

*J. S. Murray*

# THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



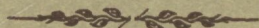
No. 59

MARCH 1934

FOURPENCE

49-59

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# The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

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No. 59]

MARCH, 1934.

[FOURPENCE

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## Easter Editorial.

ONCE upon a time, yes, we thought you would recognise the beginning, there was an editor of this Magazine so brilliant that he even found something exciting to say about the Easter Term. Now, alas, all that can be said about spring has been said. We do not hope to contribute anything original to the subject, but no one can object, for there is nothing new. From the beginning of time it has been the open season for menthol and eucalyptus, the close season for ice cream and lime-juice, and incidentally the close season for witticisms, so we shall now pass on to something rational. From morn to morn we have looked out of the Editorial window hoping that Jack Frost had ceased to be a member of the unemployed but, whisper it gently, there have been no skating holidays.

One grey cloud in an almost cloudless spring term has been the impending departure of Mr. Legge. We said good-bye to Mr. Hunter in January, and now we must lose Mr. Legge. His place in the English staff and as captain of the cadets will be very hard to fill, but our loss is Logie's gain, and we wish him all success in his new appointment. The silver lining in the cloud has been the arrival of Messrs.

Walker and Bruce. Mr. Walker is now so completely one of us that it is something of a shock to realise he has only been with us some six weeks, while Mr. Bruce is already a familiar figure at Arbroath Road. May their days in the High School be long and prosperous.

In January we had a visit from Mr. Donald Grant who delivered a lecture on "Post-War Europe." Mr. Grant's illuminating address dispelled many illusions that prevailed even in the Olympian minds of the Tenth Class, and proved more than a pleasant change from Symon or North and Hillard.

"Music hath charms to soothe—" Yes, you're right again, we are about to mention the visit of the Stratton String Quartet. It proved a very timely visit coming as it did to soothe the frenzied souls preparing for their Highers. These skilled musicians delighted us with several classic pieces executed with rare taste and charm. Our thanks are due once again to Mr. Borland for this privilege so much enjoyed by all.

The Hockey team has had a triumphant season, bringing home the Dundee and District Schools' Hockey League Cup to be stored away somewhere in the recesses of the school,

while the Rugger teams have manfully overcome all the obstacles of injuries and hard grounds and, at the time of writing, are putting in some strenuous practice for the "sevens."

All the athletic clubs are anticipating a fine summer, but we are asked to state officially that there is no truth in the rumour that the Golf Club have adopted as their motto Vergil's slogan: "Mixeruntque herba et non innoxia verba." A sure sign of spring has been the closing meetings of the Literary Societies. Mr. Gibson and Miss Duff have led on the Boys' and Girls' Societies from strength to strength, and our only regret is that all the items on the syllabi have duly and successfully taken place.

We regret having to state that two familiar faces have recently been missing from the School. To Mr. M'Laren we would say that we miss his genial ways very much indeed and hope he will soon be with us again. Mr. Meiklejohn's sudden illness has cast a gloom over the School, but we hope that he too will return with renewed vigour to his duties next term.

And here is our stop-press item. If the lying jade is true for once, the High School centenary celebrations will take place on the last week of the summer term and among many other historical nobilities you will see Sir William Wallace sporting an F.P. tie!

The Annual Christmas Service was held on Friday, the 22nd of December, 1933, when the speaker was the Reverend A. E. Warr. We

were very glad to welcome Mr Warr, who is Dr. Ferguson's successor both at St. Mary's and on the Board of Directors, and we hope to have him with us frequently in the future.

The kindness of Mr Fergus Baxter enabled us to erect a Christmas Tree in the Hall. This was put in position during the previous week, and the children received presents at the parties on Saturday, the 16th.

During the last week of the term, the pupils of the School were asked to bring presents to place round the tree. There was an excellent response, a very large number of books, toys, and useful articles being brought. These presents were distributed on the Saturday before Christmas to various charitable institutions in the town, including the following:—

The Free Breakfast and City Mission.

The Nursery School, Nethergate.

Grey Lodge Settlement.

Balgay School.

The Children's Shelter.

The Salvation Army.

We have also to thank the Slum Officers of the Salvation Army for giving us the names of some 25 of the poorest families in Dundee to whom gifts were personally distributed by some of the senior boys. Both the institutions and the various families who benefitted expressed their deep gratitude for the kindness which was shown to them by the pupils of the High School.

We wish to thank Mr T. H. Smith for a gift of money with which additional gifts were purchased and distributed.

Readers are requested to patronise the firms who advertise in this Magazine.

## J. R. Legge, Esq.

**I**N losing the services of Mr J. R. Legge, the staff is conscious that a good teacher has left the English department; the boys know that a good friend—a big chum “Peter,” in fact, has gone from amongst them; the cadets are aware of the loss of their able captain and inspiring leader.

For Mr Legge's interests were many and by no means confined to the class-room. He remains, and long will remain, we hope, a bit of a lovable, boisterous boy himself; in many ways ‘Peter’ was a singularly appropriate nickname, for he refuses to “grow up” altogether. And just because of the Peter-Panish element in his ‘make-up,’ Mr Legge was given an understanding of that strange animal “boy” to a degree not vouchsafed to many of us. Equally true is it that the boys soon came to understand him—and to consider him almost as one of themselves.

With an inborn liking for open-air sports and well equipped for participation therein, he naturally took a very important part in school games. For three years he ran, very successfully, the first XI. Cricket team. He was keenly interested in Rugby football, and put in much good work with teams ranging from the juniors up to the first XV. When the house system was initiated, he was made house-master of Aystree, a position which he continued to hold for several years. One cannot readily forget the picture of Mr Legge encouraging—with might and main, and arms and voice—his House team to victory in the final of the Tug o' War on Sports Day, a day on which also he proved an able and willing helper to Mr McLaren.

The school magazine, too, owes a debt of gratitude to Mr Legge. Not once but many

times has a harassed editor sent out an S.O.S. for copy to room XI. B., and never was that appeal made in vain. And the forthcoming copy was invariably good of its kind—light verse, serious verse, short story or prose description. Mr Legge has a real flair for writing and his fine prose style, fresh and vigorous, is seen to advantage in his description of camp life at Cortachy.

