

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 44

APRIL 1929

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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 44]

APRIL, 1929.

[FOURPENCE

Editorial.

SO now hath arrived the season of E's (?)

—Easter Eggs, Exams., Editorials, Enormous Efforts, and nearly Everything else you can think of. Here your Editor stoppeth to remove an Earwig that greatly obstructeth the traffic of his thoughts. What was he about to say? Ah, yes. We have just received a letter which runs in this wise—

Dear Mr Editor,

We wish that yourself and your staff would take immediate measures to uplift the standard of Thought and of Diction represented in the School Magazine. Why do the scholars write such stuff? Surely this is not the English they are **taught** to use? Wha—

The remainder of this epistle can nowhere be found. Did we tear it off to light our Editorial pipe? Did we do our Just Now's on the back of it? A Special Prize will be granted to the first to discover this. Also, to encourage a higher standard of Diction the Editor himself from his **own** pocket offers the stupendous reward of £x os o½d. (We need hardly add that x can easily be found by dividing the number of shillings plus the number of pence by the number of hairpins Class X.G. will use to put up their respective hairs.)

1—Say why you admire the portion of the Editorial that follows this.

2—State of what admittedly great authors the phraseology of your Editor reminds you.

3—Annotate clearly and concisely the expressions which might have been underlined.

4—Competitors should read the rules carefully before answering the questions. Marks are often lost through misapprehension of what is actually required. A complete handbook of rules may be had from the Editor for the amazingly small price of 6/- (post free).

So, friends, again have the F.P.'s beaten us at the Hockey Tournament. Valiant F.P.'s. We, being valiant P.P.'s, divinely forgive them; soon we shall be F.P.'s ourselves.

Meanwhile it is our lot to rise in the early morning before there is any sun to strike our right shoulders and send our lankening shadows right up Reform Street to reach School before us.

Sweet is the breath of morn!!? What nonsense! Believe me, it was the voice of the sluggard that gave utterance to that monstrosity of prevarications. The breath of morn, Ugh! Abominable, unutterable, and worse—much worse! No. Let me assure the writer of this that undoubtedly in this instance he was writing through his hat. **He** never knew the breath of morn but that it was delicately com-

bined with the breath of ham and eggs. Whether he knew the breath of even is another matter. He, too, might, in his youth, have sledged of evenings on the West Park Road of his native town. You never can tell.

But, hearken! The dinner gong lays an all too effectual hand on your Editor's pen (6d out of Woolworth's). By the time this manuscript is in your hands the Leavings will be over, and anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain will be chased from the super-saturated minds of Class IX. Will they be glad? No, I assure you. For an extra hour in the bed is

worth seven in the classroom. Write for the Mag. and swot not. One small article means several large blessings, every refusal an inward sigh from the heart of the hard-working committee. Thank you for what you have written; thank you also for what you have read—if you have read it.

A Happy Holiday to All!

Received for review *Cobweb and Mustard-seed*, by W. Fraser Mitchell. The Porpoise Press, Edinburgh. (One Shilling and Sixpence.)

An American School Display.

RECENTLY, while on a visit to Cleveland, Ohio, I had the opportunity to see a wonderful display of the sports, games, and out-of-classroom activities that so brighten the school life of American city children that the State can keep everyone in school to the age of 16 without any difficulty.

The Cleveland Auditorium, in which the display was held, is one of the largest halls in the world, for, while the floorspace is occupied by events, over 6000 spectators can sit comfortably in the gallery. If the Caird Hall were placed in the centre it would no doubt obstruct the view considerably, but I believe you could walk around it. I obtained a seat near one end, high up above the entrance doors, where I could see the whole vast stadium. Under the galleries, on the hall floor, sat hundreds of school boys and girls, in every sort of attire, ready to take part. At the nearer end were rows of elementary school children; then, round some gymnastic apparatus a confused blending of pink arms and legs with white running vests marked the athletes; further on, the brightly coloured jerkins of the hockey players and the caps of the baseball teams contrasted with the plainness of the next group—high school girls

in gym. costumes, white middies with navy bloomers. At the far end of the hall were many vacant chairs before a low platform, behind which was a white screen. Some of the waiting children sat on the floor, others stood behind them; a few here and there kept up a covert scrap among themselves, with one eye on the teachers, who were giving final instructions, and the other on the even more watchful Boy Scout patrols who, proud of their authority to keep the floor clear and the passage-ways free, frowned on such conduct. On the whole, considering how many children were present, and how few teachers, their conduct was excellent, far better than that of Scottish boys and girls would have been. In Scotland, and in D.H.S., when I was there—and that is not so very long ago—discipline in class was fairly strict: it was not uncommon, to say the least, for a boy to be punished for talking, or spilling ink, or making musical noises with pins stuck into the desk, or dropping his books oftener than was probably necessary. In fact, the stricter the discipline the more everyone wanted to make a noise, and did it as soon as he could get out, if not before. There is no discipline in the American schools to speak of.

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Everyone in the class is free to loll inelegantly in his chair or wander to the pencil sharpner or the book cupboard. He is expected to do a lot of blackboard work himself, and has less written work in his seat. He is kept in order in the corridors by police boys and girls, who are far stricter than a teacher would be, but he doesn't mind. He is not "haudden down," so there is nothing to make him wild. He has a much more pleasant life than the Scottish schoolboy and likes his teachers better because they only teach, they don't—and don't need to—keep him in order in a way he doesn't like.

At eight o'clock a bugle blew under the end gallery, invisible to me, and a hush fell over the whole vast stadium. Again it blew, and out marched a high school girls' bugle band. At first I thought they were copying—or travestyng the Scottish national costume, but I was mistaken. Though Cleveland has a large foreign population, it is mainly Italian and Czecho-Slovak. The girls—there were about forty of them, wore black velvet jackets, like kilt jackets, black tam o' shanters with white tassels, and white pleated skirts: they did look fine. The leader—a girl, of course, teachers take little part in school activities—carried a gold baton, about three feet long with a ball on one end. This she swung as dexterously as a pipe-major, conducting with spirit, giving drill orders by whistle and signal and keeping time with a most stylish diagonal movement of the staff across her heart. Stepping smartly up the long hall, her left hand jauntily on her hip, her right wielding the gleaming baton, with the "wig-wig-waggle" of her "kilt" and followed by her well drilled company through complicated evolutions, she was master of the situation, perfectly self-confident.

Before the girl's band had completed its march and taken its place on the chairs at the end of the hall, the procession of boys' school bands had appeared. The first wore white

"longs," black velvet capes lined with red which showed at their every movement, and perky little round caps; the second had a more commonplace uniform—rather like that of the Salvation Army, except that pale blue facings took the place of red. The third had a regular military-looking uniform, white "longs," grey tunics with white belts, and flat military caps. The first had an Italian Renaissance air, the second the air of the Magdalen Green, and the third of the Royal Marines. Every decent American high school has a uniformed band, just as it has an orchestra, a police force, a daily lunch-time cinema in the school hall, a cafeteria, a large library, two or three gymnasiums, and probably a swimming pool. The reason why the high schools can afford these is because of their size. In cities they have seldom less than 2000 pupils, and in New York they go up to five, six, seven, or even eight thousand pupils—all over the age of twelve. Occasionally even the new, huge, and luxurious buildings cannot hold all at once, and the school has to run in shifts, one from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m., one from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and one from 1 p.m. to 6 p.m. Need for a school police force there!

To return to the programme—which I seem to be leaving precisely as often as I return to it, just as a commuter (pardon—a season-ticket holder) or the Fife boat shuttles back and forth—after the bands were seated the lights went out, and we had a shadow-show on the white screen depicting school medical service. Besides being told weekly to wash his or her ears daily, and weighed and stethoscoped once a year in the ordinary way, the American gets added personal advice. The American school does not claim to turn out Latin scholars or human counting machines, but it does claim that all children have really learned two things—to brush their teeth and to eat spinach. As a result they usually have

beautiful teeth, and spinach, which is a mildly agreeable vegetable to most people, is as hated by them as cold rice pudding used to be by us—for the same reason, that we had to eat it. Being clean, however, and taking plenty vitamins does not make sure that schoolgirls will be attractive. To get a good job in business in America girls must be attractive. The school teaches them typewriting and stenography, why should it not teach them how to dress well and how to use cosmetics skilfully? Therefore many schools have a class (for girls only) called "Personal Regimen," in which they are taught to stand properly, to choose colours in their dresses that will suit their complexions, to keep their hair neat while it is growing from the shingle stage to the put-up stage (for American girls are now letting their hair grow), and to use powder and lipstick so that it will be effective and not garish. Now, though this article is written in America, I am not kidding; this is quite true. I have *seen* classes in beauty culture, or "cosmetology" as the high-sounding names goes, in schools I have visited, and it does not take a very discerning eye to note how much prettier the high school girls look than those girls in shops and offices who have not had high school training. The reason for all of this last paragraph being here is that we had a shadow show of the processes of medical inspection, teeth inspection, correct posture teaching, and make-up!

The lights went up. In a few moments the floor was covered with groups of little children doing the Circassian Circle and a very pretty Hungarian dance called Cschbogar. There were 250 of them dancing at once, and not one teacher to be seen. Then they retired and another 250 came out and did exercises. They did not march out drill fashion, left, right, left, right, or do Swedish drill, that boring exercise associated in my mind with early morning P.T. at Cadet Camp at Barry or Cortachy. They

came out in orderly groups and did their exercises naturally. The exercises were very interesting. They were called "Baseball Mimetics," and consisted in actions used in playing baseball, rather like those used in cricket, though baseball is like rounders. They stooped to field balls, leaped to catch high ones, pitched imaginary balls, gave mighty swipes to leg, and, in general, practised the movements they would use in America's national summer game. They seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

Then they gave place to displays of bean-bag games, simple pyramids, wheelbarrow, ant, and elephant walks, and finally to a Morris dance.

Those were the activities of the elementary schools. On their dismissal a high school display of activities followed. A procession of boys and girls in costume appropriate to each of the following sports, perhaps forty of each type, marched in. There were swimming squads, hockey squads, football and baseball squads, basketball teams (basketball is *the* winter game for boys, girls, men and women, for the ground is too hard or too deep in snow for any outdoor games), soccer teams, track squads, and volleyball squads, wrestlers, boxers, and skaters. To the music of massed bands they went through the motions of their sports, the swimmers stretching out long white arms in a sort of Eurhythmic version of side-stroke, the wrestlers posing, and the boxers feinting. The hockey girls, who in this country wear bright coloured sleeveless jerkins over their white middie, got into formations and staged bully-offs and goal-scoring. Every sport gave as good an idea of its procedure as was possible in limited space and time. The ensemble effect was wonderful.

