

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 46

DECEMBER 1929

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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 46]

DECEMBER, 1929.

[FOURPENCE

Editorial.

ONCE again, Comrades, Yuletide is drawing nigh, bringing with it its customary round of festivities, fun and frolics, and once again, after an interval of six months, the Magazine is in your hands. Since our Summer Number much has happened in School and out of it that calls for a smile of approbation or a word of encouragement from the wielder of the editorial pen. The annual vacation has, of course, come and gone; the peaceful pleasures of Kirkmichael and the martial pursuits of Cortachy have alike given place once more to the humdrum, the hard benches, and the still harder work of a new session; and now, as we rise and glance at the calendar, we find to our astonishment that the Autumn term itself, which despite previous forebodings we have all enjoyed immensely, is rapidly hastening to its close. With the publication of this Glorious Organ, the events of the session—the Quarterlies, the Mock Trial at the Lit., and the Dance—have now all taken place. Nothing is left for us, then, but to lounge in corridors or sleep in classrooms until that queen of carillons, that king among tintinnabula, the last bell on Friday bid us, with cheery ring, depart to our several homesteads and there enjoy for sixteen days a well-earned and well-merited rest.

The term, indeed, has been quiet and enjoyable. The various Companies, Corps, Clubs and Societies which for so long have been the props, mainstays, and supports of the School in its extra-mural activities, are all having another splendidly successful year. Let us consider them in their natural groups. First, there is the muscular, the beefy, the agile and the Athletic crew of sportsmen and sportswomen who, on each Saturday, wallow in the mud and do battle for their School and, on each Monday, with smiling face return to its precincts, sometimes victorious, oftener defeated, but never disgraced. Theirs is a hard task, and right bravely do they perform it. All they need is better support and encouragement from their schoolmates and, granted these, greater success would undoubtedly attend their weekly panting and sweating.

We come next to our stalwarts in kilts and khaki and to our blue-clad Amazons—the disciplined and uniformed sections of the School who, as Guides and Cadets, have done so much to promote comradeship throughout our Seminary. Their Friday parades, whether amid the silence of a deserted school or upon the resounding boards of the Drill Hall have been, we are assured, conducted with the same efficiency and suc-

cess as ever. Blessings upon them and may they and their School ever flourish!

And what about those constellations of eloquence and rhetoric, those clear-shining stars illuminating the intellectual firmament? Dare we say anything of the twin Literary Societies? Their success this year is so great as almost to defy description, and we take the opportunity of congratulating their two Presidents, Miss Lickley and Mr Legge, for their signal and invaluable service to their respective Societies. And those, we think, are all—ah, no! we have made one serious omission. The Shooting Club, to which our fair friends have unfortunately no sister organisation, is as flourishing as ever this year. Each Friday night at the Lit., just after the reading of the minutes, the Strathcona heroes hasten in from the Gym. and for a moment disturb that august assembly with talk of rifles, targets and bull's

eyes. They are more eager than ever to recapture for their School the coveted shield and when the contest comes we pray that keen eyes and steady hands may be theirs.

Thus onward the days have sped—September, October, November, and now December have passed silently by, and we are about to enter upon a New Year. Yet 1930 need cause us no qualms. If we each strive for the School as we have striven during the last four months, if, moreover, we continue chivalrously to put School before self, the advancements which in those respects the School has recently made will be easily maintained and easily surpassed.

And now the holidays with all their joys are summoning us from our tasks. Santa Claus, dances, frolics, and fun now fill our thoughts. Let us, therefore, Schoolmates, enjoy these to the full, satisfied with past achievements and confident of future success.

T. H. SMITH, Esq., J.P.

IT was with feelings not merely of keen regret and sorrow, but of something like consternation, that the Staff and many of the pupils of the High School heard that Mr T. H. Smith had decided to retire from the High School Board of Directors. Mr Smith had been a Director of the School for thirty-one years, during a large part of which he had held a number of the most important convenerships of the Board, including, for the last seven years, the Finance Convenership, and to many members of the Staff and not a few of the pupils, he had for many years been not only a Director but also a familiar figure and friend, who never missed his turn to visit the School, who always made a point of being present at their Closing Exhibitions and, so far as he was able, their social or other gatherings, and who interested himself in anything and everything that affected their welfare. It was no wonder, therefore, that Staff and pupils alike had

come to look on Mr Smith as an essential and integral part of the School, just as much as the High School "Pillars," and that, when they heard of his retirement they felt that both they and the School had suffered a heavy and serious blow.

For Mr Smith was, in a very real sense, a pillar of the School. To say that he discharged his duties as a Director with the utmost fidelity, conscientiousness and care, that he never allowed any consideration, personal or other, to weigh with him against the interests of the School, that his conscientiousness and integrity in the discharge of his duties to the High School, as also, no doubt, to every other institution which he served, were an example and an inspiration to all who came in contact with him—to say that is to say a great deal, though not, we hope, more than can be said of a good many men. But Mr Smith's services and merits went far beyond that. Not only did he dis-



T. H. SMITH, Esq., J.P.

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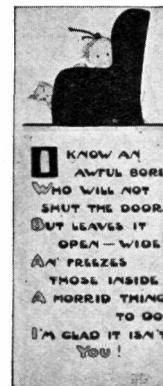


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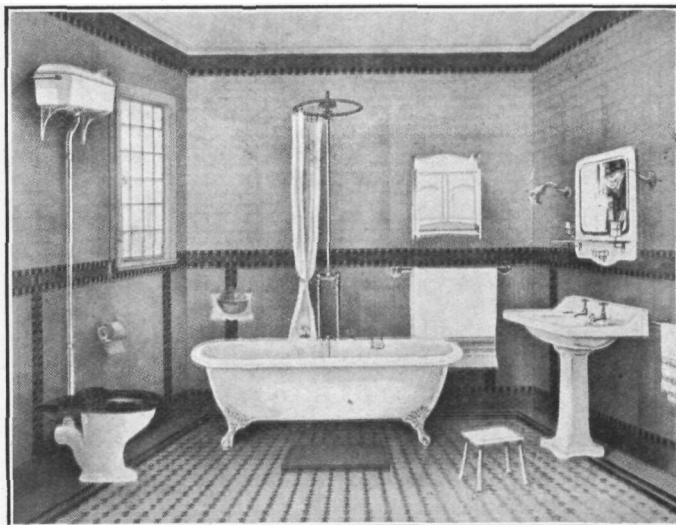
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charge his duties as a Director of the School and particularly the many and exacting duties of his various convenerships with rare devotion and ability, but he took the warmest and kindest interest in the members of the Staff, and also in the pupils, many of whom he knew personally and by name. Again, there was not a single sphere of school life or activity in which he did not take a keen and warm and constant interest. The various athletic clubs of the School, the Cadet Corps, the Rifle Club, the Girl Guides, the Literary Societies, no less than the more strictly educational work of the School, could always count on his encouragement and his active and enthusiastic support. More than that, on many occasions and in many different ways, whenever he felt that any useful or healthy activity of the School was hampered or crippled through lack of funds, or when, as in his annual visits to the Cadet Corps' and Girl Guides' Camps, he wished to encourage and show his sympathy with pupils and Staff by some friendly act of personal kindness, he freely and most generously, and, whenever possible, in the quietest and most unostentatious way, gave of his private means to help the School, one of his last acts just before retiring being to present it with two beautiful silver cups—a Platoon Cup for the Cadet Corps, and a House Cup for the Rugby Club. Such, to mention but a few, are the ways in which Mr Smith showed his interest in, and did so much for, and meant so much to, the School.

At the last General Meeting of the Directors which he attended Mr Smith, in a few quiet and touching words, said that his work for the High School had been a labour of love. With many people who use this expression with reference to themselves there is less emphasis on the "labour" than on the "love." It was not so with Mr Smith. He loved the High School, of which he had been a pupil as well as a Director and, like all who truly love, he grudged no labour or

trouble in the service of the object of his love. In one of the most moving passages in all literature the grief-stricken Sweet Singer of Israel says of his friend Jonathan—"Thy love to me was wonderful." If the Spirit of the High School could speak with human voice Mr Smith too, like Jonathan, would receive that sweetest and most enviable of all commendations—"Thy love to me was wonderful." And when one thinks of the serious accident which he met with two and a half years ago, and of the courage and resolution with which he set himself, in spite of his physical disability to carry on his work just as before, and carried it on for more than two years, one realises all the more vividly how great his love for the School was, and finds oneself at a loss for any adequate words to express one's admiration and gratitude. Fortunate indeed is the institution that can secure and enjoy the benefit of such devoted and disinterested service as that rendered to the High School by Mr Smith.

Mr Smith is no longer a Director of the High School, but his work and his example remain—a cherished memory and an inspiration to all who were fortunate enough to know him. And we, who knew him so well and shall miss him so much, who found in him a wise counsellor, a ready and willing helper, and a most loyal and kind and generous friend, in bidding him farewell in his capacity as Director of the High School, would offer him our sincere and heart-felt thanks for all he has done for the School, and all he has meant to us personally, and ask him to accept our very best wishes for health and every good thing in his retirement. And, though he is no longer a Director, we hope that when he feels able and inclined, he will still call and see us, and look round the old School, where he will always be sure of a very warm and affectionate welcome.

J. M.

A Remarkable Breach of Promise

[Reprinted (Without Permission) from the "Daily Depress."]

A REMARKABLE case, in which the eminent poet-playwright, Mr S. Low-rimer, was sued for breach of promise, was heard in the High Court yesterday before Mr Justice Limbe. As the case was one concerning court-ship, it was heard in the Admiralty Division.

The plaintiff, Mrs Fall-Conner, was represented by Mr Serjeant Robey, who had as his junior Mr Timothy Agony, while the case for the defendant was in the hands of Mr Serjeant Spotter, supported by Mr William Cutthroat.

Plaintiff's counsel, in opening the case, stated that Mrs Fall-Conner was a most respectable widow who made her living by taking in boarders and letting out rooms. The defendant was one of these boarders, whom, out of the kindness of her heart, she had taken in—and what had happened? He had turned and rent her heart.

