

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 45

JUNE 1929

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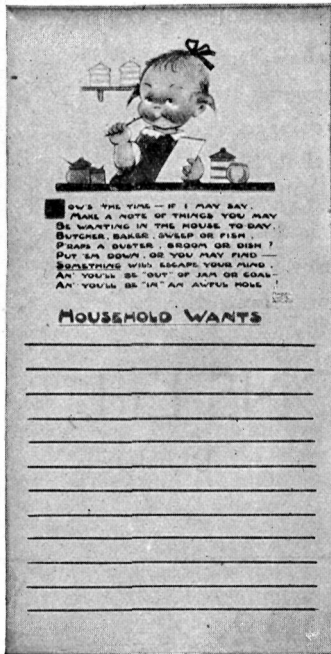
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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 45]

JUNE, 1923.

[FOURPENCE

Editorial.

GATHER round, everybody! Here we are again with a first-rate Summer Number packed full of criticisms and witticisms, odes and oddities, puns, prognostications, etc. No mere catch-penny print is this to be glanced at then cast away, but a veritable ktema esaei or, in plain language, a really decent bit of work.

After a very pleasant term especially notable for Strathcona Shields — Marksmen, we commend you—for Sport's days—Champion Smith, we congratulate thee — and for the new uniforms—Girls, we give our approval—our magazine comes into your hands just as you are packing up for the holidays. Ah, blessed word! How soon they will be here. Even now we fancy we see our readers perusing these pages under the blue skies and the blazing sun of a perfect July. Even as we sit in our sanctum, our all-seeing editorial eye watches the weary warriors of Cortachy, healthy, hardy, and sun-tanned, plodding along some dusty road to the skirl of the pipes—a living testimony to the efficiency of the Corps. Methinks, too, that we behold our Kirkmichaelian maids sitting round their campfire in the gloaming under a reddening sky. Our preceptors we view disporting themselves with dignity and restraint on verdant fairway or ruddy blaize, enjoying a well-earned respite from toil. Another vision—

A plague upon these visions! Even your editor, you see, is drunk with holiday spirit—that glorious drink compounded of golfing, bathing, camping, climbing, and idling. No, we cannot wait. Readers all, we depart to-night for Bunkumville, leaving your editress (bless her) to finish this screed. Au revoir! and a good holiday to you all!

Thanks, Editor, for your kind wishes for a good holiday. The Editress admires your chivalry in departing for Bunkumville and leaving her to finish this prodigious task with the (alas!) all too feeble power of her feminine brain. Such is the average man, girls; take a lesson while you have yet time.

As your Editor remarks, the past term has been notable for a number of things, but he has omitted to mention a remarkable change that has come over certain former pupils. Who would have thought that those trembling youths who so few years ago adorned the back of the room like tropical plants that cling to the glass of the hothouse, would, in their toga'd days achieve such success as to be held up as models to the poor pupils of to-day? Remarkable! F.P.'s we are proud of you.

The Girls' Gala is now a thing of the past, but a memorable thing. Now at last, after so many years the School has defeated the F.P.'s. Well done, School! The Boys' Gala is in a day or two, and that reminds me. Whence has

come this strange and extraordinary desire to do extra maths? The girls had an Arithmetic Race at their gala; the boys, I believe, are going to have an Equation Race? 'Tis marvellous, truly. I wonder if there would be as many competitors in a Vergil Unseen Race or a Shakespeare Sonnet Race. Some day, perhaps, we shall have all our lessons mixed up with sports. Mr Meiklejohn will tell us, as we are coming rushing in to do our Just Nows, that he has pinned them up at the top of the ropes in the Gym; or perhaps Mr Borland will take us up to the Grounds and arrange us in line; then at the blow of his whistle off we shall go, through barrels and over hurdles, to find at the end a history problem to solve. Such things may happen.

But for the present, the term has ended, or just as good as ended. As the chairman says at the beginning of his two hours' speech, I do not want to delay you; it is a shame to waste

your time, there are so many good things ahead. So read on, friends, and enjoy this volume. Your Editor (bless him) has just got into a bunker at Bunkumville. I hear it even from the Editorial chair. Goodbye, all. A happy holiday!

We are pleased to bring to the notice of our readers a volume of poetry — "Cobweb and Mustard-Seed"—from the pen of a former pupil and one-time Editor of our School Magazine.

For inspiration Mr Fraser Mitchell goes to classical mythology and to the Arthurian Romances, and he succeeds in giving a sparkling beauty to the former and in preserving the romantic spirit of the latter. Altogether this little volume (The Porpoise Broadsheets, 1s 6d) makes very refreshing reading, and we congratulate its author. Might we hope for a contribution to our own pages?

A Boat Race.

THE famous old school of Shrewsbury, endowed in Edward VI.'s reign by Henry VIII.'s spoliation of the monasteries (out of Cyril Robinson); stands on a commanding position on the east side of the river.

The annual inter-house bumping race for four-oared boats is very exciting to watch. The race starts with twenty-two boats in single file, two yards apart. The pistol goes off, cheering crowds come running along the banks, and the first pennant appears at a bend in the river. The swift rise and fall of the oars and the white figures, surrounded by crisping spray, suggest tireless mechanism. The coxswains, purple in the face, bend backwards and forwards ever faster, shouting in hoarse, cracked voices, to time the strokes of the panting oarsmen.

The first boat struggles to keep in front of the second, which is striving to bump it, and

so on down the whole wriggling line of boats. Bumped boats drop out, and their spent crews bend over their oars in exhaustion. A scull snaps with a loud crack, and a rammed boat rears its bow high in the air and gracefully slides beneath the surface, to lie waterlogged, while its crew swim to shore, the irate cox floundering after them, encumbered by a muffler and coat.

The first boat is still leading, and the grinning crew take it easily. The cox, a junior boy with perky look, merely times the stroke in a falsetto voice. However, his dignity vanishes when a challenger appears. After it vanquishes his boat and eventually wins his whole bearing is changed, and he soon disappears to escape the jibes of his cronies. To have had such a fine lead and then lost——!

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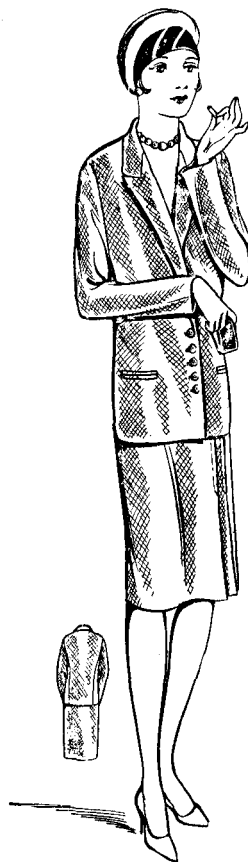
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J. R. INGRAM.

School Days in June.

WAVY dreams fade and are lost; stillness falls; then come pleasant pains and a drowsy hum as the machinery of feeling and thought begins to turn slowly over. From afar off, piercing the warm filmy mist of sleep falls the still sound of a voice, a whisper—"Time to get up." A moment's pause then up you wake with a start. "Where am I?—yes—eight o'clock?—all right—and the sun's been shining for hours." You snuggle down again. "It's summer term so there's no hurry." For a long time you contemplate the fact, look at it from all angles. A slow grin of comprehension dawns on your face—"It's June, and you're glad it's June, and all exams. are over by June and—oh, yes! they have marriages in June, and your birthday's in June, and what's more to the point you do no work in June."

Thereupon you breathe deeply of the perfume-laden air which stirs the curtains at the open window, filling the room with the rustle of green leaves and the twitter of birds from the ivy, while fresh flowers and dewy lawns greet you from the garden. You burst into song, and while "Oh! oh! oh! it's a lovely morn'" and "Oh! what a grand and glorious feeling" flow melodiously from your lips mother is calling you for the last time to get up, and not to sing before breakfast, and it's twenty minutes past eight.

Dreamily you sail into the tram and then into school. No, in June you do no work. The master drones from afar off, the bees in the flowers outside give a louder and pleasanter hum; the sky (what you can see of it) is deep blue and the sun marks its progress on the wall; nearer and nearer it comes until you are bathed in its light. Then you wake up (perhaps) and think of little mirrors and the laws of reflection. Then out comes your watch and you write down the number of minutes to go (1, 2, 3, etc.) and score off each as it passes. That makes you think of scoring for the first

eleven and so come more dreams of early morning journeying to "away" matches, of the glare of the sun, the soothing, springy, green turf — and then great grief, for you made a "duck" in the last match.

One minute to go—the bell—you pack up and go out to talk with bees in the laburnum bush until someone thinks it's time to pay such and such a master an afternoon call, whereupon you sojourn to another sunny classroom where you think of camp at Cortachy and the holidays.

3.20 comes round. These are wonderful numbers: reverse them and you get 23, which is my address and the day in June when they hoist the flags, being the birthday of three famous men in the British Isles—the Prince of Wales, Sir William Joynson-Hicks and myself. 3.20, however, means that we go out and simmer on the steps. Yes, there was a time when we stewed for the leavings and now we stew for our health and some day, if we're not careful, we may stew for evermore—truly a wonderful creature is man. On Tuesday we pay an extra special call to Mr Laird. They say that Xerxes's army took seven days and seven nights (or thereby) to cross the Hellespont, but that's nothing to Class 9's crossing of Euclid Crescent. That means that the door isn't shut until about 3.30, for which mercy I am specially grateful. So the cheery period begins. A knock at the door . . . nobody there. Another knock . . . same result. A third knock and the furious teacher is met with the sweetest smile in the world and "Is it too late to hand in jokes for the magazine." He melts at once (who would not?) and doesn't know yet and never will know where the real joke was.

At twenty minutes to four with our watches set ten minutes fast we manage to get free at last. And then—out of the smells and smoke of the town into the country of quiet lanes and high hedgerows with green fields beyond bor-

dered by woods and streams; a country of a hundred valleys and rounded hillocks, of airy uplands with their browsing sheep, golden gorse and sombre trees throwing long evening shadows on the short grass. The hills around are lying down to rest, their craggy outlines softened by the colour of the sky behind and

wreaths of purple mist. The sun drops down and from below the eastern horizon soft darkness moves up the sky.

