quickly borrows them. CAIRDS supply all High School requirements for boys in the best qualities.



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J. R. INGRAM.

the ancient Mexican step pyramids. The former inhabitants of Italy, the Etruscans, also bore a resemblance to the Pueblo Indians in America, and the existence of Atlantis would explain the secret of the Egyptians, whose culture seems to have no root.

Taking for granted that such a continent did exist, the question of its disappearance now presents itself. The earthquake theory is highly improbable, as the greatest catastrophe known to us only destroyed twelve square miles of land. As is well known, the moon through its gravitational attraction draws up the tropical seas which lie directly beneath it, so causing a reduction in the water level of the Polar seas. If we had no moon, the suction would cease and the water would flow back to the poles.

Let us suppose that one of the ancient moons, mentioned in many so-called "sagas," after it had whirled round the earth for millions of

years, approached so near that the gravity of the earth overcame it and tore it to fragments. Within a few weeks these ruins of the moon would unite with the earth. The earth became moonless. The seas flowed back to the poles, and Atlantis was laid bare.

Then thousands of years later, after civilisation had prospered, a star was brought, in the course of cosmic time by the resistance of space, so near the earth that the earth's gravity could no longer be resisted and the star became a terrestrial moon.

This changed the earth; the gravity of this moon drew the water in great masses away from the Poles and it came down in great waves to the tropics. Thus one night, in the midst of earthquakes and tidal waves caused by the new satellite, Atlantis sank beneath the sea, the date being roughly 11,500 B.C.

There it lies, beneath the seas, one of this world's many mysteries.

XYZ (Class 6).

A Busy Restaurant.

WEEK in, week out, people of all classes frequent the city restaurants. They are happy hunting-grounds for those who are interested in the doing of their fellows. One day as I sat smoking in one of my favourite haunts, glancing at a magazine after my coffee, I became engrossed in the diners as they came and went. There was a burly, bald, red-faced farmer sitting next me eating, somewhat audibly, a plate of vegetables and meat of a savoury description. He seemed not at all at home, and was in no small hurry to get back to the market and the discussion of the topics of the day.

In strange contrast was a daintily dressed young lady, who sat picking the very choicest bits of a chicken's leg, and in the end left about

half her plate untouched. She then had fruit salad and whipped cream, followed by coffee. Producing a mirror from the mysterious depths of her handbag she proceeded to beautify herself, and from an exquisite, enamelled case extracted a cigarette and lit up. I felt disgusted, for that is the type of girl I cannot bear, though most chaps, I suppose, would admire her. I felt sure that under her close-fitting hat, she had an Eton crop—further horrors! I consulted my watch to see if it was not time for me to catch my train. Alas! I had still a quarter of an hour to fill in, and so was forced to sit on, while the rain lashed on the window pane.

School children began to swarm in, and with much noise bagged all the available seats. The majority seemed to favour pie and chips, while

some sat literally guzzling cream cakes—not a very substantial lunch, you'll admit. Their talk concerned exams, and more exams, rows, and teachers, especially one whose strap had recently been stolen. I really did feel sorry for one mite who declared she had a hundred lines to write out. What an utterly ridiculous waste of time! Just pause a moment and think of it! Preposterous! as Dominie Samson would say. Well, anyway, I'm jolly glad my school days are over.

Crash! I knew it would happen. Squibs, as his companions familiarly termed him, had clumsily spilt his brimming glass of water, and quite a little rivulet was streaming over the spotless tablecloth and down to the floor, via the chair, while bits of broken glass adorned his unfortunate neighbour's Pêche Melba. I did not envy Squibs, but reflected that his nickname was happily chosen. There! Another bright young spark was getting into hot water because he had not enough cash to stump up. I wondered if he had spent too much on sweets for munching during some stale period. His chums were too reduced to help; and I thought of stepping in and doing a good turn by offering him the required amount. But my word! it was time I was clearing out or I should never see my train; so I was saved from performing a kind act, and went hurrying on my way back to Aberdeen. The restaurant I left to its work of satisfying the hungry Dundonians, and of providing a tremendous source of interest for anyone who cares to observe his contemporaries dining.

F.P. (Spectator).



THE following letter was written to a girl friend by Anne Boleyn during her first visit to London. The date is 1517, several years before her marriage to Henry VIII.

Dear Mary,—I have been in town almost a

month, yet I cannot say I have found anything in London extremely agreeable. We rise so late in the morning—seldom before six o'clock—and sit up so late at night—being scarcely in bed before ten—that I am quite sick of it; and was it not for the abundance of fine things I am every day getting, I should be impatient of returning into the country.

My indulgent mother bought me yesterday, at a merchant's in Cheapside, three new shifts that cost fourteen pence an ell, and I am to have a pair of new stuff shoes, for my Lord of Norfolk's ball, which will be three shillings.

The irregular life I have led since my coming to this place has quite destroyed my appetite. You know I could manage a pound of bacon and a tankard of good ale for my breakfast, in the country, but in London I find it difficult to get through half the quantity, though I must own I am generally eager enough for the dinner hour, which is here delayed till twelve, in your polite society.

I played at hot cockles, last night, at my Lord of Leicester's. The Lord of Surrey was there, a very elegant young man, who sung a song of his own composition, on the "Lord of Kildare's Daughter." It was much approved, and my brother whispered me that the fair Geraldine, for so my Lord of Surrey calls his sweetheart, is the finest woman of the age. I should be glad to see her, for I hear she is as good as she is beautiful.

Pray take care of the poultry during my absence. Poor things! I always fed them myself, and if Marjery has knitted me the crimson worsted mittens, I should be glad if they were sent up the first opportunity.

Adieu, dear Mary. I am just going to Mass, and you shall speedily have the prayers, as you have now the kindest love of your own

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(2) "Come to the Cook-House Door!"

Cadet Camp,
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The Haunted Room.

THIS story was told me by a friend, and I give you my word that it is true. Mr Jones, as I will call the gentleman it happened to, went for a holiday to a little village in Ayrshire. He got rooms in the hotel and went down to the smoking-room.

He met there a commercial traveller, and they began to speak to each other. Mr Jones happened to mention that he was sleeping in a certain room. "Why, that is the Haunted Room," said the traveller. "Oh," said Mr Jones, "what is the story?" The other told him. The last owner of the hotel had been an Italian. He had treated his wife very badly, keeping her chained to the bed in this room until she eventually died of starvation. Her ghost was supposed to haunt this room. Mr Jones was not a nervous man, and he went up to his room not feeling in the least scared.

He woke in the middle of the night, however, and heard a sigh and chains rattling. Thinking he was imagining it he turned over and tried to get to sleep, but again he heard the ghostly rattle of chains and the long-drawn-out sigh. He rose, lit a candle, and explored the room. He saw nothing, and went back to bed angry with himself for imagining things, and again tried to fall asleep. Again came the rattle, and he sat up in bed, for this time there could be no possible doubt that there was really a rattling. Lighting the candle he went all round the room and saw and heard nothing. Then he happened to go to the door and heard the rattling coming from that direction. Mr Jones was now "getting the wind up," and he crossed to the fireplace and lifted the poker. Then he went back to the door and, taking a firm grip of the handle, he flung the door open and saw—a dog!