A gymnastic display by high school boys with most spectacular tumbling that would have done credit to professional acrobats, and brilliant parallel bar stunts of like standard of excellence, pyramids three stories high, athletic



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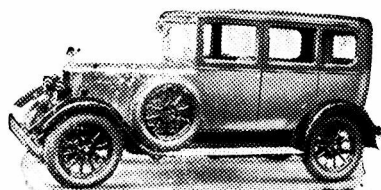
In Front—R. Morrison. J. Malcolm. J. Boyle. I. M'Call.

Rugby Team, 1st XV.
1928-29.

Dundee High School
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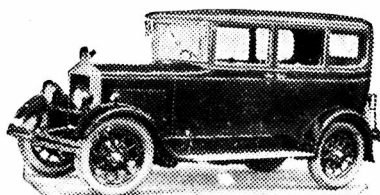
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games where one boy was kept tossed in the air on the arms of his comrades, and team races completed the school work. A display of folk dances and games by adult continuation schools and community centres, introduced to make the show representative of all educational work in the city, was of interest to me—and probably to you—only because of one detail; that among *their* games were tennis and golf, neither of which is played to any extent in American schools.

I had the honour last year to be appointed to the Scottish Exchange Scholarship to Columbia University, New York, to study American schools, thereby evening matters out with the Morgan, an F.P. of which gained the scholarship two years ago. You may be sure that I always have D.H.S. in mind when comparing the American with the Scottish. It is not possible now to say, as could be said fifty years ago, that Scotland had the best educational system in the world. Systems differ so much that it is not possible to say that any one is the best. Scotland has more secondary school pupils than any other country in Europe, but America has four times as many. The schools at home attempt only a few things, a few hard and difficult subjects, and do them well; other countries have a wider range of interest. A D.H.S. average boy of sixteen could lick the average American in Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, and some parts of English; but he would make just as poor a comparison with the American in Geography, Economics, and Civics (which are not taught in Scotland), European and Ancient History, Metal Workshop, Music, and Decorative Art, wide knowledge of modern literature, and above all in ability to express himself orally, in class or in literary society, with freedom and self-confidence. The account of the physical training displays will show you that in variety of games and activities the American school has

little to learn. Best of all, it is a very much more pleasant place to spend your days. Some cities open their schools on Saturdays for voluntary attendance, and get two-thirds of their children to attend!

JAMES LUMSDEN.



Good Advice.

Of late did Influenza rage,
That dread disease of the present age;
But since we all knew what to do,
We triumphed o'er malignant "flu."

Though you may hear when up in town,
That many with the "flu" are down,
Strictly act on what I say,
And you will keep the foe at bay.

Breathe in draughts of good fresh air,
Early to your bed repair,
If by chance a cold you catch,
Don't play in a rugger match.

Take good walks three times a day,
That will keep the germs away,
Eat the food that's on your plate,
Then you'll find you have more weight.

Work and play, and eat and sleep,
Hale and happy you will keep,
If you find your spirits low,
Go and pelt your chums with snow.

If on work you concentrate,
And leave your health to kindly fate,
And always have exams. in view,
You won't have time to think of "flu."

Act upon this counsel sage,
And no matter what your age,
Ills that other people fear
Will pass you by for many a year.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

The House with the Blue Door.

WE thought the very first time we saw it that it had a mysterious air, this house with the blue door. It stood, the last habitation on the cliff road, rather apart from the other villas, and enclosed by a formidable-looking wall about six or seven feet high. A few fir trees in front prevented one getting a clear view of the house. The strange thing was that, while the rest of the house was painted a dull brown, the front door was of a brilliant blue.

"We," I must explain, were Harry Mackie and myself, who were spending the summer holidays of 1915 with my uncle at the seaport of Quintley. On returning from a stroll along the cliffs one morning we noticed the peculiarities of "Sea Craig." Uncle Arthur was able to give us some information about it, for it appeared he knew the agent for all the cliff houses. He said "Sea Craig" had been rented a few months ago by a middle-aged gentleman, who had never even set foot in it, for it was said he spent most of his time travelling on the Continent. "Oh, yes, about the blue door. I remember Mr Stormfield said he wanted some alterations. It was he who put up the wall and painted the door blue," said uncle. "Funny thing to do when he didn't expect to be there often," was Harry's remark.

As Harry and I were passing Sea Craig that very evening I felt my arm gripped lightly, and the voice of my chum whispered, "Look, Stanley look! There's a light in that window to the right of the door. What can it mean?" I looked and was just in time to see a light disappearing from the window mentioned. The colour of the light was particularly noticeable, for it was a bright red. We remained where we were for a few minutes, never taking our eyes from the house, but the light never ap-

peared again. At last Harry said, "Let's hurry home and tell your uncle about it."

When we reached home Uncle was full of the latest news of the war, and was bemoaning the fact that he was not out "in the thick" of it all. "Still," he said, "we stay-at-homes have one thing we can do. We can keep a lookout for spies. I hear a band of spies have been caught about twenty miles down the coast from here. Unfortunately some of the ringleaders have escaped, and it's thought they have come north in this direction." Harry and I looked at each other. The same thought had sprung into both our minds. Was there any connection between Sea Craig and the lost spies?

"Uncle, just listen," I burst out excitedly, "Harry and I saw a light in Sea Craig to-night—a bright red light."

"Well, that is strange," said Uncle slowly, "Mr Stormfield would never come back at nine o'clock at night. What about us three taking a walk along the cliffs to-morrow night to see if we can discover anything more?"

"Good idea," we shouted together.

The next night saw us sauntering along the Cliff Road, keeping well under the shadow of the trees. We had almost grown tired of waiting, when all at once a light appeared in the window of a room on the second floor. This window was so placed in the corner of the house that a light in it could not be seen from any of the other villas. We watched it flickering about for a few minutes, and suddenly grew aware that there was a very definite purpose in its flickering, for a message was being sent in the Morse code. I knew something about this, and so was able to make out the latter part of the message. "—to-morrow night. Nine o'clock. Supplies to be put in cove. Will be waiting here for further orders."



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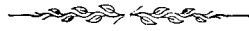
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"Uncle," I whispered, "did you read that message?" But he had suddenly turned about and was gazing out to sea. I followed the direction of his eyes, and saw a bright light shining some distance away. Suddenly it disappeared, and Uncle spoke, his voice hoarse with excitement. "Boys, there is some queer work going on here. Yes, Stanley, I made out the message. I wouldn't be surprised if there were spies at work here."

"We must try to get into the house tomorrow night," Harry said. "We might manage to get hold of the person who signals. I wonder if it was the light of a submarine we saw out at sea."

"We had better take John with us, hadn't we?" I asked. (John was our chauffeur-gardener.) "Harry and I have both electric torches, and I think a rope would be useful if we did capture any one."

By half-past eight the following night our little party of four was ready, waiting near Sea Craig. "Have we got everything?" asked Uncle in a whisper. "I hope there's no more than one man in the house. Of course, someone will probably come about nine o'clock, but I hope we will be safely inside by that time."

"There's the light," exclaimed Harry, "but it has disappeared again. He is perhaps going up to the corner room."

"Let's make for the house," said Uncle. Very cautiously we crept along under the high wall to the front gate. With the aid of a little oil we opened it without the least noise and slipped along beside the wall towards the house. Under a fir tree we stopped to make our plans. "First of all," said Uncle, "we must find where they have made their way into the house, and John must keep watch there."

In a short time Harry returned to say that the back door was wide open. "We'll go in that way, too, then," said Uncle. Leaving

Harry under the fir tree and John crouching behind a big barrel at the back door, he and I softly entered the house. We heard footsteps above us, and when they stopped all was quiet. As all the windows were shuttered it was quite dark, so I had to use my electric torch. With our boots slung round our necks by the laces, we began the ascent of the stairs, hearing no sound except a muttered "Ach!" from the man above us, till we reached the second floor. At the top of the staircase Uncle Arthur bent down and picked up a piece of paper from the floor,

"Look," he said, and I looked and saw some unintelligible lines of writing. "It is German," Uncle whispered, "listen and I will translate it. 'The last house on the Cliff Road. Sea Craig. You cannot make a mistake as I had the door painted blue so that all our friends would know it. Put the petrol in the cave which is in a straight line with the house. Do not forget to signal.—S.'"

"That makes it clear there are German spies working here. But I wonder whom 'S' stands for?" I asked.

"I can't tell," said Uncle. "Let's get into that cupboard beside the door where the light is coming from."

We had not been long installed there when I heard the man in the next room moving about. A few minutes later he came out and passed the cupboard door. Suddenly the light in his lantern gave out. "Now's our chance," muttered Uncle Arthur. In a second we had crept out of our hiding place and rushed at our foe, taking him so completely by surprise that I was holding him down and Uncle was quickly tying up his legs and hands before he had gathered his wits together sufficiently to make any resistance. Then he began to struggle so violently that it was all we could do to hold him down. We had just tied the last knot when a commotion was heard, proceeding from

the region of the back door. Leaving Uncle, I rushed downstairs.

The back of the house was a scene of confusion. The big barrel was overturned and near it John was struggling with a short, burly man, while another taller one was slowly "getting the better" of Harry. I rushed to help my chum, at the same time shouting for Uncle, and between us Harry and I were able to overpower the tall man. Uncle had by this time arrived on the scene, and with his aid John had vanquished his opponent. With the rope that was left we tied up the two men very securely. When Uncle Arthur saw the face of Harry's opponent he gave an exclamation of astonishment.

"It is Mr Stormfield! But he hasn't his beard and moustache now!"

"Look at this, Mr Drummond," said John all at once. In his hands were a false beard and moustache. "Came off in the fight," was his

brief remark. "Well, well, I never would have thought Mr Stormfield was anything but an Englishman born. The cleverness of it!" said Uncle. "He must be a German then."

"They are both Germans," answered Harry, "for they were both shouting in German during the struggle."

"The next thing then, boys," said Uncle, "is to find that cave where the petrol is hidden. Will you stay here, John, while we are searching?"

To make a long story short, after a rather lengthy search we found the cave with the petrol, but we saw no sign of the submarine. It may have been frightened away by our lights. The three Germans, who were the "wanted" spies, were given into the custody of the police, and to our great delight we were all rewarded.

So Harry and I left Quintley with the pleasant thought that "we'd done our bit."

"PAN."

The Darjeeling Railway.

THE Darjeeling Railway starts at Siliguri, and climbs the Himalaya Mountains to Darjeeling. The railway, one of the most bumpy railways in the world, ascends for forty miles. It starts on the verge of a tract known as the Terai, and climbs until it reaches 6812 feet above sea level.

The station after Terai is known as Sukna. It is here that the real ascent to Darjeeling begins. Here the officials fix a platform to the front of the engine and place on it five big bags of sand. A boy sits on the platform and throws sand on the lines to keep the wheels from skidding on the steep gradients.

At Rangtong Station the train stops for seven minutes while the engine takes in water. The mails are collected and taken off here. Just before this station there is a detour made in

order to get up a steep part of the way. Here the track doubles back and passes over itself by means of a bridge. Further up the gradient is another loop known as the Chumbatti Loop. This one forms a double circle and then crosses a bridge.