In deepening shade you turn noiselessly homewards, envying the tramp his royal couch of lush grass and scented thyme and his canopy of clear summer night.

The Highlands.

As we spend many holidays in the North of Scotland, I have learned many interesting things about the people and places there. To start with the Misty Isle of Skye—this island does indeed cast a spell over one. At many places the mountains come right down into the sea, and the effect of rugged hill scenery and ocean colourings is really enchanting.

I was very amused at the ear-rings which the sailors wear. One very old man had large heavy gold ones. Most of them can talk English, but several have only the Gaelic.

On a high promontory near Kyleakin stand the ruins of Castle Moyle. This castle belonged to a Danish Princess who stretched a chain from there to Kyle on the mainland and took toll from the passing ships. I learned from some fisher children that this castle has been prophesied to fall on a M'Leod, and as they bore that name, they were forbidden to go near it.

One of the most interesting places in the island is Dunvegan Castle. Articles which belonged to Bonnie Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald may be seen there. In the dining-room there are many fine paintings, one of which is a Romney. Letters written by the famous Dr Samuel Johnson may also be seen. The guide (who, oddly enough, is a Cockney) is well versed in all the old stories concerning the Castle. Skye was the home of the M'Leods, so, naturally enough, Dunvegan belonged to the chief of the clan, as it still does. The M'Leod's were constantly quarrelling with

the MacDonalds of the Isles. Once, M'Leod invited twelve chiefs of his enemy's clan to a banquet, then at a given signal each M'Leod rose and stabbed the MacDonald next to him. We were shown the room in which this took place and the secret stair which leads from it to the kitchen.

The Skye folk have a very strict religion; it is one of fear, not of love. The church I was at was barren and most uninviting, and there was no musical instrument, not even a tuning fork. Only psalms are sung, since they do not consider hymns to be sacred.

As I said before, the Highlanders are very superstitious. A friend in Ross-shire once told me of the strange beliefs the people have there. If at any time they are bitten by a snake they think that they will be safe if they reach a stream before the snake does. They also believe that if a snake is cut in two it has the power to join itself again. This friend told me a rather queer story which his ghillie swears is true. One day as the ghillie was crossing a moor he saw quite a large band of snakes of various kinds; just as he was going to throw a stone at them he noticed a white one amongst them. He stopped, and on watching them he says that all the other snakes appeared to be worshipping this white one. This may seem to many far-fetched, yet it is interesting since the ghillie firmly believes it.

Neil Munro has written many charming little stories about the West Islanders. They are well worth reading. PIP.



Top Row—Chas. A. Rattray (Polack Medal, Gymnastics, Class VI.) John M. Fearn (Dux, equal, 4th Class, Boys—Polack Prize). James S. Boyle (Dux—Commercial Dept.) Herbert Beats (Caird Prizes—Phonography). William Keir (Dux—Science). Angus Wallace (Boase Medal—Golf).

Second Row—Margaret W. MacCaull (Dux—Needlework). Douglas C. Smith (Champion Athlete—Airlie Cup). Stewart W. E. Heath (Loveridge Cup—Mile Race). John B. Malcolm (Dux Gym., Boys—Ballingall Gold Medal). Jeanie D. MacKenzie (Dux Gym., Girls—Championship Cup).

Third Row—Margaret Stewart (Dux, 7th Class, Girls—Jane Spiller Prize). Edward M. Stewart (School Dux, Boys). Evelyn R. Robertson (School Dux, Girls, and Dux—French, Latin, Greek, Math.) Agnes B. Stiven (Dux—English). Graham S. Ritchie (Dux—German; Champion Shot—Urquhart Cup), David W. A. Donald (Dux, 7th Class, Boys—Jane Spiller Prize).

In Front—William C. Smith (Dux, equal, 4th Class, Boys—Polack Prize). Shiona M. Drybrough (Leng Silver Medal—Singing). Elizabeth T. Whyte (Dux—Art). Frances P. Sellars (Dux—Music). Douglas Hackney (Champion Athlete, Boys under 14—Aystree Cup).

NOTE:—Absent from Photograph:—

Gordon Latto (Pirie Cup—Golf). William A. Bell (Oakley Cup—Best Shot of First Year).

School Medallists.
Session 1928-29,

Dundee High School
Magazine.

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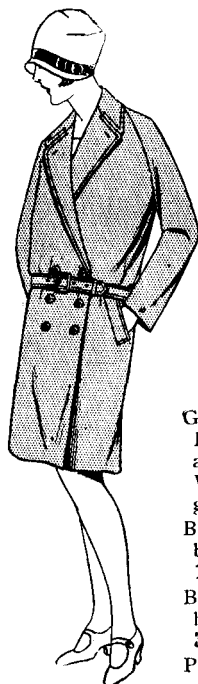
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A Serious Suggestion.

STANDS Shakespeare where he did? Well, I wonder. I don't know how high he was rated fifty years ago, but I do know that he isn't very popular now. Ask Jones or Brown what he thinks of the old chap, and I'll wager he votes Shakespeare a bore. And why? Because, as our journalists tell us, he lacks the modern outlook and fails to satisfy the aspirations of the post-war age. The theatrical people know this quite well. To draw the crowds they now produce Shakespeare's works only in unorthodox fashion—I mean, in present-day garb or in Elizabethan costume. Even then the public remains apathetic and productions fail. Meanwhile the managers search for more novelties and, now that they have exhausted their stock devices, find themselves in difficulties.

The other day one of the pundits took the bull by the horns. He stated that to make Shakespeare popular his plays must be rewritten in a popular way. Very good advice, to be sure! Think of the results—crowds for the theatres, wealth for the producers, fame for the actors and, to come nearer home, pleasure for the schoolboy.

I think that it is all to the good that this dream be realised. For, despite the cavillings of detractors, William S. did much good work. His characterisations are rather fine, and he concocted some splendid plots—plots indeed far too good to be lost. If then we could get one or two of the popular moderns to overhaul Shakespeare all would be well. They could utilise all the old plots and banish all the archaisms; they could re-emphasise the more modern issues dealt with in his works, bring the characters more in line with modern habit, sweep away the stilted and antique phraseology and in short reinstate Shakespeare in his pristine popularity.

The scheme moreover does not lack precedent. It was carried through with the greatest success in the Merry Monarch's time, and

being initiated by one Middleton, who knew Shakespeare, it has, as it were, almost received the consent of the Master himself. Nay, we beg to remind Mr Critic the Swan of Avon's own plays are mainly Elizabethanised editions of former successes. So we may set to work untroubled by qualms of conscience as to the probity of tampering with our sacred heritage.

To proceed to individual plays let us take "Henry IV." as our example. I suggest that this piece be completely renovated and rewritten in Mr Wallace's best manner. This should present no difficulty. We have the atmosphere already — Crime and Intrigue. Could the redoubtable Edgar himself have brought together a more promising set of crooks than Falstaff and Co. or devised a viler den than the Boar's Head? Rename our play "Hooded Horror," splash in a little local colour, bring the action up to date, and we have a record-breaker.

Since historical potentates are not fashionable on the stage nowadays we shall transform the King into Henry Bolingbroke, a millionaire financier on the Stock Exchange. His son Hal, despised as a weakling by his father, is busy sowing his wild oats. Lord Harry Hotspur, too, makes a convincing villain. Dilettante, dandy, and crook, Hotspur is exceedingly eager to "corner" the oil shares and so ruin Bolingbroke. In this he is aided by two unscrupulous stockbrokers, Glendower and Douglas (the Welsh and Scotch comedians respectively). Their plots go well at first, and the doom of the Bolingbrokes seems imminent. However, the heroine steps in. Lady Hotspur has never led a happy life. Though possessing all the airs and graces of a leading society beauty, she has found no comfort in her husband's perpetual refusal to reveal to her the secrets of his nefarious life. Finally she worms them out for herself with a woman's instinct, and decides to foil his evil machinations by dis-

closing the plot to his victim Bolingbroke. Hal sees herein his opportunity. He goes to the master-criminal, John Falstaff, with whom he has consorted in night clubs and drinking dens, and borrows his gang of toughs. Then, after luring his father's enemies to Shrewsbury, he puts them successfully out of the way. The plot thus fails; father and son become reconciled, and the curtains fall on Hal's marriage with Hotspur's widow.

Imagine how delightful this brilliant adaptation of Henry IV. would appear when represented upon the buskined stage, enlivened by sparkling dialogue and witty repartee and tricked out with all the pomp and splendour that artifice and stagecraft can supply. Here do we have the real Shakespeare, unspoiled by crabbed criticism and vain adulation. Here do we see our master restored to his proud pre-eminence and world-wide renown as the author of that supreme masterpiece, "Hooded Horror."

But this is not all. We are not confined solely to the crude melodrama as a vehicle for

the rejuvenation of Shakespeare's works. Many of them would make perfect musical comedies. Take "Twelfth Night," for instance. Rename it "Vamp Him, Viola!" provide it with lively tunes and a pretty chorus and we should have a first-rate show. Or, again, a new edition of the tragedies might be served up for the benefit of the highbrows. By revising "Macbeth," Mr Shaw could vindicate its hero's character in the inimitable manner in which he whitewashed the memory of Joan of Arc, thereby creating a sensation, and causing the Shakespeare-Shavian "St Macbeth" to be acclaimed the greatest masterpiece of dramatic art the world has yet witnessed.

Such then is a bare outline of some of the possibilities of my proposal. As you see, the rewriting of Shakespeare is a task that might be accomplished with pleasure and profit. I therefore advise anyone who finds time hanging heavily on his hands during the holidays to undertake the work. It would be all to the good if any of you could show the world the sense underlying this modest but serious suggestion.

Surprises.

WAS it Shakespeare or Milton who wrote, "Give me the surprises of life and you can have all the ordinary events for keeps"? I can never remember these things and it is one of the real surprises which occasionally do come to me if I should correctly give chapter and verse for any of my favourite quotations.

There are various kinds of surprises. Some people think there are only two kinds — the pleasant and the unpleasant. Examples of these are, on the one hand, when your uncle gives you a shilling tip when you only expected sixpence, and, on the other, when he gives you a sixpence when you have already borrowed and spent the shilling you expected to receive thankfully.

In an article of such importance as this we must either be scientific or clerical. Perhaps

you do not know the real difference between the two methods. It is subtle, I admit, but once you have it explained in simple terms you will never again confuse the two.