This dog had broken away from the yard, and with his chain round his neck was standing breathing excitedly at the door. This accounted for the breathing and sighing. These facts, combined with his having heard the ghost story, had made Mr Jones' ghost which he had been fortunate enough to lay.



To a Hot-Water Bottle— A Dode.

Alien'd, far from thy sweet bosom, love,
I sit and quiver.

While my poor frozen back
Great gusts of winds do rack
With fevered shiver.

I think of thee, whom all the frosty night

Tightly I clasp; whose shining silver face
Beams on me with a won'drous sweet delight—
Inimitable grace—

Breathing warm welcome to thy love-sick swain
Who, speechless with delight,

Grows crazy at thy sight,
Rocking in frenzied arms thy gentle frame,
And thou with gurgling moan

From out of the depths of sympathetic heart
To thy dear love impart

That thou dost love him more and ever more
That he the livelong day

In pain has whiled away,
Champing cold chilblained toes on hard and
cheerless floor,

While round his wasted breast
His waistcoat sags and bags—
So am I now, sweet love; a colded chest

Torments me, and my face
Is purple as the sunset hills and crags.
Dear love, come to me, for I faint and pine
In 13B, sweet Water Bottle mine.



Mr W—n—“ What is the future of Aperio?”

Whitley—“ Aperibo.”

Mr W—n—“ No. There are amabo's and monebo's in the first and second conjugations; there are Sambo's and Jumbo's in the Zoo; and there are ' Say, bo's ' in America.”

Mr W—b—“ Bl—r, do you stay high up or low down in Wormit?”

Bl—r—“ High up.”

Mr W—b—“ That's right, it must affect your head.”

Teacher—“ What name is given to the Highlanders who were sent to stay among the Covenanters of the West?”

Pupil—“ The Highland Holiday.”

Mr Ni—l (to Billy Bell, who is talking)—“ It's easily seen you're not a dumb-bell.”

Teacher—“ What was the result of the Westminster Assembly?”

Pupil—“ They made the Longer Catechism shorter.”

Miss Coupar—“ What is a spring balance?”

Fo-b-s—“ A thing for weighing babies on.”

Pupil (Class VI.)—“ A fly is not an animal; it is a bird.”

Boy — “ A thermometer is constructed by eternal heating and cooling.”

Miss St—le—“ What kind of water do you get when steam is condensed?”

R. M—ln—“ Aerated water.”

Miss St—le—“ You're making such a noise I can't hear myself think.”

Mr W—b (to Bu—ns hitching up his trousers)—“ Have you not been promoted to the rank of braces yet?”

Bra-t-w-ite (Class 6)—“ ‘ Playing second fiddle,’ is when a girl has two boys and when her best boy is not available she has another to fall back on.”

Whitley (French games)—“ J'aime la tiddly-winks.”

Girl (who is sewing pyjamas) to Miss Mess—“ Would you give me my trousers, please?”



5B Lecturettes:—

1st Pupil—“ Last year when we got lectures Miss F—ner was our chairman.”

2nd Pupil—“ No, no—charlady.”

These Politicians Again—“ Before the time of William III. when the two parties became better known the Whigs were Scottish hooligans and the Tories were Irish thieves.”

Chaucer's Poor Parson(?)—“ He left his flock to go to the dogs or to St Paul's Churchyard.”

Class IV. — An adjective from fire—“ ferocious.”

Forfeit—“ The front paws of an animal.”

Hysterics—“ The people who write history.”

Irony—“ Kind of rusty.”

"There we shall be safer"—"Voila nous serions être plus coffre-fort."

Mr M—n—"Boy, you forget a thing before you're told it."

Mr B—"The power of the Presbyterian Church comes up from below."



Aberdeen Again.

Mr H—r (on first day of session)—"Is Soutar here?"

Soutar—"No, sir."

Mr Hu—r—"Well, you owe me half a crown."

Use the word "carnal" in a sentence:—
Pupil—"Carnal Beaton."

Pupil (translating French passage)—"We had run the risk of meeting wild animals."

Teacher—"That's what you do when you come to the D.H.S."

Mr M—k—zie—"Boy, come out here and get a punishment."

Boy—"But, please sir, I wasn't doing anything."

Mr M—k—zie—"That's the very reason you're going to get it, boy."



Light.

Mr Me-k-j-n—"Boy, can you see that now?"

Boy—"No, sir."

Mr Me-k-j-n (in desperation) switches on electric light.

Boy (in difficulties with s'asseoir)—"Je mashie."

Mr W—b—"Je mashie!"—it will soon be tu niblick, il brassie."

Mr Le—ge (discussing Pickwick)—"What is a lumbering coach?"

Pupil—"A charabanc, sir."

Teacher (Class VI.)—"It's not a teacher some of you pupils need; it's a medical attendant."

Teacher—"When you stand up to answer a question you look as though you were going to address the House of Commons."

"A collie is a man who works in a mine."

Mr H—r—"What is the Latin for good?"

Pupil—"Antequarium."

Mr H—r—"Qualis est magister?"

Bright Pupil—"Malus est magister."

Miss D-th-e—(to class at end of term)—
"Does any one have an anecdote?"

Smart Girl—"We haven't one, but there's one on the farm across the road."

Mr L—"What is meant by a tulchan?"

M—ot—i—"A stuffed bishop."

Mr H—r—"Philip—How do you cross the sea when it's calm?"

Ph-l-p—"By boat."

N-c-l-son—"Well, you don't expect to go across on a water biscuit, do you."



"With Apologies to Calverley."

He sat in his place at the end of the day,
(Parlez-vous français?—Parlez, please)
And spake not a word; not a word did say,
But took his rest—he had paid his fees.

He sat and slept, for he'd labour'd sore,
(Parlez-vous français?—Parlez, please)
And his gentle breath became a snore,
And his head sank downwards to his knees.

He woke no whit to the last bell's clang,
(Parlez-vous français?—Parlez, please)
While the class filed out with clatter and bang
And hied them home to take their teas.

He yawned, he stirred, he all uprose,
(Nom d'un chien! Sacré bleu!)
The silence mocked, the solitude froze—
Alone — 4.30 — slept — Mon Dieu!

An Autumn Reverie.

ALL is peace; the mellow autumn sun streams through the window, and a blissful consciousness of peace—perfect peace—pervades the room. No sounds break the sanctified atmosphere of slumber save the gentle breathing of my companions; for the strident voice from the distant blackboard has long vanished from our hearing so accustomed has it grown to the ear. My flow of thoughts gradually sink away from this workaday old school, and I seem to be lying amid grass as blue as any turquoise and above me stretches the vast emerald green dome of the sky. Leaves are merrily carolling their autumn songs and the golden birds are whirling from the fast-baring trees. Little, white, fleecy clouds float in a—(D—!?! ****!!) Do not be alarmed gentle reader. It is only that dimly through the misty curtain of sweet (?) meditation I have become slowly conscious that it is my name that floats from my long-forgotten master, and I am being asked to explain some mystic puzzle which appears to have been muddling hopefully on for some time on the chalk-covered blackboard. But it is all over now, and I am once more free—free to revel in the drowsy delight of an unbroken reverie. I glance at my watch; in five more sleep-inducing minutes a loud, harsh bell will clang, and we shall slowly and unwillingly step from our haven of peace into the weary and unfeeling outer world. We shall push our way slowly and unwillingly through the jostling, noisy crowd with that strange sinking feeling (so common before unprepared exams and which is prevented by Bovril alone) at heart; there will be a book in each hand and an incessant murmur of what is supposed to be Latin poetry from each mouth. The obvious reason for this is, of course, that when we reach our dreaded destination we shall be trembling in the awe-inspiring presence of ———. Clang!!