He would try, continued counsel, not to harrow the feelings of the jury, for every member of which he had the utmost consideration, but he felt he must lay bare the dastardly action of the villain who had trifled with the affections of a trusting woman. This man, who had posed as a poet and a playwright, and who was accustomed to probe into the human heart, made love to this unprotected widow. He went so far as to lead her to believe that he wished to marry her. They became engaged, and the lady at once began to prepare for marriage. The defendant assisted in these preparations, and together the apparently happy couple bought a trousseau which cost the remarkably reasonable sum of £109 17s 5d—the 5d being for hairpins, as the pursuer intended to grow her hair after marriage. In spite of all that had happened defendant refused to implement his promise, and said that his intentions had never been serious.

In support of his case counsel read a num-

ber of impassioned love-letters which, he said, had been sent to Mrs Fall-Conner from a place with the romantic name of Cortachy, which lay near another place also breathing romance in every letter of its name—Kirriemuir. He concluded by inviting the jury to mark their disapproval of defendant's action by awarding the sum of £2000 to Mrs Fall-Conner.

In the witness-box, Mrs Fall-Conner, who was dressed very much à la mode, said she had given all the affection of her mature years to the defendant. Her heart had been broken and her prospects ruined. Mr Low-rimer was the only man she had loved since the last one, by which she meant her deceased husband, and the lonely years stretching ahead of her filled her with dismay. Two thousand pounds, she thought, was not too much to ask as compensation.

Corroborative evidence was given by Mrs Fatherson, who stated she had on more than one occasion seen the couple in a lover-like attitude. The celebrated actress, Miss Jackina Mall-Combe, had a like story to tell, and thrilled the Court with a description of a kiss that lasted for fourteen minutes thirty-seven and two-fifth seconds by the stop watch.

Other witnesses were called to show defendant was a flirt, a philanderer, and a villain of the deepest dye.

This concluded the case for the plaintiff, and Mr Sergeant Spotter started his innings. He denied inter alia et non fero concretum that his client had ever made love to the lady. He was a playwright and had often rehearsed some love scenes with the plaintiff, but it was understood on both sides that it was merely acting. He would not insult his client by asking him to go into the witness-box and deny the allegations made against him, but would rely on the evidence of a hard-working plumber, an honest and respectable gas in-



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spector, a detective from Scotland Yard, and a burly constable to refute the base insinuations to which the jury had listened.

The hard-working plumber, Mr Donot, told the Court that in the intervals of mending a pipe and waiting for his mate he heard the couple playacting. From his experience as a plumber he could certainly say it was not lovemaking.

Inspector Razor of Scotland Yard, created something of a stir in Court by his evidence. As a handwriting expert he had no hesitation in saying that the letters produced were forgeries. They had been written with the left hand of a right-handed man, while the defendant was a left-handed man who wrote with his right hand.

Evidence being concluded, counsel addressed the jury, and Mr Justice Limbe proceeded to sum up.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said Mr Justice Limbe in his most judicial manner, "there has been presented to you in this Court a drama of real life which has all the glamour and romance of a novel by Elinor Glyn or Annie Swannie. Counsel for the plaintiff has harrowed your feelings, awakened your sympathies, and reduced you to tears in stating his case and in producing evidence for this beautiful widow—she is a charming girl, as

you can see for yourself, gentlemen. She has what is known as *chic*. Counsel for the defence has unmasked a plot of criminal cunning and moral depravity, if you are to believe him. Defendant, like many a better man, was deliberately tickled, baited, and hooked. Unsuspecting, innocent, and guileless, a bleating lamb in this world of wolves, he is accused of doing something he did not even have the intelligence to do. He has a good military record and looks frank and honest. It is for you, British jurymen, to sift the evidence, to separate the wheat from the chaff, the currants from the bun, the lies from the truth. When you retire, think carefully; do not hasten because your fish supper will be cold when you get home. Do not hurry, because Fair Hair and Blue Eyes is waiting vainly for you at the end of Reform Street."

The jury retired, but the Judge must have impressed them with his remarks about the allurements of fish suppers, Fair Hair and Blue Eyes, for they returned in a remarkably short space of time. They brought in a verdict for the widow, estimating the damages at £110 17s 5d—the cost of the trousseau—and one extra pound to pay for the repair of a broken heart.

Mr Sergeant Spotter, on behalf of the defendant, had made a good try but had just failed to convert.

"Christmas Day South of the Line."

HOW many of us in this land where the word "Christmas" conveys the idea of frost, snow, skating, parties, and a time of festivity and jollification, have ever thought what Christmas Day is like in those countries where, by reason of their geographical positions, this important day happens to fall about the very middle of the hot southern summer. Perhaps we shall gain a little information from the following few lines.

We are holidaying in the country, and

wake up early to find the sun already high in the heavens. We note with satisfaction that not a single cloud is visible round the skyline. The country around has an exceptionally peaceful appearance and, thirty miles away, the mountains are, thus early, shimmering in the heat haze.

In the morning we attend a Christmas service and, as we sit silently listening in church we cannot but help contrasting the Christmas carols sung by the choir, telling

of snow and winter, with the loud " creek-creeking " of crickets outside in the bright sunshine.

True to the customs of the British race all the world over, the Christmas dinner is a sumptuous one, and after having done ample justice to it we change into flannels or summer frocks so that we shall be suitably garbed for the huge district picnic and sports meeting which is held every Christmas Day afternoon in the local sports grounds. At this picnic we have a really enjoyable time, and manage to keep reasonably cool with the help of strawberries and cream, ices and iced drinks. Everyone is happy, and despite the climatic differences a proper Christmas spirit is abroad. Old farmers may be seen wishing each other a Merry

Christmas and at the same time discussing the prospects for the coming shearing season.

The afternoon passes only too quickly, and after a light tea (it is still warm and one must not forget that one has partaken of a real Christmas dinner earlier in the day) we all go down to the river and there finish off a capital day's enjoyment with a romping time in the tepid waters, followed by a not too serious game of tennis. At night, when we are all at home once more, tired, not a little sunburnt, but extremely happy, we decide that, after all, our strenuous day's entertainment easily compensates for the fun and frolic we should have had on the ponds and amid the snowdrifts at home in Scotland.

The Departure.

TO watch a great liner as she slowly and majestically moves away from her berth and sets out on her long voyage to foreign parts is both interesting and impressive. It is a sight not easily forgotten. Let us go down to Tilbury Docks, therefore, and see the arrival of the passengers, all the preparations, and finally the departure of the ocean giant.

A special train is run from London with the passengers, which arrives fully an hour before the ship leaves. The passengers are landed on the wharf and go aboard a launch which conveys them to the ship, their baggage being taken by a special tender. Unloading is done thus:—A quantity of baggage is placed in a net which is lifted on to the boat by a crane. The baggage is sorted out by the baggage steward, boxes marked " wanted on the voyage " are put in the baggage-room, " not wanted " in the hold, and " cabin " in the various cabins. This sorting goes on till all the luggage is on board.

While the passengers are boarding the steamer, barges are waiting their turn of

the big crane to take the rest of the cargo off, which includes packing cases containing goods of all sorts, from iron beams to motor cars. The Chief Officer is the busiest man on board for he has to superintend the loading of the ship.

Down in the engine-room the stokers are keeping steam up and the chief engineer is seeing that his assistants have the engines ready to start. The stewards are busy in the dining-room laying the tables for a meal, and the stewardess is seeing that everyone is comfortable.

The first siren goes half an hour before the boat leaves, the second a quarter of an hour, and the third five minutes before, which means that those on board seeing friends off must then go ashore. The gangway is pulled up and the ship is ready to start. The crew then weigh the anchor and the boat glides away down the river. At the mouth of the river the pilot leaves the ship and returns to the port. Henceforward the captain takes full responsibility for the ship.

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The Thorny Path of Research.

MY work during the past months has been in connection with an experiment which is now being brought to a close. We have been keeping in touch with some 1200 elementary school children since they left school, and trying to get a measure of their industrial success from information got from employers and from the children themselves. We have visited most of the employers with whom "our children" have been working at any time (and sometimes there are over twenty employers for one child!), and written to the children themselves asking how they are getting on and where they are working, and as a last resort, where we have lost touch altogether, we have visited the homes and interviewed the mothers.

Could you see the mass of information, often most fragmentary, vague, and contradictory, with which those who are engaged in the experiment have to deal, you would not raise an enquiring eyebrow at the title of this article.

My own part in this experiment consisted of dealing with the children's answers to our last letter. The majority of these were quite straightforward, expressing either satisfaction or dissatisfaction with their jobs. Occasionally we were puzzled, however. One boy answered our enquiry as to what he had been doing since November, 1927, in these words, "(Name of firm) I done for them polish and plating. Adress **Blowing green Lane.**" (fortunately it was not difficult to identify the firm as one in Bowling Green Lane). He then went on "Left for teller a Lier," and gave us the name and address of his present employer, the time he had been there, and in answer to our enquiry as to the type of work he was then doing he said, "No work at present." What are we to make of that? Now and then we have irate letters from parents who do not see the point of our enquiry. One lady signing herself "Marie's

Mother," pointed out that Marie had never received "any help what every" from us, and that if she had to "depend on the referanch she had from school she would have Been found Dead in the Gutter Before now."

But such difficult points arising from letters are child's play to the problems confronting the visitor to the children's homes. When we had lost trace of a child, through changes of employment and refusal to answer our letters, we visited the home and interviewed the mother or older sister, or anyone else on the premises. Very little reliance can be placed on information got this way. Very often the parents did not know where Bertie or Lily was working or what kind of work they were doing. When I called on one mother, for example, she told me Fred was "living wiv 'is sister now, miss, and I'm not interested in 'im no more." Another could only tell me that her Albert was working somewhere in Goswell Road at "terrible 'eavy work, and 'e sweats some-think awful" — which information gives little help in bringing our records up-to-date!

Another difficulty often encountered in trying to get information by means of home visits was the garrulity of some of the parents. Instead of learning how Rosie was getting on and what she was doing now, one was confronted with the whole family history, with snippets of information about Rosie mixed indiscriminately with a description of the job her older sister had been doing before she got married, including a full description of the wedding and the new stair carpet that had been laid in honour of the occasion.