Literature suggests “The Boys' Lit.” There was a time a few years ago when this Society was languishing, seemed almost a-dying. Its resuscitation in one short session to strength and vigour must rank as one of Mr Legge's great achievements. The lighter side of school life has also made demands on Mr Legge's time. As convener of the Christmas Party and the Dance, he was mainly responsible for the arrangements which made these functions so successful.

But it is for his work in the Cadet Corps that he will be most vividly remembered. During an eleven years' association with the corps he did much by his infectious enthusiasm to infuse keenness into the lads under his command. When Mr Mann left to become Rector of Brechin High School, the captaincy very fittingly fell to Mr Legge. That he has been a very popular captain is shown by the increase in the numbers of the corps in recent years. Those who know say that he was at his very best in night attacks and when taking part in the games and fun of camp life.

The school says goodbye with regret to a friend and helper, one who was ever ready to answer her call and to give at all times of his best in her service; but she rejoices in his well-deserved promotion—Good luck, “Peter.”

## J. R. Hunter, Esq.

**N**EAR the beginning of this term Mr Hunter was appointed Classical Master in Gordon Schools, Huntly. With his departure we have lost another member of the staff who took a very keen interest in games and in the Cadet Corps. He was house-master of Wallace House, and was in charge of the 2nd XV. for the five years prior to his departure. He was

associated with Mr Legge in making arrangements for the school festivities at Christmas and in his work for the cadets. He was quartermaster for six years and, as such, was responsible for fitting out the corps. Its fine appearance was therefore largely due to his painstaking work. We remember him with affection and trust that he is happy in his new post.

## The Imperial Skyway.

**A** STRONG inclination to visit Switzerland last summer was tempered by thoughts of the distance and many unattractive, if possibly coloured, accounts of Continental railways. The idea of flying there, from a jocular suggestion, became, on investigation, a most attractive proposition until, finally, we found ourselves forgetting Switzerland completely in anticipating the thrill and interest of our method of transport to our destination.

We were permitted, it transpired, 33 lbs. of luggage free of charge, anything above that being charged at the rate of 2s. per lb. Since Imperial Airways reserved the right to refuse any overweight should they consider it necessary, we thought it better to keep within the stipulated amount. However, with ultra-light suitcases we found we could take ample clothes for a fortnight, including evening clothes and a tennis-racket each. (No prize is offered for guessing our sex !)

So, at last, seven o'clock of a bright August morning found us at Victoria, entering the Airways' 'bus for Croydon. The journey took 40 minutes but, somehow, we both felt we were not in such a desperate hurry at this stage and it seemed to have grown quite chilly as we entered the gates of the aerodrome.

Passing into the large hall, we found it filled with passengers for the various air-termini, but, mercifully perhaps, we got no time to look about us. A uniformed official cried, "Bâle and Zurich, this way, please," and, retrieving our passports which we had surrendered at Victoria, we passed out on to the flying-field, to find our "ship," the "Hengist," lying just ahead, all four propellers spinning lazily in the sunshine, the engines occasionally bursting into a staccato "Bra-ap, bra-ap" and then settling again to a steady, deep-toned roar.

The air liner was quite terrifying in its immensity, gigantic beyond anything we had conceived. Looking up at the tremendous double span of wings, 130 feet from tip to tip, and glancing along the great, gleaming body, 90 feet from the tail to the captain's entrance, 20 feet above the ground, it seemed absurd to imagine that this superbly audacious creation could ever leave the earth at all. Still, there it was and here we were, so, failing miserably in an effort to look nonchalant, we entered the aft saloon and, traversing a narrow companion-way past the steward's kitchen and the two lavatories, we took our seats just behind the pilots' cabin, already, it seemed, an alarming



*Standing*—G. Blair. W. A. Bell. A. T. Crane. I. Isles. G. Godfrey. H. Jack.

*Sitting*—D. Pithie. J. M. Fearn. J. R. Soutar. R. S. Stewart. W. S. Caird.

*In Front*—F. Burnett. R. C. Nicolson. D. Kidney. W. Paterson. I. Ramsay.

Rugby Team, 1st XV.,  
1933-34.

Dundee High School  
Magazine

height from the ground and in the best possible position for getting the full benefits of a nose-on crash.

Once again there was no time wasted. We had just thrown our coats and belongings into the rack and, having glanced round and seen that every seat was occupied, we were barely settled in our own seats when the note of the engines rose sharply, the propellers, which had been twirling gently behind us, merged into shimmering discs, and the "Hengist" trundled slowly off the concrete on to the grass and, steadily gaining speed, moved off across the vast flying-field.

We seemed to travel this way for nearly half a mile, wondering in our ignorance why we were not rising, when suddenly, and amazingly neatly, the giant ship swung into the wind. A second's pause, the engines blared into a full-throated roar, and we were away, really moving this time, seventy, eighty, or even more, miles per hour. The grass seemed appallingly bumpy, and at every crashing jar it felt as if she must break her back, while surely the shock-absorbers above the enormous wheels were bottoming solidly each time. A last heavy blow flung her a few feet off the ground, she touched again lightly and, almost instantly it seemed, the great 'plane, weighing 13 tons and carrying 42 people, was 50 feet up and climbing rapidly. Next second, one involuntarily clutched the arms of one's seat as she banked over into a turn, presumably picking up her course. Then she was level again with the earth dwindling rapidly below.

On looking round a few moments later, any slight misgivings which remained were dispelled by the pleasant sight of the stewards preparing to serve breakfast and we had leisure to inspect the interior of the air-liner which

we were to occupy, with a halt at Paris, for the next 5 hours.

The whole passenger-carrying space was approximately the size and shape of a complete railway coach. The front cabin held 18 people and was connected, by the passage already mentioned, with the rear saloon which held 20. The seats, before each of which was a table, were low and deep and most comfortably upholstered, possibly with air-cushions. The whole interior was designed and furnished in a most luxurious fashion, besides being thoroughly ventilated and maintained at an equable temperature, whatever the altitude.

Various books and periodicals were lying about and each passenger was supplied with a map of the route and a small folder containing interesting advice and information on air travel.