The Apparition.

IT was a pitch black night, and the man who was walking along the road, which led over a desolate moor, stopped suddenly. He heard in the distance a loud squeal, as if something was being tortured. He started as two gleaming points of light suddenly appeared. From the direction of these glowing orbs of fire came a loud purring. The mysterious apparition advanced swiftly until it came close up to the traveller, who held up his hand as if to protect himself. With another loud squeal the motor car, which had just come out of a side road, drew up.

“Hang those squeaking brakes,” said the driver vehemently.

A. E. (Class VII.).



Spring.

The joyous season of the spring,
Comes with its humble flowers,
Then summer's gentle breezes sing
To Nature's dainty showers.

The blind boys and the orphans
Can lie in perfect ease,
With dewdrops on their faces
And sunshine on their knees.

The guinea pigs and horses
Are frisking in the shade;
The hens and chickens do enjoy
The sand-baths they have made.

With truth and honesty and love,
And everything divine,
Just try and do your best for all,
For all these gifts are thine.

Moral.—Learn that it is nothing to be proud and selfish; it is more to be kind and useful.

HENRY PHILIP BUCK (Class IV.).

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Dunnottar Castle.

ONE day while we were staying in Stonehaven we went to Dunnottar Castle (a special 'bus leaves the Market Square every half an hour for it). As you approach the Castle you imagine that you have only to walk about a hundred yards till you get there, but alas! there is a little valley between the side nearest the road and the Castle. This is not seen from the road, and makes the distance deceptive.

The Castle stands on a massive rock about 160 feet high. It has been a stronghold from the very earliest times, and it was first heard of in the year 681, when it was besieged by the King of the Picts. In the year 900 Donald, King of Alban, was slain by the Danes at Dunnottar, and several years later Athelstan, ravaging Scotland, penetrated as far north as the castle. In 1298 William Wallace stormed the castle and burnt it with its English garrison. The castle ultimately passed into the hands of the Keith family about the latter end of the fourteenth century, and it may be noted that the Keith arms and their motto "Veritas

Vincit," have been adopted by the burgh of Stonehaven. James IV. was at the castle in 1503, Mary Queen of Scots was entertained there in 1562, James VI. was there in 1580 and 1612, Charles II. in 1650 and 1651, while, coming to modern days, our present Queen Mary was there in 1910.

The most romantic incident of all was the hiding of the crown jewels there in 1651. When the castle was being besieged by Cromwell the jewels were taken to the manse at Kineff and thereafter to the church.

In 1685 the castle was used as a prison for the Covenanters, who were crowded into small vaults and chambers, and barbarously treated.

Lastly, there is a piece of ground which goes along with the castle — the Dunnottar Churchyard. In the yard there is the stone of the Covenanters, which is very interesting to read and which is written in Old Scots.

The castle is now in the hands of Lady Cowdray, who is restoring it.

I. M. M., Class VI.

A Day on Pots and Pans.

"MESS-ORDERLIES!!" "Ye-e-e-s," comes your sleepy reply from under a smother of blankets. "Time to go for the milk," retorts the sergeant of the guard sharply (he has been awake for two hours now). Five minutes pass, then you think you had better get up. After groping for your garments and finding your shoes (which under some unknown circumstances have spent the night à la belle étoile) you go and find your equally sleepy companion just toggling himself. Having got the milk pails from the cook you set off together for the dairy. I may say this "sport" is at

on a bright sunny morning when you feel glad to be out and about, but no joke on a morning when a curtain of vapour hides the landscape and your thoughts are on the cosy blankets of ten minutes ago. After getting the milk from the dairyman, all in white, you start on your homeward trek carrying three pails between you, and it is unnecessary to say that x milk is spilt on the way.

When you reach camp it is deserted, the others having gone for their morning run during your absence. This gives you a chance to get your blankets laid out in peace—and plenty

of room to move about. For the next half hour you can do as you please. But it is usually put to the best use in scouring the camp for a knife, belt, brush, etc., which have done the disappearing trick. At 8 o'clock "cookhouse" sounds, and you prepare to serve up breakfast to the hungry souls, ravenous after their morning run. Your turn for refreshment (to which you do full justice) comes later, and then to work.

The big, black porridge-pot first. Splash! That's it into the river. You hold on to it while your friend, with a scrubbing brush, buries himself in its depths to clean out the cold porridge. Ouch!! The cleaning of the dixies comes next. No matter how much "elbow grease" you expend on them they are never clean enough to please the cooks. But never mind. Look! yonder are your pals going on parade. "Poor things," you say, "in for three hours' marching, etc!" Cleaning the mess-tent is your next job. Armed with brushes and hot water you scrub the tables until your arms ache.

Eleven comes round, and you receive your correspondence and home parcels from the Q.M. You are not even given time to read them. The cook's gruff voice is heard from the "kitchen." You go to see what he is wanting, and he replies by pointing to five or six pounds of gooseberries which you have to "head and tail." But the monotony is broken by the rousing strains of "The Road to the Isles" coming from the so-called "practising" band.

Dinner time comes round, and after feeding the still hungrier troops and officers with "mince and mealy puddings," you finish your day's work by cleaning no fewer than twelve dixies and by cutting bread for tea. If it happens to be a rainy day (as it very often is) the

mess-orderlies can be heard singing in doleful voices, "An orderly's lot is not a happy one."



A Cannibal Tale.

A cannibal king of a cannibal race
Had rings on his toes and stripes on his face,
And a cannibal daughter of marvellous grace,
Called Miniffee Pring.

A very bold stranger with brightly checked
socks,
With wondrous white legs and a chocolate box,
Entranced by Miniffee's beautiful locks,
Woo'd Miniffee Pring.

The cannibal king was mightily mad
That a man with such legs the impertinence had
To woo his fair daughter, although he was glad
Of this succulent thing.

So he felled the white stranger with curse and
with mace,
And he sent for his cook, and he swore to his
face
If he did not the deed he would grant him no
grace
(Wicked cannibal king!)

So the cook fetched his dripping and courage
and pan,
To a turn he did roast that unfortunate man.
The king had a leg and his daughter a toe,
Poor Miniffee Pring.

But vengeance descended from heaven most
high,
It fell on the king and went into his eye,
But Miniffee Pring no penalty paid,
For she swore the king said they were eating
a maid.

"A terrible thing!"
Said Miniffee Pring
(As she daggered the king)
"To have eaten that man,
"Such a nice tasty man,
"To have eaten that man,
"And to think him a maid!"

OPORTET.

