

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 50

APRIL 1931

FOURPENCE

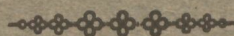
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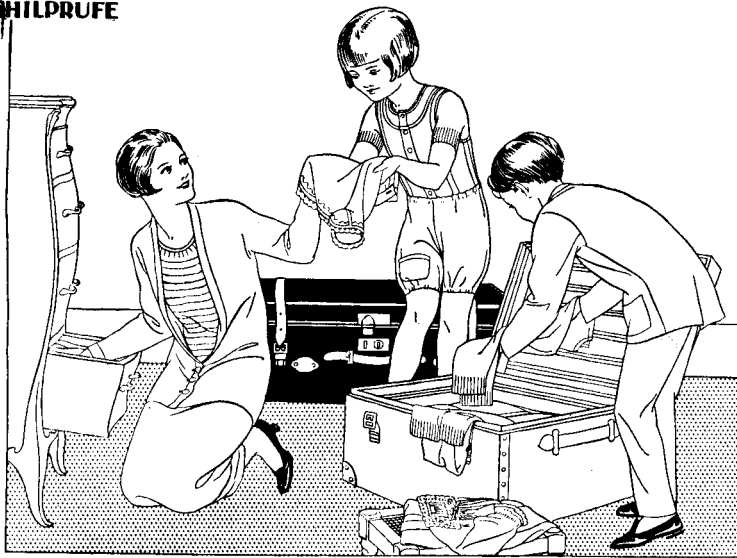
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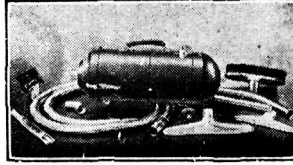
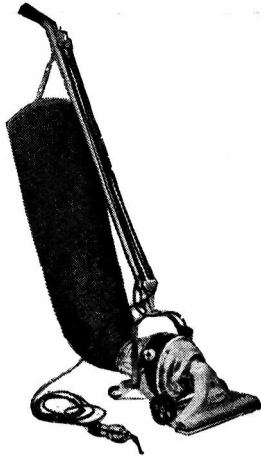
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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 50]

APRIL, 1931.

[FOURPENCE

Editorial.

GOOD morning, everybody! This is the Editor calling the High School of Dundee. Once more we have passed the Ides of March, which means that the inky cloud of the Leavings is again threatening us—in fact, is just on the point of bursting. By the time you read this not only will it have burst, but the worst of the storm will be over—all but the results! Good luck to you throughout the storm and in the results!

Three cheers for the Strathcona marksmen who have brought the trophy to our School for the third time in succession, three more for their instructor, and again three for their captain! We are *very* proud of them.

But probably the most important event of the term has been the inaugural dinner of the Old Boys' Club, at which over 150 members, of ages varying from 18 to 80, as someone put it, were present to salute their old School. How enjoyable to see old friends again and crack old jokes! The membership of the Club is very large by now, and the general opinion is that a similar Club for girls would be welcomed. Meanwhile the present pupils wish the Club every success; they are looking forward to becoming members in due course.

The weather seems to have taken a spite against us this year. Recreation has been

nearly at a standstill since the year began. The Hockey Tournament has had to be postponed till March 28, when we hope the weather clerk will smile on us. The Hockey team has had a splendid season, although snow has done much to spoil its last few weeks. The Rugby stalwarts have been rather unlucky, but they still have a chance of doing great things in the "Sevens."

It is yet another feather in our cap that James S. Wilson, one of our former pupils, has done so well in Scottish Rugby. We offer him our hearty congratulations and our best wishes for the future.

During February, too, we had some most enjoyable music. On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 25th, the Kolisch String Quartet came to School to give us an hour's concert of chamber music. The pupils showed great enthusiasm, and the Girls' Hall was crowded with staff and pupils, who listened eagerly to the treat, and were charmed when Mr Kolisch said a few words of thanks for the splendid reception they had given the players. On the Friday and Saturday evenings of the same week we had two delightful concerts from the pupils of the Music and Elocution Departments. To all those who helped to make that memorable week such a success we give our thanks and

congratulations, and we hope that we may have many more such concerts in the future.

Since then the weather has gone from bad to worse. Several members of the staff have been absent with influenza or other illnesses, but most of them have now quite recovered, and we hope that the others will also soon be well again. We are glad that through it all our Rector has been able to be in School at his usual post of responsibility.

Both Literary Societies have now concluded a very successful season. Guides and Cadets continue to flourish with ever-increasing numbers, and we feel that with so much rising talent and enthusiasm in School the Magazine, too, should be well supported. To all who have contributed to these successes we offer the thanks of the School.

A good Easter Holiday to all!

The Late Mr Robt. Winton, M.A., Maud.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr Robert Winton, M.A., a former teacher of Mathematics in Dundee High School. Mr Winton came to the High School in 1917, and left in 1924 to become Mathematical Master of Peterhead Academy. He was afterwards appointed Headmaster of Maud Higher Grade School, Aberdeenshire.

He had been in indifferent health for some ten months, and died on 19th March, at the early age of 42. He will be remembered by those who knew him here as a capable teacher, devoted to his work, and as one who played a very useful part as treasurer for certain entertainments arranged in connection with the Pavilion Fund.

To his widow and three children we offer our deepest sympathy.

Big Chief Tim.

TIM was six years old, golden haired and chubby, but at the precise moment he was Tim of the golden hair and chubby cheeks no longer, but a Red Indian, hunting man-eating tigers on a desert island.

The desert island was the blue felt carpet in Tim's bedroom, and the polished floor boards beyond were the rolling ocean. The blinds were drawn down to their fullest extent to give, as Tim remarked, a "jungly" look to the forest of chairs.

Under the bed was the Big Chief Tim's wigwam. There wasn't much room, and it was a bit stuffy, but then Red Indians have to put up with a lot, especially when hunting man-eating tigers. This particular tiger now being hunted was on the verge of starvation, and if it wasn't killed by to-night it would creep out and gobble him up.

So Tim clutched his faithful gun in one hand and crawled on all-fours towards the darkest corner, where the great and magnificent tiger lay in waiting.

The tiger was really only a pillow covered with a dark rug; but then Tim's gun was only a walking stick minus the handle, so what did it matter? That self-same tiger would supply him for weeks and weeks with food, and Tim was sure its skin would make a grand rug for his wigwam.

Very slowly and quietly Big Chief Tim crept towards the dark, forbidding unknown of the tiger's lair. Already he could hear the tiger's deep, ugly growls.

"It's going to be an awful fight," Big Chief Tim said to himself, "but this Red Injun's going to win." C. N. (Class V., B.).



[By courtesy of

"*Courier and Advertiser*," Dundee.]

L./Cpl. R. Patterson, L./Cpl. A. McCall, Sgt./Inst. Smith, Cpl. A. Reid, Pipe L./Cpl. R. Rorie.

Sgt./Maj. R. Falconer, Capt. J. R. Legge, Cpl. G. Glass.

**Dundee High School Cadet Company, No. 1 Team.
Winners of "Strathcona" Challenge Shield, 1931.**

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

Claverhouse.

MOPPING the perspiration from my bedewed brow after the tremendous exertions of (1) thinking out an imposing title, and (2) applying it to paper, I lean back and contemplate the result of my toil. Lazily I picture to myself the various expressions of my future readers (hopeful *n'est-ce pas?*). The history lover, with a look of smug contentment, will settle comfortably down confident that he is about to enjoy an enlightening article on his favourite hero; while those to whom the delights (?) of Cyril Robinson and the joys (?) of Grant do not appeal, will hastily pass on in pursuit of lighter literature. The fiction lover, madly fond of thrilling Covenanting tales, will set out to devour this page with eager eyes. Even the music lover will glance through it (for has not Claverhouse something to do with the song "Bonnie Dundee"?). Alas! history, fiction, and music lover will be doomed to disappointment! This article is not about the illustrious Claverhouse, John Graham of—for about him I know little!—but about the equally illustrious Claverhouse—the cat!

Let me introduce you to this noble animal. Totally black, without a single white hair to mar the glossy jet of his coat, he is a magnificent specimen of the feline tribe. His lithe, well-formed body, his large yellow eyes, best described by the phrase "pools of syrup," and his long, plump, waving tail make up a few of his best physical features. But they are far outstripped by his mental ones! Although he is not yet full grown, the intelligence of this remarkable animal surpasses that of a ten-year-old cat! For one thing, he can play golf—the art of which few cats have mastered. But let me tell you from the beginning his full (and, alas! short) history as I know it.

He was first discovered by my brother Jack

astray in a select restaurant. Struck by the dignity and general air of superiority about this cat, he duly adopted him, and for two days Jack's "digs." supplied Claverhouse (his new name) with a comfortable home. During these two days Clavers followed my brother about with dog-like devotion. This shows either his remarkable intelligence or a curious kink, for no human being would dream of following my brother about with dog-like devotion, or cat-like either, for that matter. Still, Jack appears to have rather a way with cats. He was fed with judicious care, regularly exercised by day, and at night found a warm nest to sleep in at Jack's feet. The third day arrived and so did Clavers! Having followed Jack home in the bus he was now reposing in front of the kitchen fire utterly exhausted by the toils of the day (ten holes of golf, a walk, and a bus ride!).

It was there that my sister, father, and I found him, and as we were still crooning over the "little angel" and the "wee soul," etc., mother's incredulous voice drifted to us from the stair top.

"Has there been a dog or a cat in this house?" it said.

It was an unfortunate beginning, but on seeing what a beautiful animal Clavers was my mother became reconciled to him, and Jack was at last persuaded to entrust his pet to us. For one glorious day Clavers was ours! There is a saying that every dog has its day, and I think this must be true of cats also. This was certainly Clavers' day! Never was a cat so much fondled, played with, and generally admired (except when found sharpening his claws on a drawing-room chair!). He was the cynosure of all eyes, the centre of attraction of an adoring household! Under this genial treatment Clavers soon lost his dignified stateliness, and

for this one day became playful—in fact, almost kittenish! Alas, all days come to an end, and the next day, on arriving home from school, an atmosphere of gloom seemed to be pervading the house.