In the scientific method you tabulate your points and treat them under the headings—first, second and third and so on. But mark what happiness if you approach the matter from the point of view of the pulpiteer. Now your paragraphs open with the sorrows, firstly, secondly and thirdly, until you come to the welcome lastly. Essayists and writers of articles for the Mag. should always keep this fine distinction in front of them, otherwise they may find they have been clerical and scientific by turns. Mixed styles, I am told by my tailor (ready-made department, of course) are not considered *de rigueur* these days.



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Now that we have agreed to run on scientific lines for the rest of the article, we can plunge boldly into a statement of the various types of surprises:—

1. The surprises you hope to get.
2. The surprises you hope to give.
3. The surprises you are afraid will get you.
4. The awkward surprises that happen.

There are others, of course, but in the limits set by the Editor it will be impossible for me to deal with them. Yet if we discuss these four thoroughly I am sure we shall have advanced some little way along the road that leads to the ultimate truth. You see, do you not, how you adopt immediately the scientific method. Your style naturally becomes quite ponderous; of course, if I had adopted the clerical classifications I should have said the same thing in the same way, only I should

then have asked you to note how whenever you adopt the clerical method your style becomes quite sententious; that's a good dictionary word: I found it in a crossword puzzle by solving all the down clues.

I am afraid I shall have to ask you to think for examples of nos. 1, 2 and 3 for yourselves. I can only give you an example of number 4—I find that I have already filled all the space the Editor can give me. (I don't blame him.) It is a pity, because in addition to illustrating each class I had meant to set you an exercise in proper text-book style, asking you to place in their proper classes such incidents as you experience in the holidays; that is, when you do the eighteenth hole in one or the first hole in eighteen. Just do this in the holidays and send the result to the Editor for the next issue of the Mag. I am sure it will give him a surprise.
D.D.

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The Adventures of a Tramp.

IT was still mid-May when Bill an' me (Bill's my pal) reached Middleton. It wasn't my fault that we did reach it, for on the way I took a real proper fancy to a young lady's lapdog, an' I was agoin' off with it when a Peeler comes up with a nasty look in 'is eye an' asked wot wor in my pocket. I told 'im as how it was a bag o' flour which I was atakin' to my missus, but he wouldn't believe it, an' if Bill 'adn't landed 'im one I would 'a been pinched all right.

Well, as I was asayin', it was still mid-May when we got to Middleton, an' Bill wor always tryin' to get to go up to the Squire's for a rabbit or two, an' I kept on atellin' of 'im as 'ow rabbits weren't in my line of business (that Squire bein' a real peppery feller), till at last Bill cut up nasty an' said *he* wasn't scared; an' anyway he went that very night. Well, Bill's stood by me many a time, so after 'e'd set out I followed. When I reached the Squire's I soon knew as how summat wor wrong, for there was Bill sittin' up in a tree wi' a long stick, an' rappin' at the fingers of anyone who tried to climb up. Down below wor two keepers rubbin' their fingers an' wonderin' wot to do.

"Hullo, Norry," ses Bill very surprised like when he sees me. "Hullo, wotever are you doin' up here? If it's rabbits you're after these 'ere gents won't 'inder you: they're too taken up wi' me. Go away an' catch some rabbits—I'm orl right. When they tries to get up I knocks them down, an' if one goes for 'elp I c'n easy manage t'other (Bill wor a big chap, 'e wor), so off you go."

Well, I thort it a good idea, an' off I wor agoin' when a voice ses, "Oh, no, Norry, don't," an' there wor the Squire's son as cool as you please. I wor goin' to bolt for it, as the lad wor only about sixteen, but he says to his dog, "Guard him, Torrel," an' afore I knows wot's wot there was that animal asittin' down afore me, lickin' its lips an' makin'

narsty noises. Well, I worn't goin' to furnish a meal for the animal, so I stood still an' watched, while the young Squire went up to tree where Bill was.

"That's it, Torrell," Bill bawled out, "watch 'im, an' when ye've finished will ye come up an' get me down?"

"I shall do that myself," said the Squire's son, an' 'e started climbin' the tree. Well, Bill told 'im as 'ow 'e didn't want to 'urt, but 'e couldn't 'ave 'him up in the tree, 'cos there wor only room for one, an' with that 'e knocked 'im down with 'is stick.

"I'll have the law on you for that, you brute," cried the lad, an' he was up an' climbin' the tree agin afore the keepers could stop 'im. Well, after Bill 'ad knocked 'im down twice agin, the boy see'd as 'ow it wor no good, an' 'e got up very quiet an' ses, "Jenkins, go to the house for a ladder and two of the gardeners."

After Jenkins 'ad gone, Bill pertended to give in, an' ses, "Orl right, you keep yer dog off, an' I'll come down." And down 'e came. Then all o' a sudden 'e pulls out a pistil, an' ses, "Now then, you corl that dawg off Norry unless you want it shot." I knew as 'ow it was only a water pistil, an' I smiled to meself as I saw the lad start. "'Urry up," ses Bill, "I've got an appointment, I 'ave, a very important appointment, an' the important person mustn't be kep' waitin' or she might go away." The lad wasn't sure wot to do, so 'e ses, "All right, but you'll suffer for this, my man," an' 'e called 'is dawg off. "Well," ses Bill, takin' off 'is 'at, "I'm right sorry to 'ave to say goodbye, but I'll 'ave to be off—my appointment, ye know," an' off we went, wi' the young Squire glowerin' an' the keeper grinnin'.

An' then Bill did a silly thing. "Norry," he ses, "Norry, we ain't caught no rabbits, 'ave we?"

"No," ses I, "no, but I don't feel as though



Back Row—William Keir. George Gordon. Stewart W. E. Heath. Ronald H. W. Falconer. John B. Malcolm.
Middle Row—Eric A. Ballantine. John H. F. Wilson. Graham S. Ritchie. Gordon J. Robbie. James S. Neish.
In Front—Douglas F. Wilson. Ian I. McCall.

Cricket 1st XI.
 1928-29.

Dundee High School
 Magazine.

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.

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rabbits would be sort o' good fer me jist now. I just feel as if we ort t' go to Dortnow." (Dortnow's a big city about two miles from Middleton wi' lots o' hidy holes fer people like me an' Bill.)

"No," ses Bill, "I'm hungry, an' I'm sure that my cook's forgotten to order the meat for

dinner, so come on." I noo as 'ow it was too dangerous, but Bill wouldn't agree, an' we were a-havin' of an argyment wen, "Put your 'ands up," ses a voice, an' there was that lad wi' a gun in 'is hands. "Here they are, Jenkins," ses 'e." An' now we're a-sitting in Middleton Jail. "T," CLASS VI.

Nature Notes.

IT is strange how little most people know about Natural History. For instance, I have never yet met anyone who could tell the difference between a Centipede, a Sesquipedalian, a Daddy-Long-Legs, and a Featofarms, but the difference is very marked and easy to see.

A Centipede is the name given by Grammarians to those lines in Vergil which they can't scan. A Sesquipedalian, as every-one should know is the name given to a house-fly because it has six feet. When you pull off one foot, it can't be called a Sesquipedalian any more, so they call it a Pentameter; if you pull off another it is called a Quadruped; if it has only three feet it is often called a Tripod. These, however, are not common so far north. If you pull off the fourth leg it goes by the name of a Biped, and if you pull off its fifth leg you'd better kill it altogether, poor thing.

Now a Daddy-Long-Legs is not, as many think, a childish name for one's Father when he walks on stilts. It is a name given to those horrible monsters with the black legs that lie in waiting behind dark trees on wintry nights to catch naughty little boys who have been sent to the back of the room.

To keep away these horrors there is a simple remedy. When you hear one coming lie quickly down on the ground with your left hand firmly grasping your right knee and repeat quickly ten lines of Hebrew verse, marking the caesuras and beating time on the ground with your head. Then shoot your left leg perpendicularly into the air, shake it three times and turn a summersault backwards, taking care to finish up on

your right knee. When you have successfully completed this, you will find it is morning, and the monsters have gone away.

Then the featofarmses were prehistoric monsters that dwelt in the north of Algeria. They laid their eggs, which were orange in colour and parallelepiped-shaped, in small holes in the sand and covered them up with lettuces and mock-turtle soup, believing that the smell of this would attract the young featofarmses from their shells. The chief diet of these animals was boiled ham. The interest of them lies in the fact that the Romans were direct descendants of them. As the Aeneid tells us, Rome was founded by a number of featofarmses that escaped from the Zoo at Troy when that city was captured.

Again, we have heard of numerous insects that Keating's kills, but even Keating's has no effect on the Anna Pest. This curious creature is nearly related to the Buda Pest, and has red speckled legs and webbed feet, and is never seen without horn-rimmed spectacles. Its size is surprisingly small. The greatest bacteriological experts have magnified it two thousand times without being able to see it, and yet it is the most dangerous germ alive, and is the cause of that deadly disease known as Caffluhv. The best cure for the disease is the study of European History.

I have a great number of observations still to make, but shall reserve them for the next number, where you may expect to find, dear readers, a brilliant effusion which will go under the name of "Fishy Errors."

A Day In Camp.

LAST year I spent a fortnight of my summer holidays camping out on the West Coast. The spot chosen for pitching the tent was near Arisaig, at a place called Bunnacaime, under the lee of a rock. It was right on the shore with a long long rock stretching out into the sea like a pier. In the place round about the people were nearly all Ranald MacDonalds.

In the morning we got up and went for the water, which we got at first from a spring on the hillside and afterwards from a tap. We discovered that the cows drank out of the spring, and also that the water passed through a piece of marshy ground and therefore we considered it would be safest to get it from the tap. After we had cleaned the tent and made the beds we went to Arisaig for provisions.

It was rather difficult getting the car out as the tent was at the foot of a sloping field. On arriving at Arisaig we had to wait until the mail train from Glasgow arrived with letters, bread, and meat. In the store it was very amusing as every morning the same people came up, bought their provisions and went to the Post Office for the "Glasgow Herald." One had to order newspapers as the only ones that were to be had came up with the train.