The railway is now among the mountains, and the first station reached is Ghum, 7407 feet above sea level. From Ghum the railway climbs for seventeen miles, and another three loops are passed, then we see the lights of Darjeeling in a basin in the mountains. When we reach Darjeeling darkness is falling, and it is very pretty to see the lights of the town as we descend the steep gradient which takes us there. Before the railway there was only a cart road. Now that the railway has been built trade with the Himalayas and Tibet has been much increased.



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J. Neish. W. Keir.

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Rugby Team, 2nd XV.
1928-29.

Dundee High School
Magazine.



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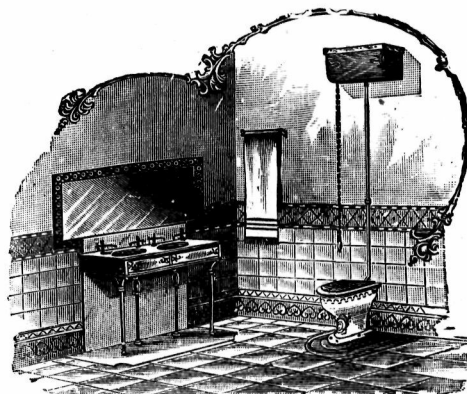
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Economy.

THERE are various types of economy.

There is economy in clothes. The usual idea seems to be to wear old and shabby clothes at home when we are among the people whom we most respect, and to wear respectable clothes at school where we meet nobody for whom we would give tuppence, or who would give tuppence for us.

Economy in education is very common. People can afford to send their children to picture houses, to give them more pocket money than is good for them, to dress their daughters in clothes that might be heard a mile off, to provide for them more sweets, etc., than would ruin the hardest digestion and the best teeth in the world, "But, of course, you know, dear little Everard Plantagenet couldn't possibly be sent to St Andrews. He must go into an office. We cannot afford to give him an expensive education." Wealthy in what is useless for their children, poor in what is most necessary for young un moulded minds!

It would be a very good plan if we tried to economise in words, pointless jokes, and giggling. But we don't.

We economise in time. What a pity it would be if we endangered our young health by reading a little! This is the age of speed. The twentieth century man has no time to sit moping over books. Much better to be up and doing than to try to improve our mind.

Yes, and much better to hang around at that street corner, to engage in a little delightful conversation on those steps, or to keep perpetual guard over that radiator. To escort the object of our affections to the railway station or to have a delectable tête-a-tête with her in a corridor is a much more important part of the education of a future "blood" than to read Ruskin or Scott. Reading is, we admit, full of

pleasure and profit, but how much more so is an afternoon spent looking on at a football match, or sitting in La Scala! The mind, after all, doesn't matter much. It is not nearly so important as the body, which, alone of our three parts—body, mind, and soul—we share with the beasts of the field, and which must crumble into the dust it came from. Let us give our bodies all they require and all they crave, and let the rest go hang.

One of my pet "economy plans" is doing without haircuts as much as possible. What a large number of ninepences we might save if only we wore our hair as Mr Lloyd George wears his!

The cause of economy in the school would be greatly furthered if slates were used in the mathematical department. I have used (approximately) two dozen scribblers since I entered Class Six. Two dozen scribblers at twopence each cost 4s. I trust I shall in a short time have forgotten all the mathematics I ever learned, but I shall not have forgotten my 4s. Imagine what could be done with 4s. Think of the poor miners who cannot get enough food. Yet every boy who passes through Classes VI.-X. of the High School wastes at least 7s 6d on scribblers. If I were able to do arithmetic I might calculate how many pounds have been wasted since mathematics began to be taught in the school. Unless some new method is adopted this wicked extravagance will continue. It will thus become the duty of loyal citizens, either to burn down the school or to shoot the mathematical masters.

It is all very well to be economical in our own affairs, but who would think of considering other people's? Certainly not the young gentlemen who play football with other people's caps in the cloakrooms. Talk about wear and

tear! I wish it were the tearers instead of wearers who had to pay for caps. The thing, however, has a more serious aspect. The weather has been cold this week. My cap has completely disappeared. If I had caught rheumatic fever or pneumonia and departed prematurely from this vale of tears would the school

Governors have paid my undertaker? I trust, however, that my hair-cutting economy has saved me.

The fire is burning low now, and I must husband the remaining hours of darkness, some of which I have spent (not squandered) in writing an article for the Mag.

The Hockey Tournament.

THE Annual Seven-a-Side Tournament, which constitutes such a pleasant wind-up to the Hockey season, took place at the Grounds on Saturday, 9th March, before a fairly large attendance of spectators. The conditions overhead and underfoot were reminiscent of our Sports Day, and one might have been pardoned for supposing that the first Saturday of June had actually arrived. The pitches were in splendid condition, beautifully lined out, and Mr MacLaren had every reason to congratulate himself that his organisation and attention to details had everything in "apple-pie" order.

Fast and keen play followed throughout, and we cannot remember any tournament where the standard of play was so evenly maintained. An indication of this is afforded by the fact that the Captain of the F.P.s' "Seven," Mrs Sinclair, "capped" for Scotland two or three seasons ago, remarked at the close of the tournament that the P.P.s' "seven" had given the F.P.s their best game and the hardest seven minutes. When we note that the F.P.s won the tournament and that the P.P.s were "wooden spoonists" we see that the teams for the year were pretty much on a par.

The F.P.s won worthily, a slight error in defence losing them the last match and depriving them of an unbeaten certificate. D. Grant, at back, never over-worked, provided thrills throughout the afternoon by clearing her lines with first-time hits and with many daring tackles. The halves maintained a tight grip

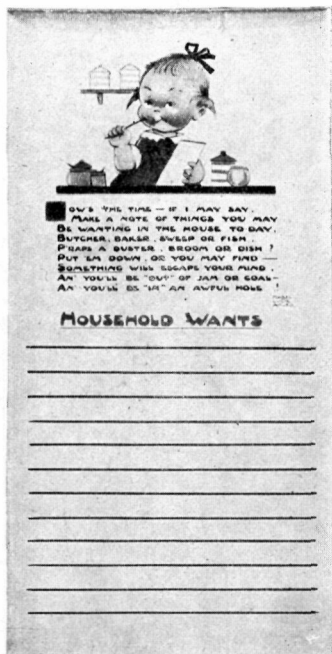
of the various opposing forwards and linked up in many clever movements with their own front line. If fault is to be found, the half-backs might have parted with the ball sooner than they did, because nothing unsettles a defending team more than fast, swinging play. The forwards were good without being brilliant, L. M'Pherson playing pluckily in spite of an early ankle injury.

Perth Academy, for good, all-round teamwork deserved to be runners-up, and were the best school team on view.

Coming to the team which interests us most—our own—we must admit that though they didn't produce "the goods" they were great in defeat. With a scoring centre-forward, we should have occupied third place possibly in the chart. There was a fatal inability to clinch the argument "in the circle," and previous good work in the outfield was often frittered away by feckless shooting. No team worked harder or went down fighting more gallantly. The defence covered itself with glory, not more than one goal being conceded in any match. The forwards ought to have made more use of what chances they got. All over we had the lightest team in the field and that always accounts for so much. There is no reason for discouragement; we had lean years in "rugger." After all, it is the team-spirit, it is morale, it is the game that matters—not individual gain or glory; and our P.P.s showed these things at their best that afternoon.

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India.

INDIA has sometimes been called the Pearl of the Orient, and one has only to see that rich and fascinating country to understand how it has ever merited that title. One gets the impression at once of its beauty and wealth by its wonderful buildings and their gorgeous interiors. The most beautiful and most wonderful building in the world is in India, the Taj-Mahal at Agra, a tomb erected by an Indian ruler, Shan Jehan, in memory of his favourite wife, Mahal. It is built entirely of white marble, studded with precious gems in the interior. Miniatures of it are made by the natives, and are to be found all over the world. There is a beautiful example in the Dundee Museum, Albert Square, which is well worth seeing, also a description of the tomb and its meaning. The buildings in India are mostly of brick covered with sand-plaster, which shines brightly after rain in the brilliant sunshine. The approach to the houses and the roads in the parks, etc., are laid with crushed bricks, and with the red roads, the green grass, which is mostly forced, and the sand-coloured houses, India is in many parts most picturesque. The poorer districts are as interesting and pretty in their own way. One sees in the Mofussil (country), houses built of mud and straw from the rice plant, which is the staple food.

The native is a most patient being who considers time of no value whatever. Should he lose a train he lies down on the station platform and goes to sleep until the next one arrives. He is very lazy and will never wait standing if he can sit or lie about, so there one sees them squatting all over the platform, and the other passengers have sometimes difficulty in getting past. If a European comes along some get out of the way and some do not bother. They are like all other races, some having nice manners, others having bad.

They are very religious, all saying their prayers, bowing to the sun, etc., whether they are good Hindus or bad. They are very faithful servants once they get to like the white people, and they become very much attached to their sahib and mem-sahib (white man and woman) also the the white man's children, whom they adore, especially if they are boys. They are called the chota-sahibs, and are worth ever so much more than girls in their eyes. The natives are very passionate when roused, and would kill, therefore they are never allowed firearms; hence the knife is their favourite weapon. Ghurkas, native soldiers, are better with their knives than with guns, and used them with deadly effect during the Great War. Some natives are very clever and can be taught any kind of trade. Engineers, mechanics, and builders, etc., can be most successfully trained, and can be relied on. The Babu, or educated native, is trained for business and the professions. As a doctor the Babu is excellent, and the high caste native is a thorough gentleman, nearly always slim of build, very nice-looking, and speaking perfect English, it is difficult to realise sometimes that he belongs to a different race from ourselves.

CHOTA SAHIB.



Hugo Went A-Poaching.

Hugo went a-poaching in his father's Sunday hat;

Hugo went a-poaching and caught a water rat;
Hugo went a-poaching one lovely summer's day,

But alas for Hugo a policeman came his way.

The policeman's boot was heavy, and Hugo's seat was sore,

So when they let him home that night he swore he'd poach no more.

THE POETICAL FIVE (Class V.).

A Sleepless Night.

LAST summer I had the misfortune to be stranded about eleven o'clock at night on a lonely Highland moor. My car had been gradually losing power, and finally came to a standstill at the foot of a hill. I could not discover what was wrong, and was intending to pass the night as I was, when I saw a light far over on my left. I was not acquainted with that part of the country, but a light must surely mean a house. I might perhaps be able to spend the night there. To add to my discomfort it began to rain heavily, and I was very wet by the time I reached my destination.

This proved to be a large house, and seemed to be surrounded by other buildings. I tried to locate the bell, but had eventually to use the knocker. From somewhere at the back of the house a dog started howling. Soon I heard a footstep inside the house and heard the door being unbolted. A gruff voice asked what I wanted, and I explained my case as well as I could. The owner of the voice seemed to be satisfied, and I was permitted to enter. From what I could see, my host was a very tall man.

