

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 52

DECEMBER 1931

FOURPENCE

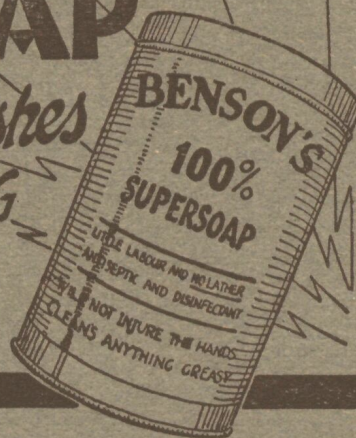
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Editorial.

HOLLY and Mistletoe days are drawing near. With each day we are finding it more and more difficult to concentrate on the "beauties" we are told exist in Calculus and its kindred mathematical subjects. No longer are we fascinated by the "logic," and to us, obscure "point of view" of the Frenchman, for our minds are filled with thoughts of the School Dance and the holidays. Having weathered the storms of the quarterly horrors more or less successfully, we feel that we have need of a little relaxation, and we are determined to carry out to the letter the injunctions of the old song which instructs us

"At Christmas play and make good cheer . . ."

Let anyone who doubts our determination to do so, come up to the Gym. on a Thursday afternoon and witness the practices for the School Dance, and the most doubting could not fail to be converted. The preparations for the dance are well in hand, and indeed, by the time these words are read by what we hope is an appreciative school, it will be a thing of the past and the festivities of Christmas will be upon us.

The past term has been a busy and successful one. The various extra-mural activities of the School—and they are many—have been carried out with the accustomed vigour of all associated with them. The stalwarts of Hockey and Rugger are keeping the flag of the School flying on the sports field, and in a more intellectual way both the Literary Societies are doing much good work. The Old Boys' Club continues to flourish as will be seen from the report published elsewhere in these pages, and there is a prospect of a kindred Old Girls' Club being formed. We have indeed great cause to be very well satisfied with the past months.

Changes in the Staff of this School are such comparatively rare things that when they do occur they are matters of great interest to all. When it is a well-known and popular teacher like Mr Ramsay that is leaving us, this interest is greatly heightened. We are naturally sorry to see Mr Ramsay go from us, but what is our loss is his gain, and we wish him every success in his new post in Dumfries. We would also like to

extend a very warm welcome to Mr Gibson who is to fill the vacancy in the Staff. Mr Gibson hails from Arbroath and so is not exactly a newcomer to Dundee. We are sure he will enjoy working in this school and that his pupils will enjoy working under him.

And now, fellow-sufferers, the sands are running low. We greatly fear that what ideas remain in the Editorial mind after it has been racked for days in trying to see how ever the Mag. was to be filled up, are exhausted. Actually, the number of contributions has not been too bad, and we have been spared the feverish anxiety of some past years when matter was scarcer. Still in that well-known phrase "You could do better if you tried," and we look to you to see that we have not only a sufficiency, but an actual surplus of articles for our next two numbers. As we remarked before, the Editorial pen has imitated America in going dry, but we know of no happier note to close on than that of wishing that the holidays will prove to be as good as you are all wishing them to be.

NOTE:—We see from news just received that both J. S. Wilson and G. F. Ritchie—former pupils of this school, have been chosen to play for the "Rest of Scotland." We are sure we are speaking for the school in congratulating them on their present success and wishing them even further advancement.

We regret to record the passing of Miss Jessie A. Norrie, a brilliant former pupil of the school.

Miss Norrie's interest in her old seminary was lifelong, and showed itself in many ways.

Several years ago she published a book entitled "Memories of the Old School," and

her brilliant character sketches of the masters of her time gave much pleasure to her contemporaries, who re-lived their school days under the guidance of her skilful pen. The book proved a great success, and will keep green the personalities and methods of the last generation of teachers.

More recently, Miss Norrie gave her willing services on behalf of the school when she presented the Sports' prizes at the opening of the New Pavilion in the Recreation Grounds.

Miss Norrie belonged to a family of scholars, all of whom brought credit to the High School, and her keen intellect and ready wit made her a welcome addition to any intellectual gathering, and her presence will be missed by a large circle of friends.

Lundie Castle : a Camp Song.

Tune—"Clementine."

Refrain :

Lundie Castle, Lundie Castle,
Lundie Castle every time ;
Oh ! the people are so jolly,
And the camping is so fine.

In its meadows, in its meadows,
Camped the High School Guides so fair,
And their faces were so happy,
And their sun-burnt legs were bare.

Drove we buckets to the water
Every morning just at five,
And we really worked so hard that
It's a wonder we're alive.

We are grateful, we are grateful,
To the Walkers, all so kind ;
But, alas ! we now must leave you,
Sadly leave you far behind.



MORNING INSPECTION.

Cadet Camp,
Cortachy, 1931.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

Buy British!—A Slogan for School.

IN the shop windows just now posters may be seen urging all customers to buy British-made articles. Every patriotic schoolboy will see that the exhortation to "Buy British" is going to have a great effect upon his studies. If he follows this injunction it is his duty to find out whether the commodities which he is being offered in school are genuine products of Britain or her colonies. Let us see how many subjects are to be banished from the curriculum by this praiseworthy *amor patriae*.

First of all, the pupil must obviously have nothing to do with any foreign language. French and German writings or speech must be rigorously excluded, along with French cosmetics and German chemicals. Latin and Greek, the stale manufactures of the ancients, are to be scorned. What have we to do with the literary produce "canned" in the pages of Greek authors, or with Roman commodities preserved by being dried in crumbling Latin manuscripts? Surely the home products of English literature are quite enough for us to consume without having alien wares dumped on us.

Even in our own language, however, many restrictions must be made. All terms derived from Latin or Greek will be repudiated, and their places filled by good Anglo-Saxon words. This will necessitate the composition of a new dictionary, and so will give employment to a great many people. But that is not all. In the portion of our valuable time devoted to "English" the geography of foreign countries is unfortunately studied. This, of course, will be completely excluded. The time thus saved will be better utilised by a more intensive study of the geography of our own Empire. Round-the-world trips

in British steamers will be organised so that the conscientious pupil may visit our colonies and dependencies, and thus verify and amplify the meagre and sometimes unreliable information given in the text books.

History dealing with foreign lands, and even their connection with our own country and Empire, will be disregarded. Why should we learn about the Spanish Armada if we are going to tax Spanish oranges or onions? Why should we study the ancient invasions of the Danes when we are resisting the invasions of Danish butter? The time gained by ignoring the doings of people like Philip or Canute may be spent in a more remunerative fashion by reading some of Mr Edgar Wallace's most elevating and instructive works dealing with serious problems in our own midst.

Mathematics will, of course, be expelled from the school, leaving perhaps a little simple arithmetic to enable us to count our money. Algebra, an Arabic contrivance of signs and symbols, was, according to the derivation of the word, originally intended to *reunite*. But it only disperses any hope that the student might have had of understanding the subject of calculation. Further, what is geometry? Merely a collection of illustrated nightmares copied from Euclid and other Greeks. These two obviously imported subjects must be boycotted. Their companion in crime, trigonometry, another Greek alien, will be banished from the studies of all patriotic pupils. "Logs." obviously cannot be tolerated if we tax Swedish timber, and "roots" are not permissible if we ban early potatoes.

Science, with its many traces of foreign

origin, must also be severely restricted, if not completely rejected. No discoveries by Continental scientists may be discussed; and as this will seriously abridge the subject its discontinuance is advisable. When all these

importations from abroad have been expelled we shall have a perfectly patriotic curriculum, and one which should appeal to every pupil who has the interests of his country at heart.

W. A. C. M.

Utopia !

MANY of the uninitiated firmly believe that, to the average cadet who is as yet stripeless, life is one long toil during camp, with, of course, the especial assets of good food and fresh air. Now, this is entirely incorrect, and to prove this assertion I intend to give you an idea of an average day's work in D.H.S. Cadet Camp, Cortachy, 1931.

9.30 a.m.—Bugler Walker attempts to blow "Réveillé," but having difficulty with the bugle, calls Sgt. Smith, who obliges by playing a reel between the lines. Ord.-Sgt. MacDougall then says, "Now, boys, if you are too sleepy, don't bother, but if you are feeling energetic, please get out of bed and make ready for your five minutes' walk." One-half of the camp appears, but Capt. Legge (who has just returned from a six-mile trot round the castle grounds with the doctor, the Sgt.-Major, and L.-Cpl. Patterson) decides that breakfast is essential, so P.T. must be abandoned. Loud groans at this decision.