When we arrived back at Bunnacaime we went in for a bathe. The sand was white and similar to that at Morar, though slightly darker in colour. Whenever you went into the water it was deep, as it came in right up round the rocks, which jutted out into the sea for a good distance. After having my bathe I walked across the sand to another bay further along, where the tide was always further out than at the one near the tent. There was a large rock with grass on the top which was surrounded by a pool where I caught shrimps and other fish. Bess and her puppy, the dogs belonging to the croft next us, usually accompanied me, and I had to throw them biscuits to keep them on the sands and not in the pool. When Bess came in she caused such a tumult in the water with her feet that it was impossible to see the bottom of the pool for sand.

Then we were called back to the tent for lunch. In the afternoon I usually climbed and explored the grassy hills behind the crofts. There were deep ravines in the heart of some of these hills, and when inside one of them I discovered a clump of honeysuckle. I raced over their grassy tops and chased rabbits and butterflies with Bess.

In the evening we all went for a walk round by the coast. My sister and I looked for shells. There were some which had curious shapes, but my favourites were the tiny cowries. The sunsets there were the most beautiful I have ever seen. The sun hung like a red ball in the sky between Eigg and Skye and gradually turned to the colour of red-hot iron, and this colour spread behind the Scaur of Eigg and then on round Rhum. Afterwards it faded to a greyish colour and disappeared. CLASS 5G.



Collecting Honey.

THOSE who lavishly spread honey over their bread never think of the time and trouble it has taken the bee to collect it.

The bee flies from flower to flower sipping up the nectar, a thin watery liquid. This nectar passes to the honey-sac where the bee adds other liquids to it which changes the cane sugar into "grape sugar" thus making honey.

The tongue of the bee is a very complex member. It is covered all over with tiny hairs, of which there are about a hundred rows, to catch the drops of nectar on the edge of the corolla of the flower. The tip of the tongue is spoon-shaped and also covered with hairs to collect the nectar from the very depths of the flower.

If the bee feels hungry during its flight it opens a small valve between its honey-sac and its stomach and eats some honey. The honey-sac contains about a third of a drop of honey, and to fill it the bee has to visit more than a hundred flowers. It sometimes flies two to three miles before it begins to collect. No wonder it is called the "Busy Bee."

MACARONI SPAGETTI, Class 5 BI.

A black and white line drawing of seven children of various ages (two babies, two young boys, two girls, and one older boy) holding a large circular sign. The sign contains text about children's footwear. The children are dressed in early 20th-century clothing.

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Discovering Bruges.

I HAVE had experiences in my time far more romantic than the one I am going to relate to you here, but none which has thrilled me so deeply.

For instance, I have been chased by the police; I have been in a skiff when it sank and have been forced to swim ashore with all my clothes on; I have spent a night out in London in order to study the slums of the great metropolis; I have been to Broughty Ferry.

But one moment stands out in my mind unsurpassed in its power to thrill me. It was on a certain warm sunny day in the summer of 1926 . . . I stood within sight of Bruges. Now everyone has heard of Bruges. We know probably what it is famous for and how much it exports. We know, too, where it is. But consider this—How would you feel if you had never been abroad before; if suddenly one day you said to yourself, “I’ll go on a walking tour abroad,” and had bought a passport and a rucksack, and had landed in Ostend with three pounds in your pocket; and, further, if you had left Ostend in the early morning, and had come in sight of that Venice of the North—Bruges?

Then it is a far different matter. For one thing you have got there by your own initiative and energy, by “Shank’s Pony,” not by train, as if you were a mere parcel taken on at one station and unloaded safe at another.

And as I stood by the edge of that slowly-moving canal and watched the sun striking the spires of that sleepy old town I felt the queerest sense of adventure imaginable. I was Columbus nearing the low shores of America; I was Barrie at the Window in Thrums; I was Adam when he saw for the first time night falling over Eden.

A town’s imports and exports mean nothing.

I found its true geography when, rucksack on shoulder, I walked through its streets that night and marked the curious roofs, the pleasantly unfamiliar speech, the mediæval castles, and the Gothic churches. I realised then that a man must himself discover a city. Now and then a friendly smile from a figure in a doorway . . . the ever-chiming carillon from the ancient belfry . . . a tired cyclist slowly moving under the trees in the dusk going home . . . at every corner a bridge, old and romantic as the canal winding beneath . . .

I can never forget these hours of first discovery; nor, for that matter, shall I ever wish to.

G. S. C.



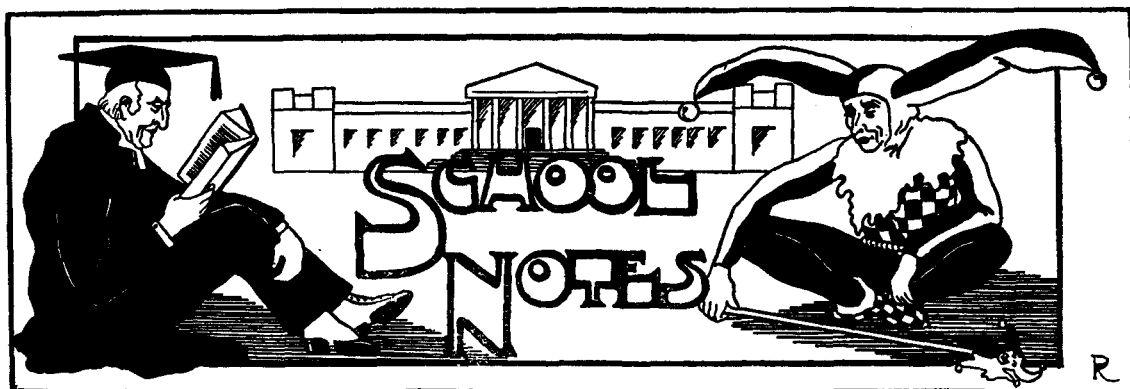
Taming Horses.

IN the Argentine large numbers of horses are always needed for farm work. Very many young wild horses have never felt the touch of a human hand, and consequently are very frisky.

Five or six young horses are captured and taken into a big field, where they are each tied to a stout wooden stake. They are left, and then the fun begins. They kick, rear, and pull, but all in vain. At the end of two days they are tired and their spirits broken.

They are then taken, one at a time, and harnessed between two tame horses to a huge cart. The young beasts rush away instantly, but the weight of the cart, combined with the steady influence of the older horses, slows them down. They are each given about an hour at this work, and then tied up. At the end of a week they are sufficiently tame to be allowed to draw a cart themselves. This method is only used for cart horses.

Cl. V.



"Virtue brings happiness."

Teacher—"What conclusion do you draw from this, Fitzgerald?"

Fitzgerald—"I am happy."

Q.—"What is meant by Franchise?"

Pupil—"This is a Bill which the Government passed in order to study the 'ups and downs' of the French franc."

Pupil (Class VI.) — "Please, sir, it says, 'Bananas are to Jamaica what coal is to Britain.' Does that mean that they burn bananas?"

Teacher—"What would be the difference between 'le potage' and 'la soupe' if you get them for dinner?"

Pupil—"One would be masculine, the other feminine, miss."

"Brutus was a stoic and did not believe that people should kill themselves except on rare occasions." (Exam. paper.)

Mr Legge—"It is a curious phenomenon that on rainy days girls seem to have an extraordinary amount of talking to do. Why, I wonder?"

G. Davie—"Well, sir, Vergil says somewhere that at such times and seasons frogs croak more than usual."

Mr Legge—"So, p'raps there's something in the transmigration of souls after all, in which case I wish I had met M—— F—— when she was a tadpole."

(Browning—My Last Duchess.)

Q.—The Duke had a purpose in describing his Last Duchess when and as he did. What was it?

A.—The Duke wished to sell his picture.

(So "art may tell a truth obliquely.")

Teacher—"You have surely grown Elizabeth. Are you standing on anything?"

Elizabeth—"Yes, sir."

Teacher—"What?"

Elizabeth—"The floor."

Mr Marshall (speaking about energy)—
"When you put a horse into a stable and feed it on oats all week-end, it comes out on Monday morning full of beans."

Precocious? (from an exercise).

The Duke of Savoy gathered his revenue for a boar hunt. The Duchess looking down on the courtyard saw her eight months old husband preparing for the hunt.

Mr W——b to Fleming—"This script looks like shorthand done by a spider with stomach-ache."

Teacher—"What does *being green* mean?"

Hugo—"Being sick."

Rector (to boy reading hurriedly *Sine mora, super.....*)—"I suppose you mean without any supper."

Hugo—"By throwing off the head of the Pope Henry gave a chance to the new doctrines."

"A conifer is a fur-bearing tree."

"The mixture was deluded with water."

Geo. D—v—e (to conductor who charges him $1\frac{1}{2}$ d to go to the grounds)—"You're the kind of chap they need in Parliament."

Miss B—n—"What would you do if you found yourself walking in a marsh?"

Mary Marshall—"Walk out again."

Teacher—"Why did Sir Humphrey Gilbert's ship sink?"

Mary Mar-h—l—"Because it ran into a curr(a)nt."

Teacher—"Oh! Is that the raisin (?) for it?"

"Found in the pit where the tanner died."

Teacher—"What does tanner mean?"

So-t-ar—"Sixpence, sir."

(Bang went saxpence!)



These new books have just come to hand, and may be purchased from all booksellers bearing the name "Dontseleni"—

"Suffering," by N. Dewar.

"Aquatic Fowls," by C. Gull.

"Always Last," by B. Hynde.

"None Left," by Arnott.

"Observance," by S. Pye.

"Is That Better?" by N. A. Good.

Tom, Dick and Harry.

Poor Dickie clutched the frail tent pole

Whence all but he had fled,

And the light from the luminous eyes of the ghost

Shone round him o'er the bed.

Yet shivering and afraid he clung,

Quite paralysed with fear;

Then o'er his head the bedclothes flung

For the ghost was drawing near.

The ghost advanced—he crouched alone,

Fearful and filled with dread,

He thought of his comrades who had flown

And wished that he had fled.

He peeped again and still beheld

That terrorising figure;

Then with a mighty effort yelled

For the ghost seemed growing bigger.

"Say, Harry," once again he cried,

"Do come and rescue me."

Only an unearthly shriek replied,

So he sank down on his knee.

Thinking his last hour had come,

He started to say a prayer;

For now he felt with fear quite numb,

And upright stood his hair.

