

T. S. Murray

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 47

APRIL 1930

FOURPENCE

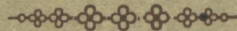
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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 47]

APRIL, 1930.

[FOURPENCE

Editorial.

SPRING hath come at last. Now are the dandelions springing up in the Editorial garden, now are the Editorial hens laying Easter eggs to regale the shadows of the Leaving Certificate candidates, who may now gambol upon the sward with the lambskins, and, when the evening cometh, cast their Grant's European Histories into a bonfire, and leap around thereof chanting Schola Clara. Verily, spring hath come.

But enough of this unremunerative rumination. Let us descend from Mount Helicon. Our School flourisheth. Our Literary Societies seem to have taken a new interest in life. (We congratulate the voters upon their discretion in the choice of a candidate at the Mock Election.) We did not win the Hockey Tournament, but we are surely improving. Did we not defeat our own valiant F.P.s?

During the term also Mr Treasure transformed ordinary pupils into veritable Muses, Orpheuses, and Paderewskis. Verily, the age of miracles is still with us.

Now, having said all that is usually said in such circumstances, how shall we proceed? If only something happened for us to write about, such as, if the School went on fire, or Mr M—— told Class VIII. that it was the best Eighth Class he had ever had, or if Jessie forgot to come for the absentee slips, or if everybody wrote something for

the Magazine—well, you know, it wouldn't be so difficult. And if it were Christmas, we could write of dances and turkeys and festivities, and if it were summer we could write of fishing and tennis and going to camp, but as it's only Easter—well, well, the Editorial wit is sapped, the Editorial pen is dry, the Editorial is.



Binkie.

Far upon the Sidlaws dreary
What was that that I had found,
Walking in the woods so weary,
Creeping slowly on the ground?

Was it but the timid hedgehog
That was walking there so slow,
Creeping o'er the fallen tree-log?
Why should it be living so?

Could I bring the creature home?
Would it live within my house?
Would it rather like to roam,
Silent as the timid mouse?

Do I still have little Binkie?
Yes, he's playing with me now,
Scrambling o'er my knees and fingers,
'Neath the yew tree's spreading
bough.

HENDRY PHILLIP BUCK, Class V.

Old Boys' Dinner in Calcutta.

AN interesting function took place on Friday evening, 13th December, in Peliti's Restaurant, Calcutta, when 43 Former Pupils of the Dundee High School sat down to dinner. Mr H. K. Banks presided. After a most excellent repast the Chairman proposed the toast of the "Dundee High School." During the course of his remarks he said that this was the first time a D.H.S. dinner had been held in Calcutta, and he felt very proud to have been elected to the chair. The old school had many records of which to be proud and one had only to look around this great second city of the Empire and see the positions held by D.H.S. men to know that the masters in the past had not scrimped their jobs. It was up to the youngsters here to-night to carry on that tradition. It gave him great pleasure to meet all the old friends, and especially the late arrivals. He hoped that next year the number would be doubled. The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm, and was followed by the company's singing the school song, "Scola Clara."

The Rev. Dr David Reid commenced his speech by saying that when he attended the Dundee High School first he crossed by trains from Fife each day, on the first Tay Bridge, which most of you have never seen! In recalling old masters he made mention of John B. Charles, George Dott, Adam Wilson Miller, M. Imant and Mons. Durlac. He had often wondered why a D.H.S. dinner had not taken place before in Calcutta, and now that it had got a start he hoped it would be an annual affair.

Mr James Sime in a racy speech referred to humorous class incidents which took place in his time in the early eighties, and of the solid education received at the hands of the D.H.S., and pointed out that all the big offices in Calcutta stood as memorials of

parish schools of Scotland. He concluded his speech by singing "The Piper o' Dundee," the chorus being taken up with great gusto by the whole assembly.

Amongst others who addressed the company were Messrs James Martin, William Fullerton, J. W. A. Simpson, and Norman Luke.

Songs were given by Messrs Wm. B. Moncur, J. K. M'Nab and F. B. Patterson, whilst Mr T. B. Stewart made an efficient pianist.

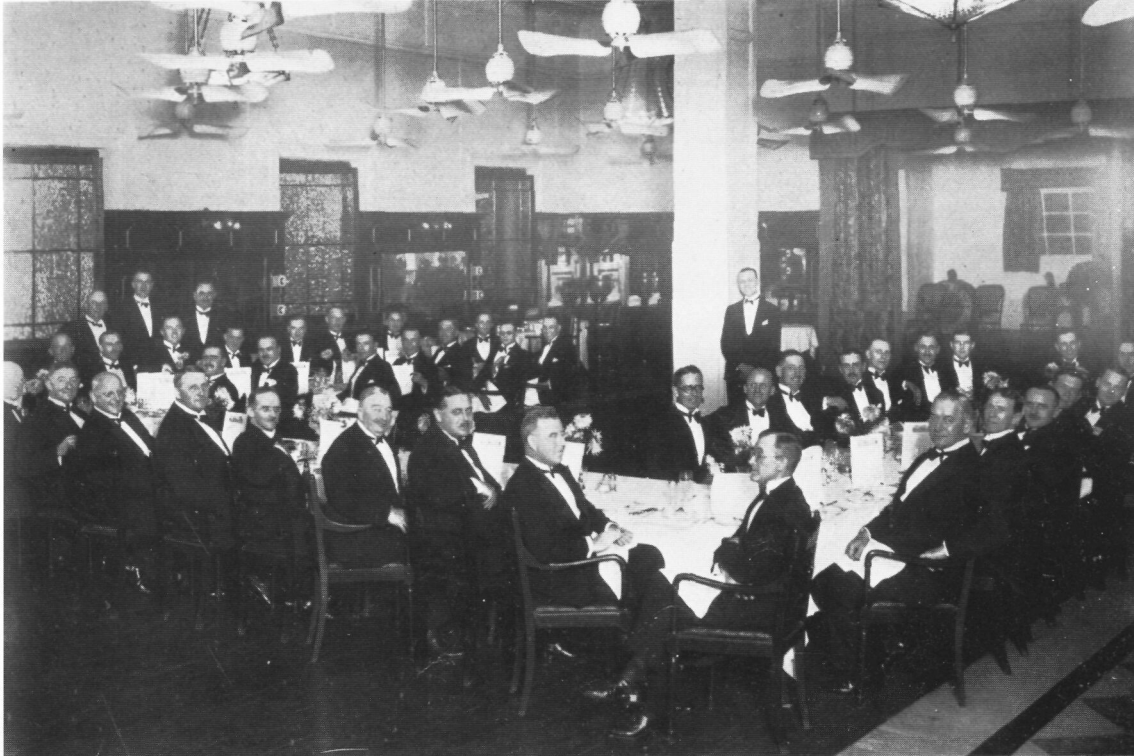
Mr H. C. H. Ker, the last to leave the school, proposed the health of the chairman, to which Mr Banks suitably replied, and took the opportunity to thank Mr A. S. Rae, the Honorary Secretary, for the very able manner in which he had carried out his duties.

Telegrams of greetings were exchanged between Dundee High School Former Pupils assembled in Naraingunge and Calcutta. A cable of greetings was also sent to the School.

The following is a list of those who were present:—

Messrs H. K. Banks, H. C. Bannerman, J. M. Bannerman, W. B. Cochran, K. M. Crabbe, J. B. Duncan, R. Fraser, R. Ferguson, W. Fullerton, R. Gibson, J. W. C. Jackson, G. B. Kerr, F. M. Kidd, G. M. Kidd, N. W. Kennedy, M. C. Ker, Norman R. Luke, T. Law, J. Y. MacKersie, A. W. Mathers, W. M'Farlane, J. K. MacNab, G. C. Moon, Wm. B. Moncur, A. R. MacGillivray, R. M. Morrison, Jas. Martin, H. M. Patterson, F. B. Patterson, D. Parsons, A. S. Rae, Dr David Reid, R. Ruthven, T. B. Stewart, Morrison Scott, G. Stevenson, D. Struth, C. B. Singer, G. Spence, Jas. Sime, J. W. A. Simpson, A. K. Thoms, R. S. Thoms.

Mr R. Ferguson. Mr T. Law. Mr N. Luke. Mr Jas. Martin. Dr. Reid. Mr H. K. Banks.
Mr J. Sime. Mr R. S. Thoms. Mr W. Fullerton. Mr J. Macnab. Mr G. C. Moon.



Mr A. K. Thoms.
Mr J. Y. Mackersie.
Mr D. Struth.
Mr H. C. Bannerman.
Mr F. M. Kidd.
Mr J. B. Duncan.
Mr G. B. Kerr.
Mr D. Parsons.

Mr J. W. A. Simpson.
Mr R. M. Morrison.
Mr J. W. C. Jackson.
Mr F. Ruthven.
Mr M. Scott.
Mr R. Fraser.
Mr G. M. Kidd.
Mr R. Gibson.

Mr N. Kennedy. Mr F. B. Patterson. Mr G. Spence. Mr A. MacGillivray. Mr W. B. Cochran.
Mr H. M. Patterson. Mr G. Stevenson.

Mr A. S. Rae. Mr T. B. Stewart. Mr K. M. Crabbe. Mr J. M. Bannerman. Mr C. Singer.
Mr H. C. H. Ker. Mr W. B. Moncur.

Mr A. W. Mathers.

Mr W. McFarlane.



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Mock Election.

HAD that distinguished historian, Mr Cyril Robinson, chanced to be staying in Dundee during the second week of January he would have felt how incomplete his latest history books were, and would have written another book containing the story of the Literary Society's Mock Election. Written in his pleasant and well-known(?) style, it would be pleasant reading indeed, and the Magazine would be glad to publish it. However, Cyril Robinson wasn't there, and there is no room in the Magazine for a whole chapter of history, so we must just follow the historian's example and be content with a summary of the events during election week.