Evidently he had not yet retired for the night, for I was shown into a large room where a fire was blazing. After removing my wet clothes I sat down, and a long period of silence ensued during which my host studied me intently.

A number of old pistols and swords hung on the walls of the room. The furniture was old-fashioned and was probably very valuable. It was after midnight when I was shown to my bedroom, but after I lay down, try as I might, I could not sleep. Suddenly I heard a door banged downstairs. I arose from bed and opened the door, glanced into the hall, where two men were speaking; one I knew, was my host. They were speaking quietly,

but I distinctly heard the word "kill." I shuddered with horror, and thought of the swords in the room downstairs and my feeble chances against them. I silently closed the door and locked it.

I could not sleep at all that night. I lay awake in feverish anxiety lest my would-be murderers should catch me unawares. When morning dawned I was exhausted, and resolved to make my way downstairs.

My host was standing in the dining-room when I entered, and bade me good morning. By his subsequent manner towards me I wondered whether I had not been mistaken last night. Suddenly I heard someone knocking at the front door, and my host said—"That will be the butcher. We are to kill the pig to-day."



Song of the Leavings' Candidate.

Spring, the sweet spring,
Makes my little heart sing,
And I can't learn a thing
For the Leavings.

My toil's not begun,
And it's almost set-sun—
How I wish I were done
With the leavings!

So I waste all my time
Scribbling doggerel rhyme,
And I don't feel quite prime
For the Leavings.

Now, Editor, dear,
This is satis, I fear,
For it's getting so near
To the Leavings.

And if I must fail
I shall weep and eke wail;
But there's this to be said,
It will be on *your* head.

BY ONE OF THEM.

After Easter.

What will be worn at D.H.S.

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Cricket.

THE origin of cricket, like the origin of so many of our present-day sports, is clouded in mystery. No one could put his finger on a date and say, "Cricket was played for the first time here." One can, however, easily imagine a couple of Ancient Britons throwing a "ball" to each other in turn. Mr A. might then try to throw it past Mr B.; Mr B. would of course try to prevent this. From this the idea of defending something would arise. Then the bat would spring from the inability of Mr B. to defend his "wickets" with his bare hands. And so on.

It has been found from words and expressions in old writings that cricket in some shape or form was played round about the twelfth century. From the twelfth century to the eighteenth century there is very little known, and then a match is reported to have been played between the City of London and Kent. Which team won we do not know, for the teams quarrelled about some matter, and the "cricket match" was fought out in the Law Courts. After this the game improved greatly.

Frederic, son of George II., played the game himself, and also took great interest in the teams then playing, the most important of which were Kent, Surrey, Middlesex, Norfolk, and Hampshire. Apparently in those days great sums of money depended on the results of the various matches. I wonder if they had "bookies."

Well through the eighteenth century cricket was played with only two stumps and a single bail across. Beneath this there was a hole where the batsman put his bat when running. The wicketkeeper had to put the ball in this hole also when he tried to run out the batsman. The third stump was added soon after this, but it was not till 1817 that the second bail was

added, and in this year also the wickets were made the present-day size.

The Marylebone Cricket Club, Lord's Ground, was the first club to be established, and is the supreme legislative assembly as regards cricket at the present day. J. B. M.



Letter to the Editor.

Dear Sir,—

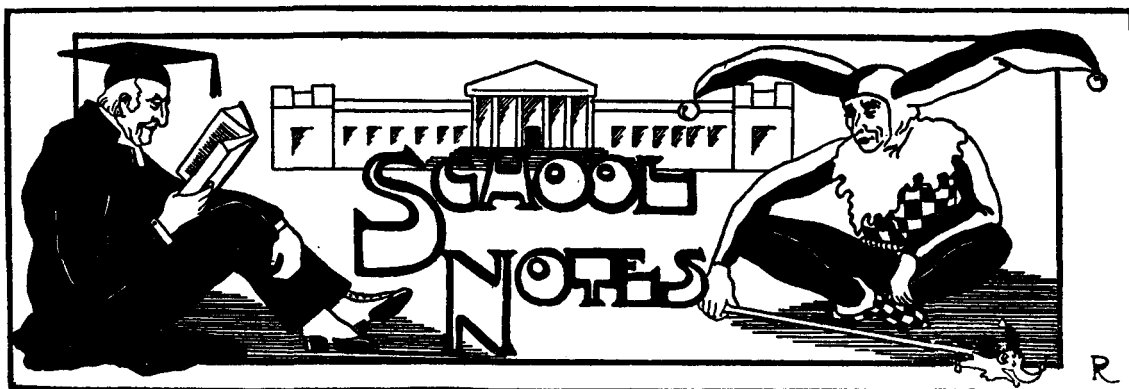
I have read the letters written on the subject of School Uniform, written obviously by inexperienced and foolish people. Now perhaps you will listen to me. Being a maiden aunt, getting on in years, and consequently in experience, and never having had acquaintance with children of any kind, I feel myself perfectly qualified to give advice. Here it is—Abolish the ridiculous uniform decided upon, and adopt this: instead of gym. costume and blouses, a desirable garb can be made of black-and-white gingham, surmounted by a white pinafore. There's sense for you—and economy! As for pullovers—ridiculous! Make the young ladies knit themselves grey woollen shawls to wear upon their shoulders. Shoes? Rubbish! They should wear black elastic-sided boots. Black stockings are the only sensible item! Certainly let them be black, but let them be hand-knitted (by the young ladies). As for headgear, since mitches seem just a little out of fashion, the shawls I have mentioned above will serve for that purpose also.

I have said enough to direct you on to the straight path, from which you have unforgivably strayed. Begin again. Let your motto be "Black-and-white economy," even as this is set down in black-and-white.

I remain,

Alas for ever

Maiden Aunt Tabitha Primskins.



Mr W—b (tearing leaf from calendar) :—
 “ Even the Calendar says it’s glad to see the
 end of the week. It says ‘ Good Friday. ’ ”

Class 1A Girls :—

Masculine

King

Lion

Feminine

Queen

Mrs Lion

Teacher :—“ What is an optimist? ”

Girl :—“ An optimist is a person who sorts
 your eyes. ”

Teacher :—“ What does it mean when it says
 that Jupiter Pluvius spoiled the game? ”

Girl :—“ A football player who came to the
 game and wiped out all the others. ”

Teacher :—“ Why do people go to Skye? Do
 they think it’s nearer heaven? ”

Teacher :—“ Is this because of mere whimsi-
 cal fancy? ”

Al—s—n :—“ No, sir, we’re not all here. ”

Mr L—d (Tennyson’s “ Lotus Eaters ”)
 —“ What suggests softness here? ”

M—ck—y :—“ Shadowy granite. ”

Mr L—d :—“ If pupils did not have names,
 how could a teacher distinguish one from the
 other? ”

M—th—son :—“ Brand them. ”

Mr W—b :—“ Williamson, you’re standing
 there wagging your head like a tomtit in a
 cocoanut. ”

Examination Papers :—

“ Ye Towers of Julius, London’s lasting
 shame. ” (The Bard.)

Pupil (feeling the election influence) :—“ The
 Towers of Julius are the Houses of Parliament,
 of which London will be ashamed for ever. ”

Pupil (commenting on Porter scene in “ Mac-
 beth ”) :—“ The swearing of the Porter also
 tends to relieve the feelings of the audience. ”

(Golfing papas, take note.)

Br—m—er :—“ The usual method of High-
 land attack was to fire their guns and run after
 them. ”

Student :—“ Let x = price of 1/- tickets. ”

Class VIII. :—“ Irony is an adjective derived
 from the noun iron. ”

Example :—“ The iron entered his soul. ”

“ Bien en face ” = Beautiful.

Mr W—b :—“ What is ‘ une semelle ’? ”

Puzzled silence.

Mr W—b :—“ You should know. You live
 in Broughty Ferry. ”

Mr N—c—l (to Philip whistling) :—“ What
 are you doing, boy? ”

Philip :—“ Whistling, sir. ”

Mr N—c—l :—“ Then for goodness’ sake
 get a change of bird seed. ”

Not “ Scotch ” enough !

Girl (5G²) (on '15 Rebellion) :—" The Old Pretender did not cheer them up much because he did not have much spirits in him."

Mr L—d :—" Who wrote ' Dora '?"

Class :—" Jix!"

From Geography Paper :—

Q—" Who suggested the making of meat extracts?"

A—" Baron de Bœuf."

Mr St—k—r :—" What kind of animal eats only grass?"

Dr—ry :—" Vegetarian."

" George " (Class IX.), as he crosses between the Schools on 15th February, the day of the snowstorm :—" Really, if it goes on like this I'll have to bring an umbrella."

Geography :—" New Zealand has a climate similar to our own, and therefore settlers do not have to accustom themselves to a new climate. They will have rain all the year round."

Mr C—z—w :—" Boy, what have you to say?"

Boy :—" Nothing, sir."

Mr C—z—w :—" Well, if you've nothing to say, don't say it here."

Teacher :—" I see your lips moving. I hear them distinctly."

Mr Legge :—" What is the capital of Russia?"

Reoch (excited by calamity near at hand) :—" Please, sir, Jimmy Forbes is having trouble with his braces."

Mr W—b (consoling Brown, Class IV., with toothache) :—" Put your head through the window and the pane will go away."

Mr St—k—r :—" All the half-starved dogs in town couldn't catch a hare. You go and try."

Pupil (translating French) :—" The horse has hooves under which the smith nails shoe-horns."



Swotting for Highers.

We've a boy at the High School; I'm sure you'll agree

He's a source of great worry to his dad and to me,

When we're playing a game he always retires
Murmuring a something like, " Swottin' for m'highers."

The sun brightly shines when he gets home
to me,

And we gaily propose a walk after tea,
His brows get o'er-clouded, a spark his eye
fires,

But he murmurs distinctly, " Swottin' for m'highers."

When it's cloudy and dull and the gloaming is
near,

We think of the pictures, our hearts they may
cheer;

Though the film should be famous, one of the
high fliers,

He grabs his book groaning, " Swottin' for m'highers."

" Is it worth while, this swotting?" I say to
his dad,

" He's so absent-minded, his manners are
bad."

" Have patience a bit when to M.A. he aspires,
You'll be pleased he was happy ' Swottin' for
his highers.' "

NAMOR.

The Apparition.

I SAT up in bed and looked around me. The dim moonlight peeped shyly into my bedroom, around which the hot air swooned, causing me to have a feeling of uneasiness and fear, which was encouraged by the frequent rattling of a window, and the moaning of the wind down the chimney, where the slack chimney-can creaked and rattled in the breeze.

I looked dreamily at my luminous watch, which hung at my bedside. It was about 11 p.m. and I was just about to put my head beneath the bedclothes, and forget about my fear, when suddenly a dim light pierced the distant gloom and a low rumbling noise was heard. As the ghostly light loomed nearer the rumbling grew louder, and rattled like the dry bones of an ancient skeleton.