Oratio directa (correct me, Mr Editor, please, if I'm wrong) is used in preference to oratio obliqua, in giving details. This sort of thing:—

Me—"And does Ben like his new work, Mrs Johnson?"

Mrs Johnson—"O, Miss, 'e fair loves it. Why it wasn't no longer than last week, when 'e brought me 'is wages, 'e sez to me, 'Mum,' sez 'e, 'I do love this job,' 'e sez, 'the boss 'e sez to me, 'e sez, 'Bennie, I'll give you a rise soon, me boy,' sez 'e——'" to give but one very small fragment, from

which one makes the laconic note, "Boy likes Wk. Emplr. appears sat," the meaning of which is doubtless clear.

Add to such difficulties the fact that I am a Dundonian whilst my informants are Cockneys of the deepest dye, and you get a very slight idea of one or two of the thorns which make hard the way of the research worker. J. D.

A Dream.

THE 30th of October saw an innovation in the social life of the High School pupils. A Hallowe'en party was held at which we entertained our "long-suffering" teachers and proved to them that they really do not know us at all. Each of the Upper School pupils was dressed to represent some very well-known character in either history or fiction, and everyone was disguised by having a blackened or highly painted face. The teachers, looking so neat and tidy in their party attire, sat round the hall with pencil and paper ready, all eager to win the new strap which was the prize in our big competition. When the signal was given we entered the room, and the long procession of black-visaged kings and queens, pirates and martyrs, scarecrows and pierrots slowly filed past the guests of the evening, who had to try to recognise us in our unusual garb. What a sorry job they made of it! Can you believe that not one of them realised that the plump baby girl, with flowing robes, pink sash, sunbonnet and comforter all complete, was a certain gentleman of great avoirdupois and of classic fame. Although the mathematical master stared in admiration at the pretty hospital nurse who so carefully tended a wounded "Tommy," he entirely failed to guess that his two brightest pupils were the couple he was trying to sum up.

The party was a great success, although, through the "density" of our guests the new strap is still unclaimed. Indeed, when we

recall how all these teachers have glared at us trying in fact to read our innermost thoughts and wither us with a look, it makes us laugh to realise that not one of them knows one of us at all unless our faces are clean. A DREAMER.

Leather.

O leather tough and hard, and prone to pain
And pulp the palms of piffle-spouters,
We mickle grieve us that we have not
brain—

We poor know-nowt'ers.

Lochgelly, noteless blot on Fife's fair name,
Anathemas unending on thee tumble!
Thou sendest forth the lash that stings like
flame—

For wits that stumble.

O teacher tall, of supple thews and strong,
Remember when you rise to wield the
leather

At twelve years old e'en you were some-
times(?) wrong—

Condone our blether.

Violets.

Under the hedges, after the snow,
There do the dear wee violets grow,
Hanging their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn in soft beds.

Class V.

An Invitation.

YOU are cordially invited to call and inspect the Largest and Most Varied Stock of Suction Cleaners and Floor Polishers in Scotland, and quite the Finest Collection of Lighting Glassware in the City, and prices which pleasantly surprise our numerous customers. We have hundreds of both

Useful and Beautiful Presents

which are sure to delight the recipient at prices to suit every purse. Our Business is growing at an alarming rate ; here is the secret :—

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and the wagging tongue of a satisfied customer is our best advertisement. Think it over, and be sure to call early to prevent disappointment.

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Last Days.

ON the evening of the 29th of January, the King sat looking out of a window in Whitehall Palace.

An unutterably sad look was spread over his countenance. His eyes were not looking in front of him, at the houses, but far away beyond the horizon. He thought of all that had happened in the past few months, how very unfortunate he had been. He thought of the morrow—and what it meant to him. The end! Yet was he not glad to go? Was there anyone that wanted him? Would he not be free from strife and war? So his thoughts ran, till soon the death of Strafford came into his mind. He had betrayed his best friend! Was not that a cowardly thing to have done? His one great regret was that deed. He wanted complete forgiveness. Then the thought of prayer came to him and, bending down upon his knees, he said—

“My God, forgive me for the death of him that was my greatest friend. Forgive me for the sins committed in my reign. Protect, oh God, the ones I leave behind; guard them from all harms and ills and pains.”

When he had finished praying the tears were running down his cheeks. The King that was once so great had become as simple as a child. For a long time he remained kneeling with bowed head; then he rose up. On his face was no look of misery now, but a calm and peaceful expression. He was prepared!

It was a dismal morning; the sky overhead was heavy and the air was oppressive, as if a thunderstorm was brewing. It was a day fit for the deed that was going to happen—Murder! For it was nothing less. Bells were ringing, monotonously, slowly. The windows were all shrouded in the palace. In front of the gates was a low, heavy, wooden block draped in black. It was in truth a very dreary, awesome sight.

As the bells rang on the people began to crowd into the street, and before long it was packed with people of all sorts and conditions, some with eager expectant faces, others with doubtful and sullen faces, and others with faces that did not betray what they felt. The bells began to slow down, and finally they stopped. A silence as of death fell upon the people, for King Charles was coming down the steps of the palace slowly, with a priest behind him, and soldiers following after. Slowly and calmly he walked to the block. He was so courageous that few could keep from tears. Before he died he spoke to the people.

“My people, it will be as bad to abuse the liberty newly gained as never to have had it. May it bring you prosperity and joy. I am going, but in my death I recognise the injustice of the death of Strafford, to which I gave my consent.”

As he finished speaking, a girl broke from the crowd, ran past the soldiers and bent down before the feet of King Charles. She was weeping bitterly. In her hands she held a beautiful rose. She lifted it tremblingly to her lips and kissed it. Then she stretched out both her hands on which the rose lay to the King. “My King, my King,” she sobbed out. King Charles looked at her sadly; he took the rose gently from her fingers and kissed it; then he lifted the girl up and spoke to her.

“Dost thou want me, little one? Dost thou really love me?” “They are fiends, my King,” she sobbed. “Dry thy tears, my child,” he said, “I am glad to go.” With those words he bent down and softly caressed the child. “Thou wilt go now?” And stumblingly she ran away from him, from the people and the terrible sight.

The King composed himself. He bent down on his knee for a space, then he got

up, and after taking a last look round him, he knelt down and laid his head on the block. For a short time he did not move; then he made a sign to the executioner, who lifted

his huge axe. In a moment all was over!

P.R.E.B., Class VI.

NOTE.—This is to be regarded as a fantasy, not necessarily accurate in its historical details.

A Trip to Guernsey.

WHILE on my holidays in the South of England this year I had the opportunity of visiting Guernsey, one of the Channel Islands. After a delightful sail from Weymouth lasting four hours, the good ship St Helier arrived at the "Hot-House of England."

St Peter's Port, the capital, and incidentally the only town on the island, welcomed the six hundred and fifty "foreigners" with open arms. As it happened, a boat from Cherbourg had arrived just before us, and the quaint little town had a very busy appearance.

Everywhere placards were posted up giving advice as to what to buy and where to go. These notices appeared in both English and French, for both languages are spoken there. At least that is what the guide book said. I asked a little girl in English if she spoke French. She said "Yes." I spoke to her in my best High School French, but somehow she didn't seem to understand.

The Guernsey folk have their own copper coinage, and use it along with ours. The smallest coin is one double, eight of which equals one penny. There are four coins in the set, one double, 2 doubles, 4 doubles, and 8 doubles. A whole new set of coins can be bought for threepence, which is one of the reasons why income tax is only fourpence in the £1, as over a penny profit on every set goes into the island's exchequer.

The most fascinating thing about Guernsey is the cheapness of everything. Tobacco, Eau de Cologne and other scents are only one-third of the price paid here. Twenty cigarettes, the best quality, cost fivepence, and a ten-shilling bottle of perfume here is

only three shillings in Guernsey. To those who are interested, be it said that a bottle of whisky costs only seven shillings and sixpence.

Every available inch of the island is under cultivation, and more than half of that under glass. Grapes, potatoes, tomatoes, and early cut flowers are exported to England in enormous quantities. Only nine miles long and four miles broad, Guernsey can support a population of 35,000. This wonderful little island is reckoned to be the most densely populated area in the British Empire.

It was with feelings of deepest regret that I parted from this little paradise, and I can only say that if anyone wants a healthy, happy and cheap holiday let him try the Channel Islands.



Twilight and Night.

Far away across the hill

A golden ball sinks down to rest,
In the downy twilight still

Behind the wave of the mountain crest.

The sky is tinged with purple gauze,
The wisps of cloud go floating by,
The golden glory makes a pause,
Then flashes forth a last goodbye.

Now silence creeps upon the earth,
And birds are quietened in their nest,
The stars peep out in joy and mirth
To see the world at peace and rest;

And then with look so pale and chill
The moon sends down her silv'ry ray
Over the valleys hush'd and still,
Till the coming again of the golden day.

P. R. E. B., Class VI.



1. The First Afternoon—Getting Under Canvas.
2. Platoon Inspection by Col. T. H. Smith.

With the Cadets at Cortachy,
July 1929.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

Boys and Girls, tell your parents not to worry about your Christmas presents, just to come along to CAIRDS and buy you a New Outfit, or a Pullover in D.H.S. colours, or anything else you need.

“Something to wear at the School would be the ideal Xmas Present”

Boys' Overcoats, to fit 2½ to 5 years, ... 25/- to 45/-
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 from 14/6, rising 1/- a size.

Boys' D.H.S. Jerseys, from 11/-, rising 6d a size.

Boys' Trenchard Coats (illustrated), in Navy,
 from 37/6, rising 2/6 a size.

SUNDRIES. Belts, with snake fastener, 1/6; the new
 D.H.S. Belt, 3/6; Top Hose, with D.H.S. colours,
 3/9; Caps, 3/6; Knitted Ties, 1/6 and 2/-; Silk Wide-
 End Ties, 3/6.



Girls' Navy Nap Coats, correct D.H.S.
 style, good upturn, price, 35/- for
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Girls' Navy Weatherproofs, lined
 throughout proofed check, and
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 (Illustrated).