“Where’s Clavers?” I asked anxiously. The gloom deepened. Then, in a low and broken voice, the dreadful tale was told! Soon after breakfast Clavers had been let into the garden and had *DISAPPEARED!* Not a trace of him was to be found! In fear and trembling Jack was informed of the terrible news! Our fears

and tremors were justified! The result was appalling! Police were informed, and the unfortunate animal was traced to a neighbouring house. From there he had been given to a nearby farm, and from there—alas!—no one knew!

For some days after we lived in the hope that Clavers might be found or come back of his own accord, but days, weeks, months passed—and no Clavers. Gradually we became reconciled to the fact that Claverhouse had gone, aye, gone—never to return!

Murder at Midnight.

IT was midnight. The room was in complete darkness except for a moonbeam which shone through the window and rested on a desk in the far corner. Outside not a breath of wind stirred; within the room all was quiet. Suddenly a tinkle of falling glass was heard. A catch snapped back. With a slight creak the window slowly rose from the bottom. The dark silhouette of a man was seen to enter the room. Walking with a cat-like tread he approached the desk and knelt down beside it. As he crouched in the moonlight you could see that he was tall and strong, and dressed in a close-fitting black garment. A mask concealed his features. Producing some skeleton keys and an electric torch he began to busy himself with the lock of the desk.

While the intruder worked silently at his task the handle of the door began to turn. Inch by inch the door itself slowly opened. Then a form stealthily entered the room. It glided along by the wall until it could be seen in the moonlight just behind the masked man. The figure was clad in pyjamas and a dressing-gown. This newcomer grasped a poker in one hand. He stepped softly up behind the mysterious housebreaker and raised his weapon for a blow.

The slight sound thus caused reached the keen ear of the intended victim, who, turning round quickly, caught the descending blow on his left forearm. Then he rose to his feet. A vicious-looking knife appeared as if by magic in his hand. With a panther-like leap he sprang on his antagonist. The keen blade of the upraised knife glittered in the moonlight. A second later it appeared to sink up to the hilt in the other man’s heart.

Then, and then only, was the presence of a third person in the room made evident. He had been crouching in a far corner. After the ruthless and cold-blooded murder had been committed he rose to his feet. “Poor!” he said, “very poor! Eight hundred feet of film wasted! We’ll have to try again to-morrow.”

W. M.

?

I asked no other thing,
No other was denied;
I offered being for it—
The mighty merchant smiled.

Brazil? He twirled a button,
Without a glance my way;
But, madam, is there nothing else
That we can show to-day?

ARNOIL

For Hair Beauty.

The simple, sculptured lines of the modern coiffure have made exquisite texture of the hair essential. Each individual hair must have a perfect sheen and lustre. Women who patronise only the smartest Beauty Shops found out long ago that there was one sure way of bringing out the full glory and beauty of their hair and of preventing their hair from falling out. They took Arnoil Treatments, having the famous Arnoil Medications steamed and massaged into their scalps and hair.

Many women find it almost impossible to get a really satisfactory permanent wave. Others, while temporarily pleased, find the wave anything but permanent. Still others find that after a permanent the hair is dry and brittle and inclined to split at the ends. Whatever the cause, your expert hairdresser can now correct it by using the right Arnoil, steamed in. Arnoil Treatments are truly wonderful for conditioning hair to take and hold a permanent wave. In many beauty salons, Arnoil Treatments are regularly prescribed and given before a permanent is attempted. You, too, will find your permanent will be more beautiful, more lasting and more admired if the scalp and hair are first put into perfect condition by Arnoil Treatments. Even if your hair has a natural wave, you will find the depth and softness of the waves greatly increased after Arnoil Treatment.

If dandruff makes your hair unsightly and causes it to fall out there is a special Arnoil Medication made to correct this condition. There is also an Arnoil Treatment to make oily hair soft and fluffy. In fact, there is a specialized treatment for every individual type and condition of hair.

Before the selected Arnoil is applied to the hair,

the scalp is gently massaged while the pores are being opened by the Arnoil Steamer. The hair is then parted at inch-wide intervals and the Arnoil applied so as to cover the entire scalp. The steam is then used again and the medication gently and gradually steamed and massaged into every pore and fibre of the scalp and hair.

The hair is then shampooed, and when dry it will have the loveliest sheen and lustre which will make doubly attractive any type of wave or style of arrangement of hair. You will find it almost impossible to believe that in a brief twenty to thirty minutes of restful steaming and massaging, the condition of the hair and your appearance could be so much improved.

We are so firmly convinced of the marvellous value of Arnoil Treatments, properly given, that we may have made statements that seem to you exaggerated. All we ask is that you try one Arnoil Treatment. Arnoils are their own best argument and we are sure that after having a treatment you will not only be convinced that all we say is true, but that no mere words could begin to describe your satisfaction and the increased loveliness of your hair.

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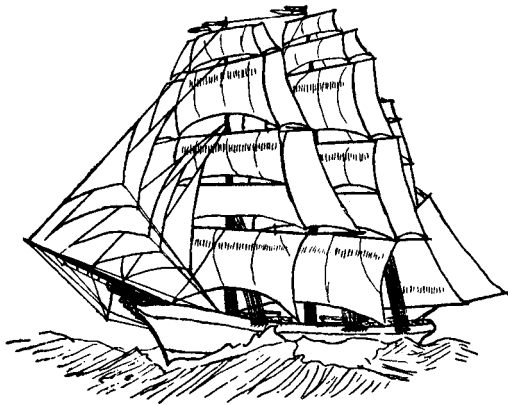
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The "Cutty Sark."

NEXT to Nelson's famous "Victory," the most interesting survivor of the days of sail is without doubt the celebrated tea and wool clipper ship "Cutty Sark."

Racing in some shape or form is a sport which always appeals strongly to the average Britisher, and in our grandfathers' days the annual ship race from China with the first tea cargoes of the year caused as much excitement as the Derby does to-day. Captain John Willis had tried unsuccessfully for close on twenty years to gain the blue ribbon of the seas with his ships, and, far from being discouraged by his previous failures, he determined to build a



The "Cutty Sark."

clipper to beat the marvellous "Thermopylae," who, in her maiden voyage, smashed all existing records for the England to Melbourne and China run. His determination produced the incomparable "Cutty Sark." She was designed by a young Aberdonian, one Hercules Winton, and built by the firm of Scott & Linton, at Dumbarton.

Steamers were now becoming serious competitors for the tea trade, and in order to keep pace with them the clipper ships were built

primarily for speed. The "Cutty Sark" represented the last word in composite ship designing, and, once afloat, could soon boast to be the fastest ship on the seven seas. This honour was even granted her by the seamen of her day—a big concession for any sailor to make, especially if she wasn't his ship. Some of her records were little short of phenomenal. Quite often she logged 17—17½ knots, and once did 362 and 363 miles on two consecutive days—speeds which many present-day steamers can never hope to equal.

Perhaps her greatest triumph was her defeat of the new P. and O. crack mail steamer "Britannia" in 1889. The "Britannia," after leaving Melbourne for Sydney, had passed the "Cutty Sark" the next afternoon running before a strong southerly breeze under her main top-gallant sail. When the "Britannia" got into Sydney Harbour next day there was the "Cutty Sark" lying at anchor with all sails furled as if she had been there for weeks! The breeze had freshened, and the flying clipper had clapped on all sail and romped past the steamer, which was doing a good 16 knots, during the night. This easily justifies Capt. Willis' boast that no ship, steam or sail, ever passed his clipper in a fair race.

The "Cutty Sark" won the tea race on several occasions for her master, and when the steamer sounded the knell of the tea-clipper she was transferred to the Australian wool trade, where she once more showed all other ships her heels. In this trade she had the satisfaction of soundly beating her old rival "Thermopylae" by a clear week in the race from Australia to England. On this occasion the "Cutty Sark" was first home of the wool fleet with a 73-day passage to her credit. The

"Thermopylae" came second with 80 days, followed by other ships at varied intervals up to 96 days.

During the years 1885-6-7 the "Cutty Sark" established a record which no other clipper ship has ever neared. During these three years her consecutive runs were 68, 70, and 69 days from Australia to England. On the last of these runs she beat "Thyatira" by 35 days, "Romanoff" by 59 days, "Smyrna" by 51 days, and "Orontes" by 32 days, while the "Loch Garry," which came in 12 days later than she, was her nearest rival. As all the above-mentioned ships were well-known wool clippers, it is little wonder that old Capt. Willis was proud of her feat, which he celebrated by having a gilded "sark" nailed to her main truck.

At the end of last century the famous old ship was sold to the Portuguese, who, although she was re-christened "Ferreira," always referred to her as the "Pequina Camisola." With that nation she did yeoman service as a general cargo carrier, and in 1922 was brought back under the red ensign by Captain Dowman, who at once set about re-conditioning the stout old craft. Such a noble ship, indeed, deserves to be kept for all time as a monument of the days that are gone, the days when the picturesque "wind-jammers" held sway on the seven seas. R. H. W. F.

James S. Wilson.

IN Rugger circles season 1930-31 has been a red-letter one for Dundee High School. James S. Wilson, who left School four years ago, has been honoured by the Scottish Rugby Union in being capped against all four countries, a unique achievement for a former pupil of this School. To Jim we extend the heartiest congratulations, and hope that he will long continue o figure as one of the stalwarts in Scotland's

scrum. He was a pupil in the Junior Department here, and when he reached the Upper School his fine physique immediately marked him out as one likely to play a leading part in athletics. At the inception of the house system, Mr Legge, the then Housemaster of Aystree, had no hesitation in making him his house captain, and this honour was fully endorsed by his becoming captain of the School Fifteen in the following year.

Of a genial and sunny disposition, at School he was a popular and inspiring leader of his fellows, who to-day rejoice with him in his well-merited honours.



Come and join our band ;
We're the *élite* of the land,
Our plumage we might ruffle if we even moved
a hand.

Ever since we came
We have never played a game ;
We might spoil our graceful posture, and *that*
would be a shame.

Please admire our air and style ;
A sixteenth of a mile
Is guaranteed to breathe us, but we let the
cave-men smile ;

And invent the light excuse,
For it's only through disuse
We acquire our stilted beauty and keep our
flippers loose.