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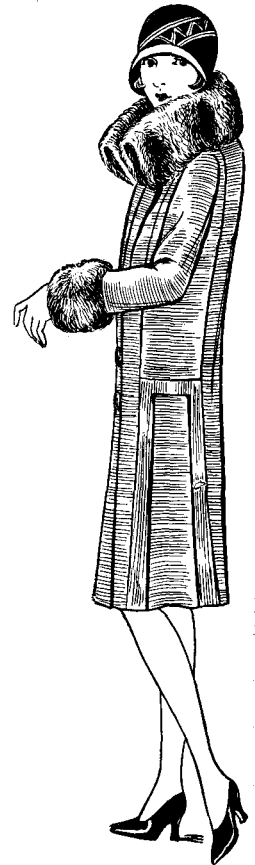
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Biscuit and Green'frilly Organdi Muslin Frock. Long bodice, drawn skirt, with three small goffered frills at top of contrasting hem on skirt. Length, 24 in. ... **49/6**

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Annual Report.

June, 1999.

LADIES and Gentlemen,—I hereby honour you with my annual report. Great changes have been effected in school during the past session. Two smoking lounges, each furnished with easy-chairs, refreshments, etc., have been added for the convenience of the pupils. New tartan carpets have been laid on the front stairs, and new blue carpets, curtains, etc., have been supplied to all the class-rooms. In addition to the cushioned chairs supplied last year, hot bottles, bound in purple and gold, are placed at the feet of the pupils.

Perhaps you may have record of the fact that in the antiquated session of 1926-27, Mr Me-kl-j-n, who taught the now forbidden subject which went by the name of Mathematics, instituted the custom of marshalling his pupils in rows upon the floor, whereat each pupil, according to his fortune in answering the questions of the master, moved up topwards or down bottomwards, finally having allotted to him 3, 2, or 1 mark according to his deserts. This long-forgotten custom has been revived, and is being employed with great success in all departments.

Open fires have been installed in all rooms, and kettles are kept boiling upon them for making tea at half-period. Tea is served to those who get 3 marks on the floor by those who get 2 and 1. The "three" get sugar and milk, the "twos" no sugar, and the "ones" merely a little hot water with a little baking soda added. This, the masters all declare, is having great effect in enlivening work. Those who know their lessons only imperfectly are sent for coals to stoke the fire, and are deprived of their footstools.

Every Friday afternoon the pupils get a

half-holiday, and assemble in the hall to roast potatoes.

From these facts you may see that every effort is being made to make the pupils feel at home, and we feel sure that the results will be satisfactory when we compare them with the criminal treatment of pupils in such years as 1928, when they had to sit on hard benches (which made their clothes shiny) when they had no carpets, nor hot-water bottles (and consequently suffered from chilblains), when they had not even hot tea and biscuits supplied to them at half-period to fortify their wearied hearts.

Yours, etc., etc.,

COROMANDEL PANDORA SMIFFIKINS,
Rectress.



Our Star Turn.

King of all turns is our Wee Willie,
Champion "ditherer" of all,
This is his high reputation,
But you couldn't call him tall.

In English class he is a scream,
What he means is easily seen,
But to explain it, Oh! dear me!
When Will's explaining history.

Will's forte is translating French,
He almost makes the teacher mad,
But we sit laughing inwardly,
And when he's done we are not glad.

When Will starts on Geometry,
He gets mixed up with letters, then,
When finally he does get through,
The master says, "Begin again."

If ever you should chance to roam,
In 7's passage, on your own,
You're sure to find our Willie there—
Cherubic face and sweet fair hair.

—W. M.

Christmas Presents.

I HAD some really brilliant ideas about Christmas presents this year. The trouble usually is that one leaves over the choice to the last minute and then has to do the thing in a hurry, and this is not satisfactory.

For some time, therefore, I have been keeping my eyes and ears open, looking round for good ideas for presents and listening to what was said and so getting hints as to what would be acceptable gifts.

It is a brilliant scheme, but there is a catch in it, as I was not long in discovering. I made up my list with the names and opposite each name the present. It was really a beautiful list, and I felt very proud of it. For nearly a week I carried it about in my pocket, and every now and then had an admiring look at it.

Then it dawned on me that the things would have to be purchased, and the catch was made plain. Against each present I now placed the cost price, and the list read thus:—

Mother—Manicure Set,	17/6
Father—Rolls Razor,	27/6
Sister—Powder Bowl,	10/-
Brother—Gloves for Mo. Bike,	20/-
Aunt Mary—Perfume,	5/-
Aunt Nelly— Do.	5/-
	£4 5/-

Do you see the catch now? I found that the best I could do—even counting my 3d bit with a hole in it—was to muster 4/6. I felt blighted, but not for long. I remembered the old saying, “ If you don’t see what you want, ask for something else.” So I made out my new list. Mother I put down for a nail-brush at 1/-, Dad for shaving soap at a like price. I saw silver thimbles at 10d to-day. One of them will do for Sister, and a packet of cigs. at 1/- for Brother. That left two aunts and eightpence. Here I had an inspiration which

convinces me there is a genius in our family. I will send them each a copy of the Mag. with this article marked. I know they’ll be proud of me and they’ll see I meant to do them well. Good idea, isn’t it?

Horrid thought—what if the Editor does not publish it? But he couldn’t be so unkind.

D. D.



Across the Channel by Air.

DURING my last Easter holidays I had the thrilling experience of crossing the channel by air. The aeroplane was a large one carrying seven passengers, the pilot, and the mechanic. The noise of the twin engines on starting off was deafening, but seemed a little quieter in the air, although this, I expect, was due to my hearing it so long.

The first feeling of rising was a strange one, as though I were stepping into empty space. Unfortunately, when I started the weather was very bad, and made a very “ sickening ” journey for all the people, owing to the plane’s rising and falling. I think this was to avoid the rain clouds and air pockets.

The aeroplane flew very high and when I looked down, even through strong glasses, the streets looked like small rivers, and the people like little dots. A few miles after leaving Folkestone I could still see the coast of England as well as that of France; and yet the journey lasted nearly four hours owing to the bad weather.

Nearing France, about ten miles before landing, the engines were turned off, and the plane glided the rest of the way. I was, in a sense, glad to land but on the return journey, in fine clear weather, I was extremely sorry when I climbed out at Croydon.

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These things are all necessities, too, yet the exercise of good taste in their selection is an indication of that self-respect which makes us feel satisfied and at ease in any company.

To be comfortable such things *must* fit well, and to do this they must be made right.

So it is with your eyeglasses. To wear the best fitting, best looking, and most comfortable lenses and mounting is simply a matter of making the right start.

We are not ordinary "sellers of glasses." Our service means more than that. It starts with a very thorough examination to find and measure to the very nicest degree the actual kind and amount of error that exists in each eye. From this we determine mathematically to just what foci the lenses must be made to give both eyes perfectly normal vision.

Our work goes even further than that, for we exercise the greatest skill in the taking of very careful facial measurements in order that each lens may be placed before the eye in its correct relative position. That in itself is very important.

And, lastly, we employ only the very finest of lenses and mountings, selected and made for each individual case with utmost discrimination in order to give the greatest personal comfort and satisfaction.



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- (1) "Water."
(2) "Wood."

Girl Guide Camp,
Kirkmichael, 1928.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

Answering an Ad.