No parachutes were provided, since with 4 engines and the safety-slots in the wings, a "crash" descent is a negligible hazard, although air-belts were supplied in case of a forced "landing" in the Channel. Normally the only exit from the front part of the ship was via the rear compartment or through the pilots' cabin, but, in emergency, a large trap-door could be quickly and easily opened in the roof. Set in the partition between the control-cabin and the saloon was a board containing dials indicating height and air-speed which were of much interest during the flight. Practically any meals or drinks, hot or cold, that one could wish were promptly and daintily served by the immaculate stewards, two in number.

The engines were now little more than audible and, glancing back out of the window, it was strangely fascinating to watch the rhythmic jerking of the valve-rockers, though the propellers were now quite invisible.

Meanwhile the countryside, by now nearly 8000 feet below, and occasionally obscured by delicate wisps of cloud, was a source of constant interest and entertainment. He would be a very seasoned air-traveller who would feel any temptation to read during a voyage. Just as we crossed the English coast the clouds below, which had been gradually thickening, closed in and we flew on beneath a sky of a marvellously fresh, clean blue, with, a great distance below us, a floor of pure white cloud, looking as firm as a vast snowfield, above which with her passengers peering in wonder from the windows, the air-liner flew steadily in an immense, cold spaciousness of isolation. The cloud formation was everchanging, piling up into fantastic and wonderful shapes and, here and there, breaking in thin rifts through which we saw the Channel, and, sometimes, ships, far beneath. Along the skylane through this superb celestial scenery, the mighty "Hengist" travelled as smoothly as if running on a perfect tarmacadam road. Now and again, only, she heaved and sank slightly in long, scarcely perceptible undulations, rising and falling to the lazy, invisible swell of the atmospheric ocean. Or occasionally, and not in the least unpleasantly, the wing-tips, away out 50 feet or so on either side, would see-saw very gently up and down.

Presently the captain entered the saloon from the pilots' cabin and, in answer to our enquiry, assured us that it was clear on the French side, and, sure enough, just as we passed over the coast, the clouds thinned into vapour and were gone and the earth appeared again below.

In two short hours from Croydon we sighted the Eiffel Tower and the regular throbbing of the engines slackened as we began to lose altitude. Now a curious, choked feeling manifested

itself in our heads and, obeying the instructions of our little guide-book, we pinched our nostrils and blew hard until our eardrums cracked audibly, thus showing that we had equalised the pressures, inside and out.

Here was Le Bourget just ahead and the air-liner began to glide down with rather disconcerting steepness, followed by one or two sharply-banked spirals. Then she flattened out, touched earth with a slight jolt, and ran, more smoothly than at Croydon, to a halt in front of the sheds, at exactly half-past ten.

We stopped here for half an hour, losing some passengers for Paris, and picking up others for Bâle. We spent the time walking round the field, examining the many different types of aircraft and watching the refuelling and routine inspection of the "Hengist."

Eleven o'clock saw the British machine swoop across the aerodrome, and climb once again into her natural element. Below, once more, was the ever-fresh interest of forts, châteaux, towns, great forests and rivers, all of which we could identify (at least, to our own satisfaction) from our map. Two miles below, a tiny speck, the shadow of our aerial ship, crept steadily over the sunlit earth. The engines droned on in a regular and reassuring monotone and, at length, the Alps appeared, very beautiful and remote, away to our right.

Instead of flying in a straight line from Paris to Bâle, we diverged more to the south until near Belfort when we swung round to the left again towards Bâle. According to our map we were thus avoiding crossing "prohibited areas" which, rightly or wrongly, we surmised would contain the great new fortifications which France is building on the border.

The last half-hour was the least enjoyable part of our journey as the "Hengist" began

to bump and pitch to a certain extent. This very speedily drove the colour from the faces of many of the passengers and the sigh which we heaved as the ship began to descend from ten thousand feet was not solely due to regret at coming to the end of our journey. Looking down and a little ahead, we saw, beside the Rhine, the small airport of Bâle and, five minutes later, we glided over a road lined with cars and landed like a feather on the grass of Switzerland.

All too soon, the holiday was over, leaving memories which will not readily fade. Memories of a distinctly unpleasant flight in very stormy weather from Bâle to Paris, this time in a "small" ten-seater. Of the truly horrible sensation of dropping what felt like fifty feet, vertically. Of being half-an-hour late at Paris due to the weather and running across the aerodrome to the air-liner as one runs to catch a train. Of having the whole front cabin to our two selves and dining sumptuously, nine thousand feet above the English Channel. Of seeing the navigation-lights begin to glow from the wing-tips and of watching the red-hot exhaust-pipes jetting flames into the twilight. Of seeing, far beneath, the lights of shipping and, later, of motor cars. Of rain running down the windows as we neared Croydon and, lastly, of dropping down through the darkness into a multitude of apparent traffic-signals run riot.

W.M.L.H.

### A Frog.

A cool green frog upon the bank,  
 Stared from out the shadows lank,  
 Tickled by idle wetted blades,  
 Glared with gold eyes from the shade  
 And gobbled quick the insects black  
 Flickering on the shadow's track.

### Hockey.

With our sticks in our hands, and our hair in  
 our eyes

Towards the enemy's goal the forward line  
 flies.

"Shoot! shoot! for all that you're worth.  
 Send it right through, don't mind the turf."

Back to the centre to bully once more.

Again the supporters have started to roar :

"Play up for your school! Play up for your  
 land!"

Each player is marked, and our goal is well  
 manned.

Our aim is to keep the white ball on the move,  
 Don't linger or potter, and sure it will prove.  
 Five forwards, three halves, the goalie, two  
 backs

Are set for true work, not one of them slacks.

And when at the last, the cup they have won,  
 We'll take off our hats, and salute them, "Well  
 done!"

Be proud of your team, and give them a cheer ;  
 They're the best lot we've had for many a year.

N. K. C.

### Night at Sea.

On the lone silver sea  
 The stars twinkle merrily,  
 In the crisp cool air  
 The wind bites fair,  
 The pebbles jar clearly.

The lean moon trembles  
 O'er the slipping pallid ripples,  
 The ship dips gently,  
 The prow nods lightly ;  
 Fair is the night and rare.