Mock Election Campaign (January 9 to 17)

Candidates—W. Maxwell, with D. Donald and G. Davie as seconders; G. Robbie, with W. Cuthbert as seconder; Comrade Potter, with Comrade Falconer as seconder.

Election Week

Friday, 9th—(1) Unionist meeting. The party's policy set forth—(a) to abolish all compulsory work; (b) to institute a Union for slackers; (c) to maintain School traditions. (2) Robbie's interruption. Robs Maxwell of his audience but stands tongue-tied on workshop window till ordered by Mr Simpson to desist. (3) Potter appears at Lit. that night.

Monday, 12th—(1) Liberal meeting at which Cuthbert and Robbie make a general mess of things and propose beer as the Liberal policy. (2) Communists appear with red badges (made of paper suspected to have come from the Art Room) and post up their bills.

Tuesday, 13th—(1) Potter holds meeting at which there is much ironical cheering. It is clear that the Communists are holding up their policy.

Wednesday, 14th—(1) A day of underhand work. Potter is conscious his party is not succeeding so he tries 3 measures—(a) To win over Donald, the Unionist orator; or (b) failing that, to silence speakers by interruption; (c) knowing the Unionists would tear his policy to pieces if it were revealed, he keeps it secret till Friday night.

Thursday, 15th—(1) A Unionist meeting held. As Potter has been unable to corrupt the incorruptible Donald, he ruins the meeting by cat calls, etc. (2) Maxwell gets a hearing, and by a clever speech gains some support.

Friday, 16th—(1) This day finds Potter wondering how he may conceal his policy. He makes a pact with the Liberals whereby Robbie speaks instead of him and puts up a false notice accusing the Unionists of stealing his policy. (2) This party, however, refrains from action.

We have now arrived at the great night, and it deserves a special paragraph to itself. The Science Lecture Room was packed, and the board filled with Communist propaganda. The first sensation of the evening was the entry of the Red Flag, accompanied by M'Call and Co., dressed in red. This happy band was shortly followed by the candidates themselves. The Communists did not wear ties, but had scarves wound round their necks instead. (Had they not washed their necks?) The first party to take up the platform were the Liberals, and a jolly fine effort Messrs Robbie and Cuthbert made. The heckling that they were submitted to was not very keen. Then the Unionist party come forward. Maxwell made a splendid speech, which was followed by a brilliant poem by Davie. His idea seemed to be to irritate Potter so much that he would make a mess of things. If this

was so then he succeeded remarkably well. After the concluding appeals the ballot papers were distributed and the hall cleared for the counting. The atmosphere was tense inside as the piles of Communist and Unionist votes slowly grew. At last the result was announced to the unbounded joy of the Unionist stalwarts. The rank and file were now admitted, and amidst Unionist

cheers and Communist cat-calls Mr Legge announced the result as follows:—

Maxwell (Unionist)	49
Potter (Communist)	46
Robbie (Liberal)	10
Spoilt Papers	0
Unionist Majority	3
103% of the electorate voted.	

DAVID DONALD.

Trinity College, Glenalmond.

YOU climb up into an empty valley—long, brown hillsides, fields, scattered trees, far-off farms. Then down on the right a square, grey stone tower comes into view—Trinity College, Glenalmond. The 'bus glides under the Gothic arch and the world is shut out. The wind bites keenly in the quadrangle despite the sheltering buildings with their Gothic windows. The clock in the North Tower strikes one. . . .

As you sit at the end of the dining hall (being guests) the long oaken tables are before you; the names of former school captains surround the walls. Above are the portraits of Bishops and Colonels, sometime pupils here. Your eyes travel to the gallery at the far end; the dark, high-vaulted roof where,

“ 'Mid twilight saints and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of
Queens and Kings. . . .”

Is it any wonder these lads are proud of their chapel and of their whole school? No one with any taste for art will deny them that right. . . . Then the library—warm and comfortable—Kipling. You take down a volume at random and glance through the pages.

“ For the wind is in the palm trees, and the temple bells they say,
' Come you back, you British soldier, come you back to Mandalay.'
On the road to Mandalay. . . .”

The very poem you had been searching for and the verse which had haunted your memory for years—found at last. And found in the very place that had “ shipped ” not a few of its sons “ East of Suez.” On the table lies a leaflet of regulations for entering the Army. . . .

The sun has set and you stand in the quadrangle, looking eastwards through a Gothic arch. A light shines, like a star, at its point. Beyond, the brown, bracken-covered slopes are lit with the last glow, the sky is deep, deep blue; in the foreground two oblique young pine trees. And you look beyond the brown slopes—far beyond—to where a Colonel,

“ By the old Moulmein Pagoda lookin' eastwards to the sea,
. . . . On the Road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin' fishes play
And the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China, 'cross the bay!”
sees this, in his heart. . . .

You sit down to tea in the well-lit hall, and from the big western window see, black against a pale sky, the square battlemented tower. And as

“ Black agin' the settin' sun, the lascar
sings ' Um decty hey ' ”
does the Colonel also see the black tower with its turret and flagstaff against a western sky, and his old school comrades around him at tea?—I wonder.

facile princeps

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A Walk Over The Braes of Airlie.

SUMMER TIME in Angus! Have you ever experienced it? I do not think it can be fully enjoyed till you wander the highways and search the byways of the county; and no part of the shire brings so much enjoyment and pleasure to me as the Braes of Airlie. The poetry of romance is in the very name; the district itself is a veritable land of enchantment, and when the bus is left behind at the five crossroads outside Alyth I feel like "Bonny Kilmeny" when she "gaed up the glen."

The road from Alyth to Kirriemuir is exceptionally interesting. The scenery varies continually. At first the Howe of Strathmore, with Ruthven quite close and the Sidlaws on the southern side, stretches as far as the eye can see. Farms and villages can be seen dotted over the landscape, while here and there the smoke from isolated houses seems to form clouds in the sky only to be gradually dispersed on the morning air. Soon, however, the foothills cut off the view. The road winds between small thickets until at last the Isla is crossed at Dillavaid. Looking from the bridge, the river bank rises sheer from the water edge, while the woods of beech and fir that surround give the whole landscape an appearance of gloom and darkness. Sometimes when I wander along I wonder if this is the home of ghosts and witches. Perhaps the water kelpies dwelt here in olden days. It certainly seems an ideal spot, for no traveller crossing the moors on a dark night would ever survive were he lured over the dangerous cliffs. Emerging from the ghostliness of this part of the road, the entrance to the "Bonnie Hoose o' Airlie," with its never-ending store of legends, both historical and romantic, lies immediately in front. At once memory brings to mind the story of the Countess who, rather than surrender the castle, preferred to perish in the flames. Imagination carries me back

all these years. It must have been just such a day as this, for does not the old song say:

"It fell on a day, a bonnie simmer's day,
When corn grew ripe and yellow,
That there fell oot a great dispute
Between Argyll and Airlie."

It is a temptation indeed to linger and muse on these happenings of long ago; to visit the house itself and walk through the famous Den to the Slug of Auchrannie and Reekie Linn, but time is precious and that must be left to another day. The appearance of the countryside gradually changes, and before long I stand on the summit of the Braes. I had often heard the word "panorama" used, but never till I first stood on that hilltop did I really understand the meaning of the word. Away to my left stretched the woods of Lintrathen, effectively hiding the Loch of that name, while, on the right, a grander and more inspiring view of Strathmore unfolded itself. Further ahead could be seen hills and still more hills, and from the map I could picture myself walking in Glen Prosen or in Glen Quharity, when on another afternoon these same hills had seemed not quite so friendly nor so grand as they looked now. There certainly is great truth in the old saying:

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

Careful observation will bring to the traveller's notice groups of "standing stones," and in one particular place a "tumulus." What do these stones suggest? On the wayside lie the unchanging and everlasting hills, while the stones and tumulus picture the frailty of man. If the hills could speak, what a story they would tell! But the wonderful things are not all in the distance. At my feet are brilliant gardens of wild flowers of all the colours of the rainbow. They seem to be prettier here, for the road is seldom used, and consequently dust is unknown. It must be to such a place as this that the fairy

pedlar, Nephon, comes to gather all his lovely goods to sell to his fairy friends. Here are kingcups and buttercups; lady's smock and lady's mantle; bramble and briar; raspberry and whortleberry; speedwell and violet; vetch and yellow rattle—a never-ending store. No wonder he can say:

“Lady and gentlemen fays, come buy!
No pedlar has such a rich basket as I.”

I used to wonder where all the fairies and elves bought their new dresses. I wonder no longer.

But Kirriemuir is at last in sight, and I feel as if I were leaving the wonderland of Nature to come into that wonderland created by Sir James Barrie. But “Thrums” will require more time than I can afford, so it must wait another day. E. F., Class VI.

Mr Smithers's Job.

THOMAS SMITHERS sighed with content and passed his thin hand over his close-cropped hair. He had a job on hand at last. Wait now—four months since his last steady employment. Well, well, he would work all the harder for that, and after all, no musician's hands ever lost their touch entirely after so short a space.

Presently he looked at his watch. “Hmm! Five past eight.”

He would set out in another hour and arrive at his destination about half-past ten—that ought to do. Smithers frowned and thought—yes, that would do all right. Rather early perhaps, but he could wait awhile before entering. Yes, that would do.

At five past nine Smithers sat up in his chair with a start, then, reaching for the telephone, hired a taxi. Picking up a long, shallow box of black wood he descended the stairs, and waited in the porch for the taxi.

Cosy cottage that, he had been lucky to get it, he realised. Ah, well! his luck always saw him through his difficulties! The car was late. Ah! there it came. Smithers gave concise directions to the driver, and climbed into the conveyance.

For almost an hour they rumbled along the Great North Road towards York. At last the car slowed before a big private house, from which the sounds of a dance in progress were audible.

He wasn't late, was he? He glanced at his watch. No, he should be just right.