ONE day I was looking at the advertisements in a magazine and came across one about earning money in spare time by making sweets. As this sounded decidedly attractive I wrote my name and address on the small coupon provided and sent it away. I forgot all about it till one day when I received a long, fat, business-like envelope. I wondered what it could be and opened it. There was a pile of literature which was mostly testimonials from Mrs Browns and Smiths who had made their fortunes through making sweets, and a typewritten letter to me from the manager. He said how glad he was to hear from me and that he would look out for my reply in which I was to send £2 2s to pay for a course in sweet-making. Of course I had no intention of doing such a thing. A few days later I received a small book from them describing the course. I paid no attention to this, and about a week after I got a letter asking if I had received the previous one. The other day a most urgent letter came which said that if I did not reply in fourteen days the chance of my lifetime would be done. I wonder if I shall hear from them again. CLASS VI.

Ode to The Swot.

"If he sleep, he shall do well."

Tollie Why——'s begun tae stew,
Ha, Ha, the stewin' o't,
Frae six o'clock straucht on tae two,
Ha, Ha, the stewin' o't.
Noo he's never near Blackness,
He suffers too frae sleeplessness,
His rantin' speerit's gane—bad cess!
Ha, Ha, Ha, the stewin' o't.

Tollie raves and Tollie's wild,
Ha, Ha, the stewin' o't,
When from swottin' he's beguiled,
Ha, Ha, the stewin' o't.

Noo he sighs like a nor'-east win',
Stews his e'en baith bleart an' blin',
Speaks o' stoppin' fitba' sune,
Ha, Ha, Ha, the stewin' o't.

In his life there's nae rale joy,
Ha, Ha, the stewin' o't,
Noo he turns from ilka ploy,
Ha, Ha, the stewin' o't.
On the "pictures" there's a ban,
In School he gets what sleep he can,
O! his face is pale an' wan,
Ha, Ha, Ha, the stewin' o't.

Hoo it started wha can tell,
Ha, Ha, the stewin' o't,
But his heid began tae swell,
Ha, Ha, the stewin' o't.
Maybe 'twas cauld-water cloots,
Or the midnight ile, nae doots—
W—b says its sleeping sickness—Hoots!
Ha, Ha, Ha, the stewin' o't.

A Swallow's Song.

Little girl, see the sun!
How he shines in the sky;
The robin is singing,
'Tis time you arose,
The swallow's already preparing to fly,
And the river is raging as onward it flows,
So awake, little girl, so awake!

The song of the reapers
Is nigh to thine ear;
The bluebells are fading!
'Tis time they were past,
The birds are enjoying the water so clear
And the mill-wheel is turning round ever so
fast,
So awake, little girl, so awake!

Little girl, do arise!
Do not slumber so long.
The swallow already
Is flying to Rome.
Little girl, pray arise, and obey my sweet song,
For the seagull is swimming about in the foam,
So awake, little girl, so awake!

HENRY PHILIP BUCK (Class IV.).

Rob Roy.

WE have all heard about that famous man Rob Roy, who frequented the district of Balquhider and was practically a king in his part of the country. In some respects he resembled Robin Hood, who took from the rich and gave to the poor.

There are many fine tales related about this noted freebooter. I was told the following one by a Highlander at the side of Loch Ard as I was waiting for a boat. He said that it was not included in Scott's novel.

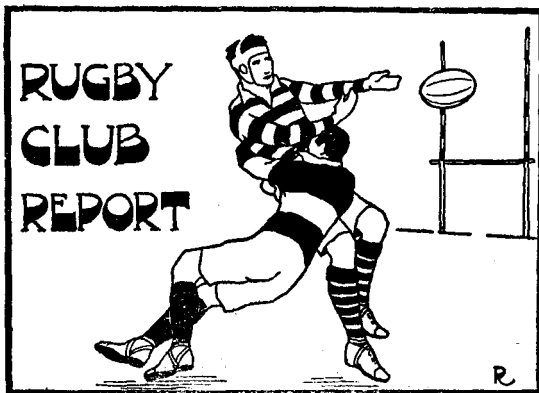
Long ago there was a cruel laird who owned a large estate in that part of the country. He was unmerciful towards those who were behind with their rent, and once threatened to turn a certain poor widow out of her house if her rent was not paid within three days. Rob Roy

chanced to pass that way and saw her weeping outside the cottage. He asked her what was wrong and, on being told, assured her that it would be all right. He gave her the necessary money and went away.

Two days later the laird's factor turned up and was expecting to have to turn her out of the house. He was agreeably surprised when he obtained the money at once, and decided to visit a neighbouring inn to celebrate the occasion.

However, just before he reached it a strange Highlander stepped on to the path, and with a pistol commanded him to hand over all the money he had. When this was done, Rob Roy went his way, none the poorer from his good deed.

Reports.



FIRST FIFTEEN—FIXTURES TO DATE.

Oct. 6—Harris Academy	H	64—0
13—Glenalmond School	A	6—5
20—Strathallan School	H	32—0
27—Morrison's Academy	H	0—6
Nov. 3—Perth Academy	A	6—8
10—Gordon's College	A	3—6
17—Glenalmond School	A	0—13
24—Strathallan School	A	Cancelled
Dec. 1—Aberdeen Grammar School	A	3—16

First XV. :—I. G. M'Coll ; A. Wallace, G. S. Ritchie, J. B. Malcolm, R. H. W. Falconer ; J. S. Boyle, R. H. Morrison ; D. F. Wilson, N. G. Whyte, J. H. F. Wilson,

S. W. E. Heath, G. E. Davie, A. L. Ramsay, H. M'Dougall, W. S. Philip.

The following have also been called upon :—J. A. Carr, J. C. Ritchie, K. S. Crawford, J. T. Potter, G. J. Robbie.

The following are the office-bearers for this season :—D. F. Wilson, captain ; G. S. Ritchie, vice-captain ; J. B. Malcolm, secretary ; S. W. E. Heath, treasurer ; N. G. Whyte, member of committee.

The following have been awarded caps for 1928-29 :—D. F. Wilson, N. G. Whyte, A. Wallace, J. H. F. Wilson.

This has been the more strenuous half of the season, and, in contradiction of the results, it has proved very successful. The weather has been extremely good, only one match and one practice game having been cancelled. Unfortunately, at least half-a-dozen players have been absent through injuries from one or more matches ; in fact, the XV. has only been at full strength twice this season.

The strength of the team, up to the present, is undoubtedly forward, particularly as far as loose play is concerned. A greater cohesion, however, is desirable in the scrummages, while the " following-up " also requires improvement. The latter might be attained by a stricter course of training than that adopted. The backs have shown good defensive qualities, but their attacks are spasmodic and ill-conceived. Most move-

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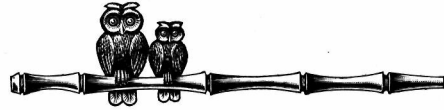
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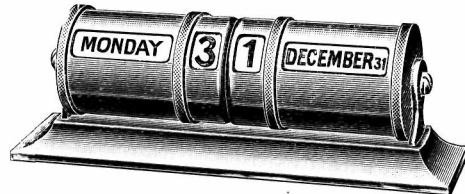


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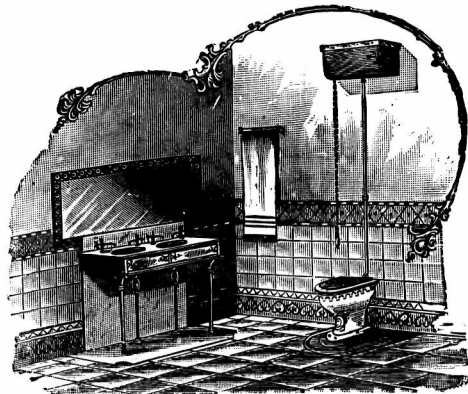
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ments are spoilt through a tendency to refrain from passing until "caught in possession," and also through a lack of speed.