## Freetown.

**FREETOWN!** Where exactly is this Freetown? Why is it so named?

This interesting town, beautifully situated on the sea coast, is the capital of the British Colony of Sierra Leone in West Africa—once called the White-Man's Grave. Modern science, however, has greatly minimised the terrors of its climate and its fevers. The question of sanitation has been tackled, and tackled successfully; quinine has reduced the risk of malaria until one is not much more likely to take it, than one is likely to take a cold at home. And perhaps if those who go to the West Coast of Africa would live a life more like that which they lead at home, there would be a marked improvement in the health of Europeans whose path in life leads them through the bush and the heat of West Africa.

What a happy name for a town is this. From the name of the capital, we might almost guess that the colony is British. Here it was that freed slaves were brought in the year 1807. The Governor at this time was Zachary Macaulay, the father of Lord Macaulay.

As one approaches Freetown from the North, some time before the mountains of Sierra Leone loom through the mist, the coast can be seen. It presents a very curious appearance, for it is so very low-lying that the sparsely scattered palm trees seem to be springing up out of the slow-swelling Atlantic. But there are occasional glimpses of land to prove that the sea ends. Probably the voyager's attention is first drawn to it by what appears to be steam rising skywards. It seems hardly possible that the sun is sufficiently hot to convert the waves of the Atlantic into steam, although it is undoubtedly trying its best to shrivel passengers up as they move slowly round the decks.

We soon realise that Freetown and its neighbourhood are extremely close and hot.

The ship now seems to be turning away from land, and heading out to sea, but this is to avoid a long and dangerous reef which guards the entrance to Freetown harbour. The high and stately mountains are now more visible although still shrouded in a heat haze cloak. Objects are now distinguishable on the shore and numerous small fishing boats manned by dusky fishermen bob about in the wash of our vessel, which seems very large compared with their cockle-shells. As the lighthouse comes in sight a boat can be seen. It appears to be anchored very close inshore, but as there is a very fine harbour here one does not give this serious consideration, until one is told that this is the "Fulani," which was driven ashore in a storm, before the war. So far as the eye can see it appears undamaged, and in very good condition. This may perhaps be explained by the fact that the Admiralty kept this wreck painted to mislead prowling German submarines on to a reef which would welcome them with jagged teeth.

As we draw closer we can see clearly a gaping hole in the "Fulani's" side, in fact it is possible to see daylight right through the immense wound.

Closer inshore there can be seen a very clearly marked line in the sea, caused by the water of the river meeting that of the Atlantic. This line is perfectly marked in the dirty colour of the sea water.

The coast is sandy, and the little coves invite one to go for a bathe: while to the Northern eye the trees present a striking tropical picture—palms, bananas and plantains.

The seaman in the chains is busy taking

soundings, and we reach our anchorage to the tune of his chant, "By the mark ten."

At once our boat is surrounded by endless dugouts and canoes, manned by shouting natives clad in curious fashions, varying from a tall hat, or a white collar and black tie, to quite normal raiment. There are boys who will dive for pennies, and, unless they get them before they reach the bottom they will not bother to look for them, but will return for another to be thrown in. There is sure to be one who will sing, "Yes, we have no bananas" or "It ain't gonna rain no more," both of which, in view of the numerous banana trees and the fact that it is sure to be raining, are a little out of place.

To get ashore is the next problem. There are endless boats and endless boys who want to take you. "Massa, you go for shore? me fit take you! how much you fit give me? ten bob? No? Oh! Massa, me poor boy, you be rich man." At this point another boy pushes in and the whole story starts again. The best thing to do is to leave them to fight it out and step into another boat. Here you sit and tell the boy that you'll give him 2s. when he has taken you ashore and brought you back again. They should never be paid until they bring you back, as one might easily get left ashore. And so we step ashore on the Dark Continent.

At once you see buildings which strike you as imposing, but which, on closer inspection, are somewhat rough in their finish. The railway here is laid along the side of the street, and you may meet a train coming round the corner just as you would meet a car at home. There are some large churches, and as you proceed up the hill you reach the bungalows in which government officials reside. These look, and are, very comfortable, and they have a fine view looking out to sea. The streets are

full of motor cars driven by natives in wonderful dress. Some are as smart as any chauffeur at home, and some are suitably clad for a swim.

In the gardens, and at the side of the road are flowers and trees of wonderful colours. Amongst these are "Flame of the Forest," "Hibiscus," "Bougain Villæ" and "Cro-tans." At one point there is an immense "Cotton-wood" tree, after which the street is called.

Farther on we come to the public gardens which are well laid out; there are numerous tennis courts on which the native clerks in rainbow blazers and immaculate flannels, disport themselves. Of course you see no women-folk playing. Their particular job is not tennis, but careful attention to their domestic duties and their work generally. There are as you see some good points about the training of the African women!

There are numerous hotels of a sort, but not such as we have any desire to linger at, and so we move on. The streets are alive with pretty little piccans. For there is perhaps no age at which the African looks better, than when he or she is a tiny child with big white enquiring eyes. He only needs a friendly look to produce two rows of beautiful teeth and a happy grin.

There is the hoot from our boat to let us know that it is time for us to get aboard again.

On reaching the jetty we find ourselves in the midst of a screaming, shouting mass of boys and boats, and it is only after a considerable search that we find our boat. So off we go on our return journey in the course of which we are sure to have a collision. When we reach our floating home, it is well to step on to the accommodation ladder, before paying the boy, for obvious reasons.

The starboard side of our vessel presents a scene which is unlike any other we are likely

to see. It is quite dark by now. Darkness comes down very quickly, yet, here we find lighters from which water is being pumped, lighters from which kola nuts are being loaded for sale along the coast; and, scrambling everywhere, are endless boys, jabbering like so many monkeys, falling into the sea, only to come up and do it all over again as they pretend to work.

At last the lighters cast off and they are taken in tow by fussy little tugs, while we get our anchor up and leave for the open sea again.

The scene as we leave is beautiful and fairy-like. Out of the dark background of the mountains and the bush peep and twinkle endless little fairy lamps to light us on our way and to wish us a safe journey. So we proceed out into the darkness past the old "Fulani," past the searchlight from the lighthouse, away into the solitude of the open sea, broken only by the friendly lap of the waves as they meet us on our course.