He heard a voice, "Say, Dickie, say,

What's all this row you make?

Hear, wake, you beggar, wake up, hey,

Or I'll throw you in the lake."

With a sigh of relief Dickie opened his eyes,

And saw it had all been a dream,

"Oh, Tommy," said he, "never more I'll eat pies,

That is, of *your* baking, I mean."

SQUEAK.

On Keeping A Diary.

A FEW years ago I determined to keep a diary in which I would enter all the important happenings (and a great many unimportant ones to fill up space). Accordingly I bought a diary, and for the first day or two all was well. I filled it up regularly at night, and in my mind's eye I saw myself becoming a second Pepys.

One night, however, I was out late, and when I got home I went straight to bed, telling myself that I would fill it in to-morrow. It was the Christmas Holidays at the time, and next day I was out again and forgot all about the diary until I was in bed, and once more it was left till "to-morrow."

It was the beginning of the end. The diary was left unopened for more than a fortnight. Three weeks later I found it lying where I had left it. (It's funny that you can do this with unimportant things — important ones always vanish), and I wrote up my entries for the last three weeks. I had forgotten most of the important events, and on looking up the entries for that three weeks I find they are all something like this:—Wednesday, 23rd—Nothing much doing. Thursday, 24th—Nothing special doing. Friday, 25th—Very little doing. On pursuing my investigations further, I find the next entry is a big one. It consists mostly of

a description of a visit to the cinema. When I wrote this I remembered that it was the Friday and not the Saturday that I was at the "pictures." The whole entry had to be changed, and after laboriously rubbing out and putting in I remembered that it was the Friday before that I was there.

Once more I rubbed out the entry, and by the time I came to write it in again I had forgotten both the name of the film and whether I enjoyed it or not. So the entry finally reads, "At the pictures."

Just now, when I am reading some of the entries, I find I cannot understand some of them. One, for example, consists of the three letters, W.M.A. I puzzle over this for about half an hour until suddenly I remember, "Wrote Magazine Article" is the deciphered form.

That diary was ill-fated. I went away for a month's holiday in the summer and left the diary at home. I had laboriously kept it till then and was hoping to be able to do so for the whole year. However, the best laid schemes—

So you see how interesting keeping a diary is. I recommend you to try it, but remember that in the case of a diary "well begun" is most certainly not "half-done."

I. R. G., VII.

A Night Attack.

AT the last school which I attended there was a living-in establishment known as "The Hostel," or "Borstal" as it was affectionately termed by its misguided inmates. In this building we had to (very much against our wills) keep extremely good hours and do at least two-and-a-half hours' preparation every evening under the supervision of a master. We all agreed that it was too much like a prison sentence (including hard labour), but of course we had our amusements. Dormitory raids, midnight feasts, and generally making the pre-

fect's life not worth the living, provided much fun.

One particular evening, when the numbers of our dorm. had been depleted from twelve to five owing to the absence of the so-called cricket team, we were most savagely and unaccountably attacked by fifteen exceedingly ferocious young boys from the "fags'" dorm. The net result was that after being overwhelmed by these infants, our beds, blankets, contents of lockers and drawers, and books were all piled in the middle of the floor. Now,

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to be slangy, this was a bit thick. Were we to allow this insult to pass without retribution being wrought on the offenders? No! If we did, we should have to submit to all sorts of future indignities. Accordingly, at the dead of night, as the story books say, we armed ourselves with pillows and stole along the balcony to the large French windows leading on to the junior dorm. Our leader was a very sturdy chap who spent most of his spare time (and most of his "prep.," too) reading Yankee "thrillers." "Come on, you guys," quoth he, "we'll sure give these kids some lesson."

When we had successfully opened the windows with a minimum of noise we proceeded to give the kids the promised lesson. We very quietly emptied their lockers into one beautiful heap in the middle of the floor. We then placed ourselves each between two beds and prepared to deliver a two-edged attack.

Unfortunately, unknown to us, a small boy at the window end of the dorm. had perceived our intrusion, and with remarkable presence of mind had silently closed the windows, with the result that after we had "let her rip," as our leader had ordered, we found our only way of escape cut off. To make matters worse, the fifteen aforementioned ferocious young ruffians were now thoroughly awake, thanks to our pillows, and, having similarly armed themselves, were voicing in no uncertain manner the fact that they were "jolly well going to give the blighters beans." And "beans" we got in more ways than one! For in the midst of a very passable representation of a Rugger scrimmage (in which we appeared to be the balls) the lights were suddenly switched on.

There stood the Head! The silence could be felt.

"What are you seniors doing in this dormitory?" he thundered. A painful pause, and then, "Well, sir, you see—we—er—" began our leader. "Oh, yes, exactly!" came the curt reply. "You will all report to me tomorrow morning before breakfast."

We went our way a disgusted, sadder, and wiser band, and vowing double vengeance on the now thoroughly delighted fags.

It was noticed at breakfast the next morning that a number of the seniors were having difficulty in handling their table utensils. Truly our Head did not believe in doing things halfheartedly!

R. H. W. F.



A Clever Sheep Dog.

WHEN staying at a sheep farm in the Shetland Island a few years ago I heard a true story of a clever sheep dog.

In Autumn the lambs from the farm had to be driven for miles to the port and then sent by steamer to Aberdeen. That year the farmer himself accompanied the lambs to the market, and he sent his sheepdog "Rig" home with his shepherd. But Rig did not reach home without adventure; when the shepherd had got about six miles on his homeward journey Rig who had been very restless all the way suddenly made a spring, broke his leash, and dashed back to the port, as fast as he could. The shepherd turned his horse and chased after him, but although he had a swift horse he could not keep Rig in sight.

When he reached the port Rig was there wandering around looking very wretched. The shepherd tried to get hold of Rig, but the dog was not to be caught so easily. He knew his master had sailed away from that spot, and perhaps he might reach him somehow. At anyrate he bounded on board a Dutch fishing vessel lying in the harbour, then from deck to deck he jumped until he was on the outermost vessel. He must have been disappointed at not finding his master, for when a sailor tried to catch him he jumped into the sea, and was swimming in the direction of Aberdeen, when a fishing boat steered across his course and with great difficulty he was taken on board.

E. M., Class V.G.

Facilis Descensus Averno.

AS I approached Avernus my crepe-rubber soled shoes began to melt. I went boldly on, however, and came to the very entrance of the Underworld. The sulphur smoke made my eyes smart, and I suddenly wished I had been better behaved in life. I entered the cave from which the smoke issued and, after proceeding some distance in darkness, came out to a more open space where a muddy river barred my way. As I was wondering how to cross this obstacle I was hailed by a person with a very hoarse voice. I looked round and saw an ugly old man standing in a boat which appeared to be about to leave the shore. "Hurry up," he yelled, "we're just leaving." I went up to the boat and embarked, almost slipping on the green slime which covered it. "Fare please, 3d — no returns," said Mr Charon. Luckily I had 3½d left from the money I had on Sports Day to buy ice-cream with, and I gave him 3d.

Charon became quite confidential as we crossed. "I've got rather a cold," he said, "with this wretched leaking boat. My feet are always wet. I used to be on the Fife—it was pretty bad, but this—" and he groaned. I produced my remaining halfpenny and gave it to him as a token of sympathy. I, too, had been on the Fife once or twice. When we had crossed this river, called Styx, I believe, I disembarked and walked on some distance without meeting anyone. I don't know where Cerberus was. Probably he was rat-hunting in the river.

The first familiar face I saw was that of Mike. He was sitting on a cushion made of sawdust, from which the legs of many compasses protruded. He was surrounded by High School jotters, trigonometry books, log tables, and such horrors. I went up to him and politely said, "Good afternoon." He did not answer. I repeated my words, and he looked up, "Sh," he said, "Go away. It's now sums." I went away.

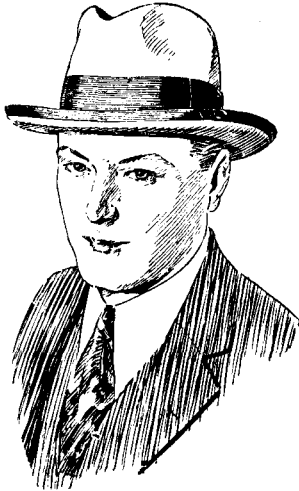
Then I saw Mr B-rl-nd. He had Grant's European History on his knee. He looked up as I approached. "Oh, it's you," he said piteously. "I've to find fifty difficulties in this chapter before to-night, and I can't find more than twenty-seven. Do help me." I sat down and did my best. Being rather an expert in finding difficulties, I soon found three more. I left him blessing me.

A little further on was Mr MacL-r-n. He had a class of sawdust dolls with no arms and one leg each of which he was training for a Gym display. He did not turn round when I addressed him, so I left him shouting, "Arms raise; trunk bending begin. One, two, one, two——"

The next acquaintance I met was Mr M-cl-n-n. He was reading Phædrus with a class of old sheep. "This is pathetic," he said to me in a woebegone voice. "They're going to sit the Leavings in March and the Inspector's coming to-morrow, and they don't know loligiuncularum yet, the commonest word in the Latin language!" As I passed on I heard these words:—"You're the worst Latin class I ever had. You're hopelessly past praying for. Go to the back of the room, the whole lot of you."

But there were pupils there too. I saw one, D - - las Sm - th, only he was so busy practising for the Sports of Hades that he didn't stop to speak. George E. D. was there too. He was reading "Joan's First Love," the latest Ivy Story. "This is terrible," he groaned. "I have to read forty of these before the day after to-morrow. We're getting an exam on them. If only it was Livy, he's a lively writer at least——" I offered to read some for him, but he refused with another groan.