Dismissing the car, he went up the drive, pausing for a moment to adjust his shoes. As he bent in the shadow of a tree the music stopped, and the guests retired for supper. The band must be tired, he thought, after an evening in that atmosphere. Smithers, disliking profoundly anything savouring of publicity, went round to the back of the house. Presently a light appeared in the cloakroom. Then the light was snapped off. Smithers emerged, carrying a violin case, and ascending to the bedrooms of the mansion, explored them at his leisure. Supper would be a long business: those country people could eat a lot. There was no hurry, he had plenty of time. Instead of going straight to the ballroom, however, Smithers went cautiously down the servants' staircase. It was a large rambling house, and he would get no better chance of seeing it thoroughly than now.

The darkness of the stairs was intense. “Carefully, Thomas, carefully with those steps,” muttered Smithers to himself.

Suddenly the light of an electric torch pierced the gloom, and a heavy voice said—

“Slimy Smithers, I arrest you on a charge of having in your possession a kit of burglar's tools, in that violin case, and furthermore, on a charge of breaking and entering the house of Sir Henry de Navarre, and of robbing the cloakroom and bedrooms thereof. I warn you anything you say may be used as evidence against you. Come along wi' me.”



Back Row—T. McLaren (*Pres.*). T. S. Lorimer. F. W. How. J. S. Brand.
G. J. Robbie. P. Watson.

Middle Row—J. S. Neish. R. H. Falconer. J. H. F. Wilson (*Capt.*).
H. D. McDougall. J. B. Malcolm.

Front Row—G. Fraser. D. J. Morrison. I. G. McCall.
E. R. Winton. C. R. McLeish.

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1929-1930.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

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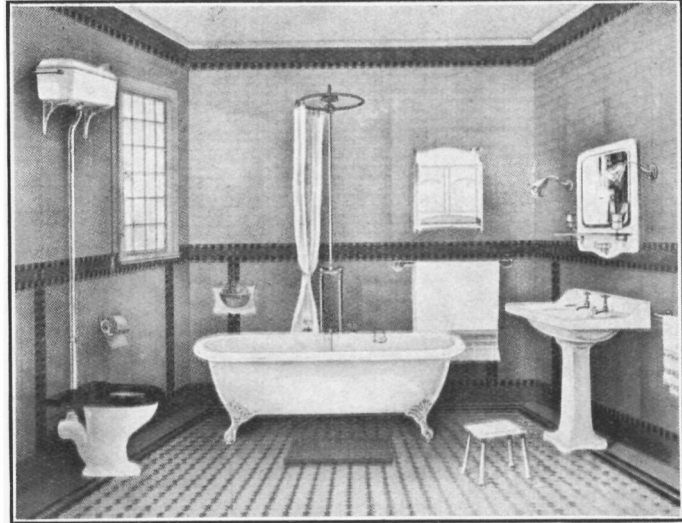
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Potter Potted.

[This political lampoon is an amplified and improved version of some lines which, during the Mock Election, caused much stir. The author's purpose in writing it was to damage the Communist candidate; the magazine's purpose in printing it is to entertain its readers. We, accordingly, disassociate ourselves with the opinions herein expressed, and hasten to inform the world that we, personally, have the highest regard for the subject of these verses.—EDITOR.]

What! Has the School so spiritless become,
That, when the traitors roar, the patriot's
dumb?

Does no good Tory list to M-xw-ll's call,
While fluent R-bbies roar and P-tt-rs bawl?
Britannia, rise! and don thy war attire!
Thy foes with fear, thy sons with sense in-
spire!

Blast with thy bolts, and wither with thy
fire,
Till that foul crime called Communism cease,
Till Comrade P-tt-r kneel and pray for peace,
Till Liberal hopes in R-bbie droop and fail,
And sense and reason through the School
prevail.

Why round the Pillars roars that raging
pack?

Is "Bell Street" forced or "West Green's"
door blown back?

Or does the School rejoice in drunken cheer,
Full frown with insolence and R-bbie's beer?
Who's that thin lunatic that yells and howls,
That groans and roars and sweats and
swears and growls?

With bright red badge, with voice like
creaking tin,

With brandished fist, with maniacal grin,
J-m P-tt-r speaks, and makes his pledges
rash,

Spouting out specious fibs, and senseless
trash.

Yes, trash! but yet the multitude still cheers,
Applauding and believing all it hears,

As if that frenzied figure, strange and odd,
Were not a demagogue, but demigod.

What though he lacks Burke's charm or
Chatham's fire,

Disraeli's wit, or Gladstone's righteous ire?
What though his oratory's dull and dense,
Devoid of feeling, meaning, taste and
sense?

P-tt-r the Great will soon collect a crowd,
Merely by talking rot and talking loud;
Excess of voice makes up for want of wit,
And bawling hides the sense's deficit.

Nor, 'mid the din, can reason's voice be
heard,

The Bolshies will not let me say a word;
Whene'er I speak, they mark Great P-tt-r's
frown,

He roars, they roar, and thus they howl me
down;

Like some mad blackbird's suicidal caw,
Rings in the air M'D-g-ll's hoarse guffaw;
And like a milkman howling at the door,
The "Maori Chieftain" drones his savage
roar;

Prompt to obey, the Ninth Class "Reds"
now shout,

And think it fun to drown good M-xw-ll out,
While P-tt-r, standing with a villain's smile,
Proudly surveys the outcome of his guile,
Aware, no less, that such supporting sneers,
Such spiteful cries, such wild insensate jeers,
Show not exultant hopes, but pitiable fears.

Well! What care I? Let him quake in his
shoes!

And rouse his party on to jeers and boos!
P-tt-r's a coward! Coward is my taunt!

Afraid last week in School to show his front;
Afraid to let the Tory speakers speak,

He shows in all he does the yellow streak;
Afraid last lunch to talk before the School,

Lest he should show us what he is—a fool;
And as a cobra waits before it bite,

P-tt-r waits last before he speak to-night,

Proposing Government "OF, BY, FOR"
all,
(At least, I think thus ran his crimson
scrawl).

A miserable policy! You'll see,
For under Communism, credit me,
Each puling little infant of Class Three,
Will with the noble Ninth Class equall'd be.
No ample realms their sceptre will sustain,
No great events will mark poor P-tt-r's
reign.

The shooting team no long now will fire,
To win that famous shield they much desire;
But, meeting now each morning in the
"gym,"

Riddle the Tory martyrs, head and limb.
Next on his friends the ruthless rogue will
turn,

And slay the staff and Broughty Ferry burn;
See P-tt-r's bloodhound, starving leave the
leash,

On Aik-n pounce and make a meal of N-sh;
See in a rage the tyrant's bloodstained hand,
Forget its friend and rudely seize on Br-nd;
While countless maidens cluster round the
gate,

And weep for M-lc-lm's fall and R-bbie's
fate.

Such is the man your voices now acclaim!
Such is this candidate for regal fame!

A foul attacker of the British Throne,
A friend to every country but his own,
Destroyer of our army and our fleet,
Not caring if in battle we are beat.

In the last war the "Reds" tried to rebel,
And their own country's cause to foes to sell.
Four years ago the Gen'ral Strike they
made,

Revolt to raise, and Chaos' cause to aid.
P-tt-r! Oh, P-tt-r! Are you not ashamed,
To take your place among a pack so blamed!
Yet you, with madness and with spleen
beset,

Raise the Red Flag and wear the Red
Rosette,

Mouth the cant phrase, delude the giddy
throng,

O'er whom you hope to tyrannize e're long.
But win you won't, while yet this voice has
pow'r,

This voice which still declaims this very
hour:—

"Think you to win, while thus you rail
and yell?"

You wretched, rash, intruding fool, fare-
well!

Shall Communistic Cods or Liberal Lice
Triumph through Venom, Villany, and Vice?
Shall W-ll-m M-xw-ll fail to head the poll?
Perish the thought! or perish else the
School!"



A Village of Grindstones.

THERE is a pretty village in Worcester-
shire called Belbroughton. It is almost
twenty miles away from Birmingham, and
every day many motorists drive through it
without seeing more than the name of the
place on the post office. This village is one
of the most curious villages in England.

It is all made of old red grindstones. The
High Street, and all the other lanes and
streets, are built on them and paved with
them. The steps to nearly all of the houses
are grindstones cut in half. Heaped upon
one another they make boundary walls. They
are used for stepping-stones in the fords and
brooks and for bridges over the streams. In
fact the village seems to be nothing but
grindstones.

Although these stones are large, continual
use soon wears them away, and when they
have become too small to use they have to
be replaced. The old stones cost very little,
so it is easy to understand why the people of
Bellbroughton put them to every conceivable
use. "Granite City," take notice!

J. B. WILSON, Class V. (Boys).

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Sergeants All.

Dedicated to the memory of the Sergeants at Camp, 1929

THE last notes of "Lights Out" died away; Chappie threw the bugle into the tent and disappeared after it. The Orderly Sergeant, on his way to report to the officer for the day, was telling tents at large to shut up; the two sentries drifted up and down; amongst the trees the Prosen tumbled over the boulders in the darkness and muttered beneath its breath; from the gathering gloom the cattle closed in on the lines.

A fleeting figure in white sweater and pyjamas shot beneath the flies of the sergeants' tent.

"Who the——," "It's only the Corp.,"
"Say, Corp., where's Mac?"

"Don' know. In his tent, I suppose," was the answer from a shadow arranging blankets on the opposite side of the tent. "But the ventilator's going like a giddy factory chimney, an' the place reeks like a joss-house."

At that moment a leg came through the flies, followed by the "Quarty Bloke." "Who's fumin'; blank, you'll corrupt my morals."

"Heavens, Tols, mind my feet," came from Mox, who was "asleep."

"An' here's me," said Robbie, shooting in on all fours.

"Your blanket, I think, Corps." This from Chappie.

"Hi, Tube, how many blankets do you need?" said Tols, sitting in an empty space and grabbing the nearest one. A muffled "Blank, blank, blank," came from the midst of the dark bundle he had attacked.