### Walking Song.

A clean wind and a free road,  
Green grass and a blue sky,  
Walk, man, walk and the load  
Of care will no more lie,  
No more lie.

Walk, man, walk 'neath the blue sky,  
With a stout staff and a clear eye,  
Drink deep the clear air  
And care will fly,  
Care will fly.

Through the hill and valley go,  
Follow river, quick, now slow;  
Hasten, Time he will not stay,  
Time will shortly haste away,  
Haste away.

'Tis the ending of the day.  
'Tis the ending of the day.

*Erratum.*—F.P.s' Tennis Club Report should read :—  
Mixed Handicap Doubles—Mrs A. Robertson and  
Mr G. Stevenson.

## For the Senior Girl



Attractive Suits in smart tweeds, as sketched, Beige with Brown fleck, etc. Cardigan Coat is in belted style, and Skirt has box pleat at one side..... **59/6**

Selection of Cardigan Suits in various Tweeds, 49/6 to 5 Gns.

*Henderson  
& Mackay*  
WHITEHALL ST — DUNDEE



*Standing*—D. M. Colquhoun. R. W. Recordon. R. S. Lumsden. J. P. McPherson  
W. F. Simpson. G. Johnston.

*Sitting*—J. Grant. K. Lane. J. M. Duncan. D. McKay. J. Gordon.

*In Front*—N. Philip. J. S. Ritchie. C. Gray. G. McPherson. A. D. Barrie.

**Rugby Team, 2nd XV.,  
1933-34.**

**Dundee High School  
Magazine**

## “Russian Vengeance.”

A Drivelette in Two Episodes.

(All characters in this story are fictitious.)

### EPISODE 1.

It is the night of Friday, 13th December, 19—. The wind howls in the trees; the lightning paints the heavens with its livid glare; the country is in the grip of the storm.

The stately towers of Wykehampstead Manor are apparently deserted, but dark deeds are being enacted behind those creaking shutters.

Who is that gigantic figure in the armchair, a ten-inch cigar between his teeth, a foaming tankard of vodka clutched in his hairy fist? It is Balonikoff, the King of the Tcheka.

Seated opposite, on a packing-case, is a slender figure whose green eyes squint from a handsome, freckled face. It is M. le Duc de Sugherelli, the notorious French income-tax evader.

As he quaffs his forty-fifth goblet of liquor, Balonikoff remarks in a delicate contralto voice, “I am Queen of the May, nicht wahr?”

“Ah, scélerat!” responds the Duc. “It is one lie! Est-ce que vous avez le grand cheval blanc de mon oncle ou la plume verte de ma tante Jeanne? Bah!”

While these dreadful words still burn on his lips, the haughty nobleman pulls the other’s

nose. The Cossack, with an evil scowl, responds to the challenge by drawing a revolver from his waist-long beard and shooting Sugherelli through the heart, then bounds through the window into the night. The dying man is left with the forty-five empty bottles.

### EPISODE 2.

The scene is once more the stately manor; the time, early next morning. Ascending the creaking stairs is Ebenezer Briggleswipe, the noted criminologist. Exertion has bedewed Eb.’s lofty brow with perspiration, for he has just fallen down the stair for the fourth time. Balonikoff has greased the top step.

Briggleswipe reaches the top. With a cry of despair he leaps forward. He is across! But he sinks waist deep in the floor. It has given way. He swears.

Dragging himself out of the cavity, he hurls himself at the door. It is not locked. It flies open. He sprawls in a pool of slippery liquid. Blood!

Stooping beside the bullet-riddled body, he applies a magnifying-glass to his eye. “It is human blood!” he mutters.

Clutched in the dead man’s grasp is a sheet of paper—a page from a Russian dictionary. The detective pockets it, and disappears, with a sinister smile, into the storm.

## A. J. FERGUSON, 100 PRINCES STREET,

'Phone  
4822.

will supply the Private Homes with the same quality as supplied to the School, which is

## High-Class Home-Fed Meat.



March 20/3/34.

Just now within this silent room  
I feebly spill some ink, and gloom  
O'er cabalistic signs of doom—  
Just now.

"Just now's" have often brought me pain;  
Just now will bring me little gain,  
Just now—would I were in the train!  
Just now.

Now just because "Just now's" I've slipped,  
And other maths. too lightly skipped,  
It's just just now should see me "pipped,"  
Just now.

So they will say—well, let them say  
Of sine, tan, cosine let them bray;  
I'll start a pig-farm down the way—  
Some day!



*Sufficiently deadly!*

Mr W—b (translating)—"Supposing anyone offered you a fortune on condition that you committed a crime, what would you do?"

Sleepy Pupil—"Use the subjunctive!"

"Henry VII. forced Henry VIII. to marry Katherine of Aragon because he got with her a large dowager."

(Bluffing King Hal!)

Teacher—"A young cat is called a kitten. What do you call a young bird?"

Young Pupil—"An egg."

*Nothing but the truth!*

Friend to small boy (Class C.)—"What do you like best about school?"

Small Boy (after due consideration) "The interval."

*Examination Papers:—*

The Ancient Mariner (Revised Version?)—"The curse is lifted when he feels sorry for the Sea Serpent."

*(Wasted effort).*

"Milton laboured to make Politicians just in their thoughts and actions by publishing pamphlets full of satire. He failed to do this and lived in misery."

Explain:—"Peace fouler far than war."

A.—"Milton's marriage and home life were not happy."

The evils of employment:—

"When Peter Grimes had to do all his work himself he went mad."

"There are few countries less infested by 'lions' than these provinces."—*Kinglake*.

"'Lions' refers to the masters at Eton. They were cruel and barbarous."

Sir John's "falling away."

"Falstaff took any man into his army who was willing to pay for a certain amount of cider."

"A penny saved is a penny earned":—

"Said by Dr. Johnson on being asked if he did not think it was wrong to go about looking slovenly as Johnson did."

"Dowlas, filthy dowlas!"

"Is a kind of coarse linen and Bardolph said this to Falstaff, meaning you scum or dirt."

"Budda lived in India after he had fought the Greeks at Marathon."

(A renegade!)