9.45 a.m.—Breakfast. The recruits are, of course, still in bed, so the Senior Sergeant's tent put on their white aprons and hurry to do the duties of waiters to them. Meanwhile the officers and Sgt. Smith are serving the trained men in the mess tent. Breakfast is a happy meal. With the exception of Cpl. Agnew having one of his boots stolen, the meal is uneventful. Hugo, also, eats too much cheese, and, being excused

for the rest of the day, retires to Dr. Wilson's tent to have some blisters attended to.

10.30 a.m.—No Kit and Tent Inspection.

11 a.m.—Sgt.-Major Falconer (complete with spats) rushes on to the parade ground and says, "Oh! there is some word about us doing drill to-day, so everyone had better come over here and stand in lines. No! Mr Burnett, you really mustn't hurry like that!"

11.15 a.m.—Sgt.-Major—"That's very nice; I've never seen such a lot of clean, well-dressed, tidy, intelligent-looking chaps in all my life—never!" The officers arrive, and, after offering cigarettes to the sergeants (who, of course, refuse), tell the company one or two funny stories. Then Lieut. McLaren says to Captain Legge, "Oh! weren't the boys to do a little drill?"

"Drill?" cries Capt. Legge, indignantly. "Those poor hard-worked chaps? Certainly not! They are going to drill us. There will be two squads; you'll be marker for the Mission Tent and I'll go with the Staff-Sergeants."

And so drill goes on for a little while, and then the band begins to play an eightsome reel, and so everyone dances until Dr. Sgt. McCall says he's getting tired, so of course the band stops while he changes places with Dr. Major Fraser.

11.45 a.m.—Captain Legge suggests "Dinner."

12-1.30 p.m.—Dinner (orderlies as before).

In the afternoon everyone is entertaining friends with the exceptions of the Dr.-Major and Sgt. Howe, who left camp muttering something about pairs or twins ; Hugo, who is very ill with blisters ; the C.Q.M.S., who is sleeping ; and Davidson, who has inadvertently fallen into the river.

After tea all the boys crowd into the mess tent and write nice, long, newsy letters home about the day's work, and how kind the sergeants are. There is no further excitement till

9 p.m., when everyone goes back to their tents to hear the Second News Bulletin (copyright reserved). That is, everyone except the sergeants, who are cleaning the

recruits' shoes, as there is a dance in the Cortachy Hall at 9.30 p.m., so the boys will need all their time.

After this dance a few songs are sung in the mess tent while the stragglers come in (Pipe-Major Winton and Sgt. Howe are among these). Capt. Legge then tells the boys that they "needn't bother about getting up to-morrow morning as the sergeants will give you all breakfast in bed." The Staff Sergeants go down in a body to the cooks to get the recruits' hot-water bottles, and are allowed to go to bed after tucking these deserving youngsters in and singing them to sleep.

And yet some people say camp is hard work !!

Clytemnaestra and the Crisis.

THE other afternoon my wife had occasion to go on a shopping expedition, and her last words to me were, "Look after baby, John, till I come back." Just that, mark you. Her manner was casual, almost off-hand. Certainly there was no hint in it of the Herculean nature of the task. "All right," I said, and settled down to enjoy a pipe and grapple with the financial situation.

Clytemnaestra, aged ten months, sat placidly on the carpet and gazed at me so solemnly and steadfastly that I became rather uncomfortable. However, a child may look at her own father, even in a highly critical fashion. I wrestled with Discounted Loans and the Sinking Fund.

I may have dozed. Suddenly the room seemed to be filled with the clashing of cymbals. Clytemnaestra had wandered on all fours to a case which contains gramophone records. She had knocked it over, the catch had sprung open, and there she

sat, banging "The Meistersingers of Nuremberg" (price 8/6) against what had once been "A Venetian Barcarolle" (4/6). We play it now as "Town Cries of Long Ago." Grimly I picked her up, rescued "The Meistersingers," and lectured her on her hideous vandalism. It would have been a point in her favour had she selected "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" (Woolworth, 6d).

For some minutes she sat gurgling in delightful reminiscence, and then started off again. Silence may be golden—in the case of a baby it is most certainly dangerous. I found her at the fireplace on the point of putting a cigarette end into her mouth. I decided on a firm hand, and strapped her into her chair. One by one she threw her toys overboard. Soon she became restless and considerably vocal.

We quarrelled. I scolded—she cried. I threatened—she cried the harder. I cajoled

her with beautiful stories about the flight of the Lady Sterling from Threadneedle Castle, of the ogre Dumping, and the gallant knight Protection. It was of no avail. I had to untie the straps.

There followed fifteen minutes' perfect peace. Clytemnaestra became intensely interested in the fringe of the carpet. A bright, intelligent child, thought I, and may have nodded again. I was roused by a piercing yell. There was the precious child beside the coal box, black from head to foot. She sat, a very complete picture of misery, amidst the lumps of coal with which she had been playing. In a moment of daring, I fancy, she had licked a piece of coal and found it no toothsome morsel. Black as a nigger, tired and angry, she screamed with eyes shut tight and mouth wide open.

At this moment her mother came in, gave a gasp of dismay, withered me with a look which plainly said, "Just wait, you incompetent idiot!" and swooped on Clytemnaestra. She picked up "the little darling" and crooned nauseating sentimentalities to her as she carried her off to the bathroom. Clytemnaestra ceased crying, and I could swear the little devil smiled wickedly at me as she was carried out.



The Evening and the Morning.

THE valley of the Feugh lay calm and tranquil in the evening light. A breath

of wind stirred the leaves of a sycamore near the river, then caught the notes of a cornet and carried them up the peaceful glen.

Throughout the night it has rained heavily. In the morning I go out to see an unfamiliar world. The sycamore stands in ludicrous isolation, only the topmost branches to be seen. Havoc is everywhere—turnips flooded, hay washed away, corn laid flat or battered and twisted by the wind. "Aye, man," they tell me, "this is the fourth time she's caed th' bankin' afore her this year. I some doot she'll jist hae tae tak' her ain gait."

The bridge beside the village is safe, but just beyond it the road dips. Here the river had seized its chance and was flowing across the road. Most cars had turned, but one, more venturesome than the others, had made a gallant attempt and was now standing derelict, shamefaced, and woe-begone. In a garden nearby a pile of logs had come to life, and they were now floating impertinently among the sweet peas. The river itself was a dark, swift, menacing current carrying tell-tale spots of foam on its bosom.

I turned homewards thinking sadly of the disaster which had come in a night. I met a farmer with his fishing rod, and when I spoke of the flooding he said, "Oh, aye, it's a bad, bad business, but, man, it's a gran' nicht for th' fishin'."

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- (1) REVEILLÉ PRANKS.
- (2) AFTER-BREAKFAST SCENE.

**Cadet Camp,
Cortachy, 1931.**

**Dundee High School
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“A Trifle Tremendous.”

AT nine minutes to nine upon the kind of Monday morning that gives Monday morning such a dreary name I was watching the High School boys kick a ball about in their playground. Several High School girls were also watching admiringly, for some of the kilted young footballers were distinctly promising.

A misdirected shot crashed against the railings. The railings seemed to quiver with the shock—or was it a chord in my memory which quivered?—where had I seen it all before? Then, suddenly, in one enlightening flash, it all came back to me. . . .

A white guardship was steaming drowsily in terrific Red Sea heat towards Perim Bay and the sweltering little port. Along the blistering deck comatose figures in white drill suits drooped from deck chairs. Most of them wore their khaki topees over their eyes to avoid the merciless glare of the sun. This had the effect of making them resemble gargantuan mushrooms such as Gulliver or Baron Munchausen might have believed real.

One or two of the mushroom tops were temporarily tilted backwards as the handsome guardship, her shining Clydebank engines now almost silent, glided to her anchorage—with Perim less than a brassie-shot away. They soon slid back again, however, for those to whom Perim was a new experience soon tired of looking at the few squat bungalows, oil tanks, and stores that man, with characteristic impertinence, has erected upon this vast, dusty desert. All the other mushroom tops remained ominously still, as though expressing the unanimous thought of their tough and travelled owners—“See Perim and die!”