The suspense was terrible. What could it be? The noise still continued while the light came nearer, until I was almost petrified by its ghastly appearance. My clothing stuck to my back, and the beads of perspiration streamed down my face. I could stand it no longer, so, with a courageous effort I jumped out of bed, and approached the window pausingly, and opened the curtain—what a sight, the last tram had just passed for Broughty Ferry.

EDGAR SWALLOWS, Class V.

A Burst Pipe.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the morning and evening papers and also wireless messages to householders strongly advised the turning off of the water taps during intense frost, we paid no attention and suffered the penalty.

One morning about three o'clock father and I were wakened by a loud hissing noise, and rising to investigate the trouble we discovered a deluge of water running down the staircase. Proceeding upstairs to the bathroom we observed a pipe pouring forth water like a fireman's hose. The water as it rushed from

the pipe hit the ceiling and descended like a perfect shower bath, from which father got full benefit.

By this time everybody was roused from their beds, and a search was made for the water key, for nobody knew where it was. During the search I went into the kitchen and discovered a sufficient depth of water to sail my model yacht, and I should have done so had it not been so early in the morning.

At last the water-key was unearthed, and the water turned off, but by this time the house was nearly flooded and the water seemed to have gone in amongst the foodstuffs, clock, piano, in fact nearly everything; so we heartily resolved never to disregard such warnings again.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Millions.

FEW people recognise what a one with six nothings after it means. Often people exaggerate and say that they saw millions of birds flying together, or that they have millions of friends. If only they knew it, they are showing, to a great extent, their ignorance of figures.

For example, a million pennies, placed side by side, would stretch for thirteen miles, and if put one on top of the other would be over a mile high.

Ask a friend how long ago he thinks a million days would be. Some might guess a hundred years, some the Wars of the Roses, and the most venturesome might hazard the Norman Conquest. In reality it is 2739 years ago—that is, 810 B.C. Your friend will now have some idea of what a million means, but ask him how far back a million hours would be. The correct answer is 114 years. Another striking example: if a motor car was to travel round a racecourse for the distance of a million miles at the speed of fifty miles per hour without a stop, it would have to go for two years.

MILLE, Class V.

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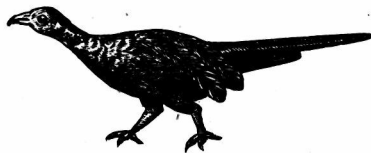
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CLEPINGTON ROAD, DUNDEE.

Boiling The Kettle.

THERE is an art in boiling the kettle which has probably never occurred to any but the greatest of minds.

First, let us make clear what is meant by boiling the kettle. A foreigner, hearing the expression for the first time, would be puzzled. He would naturally think someone intended for some obscure reason or other to put the kettle in a cauldron of water or some other liquid, which would be brought to the boiling point so that the kettle might be thoroughly cleansed or cooked or something of that sort.

Which reminds me of a conundrum I heard the other day—"What is the difference between a boil on the neck and one in the kettle?" It was an awfully good conundrum, I know, for I laughed uproariously at the answer. Unfortunately I went home and tried it on Brother Jim, and forgot the answer. As a result I have a black eye and he has a tender nose. My main purpose in mentioning the conundrum at all is to ask if any of my readers who know the answer will let me have it, so that I may convince Brother Jim that his answer, "Because they are both hot," is an impossible one. That is what caused all the trouble.

I could not get him to understand that a riddle which asked for a difference could not be answered by saying, "Because they both do a certain thing." His reply was, "Well, they are both hot, and if you had had one like I had at Christmas you'd jolly well know about it." We argued about this till Jim lost his temper, and if I hadn't kept cool things might have happened. After all, a tender nose and a black eye are nothing. You can get either at a friendly game of Rugger. The worst of it was that father came in as referee and we were both ordered off the field. Jim blamed me and what he called my mouldy riddle. So you see I'm anxious to get that exceedingly funny answer again.

However, that has very little to do with the art of boiling a kettle. It is merely what is called a digression—thought you have pro-

bably noticed that often the digressions are the most interesting parts of an article. It is like walking along a main road, when suddenly you come to a tempting little path leading into a wood. You know it won't help you any to get to your destination, but you wouldn't miss that adventure into the wood for anything.

The last time Brother Jim and I did this we were chased by an angry keeper and a dog. Jim had great difficulty in persuading mother that the tear in the seat of his trousers was merely the result of normal wear and tear. He said also that the next time I wanted him to come with me into a wood he wouldn't, and I had to biff him to make him stop laughing at his rotten joke.

The art of boiling a kettle: I feel I could write screeds about it. What's that? The kettle boiling over on the gas, and I'm supposed to be in charge of it! Excuse me—some other time I'll tell you all about it; in the meantime I'd better get that mess wiped up before mother sees it. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I'm sure you'll understand and sympathise.

D. D.



Mummy Shopping.

Half a yard, half a yard, half a yard more,
For a navy gym, tunic, I sure have galore;
I'll shape it, and pleat it, and press it so neat,
And smart it will look when I've got it complete.
Remnants to right of me, remnants to left of
me,
Remnants all sides of me, their loud colour
clashing;
Dazzled and tempted sore, alas, I need buy no
more
For my little girls want the D.H.S. "fashing."
All clad in navy blue, light blouse, school
colours, too,
Girls of the D.H.S. intend to be dashing,
Panamas or velour, black shoes and stockings,
sure,
Proudly they'll wear it all, their bright eyes
a-flashing.

NAMOR.

Famous Expresses.

THE most famous express in Great Britain is the "Cornish Riviera," of the Great Western Railway. This train runs from Paddington to Plymouth, a distance of 226 miles—the longest non-stop journey in the world.

Some expresses are made up of Pullman cars only, such as the "Harrogate," "Sheffield," "Southern Belle," "Thart," and "Clacton." People who travel by those trains travel in luxury at a small cost, and it is not surprising that some are very popular.

Scotland also has two famous expresses, the "Grampian," and the "Granite City," going from Glasgow to Aberdeen. The "Furthest North" travels between Inverness and Wick and Thurso.

In the days before the war, Europe had many fine expresses, notably those to Switzerland and Italy and the South of France, some of which have been restored. Two of the best known to British and American travellers are the "Simplon" and "St Gothard," taking their names from the famous tunnels. Higher fares are generally charged by such trains, and it is necessary to reserve seats or sleeping berths beforehand. Belgium, too, has its trans-Continental expresses, with connections from London, via Ostend; and Holland, these from Flushing and the Hook of Holland.

Asia includes many countries; China, Japan, Siam, have some very creditable expresses; but India has the most important. There we find the fast Bombay-Calcutta trains, the "Delhi Mail," and the "Poona Race Specials," from Bombay.

In America there are expresses between big cities a thousand miles or so apart, such as the "Pennsylvanian Limited," the "Twentieth Century Limited," the older "Empire State Express," and scores of others. Many have fancy names, taking, for example the "Katy Flyer," the "Olympian," and so on

BEETLE ENTHUSIAST (Class V.).

Jones's Article.

JONES thought that to write an article for a magazine was the easiest thing in the world, but he soon found out that he was mistaken. This was how it came about.

Jones had been telling his schoolmates what a wonderful journalist he was, and they were sick of hearing him. They told their master, therefore, and he asked Jones to write an article for the School Magazine. He was given a week to do it in.

That day Jones went home wishing he had never boasted about articles. He lay in bed all night thinking about it, and in the morning he was dead tired for want of sleep. He fell asleep twice in the train on his way to school, and when he got there he was incapable of doing any work. When asked what the name of the river is that London stands on he said, "The article, sir," and he got six of the strap. At lunch time he was asked what he wanted, and when he said, "Boiled article, please, with turnip," everybody in the lunch-room laughed.

On the way home in the train he nearly went past his station thinking about his article. As it was his train had started again, and he had to jump off, getting a row from the station-master for doing so.

Next day at history time he was asked, "What were the Five Articles of Perth?" The answer he gave was, "They are needed for a Magazine, and I have to write one." Needless to say, he got another six.

At the baths he almost drowned, for as he lay floating, thinking about an article, a big boy pushed him under water. He looked really ill at the end of five days from thinking what to write about, and he went quite off his food. On Sunday he had thought about an article in church, and did not know anything about the sermon. He was thrashed at home for that.

Even after all his thinking, at the end of the week he could not write an article of any sort, so he got another six.

MACARONI SPAGETTI, Class V.

Self-Respect and Good Glasses

ALL of us take a certain amount of pride in selecting those articles in which we must be seen—hats, shoes, clothes. We not only want them to fit well and be comfortable, but they must look well.

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.

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Mending A Burst Water Pipe.

ONE morning during the winter holidays I rose early, as I was going golfing, and went down to the bathroom to wash (as I occasionally do). When I opened the door of the bathroom I was met by a flow of water about six inches deep.

I yelled for father to come and see what had happened, and that worthy gentleman, who was just rising, slipped on his dressing gown and rushed to the bathroom.

On arriving there he took the situation in at a glance, then said, "Mac, don't bother to fetch a plumber. I'll do it myself." I raced away to my tool-chest and took out a soldering bolt and some solder. I thrust the bolt into the fire to heat, and rushed upstairs again.

Father was attempting to enter the bathroom on bare feet, when suddenly he put his foot on a piece of soap under the water, and

slid along the floor on his back, ending up finally half under the bath.

Having struggled to his feet, he searched all the pipes till he found the leak, then he sat on it to stem the flow and panted, "Bring the bolt, quick!" I went and took the bolt from the fire. It was nearly red hot. I returned to the bathroom, where father was holding the solder in one hand and stemming the water with the other. I laid the bolt on a chair beside him, and stepped back to watch operations. Father stretched out his hand to pick up the bolt, watching the leak all the time, and of course he grabbed the wrong end. He let out a howl, and jumped two feet in the air, then ran away to have his fingers bandaged, saying, "For any sake, get the plumber!"

The plumber came and stopped the leak quite easily, and I don't think father will try pipe-mending again.

MAC, Class V.

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Pets.

MY brothers and I between us have had many pets, all quite interesting. First of all we had a dog, which was the common property of the whole household. Then my brothers kept a rabbit for about a week. It died at the end of that time because they would leave the poor animal with no food for about two days, and then stuffed it with as much as it could eat. This treatment, as you can see, did not tend to prolong poor bunny's life, but very quickly killed him.

The next pet was a Persian kitten, given to me by a friend on my fourth birthday. We called him Fluffy, and I kept him for about two years. Though I was fond of him, I could not resist teasing him, and I remember once mixing tea with his milk and adding a few buttons and pieces of string to give it a nice spicy flavour! I was very sorry when I lost him, which was in this way. We were staying with my aunt. She gave him to the milkman as she was afraid Fluffy would chase her chickens. I distinctly remember, as the door closed on the milkman carrying Fluffy away, turning round on my aunt and saying "You beast!"