"Karl Marx wrote a book on Socialism to help young men to become better business men."

The Industrial Revolution was about new machines being invented which made wool into cotton instead of its being done by hand."

(And *vice versa*!)

"John Evelyn was an author; he wrote a lot for school books."

Teacher (reading lesson)—"Are there any other good readers in the class?"

Voice—"Gordon S. Hope."

T.—"That sounds hopeful."

G. S. Hope reads—"I hope to get shot soon, sir."

Miss Smith (talking about dogs)—"Give a friendly translation of *bête*."

Pat.—"Little beggar."

Miss S.—"We're not talking about you."

Mr Sinclair—"How do you find the area of a triangle?"

Gray—"Work it out."

*Overheard in the Staff Room.*—"Holding Spades—Ace, King, Queen, Joker, Mr. Bung the Brewer, Miss Chip the Carpenter's daughter, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5 and a return-ticket on an Alexander's Bus to Monifieth, how should I call? Neither Foster, Manning or Culbertson give directions. How shall I call, Peter?"

Peter: "Call the Police!"

*Have you met?*—Reilly, Dorothy, The Cad, The Pig, Titty, Tatty and Tutty; The Lady of Jerusalem, Scratcher, Pot, A Spade, Stiffkey, Whiskey, Garbo, The Ishmaelite, The dray-horse, The Swiss Admiral, The Diplomat, The Mathematician.

*Have you heard?*—"This is a fine state of affairs." "Extraordinarily hard." "If my memory is not playing me a trick." "Lips, lips." "He's maimed." "Latin is a farmyard language." "Bad plan." "Intensely interesting." "Of first-rate importance." "Register!"

## Dundee High School Archæological Society.

THE above Society has repeated, even surpassed, its signal success at Herculaneum last year by a discovery of first-rate importance for the study of Greek tragedy. A roll of papyrus, discovered inside an old Greek vase in a pawn-shop in Athens by the Society's representative, has been deciphered through the indefatigable labours of the scholars, whose translation is here appended. They have thought fit to modernise some expressions to make them intelligible to a wider public. As will be seen it is a fragment of a tragedy in an advanced style ; it has been conjectured that it is all that remains of "The Hoplites" of Aristæuchylus which won the first prize at Athens in the month Elaphebolion, Ol. 93.1. The original manuscript will be on view in the hall two days after the Greek Kalends.

The scene is a stretch of open country with two tall branchless trees joined by a bar at one end of the stage.

Enter on the spectator's right (the traditional entrance for arrivals from the immediate neighbourhood) the κριτικοσαυλητής. He wears a χιτών and over this a handsome blue χλαμύς and has a πέτασος (broad-brimmed hat) slung behind his back. He advances and speaks :—

I judge the strife with music and with voice,  
And rule the contest 'twixt the struggling  
hordes

Of warriors fierce, who battle in the plain  
And seek to bear a piece of ox's hide,  
Inflated with the gentle air of heaven,  
Across the ivory marge, which stretches  
straight

And fair beside those trees, whose slender  
shafts

Point skywards and denote the longed-for goal.  
I know the laws, and with a judgment sure  
Impartially administrate them ; for  
When anyone transgresses and is found  
Passing beyond his own allotted sphere,  
The leather being behind him, then I judge  
An unimpeded sending of the hide

Unto the opposing host. My law is strict,  
Yea, even unto banishment, and yet  
No voice dissentient cries against my rule.  
One side I represent (but, mark this well,  
I never favour them) ; to these I give  
My exhortations and advice, to strain  
With muscle first but most of all with brain,  
And add this precept all the rest before,  
To show a little more "esprit de corps."  
Behold, my men are coming on the field,  
To strive, to heave, to grasp, and not to yield.

Enter on the right the chorus of front-rank men (οἱ πρωτοστάται). They are panoplied in richly-dight armour, some wearing helmets. The leader of the chorus is a sturdy youth, of tubular construction, built on the cantilever principle. They warble their παράδος or entrance song.

We are they who come faster than fate ; we are  
they who score sooner or late ; [Strophe]  
Our feet on our enemies grate as we trample  
them down in the mud ;  
Our charge would an elephant fell ; we rush  
in a body and yell :  
Our shout is the terrible knell of the victims  
we dump with a thud.

We thunder down the plain  
Intent on territorial gain.

Clustering together we gather up the leather,  
To deprive us of it everyone defy ;  
Or we take it at our feet, and every foe we meet  
We leave concussed and staring at the sky.  
No man our course withstands,  
We fend him off with iron feet and mailed  
hands.

When we gather to take a line-out, we leap for  
the hide with a shout, [Antistrophe]  
And flatten the lubberly lout, who tries to  
dispute our possession.

In the scrummage we struggle and strain, and  
cause our opponents much pain,  
As we hurl them backwards amain, and  
advance in harmonic progression.

The Foe in trembling ranks  
Subsides beneath the human tanks.



With a scientific grasp, we make our victims  
gasp

And wallow in the mud, which soon absorbs  
The miserable fellows, as puffed as leaky  
bellows,

Who fall before our feet like panting porbs.

Pursued by wailing ghosts,

We take the hide and plant it down between  
the posts.

Enter on the right a body of skirmishers  
(ψιλοί), at their head a slight wiry youth,  
nasally conspicuous, having on his shield as

emblem an *ἐχιδνή* or viper. He embraces  
an elongated leathern capsule . . .

The remainder is illegible save two words of  
the *κριτικοσαυλητής*: “. . . a fear.” The  
choral ode gives promise of a vigorous tragedy  
ending probably in the murder of the  
*κριτικοσαυλητής* by one of the opposing side  
after a righteous sentence of banishment.

The Society is willing to receive contri-  
butions to enable the scholars to enlarge the  
sphere of their activities. All donations should  
be sent to the editor of this Magazine.

In School To-day (with apologies to the B.B.C.).

## A Topical Supplement from the D.H.S. Studios.

(Shouts, screams, confused noises. Suddenly  
a majestic voice says, “Stop!” Immediate  
dead silence. Then the Announcer says:—

ANNOUNCER: “This week we are going to  
bring to you a few of the interesting person-  
alities in school to-day. For obvious reasons,  
however, these must remain anonymous. I  
wonder if you can guess who this is?” (in a  
stage-whisper, “Come close to the micro-  
phone”). “Now, won’t you please tell the  
people who are listening to-day your impres-  
sions of this school and its scholars?”