Suddenly a raucous, unmistakably Scotch voice rent the air and a kilt came flying out of a cabin window propelled unerringly towards the bladder-like head of one whom we will call Jock McKie, some time chief officer in H.M. Indian Marine. Guttural Gaelic came from the bladder, underneath the enormous mushroom topee which enveloped it, while the kilt spread itself majestically around the outsize in ears of Jock, giving him the appearance of some nightmare Egyptian god.

“Scots wha hae!” roars the voice from the cabin. “Heave your Hielan’ car-r-rcas up and listen! We’ve challenged the por-r-rt to a game o’ r-r-rugger. Sparks has got ’em now on the wir-r-reless and they’ve just accepted. You’re goin’ to play, me bhoy—in the finest colours in the wur-r-rld—they’re at pr-r-resent hangin’ on your ear-r-rs. Kick-off by the Governor himself after tiffin—och, aye! Bestir-r-r yourself’. Away ye go and change!”

“Just *look* at that enormous Jock McKie playing full-back, Mrs B—, isn’t he just *too* sweet!—in his wee kilt and all, too.” “Oh! well *played*—pretty work.” The cheers of feminine admirers; of those magnificent exile-adventurers, those Kipling ladies who preferred to keep a mere man happy by going out to barren places where duty is not always compatible with beauty, echo around the desert pitch of baking sand. Meanwhile the local padre, the Governor’s A.D.C., the doctor, coal company superintendent and his subordinate, two engineer apprentices, and a nucleus of garrison officers and men in tatterdemalion “shorts” and

stockings that the cabin trunk had hidden for fifteen years, battle gloriously against a sartorially superior but equally insane company of ship's officers, men, and passengers. The thermometer in the deserted surgery soars to over 105 degrees in the shade. Jock goes down to stop a forward rush. "Push that heathen devil's face in!" shouts the Reverend McP——, and feminine voices continue to scream "Feet, Feet, *F*E*E*T*, Perim!!" while in the blue haze where shimmering sea meets cloudless sky a white

guardship rocks lazily at anchor, and over the water comes very faintly a tremendous, almost allegorical, trifle—the skirl of the second officer's bagpipes. "KASSIM."

[*Author's Note.*—The title of the above fragment was adapted, without permission, I'm afraid, from the title of a delightful little book by Mr G. K. Chesterton. The incidents referred to, however, are true in substance and, with a few trifling (but not tremendous) exceptions, in detail.]

The Ideal School.

AFTER a week's absence my head was filled with the dreadful thought of returning to School. I shuddered. But I had to go.

When I reached the School gates I discovered that the fence had been boarded up and was covered with hoardings telling what was on at the pictures.

I entered, and what should I see but a football pitch far better than Dens Park or Wembley Stadium. Next to this was a cricket pitch good enough to make Jack Hobbs turn green with envy. Sergeant Smith was racing round on a motor mower as comfortable as a Rolls-Royce, while Class VI. were playing on the football pitch.

"Hullo, Crobe," said a friend, "what d'you think of this place now?"

"It's great," I answered.

I went to the cloakroom and found A. Rioch in an armchair reading "Dixon Hawke" and eating ice cream, which a waitress was handing round.

"Hullo, Jew," I said, "no cogs to-day?"

"No," he answered, "home lessons have been abolished."

The first period was English History. The classroom had been darkened, and Mr Laird was operating stirring films of battles in the Hundred Years' War.

The next period was Latin. Mr Wilson showed us a talking film in which Romulus and Remus endeavoured to teach an Englishman Latin.

After having had coffee in the coffee lounge we went up to the grounds to see Class X. racing on the new dirt track. The race would have been won by J. McCall had not his giant plus-fours caught in the wheel.

After dinner I went to the chemical lab., where A. Gray was trying to make chemical candy with the blue copper sulphate and gunpowder. D. Greig was here trying to improve the School ink by putting dynamite in it.

But some of Gray's gunpowder went off over the dynamite, and with a "Bang!" I woke up. Alas! it was only a dream.

R. L. M. (Class VI.).

“The King’s Navy.”

HARDLY a week passes now-a-days without the picture of one of Britain’s famous warships appearing in the papers, showing the once proud unit of the Grand Seas Fleet being towed on its way to meet the ignominious doom of all warships, the scrapping yards. In fact, it appears that if public interest is not once more awakened in Britain’s one-time glory, there will be no ships left to scrap! Few people seem to take any interest in the fleet, and scarcely any would be able to point out the difference between a cruiser and a battleship. Let us, therefore, examine our Fleet in its various grades.

We shall start with the Torpedo Boat Destroyer, or T.B.D., as it is often called. These vessels were originally brought into being to combat with and destroy enemy torpedo boats, hence their forceful name. At first, they were small boats of 200-300 tons, and carried a twelve-pounder gun and a torpedo tube. Their speed was about twenty-eight knots. At the present time, the T.B.D. is a long lean craft carrying six to twelve torpedo tubes, four guns firing shells of 4.7 in. thickness and an anti-aircraft gun. They are very speedy, but, although speeds of over 40 knots have been obtained, their average full speed is some 36 knots. Their duties in the fleet are many and varied. They, upon occasion, act as scouts, submarine hunters, escorts for convoys, patrol boats and message boats, while they are not averse to tearing in at top speed amongst heavy battleships and cruisers, and endeavouring to finish off these monsters with well-aimed torpedos. They are at sea for long stretches in war-time in all sorts of weather, despite their none too robust appearances.

Next we have the Light Cruisers. At the present day the building of these vessels has

been developed to a fine art, and all the navies of the world are producing new light cruisers, often of revolutionary design. During the war the average light cruisers were vessels of some 5,000 tons, armed with six to eight 6-in. guns and capable of speeds of about 30 knots. They acted as scouts and flotilla leaders of destroyer flotillas. To-day the light cruiser is a ship of 10,000 tons, and carries eight to twelve 8-in. guns. This class, until the advent of the “Renown” and “Repulse,” was composed of the most beautiful ships of the modern navy, and is very pleasing to look upon, with the long low and slender lines. Along with the destroyers, they were in almost every “scrap” worth mentioning during the Great War, and covered themselves and their crews with glory. The magnificent bearing of the “Arethusa” at Heligoland Bight will remain a sea epic for ever.

The Battle-Cruisers come next. These are big ships and, while they are not so heavily armoured as battleships, they combine powerful gun-strength with speed; indeed, the twin beauty ships of the navy, H.M.S. “Renown” and “Repulse,” can tear through the water at 32 knots. These two vessels are armed with six 15-in. guns, besides a secondary armament of 4-in guns for use in the repulsion of Destroyer attacks. H.M.S. “Hood,” our greatest battle-cruiser, is a monster ship of 66,000 tons, about 1,000 feet in length, armed with eight 15-in. guns and has a speed of over 30 knots. She has been the pride of the British Navy for ten years and is the largest warship afloat. The battle-cruisers were in all the big naval engagements during the war. Admiral Beatty’s battle-cruisers bore the brunt of the German High Seas Fleet’s attack till they had lured it within range of Admiral Jellicoe’s battleships. “Tiger” “Lion”

and "Iron Duke" were cruisers of an earlier type than "Renown," and with their 13.5-in. and 14 in. guns, they accounted for the German battleship "Blücher" at the Dogger Bank.

Then come the mightiest ships of all, the fully-fledged Battleships of the line. These are immense, heavily armed and armoured ships over 30,000 tons, and carry eight 15-in. guns in the case of the "Queen Elizabeth" class, and nine 16-in. guns on the recently commissioned "Rodney" and "Nelson," the world's two most powerful super-dreadnoughts. These vessels, though not so fast as the battle-cruisers, can rush through the water at a speed of 25 knots. The vessels of the "Queen Elizabeth" class did valiant service in the Great War, notably the vessel of that name, whose exploits at Gallipoli and the Dardanelles are now famous. Their huge 15-in. guns hurl a shell weighing almost a ton for a distance of over twenty miles. Small wonder the German fleet sheered off in the mist during the night after Jutland, rather than fight it out with a fleet of these giants!