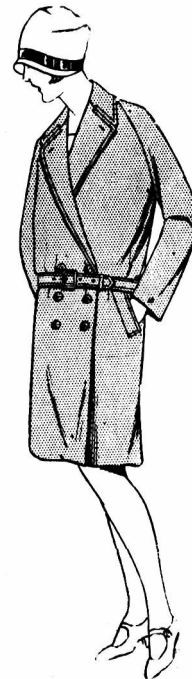
Girls' Winter Velour Hats, 13/6,
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Gym. Tunics, regulation style in best
 botany serges, to fit 5 to 9 years,
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Blouses, in tussore, either long or short sleeves, first size,
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SUNDRIES. Gym. Hose, 4/6 and 4/11; Gym. Knickers,
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School Worries.

WE have heard of complaints from the men in blue lately concerning the manner in which we **walk** over a certain dangerous crossing, particularly at the delectable lunch hour. I ask you, is it not only natural we should bestir ourselves when the prospect of sustenance for our poor and wearied bodies is in view? Not only is the lunch itself a relief to our brains (?) overtaxed with knowledge, but the actual hurrying to it serves the same useful purpose. I believe we have been called Russian women; oh, no, I mean rushing women, but, after all, we do look out for our own safety even in our hurry. It grieves us to think however, that we give cause for annoyance to the limb of the law.

Who would not wish relief in any form from the worries of a morning such as this? After dragging ourselves up to school from our respective domiciles, we are startled to find only one minute is left in which to do belated lessons or arrange our hair. Comb in hand, we receive another shock when a voice in the passage proclaims to all whom it may concern that the bell rang three minutes ago. And we go to Maths.

Then follows a scurry and a hurry and, after all, the first Just Now is so weird that we never get beyond it. Confused and chastened, we listen to the wonders of Maths being expounded, after which we expound then ourselves on hastily torn jotter paper and remember our mistakes as they are gathered up four minutes later.

Following this, we are too exhausted to do anything else but crawl to French, where we have no sympathy with the jokes (which we never see) and the idioms (which we never understand) of great French authors. Leaving Bazin, etc., gladly behind, we enter the company of dear old Horace or that talkative man Cicero. (Speak about the

tongues of the female sex!) Our evening acquaintance with these learned men has been so negligible that we must needs "look alive" and incidentally "look up" words at the same time in order to interpret the intricacies of that logical (?) language.

Occasionally at this hour we leave the classical world for the scientific, which is more to our taste. The vagaries of our fellows afford us lively amusement, even more than the experiments which lie not within our power. From this entertaining period we are brought sadly back to earth by renewed attempts at mathematical problems or classical puzzles. On one delectable day we soar aloft on wings of music, not, I may say, to the admiration of our neighbours, the Maths scholars. As we trill away on high "doh," lo, the long-delayed lunch bell rings.

It would be going contrary to nature, if we poor slaves hurried not (considering all we have gone through) to find relief in our restaurant's choicest, and in a lively discussion of the morning's woes.

A SUFFERER.



Memory.

There is a garden I love well,
Peaceful and sweet it lies,
The gray walls shutting out the world,
Shelter my memories.

There is a voice I love to hear,
Calling me — calling me,
A form I loved is walking there,
Silently — silently.

There is a life that presses close,
Burdened and full of care,
So to my garden oft I go,
And walk with memory there.



Teacher (discussing the word "ply" from Lat. "plicare," Fr. "plier") — "What connection is there between the Fife plying between Dundee and Newport and four-ply wool?"

Boy—"It goes from strand to strand."

Teacher—"The people of London wrote poems in Felton's honour and toasted him in the streets."

"Quarterly" Quotations :—

"I admire Sir Philip Sidney because once when he was going into battle he saw a soldier who did not have any armour on his legs, so Sir P. Sidney took off his and put them away."

"Spencer had the misfortune to live after his day."

"I pity Hector because he had a wife and a son who was an infant."

An Effort !

"Hector was a brave soldier who (fourth) forte in the Trojan War."

Q.—What very learned man was tutor to James VI.?

A.—John Buchan.

"*Une poignée de tabac*" — Punch his back.

Chaucer slightly "Cooked"—

Wife of Bath—"She had been married five times, and was killed in settling love disputes."

Wife of Bath—"She had five husbands. On Sunday she wore red stockings and new soft shoes, and her husbands would wait for her at the door of the church."

The Prioress—"She had a well-formed nose which she always sang through at church."

"If anyone hurt any of her dogs she would feed them on dainty things for days afterwards."

Miss S—th—"What was the fate of Joan of Arc?"

R-s-ell—"She was cremated."

"To dew her orbs"—"To wash her face."

5th November—"Before Parliament opens men go round the vaults looking for guisers."

Mr L-g-e (reading Shakespeare)—"Sometimes from her eyes I did receive fair speechless messages."

"What does that mean, Hugo?"

Hugo—"She winked at me."

Mr W-bb—"Don't stand there pretending to be stupid."

Ernest W-bb—"I'm not pretending, sir."

The Soldier's Dream—"He dreams that he is going over his own land seeing all his animals again. He sees his wife and children and they weep. . . ."

"Sanguine speculations"="Thoughts of slaughter."

5G—

Q.—What history of his own times did Alfred cause to be written?

A.—"The Anglo Saxon Times."

Kenneth L-ne (trying to pronounce "cuius")—"Coo-jus."

Mr H—t-r — "That's not cuius; that's milk!"

Class IX.—

Q.—"Who was the great Frenchman who dreamt of a French Empire in the East?"

A. (more "sentimental" than correct)—"Pondi-Chéri."

Q.—"Whom did Antonine send to Britain to build a wall?"

A.—"General Omnibus."

Q.—"What word is paper taken from?"

A.—"Asparagus."

Mr H-n-r—"Stewart, did you learn that?"

Stewart—"Yes, sir."

Mr H-n-r—"Look me straight in the face, Stewart."

Stewart (looking up, blinking)—"Please sir, I've got sore eyes."

Mr H-n-r—"Am I as ugly as all that?"

Mr M-rs-ll—(dealing with thermometer)—"How do you get the lowest fixed point?"

R-r-ke—"Put it in boiling ice."

Miss C-p-r—"What do you call the stone the beam of the balance rests on?"

Brown—"The maggot." (Agate.)

The Candid Friend—

Braithwaite (speaking about Lamont)—
"He's quite intelligent at times."

"Latin is a dead, dead language,
As dead as dead can be;
It killed the mighty Romans,
And now it's killing me."



The Quarterly.

Oh! happy is the boy or girl,
Who never has to cram,
Who does not know the meaning
Of the "Quarterly Exam."

The masters pile the lessons on
Without a single qualm;
Chapters and chapters to revise
For the "Quarterly Exam."

If I were Rector, what a change
I'd make in my programme!
And boys and girls would all enjoy
The "Quarterly Exam."

If British history we know well,
Why should we Roman cram?
And the "Continong" would get the slip
At the "Quarterly Exam."

All languages, dead and alive,
I'd bury and embalm,
And only use the good braid Scots,
At the "Quarterly Exam."

Maths, trig., arith. and tables all
Down to the lowest drachm
I'd scrap, and on our fingers count
At the "Quarterly Exam."

No use repining; if I don't work
My papers will be a sham,
And I'll be "foot" when results come
out
Of the "Quarterly Exam."

NAMOR, Class VIII.

The World Jamboree.

AFTER twenty-one years of wonderful progress, the Boy Scout Movement celebrated its coming of age by holding the great Jamboree at Birkenhead. It was a world-wide affair, and boys from almost every quarter of the globe were present. Dundee, a not unimportant place in the Empire, sent a fine contingent of 140 "kilties," to which I had the honour of being attached.

We left Dundee on a sunny morning, and after an interesting journey through the Border lands and the North of England, we arrived at Birkenhead, where we were greeted with a grand display of flags and bunting. After a short bus run to the gate of Arrowe Park, we tramped along one of the longest avenues I have ever seen, ultimately reaching our encampment tired and hungry, but very cheerful. All ranks slept well that first night, although next morning we realised that we had not been sleeping on feather beds.

When I came out of our tent that first morning I imagined I saw before me a vast billowy ocean stretching almost as far as eye could see. As there were 50,000 boys there, it will give you some idea of the amount of canvas needed to house this enormous "army."

All the first day was spent in satisfying our curiosity as to the nature of our immediate surroundings. The second night the rain came down in torrents, and the next day the ground was rather sloppy. In spite of the attempts of Jupiter Pluvius to dampen our ardour, we visited the camps of some of our

brother Scouts from abroad. The French Scouts were very friendly to the "Scotties," joining in our sing-songs and visiting our tents; thus did international history repeat itself. The Hungarians were a very cheery company, and by the end of the week they were making a good shape at the eightsome reel. The American boys were typical representatives of the land of the mighty dollar. Like their fathers they wanted to buy up everything they fancied. Kilts and sporrans were in great demand, and an enterprising Scotsman with a plentiful supply of these articles might have made a small fortune.

By the end of the week the rainfall had become serious, and many times we woke up in a pool of water. I am afraid that the tents were not a product of Dundee. The ground had become a terrible quagmire, and must have run the mud of Flanders close. At the church parade on Sunday we stood for an hour in pouring rain and over the ankles in mud.

A great surprise for us was when one morning the Prince of Wales unexpectedly paid us an informal visit. He was a very smart-looking Scout, and we gave him a hearty cheer as he passed.

We were very sorry when the final day came, for it had been a wonderful experience which, for us, can never occur again. After a long dreary journey we arrived at Dundee once more, muddy but happy, and not ill-pleased, after all, to be back to the luxury of a table with a tablecloth and of a dry comfortable bed.

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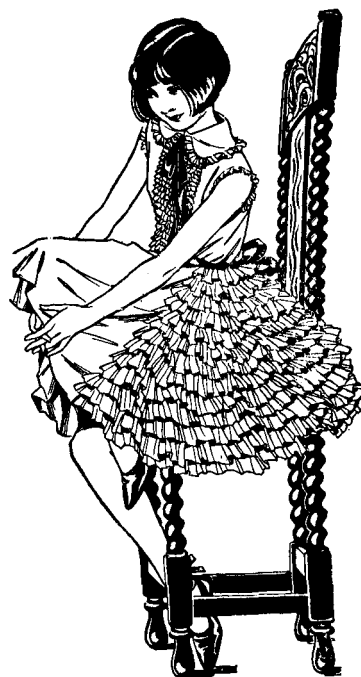
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13 and 15 REFORM STREET, DUNDEE.