The next pets were two grey rabbits. I am ashamed to say that I was not the one who looked after my own rabbits! We had them for a year, when one ran away, and a little later the other met an untimely end when it chanced to stray across the path of a Sealyham terrier.

On my eleventh birthday I was given two parakeets, one of which I still have. They are the most beautiful green I have ever seen, and interesting, though not exactly what you might call intelligent. I was fonder of the weaker one, and the other became so jealous that one day his jealousy overcame him, and he killed his brother. He did not show any signs of repentance for his evil deed, and I'm sure he would do just the same again.

We also kept a tortoise and goldfish, but there is nothing very interesting to tell about

them except that the goldfish both died within two months from overeating!

I could tell you a great deal more about my pets, but I must stop, and I hope I have not been boring you too much!



Port nan Gallan.

ONE of the many picturesque spots of Islay is Port nan Gallan. On the cliffs there is a farmhouse which not so long ago, before it was rebuilt and modernised, was made of sods and stones and roofed with thatch. There was no real chimney, but in the centre of the roof was a hole to let out the smoke from an open peat fire which burned in the middle of the floor. This is now all changed.

Walking down a steep ravine and over the rocks we reach the beach. Looking eastward we see a huge arch of rock which is known as the "Wishing Arch." We passed through it, but unfortunately the tide barred our progress. Gazing over the water, we beheld a great pinnacle standing bare and gaunt against the blue sky and suggesting little sympathy for any ill-fated ship that ran against it, as was only too well demonstrated in the case of two ships bearing American soldiers to the Great War. The "Tuscania" and the "Otranto" were befogged off Port nan Gallan, and they ran against the rocks. Before any boats could be lowered they sank. Unfortunately no one was saved, and the farmers had hard work to save even the bodies.

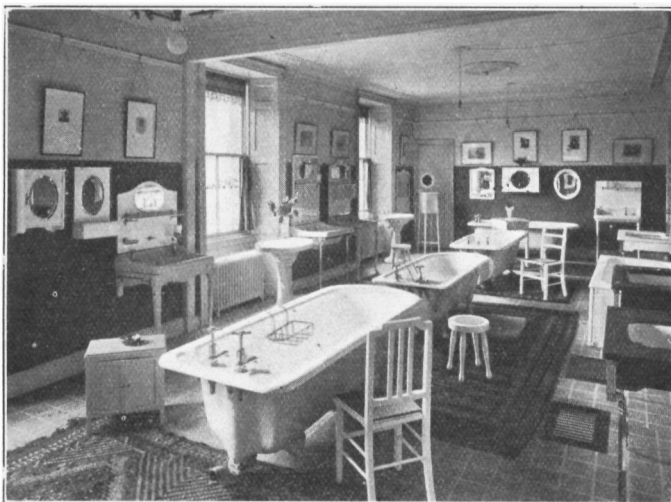
They were buried in a little cemetery overlooking the wreck, where they lay till after the War, when a party of Americans came to take them to their native land. In memory of that fatal day a monument was erected above the cliff.

Retracing our steps, we found many evidences of the wrecks in the shape of broken boats and spars.

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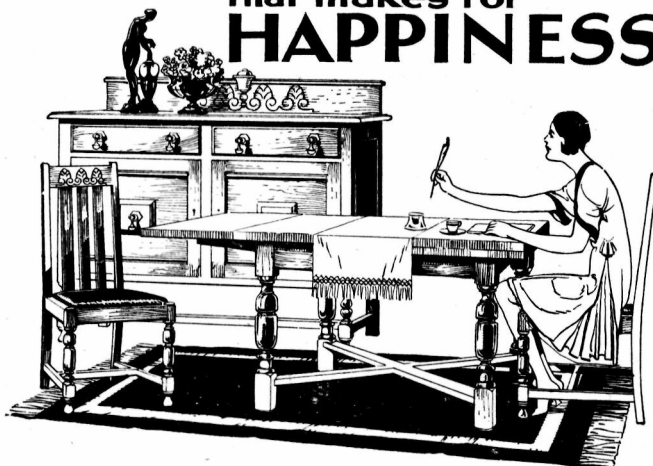
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Girls' Hockey 1st XI.
 1928-29.

Dundee High School
 Magazine.

Odd Examinations.

HAD you happened to be living in Dunfermline, Ceres, Freuchie, or Strathmiglo lately, and attending certain elementary schools there, you would have had quite an amusing time going through various tests. These give indications of special abilities, so that when you left school at fourteen, as most of the children in these schools do, you would have an idea of what kind of work you were best fitted for—whether you should be a plumber, or an engineer, or a ploughman, or an insurance agent, for example. Here are a few of the things which these Fife boys and girls have been doing.

They start off with some tests given to a whole class at a time, in which they have to fill in missing parts of drawings, obey directions such as “If the word ‘macaroni’ has more letters than the word ‘elephant,’ cross out the first letter of the word ‘rat.’ If it has less letters cross out the last letter of the same word. In any case cross out the middle letter.” Think it out! All this has to be done in a short time limit. I wonder how many people could think of four common objects that are *always* red in colour, in 45 seconds? Or underline the correct reply to this question which, as the book put it, “has been printed in an unusual manner,” “Willy out ellmeh ow man year sanelep hanthas?” The alternative replies are—Jack, two, four. One gets half a minute to think this out! These are only a few examples of the questions given in this intelligence paper.

There is a paper in English also where the answers are thoughtfully provided, and one has only to choose the correct one and underline it. One question gives “The (Grampian, Pennine, Kitchen) Range is known as the Backbone of England,” and the correct one of the three answers in the brackets must be underlined.

Several Fifers apparently are convinced that England’s backbone is the kitchen range, and I don’t know that they are altogether wrong!

After the group tests come the individual tests, where the children are given things to do like fitting in little portions of pictures that have been cut out, several alternatives being given, and putting painted blocks together in certain patterns in as short a time as possible. Then they are given a box with ten partitions, in each of which are the pieces required to make ten common objects such as a paper clip, a bicycle hub, and told to put as many as possible together in half-an-hour. Their quickness of finger and dexterity at various tasks are measured also. But the intelligence test is the most interesting of the series to do. This is by far the most amusing test for the examiner.

“I want you to give me as many words as you can in three minutes. Any words will do,” I told a child the other day. He began by naming things in the room, then worked round to myself. “Jersey, tie, brooch, hair, eyes, nose, face, horse, cart, donkey——” he recited without a pause. Well, I ask you!

The wild shots the children make at the meaning of words they don’t know provides some bright moments.

“What does artless mean?” I asked one girl, pointing to the word in a typed list in front of her.

“It’s whaur they keep maps,” she said without hesitation. Another told me that hysterics were men who write history, and yet another defined irony as “kind of rusty.” A dungeon, according to one boy, is “a hole in the ground where they keep coals and whisky”! And forfeit I have had several times defined as a horse’s front paws, and milksop as “whaur they sell milk.”

Finally, the children are asked to write a

composition on "What I should like to be, and why." The gem of the collection I shall quote verbatim.

"I want to go to servis. I don't no."

This gives a most inadequate idea of the sort of thing that the future cives of Ceres,

Freuchie, Strathmiglo, and Dunfermline have been undergoing, but I feel the Editor's eye upon my flowing pen, and I hasten to write (the stock of Latin which I so painfully gleaned eight or nine years ago not wholly deserting me)—Finis.

J. D.

Bobby.

IT is not wise to do or say anything to a child under an injunction not to tell. Here is a story which was told me by Mrs Jones.

A Highland family of some dignity, but not much means was to receive a visit from some English relations for the first time. Great was the anxiety and great were the efforts to make things wear a respectable appearance before these presumably fastidious strangers. The lady had contrived to get up a pretty good dinner, but either from an indulgent disposition or from some defect in her set of servants she allowed her son Bobby, a little boy, to be present instead of relegating him to the nursery. How little was she aware of Bobby's power of torture!

Bobby, who was dressed in a new jacket and a pair of buff-coloured trousers, had previously received strict injunctions to sit at a side table quietly, and on no account to join in the conversation. For a little while he carried out these instructions by sitting perfectly quiet till the last guest had been helped to soup, whereupon during a slight lull in the general conversation Bobby quietly said:—

"I want some soup, mamma."

"You are not allowed to have any soup, Bobby. You must not be always asking for things."

"If you don't give me some soup immediately I'll tell yon!"

The lady seemed a little troubled, and instead of sending Bobby out of the room quietly yielded to his demand. Soup being removed, and fish introduced, there was a fresh demand.

"Mamma, I want some salmon."

"Bobby," said the mother, "you are very forward. You can't get any fish. You must sit quietly and not trouble us so much."

"Well, Mamma, if I don't get some fish, mind I'll tell yon."

"O, Bobby, you're a plague!" and then she gave him the fish.

A little further on in the dinner Bobby observing his papa and the guests taking wine, was pleased to break in once more.

"Papa, I would like a glass of wine!" By this time, as might well be supposed, the attention of the company had been pretty fully drawn to Bobby, about whom, in all probability, there prevailed but one opinion. The father was irritated at the incident.

"Bobby, you must be quiet; you can have no wine."

"Well, papa, if I don't get some wine, mind—I'll tell yon."

"You rascal, you shall have no wine."

"You had better do it," answered Bobby firmly. "Once, twice—will you give me the wine? Come now, mind I'll tell yon. Once, twice——"

The father looked canes and lashes at his progeny. Bobby, however, was not to be daunted.

"Here goes now! Once, twice—will you do it? Once—twice—thrice! My trousers were made out of mother's old window blinds."

Stiff English party dissolves in unrestrained merriment.

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J. R. INGRAM.

A Trip up the Channel.

MY first view of the English Channel was from a homeward-bound P. & O. liner. We entered the Channel on a cold, wet, blustering day, and we were steaming right into the teeth of a howling down-Channel gale. As perhaps 80 per cent. of the passengers had never seen the Old Country before, almost everyone was crowding on the boat-deck, striving to get the first glimpse of the mainland with the aid of powerful field glasses. Unfortunately the visibility was exceedingly poor, being limited to a mere two miles. Every now and then a long dark shape would loom up ahead of us, and quickly materialise into an outward-bound liner racing along, helped by the following wind, and evidently bent on breaking all existing speed records to U.S.A. A strange contrast to these ocean greyhounds was shown when a little tops'l schooner was sighted pluckily fighting every inch of her way against the wind. One moment she would be on the crest of an enormous roller, every spar and rope clearly defined against the dull, leaden sky; the next she would be down in the trough of the seas, completely out of sight but for her closely-reefed topsails. In the late afternoon a British T.B.D. was seen to be coming along in our wake. What a thrilling sight she made! She simply hurled herself through the mountainous waves, throwing up huge clouds of spray which completely hid her bridge and fore-castle from view. As she was logging some thirty knots she soon slipped past us, decks awash, and with her seamen practically "hanging on by their eyelids," as the saying goes. We dipped our ensign, a Morse code message flashed out, and she was gone.