Let us now turn to the unusual ships of the navy. The most important of these is the deadly submarine. Popular fancy pictures these vessels as cigar-shaped steel cases, which stay under water all day and every day. This is not the case. The submarine submerges only when it is attacked or is about to attack. Besides, who would stay deep down below the surface in an oily, smelly, artificial atmosphere when fresh

air could be obtained on top at greater comfort. It must also be remembered that while subs. can often develop over 20 knots on the surface, this speed is reduced to some 14 knots below. They are, of course, armed with the deadly torpedo-tubes and have, as a rule, two medium-calibred guns, on disappearing mountings, on their deck. Many of these vessels are armed like veritable light-cruisers and one has even been converted into a seaplane-carrier that can submerge!

The aeroplane-carrier is another modern idea. It is usually a huge 30,000 tonner, often a converted battle-cruiser, having a landing-stage built along its complete length. Its funnels are at one side or at the stern, below deck level. It is armed only with 6-in. or 8-in. guns for warding off Destroyer and Submarine attacks. It can house whole squadrons of 'planes, and as many as 350 'planes have been housed on a United States aircraft-carrier. But they would! The 'planes are brought up from their hangars in the hold by electric lifts.

The navy is completed by a host of miscellaneous small craft, such as mine-sweepers and layers, river gun-boats, monitors, target-tugs, M.Ls. (motor launches), C.M. Bs. (coastal motor boats), submarine depôt ships and destroyer parent ships. Apart from patriotic pride, the study of our fleet is intensely interesting, and much enjoyment can be derived from the examination and careful scouting of its various types of warships.

Colombo.

WE arrived at Colombo one beautiful day in January. This picturesque town, the capital of Ceylon, was basking in a heat haze under a brilliant blue sky, and the brightly-coloured buildings standing out from amongst the green of tropical vegetation made a beautiful picture.

Colombo lies right on the open sea, and

would be almost useless as a port without the huge breakwater which has been built to protect the shipping. This forms a magnificent harbour which is always full of large ships, both for passengers and cargo. Landing at Colombo is accomplished by motor launch from ship to shore.

After an early lunch we went ashore, pass-

ing many large ships and little native catamarans on our trip across the harbour. As soon as we stepped from the launch we found ourselves in the midst of bustling activity. Round about us native carts, drawn by quiet bullocks, were unloading fruit into small boats for transference to the liners. Money-changers eagerly sought our custom, and so as some native money was necessary, we changed a little and went on to a waiting rank of taxis. We were helped into one of these (which, by the way, were fine touring cars) by a European policeman, and started off on a tour of Colombo. We went first to Mt. Lavinia, a famous bathing resort about six miles out, driving through the main streets, many of which were bordered with palms, and past several fine buildings, including the Galle Face, the well-known hotel and bathing resort. In nearly all the streets were jewellers' and silk merchants' shops showing beautiful articles which one could scarcely resist. Once past the suburbs of the town, we drove through palm groves in which were little native huts. Arrived at Mt. Lavinia Hotel we went up to the cool lounge for some refreshment. From the wide French windows we had a view right out to sea and along the coast, a long stretch of golden sand bordered with palms. Our attention was soon attracted by two natives with suitcases, and in a few minutes they approached our table and begged to be allowed to show their goods. For my sake my father told them to, and then, as the first one opened his case, my eyes were dazzled with the show of jewellery which lay there. Trays of rings, necklaces, and bracelets of gold, silver, and all kinds of precious stones were heaped in the case, and then, of course, we started to bargain. After some

time we clinched our bargain and I received some very fine jewellery. The other native had tortoiseshell and ivory goods for sale, and again we made some purchases. After these two left us a native woman who had been sitting on the balcony making lace came over with some beautiful cloths and handkerchiefs all hand done. When we had bought some we thought it time to leave, and so we returned to the car. The driver took us back to the harbour by some of the native quarters, and here we saw the real Colombo. Not amongst the large shops with their jewellery, silks, and other eastern treasures, where sleek gentlemen entice you to buy their goods, but among these native quarters is the real Colombo. Here the narrow streets teem with white-clad natives all hurrying about their business; here the little low shops open off the sidewalk like black holes; here strange odours fill the air, and the bargaining of the crowd goes on incessantly in a sibilant mutter of strange tongues. Passing through this interesting part we returned to the harbour by what were once the world-famous cinnamon gardens. Now only a corner remains as a park, and all the rest of the ground has been built upon. We returned to the boat as we had come—by motor launch. Looking back we could see Colombo just beginning to be lit up as night was falling. I was lucky enough to go on shore again that night with some friends, and what a beautiful place Colombo was by night; so calm and quiet and beautiful in the moonlight! It was with great reluctance that we returned to the boat, and next morning when we sailed we sorrowed a little to see this fascinating town fade into the distance.

YOUNG TRAVELLER.



Round the Class-Rooms.

Miss B—wn.—“What is a jury?”

Pupil (Class V.)—“A place where the Jews live.”

Mr B—l—d.—“Now, tell me the first line of the poem which you have learned for to-day. Where are you Turnbull? Are you there?”

Turnbull.—“Yes, sir. ‘I rise from dreams of thee.’”

“Mr B—l—d.—“I think nightmares would be more appropriate.”

Q.—“What is the feminine of Jew?”

A.—“Jacobite.”

(The benefits of modern science!)

“Accidents are very valuable to old people whose sons and daughters are out in automobiles.”

“The death-rate has greatly decreased in these places where hospitals have been set up, and even where doctors have gone.”

(As someone said:—“I do not consult physicians, for I hope to die without them.”)

“Wireless programmes are very varied, dance music to church services being broadcast.”

(To ginger up the singing we presume.)

(When a felon's not engaged in his employment.)

“Robberies are a common thing now. Burglars enter each other's houses for the sake of getting a loaf of bread or so.”

“Cortez was an explorer who was very anxious to discover the Pacific, which he did.”

(Have you ever heard of the coin dated 54 B.C. ?—Ed.)

“Chaucer would have made a beautiful picture of them all (peasants in their best clothes at the fair) going on the roundabouts or the cocoanut shies.”

(With cocoanuts in their hands—or on their shoulders?—Ed.)

“‘Cheops Pyramid’—was where the king was to live when dead.”

Q.—“Name a prehistoric era in the life of man according to the substance used for weapons and implements.”

A.—“The Brose Age.”

(We have heard that haggis was also very potent.—Ed.)

“The first inhabitants of this land were the angels.”

(Father sees little angelic about it these days.)

Q.—“ Who was responsible for the repeal of the Corn Laws ? ”

A.—“ John Peel.”

“ B—m—er (reading essay)—“ There is a peculiar quality in vast open spaces.”

Mr Legge.—“ Golf Courses for example.”

Mr W—b—.—“ You’ve listened as though it had been a sermon. No sermon should last more than twenty minutes so—”

(Class looks up expectantly.)

“ Now we’ll take the collection.”

Teacher.—“ Boy, your bag is at the wrong side. I might trip over it when I come to box your ears.”

Mr H—nt—r.—“ What is a diæresis ? ”

D—f.—“ Just two little dots.”

Mr H—nt—r.—“ Yes, that doesn’t sound half so bad. Why, it might just be the beginning of measles.”

History (?)—“ Queen Elizabeth sent the ‘ Inevitable Armada ’ against Spain.”

“ Henry VII. traded with Holland in cloth and with Switzerland for fish.”

(Tell that to the Swiss Marines.—Ed.)

Effie.—“ King Arthur and his round heads—”

“ ‘ The ode to the west wind ’ is written in one of the most difficult stanzas, namely Terza Rima. Yet never once did Shelley fail to make a complete stanza.”

(Say now, was’nt that just fine.)

“ The Dæmon Lover came to a young girl who had once been the lover of a person who the Dæmon Lover had disguised himself as.”

(Clear—eh ?)

Class V.—“ The genitive singular of Gladius = Glad-eye.”

Le cannibalisme chez nous !

“ Je mangeais en famille avec les pensionnaires.”

I ate some family with the boarders !

“ Un archéologue français.”—A French archangel.

Class VII.—“ A mercury thermometer will register a much higher temperature than an alcoholic one.”

From the English Classroom—

“ Stand any girl who wants a pen or a boy ? ”

Have You Met :—

Timmy, Guardbridge Greta, Leuchars Liz, Clutching Ed, Mouthing Phil, The Trumpeter, The Ripper, Fip, Coles, Colonel, Softer, Howitzer, Fleabite, Ulysses, The Ignorant Man, The Tripod, Barnacle Bill, Bradman, The Regimental Sergeant-Major, The Wiper, Zero, The Porker, Chod, Curly, Holland, Sneggie.