"Hi, that's mine." That was Joey now, also "asleep."

"Then where the blankety blank have my blankety blankets got to?" No response. "Again I repeat, gentlemen, I'm destitute." Still no answer; the rest were "happy."

Eventually cosmos reigned and all was still. You lie on your back, the cosy blankets tucked under your arms, and gaze up to where the tent pole disappears in the darkness. In that position, with the fine sensation of rest coming to tired limbs, your mind gets to work; the most prosaic of you, wrapped in that glory of boundless peace, become poetic and discuss big ideas—and other things.

The lazy chanting of, "Oh! a soldier's life's all right, all right . . ." mingles with a quotation from the "Elegy on the death of L.J."—

"L.J. met a bear,
The bear was hungry—
There was a paws;
The bear grew bulgy—
The bulge was L.J."

"Remember the original Naggars, Tube?" "You bet." "Jove, how we used to eat." "Ay, contrast . . ." and he waved a hand in scornful fashion over the Spartan sergeants who ate sparingly of tuck.

"Oh! nifty wheeze!" exclaimed Chappie, and produced a tin of "Bartlett's." Up went the flies. "Guard, ahoy!"

"What d'you want?"

"Would you mind procuring for me, one tin-opener?" Chaps never let impoliteness mar his requests, with the result that the sentry disappeared into the mist.

"Is that Jessy on guard?" "It is."

"He came up to me to-night—'Halt! who comes there?' 'Friend.' 'Advance in single file and be recognised.' What do you think of that?" The tent sympathised.

Enter—the tin-opener. The deed being done, the tin and fork go round the tent until the contents are removed honourably and impartially. Chaps receives due thanks, and we lie back again.

"That was a great effort of yours tonight, Gordon," said Tube, wriggling into a more comfortable position.

"What was it—not 'Virginia' again?" asked Mox, who had not been to supper.

"No, 'Roses for Remembrance' this time," answered the soloist, and obliged by repeating it. Thereafter across the darkness of the tent came selections from "No, no, Nanette" by Chappie, and more classic stuff such as the "Major's Song" from the Savoy operas. . . . The conversation becomes desultory.

"What about some sleep — what's the time, somebody?"

An illicit light glows. "Ten to twelve, I make it," followed by an audible yawn. Then silence, broken only by the sound of heavy breathing and the eternal rush of the river below.

Then comes stealing to your mind, ever so gently, the remembrance of the day's work. The harshness of the toil, the heat of the sun, the sound of your officer's voice, seemingly untired and untiring, which set you going again when your stock of invective was already done and you had just resolved to stay down and sleep on the thistles; the surprising sound of your own voice, raised in command, with its usual intonation—

"No. 2 Section . . . prepare to advance . . . 'dvance"—
your flopping down ten yards further on, convinced that commanding a section was a reflex action — all these come back to you with the corners rubbed off. Everything mingles to form a single picture, and you see a meaning, a purpose, and an ultimate achievement in it all. You gaze off into space, unlimited by tent canvas, having found the secret of true happiness—

"Fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run—" and remember it when you are comfortable and fast dropping off to sleep.

We consider ourselves aristocrats, of

course, and with the certainty of at least twenty-four hours' sound sleep when we go home, don't turn in until midnight. After all, two weeks in the year for maybe four or five years is not very much in a lifetime. It has to be made as much of as possible. I wonder where that tent company—eight of us—will be in ten years' time? Surely "we," who shout ourselves hoarse once a day for fourteen days, in our opinion, making the wheels go round—the S.-M. who supervises about one hundred "men," the "Quarty-Blake" who attends to one hundred inner men, the O.S. who does more work than the stationmaster of Waterloo, the Drum-Major who supplies the accompanying music, and the rest who care for the particular wants of twenty or so, from lost safety pins to great soul tormentations, "we," who congregate to live like Spartans, and rest on six-and-a-half hours' sleep for thirteen days and thirteen nights, and sit up around the camp-fire to sing songs and drink lemonade and pull down tents at 3 a.m. on the fifteenth morning, and—incidentally—guard the camp, "we" consider ourselves worthy of some food and twenty-four hours' sleep on end when we get home—before beginning the trek all over again in motor car, on motor bike, push bike, or shank's nag, somewhere in this wonderful world.

Youth — buoyant, radiant, daring, generous youth — glorious youth!



"Fax."

Hail! subtle genius and inventive mind,
Discov'ring what's unknown to human kind!
While fools o'er histories bent, all wan and
worn,

Successive leaves with toiling fingers turn,
Luxuriously the Sage reclines, and then
Revolves the distant pages with his pen.
O rare device! Result of genius true!
Deserving well the epithet "Brand"-new.

Impressions.

(By Our Special Correspondent)

“WHAT are your impressions of this year’s leavings?” was the question I went to ask Mr Br-nd, who was not looking so fresh as usual. As I took out my notebook and licked my pencil he clutched me eagerly by the arm and demanded, “Who killed Jack Donovan—tut, tut, what am I thinking about? Who killed Red Comyn?” After this slight interruption he proceeded to give me his impressions in no uncertain terms. When I told him that all this was very interesting but utterly unprintable it seemed to sober him up. He then continued in modified language as follows:—

“As yet I have no impressions. When I saw the first English paper I asked myself if anything could be easier and began to write; at the second paper I asked my neighbour if anything could be more difficult, and began to think, and at the third paper I asked for a glass of water and contemplated suicide. Still I suppose you want a story. Truly did Shakespeare say ‘What a life!’ Last night methought I heard a voice cry ‘Sleep no more!’ and lo, I was on a race-course fleeing in terror, hurdling over set-squares and scrambling through protractors, pursued by a huge hairy giant clad in a khaki overall and armed with compasses. Yet in the frenzy of my vision I did turn on him routing him back to his ill-omened chamber and did cast through the window thereof a sphere (of volume “Pie” r^3) in the hope that it might destroy both it and its dastardly occupant. To-day from ten o’clock I have been sweating among sines and cosines, triangles and circles, square fields and debtors.” Of the other exams. Mr Br-nd seems to have no impressions. My last question was:—“Do you consider it likely that you have passed this examination?” to which humorous sally he replied with a

sneer, “Can a brick glide under its own propulsion?”

WILLIAM CUTHBERT.



The Old Familiar Phrases.

I have had physics, I have had dynamics,
In the days of my childhood, in my toiling
 schooldays;
All, all are gone, the old familiar phrases.

I have been swotting, I have been browsing,
Working late, sitting late with my books
 before me;
All, all are gone, the old familiar phrases.

I loved my schooldays, but now they are
 over,
Naught that we learned therein can we re-
 member,
Faded so fast are the old familiar phrases.

There is a master, a juster man than most
 men,
We left him, we left him most reluctant,
Left him to teach the old familiar phrases.

Sadly I look through the books of my school-
 days;
These are the boks we were wont to traverse
Seeking to find the old familiar phrases.

Books of my schooldays, no longer a bother,
Why did you not stay in our weary memory
When we had swotted the old familiar
 phrases?

But now they are gone, and not much is left
 us
Of all our patient working; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar phrases.

“LOST LAMB.”



Q.—“ Who was connected with the Tulchan Bishops?”

A.—“ Cows.”

Class V.—Battle of Dunbar—“ The Lord hath delivered them into my hand.”—Cromwell.

Q.—What did this mean?

A.—It meant that the ministers sold the fight.

Political Warfare?

School Notices:—The final election and voting of the parties takes place to-night at 6.30 p.m.

Shooting teams meet at 7 p.m.

Rector (meeting Falconer moving piano)
—“ What’s this for?”

Falconer—“ Oh, someone’s singing at the Lit. to-night, sir.”

Rector—“ Ah, yes, a musical evening.”

Falconer—“ Oh, no, sir.”

Exams:—

Mussulman — “ The name given to a smith; a man who performed feats of strength.”

“ The mariner’s compass is usually placed in the barnacle of the ship.”

“ Goldsmith’s village parson was counted rich as he had £40 a week.”

Mr W-ls-n:—What kind of bush is an ambush? Is it a bush that bacon grows on?

Class V.—Q.—Who came over to England at the Revolution?

A.—William the Orange. (Bitter fruit for James.)

Macbeth — “ Throw ‘ Physics ’ to the dogs.”

“ As I stood on my watch upon the hill.”
(One does do queer things after the leavings.)

R—s (Class VI.)—“ In lumbering the men are divided into four.” (We understood that only the trees were cut down.)

Local History:—“Field of Ceres” means “ a field in Ceres.”

Mr L—gg— (to boy who can’t explain Shakespeare)—“ You’ll go down to Division II. next year, like Dundee United.”

Teacher—"Cargill and Cameron were always together, like David and Jonathan or ham and eggs."

(The Canny Scot) "Insured Scots" were the Scots who escaped from the Battle of Solway Moss.

"They bit off more than they could chew" means "they ate too much and choked."

From the poem "The Water-Ousel."
"Obedience meet." The bird will soon mate and she will have to do what she is told.

"Michael" (Wordsworth).
". . . and kites
That overhead are sailing in the sky."
These are to show where the sheep are grazing.

Il y avait une fois au fond de la mer une petite huître.
There was once upon a time a little oyster who was fond of his mother.

An independent is one who wanted picture houses done away with.
An Episcopalian is one who liked Bishops and did not like long sermons.

Scene:—Mr M-cd-n-ld's Room. Brand and Potter (*præclari illi viri*), entering (un peu en retard), in chorus—"We have been unavoidably detained, sir. We have been seeing the rector, sir."

Master smiles and nods the equivalent of "Pass friends, all's well."

(Note.—It was really hard luck on B.

and P. that on that particular day the rector was absent.)

Apt quotation for G. J. R. :—

"Self-violence?"

What cause brought him so soon
At variance with himself among his foes."

[R-bb-e, suffering from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune—10 votes!—amidst a politically hostile class slashes his hand badly.]