Next morning we woke up to find ourselves lying to off Dungeness in order to pick up the Channel pilot. It was still very misty, and all

that was visible of the mainland was a dull, uninteresting strip of sand-dunes with a lighthouse on a foreshore. Very disappointing, we decided, but just as Folkestone and Dover were sighted the sun burst out and showed us the historic white cliffs of Dover with their remarkably green carpet of grass on top. "How wonderfully green the grass is!" was the one sentence heard all over the ship. Coming as we all did from sun-browned Colonies, the green was indeed most pleasing to the eyes.

The remaining hours of the voyage were crammed with interesting scenes and happenings. The ever-changing coastline, with a tall church spire pointing skywards from a clump of trees, and a seaside town here and there, looked indeed very peaceful and inviting to us weary voyagers. Soon we had shipped the "Mud Pilot," as the Thames river pilot is called, and were making our way up the river to the great capital of the Empire.

We were now looking forward most eagerly to the new experiences facing us in the old Motherland.



The Fairy Queen.

Last night I saw upon the green
The dainty little Fairy Queen,
Around her danced her courtiers staid,
In front her dainty lady's maid.

Each girl was dressed in a beauteous frock,
Each man in a clean embroidered smock;
All dressed in blue and gold and fawn,
They danced all over our croquet lawn.

For an hour they danced around their
Queen,
Then all in a moment our croquet green
Was bare, the fairies having gone
Before the coming of the dawn.

H. S. T.

The Weather.

THE weather is so seldom discussed that I may be allowed to give a few notes, gathered from personal experience, on this world-famous institution.

The weather forms the chief item on the wireless programme—at least I very seldom put on the earphones but I hear a deep, manly voice declaiming something in this fashion—“A deep depression is approaching from the Atlantic. Rain may be expected,” or, “An anticyclone is situated above Scotland, slowly moving south. The wind will rise, approaching a gale by night. Much rain is probable,” or merely, “Further outlook unsettled.” This last nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of one thousand means rain. In fact rain is the commonest phenomenon of British weather.

It usually takes the form of “little drops of water” (then the man at Baxter Park scatters “little grains of sand” to dry up the mess!). These drops may come from north, south, east, west, or any point of the compass between these, and they usually fall to the ground. Vulgar people, instead of using the common little phrase “It is raining,” sometimes lengthen this into “It’s raining cats and dogs.” This expression dates from prehistoric days. Our ancestors, after they had left trees and taken to living in caves, used to be annoyed by homeless pussies and doggies seeking refuge from the rain in the caves; hence it came to be believed that dogs and cats fell from the sky.

It has always been a mystery to me why the fire in volcanoes and in a certain subterranean region, much talked of in Salvation Army circles is not put out by the rain soaking down through the earth. But probably in the first instance the water is used to generate steam power for the frequent eruptions; in the second the superheated steam may be used for some particularly Satanic form of boiling or parboil-

ing torture—we may safely leave this for future consideration.

Some people are lucky; they don’t get any rain, and therefore they never have to wash nor shave. They live in the Sahara and must be the happiest of mortals, though they don’t look it. There is also the man in the moon; he is above the clouds and free from watery worries.

Chez nous, rain may be expected with confidence every Wednesday and Saturday; it is pretty certain to fall on Thursdays and Sundays; a waterproof is almost sure to be necessary on Tuesdays and Fridays.

I am afraid I shall not be allowed any more space in this mag, but I hope to deal with another phenomenon of our weather in the next one; that is, if the Editor has the good taste to appreciate the sterling qualities and educational value of this article and sends it to press. If he does not no one will be any wiser than if they had read it. LA PETITE CHOSE.



Dundee (By Yokel).

Said Jock to Tam, “The nicht we’ll gang
To Dundee in the train;
We’ll ask Jim Broon to come along,
We’ll meet him at East Ha’en.

“In Woolie’s now we’ll tak’ a stroll,
There’s cutties, paints, and woo’—
In fac’, there’s stuff for ilka soul,
And a’ for saxpence, too.

“The Mairket’s a’ ablaze wi’ licht,
The drunk ains a’ around—
Man, what an awfu’ funny sicht
They look upon the ground.

“We’ll gang tae pictures for a while,
And syne we’ll bumpers drain,
We’ll drink the toddy in fine style
Before we board the train.” “JOCK.”

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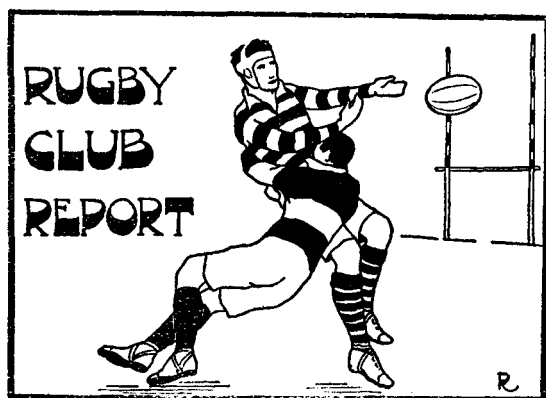


N. Ritchie. D. Duff. M. Sinclair. M. Wallace. D. Grant. M. Murray L. Macpherson.

D.H.S. F.P.'s Seven,
Winners of Annual Hockey Tournament, March 1929.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

Reports.



1st XV.

Once again the Rugby season is over—a season which will be remembered for snow-covered pitches and games postponed. Many a hard-fought struggle has been waged, and, if we have had to admit defeat more often than we hoped, we have never known disgrace. At the beginning of the season the team inspired confidence: it had a nucleus of experienced players from the year before: it was well balanced in the scrum and behind it, and keenness and enthusiasm was rife. Yet time and again we saw that same team just falling short; just failing for lack of sting and penetrative power. They seemed incapable of putting in that little more necessary to tip the scales. But perhaps we are inclined to be too critical; we may unconsciously have based our judgment on the standard of efficiency attained by the teams of the two previous years. Throughout the season each boy has worked hard and has played the game in the real meaning of the word.

In conclusion, we wish to thank Mr Inglis for the keen interest and enthusiastic support he has given us both in our practices and matches.

Characteristics.

D. Wilson.—A hard-working forward with untiring energy who never fails to inspire the others with his example. An all-round player whose weight and ability enable him to break through the opposition on his own when all other efforts at attack have failed. As captain of the team he has proved an able and enthusiastic leader.

G. Ritchie.—Has played stand-off half and inside three-quarter, but is more suited to the latter position. Cuts through well and has a good turn of speed, but is inclined to neglect his wing man. Has a powerful kick to touch, and is fairly sound as a place-kicker, but must learn to run straight.

J. Malcolm.—As inside three-quarter he has played very consistently throughout the season. Takes and delivers a pass well and is very sure in defence. A promising player.

N. Whyte.—A forward of the forceful type who works hard in the loose and uses his feet to advantage, but must learn to drop the ball when tackled. Inclined to overdo the winging game. A reliable place-kicker.

W. Heath.—Has shown steady improvement throughout the season. A source of strength to the pack in attack and defence. Is quite fast, but there is room for improvement in passing.

A. Wallace.—An outside three who uses his brains and is quick to seize an opening, and has scored many brilliant tries in this way. Is very speedy and makes good use of his feet, but is handicapped through lack of weight.

J. Boyle.—Has improved since the beginning of the season. Should try to be more accurate in the delivery of his passes. Inclined to be slow off his mark, but is developing a good swerve and is very sound in defence.

R. Falconer.—A newcomer from New Zealand who has rapidly suited himself to the outside three berth. Possessed of a sound knowledge of the game, he runs strongly and tackles well. With more speed he will be a very dangerous player.

J. Ritchie.—Has assisted us on several occasions with merit. On a dry pitch his speedy wing play is invaluable, but his handling might be improved upon. Although handicapped by his size, it aids his elusiveness.

I. M'Call.—A young player of promise, a plucky tackler, and a good left-foot kick. Must learn to kick with either foot, and should use more judgment when falling on the ball.

R. Morrison.—A nippy scrum half who has come rapidly to the fore this season. Gives a good service to his stand-off, and works the blind side well. Must go harder for his opposite number and should be careful not to overrun the ball.

J. Wilson.—A forward of the winging type who has a strong burst of speed. Is good in the loose and dribbles well. His passing might be improved, and an occasional failing to follow up might be rectified. Should further develop the hand off.

G. Davie.—Very forceful forward who uses his feet and weight to advantage. With more speed he would be a very dangerous member of the pack.

H. M'Dougall.—A hard worker from beginning to end of the game. Speedy in the loose, a good dribbler, and a very useful player in the line-out. Might improve his tackling.

L. Ramsay.—A reliable hooker and a good tight forward with a safe defence. Has been unfortunate regarding injuries which kept him out of the team for a time. A forward of good promise.

W. Philip.—Has a good turn of speed, tackles well, and can make good use of an opening. Has been somewhat disappointing during the latter part of the season after showing signs of being quite a useful forward early on.

T. M'L.

2nd XV.

Unfortunately, very few matches have been played during the Easter Term, the weather having been so bad that the ground was rendered unplayable on most Saturdays. This was most unlucky from our point of view, as the 2nd XV. has greatly improved since the beginning of the season and has shown promise of doing quite well. Both forward and behind the scrum there is a tendency to individualism and a lack of concentration on teamwork. With more practice and experience this will disappear, but in the meantime each player should endeavour to develop the team spirit, and, with this object in view, there is no doubt that by next Rugby season there should be little difficulty in filling the vacancies of the School's 1st XV. Reviewing the whole season, the 2nd XV. have every reason to be proud of the enthusiasm they have for the game and for their refusal to have their spirits damped even in the face of defeat.

T. M'L.

The Houses.

Well done, Wallace! Champions for the third year in succession—a boast of which any House might be proud. The past Rugby season has proved a most unfortunate one for all, the weather both on Saturdays and Wednesdays having been anything but kind for the practice of Rugby football. Nevertheless, the enthusiasm of many of the pupils has never flagged. Several pupils have dropped off since the spell of bad weather set in, and feel loath to begin again with the season nearly at a close. That, of course, is not the spirit, as it is only by turning up regularly that we can really do the best by our House and our School, both of which are depending on us. It is only by consistent effort and wholehearted enthusiasm that the Junior House games will realise their fullest purpose in proving a nursery for the first and second fifteens of the School, which looks to them for the match-winners of the future. Let us make up our minds now that whatever the form of recreation, be it summer or winter, we are to be at the Grounds to support our House on every Saturday, and indeed at all times. To the pupils who have turned out regularly we can only say, "Well played," and to the

house masters who have so willingly given their time and help we wish to express our gratitude and accord our sincere thanks.

T. M'L.

Hockey Report.

Owing to bad weather we have had much trouble in fulfilling our fixture list this term. The Dundee and District Schools XI. match against Aberdeen Schools XI., in which L. Kippen represents D.H.S., will not take place until 20th April.