Have You Heard :—

El git youse ! Look here, thee ! Hey-a-bow. Up again, sir. A little more esprit de corps. I don’t want to play the policeman. I’m waiting !and I just turned to her and said, “ Listen to this, Mary ! ” Wush wush ! I’ll whack you when you’re young, tell your mother. Peasoup ! Pipes and drims, quick march !

Our Query Corner.

T.A. (Class IX.)—No, we are sorry we can recommend no method of face restoring. Knowing your case, you have our sympathy.

J.R.L. (Esq.)—We quite understand your position. Refereeing is difficult. We advise you (*a*) to pay more attention to the game (*b*) not to penalise boys who get 5/50 in Q. and A.'s. A careful study of the rules of Rugby Football might also yield some valuable hints.

I.G.M'C.—Yes, an incurable drunkard is curable. We trust you were not referring to our honourable friend T.A. We would refer you to our learned friend, Dr. E. S. Boosey, R.U., who deals with such cases in his book, "Are you Drunk, by the One who is."

Limping Len.—Further disguise is useless, we know you.

E.R.W.—(1) You are quite right, the 'clutch' is a formidable weapon in the hands of one who employs it to such advantage as yourself. (2) No, the trumpet is a musical instrument into which you blow and produce music; thus it in no way resembles the bagpipes. (3) Yes, the first forwards are all you said, and worse.

"Sneggie."—Yes, T.A. is a bit of a lad, but he should avoid Leuchars.

W. C—t—b—t.—Our profuse thanks for pointing out the illustrious line of Williams, who have gained fame since Troy fell, viz:—William the Conqueror, William Wallace, William Caxton, William Shakespeare, William of Orange, William Tell, and Old Father William. Holding the scales of justice as we do impartially, we cannot award the palm to that cognomen, though we bear it ourselves. Remember such men as Weary Willie, Little Willie, Kaiser Bill and Tradesmen's Bills. Scratch your head again.

Striking of Camp.

Friday, 7.30 a.m.—All quiet, save for snorts and grunts issuing from Sgt. Sm—h.

8 a.m.—The "Tripod" are awake. They shout at the pitch of their voices until the unseemly noises cease. Strains of "A Little Love Song" may be heard from S—y Len.

8.30—Reveille. Camp officially awakens.

8.45—Breakfast. Sgt. H—w emerges from a tent under armed escort and preceded by Pronto playing a lament, carrying Cpl. Ag—w's weighty boot on a plate. The procession slowly comes to a halt before Timmy, who receives his "breakfast."

9.45—Officers leave Camp. General pandemonium reigns. F—x and P—sy perform monkey tricks to the accompaniment of weird noises. Vreep-vreep!!.....Wush-wush!!

10 a.m.—The Sgt.-Major falls in Company to strike camp. The Sgts. doss it out while Gil—st and C—hb—t scrub a rather unpleasant piece of furniture in Prosen's icy stream.

11 a.m.—Work finished. Vreep-vreep ties Timmy's pyjamas to the top of the marquee amid general rejoicing.

12.—The officers return. Peter congratulates Willie and Jessie on their excellent cleaning. Willie seems annoyed, but says nothing—aloud!

1 p.m.—Dinner. Every one is free now. Ph—l—p gets off "orderly" to meet his b—rd. Only half arrives—groans from Wush-wush. Rookie Dargie gets his initiation. Other Rookies pale at the thought of nighttime, while the Sgts. devise cunning plots against Pipe-Sgt. G.

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Make your kitchen an ALL GAS one with Cooker under Thermostatic Control. With a Gas Wash-Boiler, Gas Washing-Machine and Gas Iron, drudgery is cut out of domestic duties. There is a real saving with gas.

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444 BROOK STREET,
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The Old School.

Ghosts of the living ; shades of the dead ;
How are you come, how gone ?

Is there a way by the silvery beam
That singly strays from a fitful moon ?
Is there a way by the rays of the sun
In the glare of the midmost noon ?

Are you borne on the wave of a musical note,
Or the fragrant scent of an evening flower ?
Do you abide like the last-clinging leaf
On a storm-beaten tree till the last-passing
hour ?

How are you come, how gone,
Ghosts of the living, shades of the dead ?

W.

No body yet did make a man,
Or man were living clay, no more.
Nor yet with intellect alone
Were he complete, did he ignore
The sovereign seat of character ;
And he must hourly cultivate
The strength of will to animate,
The eye to see, the heart to feel,
The inner self, sublime, ideal.

W.

The proposed "Old Girls' Club."

By the courtesy of Mr Mathers a meeting was held in Mathers' Hotel on 11th September 1931 of Dundee High School Girl Former Pupils (1930-31) to discuss the formation of an "Old Girls' Club." After discussion it was decided to form a committee of representatives as follows :—

Misses M. Allan, N. Allen, B. Dewar, H. Scrimgeour and H. Whitton (Dundee) ; Miss T. Mathers (St. Andrews) ; Misses G. Miln and Enid Robertson (Edinburgh) ; Miss A. Webster (Glasgow).

On 9th November, committee members representing Dundee arranged for a meeting of all girls who had left School in or since 1927, and members of any F.P.'s association, the meeting to be held in the Girls' High School at 7 p.m., on 22nd December 1931. The purpose of this meeting will be to form a new committee of F.P.'s who are willing to attempt the founding of a club.

A few weeks ago public mention was made of an "Old Girls' Club" in connection with the High School. On behalf of those present at the September meeting, the committee would like to say that the sole purpose of the meeting was to discuss the possibility of such a club being formed, and no definite attempt to do so was made by that meeting.

H.W.W.

We regret that owing to limitation of space several contributions have been left over.

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IF IT BURNS WE HAVE IT.

The Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

Office-Bearers for 1931-32.

Honorary President—Robert Fleming, Esq.

Honorary Vice-Presidents—

Sir James Alfred Ewing, K.C.B., F.R.S.
The Very Rev. William M. Macgregor, D.D.
The Hon. Lord Anderson, D.L., LL.D.
Sir James Walker, F.R.S., LL.D.
T. H. Smith, Esq., M.A., D.L., J.P.
John MacLennan, Esq., M.A.

President—James Scrimgeour, Esq., B.L.

Vice-President—F. M. Baxter, Esq.

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer—C. E. Stuart, C.A., 11
Panmure Street, Dundee.

Hon. Auditors—Messrs Moody Stuart & Robertson, C.A.,
Dundee.

Executive Committee—George F. Ritchie, James S. Nicoll,
J. Fred. Stewart, Peter Reid, E. J. Ritchie, George
B. Smith, Dr. T. S. Murray, T. C. Ferguson, A.
S. Drummond, P. D. Ritchie, James Cadzow,
William Keir, T. H. Smith, A. L. Proctor, Dr.
George R. Tudhope.

The Dundee High School Old Boys' Club held its first annual meeting in the science lecture room on 19th October last. Mr T. H. Smith, president, presided over an excellent attendance.

In his presidential address Mr Smith referred to the loss the club had sustained by the death within the past year of five of its members—Mr Edward Shepherd, Mr Francis Stevenson, Mr John Cleghorn, Mr James Buchan and Mr David Hynd.

All had been men worthy of their school, and he knew all present would share his deep regret at their passing.

Dealing with the recent university and other successes of High School former pupils, Mr Smith commented on the signal honour conferred on Sir Alfred Ewing by his appointment to the chairmanship of the British Association.

He recalled Sir Alfred's schooldays, and how at the time he showed his mechanical ingenuity by constructing one of the first "boneshakers" to make its appearance in Dundee.

He (Mr Smith) had actually ridden the machine about the year 1868 or 1869, which was just a year or two after the British Association had held its first meeting in Dundee.

It was agreed unanimously that the secretary should forward a letter to Sir Alfred on behalf of the Club congratulating him on his appointment.

Mr Smith also congratulated Mr James Scrimgeour, solicitor, and Mr Andrew W. Mudie, C.A., who have been appointed lecturers in the new Dundee School of Economics and Commerce.

Prior to moving the adoption of the report and accounts Mr Smith mentioned that they now had a membership of 364, and that their finances were in a sound state.

The report and accounts were adopted unanimously, and office-bearers were then elected as above.

It was agreed to hold the annual dinner on Friday, December 4, in Kidd's Rooms.

The question of appointing club consuls in various districts at home and abroad was discussed and finally remitted to the general committee for consideration.