The boys of the High School are freaks of creation,
Futile and fatuous, harum and scarum;
Of maidens so fair who across the way dwell
Here is one who would fain of their weaknesses tell.

First, let us consider their latest in fashions,
Such bizarre ensembles must raise
jealous (?) passions;
For of socks under plus-fours we see half an inch,
Or an inch and a half we shall say, at a pinch.

And as for their tweeds! Well, our weak(?) hearts will fail us
If longer with checks such as those they assail us,
And now they flaunt flannels, though winter's still here;
Will the dandified darlings catch cold?—
dear, oh, dear!

A little girl without a book,
A master with a cane,
A swollen hand, a sorry look,
She'll not forget again.

DODO V.

Those Quarterlies.

TO the schoolboy Monday will always be Black Monday; but when the first spate of the Term Examinations coincide with a Monday, then the day becomes a veritable Black Hole of Calcutta. Such an experience befell The Kipper last month, and, whenever I meet him, the wild, scared, and uncertain look in his eye is too much for me, and I listen to his tale of woe.

The first period saw him launched on his perilous voyage on the good ship "Arithmetic." Very soon The Kipper was sea-sick — violently sea-sick. Here were uncharted reefs and strange seas Man had never sailed upon:—

1. If a pupil has to call 13 times at M-k-'s door for 1 square paper book, how often will he have to call if he wants a dozen?

2. When the School Bell rings in the morning what is (a) Greenwich Time; (b) the time on Mr H—n—er's watch if he has one?

3. Mr C—d—ow, walking upstairs at the rate of .59 miles per hour meets Stiffie descending from Algebra at the rate of 60 m.p.h. Draw a diagram to show (a) the resultant position of the teacher; (b) the teacher's attaché case; (c) Stiffie's books, and then in a brief but concise paragraph give a precis of the teacher's remarks.

The Kipper quickly worked out the first and got 118 for an answer. Knowing the School Sergeant, he got 8.50 a.m. from (a), and having heard of Mr H—t—r he got 8.25 a.m. from (b). The rest of the period he spent in writing an answer to the final part of Question 3, covering three pages, but having to leave his answer unfinished.

The second period saw him in Room XI. B for Geography. His heart sank when he saw the paper.

1. Where do the main trade-routes from the Literary Societies tend to converge?

2. Why is Sweet Auburn the loveliest village of the plain?

3. Recount the main varieties of food-stuffs imported into the school at 1.50 p.m. To what extent has the blockade on "Mary" and the embargo on "Toby" affected the market for these goods?

4. Draw a map of Dundee and district and mark in the following places:—Strawberry Bank, Blackness Avenue, La Scala, and Broughty Ferry. Show the main telephone lines between these places.

The Kipper pinched himself to see that he was not dreaming, and in his anxiety pinched so hard that he yelled with pain.

He thought the Railway Stations a good answer for 1; because the houses had all gardens in front for 2, though S. M. R-bb-e has since informed him that it is because she had red hair. He finished the rest of the paper in ten minutes and spent the remainder of the period playing "Killer" with himself and two chunks of chewing-gum on the back of the examination book, always being beaten.

The last period of the forenoon saw him at the English paper, which was as follows:—

1. Write an essay on "My Favourite Teacher," and if you haven't got one give a character sketch of the School Sergeant.

2. Give the meaning and derivation of the following words and use each in a sentence:—Grease, cher, rootie, palmshee, cog, rasp, water, and Sue.

3. Briefly tell the story of L-r-m-r's ballad, entitled "Kathleen Mavourneen, the grey dawn is breaking."

4. What famous English scholar went to Murrayfield with the XV. sporting spats, a soft hat, and a girl's chubby? Why will Wall Street clasp him to its bosom?

The Kipper chose the Favourite Teacher essay. "My favourite teacher," he began, is not like any of the teachers we have here.

He does not believe in Home Work of any description; he never heard of Lochgelly, far less its Repeaters. He exists only in the mind's eye. I wish our teachers existed there too.

The derivations and meanings of the slang he was more or less at home with, though the word "cog" he could only guess at. The Ballad he did not know but, having seen L-r-m-r studying Business Methods and Railway Time Tables, he made a very fair guess at its likely content.

The toil of the day concluded with a History Q. and A. (Mixed). Among the 150 questions which he had to answer, he gabbled off the following:—

1. Why does the Maori Fox support Motherwell?

He asked me what it meant. Too easy—when you remember that great left wing they have—Stevenson and Ferrier.

2. Queen Mary said that after her death the word "Calais" would be found engraved on her heart. What will be found engraved on Mr M-k-j-hn's heart?

"What do you think of that?" he asked me. "You poor wit," I replied—"that's cake." M—e won't have anything engraved on his heart, because he doesn't have one."

3. How many Cadets are in the Cadet Corps?

4. How many Guides are in the Girl Guides?

5. Add 3 and 4 and subtract from the Upper School enrolment to find out the number of what in school?

"Now, I ask you," he stuttered, "what is left." "You don't know!" I marvelled. "Why, you lunatic, you're worse than I thought you were. Come on and get ducked—"

Those Awkward Moments.

EVERYONE at some time or another has longed for the ground to open and swallow them up. Not literally, of course, though I've no doubt it would be quite a novel experience.

I have heard of one or two specially embarrassing cases. A friend once told me of an experience of hers. While getting out of a bus her suitcase burst open, and a medley of books, pencils, rubbers, the apple for lunch, etc., streamed out upon the floor of the bus. This is what I should call "one of those awkward moments." Stooping to pick up her belongings, she could feel the disgusted gaze of the conductor fixed on her. All the passengers, except one kindly, red-faced old lady, shot impatient and scornful glances at her and were extremely unhelpful. Diving forward for a rubber past a high-heeled foot, she heard the owner of the foot (an old lady in a sumptuous fur coat, with pince-nez and a forbidding expression) remark acidly

in tones of deep disapproval, "What an extraordinarily silly thing to do!"

Meanwhile the kindly, red-faced old lady was scrambling for the apple, which had rolled under a seat on the far side of the bus.

After a few other unpleasant little items like these, my friend succeeded in collecting what she thought was everything. Just as she was stepping out of the bus she spied a pencil under the seat opposite. Simply not having the courage to go back, she got out, minus her best pencil and plus the memory of those passengers' hostile faces and stony looks.

Another case, equally awkward, is this one. It is perfectly true, as I have the little girl's own word for it. A little girl of ten or eleven was staying with friends. Her friend's father was the doctor of an asylum, the asylum being in the grounds of the house. One day the little girl went out for

a walk. While she was out she met some of the women patients out for their daily walk. When she met them she had forgotten for a moment that they were lunatics. One of them called out to her, "Come here, dearie." She went, thinking that the women would ask her her name or something like that. But instead of that the woman said, "Kiss mummy, dearie!" and kissed her—another awkward moment!

Unfortunately the little girl's friend was with her and witnessed the whole scene, which she related afterwards at the tea table. Everyone was very much amused—another moment not altogether pleasant.

And if you haven't prepared your work and the teacher is just picking people at random, I think we all know the agony of suspense we can sometimes be in then. We try to shrink to half our size and hide behind the person in front, who is perhaps doing just the same, or we carefully drop a book and take two or three minutes to pick it up until the next person has been chosen. But this is all to no purpose. If you do not know your work the awful moment must come sooner or later; while if you do know it, and are dying to answer, you probably will not be chosen at all.

The best way perhaps, if you have not the faintest idea what the lesson is about, is to put up your hand, look frightfully intelligent and eager, and say in a stage whisper, "Oh, please, sir, **please** let me!" Probably the master will think, "Oh, that boy knows his work; we'll let him alone." And if by any chance you **are** asked when you have been doing your level best to look intelligent and eager and all the rest of it, you can get up, rattle off a lot of rubbish, while consulting a notebook learnedly. If you are a clever actor (or actress) it will look as if you really had prepared it, though you may have got the wrong meaning out of it.

Thus sometimes may awkward moments be avoided by looking unwontedly intelligent.

Yes, I have often been told that the bright understanding eye and the quick intelligent smile help one out of many an awkward moment.



A Moving Story.

SOME years ago I spent my summer holidays in the Shetland Islands. These were the most enjoyable holidays I have ever spent, and not even the story I am going to tell can mar the memory of those lovely long summer days spent among the hills and "voes."

It was the last day of the holidays, and my cousin, who was a year younger than myself, suggested that we should spend that day on "Otter Holm," which lies in Stromness "voe."

This islet is about twenty yards from the shore, and at low tide can be reached by stepping-stones. We took a basket with lunch, and spent a jolly time looking for birds' nests, exploring the otter traps, and gathering sea anemones. Just as we were starting for home my cousin found some lovely, brightly-coloured shells.

I had never before seen such beautiful shells, so we gathered a whole basketful. By this time the stepping-stones were almost covered, so we had to hurry to the mainland.

No one was in when we returned. I put the shells in a glass jar and placed it on the sideboard, where they looked quite ornamental.

In the morning when cook opened the dining-room door she saw an empty jar on the sideboard. For every shell had a living inhabitant, and there they were all over the furniture. In their efforts to get back to "Otter Holm" they were leaving many slimy impressions behind them.

E. M., Class VI. G.

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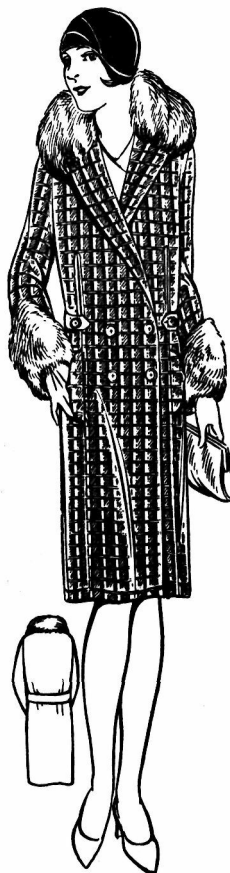
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DUNDEE

The Hockey Tournament.