The following are the results of the season's matches:—

Dec. 22—Grove Academy	Away	2-4
Jan. 12—Harris Academy	Away	4-0
Jan. 19—Grove Academy	Home	2-0
Jan. 26—Perth Academy	Home	1-1
Feb. 2—Bell-Baxter School	Away	4-6
Mar. 16—Morrison's Academy	Away	1-1

During the holidays we had an enjoyable game against the F.P.s, who beat us 5-0.

The following are the results of the 2nd XI. matches:—

Dec. 22—Morgan Academy	Away	2-1
Jan. 12—Bell-Baxter School	Away	4-5
Jan. 19—Bell-Baxter School	Home	4-4
Jan. 26—Perth Academy	Home	1-0

We were very disappointed with our result at the Annual Seven-a-Side Tournament, but hope to do better next year.

We now wish to thank Miss Whytock, Miss Jarvie, and Miss Turnbull for their services and kindly interest.

J. S.

Cadet Corps Report.

(1) **Weekly Drills.**—The Spring Term has seen its full quota of valuable work efficiently and enthusiastically executed. Lieut. Hunter has not had his worries to seek in the unenviable task of clothing the entire Cadet Company. Easter should see the back of the job well broken, and it is hoped that, during the summer term, at least one Saturday morning parade of the whole Corps in uniform can be arranged to take the place of the Thursday and Friday drills.

The recruits show an enthusiasm for their work which is an unfailing source of enjoyment and encouragement to their officers. We hope to let them all see the real thing at camp. For the past three months the Senior Cadets have been introduced to the intricacies of company drill. Keeness in the ranks regarding this branch of their drills is most evident, and N.C.O.s commanding the four platoons have acquitted themselves with as much credit as their limited experience permits.



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With practice, greater precision and sweetness of movement will be obtained. It only demands greater concentration, alertness and judgment on the part of N.C.O.'s to show off the company in its best light in this branch of the work.

(2) Shooting Club.—It is with feelings of unmixed gratification that we announce that, after praiseworthy attempts in past years to annex the premier award in Scotland for miniature rifle shooting by cadets, we have secured for the School the Strathcona Challenge Shield. All honour to the team and to its Instructor. Not only have they added lustre to our "Schola Clara," but they have also made the 1929 Dundee High School Cadet Corps a company that for achievement ranks second to nine since the inception of the Corps. The names of the successful team are:—Sergt.-Major J. S. Ritchie; Sergt. W. Keir; Sergt. J. Ritchie; Cpl. R. Falconer; L./Cpl. A. Reid; Cadet G. Glass.

(3) Summer Camp.—It is impossible to think of a Cadet Corps which has carried off the "Strathcona" going to camp a mere fifty strong. July and the pleasant woodlands of Cortachy will soon be with us. If all parents who are proud that their sons should be members of the Cadet Corps could arrange to plan their holiday in another fortnight than the first one of the Vacation, our troubles would be halved. To those Cadets who have been at camp before we need say nothing. We know that they, like Oliver Twist, want more. To the unfortunates who have yet to lose their kilts and much perspiration in capturing a Cortachy ridge under machine gun and concentrated shell fire we extend the heartiest welcome in one of the most laconic of military messages, viz.—"Veni, Vidi, Vici"—which being interpreted means, "I came, I saw, I conquered." Only by co-operation on the part of the parents and the undoubted enthusiasm of our Cadets can we have a record summer camp. Cadets! you will never experience a finer fortnight's enjoyment. Under canvas, four substantial meals—why "boost" the camp?—the open air, plenty of work, your fill of recreation—what more do you want? Parents! our last word is with you. The Directors of the School know that our camp is worth while, and we look to you for enthusiastic support in this as in other branches of school work.

Girl Guide Report.

The toy-making competition which took place last term resulted in a good number of toys of all descriptions being sent to the Dundee Royal Infirmary and the Children's Shelter, Laurelbanks, in time for Christmas.

We also sent a large quantity of "silver paper" to the Infirmary at the same time, and as a reward for our efforts in this direction we received a certificate from the Silver Circle. Needless to say, this greatly added to

our ardour, and collecting is now going on fast and furious.

During our meetings we have many games and competitions, which arouse keen enthusiasm in the Guides while increasing their knowledge of Guide work.

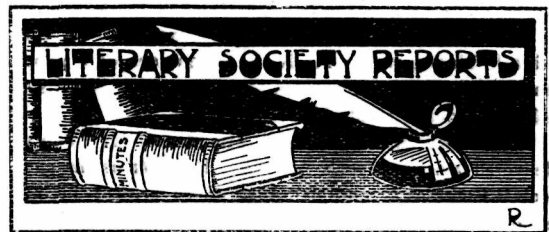
Much of the time this term, however, is devoted to Badge work, as the Badge Tests, which are now held annually, are drawing near and we are all anxious to do our best.

Dancing, too, forms a prominent feature of our meetings, "Petronella," "Scottish Reform," and the ever-popular "Eightsome Reel" being first favourites.

On 20th January we had a church parade to St Clement's Parish Church, the occasion being the Dedication of Colours to that Company.

Finally, we would take this opportunity of thanking our officers for the great interest they take in the Company and for the trouble they take in making our meetings at once helpful and enjoyable.

J. T. F.



Boys' Literary Society Report.

The Christmas term of the Society concluded with a Hat Night on November 30, and the Ninth Class papers on December 7. The Hat Night was very poorly attended—there was not even a quorum—but for all that, at an informal meeting, some interesting questions were discussed. A slightly better attendance assembled on the following Friday to hear Messrs Geo. E. Davie and Wm. Keir read their papers. Mr Davie's was entitled "A Night at the Club," and in it he gave some account of the Johnsonian circle. Mr Keir's paper, "Three Valiant Men," dealt with the characters of Captain MacWhirr, Dugald Dalgetty, and Sydney Carton. Both papers were well enjoyed.

The first meeting of the Society after the holidays was held on 18th January, when the merits of Country Life and Town Life were debated. Mr Davie led for the Town, Mr E. M. Stewart for the country, and the latter, by a brilliant defence of country life, proved successful by 9 votes to 7.

On the following Friday Messrs W. S. Philip and Preston Watson read very interesting and enjoyable papers on two such diverse characters as "Cesare Borgia" and "Robbie Burns" respectively.

On Friday, 1st February, we heard two interesting Seventh Class papers. Mr J. Meotti read a well-written and graphic account of a "Visit to Borneo," while from Mr Ian Garden we listened to a novel and exciting description of the methods of Burke and Hare and the rest of the "body-snatchers."

On the next Friday a large and appreciative audience heard Mr J. R. Legge, M.A., lecturing on "Ballads." Mr Legge discussed in an interesting way the whole question of the ballad, illustrated his remarks by reciting in his forceful and melodious manner some of the best of those fine old poems, and thus held his hearers' attention from start to finish.

On 15th February we heard an instructive and well-informed essay from Mr J. C. Ritchie on "Red Russia," in which he described the whole of the revolutionary methods of the Soviet and the present state of Russia.

The Sixth Class papers followed on 22nd February. Mr J. S. A. Hynd described in excellent fashion a "Visit to London," while Mr A. D. Alexander gave us a very interesting paper on the "Migration of Birds," in which he enlightened our ignorance of the subject.

On the following Friday, 1st March, we heard two fine Eighth Class papers. Mr R. S. Aiken read us a paper on Lindberg, the celebrated airman, while Mr Stevenson told us about a holiday in Yorkshire.

On 8th March, before a fair attendance, Mr Cadzow delivered his President's Address. He took as his subject "Etchings," and delighted those present by his entertaining exposition of that form of art. His lecture was illustrated by splendid lantern slides and was greatly enjoyed.

During the past few months the Society has been sadly neglected by the School. The attendances, with a few notable exceptions, have been very poor, and on one occasion we failed to muster even a quorum of ten. But though our numbers have been scanty the enthusiasm shown by the regular attenders, especially by the younger members, has quite compensated for this and has helped to make the session a very enjoyable one. The speaking has been brisk and keen; the debating of a high standard. But for this and for those pleasant evenings we have spent it is to Mr Cadzow that thanks must be rendered. We are exceedingly grateful to him for that good humour, that enthusiasm, and that helpfulness which he has shown in all the Society's business, and we hope that in the future he will retain his former interest in and goodwill towards the Society.

Girls' Literary Society.

On Friday, 18th January, the first meeting of 1929, the Society heard selected poems read by some of the members. Miss Mackenzie and Miss Ferrier read "Bab Ballads," and Miss Cosh and Miss Simpson read parodies

on well-known poems. The poem read by Miss Dewar was also very amusing.

On Friday, 1st February, four members of Class IX. gave us delightful papers. Miss Mackenzie's subject was "A Trip to the U.S.A."; Miss Ferguson spoke of "The Schaedagon Pagoda"; Miss Glass of "Edward Lear," and Miss Ferrier described "Old Castles of Scotland." All the papers were very much appreciated.

On 8th February we held another play-reading night, which was just as successful as the previous one. The plays chosen were "The Dear Departed" and "The Grand Cham's Diamond." Both plays were very well acted, and were much enjoyed by the audience.

On 15th February, Class X. papers were read. Miss Fernie read a clever and amusing paper on "Irish Life," Miss Cosh's delightful paper was on "Deeside," and Miss Simpson spoke on "Ian Hay," the well-known novelist.

On the following Friday the Society met in the Science Lecture Room to hear one of the most enjoyable lectures we have ever had. Mr Ernest M'Pherson told us in a most interesting way of "A Ramble in the Garden of France." The lecture was illustrated by beautiful slides and was greatly appreciated.

On 1st March we held our last meeting for this session. Miss Park's address was on "The Misty Isle of Skye," and was very much enjoyed by all the members. The Secretary then thanked Miss Park for all she had done for the Society, and presented her with a book as a token of gratitude. Miss Park thanked the Secretary and the Artist, and presented each with a book.

Our funds are in a flourishing condition. The attendance at the meetings throughout the session has been very good. I should like to thank the Treasurer and the Committee for all their valuable help, and the members for their excellent attendance.

E. A. S.

Lawn Tennis—D.H.S.F.P.

The Annual Meeting was held in the Girls' High School on Wednesday, 20th March. The following office-bearers were elected for the forthcoming season:—

President, Mr A. W. Mudie; Vice-President, Miss M. A. Cargill; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr W. S. Phillips; Gent.'s Match Secretary, Mr G. H. Gibson; Ladies' Match Secretary, Miss J. M. Howe; Gent.'s Selection Committee—Messrs E. H. Milne, G. C. Scott, J. F. Stewart, and G. H. Gibson, also ex officio the President and Hon. Secretary and Treasurer; Ladies' Selection Committee—Misses I. B. Stewart, J. M. Howe, M. M. Nicoll, and M. C. Webster, also ex officio the Vice-President; Auditor, Mr A. T. Millar. Mr A. W. Mudie was re-elected to represent the Club on the Recreation Committee.

W. S. P.

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