The centres suggested were London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Calcutta, New York, Montreal, Sydney, New Zealand, and South Africa, in all of which there are known to be good numbers of old High School boys.

Old Boys' Club Dinner.

THE annual dinner of the Old Boys' Club was held in Kidd's Rooms in Lindsay Street, on Friday, December 4. So far as one could judge, the verdict of those present was unanimous—that it was an unqualified success, an even greater success than the first dinner of a year ago. The number present, it is true, was not quite so large, but that was to be expected: the inaugural dinner of the Club naturally attracted a larger attendance than will normally be present at any subsequent dinner. Even so, the company on December 4 was a large and distinguished one. Reaching almost 120, it included all grades of seniority among Old Boys, from young men almost fresh from school to grave and reverend seniors who have given distinguished service to their school, their city, and their country in many spheres of life and in many parts of the world. Besides former pupils, the staff, the officials, and the Directors of the School were all well represented. It was a company that in itself illustrated the influence, the achievement, and the hope of the High School.

Apologies for absence were read from the Club's Honorary Vice-Presidents and others. It was regretted by all that the Rector was at the last minute prevented by illness from being present, the more so as this is his last year of service. In his letter to the President he told of his disappointment, and it was obvious that this feeling was fully shared by the whole company.

Mr Scrimgeour referred to the attempt that was being made to form a similar Club for the former girl pupils of the school, and suggested that our good wishes for the success

of the scheme should be conveyed to the secretary of the movement. A cable from the Old Boys in Calcutta was read, and it was agreed with acclamation that a message should be sent thanking them for their greetings and good wishes, and sending greetings in reply.

When Old Boys meet it is natural that the talk should become reminiscent, and as one moved among the company in the lounge and listened to the conversation during the dinner, one heard many a greeting of surprised recognition, many a cheery "Hullo! How are you?" and many a recollected story of old school days. The spirit of camaraderie and affection for the school pervaded the whole evening and inspired the speeches. This was the real explanation of the pleasantness of the dinner and of its entire success.

The toast of the Club was proposed by Mr H. Craigie Smith in a speech which claimed the admiration of all present. After some badinage of excellent wit, directed, generously, chiefly against himself, Mr Smith took the assembly back to the school of his own school days, and led them on a tour through the classrooms, introducing them to masters unknown to recent pupils, and describing these masters with keen but kindly wit as he passed from room to room. His re-creation of the school of a generation ago was closely followed by the Old Boys, and each of his sallies of wit and satire was greeted with appreciative laughter and applause. It was a charming speech, which only lack of space prevents us from printing in full. The toast was drunk with enthusiasm and capped by the singing of "Schola Clara."

In proposing the toast of the School,



Guide Company, 1931.

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

the Chairman, our President, Mr James Scrimgeour, was also mainly in reminiscent mood, and his references likewise recalled old experiences to the minds of those present, and were heartily applauded. The toast was to have been associated with the name of the Rector, and his absence gave Mr Scrimgeour the opportunity to speak in the most sympathetic way of the ill-health of Mr Maclellan, and in the most laudatory terms of the unexampled state of excellence to which his work had brought the school. Mr William P. Borland briefly replied on behalf of Mr Maclellan and of the school. The toast of the Chairman was felicitously proposed by Mr Leslie Weatherhead, and aptly replied to by Mr Scrimgeour.

The pleasure of the company was greatly increased by the singing of several songs by Mr Leighton to the accompaniment of Mr Treasure. If Mr Leighton thinks we were a little greedy in our demands, we ask him to consider that our apparent greed was only the measure of the joy he gave us. We are grateful to him. We must not forget also how much we are indebted to our indispensable secretary, Mr Charles E. Stuart, and to Mr James S. Nicoll and his committee for the excellent arrangements they made for our comfort and enjoyment. May they arrange for many a similar enjoyable evening in the future!

The list of acceptances was :—

Messrs David Allan, J. Armstrong Barry, Ernest Barry, Ben. Batchelor, T. D. Bruce, W. P. Borland, Ronald M. Barrie, F. M. Baxter, D. Bruce, J. Tawse Brown, D. J. R. Bell, W. G. Birrell, and R. B. Braithwaite.

Rev. John Caesar, Messrs W. Gordon Clark, James Cadzow, J. R. Cowper, H. J. Carlton, G. B. Crabbe, Kenneth Crabbe, Lewis I. Collins, and H. Carlton.

Messrs W. Stirling Draffen, P. F. Duncan, J. Dundas, A. S. Drummond, and George R. Donald.

Rev. Dr. A. W. Fergusson, Dr. D. J. Forbes, Dr.

Foggie, Messrs R. D. Fox, James W. Fergusson, Douglas M. Greig, Fergus M. Greig, and Alex. Gibson.

Messrs C. Hackney, David Hill, Albert D. Imper, Wm. Keir, J. Kyle, Alexander Larg, W. G. Laird, J. C. Low, jun., Logie, and J. H. Langlands, jun.

Dr. Moodie, Dr. G. W. Miller, Messrs R. L. Mackie, A. T. Millar, W. K. Mearns, G. Brown Mudie, Lewis W. Myles, John Maclellan, T. L. Miller, D. M. Mann, R. Mackenzie, W. L. Marshall, Dr. T. S. Murray, Messrs F. H. Morrison, David S. Mitchell, A. W. Mudie, I. Malcolm, and Hugh Mill.

Messrs James S. Nicoll, W. S. Nicoll, J. F. Neish, John M. Ore, Wm. S. Phillips, G. D. Paterson, G. R. Parker, G. H. Philip, T. Richmond, P. D. Ritchie, Lawson Ramsay, E. J. Ritchie, and R. Manners Rorke.

Messrs C. E. Stuart, P. K. M. Smith, George Scrymgeour, T. H. Smith, John L. Stevenson, J. S. Stalker, John G. Sibbald, James Scrimgeour, John M. Scrimgeour, John W. Scrimgeour, D. Soutar, J. Fred. Stewart, Wm. Smith, D. Smith, George B. Smith, R. R. Smith, H. T. Stevenson, C. C. Spankie, Dr. J. Martin Smith, Messrs Frederick Scott, Leonard Smith, Chas. Sime, T. L. Sime, H. Craigie Smith, J. H. P. Scrymgeour, and Frank H. Stewart.

Dr. George R. Tudhope, Messrs J. B. Torrance, C. L. Thomson, Ernest Treasure, George D. Thompson, D. D. Urquhart, Peter R. W. Will, D. D. Wilson, L. B. Weatherhead, A. Wighton, George T. Willsher, and Garnet D. Wilson.

Club Notes.

In addition to the usual duties of endeavouring to increase the membership of the Club, the membership committee have been engaged in appointing Club Consuls. The following appointments have been made, and it is hoped that in the near future other Consuls will be appointed :—

Edinburgh and District—A. A. Wighton, C.A., Granton's, Granton Road, Edinburgh.

Edinburgh University—George E. Davie, Cowan House, George Square, Edinburgh.

Glasgow—G. H. Philip, c/o Maclean Bros. (Glasgow), Ltd., 42 York Street, Glasgow, C. 2.

Aberdeen—Professor Alexander Gray, 152 Hamilton Place, Aberdeen.

Belfast—Mathew D. McCombe, The Chummary, Castlehill Road, Knock, Belfast.

Montreal—C. F. Ritchie, C.A., of Ritchie, Brown & Co., C.A., 388 St. James Street, Montreal.

These gentlemen will be very glad if any of the Old High School Boys in their district will get in touch with them if they have not already done so.

The question of starting an Old Boys' Hockey Team has been under consideration. While it may be rather difficult to get the use of ground available for matches, the Executive Committee wish to do what is possible towards the formation of such a club. All Old Boys who are interested in the formation of this team might therefore please get in touch with the Hon. Secretary before 31st December.

The formation of an Old Boys' Badminton Club has also been considered, and here again the question of accommodation is one

which presents some difficulty. At the same time all Old Boys who are interested in the formation of a Badminton Club might please send their names in to the Hon. Secretary before the end of the year.

The congratulations of the Club are extended to our President, Mr James Scrimgeour, and to Mr A. W. Mudie, C.A., on their appointment as Lecturers to the Dundee School of Economics and Commerce. The Secretary of the School of Economics, Mr J. K. Mechan, is also an Old High School Boy.