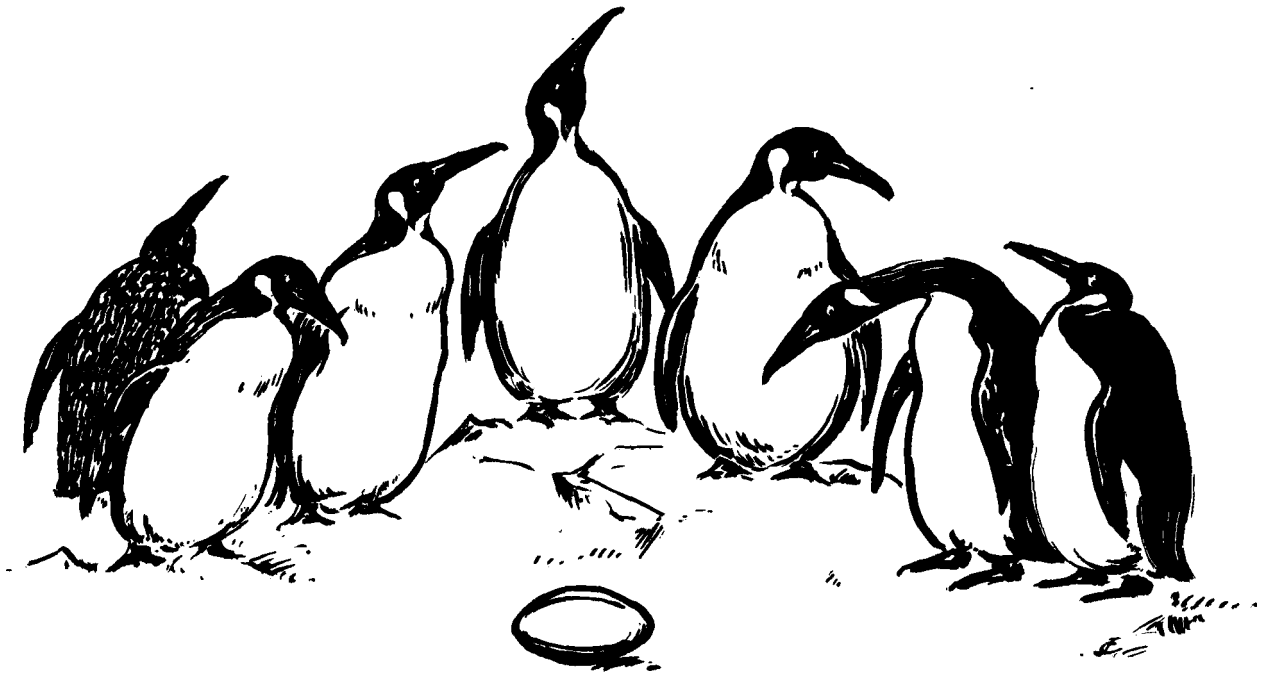
Chorus :

Oh ! Come and join our band.



There are boys (see our birds, Penguins-Rex)
Who loathe mud, and hand-offs, and screw'd
necks ;

But they weave daisy chains
Round their brains and their sprains ;
They're our future lounge-lizards and sheiks.



Boys who don't play Rugby.

Kites.

IN our country kite-flying is usually thought of as an entirely juvenile pastime, but in some other lands it is taken more seriously by people of all ages. The first kite is said to have been invented by Archytas of Tarentum, about 400 B.C. Kite-flying, however, has been in vogue among the Chinese, Koreans, and Maoris of New Zealand from time immemorial. Nearly all the races of Eastern Asia indulge in the sport, and on the ninth day of the ninth month people in China betake themselves to a nearby hill to fly their kites. These Chinese kites are sometimes over seven feet in length, and are made of bamboo strips covered with rice paper or even thin silk. They are made in the shapes of dragons and fishes, and very often of birds. The English name "kite" is taken from the bird of prey once very common in England but now almost extinct.

The origin of the sport is usually ascribed to religion. The Maoris always accompany the flying of kites with a kind of chant called "The Kite Song," by which they assign a special religious significance to the event. The Koreans say that the kite was first used by a general of theirs, who attached a lantern to one and sent it up at night. His troops thought that it was a new star and a token of divine aid. Some Asiatic peoples fly musical kites over their houses at night. These kites have reed pipes attached, and through them the wind makes wailing sounds which are intended to frighten away evil spirits.

Kite-fighting is a popular sport with the Chinese. For this purpose the part of the string below the kite is stiffened with a mixture of ground glass and glue. The kite is usually large and strong. The two opponents get their

kites up to a sufficient height and then manoeuvre them towards each other. The aim is for one man to get his kite to windward of his adversary's so that it may drift down across his string and cut it in two with the glass encrusted portion.

Kites are also used for scientific purposes. The first instance of this was when, in 1752, Benjamin Franklin attracted electricity from the clouds during a thunder-storm through a wire attached to a kite. Nowadays meteorological instruments are raised to great heights by a kite or train of kites, to measure temperature and air currents. A height of over four miles was reached in 1905 at the Prussian Aeronautical Observatory at Lindenberg. On this occasion six kites, with a sail area of 300 sq. ft., were used, being attached to more than nine miles of steel wire line. The wire employed for such a purpose is usually 1-32nd of an inch in diameter, weighing about 16 lbs. per mile, and able to stand a strain of 250-280 lbs. without breaking.

Kites have also been used for military purposes. With their aid aerial photographs of a fort or other object can be taken, the shutter of the camera being electrically operated. The aeroplane, however, has largely replaced the kite for such an end.

Our short survey, then, has shown us how the kite serves a double purpose of pleasure and utility. It can play an attractive part in the world's recreation and a serviceable part in the world's work.

W. M.

Stop Press.

PROMOTIONS.—Cpl. Keith S. R. Black, to be Sergt.

Sensational Scoop by Clever Daily Scream Staff.

THE "Daily Scream" has, as a result of information sent from Egypt by our special correspondent, wangled a scoop. Do you realise what that means? My dear readers, it simply places the old paper in a sphere above all its rivals; it goes to show that in the realm of up-to-date, on the dot, high-class hot journalism our staff is unequalled.

The news of this scoop was received only ten minutes ago—a tribute to our speed and efficiency, is it not? The scoop consists of the discovery in Egypt of some very ancient documents dating back to 3000 B.C. These documents were found in the tomb of King A-tish-oo IX., son of Bacilli, son of Middan-haid, of the 4th Dynasty of Egyptian Pharaohs, the golden age of Egyptian Epicurism. The papers were sent to the Egyptian Branch of the British Museum, and no fewer than eight Professors set to work to translate them. Now, ye weary husbands, who have been deluded by a pretty face into marrying a rotten cook, whose very gorge rises at the burnt and blackened culinary monstrosities, with anaemic and neurotic milk puddings to follow, now shall ye have relief. Now, ye weary housewives who have gone over every recipe in the cookery book, without producing any result other than a grunt from the boor at the table, "For good-

ness' sake, woman, is hash all you can make?"—now your millenium has come. At your disposal lies the perfect cookery book, its recipes collected by Queen A-tish-oo to please her lord and master. So efficacious were they thought to be that they were enclosed in the Pharaoh's tomb, doubtless to comfort his inner man on the way to the Egyptian Elysian Fields.

Undoubtedly the "Daily Scream" must rank with Lincoln and Pasteur as a benefactor of mankind. For we have brought to public notice this long-felt want, the perfect book on Culinary Contentedness, the secret of Marital Bliss. We expect to see the divorce figures go down as fast as a hungry man's dinner. Imagine the Utopian household achieved through the medium of the "Daily Scream."

This admirable compilation is published under the title of "The Call of the Tum-Tum," by Wedgar Gallaces, the famous novelist, who has kindly consented to lend us his name in order that the book may sell in thousands, and that thus this wonderful benefit may be conferred on the greatest possible bulk of humanity. The publishers are Messrs Bran, Hash, & Lumpit, Ltd., Feet Street, London.

N.B.—Our circulation this week has topped the 10,000,000 mark.

London, 27th March 1931.

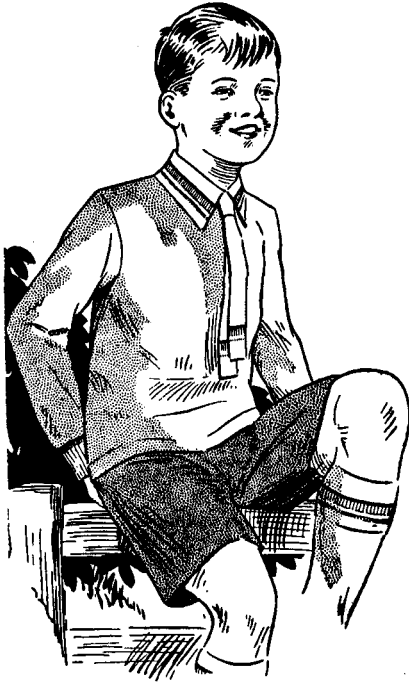
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With authentic school colours
where usually worn.

FOR BOYS—

Blazers, Shorts, Shirts, Pull-
overs, Jerseys, Belts, Top
Hose, Caps, Ties, etc.

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Navy Rainproof Coats, Navy
Summer Coats, Blazers, Gym.
Tunics, Hose and Blouses,
Ribbon, Badges, Jerseys,
Pullovers, Caps, etc.

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Cairds. They find it really pays them in the
long run to give Cairds' prices, and get super-
lative quality and satisfactory service out of
the garments.

New Spring Wear.

Boys' D.B. Dorrien Suits from - 25/-	Youths' Lounge Suits from - 55/-
Boys' Rugby Suits from 27/6	Youths' Plus-4 Suits from - 55/-
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Boys' Grey Flannel Suits from - 17/6	—
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is not only the aim of Christie, it is an attainment. Here you'll find very special value in smart distinctive **Made-to-Measure Suits**, from an excellent range of Worsteds and Tweeds. From **£3 12/6 to £4 19/6**

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A Morning Idyll.

DING-DONG, ding-dong, ding-dong, 8.45 a.m. If only the hands of the clocks could be put back each morning instead of only once a year! What fun it would be to choose the hour for advancing them again! Follows the usual frenzied search for the innumerable small things necessary for school life. Horrors! Dinner tickets are finished again! Can it be a fortnight since we last extracted 7/6 from an unwilling parent? Is there never any change in this house?