AWE-INSPIRING FEMALE VOICE: “I think  
they’re funny. And when I say funny I don’t  
mean humorous, but peculiar. I don’t know if  
you’re at *all* interested in this sort of thing,  
but—” (Fade out.)

ANNOUNCER (*in lively tones*): “And here is  
a member of the Brighter and Younger Set,  
who is going to discuss the present scholastic  
situation.”

BRIGHT YOUNG MALE VOICE (*at terrific  
speed*): “Good evening, everyone. The  
D.H.S. have given me thirty seconds in which  
to suggest a few social reforms, so I’d better  
be quick.

*First*.—We want a better School Dance. It’s  
been proposed to hold it in the Ritz and run a  
special aeroplane service for pupils who must

get home the same night. Only objection, of  
course, on the ground of expense.

*Secondly*.—School starts too early.

*Thirdly*.—School finishes too late.

And lastly, summing up the scholastic  
situation from the pupils’ point of view. Why  
have schools at all? Good night, everybody.”

ANNOUNCER: “Now we’re taking you on a  
tour round the D.H.S. studios. Here we are  
on the ground floor, listening in to Professor  
Gorgonzola and his Musical Mites.”

Sustained wailing heard.

MALE VOICE: “Splendid. Just a little more  
*rubato*, please.”

ANNOUNCER: “On we go, not stopping to  
trifle over ‘*hic, haec, hoc*,’ until we come to—  
but here is another member of the staff, who  
is going to speak to you.”

MALE VOICE: “Somewhere near the end  
of the sixteenth century—about the same time  
that I myself was born—a very great man  
(whom, of course, nobody reads now) wrote  
these words: ‘The man that hath not music  
in himself is fit for treasons, stratagems and  
spoils.’ This must be the plight of the small  
boy whom I overheard saying to his friends:  
‘Why can’t we have Henry Hall instead of  
string-quartets?’ I think these—” (Fade-  
out.)

ANNOUNCER: "Of course, you all knew who *that* was. Now, someone who calls herself the Musical Mathématicienne will sing to you."

YOUNG FEMALE VOICE: "My first number to-day is an adaption of the song from 'The Midshipmaid'."

(Sings.)

I would give anything  
For one little  $u - x$   
I would solve anything  
To know each proposition would be my  
mission.  
I would work any sum  
Get the  $\sqrt{-2}$   
I'd think it was fun  
Finding  $x/1 = 1$  lit<sup>3</sup> le  $u - x$ ."

ANNOUNCER: "And to complete this series

of 'In School To-day,' one of the pupils will give you his candid opinions of the staff."

IRATE VOICE: "The D.H.S. have censored my talk, and I'm not going to speak."

ANNOUNCER (*hastily*): "That is the end of 'In School To-day.'"

### Moments.

To press a berry to the lips,  
Black berry;  
To press an apple to the cheek  
Is merry.

To press a sigh upon paper,  
To blow upon a lighted taper,  
To shut a door, with hesitation,  
Is a sick sensation.

## A Recent Discovery.

Recently, as you will know, in demolishing a farm building, formerly a monastery, in Berkshire, there was discovered a manuscript of Chaucer's "Parliament of Foules," part of the "House of Fame," and the "Prologue to the Canterbury Tales." On reading it through, Professor Hunt, to whom it had been submitted, was greatly surprised to find that in the last mentioned work, between the description of the Clerk of Oxford and that of the Man of Law, there were interposed eighteen lines hitherto unknown, referring to another member of the company. The professor sent me the manuscript for my perusal, and I have copied out the lines in question. They are as follows:—

There was also a Techere of a schole,  
. . . leathere—Lo-g-lly . . .  
Wel colde he swinken with a bigge classe;  
Yet on the ruggre feelde he was an asse;  
He referied as wel as doth a barge,  
And yet I trow he was a goodly —,  
For whan that a defendre kicked the balle  
Over hir tooche-in-gaule so it falle,  
Then he in stede of scrumme at yerdes five,

Moot yaf them droppes-out from twentie-five.  
And so did the defendres [love] him alle.  
And he was pacient, for whan the balle  
In-to a scrumme put agen came out,  
Then wolde he always whisle loude, and shout,  
"It was nat in; keepe your fetes down;  
And I shall yaf a kicke-free, Gordoun,  
If that agen you are from of the side."  
Yet still to please the losing [tème] he cried.

It might be objected that in line 24 of the Prologue, Chaucer says there were in the company "wel nyne and twenty." But as he describes thirty people, it is usually thought that this line is a mistake on Chaucer's part, or else that he introduced an approximate number for the sake of the metre. Supposing this character to be genuine, however, we can overcome the difficulty by saying, "oon and thirty," and taking the "nyne and twenty" to be a copyist's blunder, as is the general omission of this character. Some scholars are of the opinion that the lines are not Chaucer's, and were interpolated by some other writer, the chief argument for this being the imperfect rhymes in lines 10 and 11 and

in lines 17 and 18. The manuscript throughout is rather obscure, and though I have kept the words in these lines as they stand, yet here again the fault is probably that of a copyist. As for the rest of the passage, it is unmistakably Chaucer.

Of line 2, there remains, unfortunately, only one word and a few letters, so that it is hardly possible to make sense of the line. In line 5 the meaning is obscure. Possibly the correct interpretation is, "He was a strong swimmer, and could ferry men across a river as well as a boat could." In line 6, the last word is almost completely obliterated, our only clue to it being that it must rhyme with "barge." Professor Hunt conjectures "large," as being compatible with "barge"; but such a usage, namely, that of an adjective for a noun, does not seem to be Chaucerian. Moreover, to me, the first letter of the word seems to be "s." It would seem that the problem must remain unsolved. The manuscript, which would seem to be of the fifteenth century, is now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

J. B.

### Ballade of Rugger.

We cry for Education for the Mass  
And with the Three R.'s now we're not  
content;

We ask for—let me think—as bold as brass

All ologies to which Man e'er gave vent.  
Nothing that is beneath God's firmament  
Is undiscussed, untaught; 'tis mostly gas!  
One text alone sums up Life's argument—  
"Beat a man, draw a man, and pass."