Last, but not least, any members whose annual subscriptions in respect of the current year ending 31st July 1932 have not yet been paid would greatly oblige the Hon. Secretary by having this most important matter attended to in the near future.

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.

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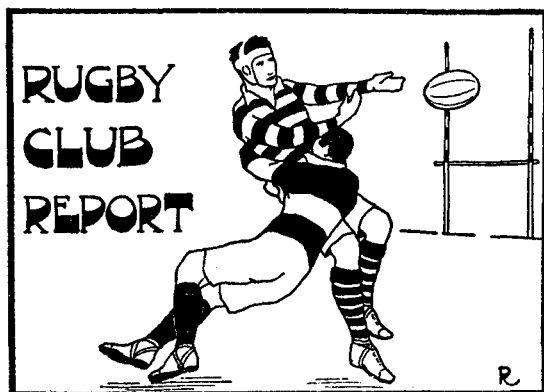
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J. R. INGRAM.

Reports.



Date.	Opponents.	Venue.	For.	Agst.
Sept. 19—	Kirkcaldy High School,	H	25	9
„ 26—	Waid Academy, - -	A	21	0
Oct. 3—	Morrison's Academy, -	H	5	24
„ 10—	Trinity College 2nd XV.,	H	0	23
„ 24—	Perth Academy, - -	A	11	17
„ 31—	Madras College, - -	H	6	8
Nov. 7—	Robert Gordon's College,	H	0	17
„ 14—	Aberdeen G.S. 2nd XV.,	A	5	14
„ 21—	Strathallan School 2nd XV.,	H	14	22
„ 28—	Bell-Baxter School, -	A	8	11

Office-bearers for the season were appointed as follows:—E. R. Winton, captain; I. G. McCall, vice-captain; B. S. Tulloch, secretary; J. H. Crook, treasurer; H. D. Philip, member of committee.

Caps for 1931-32 have been awarded to E. R. Winton, I. G. McCall, F. L. Philip, and T. Agnew.

It must have been many sessions ago since we were left with so few of a previous year's XV. at the beginning of a season. With four only of last year's team to form a nucleus it was no easy task to build up a new side. To add to our difficulties, while there are quite a number of pupils of merit in the school, there are few players of the size and build required to form a 1st XV. As a result of this we find ourselves still experimenting even at this late stage of the season. So far only two wins have been registered for the side, but the standard of play is quite good, and has certainly improved considerably since September. One failing, which must be remedied before we can hope to do better, is our poor defence. There are two things every player must be able to carry out—to go down on the ball and to tackle effectively. Here there is certainly room for improvement in the 1st XV., and, if

carried out, the second half of the season should be a much more successful one than the first has been. T. McL.

Rugby 2nd XV.

For a variety of reasons the 2nd XV. have had rather an uphill fight this season. Very few of last year's players were available, and it has naturally taken the new members some time to find their feet. Again, most of their opponents have been too heavy and too fast for them, which is unfortunate. Yet they have not done so well as they ought to have against boys of equal weight and height. Taken all over, the tackling of the side is poor, and they lack that extra ounce of energy which often turns the scale.

Now, however, they have a fixed team, and there is evidence of growing confidence and understanding. Though they have so far won only two out of seven games there are decided signs of improvement. Keep that up, 2nd, and you will give a very good account of yourselves before the season is over.

Hockey Report.

A meeting of Classes VIII.-X. was held at the opening of the season and the following officials were elected:—President, Miss Whytock; Vice-President, Miss Jarvie; Captain, E. Heath; Secretary, H. Harris; 2nd XI. Captain, B. Cathro. There were a good few gaps to fill in the team this year owing to so many of the forward line leaving school in June.

After a few practices the following team was chosen:—N. Adam, N. Whitton, and H. Harris; F. McLaren, E. Heath, and B. Luck; E. Kidney, M. Robertson, E. Forbes, A. Glass, and K. Glass. We have been lucky as regards weather so far this season, having missed very few practices and only one match postponed.

The results of the 1st XI. fixtures up to date are:—

Oct. 3—	Morrison's, - -	Home	0-2
„ 10—	Grove Academy, -	Away	5-2
„ 17—	Perth Academy, -	Away	1-2
„ 24—	Bell-Baxter, - -	Home	3-3
„ 31—	Harris, - - -	Home	1-0
Nov. 14—	Morrison's, - -	Away	0-3
„ 21—	Grove Academy, -	Home	2-1
„ 28—	Perth Academy, -	Home	2-1

Out of the eight League matches we have played we have won 4, lost 3, and drawn 1.

On 5th December the Dundee and District Schoolgirls' League Trials will take place at the Grounds. E. Heath,

H. Harris, N. Adam, N. Whitton, and A. Glass will represent D.H.S.

The 2nd XI. has a very well-filled fixture list this season, and have arranged to play Blairgowrie High School in addition to their usual fixtures.

The results so far are :—

Oct. 3—F.P.'s B Team	-	Home	0-4
„ 17—Perth 2nd XI.,	-	Away	2-2
„ 31—Harris 2nd XI.,	-	Home	3-1
Nov. 21—Bell-Baxter 2nd XI.,		Away	3-2
„ 28—Perth 2nd XI.,	-	Home	1-0

We take this opportunity to express our gratitude to Miss Whytock for the time and patience she expends on us, and also to Miss Jarvie and Miss Duff for their help both in matches and in practices.

H. G. H.

Cadet Company Report.

The enrolment to date is 102, which is less than 10 short of last year's record. This number is quite satisfactory when it is remembered that the Cadet Company never suffered so heavy an exodus from Classes VII., IX., and X. as it did this year. Two only of last year's sergeants came back in September, so it is with considerable gratification that we are able to record that the training of N.C.O.'s on the weekly parades is making very evident headway. By the time we go to camp we hope to have sergeants fit to fill the very able shoes of their predecessors of the past four years.

The purchase of D.P. Carbines, of which the Cadet Company was deprived two years ago, now authorised by the War Office, has been sanctioned by the Directors of the School, and rifle exercises will be resumed early next term.

Two teams will again be sent forward to resist all challengers in their efforts to wrest the thrice-won Strathcona Shield from us. We wish Sergeant Smith and his "stout fellahs" all success.

The annual summer Camp at Cortachy was, as usual, most successful, and all ranks benefited from the fortnight. We went to Camp 75 strong, 5 more than last year. Colonel A. E. Kidd, in the course of his report to the School Directors as Inspecting Officer, generally expressed his approval of the work of the officers and cadets and the arrangements in Camp. "The Camp this year," he reported, "was more compact and neat than it has been during the period I have made the inspections. The catering continues to be of a very high standard. It was ample, varied, of good quality, plain but wholesome. On parade the cadets were clean and smart. Squad and company drill were carried out with precision. The

whole of the training of this unit is based upon the capabilities of cadets—no member of the unit is ever asked to do more than the officers think his physical condition will permit of. I must again emphasise the fact that the discipline of this corps is of a very high standard indeed. The unit is most efficient, with a training well organised and demonstrative details carefully attended to."

Visits during the Camp were paid us by Col. T. H. Smith and our Convener, Mr James Scrimgeour. The pipe chanter gifted by the Convener was won by Pipe/Cpl. A. Muckart. The platoon cup, presented by Col. T. H. Smith, was won by Sgt. D. Pae's Platoon after tests in squad drill, guard mounting, neatness and cleanliness of kit, and games.

The health of the Camp was excellent. There was no sickness. The spirit of the company was splendid always and hilarious often. Recruits did excellently, and took to life under canvas with obvious enjoyment. The canvas and camp equipment purchased for this year's Camp gave every satisfaction.

Girl Guide Report.

When we resumed our meetings in September we welcomed nine recruits, who are now Guides, and are working for their 2nd Class Badge.

Only one Patrol Leader was left, so we had to elect six new Leaders. The Leaders are :—Chaffinch, N. Adam ; Skylark, A. Glass ; Bluetit, E. Heath ; Woodpigeon, M. Robertson ; Robin, B. McDougall ; Nightingale, F. McLaren ; Swallow, N. Whitton ; Senior Patrol Leader, N. Adam.

We have been working, with the help of our Guiders, for the November group of Badge Tests. We have not decided what our "work for others" is to be, but we shall start next term.

Well done, swimmers! We are very proud of our Swimming Team (S. Wenyon, E. Spreull, M. Lowson, and N. Adam), which won for us the Kynoch Cup at the Guide Gala in October.