At last we are off, clutching heavy cases with an ease of which a railway porter might be envious! The powers that be may have doubts as to our brain development; they can have none about our biceps muscles!! We join the stream of traffic. Observe that portly, prosperous gentleman sedately smoking his matutinal pipe. Was he ever a small boy in a hurry, one wonders? Here comes the man with such objectionable morning energy—hop, skip and jump—he kicks an imaginary stone along the road, his face beaming forceful goodwill to all and sundry. He must have had his Kruschen this morning! Why won't those people at the Infirmary windows smile? Every morning we muster up the cheeriest smile we can to try to awaken some response. But it becomes rather dampening to see their pale faces pressed against the pane with only a look of dull wonder or disbelief on them. Perhaps they wistfully enjoy watching the stream of vigorous life and health passing by.

Eyes front!! Here comes the couple deep in conversation as usual. How exhausting at this hour! They are oblivious to the interested glances of those around! A 'bus stops invitingly. Can we afford to save time? No! Since a hard-hearted Corporation official insists

on charging three half pence to the Grounds, pennies are far and few between. At any rate, what is the good of being early for school? Perish the thought! The army of female typists, etc., excite our admiration. Trim, smart, and efficient-looking, they must have made an early start to turn up so "*bien soignées*." Small boys in hob-nailed boots go clatter, clatter down the street. Possibly they will work in a kick or two at a football before nine o'clock.

How lovely! The first golden crocuses are showing in the cemetery. Green spikes of bulbs are pushing up the sodden earth under the trees. A wave of hope flows over us. Surely Spring has come at last, and with Spring, holidays, tennis, and fun in the open air. We had almost given up expecting it.

Suddenly we hear the ringing of a distant bell. As we fly along the last hundred yards, dodging groups of people with a skill born of long practice, sometimes the thought comes to us, "What after?" Will we ever repeat to the youngsters the old saw, "Bairns, school-days are the happiest days." I wonder!

PUNCTUAL (?) POLLY.



Nugae Canorae.

Villa fel O trita Gallo
Tu an aes crimen i de?
Aes is for a boni Gallo,
Vel me puta far ave!

Villa Gallo trita fel O
Tua sto ni aes illuc?
Aes illuc in en i Gallo
Vel me puta fel O aut! W.

Listening-In.

WHEN lessons are finished for the evening, my chief amusement is to turn on the wireless and explore the ether in search of interesting programmes.

I usually start with Toulouse and, having set both dials with great care I turn up the switch. Great is my joy when the well-known tones of the announcer roll in in oily French. Just as I am becoming interested, and have begun to understand what he is saying, the fiends of the ether decree otherwise, and send forth piercing shrieks and howls, and I have to go elsewhere. My other great favourite is Hamburg, but he has been subject to a bad heterodyne of late, and I cannot hear his well-known voice as often as I would like to. Oslo, however, makes up for a great many disappointments, and I soon get to know the announcer's cheery "Halloo, Oslo."

One night, not long ago, I tuned in to what seemed to be a most exciting German play, but not being able to understand it, I moved the dial downwards. Imagine my amusement when I heard a lady say: "Cut the kidneys into small pieces." The Germans certainly sounded as though they were doing their best to obey her command. I was very proud of myself last week when I logged Leningrad, but as the announcer sounded very like a Bolshevik I decided to listen to something more pleasant.

One of the best programmes I ever heard was an opera relayed from the "Theatro Reale" in Rome. I learnt from the papers next day that I had actually been listening to the same opera as Royalty were attending in person.

The announcer at Rome is a lady, and she has a very clear voice. I am never really happy until I hear "Radio Roma" ring out clear and strong from sunny Italy. Occasionally, by dint of stretching my Latin to its extreme limits, I manage to make out a few words here and there.

I have had many an inspiration about a problem in Physics while sitting listening to music from Vienna. The Vienna bands seem to have a character of their own, and they certainly have a pleasing effect on my slumbering brain.

Late one night I was surprised to hear some weird instruments wailing and twanging forlornly, like lost souls. I listened with bated breath while the announcer cleared his throat and, when he announced "Radio Algiers," I knew that I had really discovered the station for which I had looked for so long. The weird Moorish voices joining in the refrain were unlike anything I had ever heard before. I could picture them, out there in sunny Africa, but I wonder whether anyone really enjoys listening to such weird music.

The most exciting thing I have ever heard was a relay of the Rugby International, England versus Scotland. It must have been thrilling, because even the man who was describing it grew so enthusiastic that he had to pause for breath.

I discovered an area where morse reigns supreme, but I would not mind so long as it stayed there. It does annoy me to hear it come rolling in and completely obliterate a good programme, as it so often does.

Yes, listening-in is good fun, and it is most

— D. H. S. —

SCHOOL WEAR

FOR THE

SPRING and SUMMER SESSION

Now that the warmer weather is here, overcoats will be thrown aside and you will want to see your boy or girl look smart. We can offer a fine range of all classes of School Clothes, some examples of which are detailed below.

D.H.S. BOYS' BLAZERS. First quality all-wool navy Flannel, three pockets and badge. Correct shade, garments recommended for perfection of fit and finish, tailor made. Excellent value. Sizes, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

Prices, 21/- 22/- 23/- 24/- 25/-
26/- 27/6 28/6

D.H.S. BOYS' BLAZERS. Second grade, special quality blazer cloth, correct navy shade, tailor made, patch pockets with badge. Recommended for wear and value. Sizes, 26 in. to 33 in. chest.

Prices, 10/6 11/6 13/6

D.H.S. GIRLS' BLAZERS. Special quality, flannel-finish navy blazer cloth, excellent for wear, smart cut and well finished. Sizes, 24 in. to 28 in.

Prices, 12/11 and 14/6.

YOUTHS' FLANNEL TROUSERS.

Special purchase, silver-grey shade, garments noted for perfection of fit and finish, perfect in all details. Best value yet offered. Made in four sizes. Special price, 10/6 per pair.

YOUTHS' TUNIC SHIRTS. Service-

able quality stripe-printed cambric, season's shades in blue, fawn on light ground, well made, correct proportions, shaped body and sleeve, two soft collars to match. Sizes, 12 in., 12½ in., 13 in. and 13½ in. Special price, 4/6 each.

BOYS' SPORT SHIRTS. Colour—Sand and blue, good quality twill cloth, a popular shirt with attached polo collar, well made, rightly shaped. Sizes, 2 to 8. Very good value. Special prices, 2/6, 2/9, 3/-, 3/3, 3/6, 3/9, 4/-

GOLF CLUB SPECIAL.

Sensational purchase of 100 Golf Clubs, made by a leading Scotch maker. Irons No. 1, 2, 3, 4, Mashie, Mashie Niblick, and Putter. Rustless Heads, Hickory Shafts, specially selected. Great value. Worth double the price. Cannot be repeated. Special price, 9/6 each.

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High School Fountain Pens, Special Model with School Colours, ...	5/6	
Swan, 10/6 to 42/-	Conklin, 12/6 to 60/-	
Onoto, 17/6 to 60/-	High School Self-filling, ...	5/-
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Parker Duofold, 12/6 to 80/-	Propelling Pencils, ...	1/- to 21/-

ANY PEN PURCHASED AS A PRESENT AND FOUND UNSUITED
TO THE RECIPIENT'S HAND WILL BE GLADLY EXCHANGED.

SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY AT KEENEST PRICES.

**William Kidd & Sons, Whitehall St.,
DUNDEE.**

amusing to pick out the various stations. It is entertaining on a winter's evening to switch on the wireless and think that you are in sunny Vienna, or in the heart of France.



The Making of a New Ice Surface.

DURING my Christmas holidays this year I paid a visit to a London ice-rink while the surface was being renewed. This is done by hand, the operation being completed in less than an hour by eight men.

The ice was first scraped in order to eliminate the scratches made by the skates. After brush-

ing off the material removed in this manner, the surface of the rink was watered by means of a hose pipe, at the end of which was a fine rose. As the water fell the ice became as smooth as a sheet of glass.

I was informed that the ice is three inches thick. It rests on a bed of concrete in which are embedded many iron pipes, and through these brine at a temperature below freezing point is continuously pumped. The refrigerating machine that cools the brine is installed in a cellar beneath the rink. A new ice surface is provided three times daily, because the surfaces soon become very much chipped and broken by the enthusiastic skaters.

Class VI., Boys.

TO PARENTS.

TO be healthy, happy and fit for their studies, it is essential that growing Boys and Girls should have a wholesome and substantial Mid-day Meal.

This is abundantly provided at LAMB'S RESTAURANT, which has successfully catered for three generations of High School Pupils, and to-day is better than ever prepared for this service.

The meat provided is the finest, milk is of a very high grade from an up-to-date hygienic Carse of Gowrie Farm.

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.

In short, for a wholesome Lunch served in pleasant surroundings, and in a quiet and refined atmosphere, send the BOYS and GIRLS to

LAMB'S RESTAURANT, 56 REFORM STREET, DUNDEE.

Weekly or Monthly Terms by arrangement.

Catering of every description.

Terms on Application.

ENQUIRIES INVITED.

J. R. INGRAM.



Blizzard memories—

The Spring,
O jing !

It blows,
And snows.

I'm blue
With 'flu.

My nose
Is froze.

The Park?
Mud-lark.

Exams.,
And crams.

The Spring,
O jing !



Extracts from "School Slang
Encyclopedia."

COG (kog v.a.)—A very old word, used by the first scribes. Babylonian "goc"—to make a fair copy. Sometimes erroneously connected with Scots "gowk," a fool. A "cogger" = a desperate seeker after knowledge.

"JUST NOW" (jú-st naw)—This expression is an extension of Archimedes' Principle, which was commonly used by a slave-driver before he applied his lash to the perspiring slaves. (The way to escape punishment was the queer old custom of "applying the eye to a keyhole.")

RASPBERRY (raz-ber-ray). — Colloq. razz. When Wellington met Napoleon after Waterloo he uttered the barbaric French words, *acceptes la framboise farouche*. The meaning of this historical word *framboise* was next used in the

invasion of England by the American "Talkies," and so the word has come to express great disdain.

SWOT (swó-t).—A.S. sweltan, to waste away. A popular fashion some years ago in Class IX., but as it affected the diet (Worms) it has now fallen into abeyance, and is regarded as hardly Parliamentary.