1. Cadet Camp—March Past before Inspecting Officers.
2. Guide Camp—"Sunday."

Dundee High School
Magazine.

Nocturnal.

WHEN will I sleep?

This was the question I asked myself again and again one strangely sultry night in October. Outside I could see the gaunt figures of the trees outlined against the pale moonlit sky. But their leaves were motionless, for there was not a breath of wind. No sound reached my ears from the sleeping town. Long since the last shrieking motor horn had sounded, and peace and quiet had fallen over our little world.

I tossed and turned till I was exhausted, but sleep was denied me. Then I suppose I must have lapsed into unconsciousness all of a sudden, and entered the land of sleep and happy dreams. But no happy dreams were in store for me, as you shall hear.

My first recollection is of toiling up a steep and arduous path on a hillside. It was very narrow and rough under foot, and was lined on each side by a dense growth of bushes and trees. The scorching sun beat down relentlessly as I trudged wearily up. Fain would I have stopped to rest, but an irresistible power was drawing me on. On, and ever on, till after what seemed years I reached the end of the path, and walked out on to a beautiful stretch of green grass at the top of the hill.

There, facing me, stood an old man. He was tall and strongly built, but the snowy whiteness of his flowing beard and scanty locks proclaimed his years. His wrinkled face was lit up by piercing dark eyes, full of strength and vigour; but now, as they looked on me, there was kindly light in them.

"My son," he said, as he placed his hand on my shoulder, "thou hast bravely toiled up the difficult path of Virtue and Duty. Here, upon this green sward, take thy well-earned rest. But beware," and as he spoke his face grew stern, "of treading those fair-seeming paths which lead through the wood, that thou seest surrounding this haven of rest." So speaking he melted away like a cloud in a summer sky.

Thankfully, I stretched myself out on the soft grass and rested my weary limbs. Soon the noise of running water reached my ears, and I caught sight of a little brook laughing along close by. Crying with delight, I ran and bathed my hands and face in its sparkling waters. "I wonder where it goes to," I said to myself and, looking up, saw that it disappeared into the forbidden wood. I followed its course to the edge of the trees, and could not for all the world resist walking along the wide, smooth path, bounded on one side by the laughing stream and on the other by myriads of brightly coloured flowers. Here I encountered no rough stones nor was I ever and anon torn by the thorns of some wild plant. But I was not destined to enjoy this peaceful walk for long, for suddenly the imposing figure of the old man once again rose before me. Now, however, his eyes blazed forth dire wrath and fury, and he roughly seized my arm, saying, "O thou weakling, thou hast strayed by the River of Forgetfulness into the Path of Pleasure and Ease, because it seemed so fair. O thou faint of heart! Yet one test still remains for thee."

As he spake the scene changed, and we were once more on the grassy summit of the hill. No longer did the sun's rays gladden us; but the sky was dark and lowering, and distant thunder was heard. I now noticed the ruin of an ancient tower built on the very edge of the precipice. My preceptor pointed a lean forefinger to the crumbling walls and said, "That tower is built at a foot's length from the precipice. If thou art of sterling courage and virtue it will be an easy task for thee to walk round the outside walls." A deadly fear took possession of me, and I trembled in every limb. "O, master," I pleaded, "how could any mortal—" "This is thy final test," he reiterated, still pointing to the fortress.

I realised that grim fate was urging me on, and took one or two nervous steps to-

wards the tower. Terrified beyond measure, I advanced to the corner of the wall and—somehow—got round it. My head was beginning to swim and strange lights danced before my eyes, but I kept repeating to myself, “I must go on.” Then — oh, horrors! — something seemed to be giving way beneath my feet. I lost my head, and with an agonising shriek, desperately clutched at the smooth surface of the wall. As I did so, the stone beneath my feet creaked, moved, and suddenly hurtled down into the vast abyss. For one awful second I supported myself against the wall, and then I, too, fell headlong into the void, down, down, down—crack! I had reached solid ground.

I next remember raising myself up from the floor beside my bed and ruefully rubbing my poor bruised head.

And outside the sycamores still stood tall, motionless, silent spectators of the world around them, but between their myriad leaves a rosy light was diffusing. The sun was rising in the east.



Ode To Autumn.

Season of work and dreadful quarterlies,
Close bosom friend of masters all for
 ‘stew,’
Conspiring with each how to load and pile
With work the pupils in his classroom
 “blue,”
To fill with “swot” their evenings all too
 short,
To cram all heads with rubbish to the core,
To swell the brain and muddle up the mind

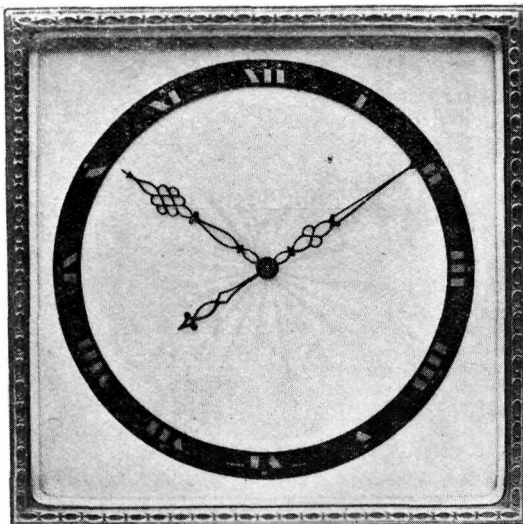
With useless labour; to give out still more
And yet more hopeless problems for his class,
Until they think exams will never cease,
The days to Christmas “hols” will never
 pass.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy books?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting “stewing” in a classroom hot,
Thy brow with many a studious wrinkle
 lined,
Or on a hard school bench quite sound
 asleep,
Drowsed with the drone of masters while you
 lose
The valuable(?) discourse expounded to the
 rest;
And sometimes like us scholars thou dost
 muse
On harm of overloading the young mind.
Or by a pile of books with dismal glower
Thou “stewest” maths or Latin by the
 hour.

Where is summer’s laughter? Ay, where
 is it?
Think not of that, thou hast thy bright spots
 too—
On Wednesday a holiday we have,
And in the afternoon to “grounds” we go,
Where in various team the pupils play.
On muddy grass with lightning speed they
 flit
With hockey or a “rugger” ball to goal.
On Friday evenings, too, we have a “lit,”
Where lectures and debates we often hear;
And—in a few weeks’ time—hurrah!
A dance we have which comes but once a
 year.

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Musical Event.

IN view of the approach of our annual School Concert, which will be held during the latter part of February (the exact date of which will be announced later), it may be interesting to review very briefly the progress which music has made in our schools during recent years.

Not many years ago music was looked upon as a harmless amusement, but was by no means regarded as part of a scheme of education. Music consisted of the simplest little songs learnt by ear, and no thought was given to the cultivation of æsthetic and artistic song.

The awakening came with the advent of two musicians, Hullah and Curwen. Curwen's work, after a test of fifty years, still holds the premier place in our schools, not merely as a separate notation, but also as an efficient introduction to the staff notation. Since later Victorian times, when a very inferior style of song was propagated, mainly from America, much valuable experience has been gained, and the return to standard compositions replacing so-called school songs, specially written, consisting of drivel and snippets, was a step which soon clearly showed that children loved and enjoyed good music. To-day it is recognised that beautiful songs sung beautifully have a most beneficial effect and are, indeed, a valuable stimulus to æsthetic enjoyment and refinement. Such work is now officially recognised as part of the school curriculum.

The programme which will be submitted at our School Concert will cover a wide range of interest. The School Orchestra, under Miss May Robertson, L.R.A.M., will play 16th and 17th century music in addition to accompanying our Senior Girls' Choir in songs by Elgar and Dyson. Unison and part-songs will be rendered by Junior and

Senior Girls' Choirs and the Junior Boys' Choir.

Miss Frances Sellars will be solo pianist, and will play pieces by M'Dowell and Frank Bridge. The pupils of Miss Semple Lorimer, L.R.A.M., will provide enjoyable entertainment as well as giving variety to our programme by performing two dramatised ballads and a short play.

I am sure our scholars will enter into the spirit of the concert with much zest, and I trust that their elders and friends will turn out in large numbers on this occasion.



Ceylon.

CEYLON is justly celebrated as one of the most beautiful islands in the world. As the liner, the Empress of Scotland, approaches Colombo, Adam's Peak looms in the background, famous for the titanic footprint which the Mohammedans say was made by Adam after his banishment from the Garden of Eden. The Harbour of Colombo is protected by a splendid breakwater against which the storms of the south-west monsoon break themselves in vain.

Ceylon is one of the great tea producing countries, and owing to the wealth of its pearl fisheries is known as the "pearl garden of the world." Four and a half days are scheduled for Ceylon. The streets are thronged with Cingalese, shaven Tamils from Southern India, Arabs, Parsees, and white-capped Moormen. Highly picturesque are the two-wheeled carts with hoods of cocoanut leaf drawn by yoked oxen.

Trips are made to Mount Lavinia, and an excursion to Kandy, the old capital, on the shores of a lovely lake.

The island is rich in rubies, sapphires,

and moonstones, and the natives are skilful in the crafts of jewellery.

There are many more beautiful sights in Ceylon, but these are the best I can think of.
BASIL WATSON, Class V.

Childhood.

I met a little Dundee child—

She was twelve year old she said—
A black velour with High School band,
Adorned her well bobbed head.

“ Tell me, my child,” I gently asked,
“ Why do you walk so fast?”
“ Why, sir, I to the school must haste,
Lest I should be the last.”

“ But, stay,” said I, “ come tell me, child—
Nay do not tremble thus—
If late you fear you'll be, why then
Did you not take a bus?”

“ Oh, sir,” she said with downcast eye,
“ My reasons might be many,
But I've just time to give you one—
I did not have a penny!”