We were again invited by Captain Petrie, of the 46th Company, to attend the rededication of their company colours in Maryfield Parish Church.

Each Patrol has been working hard for the Company Shield, but in spite of work we have time for many enjoyable games, sing-songs, and dances.

We are very indebted to our Guiders for the splendid help they give us in all branches of our work, and we take this opportunity of thanking them.

M. C. R.

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**Guide Camp,
Edzell, 1931.**

**Dundee High School
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Girl Guide Report—Camp.

This year we again went to Lundie Castle, Edzell. We set out on 27th June with Lieutenants Jarvie, Steel, and Park and 24 Guides. We spent a very busy afternoon pitching our tents in a strong wind. On Monday Captain Whytock joined us.

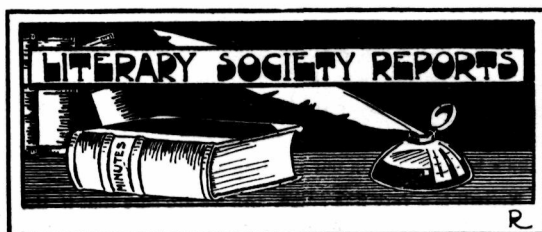
We had a visit from Mrs MacLennan and also from Colonel Smith, who brought with him a greatly appreciated gift of strawberries and chocolates. We welcomed parents and friends on Wednesday, but unfortunately a heavy shower came on as we were at tea, but we retired to the marquee, where we enjoyed ice cream kindly provided by Mr Ingram.

We had two very pleasant walks—one to Edzell Castle by way of Lundie Hill and the other to the Suspension Bridge, Edzell.

Mr and Mrs Walker invited us to the Castle on Saturday morning to a Padder Tennis Tournament, which was won by E. Heath and A. Forman. In the afternoon we held sports, in which the Skylarks gained the greatest number of points. We finished this exciting day with a concert at which we all appeared in fancy dress. A procession, headed by a bridal party, paraded before the judge, Miss Joyce Walker. M. Gordon won first prize cleverly made up as a tinker woman. The concert closed by everyone singing "Lundie Castle," the words of which were written by the Guides.

We had Church Parade both Sundays to Edzell Church. We packed up on Monday morning in heavy rain. This brought to a close another most successful camp.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking the officers for their unfailing interest and the good time that they gave us at the camp. A. B. A. and A. A. G.

**Boys' Literary Society.**

In past years the society has been fortunate in its presidents, and this year its good fortune has continued. After two highly successful years Mr Webb's task has been no easy one, but the excellent syllabus the Society has

arranged and the very satisfactory attendances at the meetings, bear ample testimony to the popularity of our this year's president. The society is obviously set for a very enjoyable session

Our opening lecturer this year was one of our ex-presidents, Mr Marshall. He had been unable to deliver his president's address and the combined societies decided to ask him to deliver it at their opening address. This he did to a large audience of staff and pupils on the 9th of October. His subject was "Musical Instruments," and he dealt with it in that familiar, easy yet lucid style of which he is master. It was indeed a splendid start to our programme for the year.

Next week, on the 16th, we were fortunate enough to secure as lecturer a well-known F.P., Mr G. Harold Philip. Mr Philip spent several years in Africa, and his lecture dealt with his experiences on the Gold Coast. The lecture was illustrated with many lantern slides and specimens, and was greatly enjoyed by all.

On Friday, the 23rd October, a Night of Readings was held. Six members of the society read us extracts which were of an extraordinarily varied character. We had the modern short story and the classical essay side by side, and thus another successful evening was passed.

The first meeting of the society where members had a real opportunity for discussion was held on the 30th of October. It was a debate on "Prohibition," and was very keenly contested. Mr McCall spoke in favour of Prohibition and Mr Donald against it. Their seconders were Messrs Agnew and Gilchrist respectively. Much discussion followed the speeches, and on the question being put to the meeting Prohibition triumphed by the large majority of 24 votes.

Perhaps our most successful evening so far was that of the 6th November. By the kindness of Mr Eric Larg we were able to show some Cine-Kodak films to the Literary Society and Classes IV. and V. Mr Legge and Mr McLaren were also present, and did much to contribute to the evening's entertainment. Although the main film did not arrive we spent a most pleasant evening, and as this Rugger film is to be shown later we suffered no great loss.

We were unfortunately unable to hold any meeting on the following Friday as our lecturer, Mr Frank Young, was very suddenly taken ill and was unable to be present.

Our meeting of the 19th November was another very successful one. It was a Hat Night, and while the present secretary has seen many such he never remembers

a better carried out one. The attendance was barely so large as usual, but this seemed to make those present more ready to speak than if there had been a larger audience. In any case, every person at the meeting made some contribution to the discussions, which were mainly on new topics. There was never any tendency to lag, and it was indeed a splendid evening.

The Eighth Class were responsible for the entertainment on the 26th. Papers were read by Messrs Bowden, Duncan, and Ritchie. They were on the varied subjects of "Bells," "Marine Animals," and "A Tour to the North-West of Scotland" respectively. Due to the extremely bad weather, there was a somewhat small attendance, but nobody present could have regretted braving the elements to come to the "Lit." that night. The society need have no fear for its future speakers when an Eighth Class can produce such papers.

There remains but one more meeting in the first half of our syllabus—the Musical Evening. As it will be held after the Magazine goes to press no report can be given in this number. By all the signs it is going to be a great success, however. It will close what has been a very enjoyable term. That it has been a successful one can be judged from the attendances, which average 56 up to date. Let us hope that the second half will be even more enjoyable and successful.

Girls' Literary Society.

This year our opening lecture was given on the 9th of October by Mr Walter S. Marshall, and was entitled "Musical Instruments." The address was thoroughly enjoyed, and all appreciated the trouble which Mr Marshall must have taken to make his lecture the great success it was.

On 23rd October the Society met to hear a play-reading and a charade acted by Class VIII. They chose the famous "Trial Scene" from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" as their play-reading, and all the parts were very ably acted. The charade was the title of a play, and some of the members guessed it rightly to be "Peter Pan." We finished the meeting with a Hat Night.

On the following Friday we held a Barrie Night. Miss Snodgrass gave a short essay on his life and career, and Miss Falconer, our vice-president, and Miss McDougall illustrated his works by short readings. Two selections from "The Admirable Crichton" were acted by some of the members. This evening proved a great success and we all went away with a fresh enthusiasm for Barrie.

On 6th November we held a Hat Night and, owing to the lengthy and heated discussion, only a small number of questions were considered. It was one of the meetings one could have wished to have been of longer duration.

On 13th November the Society heard six selected readings read by the Misses Snodgrass, Heath, Robertson, Kidney, Luck and Mathers. The readings ranged from "The Argonauts" to "Wee Macgregor."

On 20th November Class VII. were responsible for the programme, and they are to be congratulated on its success. They chose two play-readings called "That Piece of Silk" and "Slightly Mixed," and a humorous Scotch reading entitled "An Electric Trip to London." Much mirth was evoked during the course of the evening, as the readings were light and amusing in character.

On 27th November we had two play-readings. The first was one of A. A. Milne's plays entitled "The Man in the Bowler Hat," and the second was by Allan Monkhouse, the title being "The Grand Cham's Diamond." We were indeed grateful to those who took part in the readings and for the able manner in which they acted their parts.

At present we are busy rehearsing a programme for 4th December, on which date we intend to hold a Dramatic Night.

The attendances have been good so far, but we should like to see them bigger and better than ever when the New Year comes in. On several occasions we were delighted to see some of the lady teachers at our meetings, and we can assure them that a very cordial welcome will await them at any of our future meetings.

Finally, we should like to thank Miss Coupar, Miss Falconer and all the other members of the committee for their keen interest and hard work on behalf of the Society.

B. C. L.

Netball Report.

Owing to the bad weather conditions (soft ground) we have had very few practices. The younger classes especially have been very enthusiastic, but we are hoping to raise a team from the senior classes, and that Netball will take a bigger place in our sporting activities.

Netball is a very fine game, and we are sure that if the senior classes would help us by attending regular practices on Saturday mornings they also would become great enthusiasts, and our efforts to raise a team for our school would be successful.

I take this opportunity of thanking Miss Steel and the other members of the staff who help in the practices on Wednesdays.

M. S. R.

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