LOCHGELLY (laugh-girlies).—An instrument of torture first used on loch-galleys to lash the slaves (males only) into more energetic movement, to the amusement of female passengers.

COOK.—Mod. Amer. "To put one over on the teacher." To obtain correct results in spite of working. Much used by young scientists.

"In the Middle Ages people went to church more often, and believed what the minister was preaching was really true."

Girl, who has not done any work for half a period (in French)—

"Oh, Lor! (*Lor*) what's for 'gold'?"

Morrison (struggling with "Horace")—

"The monstrous porter"

Enter Sergeant Smith!

Mr L—d.—“How would you let a foreigner know what was to be seen in an ironmonger's window?”

A. Rioch (Class V.)—“You could take him down to the Broughty Ferry Dump.”

Mr W—b.—Talking about verbs in “ir,” e.g., *grandir*, to grow big.

McP—s—n (eager to shine) suggests another example, “*petitir*.”

Mr Treasure kicks Class V.'s ball under radiator.

Voice from back of room—“Goal!”

Mr W—s—n (while taking Class V. Boys, 2nd Section, which he had not seen before)—

“What is your name, boy?”

Dargie (r)—“Dargie, sir; Dargie r.”

Mr W—s—n.—“Oh! And what did you win?”

Sayings of famous men :—

The Captain of D.H.S. Cadets (*re* a stony step) :—“*Cela saute aux yeux*.”

Later—“Oh, my eye!”

Ed.—“Mind your step.”

“Balmy”=soothing. Ex.—“The doctor had a balmy way with the sick woman.”

From the commercial exams. :—Extractive industry = “A dentist.”

A forwarding agent=A professional footballer.

A Spring medley :—“There is a very cold north wind blowing, and clouds are gathering fast. Then all of a sudden first one snowdrop falls, then another, till it is a miniature blizzard.”—(Essay.)

Broadcasting and Education :—“If you know any French at all it is very interesting to listen in to the French talks, and by paying great attention to the speaker you can improve your pronunciation.

The same applies to *Greek*, *Latin*, and *German*.”—(Essay.)

And we thought and hoped they were dead!

“Amid these humble bowers to lay me down.”

“The aesthetic mind” :—

“Humble bowers” could be replaced by cemetery.

Concerning an inspector in our School :—

“Mummy, there was a man in School to-day and I think he must have been trying to learn to be a teacher.”

“Age 5,” eagerly to teacher after managing to walk down to School in the morning :—

“Do you think walking's a good training for football?”

Have you met?—Stiffy, Two-Gun Pete, Owl, Fat, Banjo-Face, Tu (French), Soap, Micky, The Demented, Dumpling, Pronto, The Combine, The Twins, Venus, Corny.

The Age of Dundee High School.

WE are apt to think of Dundee High School, for all its ninety-nine years, as a mere mushroom institution when compared with the older English public schools, like Eton or Harrow. Though ninety-nine years is a respectable age, it is nothing to boast about compared with Harrow's three and a half centuries. But the school is much older than its oldest buildings: it is really a combination of three schools, the Dundee Academy, which was founded in the second half of the eighteenth century, and the more ancient Grammar School and English School. Both the Grammar School and the English School—then known as the Sang School—were in existence at the time of the Reformation; they are therefore older than Harrow, which was not founded till 1571. But their history goes further back, almost as far back as the history of the town itself.

That means back almost to the time of William the Lion, when Dundee became a burgh in the second half of the twelfth century; the little cluster of thatched houses was dominated by two great buildings, the Castle on the East where St. Paul's Cathedral now stands, and the parish church on the West. The parish church was within the diocese of Brechin; it was visited at intervals by the Bishop of Brechin and by his representative the Archdeacon, who took the parish priest to task if he found that he had been neglecting his duty. But David, Earl of Huntingdon, the King's brother, to whom the burgh belonged, had handed over the church to the monks of Lindores; in other words, it was the Abbot of Lindores who ap-

pointed the parish priest and received most of the revenues of the parish church.

It was almost inevitable that a school, or rather two schools, should spring up in the shadow of the parish church, one for the teaching of singing to the boy choristers and one for the teaching of grammar-Latin, that is—to youths who aspired to enter the priesthood. The schools may have existed in Dundee as early as the twelfth century; but we find no mention of them till we come to the thirteenth century. Some time between 1219 and 1225, Gregory, Bishop of Brechin, gave to the Abbot of Lindores the right of appointing, not only the parish priest, but the masters in the schools of Dundee and the neighbourhood.

So, when in 1387 William of Wykeham founded Winchester, the oldest of the great public schools, the Dundee Grammar School had already reached the respectable age of 162 past. But while the fourteenth-century buildings of Winchester still delight the eye, the thirteenth-century grammar school of Dundee has vanished completely, and vanished, too, has all memory of the names of master and pupil.



On "The 9.20" South.

I see a thousand pictures through the glass,
And long to make my fingers set them down,
But which to choose? The Border hills lie
there,
Asleep beneath a ragged cloak of snow
Which fain would hide its edges in the mist.

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DUNDEE



GIRLS' GYM. WEAR

Navy Serge Gym. Tunics, regulation style, with Girdle or Belt made of material, breast pocket. 3-inch foot hem. 24 inch to 40 inch. **15/6**, rising 1/6 each size.

Gym. Blouses in Tobralco, Navy Serge Pleated Skirts, with White Cotton Bodice (detachable), 24 inch, **17/6** from **8/6** Rising 1/- each size.

Navy Woollen Cardigans and Pullovers, from **14/6**

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1825.

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TENNIS :—

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"SPECIAL"
now **32/6**

Rackets of Quality, ... Prices, **10/6** to **84/-**

Our range has been carefully selected, and all prominent manufacturers are represented. We are Sole Agents for Rackets by "Hardy of Alnwick"—of great interest to discerning players.

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A new reliable and tasteful model. We specialise in Repairs and Re-stringing.

CRICKET :—

BATS. J. B. Hobbs, Gunn & Moore, Don Bradman, Wally Hammond, Etc.

WICKETS. :: PADS. :: GLOVES.

Kits for the novice or expert. Call and inspect the New Steel-Shafted Clubs.

GOLF :—

13-15 REFORM STREET, DUNDEE.

And such a mist! A faint, translucent veil
 Suffused with radiance from the waning moon!
 Beside the rail there curves a sullen stream
 Whose banks now cower above an inky pool,
 And now lie back, a chalice filled with light.
 Idly I finger mediums in my thoughts
 And one by one the useless tools are dropped.
 In silverpoint those trees against the mist
 Would be but coarse beside their living grace.
 Stripped of their blowsy summer finery
 They rise against the moon in tracteries,
 Each tree an essence, each a fairy thing,
 Passing in groups, in lines, in waves and spikes
 Like flying smoke frozen to still design
 Like spirits, yet even more ethereal,
 No one group perfect to the memory,
 But rather in their passing, holding charm.
 So, I have sought the poorest tool of all
 To picture such a night. No awkward words
 Can seize upon and shape the longing urge
 Within a heart when beauty undistilled
 Is poured upon it from a misty moon.

DEFUI.

The Night Watchman.

They turned out the light when they tucked me
 in bed;
 "Now, off to sleep, my Tuppenny!" was what
 my mummy said;
 But how can I sleep when I know, not far away,
 There's a watchman in a hut, and a fire that
 burns till day?
 I should like to go and stay beside his cheery
 blaze all night,

And talk with him, and poke and stoke the fire
 to keep it bright.
 Perhaps we'd roast potatoes; we'd drink cocoa
 from a can,
 And he would tell me stories, 'cos he's a
 friendly man.

I simply must slip out of bed and have another
 peep;
 Then, I suppose, I'd better shut my eyes and
 try to sleep.
 Perhaps, if I am very quick, I'll dream I'm
 there all night;
 And they'll make no silly fuss—'cos I'm here
 all right.

BUD (Class VI. G.).

Cortachy, 1930.

'Tis long since, from our tents reluctantly
 Uprisen at reveille-call, we last,
 Trotting in toilsome column, uphill passed
 Towards Dykehead, or racing down the brae
 Panted along to sleeping Cortachy,
 On by the Esk, through Airlie's broad demesne,
 Over the dew-wet meadows, hungry, keen,
 Sweating and tingling for the forenoon's fray.

Yet who forgets those joyous July days?
 Who the blest mirth and music when our
 troops
 Sit gathered round their supper board and sing,
 And guards are changed, and shy pyjama'd
 groups
 Watch them, and vanish to their luxuries
 Of tuck, and sleep by Prosen's murmuring?

The Motor Bus.

(From a University Magazine.)

What is this that roareth thus?
 Can it be a Motor Bus?
 Yes, the smell and hideous hum,
 Indicant Motorem Bum.
 Implet in the Corn and High
 Terror me Motoris Bi:
 Bo Motori damitabo
 "Ne Motore caedar a Bo"—
 Dative be or ablative
 So thou only let us live.
 Whither shall thy victims flee?
 Spare us, spare us, Motor Be!
 Thus I sang; and still anigh
 Came in hordes Motores Bi,
 Et complebat omne forum
 Copia Motorum Borum.

How shall wretches live like us
 Cincti Bis Motoribus?
 Domine, defende nos
 Contra hos Motores Bos!

Exit The Tyrant.

Ah, Winter! we did clearly mark
 How like some mastiff, crouching, stark,
 With fury, 'prisoned in his dark
 Secluded lair,
 How, blustering tyrant, thou didst bark
 In grim despair.
 Now, Winter, thou art passed away,
 And gone once more is thy brief sway,
 One chilly blast in Time's long day,
 One fleeting hour:
 Till April's smile and laughing May
 Usurp thy power.

Dundee High School Old Boys' Club. Inaugural Dinner.

ON 24th February 1931, about a hundred and seventy members of the Old Boys' Club dined together in Kidd's Rooms, Lindsay Street, Dundee, to celebrate the formation of the Club. None of the honorary office-bearers were able to be present, but they sent congratulatory messages, and the active officials were present in full strength—the President, Mr T. H. Smith, being in the chair.

Included in the large gathering, besides Old Boys who had left the School half a century ago and more, were young fellows who had but recently shaken the dust of the playground from their feet, and past and present masters who were greeted by young and old alike with the utmost cordiality. Many of those present had travelled long distances in order to meet old friends, and many were the shouts of joyous recognition as men who had not seen each other for years clasped hands warmly.