A. I.

2nd XV. Rugby Report.

The second fifteen have been somewhat handicapped since the beginning of the season, because the first fifteen, through accidents, have so often had to draw on them in order to make up their numbers. As a result of this the second team have had to fill their ranks from the junior classes who lack the necessary build and experience.

The play of the forwards shows room for much improvement as a pack. While leadership is fairly sound the lack of combined effort is very evident, particularly in the loose. Much more might be made of the line-out, where play ought to be more thorough than is usually the case. Many a score may be got by a carefully planned attack from the line-out. A better understanding is necessary between the halves, and play should be kept much more open than is being done. The thirds, while quite good as individuals, must realise that it is only by combined play that games can be won, and should try to develop the sense of knowing just when to pass instead of being continually caught in possession. An endeavour to understand better the most useful position on the field of play both in attack and defence will in time prove worthy of the trouble taken. Taken all over, we have every reason to look forward with confidence to the future, but steady application to the rules of the game and team work must be the aim and object of every member of the team.

The Houses.

After the fall back last season the House System has rallied again, and seems to be gaining a much stronger hold than ever it had except during the first year of its inception, when enthusiasm ran very high. For this, credit is largely due to the boys themselves, and it is encouraging to see so many boys taking part in games on Saturday forenoons. It is from these games more than from the Wednesday recreation that the School will reap most benefit and will be able to produce first and second fifteens worthy of the School. Let us see to it that this enthusiasm is maintained and that attendance at practice on Saturday mornings becomes part of every High School pupil's programme in keeping fit.

T. M'L.

Hockey Report.

We opened the season with a meeting to appoint officials, and the following were chosen:—President, Miss Whytock; Vice-President, Miss Jarvie; Captain, Anna Webster; Vice-Captain, Jeanie Mackenzie; Secretary, Janet Swan.

After a few practices the girls from Class 5 upwards were placed in XI's under the following Captains:—

1st XI., A. Webster; 2nd XI., B. Glass; 3rd XI., T. Mathers and M. Ferrier; 4th XI., L. MacCaull and B. Whyte; 5th XI., L. Kippen and B. Dewar; 6th XI., A. Webster; 7th XI., J. Mackenzie; 8th XI., J. Sman. Class 4 also have practices.

We played our first match on 6th October against Dundee Ladies at their grounds. We were the weaker team throughout, and the forwards failed to press sufficiently. The result was 5-1 against School.

The following week the Bell-Baxter team came to Arbroath Road. The teams were evenly matched, and we were unfortunate in not securing a win. The result was 3-2 for Bell-Baxter.

On 29th October we travelled to Perth. The Academy was the stronger team. Unfortunately shortly after half-time our centre half was injured, which rather upset the team. The result was 6-1 for Perth.

In our match against Harris on 3rd November, we won 3-0.

We travelled to St Andrews on 17th November for a friendly match against Madras College, and after a ding-dong battle succeeded in winning 3-2.

Morrison's Academy team visited Dundee on 1st December for a League match. It was a very even game, and at half-time there had been no scoring. By full time, however, we had succeeded in scoring two goals.

The weather has not been very good, and we have had to postpone three League matches.

The second XI. have done well in their matches. They won against Morgan 2nd XI., Newport 1st XI., and drew with Perth Academy 2nd XI.

On December 1 our 3rd XI. played Newport 2nd XI. and won 1-0.

We take this opportunity to thank our coach, Miss Whytock, for her enthusiasm and help at practices and matches, and also Miss Jarvie and Miss Turnbull for refereeing other matches.

A. M'D. W.

D.H.S.F.P. Lawn Tennis Club Report.

Season 1928 was a good one for the ladies but a poor one for the men. The ladies just missed promotion. The men fielded practically a new team, due to departures, but there were signs of improvement towards the close, and it is to be hoped that this will be maintained next year.

A very successful and enjoyable dance was held in Kidd's Rooms on 23rd November, 80 couples attending.

Two open tournaments took place, also the Club Championships and Handicap. Results were as follows:—

Tournament, 23rd June—1 Miss M. C. Webster and Mr J. F. Stewart; 2 Miss J. M. Howe and Mr J. J. M'Fadzen; 3 Miss I. B. Stewart and Mr K. R. Fettes; 4 Miss K. W. Pirie and Mr G. Stevenson.

Tournament, 15th July—1 Miss M. M. Nicoll and Mr K. R. Fettes; 2 Miss J. D. Robertson and Mr J. B. Singer; 3 Miss J. M. Howe and Mr A. Stalker; 4 Miss Mills and Mr E. Clark.

Gent.'s Championship—1 Mr A. W. Mudie; 2 Mr G. C. Scott.

Ladies' Championship—1 Miss M. M. Nicoll; 2 Miss M. C. Webster.

Mixed Doubles Handicap—1 Miss M. M. Nicoll and Mr J. F. Stewart; 2 Miss M. Braid and Mr J. S. Robertson.

W. S. C.

Cadet Corps Report.

Of the extra-mural activities connected with the School we venture to claim that the Cadet Corps stands pre-eminent for keenness, enthusiasm, virility, and esprit-de-corps. Not in vain have we looked forward to the day when the boys who are not members would find themselves in an ever-dwindling and inglorious minority. At last we have topped the century, and our actual enrolment is 104. Let the Cadet Corps see to it that this strength is maintained, if not surpassed, in future years.

The Directors of the School gave a most sympathetic hearing to the proposal that the Officers and Cadets of the Corps should in future parade once a month in uniform. If this was to be done the whole Company, and not only those Cadets attending camp, required to be clothed. In this respect the outstanding difficulty of finance has been surmounted, and the whole Corps will be in uniform before the Easter Vacation.

Following the custom of the past two years, we intend to hold our annual dinner towards the close of the Spring Term. Under this head several changes will require to be made. First, a charge per head will be made, as we have informed the Directors that no High School Cadet wishes his amusement for nothing. Second, the torchlight procession, hitherto held in the quadrangle, will take place to the accompaniment of music from the band in the front playground. Preliminary drills for this will be arranged in due course by Lieut. M'Laren.

The routine of the Winter Term, following the precedent of past years, has as its general objective the inculcation of desirable soldierly qualities, viz., comradeship, soldierly bearing, the offensive spirit, and leadership. These are taught by means of the discipline of squad, section, and company drill and by occasional informal lectures. The present spirit on parade and the high standard of precision in movement and of general steadiness have never been bettered.