THE annual Seven-a-Side Tournament, which provides such a pleasant wind-up to the Hockey season, took place at the Recreation Grounds on Saturday, 8th March, before a fairly large attendance of spectators. Conditions underfoot were perfect, but a cold wind and a slight drizzle did not add to the comfort of the spectators.

Play was very keen, and the fact that three points only separated the winners from the seventh team indicated that the standard was very even. The School teams did exceptionally well, Bell-Baxter sharing premier honours with Grove F.P.'s, and the more fancied Perth Academy VII. sharing the honour of runners-up with our own F.P.'s. Bell-Baxter and Grove F.P.'s gathered 11 points; Perth Academy and D.H.S. F.P.'s, 10 points; while D.H.S. P.P.'s VII. got 8 points.

From the point of view, purely, of ladies' hockey, few would care to deny that the best exhibitions during the afternoon were put up by the F.P.'s. Their stick-work was good, their hitting was clean, and they didn't use their weight as some of the other senior teams did. They seemed to tire towards the end, losing their last two matches by defensive errors. Apart from that their hockey was always nice to watch.

Coming to the team which interests us most—our own—we have to congratulate them on their afternoon's work. They made their games very exciting, snatching a win in hurricane fashion from the F.P.'s, and giving us a similar thrill against Perth Academy. Weight told against them in their matches with most of the senior teams. As a seven they played well together, and all three half-backs will be well known in hockey circles yet. I thought both wingers better than the centre forward. To single out any individual, however, would be unjust. Their displays were wholehearted,

enthusiastic, and very sporting, and with a little more experience and a slightly cooler judgment in the heat of the fray we should have won the tournament.

The refereeing was in most capable hands, and the thanks of the School are due to those gentlemen who so kindly gave us their services.



Cupid and the Bee.

A bee lay asleep in a little rose-tree,
When up came young Cupid, but ne'er saw
the bee.

"Aha!" said the god, "Why this is a fine
spot

To rest when the sunshine is getting too
hot."

He crushed the poor bee, and the angry wee
thing

Rose up on its hindlegs and started to
sting.

Then Cupid said things far too naughty to
write,

And ran to his mother in terrible fright,

Arrived there all breathless from running too
fast,

He cried out to Venus, "This breath is my
last—

A nasty wee beast with a knife in its tail
Has stabbed my poor finger," was all he
could wail.

Now his mother had sense, which was more
than he had,

She knew that young Cupid was rather a
lad.

"If you feel so much pain from the sting of
a bee,

What of those who are stung by **your**
arrows?" said she

Those Dreadful Boys!

Pear Tree Cottage, Woodham,
Angus, 14/3/30

My **dearest** Clemency,—

Clemency, **dear**, it seems **long ages** since I saw you last, so I felt, you know **how** the **feeling** comes upon one, I **had** to write you a **few** lines.

Darling, if I hadn't my **dear little** cottage to retire to I am **sure** I would **expire** in this **dreadful, dreadful** world of to-day. And you know, for all one hears about the **modern** (**doesn't** that word make you **shiver?**) young ladies, it is the young **men** who really are—oh, dear, **dear**—too **awful**.

My two grandsons, Lionel and Leonard (Tilly **would** call them by these **ridiculous** names in spite of all my **protestations**—it is the **modern** spirit)—to go on—(I believe there is a **horrid** expression used about returning to your **muttons!!!**) are being educated at a **prominent** public school. And their **tales**, you know, and their — now I **wonder**, would you call it **dashing-ness**.

Lionel is in the first **rank** (is that the word?) of something connected with the town of **Rugby**. I believe a ball is necessary for this matter. I heard the **dear** boy say (by the bye, isn't it **horrid** of them to object to being called "dear" or "darling"?) to Leonard, "Look here, Face, the old team hasn't got enough weight since that bloke D—ie left." To which Leonard replied with some more **strange** words. I **do** object to the **dear** boys (still, I had better not call them **that**, as the dear fellows don't like it) using **quite inexplicable** expressions. For instance Leonard said to me **only** last November, "Gee whiz! I've done **nothing** but cog since September, so I'll have a beastly swot for the quarterlies." Of **course**, I didn't **quite** comprehend him, but I said, "You **really** shouldn't work so **hard** during the session in case you **break down** when the **exams** come." He burst out **laughing**, my **dear**, and said, "What a top-

hole joke." Aren't boys—well—**peculiar?**

Once, Clemency, Tilly enticed me to go and see their school. There are steps, you **know**, outside the big door, and there was a **great** crowd of boys **perched** on them—**positively** idling! Besides that (I **don't** think I could have discovered a better proof of the **deplorable** state of their **minds**) some were actually **skipping** with a few **small girls!!** **Grown** boys, my **dearest** Clemency!

And **Clemency**, is it not your opinion that boys are **too sure** of themselves? That **very same** day, my dear, Tilly and I noticed a **great** number of Lionel's friends (I believe they call them **pals!**) taking up **quite** all the **available** pavement at the foot of R—f—m Street, and looking **just**, you **know**, like the gentleman in that poem, "lord of all I survey." There was once **quite** a **disgraceful scene** in their playground, you know, **dear**. Boys will be **boys**, but now they seem to **try** to be members of **Parliament** too! I believe one of their **eminent** speakers was (to make use of Leonard's expression) "mobbed" and quite **pulled** about and **ruffled** and all in the **sight** of the **public!** How **dreadful!** **Just** think, Lionel told me that the **would-be Communist** Party nearly "got in." This **undoubtedly** shows the **shocking** state of the **youthful boyish** mind. At such **tender** years!!!

Well, Clemency, darling, this is quite an **epistle**. **Don't** you really think the subject of **modern youth** ought to be **seriously** considered? **Really**—

Dearest Lionel has **just** arrived and poured a long **tale** into my ears, **very** little of which was within my **comprehension**. **Evidently** a certain Aristophanes (that **may** be the **subject** he studies, but I'm not **at all sure**) came in **late** after dinner and said, "The **steak** was very **tough**, to-day, sir." **Positively shocking** laxity of behaviour.

Well, well, dearest, this is all for the **present** time from

Your own **Prudence**.

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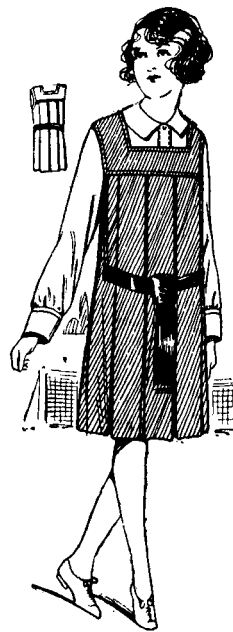
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D. R. Jeffrey, W. B. Forster, W. R. Allison.
Front Row—G. A. Graham, H. Philip, K. S. R. Black.

Rugby 2nd XV.,
1929-1930.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

Old Boys' Club.

To the Editor, School Magazine, The High School of Dundee.

Dear Sir,—

I should like to bring to your notice, and through the School Magazine, to the notice of others, the question of forming an Old Boys' Club.

I have discussed the problem with many of my contemporaries, as well as with other F.P.'s and, without exception, all are agreed that such a Club is much to be desired.

It will be seen, I believe, from this issue of the School Magazine, that the former pupils now in Calcutta have given us a worthy lead. Surely it should be possible for those in Dundee and in other big centres throughout the kingdom to organise similar associations. The advantages of such clubs are many.

- 1—They keep Old Boys in touch with one another and with the School.
- 2—They render valuable assistance in giving introductions to boys just leaving School.
- 3—They are very helpful socially and in business to the boy going abroad.
- 4—A strong Old Boys' Club adds to the prestige of the School.

From such a distinguished list of former pupils as the D.H.S. is fortunate to possess, I am sure that excellent and enthusiastic office-bearers could be found.

I shall be grateful if you can find space to bring this to the notice of your readers.

With best wishes to Dundee High School.

I am, yours sincerely,

G. H. PHILIP.

c/o Maclean Brothers, Ltd.,
42 York Street,
Glasgow.



F.P. News.

We warmly congratulate our F.P., Mr George Ritchie, on having reached the last Rugby trial, Scotland v. The Rest. We hope to see him go all the way next time. We feel sure he will.

DEATHS

With deep regret we learned last week of the death at Edinburgh of Dr John Lambert, M.B., Ch.B. He left School twelve years ago, but always retained an interest in D.H.S. and in its Magazine. His death, at the early age of twenty-nine years, cuts short a very promising career.

In the "Scotsman" of 1st February, 1930, was a splendid tribute by Dr Norman Maclean and others to the memory of Dr Harry Wotherspoon, a distinguished former pupil of D.H.S. He was inducted to St Oswald's, Edinburgh, in 1907, when a quoad sacra parish was erected, and was instrumental in building the Church of St Oswald's.

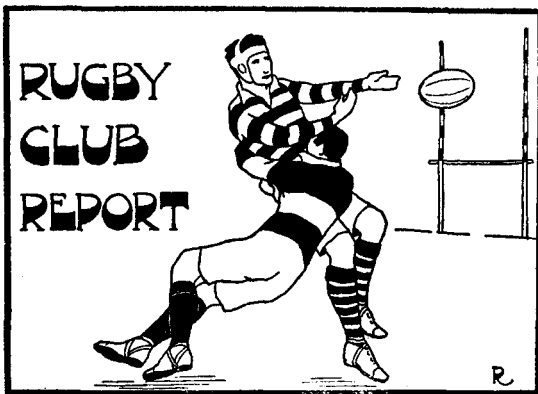
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Reports.