The gathering was a credit to the Club and to the School. As each individual looked round upon that great assembly of Old Boys he realised in a more intense way than ever before the splendid service which the School had rendered and was rendering to the community in which it was rooted and to the Empire, to the far corners of which its fruit was carried.

There were present as guests Mr C. C. Duncan, one of the oldest of the Directors, and Mr W. R. McNiven, of the Watsonian Club.

When the loyal toast had been honoured, the chairman called upon Mr G. R. Donald to propose "The Club," and so thoroughly did he enter into the spirit of the occasion and his speech expressed that spirit so well, that we make no apology for reproducing it *in extenso*.

In proposing "The Dundee High School Old

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Boys' Club," Mr George R. Donald said :—

"Mr Chairman, Classmates, and School-fellows, Boys of the Old Brigade—I don't know exactly how to begin, whether I should say 'Once upon a time,' or 'In the middle of last century!'—but perhaps it might be better to say that a great many years ago I was led by my father into the eastern gate of the Dundee High School.

"We entered the classroom on the right of the eastern door, and we were met by Mr Grant, who had a most uncomfortable 'hoch' and spit. Mr Grant asked my father if I could say the Lord's Prayer. My father said 'Try him,' and as I was taught never to whistle on the Sabbath Day I was able to pass the test. And so, to the accompaniment of a 'hoch' and spit, I was duly enrolled a pupil of the Dundee High School.

"In the course of time I met, of course, our own teacher. The first one I remember—the first, that is, who made an impression on me—was Mr Miller—old Stumpy Miller. You remember how he used to go down the benches snorting 'Right, right; wrong, wrong'; and then, when he had finished, he would solace himself by going behind the blackboard and having a good snuff. Then he would emerge with a large handkerchief—as large, it appeared to our small eyes, at any rate, as our grandmother's Paisley shawl.

"Then we had Dott for mathematics. We called him 'Dotty'; but he was a very clever man for all that. I didn't mind his mathematics, but I abhorred his logarithms. You remember how he, for his part, abhorred the boy with squeaky boots, and advised us to get them paid for.

"Then I come to one of the finest characters we had in the School—Mr Charles. I think he was loved by every boy who sat at his feet—and, indeed, we did sit at his feet, as at the

feet of Gamaliel, listening every afternoon to the gems of English literature. We forgot all about the passage of time until about five minutes to four, when he used to jump up and exclaim 'We're working against time, boys, working against time.' He will be held in affectionate memory by every boy of the High School of that time.

"Then we had Latin and Greek taught us by Clark. You remember his scowl and beetling brows, alternating with that whimsical and teathy smile. Following him we had Mr Jackson, who, I am glad to say, is still with us. I meet him frequently, but have never yet had the courage to ask him why, when we were incurring his displeasure, he would put us down two 'parts' instead of two places.

"Then we had M. Durlac. Unfortunately, I did not stay long in his class. Four of us left together. One was James Maxwell, a dux of the High School in my year, and now Sir James Maxwell, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of Northern Rhodesia. The second was Dr. Foggie, D.S.O. The third was a lad called Moon, who became a distinguished student at Edinburgh University, but unfortunately died early while acting as resident at a fever hospital. The fourth was myself.

"I must say that I am indebted to M. Durlac for bringing together us three men.

"Having left M. Durlac's class and refused to go back, we were sent to Mr Glass's classroom to be taught shorthand by his assistant, called Mr Hutton—a little, wee man he was, with a beard which he was always combing with his fingers. He tried to teach us shorthand—and we got as far as 'Try, try, try again.' We got no farther. The old conundrum that used to go the rounds was, 'Why is Hutton like a hot-house plant?' and the answer, 'Because he is under Glass'

"Then we had good old Imandt. I think we were rather hard on him, you know. You remember the elastic we used to put on fore-finger and thumb and send orange peel and small bits of paper with a 'ping' on his silk hat at the side of the desk? I met him a good many years afterwards—I met him frequently, in fact—but I remember on the first occasion on which I met him he said he did not know me. I smiled, and he exclaimed, 'I know that smile; you are the wicked boy Donald.' He was a man of considerable erudition, and a great lover of Thomas Carlyle and all his works.

"Then we had Grubb in the Art School. He gave me a prize for drawing—why I don't know, because to this day I can't draw a straight line, which, I understand, is the shortest distance between two points. Then we had his assistant Galloway, who used to say 'Shush!' He didn't last long in the High School.

"We of the classical side did not get the advantage we ought to have got from Frank Young, who, I think, was the next beloved to Charles. I am glad to know that he is still alive, and that his son is with us to-night.

"Then we had Father Sturrock. We were taught gymnastics by him in an underground cellar in the Y.M.C.A. I was rather fortunate at wrestling, but Sturrock never let me get cocky over it 'You're all out of shape, Donald,' he used to say; 'you have too long a body.' As long as I was at school I was all 'out of shape.' Now —

"You may ask me what have all these reminiscences got to do with the subject of my toast. They have everything to do with it. They are part and parcel of our mutual life. They are a common bond of affectionate memory. They are something that binds us together in mutual understanding, and this same binding force extends ever in a widening circle, to include

not only our classmates but our schoolfellows. I and my contemporaries visualise our classmates; you who followed after think of and visualise those of your own period.

"In a gathering such as this, why, incidents similar to those I have narrated spring at once to your memories, and find ready expression because you are in congenial company.

"I have referred to our schoolmasters and touched on our classmates. What of the old School that stands at the top of Reform Street, with its pillared portico blackened by nearly a century of service and exposure to the grimy atmosphere of a manufacturing town—beautiful in its conception, yet dignified withal—well fitted for the purpose for which it was erected?

"What blessed memories these pillars must have for each of us here to-night. How the heart of every wanderer must warm at his first view of them when he returns from a foreign land. What a heritage! Are you not glad, not only to have been educated in but to belong to the Dundee High School? With such a heritage is it not right that we should all sit down at a common board? We have so many common interests and such common understanding that to me it is a wonder we have never had a Club before. But this Club is now in being, thanks to the efforts of Messrs Philip, Weatherhead, Scrymgeour, and Stuart, ably seconded by our chairman.

"On behalf of the old boys of my time, I can say we recall with gratitude the work Tom Smith has done for the High School, and it is our wish and strong desire that he may see this great work coming to even greater fruition in his own time.

"It has been said or written (I'm not at School, so it doesn't matter), 'Of the making of books there is no end.' If the man who wrote or said so had lived in these more strenu-



JAMES S. WILSON.



Standing—F. L. Philip, G. Fraser, F. W. How, G. N. Glass, D. J. H. Morrison, D. G. Pae.
Sitting—G. A. Graham, R. H. W. Falconer, J. H. F. Wilson, H. D. McDougall, E. R. Winton.
In Front—C. R. McLeish, M. Scott, I. G. McCall, J. Crook, K. S. R. Black.

**Rugby Team, 1st XV.,
1930-31.**

**Dundee High School
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ous times he might have said 'Of the formation of clubs there is no end.' Their name is legion and their aims are extraordinary.

"But we differ from many other clubs in respect that you have an intimate knowledge of the early dispositions of your fellow-members. You have an intimate acquaintance with the environment in which their characteristics were developed. You can, at this time of day, look on with equanimity or otherwise at the changes that the lapse of years has brought. Certain prominent features are toned down; other prominences, alas! are somewhat accentuated.

"I would like to say, in conclusion, that we ought to have many happy gatherings such as this. I hope that this Club will grow, flourish, and expand. I hope it may be the means of cultivating many happy friendships, and lead to the renewal of many old acquaintanceships, and the living over again of many happy memories. The years that lie before you as a Club are as a virgin page; you can write on it what you will."

The toast was honoured with enthusiasm, which, we are sure, has been rarely equalled on such an occasion.

When the chairman rose to propose "The School," his reception must have been some reward for the splendid work he had done in connection with the launching of the Club. Truly he has proved himself to be "a leader of the people by his counsels, wise and eloquent in his instructions."

His speech was both comprehensive and illuminating. He pointed out that throughout its varied history the fruit of the School had been the same—good citizens and learned scholars. He referred to the notable services rendered to the School by many directors in past days, and then spoke of his own school days. "I remember how we in the Senior

Latin and Greek Class considered ourselves the salt of the earth—and very refined salt at that—and how little intercourse we had with the lads on the commercial side. We had few games in common, no literary society, no opportunity of testing brain and muscle in friendly rivalry. These conditions are all changed for the better. The Cadet Corps, the Recreation Ground, the Literary Club, and the School Magazine were the big nails in the coffin of our old insularity, and now the School is a homogeneous whole."

At this point Mr Smith referred to the School Roll of Honour, and the company stood for a minute in silent reverence to the memory of the gallant men who gave their lives for the homeland.

He then went on to pay tribute to the Directors, Rector and Staff, and pupils, and closed by referring to the splendid record of the School last year both in scholarship and in sport. "So with all my heart I give you the Toast of the High School of Dundee, coupled with the name of our well-known, much respected, greatly distinguished friend, Dr. Murray."

The toast was followed by the singing of the School song and hearty cheering.

In reply, Dr. Murray referred to the absence of the Rector who was recovering from a serious illness, and expressed the regret of the members that he had been unable to attend this memorable meeting of Old Boys. He mentioned that he himself was an old boy of the School as well as a master.

He referred also to the interesting fact that the dinner was being held in a building erected on the site on which the old Grammar School stood, when its pupils were transferred in 1834 to the present High School building.

He very appropriately likened the School to a three-dimensional living structure comprising

pupils, staff, and management, and stated that by the formation of the Club there was added a fourth dimension which was clearly required to make it complete.

He referred to the improvement which had taken place within the classroom since his own school days, and, for the benefit of the Old Boys, gave a very interesting account of how the School is now conducted.

During the evening it was agreed, on the

suggestion of the chairman, to send greetings to the Head Prefect, as representing the present pupils and to the Old Boys' Club in Calcutta.

Again on the chairman's suggestion it was agreed to dispense with further speeches, and the remainder of the evening was spent in conversation until the time came to disperse, when "Auld Lang Syne" was sung with fervour, and the members slowly took their leave with many handshakings.