I also saw Miss Agnes St--ven and Mr J-s-ph R-tch--, practising a violin and piano duet, "Ten Little Niggers." The piano had



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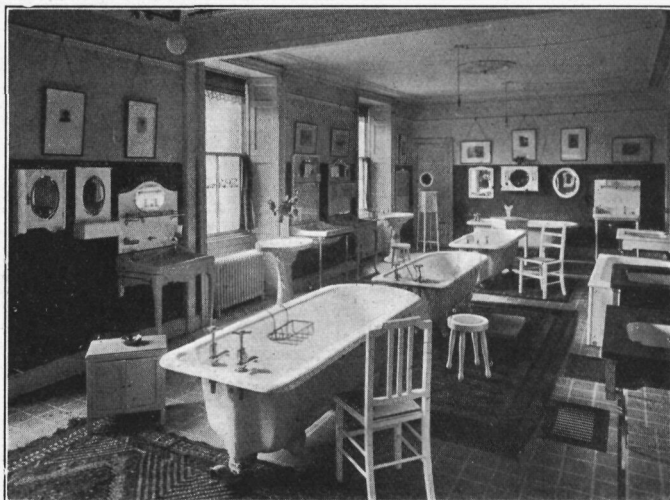
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three keys left, the violin had one string. They didn't look very happy naturally.

As for my own punishment I have to write two thousand talkings in the mud at the edge of the river Styx. But the mud always flows in and covers up all the talkings I do write. It's pitiful. Don't come here if you can help it, but I suppose I'll see you all before long. Remember your 3d for Charon, and you might really bring me a little ice-cream. It's infernally warm here.



Ode to D.H.S.

(With Apologies to Thomas Hood)

I remember, I remember,
O school where I did swot,
The dusty windows where the sun
To enter tried, but could not.
There all day long, on banks of wood,
We sat and tried to think,
But oh, how very hard it was
To put one's thoughts in ink.

I remember, I remember,
A classroom, XIII. B,
O'er which a sturdy, dusky chiel
Presided with great glee.
There would we pass the mellow hours
With secants, surds, and sines,
Strange factors of the nth degree,
Planes, solids; points and lines.

I remember, I remember,
A classroom drear and dread,
Whither the flower of zealous youth
To Latin forth did tread.
How awed we sat as that grim chief
Poured forth his wrath invective,
As Cicero's stuff we tried in vain
To turn into subjunctive.

I remember, I remember,
A chamber large and grave,
Where, steeped in English letters, we
Our minds to learning gave.

There too midst English history,
Prose, sonnets, odes, and more,
We learned to read old Shakespeare's verse,
And spout it on the floor.

I remember, I remember,
Yet another room well-known,
Where we were taught to read and write,
In a language not our own;
Where we did strive to understand
The Frenchman's "point of view,"
And see his obscure line of thought
At an angle less askew.

Ah yes, how I remember
All these distant memories,
All the weary hours of toiling,
Then exams and marks and fees.
Yet life was not all labour,
We had our pleasures, too;
'Tis not without regret that I
Must say farewell to you.

SENORITA.



Such is Life.

A low moan escaped the lips of Fatty B—who was doubled up in agony. For a moment he raised his face and mingled rage and suffering were written on it. His mouth twisted into the semblance of a smile, only to change as suddenly into a snarl. His little sister beside him stood by mutely, obviously holding her emotion in check. A terrible cry burst from the lips of the stooping Fatty, a cry full of misery and despair. The girl turned her head away — then suddenly her pent-up emotion burst its bonds and she screamed—with laughter. Fatty straightened himself with difficulty, and in a voice full of bitterness said, "It's funny, isn't it? I hope the same thing happens to you every night this week." And he resumed the struggle with the knot in his shoelace.

A Disturbed Night.

I REMEMBER in the early spring of the year 18— that I was lost on a desolate Highland moor. I had been misinformed as to my road ten miles further back, and it was about eight o'clock at night. My pony, which had kept going very well, was now beginning to show signs of tire. To make matters worse, a shower of rain had started to fall, and I heard a distant rumbling of thunder up the glen.

I was therefore thankful when, to my surprise, I discerned a number of buildings several yards off my path. I directed my pony towards them and, not finding a house, entered one of the sheds. By this time it was quite dark, and I had a curious feeling as if something mysterious were going on.

“That night a child might understand,”
The Deil had business on his hand.”

Suddenly a flash of lightning lit up my surroundings and to my horror I saw what appeared to be the form of a man leaning against a building about twenty yards off. I called out

to the object, but received no reply. I heard the rumbling of thunder again, and I grew more afraid. My pony, however, showed no signs of fear, and this somewhat reassured me. I began to think I had been mistaken.

I was peering intently into the darkness towards the object when suddenly another flash illuminated my surroundings, and I saw the creature standing stiff against a shed.

I resolved to get away from the place as soon as possible but, remembering the tired condition of my pony, decided to endure my plight till morning. I tried to go to sleep, but lay awake a long time, imagining the creature to be in the shed beside me.

I was awakened next morning by a dig in the ribs from a stick, and a man asked me what I was doing there. As it must have been quite obvious to him what I was doing I did not trouble to reply but stepped into the open, and on my left saw a small farm-house, while twenty yards off, leaning against a shed, was —a scarecrow.

W. A. M.

A Day in the Life of a Schoolboy.

RAT-TAT-TAT!

“Wassermarrer!” I growled, stirring lazily between the warm sheets of a comfortable bed.

“Time to get up,” cried a shrill feminine voice belonging to the maidservant.

“What?” I said. “Time to get up? Why, I haven’t been in bed more than an hour.”

My complaints were heard by myself only for I heard the servant falling downstairs as soon as I spoke!

I now debated whether to sleep in or get up and see if there was any hope of getting off school. I decided on the latter course, and

having dressed went limping and groaning into the parlour.

“What’s the matter?” asked mother.

“Oh! oh! I’ve an awful pain in my stomach,” I groaned. “Serves you right for having a second helping of each course at the Robertson’s dinner last night,” said the fond parent with emphasis. I saw that it was no good, so I resigned myself to my fate with a sigh.

I was half-way through my bacon and eggs when I suddenly remembered that I had not done any of O—’s examples. I got a shock



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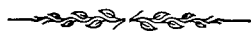
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for a moment, and I dropped a piece of bacon which had performed half the distance to my mouth. It dropped into my tea——. I won't say what happened after that. It is sufficient to say that I missed my train in consequence and arrived late at school. The first period was drawing and I received a "telling off" and proceeded to start work. I had just been holding a most interesting conversation with my neighbour on the subject of English county cricket when we were rudely disturbed and threatened with dire punishment if we did not make two lines parallel and draw the ellipse on that jar properly.

The next period—Latin—was fairly bright. The "star turns" were working overtime and providing great amusement for the rest of the class.

Groans! The next period was Maths., and I hadn't done the homework. There were four examples, and I received one of the belt for each one I didn't do.

A restful period of English finished the morning, and it was with sore hands but a thankful

heart that I went to the restaurant for lunch. When I returned I had a few scraps with enemies and generally had a good time. I slept during the next French period and was awarded an imposition. The next two periods, Maths. and English, passed without a hitch, and I toddled off to the once famous "Kogging Klub" to do some prep.

It's always the same at prep. You start out intending to get your homework done, but just as you are starting someone pinches your ruler, and then there's a row. The others join the fight, and the K.K. breaks up in confusion!

Once home, I did as few of my lessons as I dared, and went out on the bike to a friend's house for cricket or some such sport. I completed the day by arriving home an hour and a half late for supper—and got none. I went to bed and read for a while and fell asleep with the book in my hands, and was accused next morning when I had my habitual mysterious "pains" of reading "all morning"! No wonder I had a headache! I had strained my eyes reading! Oh! those parents!

Flags.

THE personal flag of the Sovereign is the Royal Standard, which consists of three golden lions representing England, the red lion rampant, Scotland; and the golden harp for Ireland. The flag should only be hoisted when His Majesty the King is present and should never be used for decorations.

The national flag of the Empire is the Union Jack; this flag is made up of the crosses of St George, St Andrew, and St Patrick respectively. When it is hoisted upside down the flag becomes a signal of distress.

The White Ensign is the flag of the Royal Navy, and should only be flown by ships be-

longing to the Navy. Any other vessels flying this flag are committing a grave offence, and the owners are liable to a penalty of £500. The Royal Navy was formerly divided into three squadrons, but in 1864 this was done away with.

The Blue Ensign is exclusively the flag of some public services other than the Royal Navy and the Royal Naval Reserve. This flag is also flown by some yachting clubs as well as vessels of the Merchant Service commanded by retired officers of the Royal Navy or the Royal Naval Reserve.

The Red Ensign has been flown by merchant

ships since 1707, and the order of 1864 ratified this as the distinguished flag of the Merchant Service.

The ensigns flown by British colonies bear in the fly the badges of the colonies. In the Australian Ensign there is a large seven-pointed star below the small Union flag, and in the fly there are four smaller seven-pointed stars and a still smaller five-pointed star. The large seven-pointed star stands for the seven States of the Commonwealth of Australia, namely:—New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, West Australia, Victoria, Tasmania, and the Northern Territory.

The arms of the Dominion of Canada are made up of four quarters—the first quarter has the three lions of England, the second the red lion of Scotland, the next the golden harp of

Ireland, and the last the fleurs-de-lis of France. Below these on a silver field are the three maple leaves of Canada. The fleurs-de-lis are the reminder of the part played by French explorers and colonists in the history of Canada.

ERIC ROBERTSON, Class 5B.



From Verses Inscribed on a Wall in Chester Cathedral.

“Give me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest;
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
And sense to keep it at its best.

Give me a sense of humour, Lord,
Give me the grace to see a joke;
To get some happiness from life
And pass it on to other folk.”

Boys' Gala.

THE boys' annual Swimming Gala was held in the Public Swimming Baths on Tuesday, 18th June. There was a good turnout of parents and pupils — Mr D. Hynd presiding. The championship was won with 14 points by A. L. Ramsay, who secured a place in each of the four events. R. H. Ford was runner-up (11 points), A. B. Edward 7, and J. Sibbald 6. The School House won the inter-House team race.

The prizes were handed over by Mrs Preston Watson. Mr W. J. Lee acted as judge, and Messrs M'Laren and Marshall as starter and timekeeper respectively.

Results.

Championship Events.—Two lengths—1 A. L. Ramsay; 2 R. H. C. Ford; 3 J. Sibbald. Three Lengths (style)—1 A. L. Ramsay; 2 R. H. Morrison; 3 A. B. Edward. Four Lengths—1 R. H. C. Ford; 2 A. B.

Edward; 3 A. L. Ramsay. Diving—1 J. Sibbald; 2 A. L. Ramsay; 3 L. Whalley.