“ Then if you're late for school, will that
Be counted a mishap?”
She opened wide her eyes and blushed,
“ Why, sir, I'd get the strap!”

“ Two of us got the strap last week,
And five the week before,
That's seven in all,” she sighed, “ and I
Don't want to make one more!”

“ But who so sweet a maid would dare
With cruel strap to strike?
His name, child, quickly tell,” I cried—
She murmured softly, “ ———.”

“ And if my Latin 'A's are wrong,
I to the back must go,
And take my place with other girls
Who stand there in a row.

“ But still you love your studies, child?
Your teachers kind and true?”
“ Why, sir, I love them just as much
As, in your youth, did you!”

Monday Morning.

How do you feel when clock bells begin to
peal?

Ever so goosey, goosey, goosey, goosey.
Think of all your Latin
And your mathematics too.

“ You haven't done your physics!
Well, woe is waiting you.”

Every Monday morning it always is the
same

“ Where's my blessed Geom. book?

“ Ye gods, I'll miss the train.

“ Here, I want my breakfast—”

“ It isn't ready yet?”

“ Well, hurry up, you slowcoach, while I
my music get.”

“ My Hat! it's almost eight o'clock,
I'm sure I'll miss the train.”

A mile and a half to the station!

It gives me quite a pain

“ Where's my jolly old ' biscuit tin,'

That is pleasantly named a bike?

Hurry up and get it please,

Hurry for the love of Mike!”

I think I hear the train come in,

“ Mother, I'm feeling sick!

I do not feel at all like school

My throat's as dry's a stick.

And mum, I've got a headache, too;

Please can't I stay at home——”

(I don't know how to end this up, so I'll
try another poem).

E. M., Class VI. G.

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The Grand Book for Boys,	-	-	5/-

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British Girls' Annual,	-	-	5/-
The Grand Book for Girls,	-	-	5/-
The Oxford Annual for Girls,	-	-	5/-

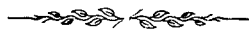
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The Ghost Hunt.

CRASH! What was that? I started up in bed and listened. Somewhere downstairs I heard scuffling, then a long-drawn-out wail. I got up from bed and hastily donned a dressing gown. After waking my cousin Babs we tiptoed downstairs. Again came the wail; Babs almost screamed.

"It must be something unearthly," she gasped.

"Let's go back and wake up the rest of the family," I said.

We crept back upstairs and roused all the others. Uncle came down armed with a poker. My eldest cousin Bob came next bearing a curtain rod which he was brandishing in a fearsome fashion. Auntie picked up the fire shovel, while Babs and I grabbed a walking-stick each. Armed with these terrible weapons, we crept along the corridor.

Scuffle, scuffle, creak, o-o-o-oh! This came from the region of the front door.

Uncle started and turned a pale yellow—at least so I supposed—because I could only see him in the pale rays of the moon which was shining in at the window.

Crash! Bob tripped over the umbrella-stand, knocking about half a dozen umbrellas down. We all waited for a moment with bated breath. What would happen? The grandfather clock in the corner ticked solemnly away. I felt I must scream. Suddenly from outside the front door came—

"Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow."

E. M., Class VI. G.



A Day with Shakespeare.

7.30 a.m.—Methought I heard a voice cry,
"Sleep no more."—Macbeth.

7.45 a.m.—Still it cried "Sleep no more."
—Macbeth.

8. 0 a.m.—Boy? Lucius! Fast asleep?—
Julius Cæsar.

9. 0 a.m.—I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.—Macbeth.

9. 5 a.m.—Well, to our work.—Julius Cæsar.

9—9.50 a.m. (Maths)—Fears and scruples shake us.—Julius Cæsar.

9.50—10.40 a.m. (Solid Geometry)—Give me mine angle—Antony and Cleopatra.

10.40—11.30 (Latin)—Show me, now, some declensions of your pronouns, William.
—Merry Wives of Windsor.

11.30—12.15 p.m. (Workshop)—Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?—Julius Cæsar.

12.15—12.55 p.m.—Fail not our feast.—
Macbeth.

12.55 p.m.—Now am I cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd—Macbeth.

12.55—1.40 p.m. (Drawing)—You shall paint.—Antony and Cleopatra.

1.40—2.30 p.m. (English)—Come, sirrah; hold up your hand; answer your master.—Merry Wives of Windsor.

2.30—3.20 p.m. (English)—I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of songs and sonnets here.—Merry Wives of Windsor.

3.20 p.m.—Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead.—Julius Cæsar.

6. 0 p.m.—Get me a taper in my study.—
Julius Cæsar.

7.30 p.m.—O, these are barren tasks.—
Love's Labour's Lost.
I have done enough. Let's to billiards.
—Antony and Cleopatra.

10.30 p.m.—Night hangs upon mine eyes.—
Julius Cæsar.
To bed, to bed, to bed.—Macbeth.

Boys' Lit.—Parliamentary Election.

MAXWELL, William A. (Conservative),	-	
POTTER, James T. (Communist),	- -	
ROBBIE, Gordon J. (Liberal),	- - -	

"**L**ET me show you," said the canvasser to the head of a very large firm, "just how great the results that accrue from advertising are."

"You can't show me a single thing," said the head of the very large firm, waving him outside his office. "Didn't I advertise for a night watchman yesterday, and wasn't my warehouse rifled lock, stock, and barrel last night?"

Which shows you how a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse, and which brings us to our theme. You may have heard of our forthcoming Parliamentary election. You haven't! You dare to tell me that the General-Apathy-to-Elections Microbe has wormed its insidious way into the High School of Dundee. Perish the thought! Cog your home sums at 8.55 a.m. if you must. Mutter your repetition in draughty passages at 12.50 p.m. if you care; develop a dentist's appointment at 3.20 p.m., Fridays, if you have a mind to, but on the 17th January, 1930, Record your Vote.

The contest is to be a three-cornered one, and, if there's not a greater hub-bub over this latest case of the eternal triangle, I'll eat my hat. The flapper vote will not be in evidence. We men of the High School leave this post-war truckling and toadying to the weaker sex to spineless Governments; we prefer still to call our souls our own; with us, still, a man's a man for a' that; Suffragettes may hunger-strike at the school dance and refuse to "Open Buffet" with us; flappers carrying off spot-light prizes may eat all the chocolates they've won; Aberdonians may bribe us with coppers — **Only Men May Vote.**

Yes—of course, you want to know who

the candidates are, where you may hear their political views, and their vote-catching promises, where you can do a little bit of heckling and rotten egg throwing—in other words you've wakened up. You're to turn over a new leaf with the New Year and pay your income tax and get in return for a bob from Mr Aiken a Blue Book making you a British citizen, a member of the "Lit," and entitled to a VOTE. This Blue Book is as good as one of these pocket boroughs Mr Borland tells you about. Fancy owning a pocket borough! This "Lit" is some institution, believe me. What with Rugger Films, Nigger Minstrels, Breaches of Promise, Philippics on Dancing, Penny Dreadfuls, Talkies and Maoris, you're dead mutton, good-for-nothing, a Monday breakfast if you don't belong. A canvasser says to you, "Who are you voting for?" As you don't belong, you say, "I haven't a vote." "What?" he says, "I didn't know you were a convict or a lunatic." And then he wipes his feet on you, literally and metaphorically.

The candidates are already in the field. The voice of the Communist advocating no home lessons, a two hours' lunch interval, and the unlimited use of text books for Q. and A. tests is in our midst. Potter, with his motto, "There's nothing like leather"—for more, see our advertisements—further suggests in this interest, a corner in leather and the subsequent abolition of Lochgelly repeaters. The Liberal idea of recreation every afternoon except Friday, and the Cadet Corps (entire) to parade at 2 p.m. on that day, seems a likely lad to get his head first past the post. And the Conservative — crafty fellow—with his talk of easychairs in class-

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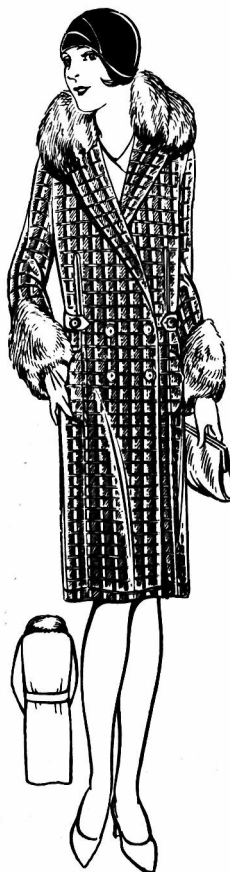
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rooms, with his permissions to slumber and sleep in Latin and Greek, with his bath-chairs to wheel you from room to room, and his typists to bring you tea and do your essays, deductions, dictations, translations, and examinations for you!—Shades of Gladstone, Disraeli, and John Bright!—you cannot choose but vote now.

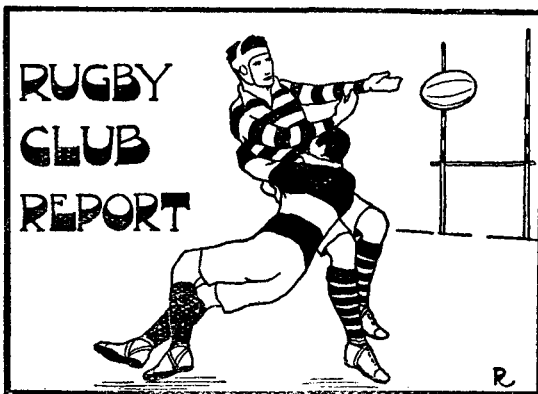
Your constituency — The High School Literary Society.

Your candidate—?

The date—17th January.

The ballot is secret. No bribery or corruption on pain of a dozen of the very best. One man, one vote. And may he, who laughs last, laugh last.