Date	Opponents	Venue	For	Agst.
Dec. 7	—Glenalmond College,	A	8	10
	14—Bell-Baxter School, ...	H	46	0
	21—Perth Academy,	H	11	0
Jan. 25	—Dollar Academy,	A	3	21
Feb. 1	—Daniel Stewart's Col.	A	14	0
	8—Perth Academy,	H	5	0
	15—Gordon's College, ...	H	Cancelled	
	22—Boroughmuir School,	A	Cancelled	
Mar. 1	—Madras College, ...	H	Cancelled	
	15—Morrison's Academy,	H	6	5

Caps have been awarded to J. S. Neish and I. G. M'Call. Those already with caps are:—J. H. F. Wilson, R. H. Falconer, J. B. Malcolm, and H. D. M'Dougall.

The Rucker season is drawing near to a close and, generally speaking, we can look back on the 1929-30 season as a very satisfactory one. Commencing with only five of last year's team to build our fifteen round we had a stiff job to produce a side worthy of its predecessors of the past few years. Little success attended our match efforts at the outset, but week by week we have gradually improved until during our past few games we have, apart from winning, been able to put on the field fifteen boys who could work well together and who could give a very good account of themselves. What then is most satisfactory of all is that from a collection of individuals of mediocre ability at the beginning of the season, we have steadily progressed, until we have produced a team well worthy of the old School. The most outstanding game of the year was that against Morrison's Academy, which we deservedly won by 6 points to 5, this being the first time we have been successful against the Crieff side since 1921.

We are at present holders of the district seven-side Schools' Rugby Championship, and hope to

retain the title this year. The tournament is to take place on the forenoon of Saturday, 5th April at the Recreation Grounds. On this occasion we shall doubtless have the enthusiastic touch line support in even a greater measure than we have had throughout the season.

CHARACTERISTICS

J. H. F. Wilson (capt.).—His leadership and enthusiasm have had much to do with the steady improvement of the side. A very able winging forward with plenty of determination and a most dangerous player near his opponents' line. Leads the forwards well, keeping them together and inspiring them by his example. Has a good hand-off, tackles well, and is very safe with his hands, and as a "rover" proves very troublesome to the opposing halves.

R. H. Falconer.—A three-quarter of the forceful type with a deadly tackle. Has a good pair of hands and, with the ability to get off his mark a little more quickly, would be a much more dangerous player.

H. D. M'Dougall.—A hard-working forward with untiring energy who is always up with the ball. Has a very useful kick to touch, plays the winging game well, and is most useful in the loose whether handling or taking the ball at his feet. A good place kick.

J. B. Malcolm.—Has played inside three-quarter and stand-off half, and in the latter position has proved a very valuable asset to the side. Has an effective swerve, a deadly tackle, and is a good touch finder. Probably tries to do too much on hand-off.

J. S. Neish.—A hard worker from beginning to end of the game. Uses his brains all the time and never fails to take advantage of an opening. Has a good turn of speed and on occasion has played very well as an inside three-quarter.

I. G. W. M'Call.—A full back of promise. Fields well and has a powerful left foot kick. A very plucky tackler, but should avoid going for his man straight on only to be hurt himself. On occasion has filled the stand-off position with credit. Should practice kicking with his right foot.

E. R. Winton.—A nippy scrum half who has steadily improved throughout the season. Although handicapped by size he makes up for this by his elusiveness. A good spoiler and tackler, but has a tendency at times to be round before the ball. With a stronger pass and a more powerful kick to touch he will be a very valuable asset to the team.

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The Dining Rooms are large and airy, and the staff take a particular interest in the scholars, who also get the full choice from a varied Menu at reduced prices.

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J. S. Brand.—A forceful forward who revels in real hard play. Very good in the loose, but is inclined to over-run the ball. Kicks and tackles well and with closer dribbling will greatly improve.

C. R. M'Leish.—A second row forward who plays hard in the tight and is always up with the ball. A good dribbler and sound in defence. Was unable to play in many of the matches due to an accident at the beginning of the season.

G. Fraser.—A reliable hooker who is ever ready to scrum down, but has a bad habit of giving feet up. A good dribbler who combines well and goes hard all the time. Kicking and tackling might be improved.

W. Keir.—A wing three-quarter who has come rapidly to the fore this season. A strong runner with a good turn of speed. Takes his passes well, but his tackling and fielding show room for improvement. Goes down on the ball well. Should make more use of his feet.

T. S. Lorimer.—A speedy outside three who runs with determination and never fails to bring his feet into use when occasion demands. Has a tendency to lie too far forward in attack. Takes his passes well at full speed. Tackling might be better.

G. J. Robbie.—An able forward in the tight who does his work quietly and well. Is quite effective in the line out, but is inclined to hold on to the ball until brought down. A source of strength to the pack.

F. W. How.—A player who has speedily worked his way to the fore during the season. Works hard, but is inclined to get offside. Another season should make him a first-rate forward.

D. J. H. Morrison.—Has filled the role of full back and three-quarter by turns, and is a useful player in either of these positions. Fields, tackles and kicks well. With a hand-off and an improved swerve he would be a very dangerous player.

P. Watson.—Is good and bad by turns, but is showing signs of promise. A plucky player, but does not use enough judgment when lying on the ball and tackling. Is inclined to be caught in possession.

G. E. Davie.—Unfortunately had to give up the game half-way through the season after having been a member of the 1st XV. for the two previous years. A very useful forward in the tight and one whose infectious enthusiasm ever spurred on his side to yet greater efforts. T. M'L.

2nd XV. Report.

The 2nd XV. have every reason to regard the past season as one of heartening promise marked,

as it has been, by a steady progress and a very keen enthusiasm. Badly handicapped at the outset by a lack in size and weight, especially in the three-quarter positions, they have never taken things lying down, but have played some very creditable games against much stronger opponents.

Some of the matches in the Christmas to Easter half of the season have had to be cancelled owing to frost. This was doubly unfortunate because, since Christmas the play of the 2nd has improved very considerably. Their chief fault—a woeful weakness in tackling—has almost entirely disappeared. They are playing far better as a team; there is combination, resource and initiative in their work. Their best performance was at Crieff, where they played an excellent game against these redoubtable rivals and did well to be beaten by no more than 16 points to 0. On the whole, then, a satisfactory year—a year of stern, uphill fighting for a team which had to admit defeat rather often but never knew disgrace.

J. R. H.

Cadet Corps Report.

The Spring Term has seen its full quota of work efficiently and enthusiastically executed. Of particular note this term is the work of the Senior N.C.O.'s, who have reached a high standard of knowledge in drill movements, and whose words of command have sensibly improved and developed. During the summer term it is hoped to have two Friday afternoon drills in which the entire Company will take part. The recruits are very keen, and are doing extremely well; most of them must make it their particular business to be present at the summer camp at Cortachy, as this Camp is the most important part of their whole Cadet training. The Band has played us down from the Drill Hall on several of our Friday parades this term, and their showing on these successive weeks indicated marked and steady improvement both in playing and in marching.

Shooting Club.—All connected not only with the Corps but with the School must be extremely gratified at the success attained by our Rifle Team in retaining the Strathcona Challenge Shield. The silver medals won by the team will be presented to them by Col. T. H. Smith on the evening of the Annual Cadet Dinner. The names and ranks of the members of the team are, viz.:—Sergeant W. Keir, Sgt. R. H. Falconer, Sgt. J. S. Neish; Cpl. G. Glass, Cpl. A. Reid, and L/Cpl. T. Agnew.

Roll on June 28th, when to the strains of "Hielan' Laddie" the High School Cadet Corps will once more cross the Prosen Bridge to enjoy fourteen days

under canvas in the most delightful of surroundings. Last year we set up a record for numbers attending the camp. This was the result of the Corps' enthusiasm, and parents' arranging their holidays outside the first fortnight of July. We must go from strength to strength. Why boost the Camp? The open air, plenty of exercise, your fill of recreation, good plain food in abundance, fun and frolic, evening concerts, and a kindly discipline—what more could you want?

Parents! on you much of the success of the Camp depends. The Directors of the School know that our camp is worth while, and we look to you for enthusiastic support in this as in other branches of school work.

Hockey Report.

On the 7th December the Dundee and District Schools Trials were held at the Grounds. D.H.S. was represented by seven players, viz.:—R. Black, I. Begbie, J. Mackenzie, M. Ferrier, B. Dewar, L. Kippen, and A. Webster. L. Kippen was chosen to play against Aberdeen Schools XI.

We travelled to Perth to play the Academy XI. on 14th December, and were beaten 5-2.

On 21st December we met Harris Academy at Elliot Road, and won 3-0. Our next match was against Harris at home, when there was no scoring on the part of either team.

The next few weeks we devoted our time to practising "seven-a-sides," and played Arbroath High School on 8th February in the preliminary round of the annual seven-a-side tournament. We won 6-5.

The following week we beat Madras College XI. in a friendly match at D.H.S. Grounds 5-0.

The annual seven-a-side tournament was held on 8th March. School team was:—I. Begbie, J. Mackenzie, M. Ritchie, M. Ferrier, L. Kippen, E. Heath, and A. Webster.

The defence was sound, and the forwards have improved since last year. The team scored 8 points out of a possible 16.

On the following Saturday, which was a glorious day, we held our "Little Sevens" Tournament. There were nine VII.s, each captained by a 1st XI. player. Everyone was most enthusiastic, and thoroughly enjoyed the game. Results:—

1. M. Ritchie's VII. 14 points
2. L. Kippen's VII. 10 points
- J. Mackenzie's VII. 10 points
4. E. Forbes' VII. 9 points

2nd XI. match results:—

Jan. 11—Perth 2nd XI.	Away	2-4
Feb. 8—Seymour Lodge 1st XI. ...	Home	1-3
Mar. 1—Harris 2nd XI.	Home	3-0

We take this opportunity of thanking Miss Whytock and Miss Jarvie for their enthusiasm and interest in the Club.

A. M'D. W.

D.H.S. F.P.'s Lawn Tennis Club.

The Annual General Meeting was held on 27th March, when a very good assembly met in the Girls' High School. The Secretary's report and Treasurer's statement were duly adopted.