One Length (age 10-12)—1 I. Ramsay; 2 H. Walker. One Length (age 12-13)—Section 1—H. O. Phillip. Section 2—R. Rorie. Two Lengths (age 13-14)—B. Tulloch.

Two Lengths Handicap (age 12-14)—Section 1—I. Ramsay. Section 2—R. Rorie. One Length Handicap (Classes 1-3)—J. Farquharson.

One Length (style), age 12-13—1 R. Cowan; 2 R. Rorie. Two Lengths (style), age 14-16—J. Sibbald.

Object Diving (open)—1 N. G. Whyte; 2 R. H. C. Ford; 3 A. L. Ramsay.

Balloon Race (Classes 4-6)—1 J. Cook; 2 B. Tulloch. Life-Saving (style)—1 R. H. C. Ford and James Sibbald.

Equation Race (Classes 7-10)—1 N. G. Whyte and R. B. Robertson.

Inter-House Team Race—1 School House.

Team Race—P.P.'s v. F.P.'s—1 F.P.'s.

F.P.'s Race (2 lengths)—1 A. Jeans.

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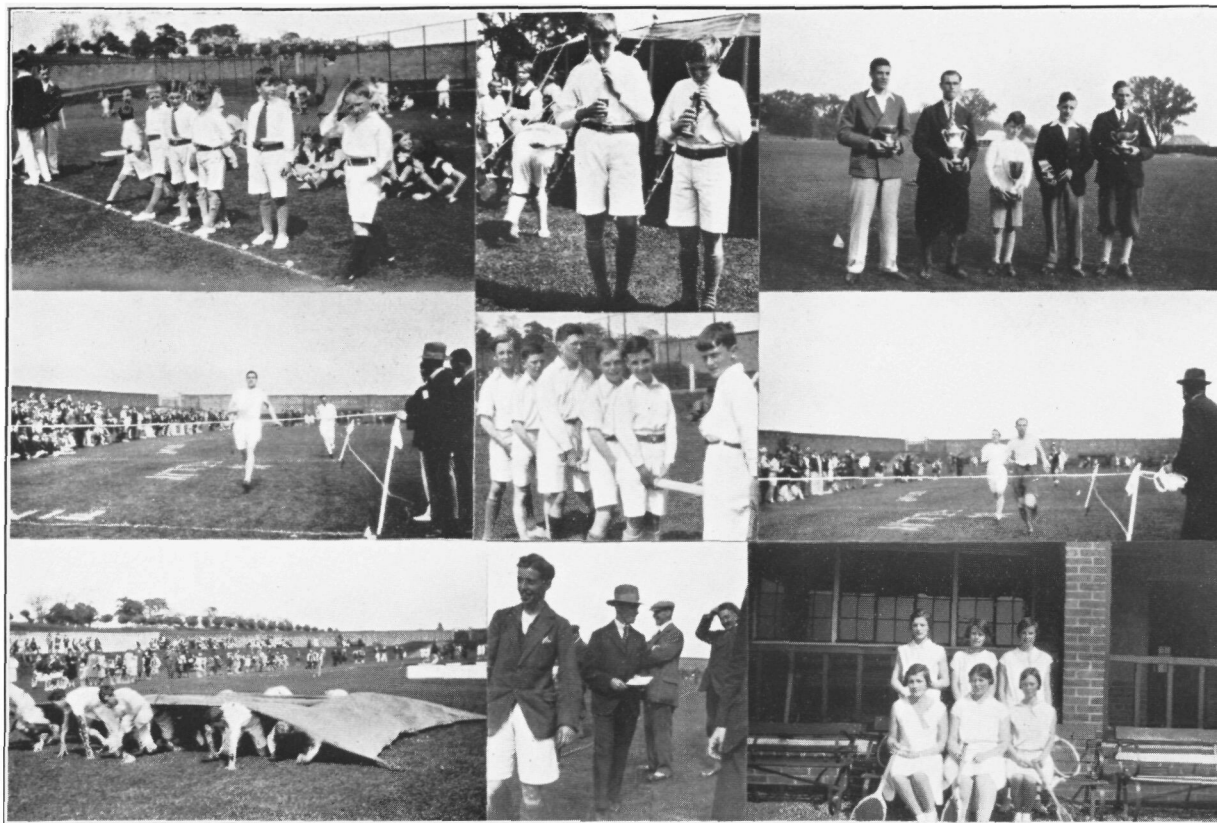
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3. Hurdle Race.
4. Refreshment.
5. Boat Race (IV.).
6. "Stand at Ease!"
7. Cup Winners (left to right)—S. Heath, Mile; D. Smith, Champion Athlete; D. Hackney, Junior Champion; A. Wallace, Boase Medal; G. Latto, Pirie Cup.
8. Finish of $\frac{1}{4}$ -Mile—Winner, D. Smith.
9. Tennis Team, *Back Row*—D. Allen, M. Johnston, M. MacCaull. *In Front*—J. Swan, L. MacCaull (Capt.), A. Webster.

Grouse Driving.

ONE day last summer I went grouse driving with my brother. It was great fun. We started by getting up shortly after six o'clock, having a good feed, and cycling over to the bothie where the beaters had to meet. We arrived there about seven o'clock, but it was not till after eight that we set off up the hill. During the interval we went to the kennels. There were some lovely dogs there, but I don't think they are used very much now; there was only one up on the hill with us.

As we went up the hill beaters were left at regular intervals apart. I was about the very top, where it was much more easy to walk

than along the side. We had to walk along towards the butts, waving our flags when any birds came in sight. There were only four guns, but I think they must have been poor shots, for they only got twelve brace between them.

We finished about six o'clock, and by that time we were about sixteen miles at least from the starting place. We went down to the road where a Ford lorry was waiting to convey us to the bothie where we were paid 6s each, and went home, tired and wet, but feeling jolly pleased with ourselves.

P.S.—We were given lunch about twelve.

Reports.

Cricket Report.

The cricket team has had rather an unsuccessful season this year. In all we have played nine matches, and of these we have won two, drawn one, and lost the remaining six. Three matches have had to be cancelled because of the weather.

The season was opened with a match against C. Parker's XI., which was drawn. We have had two matches with the Morgan and Harris Academy; in both cases we have won one and lost the other. The one match we played against Strathallan we lost, and at Aberdeen we suffered our greatest defeat when the Grammar School put us out for 23, and made a total of 98. There are still four matches to be played, which we hope to win.

We take this opportunity of thanking G. S. Ritchie, who has captained us throughout the season, and also our president, Mr Ramsay, who has taken so great an interest in the work of the team in matches and at practice.

G. J. R.

J. H. F. Wilson.—Has a very good eye and can hit hard all round the wicket. He would, however, be well advised to get his eye in by carefully watching the ball before hitting out. His defensive play needs speeding up, for his lack of good defensive strokes has resulted in his being bowled early in many innings. He

is a good, although patchy, fast bowler, who is at his best on a hard wicket. Is inclined to sacrifice length to speed. His fielding might yet be improved. Plays keenly at all times.

J. S. Neish.—A stylish batsman who plays strongly on the off and the leg side alike. He has, however, been dogged by ill-luck and has never really got going. He bowls a fine length slow-medium ball, but might turn the ball slightly with advantage. In slips he fields well, but elsewhere his lack of speed handicaps him. He has borne, with J. Wilson, the brunt of the bowling and captured many wickets.

E. Ballantine.—A very safe and neat slip-fielder. As a bat he has been somewhat unlucky this season, but has frequently himself to blame for his downfall through attempting to pull the good-length ball round to square-leg. A useful bowler who must, however, learn to pitch the ball further up the pitch. A valuable member of the team.

D. Smith.—Does not take the game seriously enough. He fields well in slips, and is a sure catcher. His batting, which promised well last season, has several times brought runs when they were most needed, but he must learn to restrain himself at the beginning of his innings. Cuts straight drives well, but is weak on the leg side.

G. Robbie.—Our stumper. Stands closer to the wicket than last year, and has consequently had more opportunities of stumping. Is inclined to fall away towards the end of an innings. He stops the ball nearly every time, as Mr Extras shows, but he does not hold it. His leg fielding has improved, but is not yet as good as it might be. He has a fine on drive, and hits very well indeed to leg, in which strokes he keeps the ball low. He tries, however, much too often to pull the straight ball, and must play a straighter bat.

S. W. E. Heath.—He is a good batsman, on his form at the nets, and hits anything full pitched very hard, and also lets very little past on the leg side. Has a fairly sound defence, but is inclined to make his strokes somewhat late. He is a very reliable fielder close in and in the outfield, where he has been conspicuous for his smart returns and stopping. Is a very fine catcher.

J. B. Malcolm.—Has an awkward stance, which he finds extremely difficult to give up. He is not free enough in the execution of his strokes, which are inclined to be uppish. His fielding has been consistently good, and he has brought off several brilliant catches at leg. His return to the wicket is good, but if anything is inclined to be a little high.

J. S. Brand.—A steady, stylish young batsman, who plays a straight bat, and consequently has a sound defence. His catching is none too sure, but he works conscientiously and hard in the field. He is quite a good medium-paced bowler with a nice command of spin both from leg and off. A most promising player who should be of great value to the team next year.

D. F. Wilson.—A convert from golf to cricket who played for the team for his first season this year. He can hit with power, but is always apt to play over cautiously and to content himself with merely stopping balls which could be hit for runs. His fielding is good and bad by turns. He is a very useful reserve bowler who bowls a good length fast-medium ball. Promises well.

R. Falconer.—Has come on well after a shaky start. He is still rather loath to play forward, and is scarcely quick and crisp enough in his back-play, but will get over this with practice and a little more confidence. He watches the ball very carefully, both in his batting and fielding, but is inclined to let many scoring possibilities pass, and to stop the ball, when fielding, without holding.

W. Keir.—Adopts rather a stiff position at the wicket, and hence is often late in the execution of his strokes, which are generally too timid. But, once he adopts an easier stance, he should make progress. His ground fielding is good, and he catches well. His returns to the wicket, however, are not swift or sure enough.