F.P. News.

NOW that we have got the Old Boys' Club fairly launched, the next step is to see that every Old Boy has the claims of the Club for his support brought before him. A list of all the Old Boys has been made up from the School registers. This list covers the last fifty years or so, but unfortunately very many of these still require to be identified and traced. Will any Old Boy—or Young Boy for the matter of that—who knows of anyone who has not yet been approached, please send his name and address to Mr Stuart, the Honorary Secretary?

Volunteers to assist in identifying and tracing names on the list are also urgently required, and those who are willing to help in this way might also communicate with the Secretary. There must be some "not-so-old" Boys—for example, some of those who have come back from India—with time on their hands who would find a useful and interesting occupation in helping the Secretary to trace prospective members. Again, those living in other towns and lands who read this might offer to rope in those whom they know to be resident near them; or if they write the Secretary he will supply them with a list of all such so far as known.

The best hope for the Club lies in establishing it thoroughly on the broad base of a large membership. This can best be obtained by approaching the problem from as many different angles as possible and through as many helpers as possible.

Volunteers, please come forward—we cannot have too many! J.S.

Congratulations to James S. Wilson, our first internationalist. He played for Scotland in all the international matches, and that so well as to be now recognised as one of Scotland's most promising players. (See elsewhere).

Congratulations also to George F. Ritchie, the captain of the D.H.S. F.P.'s 1st XV. He was chosen as reserve for Scotland against all four countries.

The School will have learned with pleasure that Sir Alfred Ewing, Principal of Edinburgh University, one of our very distinguished former pupils, is to be nominated as President of the British Association for 1932.

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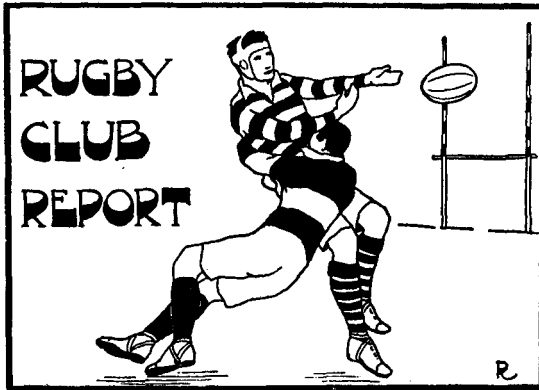
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Reports.



Caps awarded during season 1930-31 :—J. H. F. Wilson, R. H. Falconer, H. D. McDougall, I. G. McCall, E. R. Winton, and G. A. Graham.

Another Rugby season has drawn to a close, and since the last report in the Magazine the 1st and 2nd XV.'s have each played only three games. The weather has been most unfavourable, resulting in a succession of cancelled fixtures. Hopes ran high in favour of the School team in the matches to be played, as indicated on the second half of the fixture card, but the weather had not been taken into consideration. Generally the standard of play has been just as good as that of previous years, and had all fixtures been played there is no doubt that the side would have given a good account of itself.

The 2nd and 3rd XV.'s have also done well, especially the latter, which has won three and drawn one of the four games played. Both these XV.'s show distinct promise; the second often handicapped by lack in size and weight have played some very creditable games against much stronger opponents. Calls have been very frequent, too, from the 1st XV., and in consequence the 2nd XV. did not get all the opportunities it might have had to develop as a team.

CHARACTERISTICS.

J. H. F. Wilson.—A keen and enthusiastic captain and a capable leader. Originally a forward, but should make a good centre three-quarter. Very dangerous near his opponents' line. Uses the hand-off to advantage.

R. H. W. Falconer.—A speedy wing three-quarter of the forceful type. Determined runner and very sound in defence. Takes and gives his passes well. A very useful member of the team.

H. D. McDougall.—A forward of promise who uses his head and is always up with the ball. Leads by example, and can go all out for the full seventy minutes. Good place kick.

I. G. McCall.—A good all-round member of the back division, and an able stand-off half. Can kick accurately with either foot, gathers well, and is effective in both attack and defence. Cuts through well, and is ever ready to make full use of an opening.

E. R. Winton.—A nippy scrum half who has come up to expectations. Spoils well, but should watch offside. His passes could be more accurate at times. Has greatly improved his tacking, and is developing speed and a deceptive swerve.

G. Fraser.—A very useful member of the front row who hooks well and is at home in the tight. He can on occasion use his feet to advantage. Line-out play could be better.

D. G. Pae.—Another front row forward of the close-quarter type. Should try to do more in the open. Handling could be improved. Keen and energetic.

J. McLeish.—A hard worker who shoves his full weight in the scrum. Has also played on the wing but with less success. Follows up well, but should improve his kicking to touch. Tackling could be more sound.

D. J. Morrison.—A good full back or three-quarter who should go a long way. Unfortunately has not turned out for the side as often as we should have liked him to. Handles, kicks, and tackles well.

F. Philip.—Although elected captain of the 2nd XV. at the beginning of the season, he has been unable to give that side his valuable assistance owing to his having played almost regularly for the first team. Has made great strides in improvement, and shows great promise as a stand-off or centre three. Overdoes the kick ahead.

J. H. Crook.—A good forward, but depends on force rather than skill. Has made definite progress this season, and with more experience should be a first-rate member of the pack.

K. S. R. Black.—A newcomer who has fully justified his inclusion in the side. A hard worker who always gives of his best and who never tires. A very valuable asset to the team.

G. Graham.—Capped near end of season and deservedly so. Steadily improved by enthusiasm and hard work. Adaptable, and should make a very sound three-quarter or full back.

F. How.—A forward who can be good and bad by turns. Started season well but fell away. Should watch offside, and might follow up better. Very useful in a forward short-passing movement, and has good turn of speed.

G. Glass.—Sound forward. Valuable in line-out, and a hard worker generally. Ball control when dribbling could be improved upon.

T. Agnew.—Has come on since beginning of season, and looks like settling down to good, solid forward play. Another season should establish his position in the School XV.

C. Scott.—A young player with plenty of energy. Will make good centre three. Enthusiastic, and should yet be a very valuable player.

The Houses.

Reviewing the past session from the viewpoint of a Housemaster, one feels cause for general satisfaction. During the various House battles throughout the year we have discovered talent for our 2nd XV., at least six boys getting their places as a result of their displays in such games. The attendance on Saturday mornings was not so good as it might have been, and further alterations in the House system may materialise before next September. One always finds the same enthusiastic band at the grounds on a Saturday. Next year we must rake in the lazy fellows and the can't-be-bothered lot, because Rugger in the School has got to get better and better. The result of the various games makes interesting reading; the marking up of the House League has been keenly watched. Wallace (the holders of the School Rugby Cup) and Aystree top the League with 8 points a-piece for six matches played. Airlie are third with 6 points, while School's solitary win was obtained at the expense of the champions. We have had an exciting and a hotly-contested series of games. The two Houses at the top are to play off their tie next week, and a glance at the stop-press of this Magazine should acquaint you with the 1930-31 winning House.

Those who have worn their House colours in League matches this year deserve a pat on the back. They have not spared themselves, but have gone all out for victory. School House forwards played a great game against

Aystree last week and deserved to win. Better luck next year, School House! But remember, everybody, you must always play if possible, and you must always support your House in every way.

Inter-House League Cup—Final result:—

WALLACE, 11; AYSTREE, 3.

Hockey Club.

The weather since Christmas has been most disappointing, there having been only three dry Wednesdays. Several matches, however, have been played. On 17th January we travelled to Cupar and were beaten by Bell-Baxter by 5 goals to 2. The next week we went to the Harris grounds and had a win of 5 goals to 1. On 31st January the Dundee and District Schoolgirls' team went to Aberdeen to play against Aberdeen Schoolgirls. L. Kippen, E. Heath, and R. Black were the D.H.S. representatives. It was a day of sleet and rain, and the match was played under very trying conditions. Dundee won by 2 goals to 1. On 28th February we went to St. Andrews to play against Madras College in a friendly match and we lost by 2 goals to 5.

The 1st XI. have had a very successful year, having scored 15 points out of 18 in the League. We have one more League match to play against Morrison's Academy, Crieff, who also have 15 points. The successful team in this match will win the League cup. Unfortunately this match has to be played on 28th March, the same day as the seven-a-side Tournament, so that there will be no High School team in the Tournament.

The 2nd XI. have played two matches only. They won against Morgan at Morgan grounds and lost to Seymour Lodge at Seymour Lodge grounds. The other teams have been very enthusiastic, and it is to be regretted that they have not had more practice this term.

Much of our success this year is due to Miss Whytock, who has been a painstaking and helpful coach throughout the season. We take this opportunity of thanking her and also Miss Jarvie for the interest they take in the hockey

L. K. K.

Cadet Corps.

SHOOTING CLUB.—All connected not only with the Cadet Corps but with the School must be extremely gratified at the success attained by our Rifle Teams. For the third year in succession our No. 1 Team has won the "Strathcona Challenge Shield," the premier trophy of the Scottish Rifle Association open to Scottish Cadets. Our No. 2 Team gave a most satisfactory account of themselves, too, and occupied fifth place in



Standing—J. Soutar, I. Garden, H. Forbes, J. Mann, J. Cooper, A. Reid.

Sitting—A. McCall, B. Tulloch, F. Philip, T. Agnew, J. Fearn.

In Front—C. Cameron, H. Philip, D. Recordon.

Absent—J. Thomson, D. McKay, J. Anderson, W. Foster.

**Rugby Team, 2nd XV.,
1930-31.**

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the final placings. The silver medals won by the 1st Team will be presented on the evening of the annual Cadet dinner. This opportunity is taken of congratulating Sgt. Smith on the magnificent work he has done with the Rifle Club. The names and ranks of the successful team are, viz. :—Sgt./Maj. Ronald H. Falconer, Cpl. G. Glass, Cpl. A. Reid, L./Cpl. A. McCall, Pipe L./Cpl. R. Rorie, and Cdt. R. Patterson.

PARADES.—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 improved greatly. The Friday drill is being well done.

The recruits, parading on Friday, are very keen. They must make it their particular business to be present at the Annual Summer Camp, as this Camp is the most important and most enjoyable part of their whole Cadet training.