The following office-bearers for season 1930 were elected:—

President—Mr A. W. Mudie.

Vice-President—Miss M. A. Cargill.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mr W. S. Phillips.

Gent.'s Match Secretary—Mr G. H. Gibson.

Ladies' Match Secretary—Miss J. M. Howe.

Gent.'s Selection Committee—Mr J. S. Robertson,

Mr L. L. Scott, Mr J. F. Stewart, along with

the president, secretary and treasurer, and match secretary.

Ladies' Selection Committee—Miss I. B. Stewart,

Miss Malcolm, Miss M. C. Webster, along with

the vice-president and match secretary.

Hon. Auditor—Mr A. T. Millar.

The results of last season were rather disappointing. The ladies 1st team just failed to earn promotion to Division II. The club championship and the mixed doubles handicap resulted as follows:—

Gent.'s Singles—1 N. G. Whyte, 2 A. W. Mudie.

Ladies' Singles—1 Miss B. W. Lowe, 2 Miss M. C. Webster.

Mixed Doubles Handicap—1 Mr J. F. Stewart and Miss A. M. Robertson, 2 Mr G. M. R. Cook and Miss I. B. Stewart.

In addition, two members of the club, Misses B. W. Lowe and M. C. Webster distinguished themselves by winning the Ladies Handicap Doubles of the Midlands Tournament.

On the evening of Tuesday, the 26th of November, a very successful dance was held in Kidd's Rooms, over 100 couples attending.

For season 1930 a few improvements are to be made. A practice wall will be erected on the north court, and the new courts are to have tarpauling screens put up to improve visibility.

Girl Guide Report.

Our Company meetings are being carried on as usual, and those who joined the Company at the beginning of the session are well on the way to becoming 2nd Class Guides.

The Inter-Patrol Shield is now in the possession of the Robin Patrol, but six patrols are determined that it shall not remain there.

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Middle Row—L. Kippen. M. Ferrier. A. Webster (*Capt.*) J. Mackenzie. I. Begbie.

Front Row—M. Ritchie. E. Forbes.

Girls' Hockey 1st XI.
1929-1930.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

As a result of the bulb growing competition some fine flowers were brought in, but as the entries, were not all ready at the same time the idea of sending them to the Infirmary has proved impracticable.

On Jan. 19 we attended a church parade at St Clement's Parish Church on the occasion of the anniversary of the dedication of colours of the 42nd Company.

We sent to the Infirmary the largest contribution of silver paper from "organisations" for December, and we are working hard to repeat the achievement. We also received a certificate for our contribution to the new Headquarters Fund.

Our meetings lately have been greatly taken up with badge work for the coming tests, but we find time to practise "Princess Royal" with a view to entering for country dancing at the Musical Festival.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking the officers for their tireless interest in the Company.

J. D. M.



Boys' Literary Society Report.

The concluding meeting of the autumn session, held on the 6th December, was quite as successful as any of the previous meetings. In a racy, humorous and living essay, Mr R. H. W. Falconer described in detail the haunts and the history of the Maoris, and entertained us with an account of his personal experiences of that warlike race. Due on the next Friday, fell our Musical Evening, which had unfortunately to be postponed until after the Christmas Holidays.

The brilliant success that had marked our autumn session naturally gave us reason to hope that a similar success would attend us in spring; nor have our expectations been disappointed by the result. We had, in particular, the good fortune to start the session with a lecture which, by the interest it aroused and the pleasure it gave, proved a worthy prelude to a succession of the brightest and most distinguished meetings the Society has ever held. The question, "Are you superstitious?" at all times excites great interest; and on January 10 that interest

was doubled by the clever manner with which Mr Hunter presented his subject. Profound thought, exact knowledge, sturdy commonsense, and pawky humour were blended finely together in this one excellent essay, which for charm of style and vigour of expression it would be difficult or even impossible to surpass. Thenceforward the Literary Society advanced from triumph to triumph, and Mr Hunter's lecture was succeeded by the Mock Election. Of this political upheaval, which caused such stir in the School it is unnecessary to speak at length. After a week of noisy and enthusiastic campaigning the final appeal to the electorate was made in the Science Lecture Room on the 17th of January, where Mr Wm. A. Maxwell captured the seat for the Unionists by a narrow majority over the Communist candidate.

On the following Friday our Burns' Night was attended by a large and cheery audience. Songs and musical selections were given during the first half of the programme and, after tea was served, the members of the committee staged an amusing comedy, "The Doctor's Patients," in the performance of which unexpected talents were displayed and unbounded mirth was evoked.

A debate followed on Friday, January 31, when the merits of Winter Evenings and Summer Evenings came under consideration. At this debate there was a slight falling off in the attendance, but the discussion was none the less keen and lively, and when the question was put to the vote the champions of Summer, Messrs Jack Wilson and Neish, triumphed over their opponents, Messrs Aiken and Brand by 27 votes to 16. The assistant secretary of the Society, Mr D. W. A. Donald, was responsible for the fare on the following evening, and a very large audience assembled to hear his illustrated essay on the "Gaieties of Gilbert." This proved an exceedingly interesting and lively paper, and its pretty wit and urbanity were not unworthy of its great subject; while the illustrations, too, with gramophone and voice, gave great delight and entertainment. The next Friday was the date of a debate which was to be largely conducted by Class 7, and at which the principals had laboured right diligently. But unfortunately the weather interfered, and the much-appreciated skating holiday on the 7th of February was instrumental in depriving the School of the pleasure of hearing its prominent young men.

Yet owing to the rapid flight of days there now remained on the syllabus but two meetings, and meetings, too, of such eminence that they may justly be accounted the most important of the year. No less they were than the Presidential Address of Mr Legge and a lecture by Dr Macklin on his Antarctic experi-

ences. It is indeed a high honour to the Literary Society that an Antarctic explorer should address us, and we are happy to state that on February 24 the assembled School showed Dr MacLinn how much they appreciated his eloquent and impressive narrative of that famous expedition in which he himself took a not unworthy, not inglorious part.

The crowning literary achievement of the year, however, came with the President's address on "Humour and Parody." This subject, uniting as it does a scholarly with a popular appeal, gave Mr Legge adequate scope for displaying his literary taste, his extensive humanity, and his lively wit—a happy blend of talents which were together exhibited in a charming essay, both entertaining and instructive, of which the humour caused many a smile, the acuteness many a reflection. The only regret we have is that more were not present to hear it. Yet those who did attend showed by the vigour and readiness of their applause how great a gratitude they entertained towards Mr Legge for his services to the Society. And well they might. Never has anyone undertaken a harder task than he, and never has anyone had a more signal success. By his activity, energy, enthusiasm and good humour he has re-established the Literary Society in its pristine pre-eminence. In truth his services to the Society cannot be exaggerated and can scarcely be enumerated. And need we enumerate them? The facts themselves speak—to take over a Society in its hour of unpopularity and to raise it, despite difficulties, to unexampled prosperity, how splendid a triumph of fitness and character!

Girls' Literary Society.

On December 6 we heard selected readings from three members of the Society. The matter was essentially light but, being interesting and amusing, was greatly enjoyed.

On December 19 we held our annual musical and dramatic evening. This was open to all members of the Girls' School and to the Staff. The programme was varied and entertaining, and great talent was shown by many of our members.

On Jan. 10 we heard selected poems and readings. These were mostly of a humorous character, and included extracts from the "Ingoldsby Legends," Thackeray, and A. A. Milne.

A Hat Night was held on Jan. 17, and proved a great success, as many of the younger members took part in the discussions.

On Jan. 24 we heard three very interesting papers by members of Class IX. Miss Jack chose as her subject, "The Protective Devices of Nature." Miss Gordon wrote on life in Australia. Miss Mather's

paper on "Words" took us back to the earliest articulations of man, while Miss Dewar's "Ghost Stories" held the interest of all present.

Jan. 31 was Scottish Night, when the programme was made up of Scottish music, readings of Scottish prose and ballads, and a short sketch.

On Feb. 7 we held another play reading night, and despite the stress of school work the two plays "The Boy Comes Home" and "Five to One" were a great success.

Owing to skating holidays and the School Concert the next meeting was not held until March 7, when we held an American Night. This consisted of readings from Mark Twain, American gramophone records and community singing of plantation songs.

On the following Friday, March 14, Class X. papers were read. Miss Ferguson's delightful paper on Kirkmaiden was followed by a very interesting travel paper by Miss Begbie on "A Visit to France." Miss Mackenzie chose as her subject "Artemus Ward."

Unfortunately our last meeting had to be postponed, but if rumour does not lie we may expect a very interesting President's Address in the near future.

The attendance at the last two meetings has been regrettably poor, but we hope that our last meeting will prove a record in the other direction. I should like to thank the President and Vice-President for their unfailing interest and assistance throughout the session.

J. D. M.

The Houses.

The House system has been under very careful review during the past season, and the Housemasters have come to the conclusion that the usefulness of the system will be best maintained and in no way impaired if, in future, the House Championship is confined to juniors only. This means that pupils who are members of the 1st and 2nd XV.'s, boys of Classes VIII. and upwards, and likely reserves to the 2nd XV. will be excluded from House games. In future the House Championship will be decided by each House playing the others twice throughout the year, so giving each house six games. As Colonel T. H. Smith has presented the School with a House Cup, the decision should give our juniors the required incentive that we desire to see amongst them.

In this year's Championship one round has yet to be played, but as Wallace House have a clear lead of two points over the others they look like retaining the Cup, which they have held since the inception of the House system.

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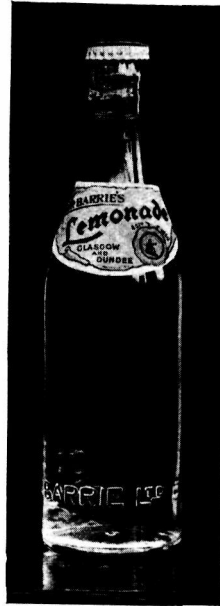
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