Graham S. Ritchie.—As captain of the team he has been rather disappointing. Perhaps it is that too much has been expected of him. Last season his batting, both defensive and offensive, was of a high standard. During the present season, however, he has not kept his form. His good judgment seems to have somewhat deteriorated, as he has sometimes lost his wicket very cheaply. He fields well and smartly at point, and can be relied on to do good work there. He seldom bowls, but can send down a fast medium ball of good length.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	No. of Inns.	No. of Runs	Most in Inns.	Times Not Out	Av.
Ritchie, G.	10	82	48*	1	9.1
Robbie, G.	10	69	24*	1	7.6
Wilson, J.	10	74	21	0	7.4
Smith, D.	7	31	14*	2	6.1
Wilson, D.	10	56	12	0	5.6
Ballantyne, E. ...	9	49	24	0	5.5
Heath, S. W. ...	4	21	18	0	5.2
Falconer, R., ...	7	8	4*	5	4.0
Malcolm, J.	6	13	6	0	2.1
Neish, J.	10	20	7	0	2.0

* Indicates Not Out

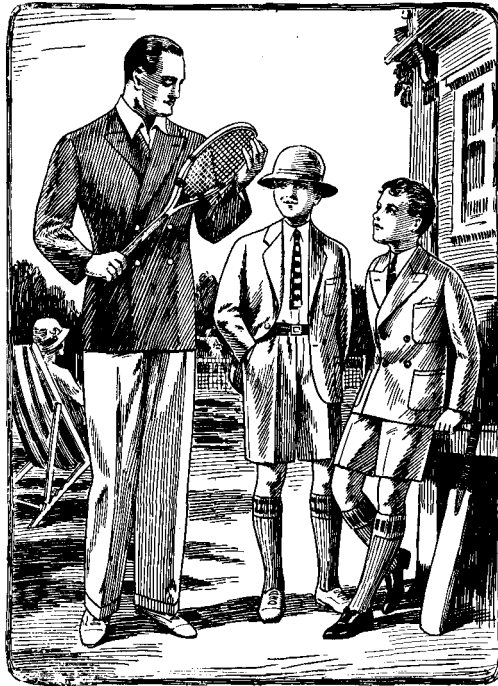
BOWLING AVERAGES.

	No. of Wckts.	No. of Runs	Average
Neish, J.	20 for	87	4.4
Wilson, J.	24 for	159	6.6
Ritchie, G.	5 for	35	7.0
Brand, J.	6 for	50	8.3
Wilson, D.	9 for	105	11.6
Ballantine, E.	3 for	44	14.6
Smith, D.	3 for	60	20.0

Cadet Report.

Talk about and preparation for the Annual Camp are the order of the day. We go again to Cortachy.

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The camp will be pitched in the same field as last year's, and visitors are reminded that we dwell then quite close to the bridge over the Prosen on the Kirriemuir-Dykehead road. Our official visitors' afternoon is to be Wednesday, 3rd July, when an extensive and entertaining programme of sports will be engaged in. Tent-pitching, hurdles, boat race, bun-wrestling are already noted, and no doubt further inventions will materialise. The Company going to Camp has achieved a record in numbers since the institution of the Corps—we are to be 90 strong. As last year, this company will be divided into four platoons, each platoon under its sergeant, and competition and rivalry will doubtless be keen. Given real good weather, we are assured of a glorious fortnight.

Lastly, the Cadet Corps takes this opportunity of wishing Lieut. Hunter all happiness and prosperity in the future. No doubt we shall have more to say to him at Camp. No further promotions are to be made until the end of the first week of Camp.

J. R. L.

Guide Report—3rd Term.

Once more we have come to the end of a session. During this last term we have spent many enjoyable evenings "at Guides." By means of games, at once novel, entertaining, and instructive, we have acquired a knowledge of many things pertaining to drill, nature, ambulance work, etc., which will I am sure prove to be of lasting use.

A great deal of pleasure is also derived from the dancing and singing which figure on our programme. This term, additional songs have been practised, so that we might show the strength of our lungs at the Guide Rally.

We had a Company photograph taken last month, and all happily survived the ordeal. The photograph which has just come forward is very good, as of course you expected, or didn't you?

The Annual Church Parade was held on Sunday, 12th May, when a large number of guides attended.

The Inter-Patrol Shield, for which a battle royal has been waged during the entire term, has been successfully held by the Skylarks throughout the year. Great credit, however, accrues to the Chaffinches, who this term were but four marks behind the winners, and that with a patrol several of whose members have not yet passed their 2nd Class Examination.

Now we come to the event of the term. On the 15th of this month we went to the Rally in the Caird Hall to renew our acquaintance with our Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell. She spoke of the new headquarters in London, and told us how Scottish women were helping guiding at home and abroad. Her talk was followed by a drill display and singing by the choir.

And now the summer vacation lies before us, and our thoughts are turning "campwards." Lists are written, kit is prepared, and soon the day will be here, then ho for Kirkmichael and GOOD WEATHER!

In closing I would just like to mention how indebted we are to our officers for their unflagging interest. They have put themselves to a great deal of trouble to make the meetings what they are, and have done much to further the spirit of happy comradeship in the ranks. Their efforts on our behalf have been greatly appreciated, and we would now tender our sincerest thanks for all that they have done. J. T. F.

Tennis Report.

After a Captain and Vice-Captain v. Secretary match on 4th May, the following team was chosen:—1st Couple—L. MacCaull and A. Webster; 2nd Couple—M. MacCaull and M. Johnston; 3rd Couple—J. Swan and D. Allen. Reserve—B. Laburn.

The following are the results of our matches:—

	Sets For	Against	Draws
May 11—Morgan,	8	0	1
18—Madras,	3	4	2
25—Seymour Lodge, ...	6	1	2
June 8—Morgan,	6	1	2

In the final of the school championship L. MacCaull beat A. Webster, 8-6, 6-2.

We now wish to thank Miss Whytock for the interest she has taken in our team during the season.

J. S. S.

Lawn Tennis—Former Pupils Club.

The membership again shows a gratifying increase, although there have been one or two notable departures. The ladies' first team commenced very well and reached the semi-final of the local cup competition, after defeating both Harris and Morgan Academies. The men reached the third round. The ladies have been badly hit by illness among their first team players, and lost to Morgan Academy in the league when under strength.

There is little doubt that but for this misfortune they would be certain for promotion, but as it stands, they still have a good chance. Both Alliance teams are still rather unsteady, but should improve with experience of match play. A successful tournament was held on 25th May, the winners being the following:—1 Mr G. M. R. Cook and Miss A. N. Wallace; 2 Mr A. T. Millar and Miss M. R. Suttie; 3 Mr J. S. Wilson and Miss M. Kidd.

On Wednesday, 5th June, a very successful flannel dance was held in Kidd's Rooms, there being an attendance of over 80 couples.

Golf Report.

We opened the season on 20th April by playing Harris Academy at Caird Park. The match was an overwhelming victory for us. We defeated them 6-0. The next match we were to have played was with Grove, but they failed to raise a team. On 18th May we played Arbroath High School at home. The match was a very hard one, and I think we were lucky in drawing at 3 all. Following this we played Grove Academy at Monifieth. This proved a sweeping victory for the School as we won 6-0. 1st June was Sports Day, and because of this we had to cancel the game with Arbroath High School at Elliot. Morgan Academy was our next match. They have a very strong team, but we managed to secure a draw, 3-3. We have still to play Forfar Academy away from home, and we expect a very good game.

	Wins	Losses
Apr. 20—Harris Academy (home),	6	0
27—Grove Academy,	—	—
May 11—Morgan Academy,	—	—
18—Arbroath H.S. (home),	3	3
25—Grove Academy, (away),	5	1
June 1—Arbroath H.S.,	—	—
8—Forfar Academy (home),	3	4
15—Morgan Academy (home),	3	3

Netball Report.

The Wednesdays of the last term have been mainly fine, although one or two have been disappointing. In spite of the weather, however, this game has been popularly attended, and the lists have been fairly full each week, although the majority of the pupils indulge in swimming. During the summer months the pitch is

removed to the "new grounds," in which I am sure the pupils enjoy themselves thoroughly.

Although there is no net ball team at present I feel sure that as time goes on and the number of pupils for the game increases there will soon be one.

And now we take this opportunity for thanking the referees for their unfailing help and interest during the session, and also the pupils for their interest in this game by their attendance. D. M. A.

Swimming Report.

The girls' swimming club has had a very successful session. The attendance has been excellent and, thanks to the great interest which Miss Brown and Miss Whytock have taken in the junior members, we have some very promising swimmers amongst us. The life-saving class has also been well attended, and we hope to have our test on Tuesday 25th. The annual gala which was held on Tuesday, 11th June, was a great success. The Championship was won by Mabel Ritchie with 11 points, and Muriel Ferrier was runner-up with 10 points. The most interesting event was the P.P.'s versus F.P.'s, which was won by the P.P.'s for only the second time in the history of the gala.

We take this opportunity to thank Miss Brown and Miss Whytock for their unfailing interest. M. F.

Swimming and Life-Saving.

We have had a moderate number of fair Wednesdays this session, and enthusiasm has increased since Easter. The entries for the Gala give promise of an interesting afternoon, the championship being very keenly contested.

The Life-Saving Club has been meeting regularly throughout the session, and the fruits of their labours were reaped last month when seven boys were successful in obtaining the Bronze Medallion and Proficiency Certificate of the Royal Life-Saving Society, four Preliminary Certificates being obtained at the same time.

Bronze Medallions and Proficiency Certificates:—A. B. Edward, R. H. Ford, S. W. Gilchrist, D. G. Mudie, J. Murray, James Sibbald, John F. Sibbald.

Preliminary Certificates:—T. J. Nicol, C. A. Tyndal, H. Walker, E. Webb.

We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to Mr Marshall and Mr M'Laren for all the time they have spent and the pains they have taken on our behalf. J. H. P. S.

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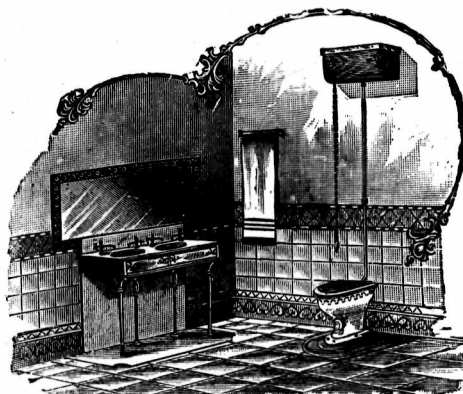
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