The Junior and Recruits' Section, under the instruction of Lieut. J. R. Hunter, parading on Thursdays, is clearly demonstrating by its keenness and enthusiasm that the traditions of the Corps are in safe hands. In drill they are making most satisfactory progress.

J. R. L.

Camp Report.

On Saturday, June 30, the Company pitched camp on the north bank of the River Prosen, near to the village of Cortachy. The camp consisted of 3 Officers, 61 N.C.O.'s and Cadets, the School Sergeant, and two army cooks.—Our daily routine was as follows:—6.30, Reveille; 6.45, P.T. (usually a sharp walk and trot round the wooded paths of the Airlie Estate); 8, Breakfast; 9, Kit and Tent Inspection; 9.15, Parade. From 9.15 to 1 p.m. we were kept busy with company, platoon, and squad drill, rifle drill, target designation and fire orders, artillery formations, skirmishing, guard-mounting, and lectures by the officers. 1 p.m., Dinner; 5, Tea; 9, Supper; 9.15, Roll Call; 10, Guard Mounting; 10.30, Lights Out.

From 1 p.m. onwards we were free to do as we pleased—bathing, playing soccer, rugger, or cricket, or wandering about the woods. During our stay the Company had two church parades to the Parish Church at Cortachy.

Owing to the increase in the number of cadets at camp it was possible for the first time to divide the Company into four platoons, over each of which and responsible for which was placed a sergeant. Hence rivalry of an inter-platoon nature embraced all our activities. On the last Friday we held what was probably a more searching and more exhaustive test than any Inspection, namely, Inter-Platoon Competitions in (a) Arrangement, Neatness, and Cleanliness of Kit; (b) Squad Drill under Platoon Sergeants; (c) Guard-Mounting under Platoon Sergeants. In addition, throughout the fortnight we carried through Inter-Platoon Leagues in Football, Cricket, and Sports.

The last deserves somewhat fuller description as it was perhaps our most successful innovation. The Sports afternoon took place on Wednesday, 4th July, and, as it had been advertised in the School Magazine as our official Visitors' Day, we had about 150 parents and friends present as spectators. Conspicuous features of the programme were:—(1) the Reveille Race, in which each Cadet had to fold blanket, groundsheet, and to dress himself fully, having previously had nothing on but a singlet and a pair of shorts; (2) Best Dressed Cadet in Camp; and (3) Inter-Platoon Tent-Pitching Competition. This last, we may add, was accomplished by No. 4 Platoon in the excellent time of 4 min. 35 sec. In this time the tent was ready for habitation, all pegs in, and door-fly fixed. There were no prizes, for our object was anything but to encourage the Cadets to strive for individual gain or glory. The team, or rather in this case the platoon, before anything else was our maxim, and that was the spirit which was seen at its best that afternoon.

Col. T. H. Smith's usual visit took place on the first Tuesday, and the strawberry feast, a feature of past

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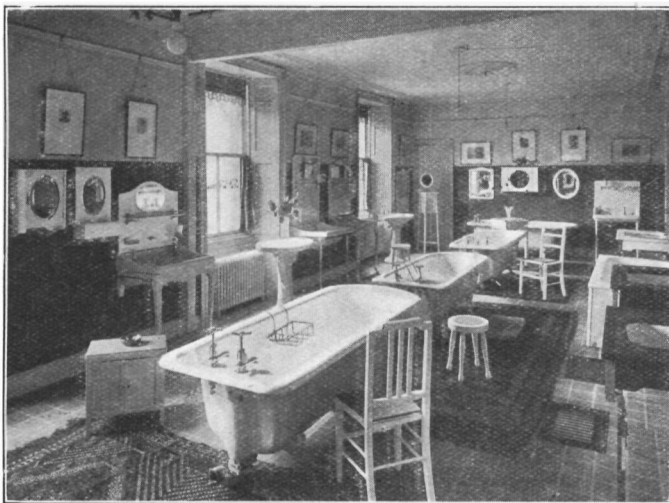
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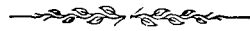
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years, was fully appreciated by all ranks. We are glad to know that he has fully recovered from his unfortunate motoring accident, and hope to hear him in his best story-telling vein at our annual dinner.

We were favoured by a week-end visit by Lieut.-Col. Kidd, who inspected the Company, remarked on the progress achieved since last year, and congratulated us on our enthusiasm and on the general smartness of our bearing in drill and manoeuvres.

Finally, regarding the band, it has been made a rule that no cadet can enter the band who does not intend to go to camp. Heretofore much individual instruction was wasted throughout the session. Under Sergeant Smith the band is doing very good work and deserves every encouragement.

Cadets, you are doing your duty by the old School, and, to quote the words of the Chairman of the Directors of the School, "Any boy and every boy who is not a cadet ought to be ashamed of himself." As a company there is every reason for pride in what has been done, satisfaction in what is being done, and assurance in what shall be done in the future.

J. R. L.

Girl Guide Report.

We resumed our meetings on the 7th of September, and were delighted to welcome the large number of recruits who came to swell our ranks. Many of them have, by now, passed their Tenderfoot Test, and are working hard for their Second Class Badge, all proving to be most enthusiastic in their work. Any others who would care to join the Company may be sure of a warm welcome.

Owing to many of the senior Guides leaving school, there were several vacancies, and five new Patrol Leaders were appointed. They are as follows:—Swallow Patrol—Jeanie Mackenzie; Nightingale Patrol—Margaret M'Caul; Chaffinch Patrol—Barbara Glass; Woodpigeon Patrol—Betty Dewar; Robin Patrol—Mary Borland.

This term our work for others is in the form of toy-making. Each patrol is keeping its efforts in this direction a secret from the others, thus adding greatly to the excitement of the work.

On the 11th of October the annual Guide Gala was held, and to our great joy our able team brought back the Swimming Cup to the Company.

At present we are busily engaged in preparing for the Shield Competition, which is to take place in the near future, and so patrol corners are mainly spent in revising Second Class and Badge work.

In spite of our hard work, however, we find ample time for games and competitions of all kinds, which are entered upon with the greatest of zest. On the 26th of October we were given a surprise Hallowe'en Party from the officers. After the time-honoured rite of eat-

ing mashed potatoes with lights out, we played several games, and one—a competition in the form of "sealed orders"—aroused keen excitement.

The Company still collects silver paper as ardently as ever, and no unclaimed piece makes an appearance but some eager Guide pounces upon it.

The Inter-Patrol Shield belongs at present to the Chaffinches, while the other patrols are striving to be the next to hold the honour.

Finally, we would take this opportunity of thanking Captain Whytock and Lieutenants Jarvie and Coutts for their never-failing interest and invaluable assistance, for the pleasure and benefit we derive from our meetings are largely due to their efforts on our behalf.

J. M'K. and J. T. F.

Guide Report—Annual Camp.