Reports



Date	Opponents	Venue	For	Agst.
Sept. 14—	Bell-Baxter School ...	A	42	0
21—	Kirkcaldy High School	H	9	11
Oct. 5—	Morrison's Academy ...	A	3	14
12—	Madras College	A	16	6
19—	Strathallan School ...	H	6	25
26—	Trinity Col., Glenalmond	A	5	21
Nov. 2—	Perth Academy	A	5	3
9—	Gordon's College	H	3	6
16—	Aberdeen G.S.	H	Cancelled	
23—	Strathallan School...	A	0	45
30—	Perth Academy	A	3	10

Office-bearers for the season were appointed as follows:—J. H. F. Wilson, captain; R. H. W. Falconer, vice-captain; H. D. M'Dougall, secretary; I. G. M'Call, treasurer; J. B. Malcolm, member of committee.

Caps for 1929-30 have been awarded to J. H. F. Wilson, J. B. Malcolm, R. H. W. Falconer, and H. D. M'Dougall.

With a nucleus of five only of last season's team much difficulty has been experienced in building up a fifteen. At the outset considerable experimenting was necessary before the various players could be allotted to their respective positions on the field. This was largely brought about by the lack of players accustomed to the half positions as well as a

general dearth of backs of suitable build. This difficulty was eventually overcome, but the fifteen has been most unfortunate from week to week through illness and accidents, and on one occasion only has the full team been able to take the field. Steady progress has been made by every member and although, as a rule, lack of weight has been a big handicap, yet play has been of quite a good standard. Half of our fixtures are already fulfilled, seven of the eleven having been played away from home while one match was cancelled through frost. Up to the present 143 points have been scored against our 90, but it is hoped that in the second half of the season, with most of our games at home, the fifteen will be able to improve on these results.

T. M'L.

The Houses.

The enthusiasm of September and October must be maintained throughout the whole season if we are ever to have really great 1st and 2nd XV's. The falling off of Saturday attendance, which I have observed of late, is a great pity, but, except for the first year of the House System, it is what has usually happened, and it makes one wonder whether our present methods are all that could be desired. While much has undoubtedly been achieved through competition between the houses, it is possible that it is not the best means of helping towards continued enthusiasm and team work. The Houses must not be allowed to go, but some other system may have to be tried out. In the meantime let us put our best foot forward and make sure that, even if some slight changes have to be made, they are not being brought about by lack of enthusiasm on the part of the pupils. It is hoped that before this term is out the first of our senior House games will have taken place and, since there is now a cup for the champions, it is expected that enthusiasm and play will reach a high standard.

T. M'L.

Hockey Report.

We opened the season with a meeting of Classes 8-10 to appoint officials, and the following were

elected:—President—Miss F. E. Whytock; vice-president, Miss H. Jarvie; captain, Anne M'D. Webster; vice-captain, Muriel I. Ferrier; secretary, Jeanie D. Mackenzie.

After a few practices the girls from Class 5 upwards were placed in XI.'s under the following captains:—1st XI.—A. Webster; 2nd XI., M. Borland; 3rd XI., A. Webster; 4th XI., L. MacCaul; 5th XI., T. Mathers and I. Begbie; 6th XI., M. Ferrier; 7th XI., L. Kippen and B. Dewar; 8th XI., E. Forbes and M. Ritchie. Class 4 have practices under J. Mackenzie.

We played our first match on 28th September against Grove Academy at our own grounds, when we succeeded in starting the season with a good win of 8 goals to nil. However, when we travelled to Cupar to play Bell-Baxter we were defeated 4-1.

The following week, Oct. 19, we played Morrison's son's Academy at D.H.S. grounds. It was a hard game, and School won by 3 goals to 2.

On 20th October Perth Academy XI. travelled to Dundee, and we went down to a score of 4-2.

The two following weeks our matches against D.H.S.F.P.'s 1st XI. and Harris Academy had to be scratched.

On 15th November we played Grove Academy on their pitch, and against defeated them, the score being 5-1. The following week we enjoyed a very hard game against Bell-Baxter at home. Much keen play was witnessed, and School won by 1 goal to nil.

Though the team was much improved when we travelled to Crieff on November 30, we were defeated 6-0.

On December 7 the Dundee and District Schools' Trials take place at the Grounds. R. Black, I. Begbie, M. Ferrier, J. M'Kenzie, B. Dewar, L. Kippen, and A. Webster will represent D.H.S.

The 2nd XI. have done well in their matches—winning 2, losing 1, and drawing 1.

Oct. 19—At Cupar, Bell-Baxter 2nd, 1-2
Nov. 19—At D.H.S., Morgan 2nd, 2-0
Nov. 23—At D.H.S., Morgan 2nd, 6-1
Nov. 30—At D.H.S., Bell-Baxter 2nd, 2-2

We take this opportunity of thanking Miss Whytock and Miss Jarvie for their enthusiasm and help at practices and matches.

A. M'D. W.

Cadet Company Report.

Pride in our Cadet Corps is again reflected this year in our increased enrolment. To-day we are 110 strong, and it is confidently expected that the 1920 record of the Corps—123—will be exceeded next year. Even more satisfactory than the increase in numbers is the present spirit on parade. It is refreshing to see the wholehearted energy and enthu-

siasm of our non-commissioned officers and the response they are getting from the ranks. A high standard of precision in movement is being obtained in our weekly parades. The junior platoon, parading on Thursdays, have attained a steadiness and team-work in both drills and marching that has never been bettered by recruits.

In shooting, prospects are very good for this year's Strathcona Shield competition. We are out—all out—to retain the Shield.

Three years' careful and painstaking tuition and practice have now given us a band which, by the time we go to camp, will rival the Cadet bands that we knew five and six years ago. It is exceeding pleasing to be able to report on the Band in this way, and we may have the pleasure next June of hearing them fire the ardour of our athletes on Sport's Day as Cadet Bands did in days of yore.

The following promotions are to be noted:—Sgt. G. Robbie to be Coy. Sgt.-Major; Sgt. J. Malcolm to be Coy. Q. M. Sgt.; Pipe-Sgt. R. Aiken to be Pipe-Major.

The following are the Platoon-Sergeants:—No. 1 Platoon—Sgt. W. Keir; No. 2 Platoon—Sgt. R. Falconer; No. 3 Platoon—Sgt. J. Potter; No. 4 Platoon—Cpl. H. M'Dougall.

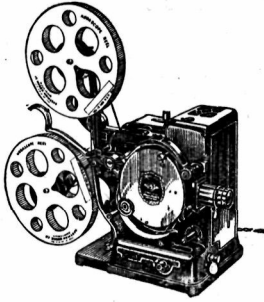
Our annual summer camp at Cortachy was again a huge success, and all ranks benefited from the fortnight. We went to camp 80 strong, a record for the Company. We were visited throughout the fortnight by Col. the Earl of Airlie, Col.-Commandant A. E. Kidd, Col. T. H. Smith and Lt.-Col. P. S. Nicol. On our Sports' Day the Directors were represented by Mr D. Hynd.

So good an impression of our platoon work at work and play had our inspecting-officers formed that to encourage us to attain even better results Col. T. H. Smith has presented to the Cadet Corps a Platoon Cup, to be won annually. The name of the winning platoon's sergeant is to be inscribed each year upon the cup. It is a most handsome gift, and the opportunity is taken here to assure Col. Smith of our appreciation of his many kindnesses to us, of our regard and love for him, and our pride in him as, may we say, our Chief Cadet.

2nd XV Report.

The 2nd XV. has been unfortunate this season in that an unusually large number of last year's Second were required to fill up the gaps in the First. As a result the team has been at a disadvantage in weight and size, particularly in the back division. Forward the Fifteen has held its own and often a little more against heavier sides. At the beginning of the year the team did not play well together, and the tackling was very poor. However, they have fought an uphill fight with consistent gameness and unflinching

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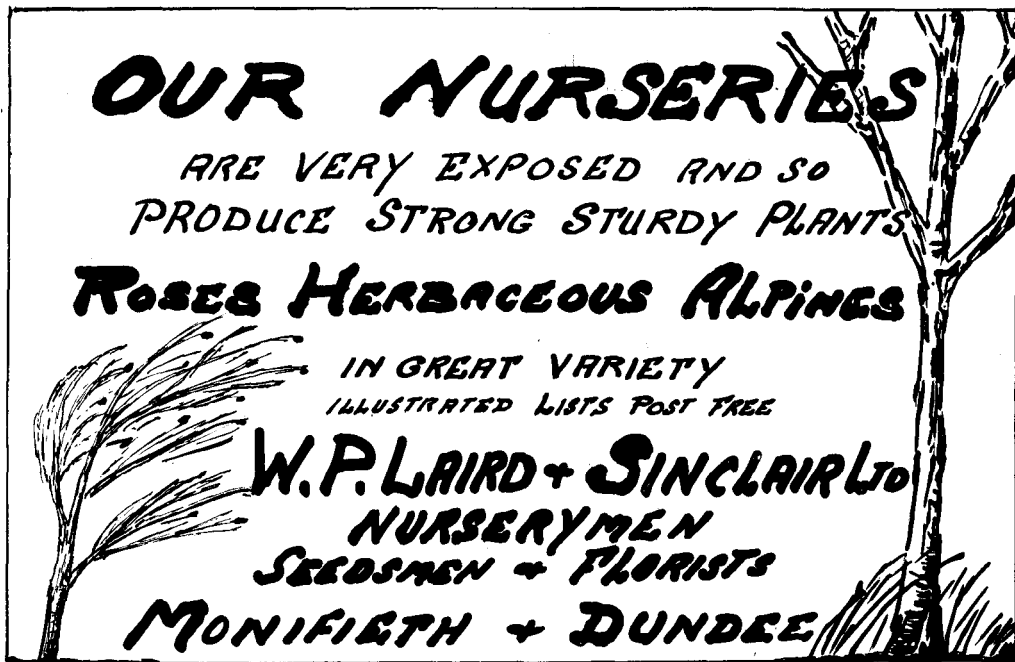
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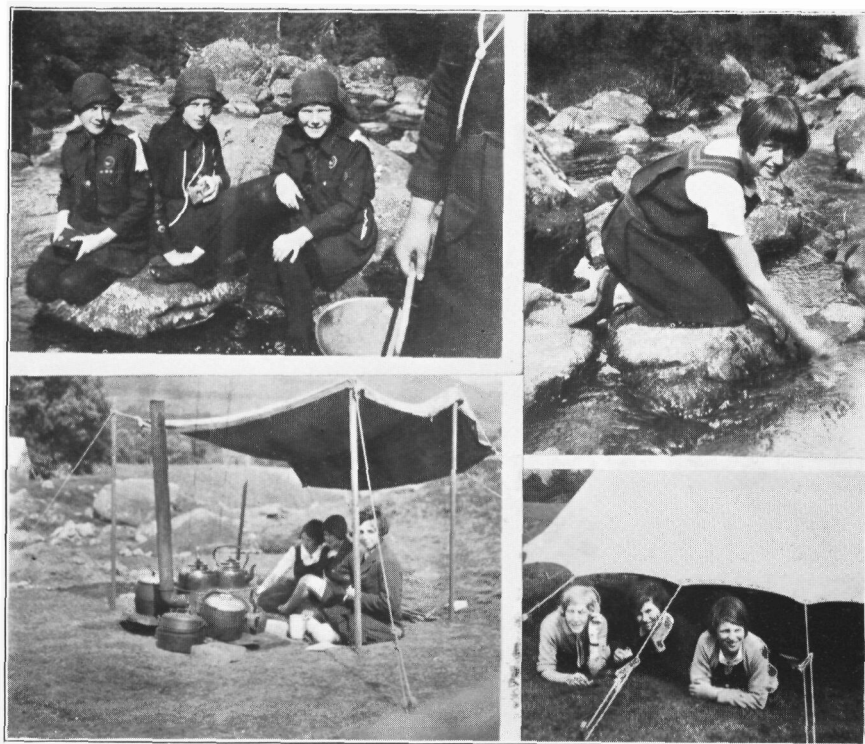
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enthusiasm. We have had a match almost every Saturday, and though we have been beaten more often than we should like, he would be a very unfair judge who estimated the merits of the team solely from the scores. There has been evident an all-round improvement in the play, and we look forward with increasing confidence to the New Year. Stick it, Second! We will add a few more scalps to our belt before March is here.