The Band, though losing several of its stalwarts in September, bids fair to equal, if not surpass, the standard attained last year.

Camp is to go on as usual, and Cadets must thus early try to arrange to be at Cortachy. Last year our numbers did not reach 1929's record. Now that all Camp equipment has to be provided from our own funds, it is necessary, if we are not to incur debt over the Camp, that 80 per cent. of the Corps should go to Camp. We want the full 100 per cent. During the summer term it is hoped to have two Friday afternoon drills, in which the entire Company will take part.

The new Scottish Cadet badges and buttons have been issued.

PROMOTIONS.—Sgt. R. H. Falconer, to be Sgt./Mjr., Sgt. J. H. F. Wilson, to be Q.M.S.; Cpl. G. Graham, to be Sgt.; Cpl. D. Pae, to be Sgt.; Cpl. J. H. Crooks to be Sgt.

The above promotions appeared in Company orders under the date of 1st March 1931.

Guide Report.

We have now come to the end of another enjoyable term as Guides. Our Fridays have been profitably spent with badge work, nature, and various competitions and games.

Our "Work for Others" this year has been very interesting and successful. The patrols have managed to do very well, and are to give a display of their work.

As the Festival is looming near we have been practising our Scottish Folk Dance, "The Merry Dancers." We hope to send in two senior teams this year.

Another future event is the Shield Competition. A team of six—one Patrol leader, two Patrol seconds, and three Guides—is to represent each competing Company. They are to be tested in nature and outdoor work.

In conclusion, the Company would like to thank our Guiders, the Misses Whytock, Jarvie, Coutts, Steel, and Park, for their tireless energy and the unfailing interest they take in our Guide work. B. I. S. D.

Boys' Literary Society.

On 5th December the last meeting of the Christmas Term was held. The Secretary, Mr Donald, was the lecturer, and he chose as his subject "The Big Man and Boswell." He described to the Society the life of the great Dr. Johnson and that of his famous biographer, James Boswell. The paper was appreciated by all those present.

The first meeting of 1931 was a happy omen for the rest of that term. The Eighth Class were responsible for the programme for that night, and right well did they discharge their duties. From "Fishing" to the "Greeks," and from the "Greeks" to a "Mystery Story" is a far cry, yet all of those were served up to us by Messrs Recordon, Alexander, and Crook. The Society is indeed grateful to them.

The high level of speaking was continued into the next week, when one of our Vice-Presidents, Mr Falconer, read his paper. His subject was "Heroes of Modern Adventure," which he treated in the racy, interesting style known to all members of the "Lit." It was one of the few papers one would have wished longer, so enjoyable it was.

Since the 23rd of January was the nearest Friday to 25th January, we held our Burns Night then. There was a large and cheery audience present, and while perhaps Burns was not as well represented in the first half of the programme as he was meant to be, everyone enjoyed it. Owing to illness many of the artistes were absent, and the Society had to depend on the impromptu efforts of those present. After supper the Committee presented a play, "Rory Aforesaid," which evoked much mirth.

On the 30th of January the combined Societies had the privilege of hearing Dr. Murray lecture on "Fogs." Naturally we expected something specially good from Dr. Murray, and, also naturally, we were not disappointed. The array of apparatus showed that the lecturer had spared himself no trouble to make his lecture both interesting and instructive. It was an evening well pent indeed, and the size and attention of the audience

gave ample testimony to Dr. Murray's powers as a lecturer.

Our next meeting was also addressed by an outside lecturer. We had with us Mr David Donald, who lectured on "Unforgettable Days on the Hills." Mr Donald is thoroughly conversant with his subject, and again the Society had a very enjoyable evening. Mr Donald had a large number of lantern slides made from his own photographs, and they added to our pleasure in the lecture.

The next meeting was in the nature of an innovation. The staff were to debate with the pupils on the vexed question of "Education in Scotland." Mr Laird and Mr Sinclair did duty for the masters, and the triumphant victory they achieved is ample warrant of the convincingness of their arguments. It was very disappointing, however, that none of the rest of the staff turned out to support them; and if such a feature is to be a success in future years the co-operation of both masters and pupils will be needed.

As the School Concert had been fixed for the 27th of February, it was decided to make the 20th of February the last meeting. Mr Pae was the speaker, and for his subject he chose "Leaders of the Great War." Mr Pae treated both the Allied and the German leaders briefly, and gave us also a short sketch of some of Britain's famous naval commanders. The essay formed a fine and fitting close to a successful session. After the usual business of the last meeting, Mr Marshall thanked his committee, and thereafter the Society closed down for another six months.

The Society wishes to thank those members of the staff who have attended some of their meetings, and hope that such interest will be continued and increased in future sessions. The support of the staff is also necessary if the Literary Society is to be what it should in the life of our School.

It is a well-known fact that success such as attended the Boys' Literary Society last session does not just happen of its own accord. To achieve such things hard work is needed, and certainly no one ever worked harder for the welfare of the "Lit." than did Mr Marshall. He did his utmost to keep up the good work of two sessions ago, and it is up to us as members of the School to do our best to help the Society. It would be difficult to thank Mr Marshall too much for what he has done so cheerfully and ungrudgingly for us, and so the committee desire to express their very heartiest thanks to Mr Marshall for all he has done for us. We can only hope

that in the years to come he will not forget us entirely, and will keep up his past interest in the Boys' Literary Society.

Girls' Literary Society.

We are very sorry to have finished our session at the Literary Society, but all good things must come to an end.

On 17th December we held our annual Musical Evening. This was a great success, and we had dancing, community singing, and various entertainments. Fruit and sweets were served at the interval. This was our last meeting in 1930.

We began the New Year well with an address on "Rambling Reflections of Rudyard Kipling," given by our Honorary President, Miss Barrie. This was a delightful lecture, and Miss Barrie inspired us with a new enthusiasm for Rudyard Kipling.

The next Friday was Sixth Class Papers given by the Misses Purvis, Conn, and Spreull. They were very well written. We ended our evening with a Hat Night.

On 23rd January we celebrated Scottish Night. Our programme consisted of songs, poems, readings, and jokes, and we got the proper atmosphere.

The next Friday we were invited by the Boys' Literary Society to attend Dr. Murray's address entitled "Fogs." Dr. Murray's address was extremely interesting and educative.

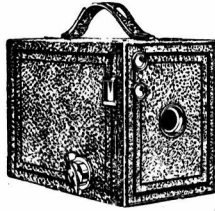
On 6th February we had an ever-popular Hat Night, and on the following Friday a debate on "Whether the Achievements of Modern Women are for the Benefit of Humanity?" This was heatedly discussed, but the "Fors" were victors with a majority of four.

On our next meeting on 20th February the Tenth Class entertained us. They chose as their subject "Shakespeare," and briefly outlined his life and career, and illustrated his works by two scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

On Monday, 2nd March, we met to hold our last meeting. Miss Smith, our President, gave us a delightfully entertaining address on "Holiday Impressions of Algiers and Beyond." This lecture was thoroughly enjoyed. Miss Smith was then presented with a book as a token of the Society's gratitude for her good work during the session. The Secretary, Assistant Secretary, and the Artist also received books.

We have been very fortunate in having Miss Smith and Miss Turnbull as our Literary Society officials, and we should like to thank them very much for their interest.

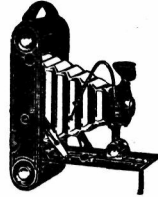
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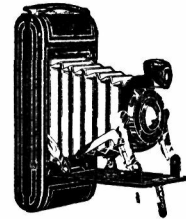
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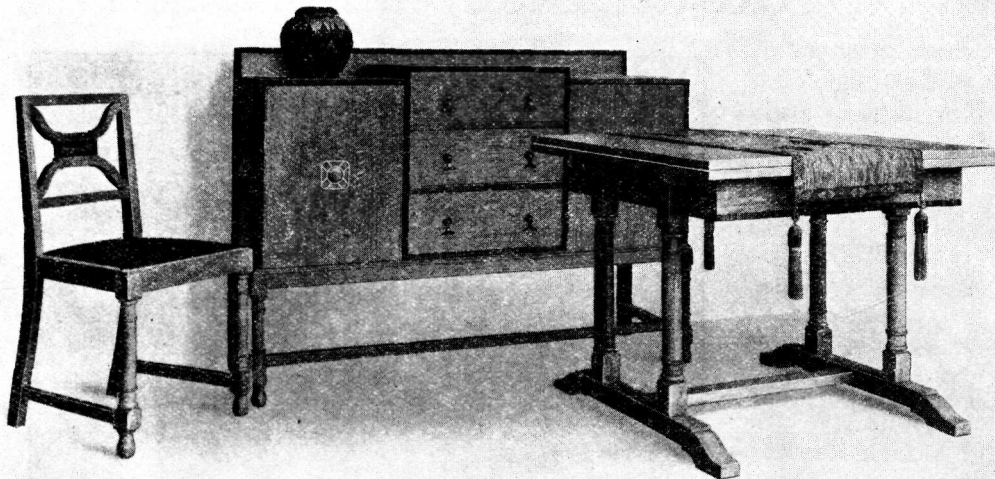


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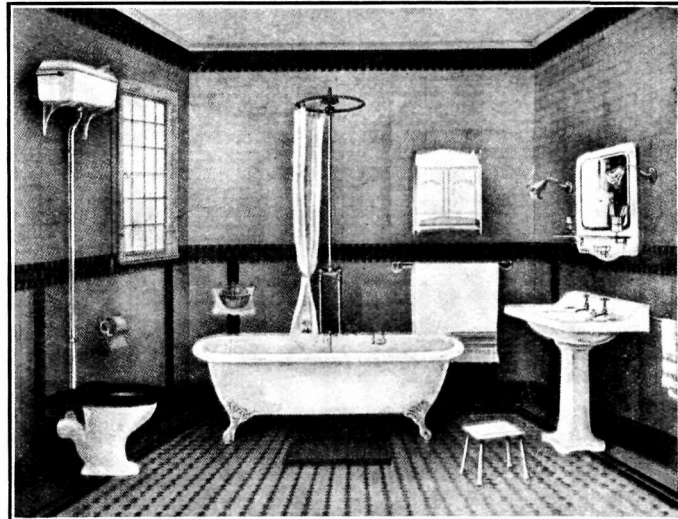
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