There were 24 Guides at camp this year under Captain Whytock and Lieutenant Jarvie. We travelled to Blairgowrie by train on Saturday, 29th June, and went on to Kirkmichael by 'bus. We had comparatively fine weather for pitching our tents, though it was rather windy. On Sunday it was so wet that we all had dreadful visions of a rout like last year, but fortunately the weather improved, and on Wednesday we had lovely sunshine to welcome the visitors. Among these was Colonel Smith, who presented the Guides with his annual gift of strawberries plus a lovely box of chocolates. After tea he gave the Company a short address. On the Thursday evening we went down to a concert in the school, and this was greatly enjoyed. One evening we had inter-Patrol sports. The Woodpigeons were first, beating the Nightingales by the narrow margin of one point. Captain Whytock presented the prizes, the Woodpigeons receiving a "silver cup" (an empty cocoa tin).

We also had a visit from a C.A., whose flattering verdict was "a model camp." We had a church parade on both Sundays, and came home on Monday, 9th, after a very successful camp.

J. D. M.

Boys' Literary Society.

The Society is particularly fortunate in having as its President Mr Cadzow, under whose conscientious and enthusiastic guidance it has entered upon a session which gives every promise of being one of the most successful of recent years.

At our opening meeting on 12th October, Mr J. Mackie Smith delivered, before a large attendance of the staff and the Upper School, a splendid address entitled "In Holland With the Dutch Painters." Speaking upon a subject with which he is thoroughly familiar, Mr Smith delighted his hearers by wealth of interesting detail and by magnificent lantern slides.

On the following Friday a Hat Night was held, at which some interesting questions were discussed. Next, on 26th October, before a gratifyingly large attendance,

a debate was held on the question, "Are Ghosts Real or Unreal?" Mr George Davie led on the side of the occult, while Mr William Keir opposed him, the latter eventually prevailing by a majority of two to one.

On 2nd November a Night of Readings was held, at which some enjoyable essays were read. The Eighth Class Papers were delivered on the following Friday. Mr William Maxwell read an amusing and instructive paper on "Poaching," and Mr D. G. Pae an interesting paper on "The Temple."

On 16th November two members of the Seventh Class, Messrs Donald and Anderson, read us papers. Mr Anderson gave us an enjoyable description of "A Voyage to the Canary Islands," while in the "The Gentle Jester," Mr Donald read a paper in which he dealt delicately and sympathetically with the humour of Lamb.

On the following Friday, the 23rd, we debated the question, "Are We Having Too Much of the Detective Story?" Mr R. S. Aitken spoke on the affirmative side, and Mr J. C. Ritchie on the negative side, the latter carrying the day by 13 votes to 8.

This session the meetings have been very successful and the discussion brisk and lively beyond the average. The younger members have attended regularly and have shown much enthusiasm and promise. The attendances, however, have on the whole been poor, owing to the fact that scarcely anyone from the top classes comes to the meetings. It is much to be regretted that the members of the Upper School take so little interest in their Literary Society, from which, if they showed sufficient keenness, they could derive much benefit and pleasure. The success of the High School Literary Society depends entirely upon the support given to it by the pupils, and deprived of that support, the Society which has for close on thirty years been a great force in the School, must inevitably cease to exist.

Girls' Literary Society.

The Society resumed its meetings for another session in October, under the presidency of Miss Helen Park and, in spite of a slightly decreased membership, the attendance has been extremely good.

On October 12, Mr Mackie Smith opened both Societies with a lecture on "Holland and its Painters in the 17th Century." He showed us some beautiful slides, and described the work of many of the great Dutch painters. This lecture was much appreciated by all the members.

The next Friday, October 19, was the first private meeting of the Girls' Society, and we had a Hat Night. Many interesting questions came up and there was much discussion.

Several members of Class VIII. read papers on the following Friday, October 26. Miss Dewar's paper had the exciting title of "A Minute to Four." Miss

Mathers told of "A Visit to London"; Miss Jack described "A Tour Through England"; and Miss Gordon's paper was entitled, "Humorous Advertisements."

On November 2, we had Selected Readings. Miss Cosh read an extract from A. A. Milne; Miss MacCaul gave a reading from "Troy Town," by Quiller-Couch; Miss Dewar's extract was from "Three Men in a Boat," by Jerome K. Jerome; and Miss Stiven's selection was entitled "Borrowed Plumes," by W. W. Jacobs.

On 9th November we had Class VI. papers. Miss Cochran's was on "The Tower of London"; Miss Flanagan's on "Animal Life in India"; and Miss M'Laren's on "A Holiday in France"; while Miss M'Dougall and Miss Forbes described "The British Museum" and "The Roof of Scotland" respectively.

On Friday, 16th November, several members took part in a Play-Reading Night which was much enjoyed by all. The plays chosen were "Wurzel-Flummery," by A. A. Milne, and "Followers," by Harold Brighouse.

Another Hat Night was the programme for 16th November. This was a great success, and all the subjects were keenly discussed.

On 23rd November, we heard Class VII. papers. Miss Symons read a paper on "The Natives of New Zealand"; Miss Robertson's was on "Dundee"; Miss Moncur told us of her visit to the "Courier" Office; and Miss Harris described "Fortrose." Miss Spreull was last with her paper with the thrilling title of "Ghosts."

The closing meeting for 1928 will be held on Friday, December 7, and will take the form of a Musical Evening. The members have been very enthusiastic so far, and we hope they will continue to be so throughout the session.

E.A.S.

Swimming Report.

This report having been omitted from last term's magazine, it is being included in this number. The gala was held on 12th June, and was a great success. The Championship last session was won by Muriel Ferrier. The team system as usual worked very well.

M. I. F.

Netball Report.

Owing to the fine weather we have been able to secure most of our Wednesday practices this term. Throughout the term there has been no lack of interest in the game, although hockey is more popular, and I am sure we have all thoroughly enjoyed our Wednesday afternoons up at the grounds. This year Miss Steel very kindly consented to be our President, and Miss Coupar acted as our vice-president. We take this opportunity of thanking Miss Steel and Miss Coupar for their unflinching help and interest in the game during the term.

D. M. A.



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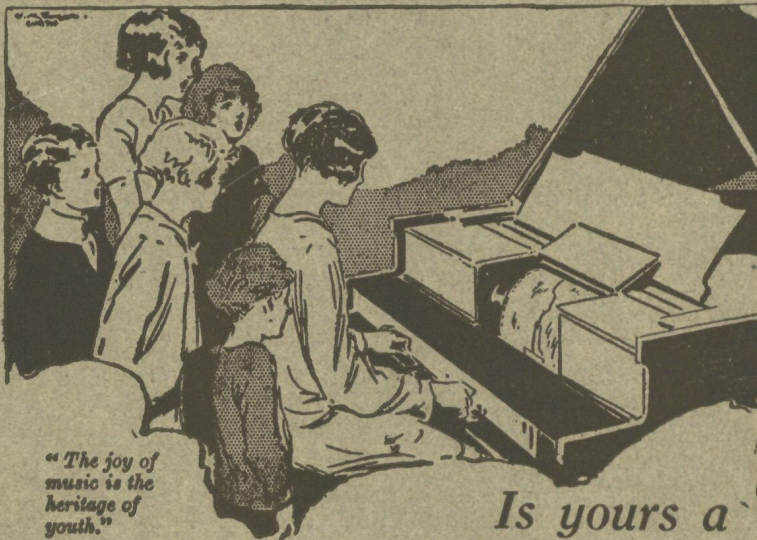
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