Guide Report.

We resumed our meetings on September 6th and were delighted to welcome an unusually large number of recruits. As comparatively few of the Senior Guides had left, a new Patrol had to be formed, and this has been named the Bluetit Patrol. All the recruits have now passed their Tenderfoot Test, and are working hard for their Second Class Badge.

Several vacancies in the ranks of the Patrol Leaders had to be filled. The Patrol Leaders are now as follows:—Swallow Patrol — Jeanie MacKenzie; Nightingale Patrol—Tibbie Mathers; Chaffinch Patrol—Anna Webster; Bluetit Patrol—Lisbeth Kippen; Skylark Patrol — Lora MacCaul; Woodpigeon Patrol—Betty Dewar; Robin Patrol—Mary Borland.

Many of us have been working with the help of our officers for the Badge Tests which are now in progress, and much hard work is done during our meetings, but in spite of this we find time for country dancing, competitions, and games of every kind. This term we are holding an inter-patrol bulb-growing competition, and the results of our labour are to be sent to the Royal Infirmary.

On the 17th of October the annual Guide Gala was held, and though we failed to gain the first place, our team acquitted themselves very creditably.

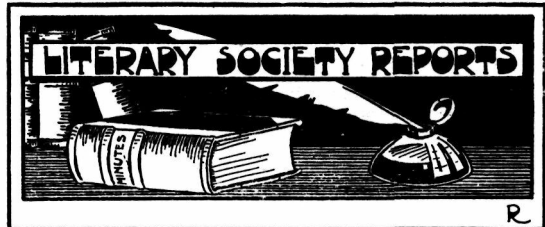
The Company still collects silver paper with great assiduity. The Inter-Patrol Shield is at present in the possession of the Skylark Patrol, who have now held it for three consecutive terms, and have thus gained the honour of having their name inscribed on it. The other Patrols are now striving to win it from them at the first opportunity.

We take this opportunity of thanking Captain Whytock and Lieuts. Jarvie and Courtts for their unflagging interest in us, and their invaluable assistance in every branch of our work. J. D. M.

Guide Report—Camp.

There were 24 Guides at camp this year under Captain Whytock, and Lieut. Jarvie. We also had with us Miss Petrie, an officer from another Company. We went up to Kirkmichael on Saturday, 29th June, and had a busy day pitching tents, etc. On Wednesday Colonel Smith visited us with Mrs

MacLennan, and brought with him his welcome annual gift of strawberries. Unfortunately the next day, Visitors' Day, was very wet, and we did not have our usual number of visitors. In the evening Captain Whytock took us to the village concert which was a very bright entertainment, and we were all highly delighted when we were given an exhibition of "Gathering Peascods." We had a church parade both Sundays. Altogether we had a glorious time, and we are all looking forward eagerly to next year's camp. J. D. M.



Boys' Literary Society.

The Literary Society, with Mr Legge as its president, has this term commenced what bids fair to be one of the most successful and enjoyable sessions for many years. Never before has the Society received such eager and hearty support from its members. Their readiness to take part in its work and their assiduity in attending its meetings are particularly praiseworthy. This increase in the attendances is, indeed, the most notable feature of the session; where twenty used to huddle together in an empty room a hundred now assemble, crowding it to the limits of its capacity. And this success, which surpasses all former successes, we owe wholly to the energy, the inspiration, and the enthusiasm of our popular president, Mr J. R. Legge.

We began on October 11 with our Opening Address, this year delivered by Mr T. H. Smith, the well-known Director. Mr Smith, before a very large audience of staff and pupils, described in a delightful manner his "Travels in Africa," illustrating his journey with some excellent lantern slides.

There followed, on October 18, a keenly-contested debate on the merits of talking and silent films, in which Mr Jack Malcolm, ably seconded by Mr Potter, gained the day for the silent film by 35 votes to 34 over Messrs Pae and Davie.

On the Friday we held our Rugby Night, at which Mr Bruce, an F.P., to whose kindness and generosity we were indebted for a very enjoyable evening, showed us with Ciné-Kodak the demonstration film, "Rugger." This was much appreciated by a very large audience.

On the 1st of November we held a short but extremely amusing Hat-Night. This was then followed by an entertainment given by Mr and Mrs C. C. Watson illustrative of the life of American Negro slaves seventy years ago.

Mr M'Laren, who kindly consented to deliver his paper a week earlier than arranged, read us an essay on November 8 on a subject in which he is himself an expert—"Physical Culture Through the Ages." In most interesting fashion Mr M'Laren depicted graphically the whole history of bodily culture from its simple beginnings to its elaborate modern developments.

On the following Friday we held an interesting debate on the "Penny Dreadful v. Classical Novel," in which Messrs Falconer and Keir championed the novel and Messrs Watson and M'Call the Penny Dreadful. Owing to a preponderance of younger members, we suppose, the Dreadful triumphed by 39 votes to 30.

The most enjoyable meeting of the term was undoubtedly that held on November 22, when we had our Mock Trial. The success of this case, an action for "breach of promise" brought by a "Mrs Falconer" against a "Mr Lorimer," was due to Mr Legge who, besides being at pains to arrange all the details beforehand, also made a splendid judge, dignified and witty. A large attendance was enthralled and amused by the duels between the advocates, Messrs Robbie and Potter, and the various witnesses. Damages were awarded to "Mrs Falconer."

On the succeeding Friday a large attendance listened to a very clever and well-reasoned paper by Mr Wm. Keir on "The Uselessness of Dancing." This, designedly controversial, provoked much argument, and a very spirited discussion followed the reading of the essay.

Owing to the success of the Christmas session, we are all looking forward to further delightful evenings during the Easter term. Among these we may single out for mention the Burns Night on January 24 which, this year, takes the place of the old Musical Evening, and the Mock Election on 17th January, at which Mr Jack Wilson will be the Conservative candidate, Mr Gordon Robbie the Liberal, and Mr Jim Potter the Communist.

Girls' Literary Society.

The Society has commenced another season which promises to be very successful under the presidency of Miss Lickely. On the 11th of October the opening address was given by Col. T. H. Smith, whose subject was "African Travels." This lecture was

open to both societies and also to the Cadets, so there was a large and appreciative audience.

On October 18 we held a Hat Night, the questions being noticeably above the usual standard.

Five members of Class VIII. gave papers on the 25th of October. Miss Robertson wrote on "Fashions," Miss Harrison on "A Sail Through the Sutors," Miss Kidney on "How the Talkies Work," Miss Luck on "A Two Days' Trip to London," and Miss Spreull on "Domesticated Animals."

On 1st November we had an open meeting to hear Negro Spirituals by Mr and Mrs Watson. This was a very novel and interesting entertainment.

We heard three papers by Class VI. on November 8. These papers by the youngest members of the Society, showed great promise for the years to come. Miss Watt's subject was "Our Pets," Miss Smith's was "Life on a Farm," and Miss Effie Spreull's "Our Country Cottage." As this did not take up all our time, we held a short debate on "Careers With or Without a 'Varsity Training." Miss Ferrier led for 'Varsity and Miss Webster against. The majority of the members expressed their opinions on the subject, and 'Varsity won by a single vote.

On November 15 we heard Play Readings by several members. The plays were entitled "Ici on Parle Français" and "Catherine Par," and were both very amusing.

November 22 was Irish Night, when the programme was made up of an Irish play, an Irish reading, several Irish songs, and a short sketch performed in picturesque Irish costume.

Class VII.'s papers were on November 29. Miss Ingram wrote on "A Trip to Lugano," Miss MacLennan on "Ruined Castles," Miss Peggy Mathers on "Customs and Superstitions," and Miss Stohlner on "St Andrews."

So far there has been an average attendance of 38 members, and the year promises to be a successful one. J. D. M.

Netball Report.

This term we have been fairly lucky in securing good weather for the netball practices. The attendances, especially among the lower classes, has been good and enthusiasm strong. The numbers have greatly increased this year, and owing to this an extra pitch has had to be set up in the new ground. This has, to some extent, relieved the other two pitches which were overcrowded. This year we are fortunate in again having Miss Steel as our president, and Miss Coupas as vice-president. We take this opportunity of thanking them, and also all the other teachers who have helped us during these practices throughout the term. L. M. B.



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