Who was it first declared the Law an Ass;  
Shakespeare—th' inspired residual ferment  
Of one, Bacon? Aspersions, foul and nas-  
Ty, hath been cast by Sassenach tongues  
anent

The Loch Ness Monster's corporal lineament.  
And Prohibition's "flattened" Omar's Bass!  
Why wallow, Fools, i' the mire of discontent?  
"Beat a man, draw a man, and pass."

Toil unremitting makes of Jack Jackass,  
Or Dull Boy (if you like Ye Forme ancienne)  
Go to the Field, thou sluggard, blind and crass,  
And cast aside your Tweed habiliment,  
And make of Life a thing of Merriment.  
No question there of Rich, of Poor, of Class—  
Life's panacea some strong linament.  
"Beat a man, draw a man, and pass."

ENVOI.

Prince of All Sports! you sure are Cent. per  
Cent.  
We cannot give you what we take, alas!  
From your Great Code—one lesson's deep  
indent—  
"Beat a man, draw a man—and PASS."

## The Magic Garden.

(A Play for a very little Theatre.)

*Dramatis Personæ.*

CHARLIE, aged 12 .. .. . Terrible small brother.  
CHRISTINA, aged 15 .. .. . His sister, who has  
literary inclinations.  
IAN, aged 17 .. .. . Their brother, who has  
been away from home  
at School in England.

AUNT JEAN CAMPBELL  
P.C. FRASER

Voice of DONALD, a small cousin, aged 7

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Aunt Jean's garden in summer. A drop scene  
achieved simply by placing the action on the near

side of a line of newly washed sheets. A basket of  
wet clothes lies under the corner of one sheet, and  
from behind a busy hand comes at intervals to lift out  
the contents one by one. The background for Scene  
II. can thus be set from the beginning.

CHRISTINA and CHARLIE are seated disconsolately  
on the grass. IAN wanders restlessly beside them,  
hands in pockets.

CHRISTINA (*reproachfully*): Auntie Jean, you were  
going to take us all bathing to-day to your special  
sandy beach.

AUNT JEAN (*from behind sheets, with worried expression*):  
Yes, my dear, but you know how things are. None of  
us could tell that Don would develop a throat like  
that, and Mrs. Brown *would* choose to-day to leave

me and Mary with all this to do ourselves. It must be done before your father and mother come.

CHRIS : Yes, we know, but it's Don's birthday and you won't even let us go near him till you know what he has. Can't he come for a picnic and stay yards away from us? It's a lovely day so he couldn't get more throat.

AUNT JEAN : No, he can't, Christy. Don never comes home dry if there is water within a mile of where he is going, and the doctor is coming out anyway.

DON'S VOICE (*hoarsely off from*) : Aaa-aw ! Yes, I can!

AUNT JEAN (*firmly*) : Don, you heard me. Keep your head inside the window.

CHARLIE (*with unexpected tact*) : Well, look here ! We've been sitting fighting about where to go. Let Don say where, and we'll stand by it, and tell him all about it at night, and bring him souvenirs—Gee, kid ! Guess I jest want the foundation stone of Enbra Cyastle to complete my Scahtch sooveneers.

CHRIS : Brilliant, Charlie !

IAN : Feeling well enough, Chirls ?

DON : Whoopee ! Go to the Magic Garden an' bring me a pocketful of yon yellow chuckies off the Dragon's Path, and one of the slates that fell at the back of the big house.

ALL : DON !

CHRIS : Shades of a catapult !

IAN : We can't, young 'un. Old Scotch slates weigh about a ton. (*Laughs.*) "Magic Garden" sounds a little ancient these days. I'll bet the magic we used to feel has gone off in air long ago.

CHRIS (*indignantly*) : Don't be beastly, Ian ! You cut the Magic Casements in the cliff hedge yourself !

CHARLIE : Stop wandering and sit down. You won't bend your English accent.

DON (*wrathfully*) : Well, you just wait. It is magic, and if you don't bring me a slate you've got to bring me some magic.

AUNT JEAN : Donnie, I don't really think—

DON (*fortissimo*) : It is ! It is ! IT IS ! It magicked right beside me an' John last week. We heard things an' saw things an'—

IAN (*still laughing*) : Bet you a tanner it didn't, Don.

DON : Well, it did, an' see that you have sixpence in your pocket to-night an' not fivepence an' give you the penny later—much later. (*General laughter.*)

IAN : That kid is going to be a banker, Aunt Jean. He keeps his eye on the cash.

CHARLIE : No, no. A playwright, I think.

IAN : Why on earth ?

CHARLIE : Good imagination, and so young to grasp character so well.

(*Exit with IAN in hot pursuit—CHRISTINA follows.*)

AUNT JEAN : Christy ! The basket and the haversacks are in the hall. I hope we put in plenty.

CHRIS (*from off*) : Thank you, Nice Person.

[*Curtain.*]

## SCENE II.

An overgrown garden. Corner of building showing through trees on the back cloth.

CHRISTINA, IAN and CHARLIE, finishing their picnic lunch—front.

Silence for a few moments after Curtain.

CHRIS (*sighing*) : Hasn't it been a gorgeous morning ?

CHARLIE (*mouth full*) : Top-hole !

CHRIS : I don't mean only the things we've done. I mean the look of it, and the sound of it, and the smell of it. The sunlight is simply dripping through this lime tree on to me. Look ! I can catch little handfuls of light without spilling them. And it's such a lovely greeny gold with patches of blue when you look up through it, and the bees just make the right noise.

(*CHARLIE groans.*) Listen to the waves at the foot of the cliff too. You can just smell little puffs of saltiness through the hot smell of the garden.

IAN : M—m makes me sleepy. (*Yawns.*)

CHRIS : It would me too—all except the wave sound but that always give me an ache in here.

CHARLIE (*sotto voce*) : Ssix Ssalmon Ssandwiches.

IAN : Shut up, Charlie ! You've no fine perceptions—only a stomach. I say, Chris, did you look out early this morning ? I thought I heard you padding around ?

(*CHRIS nods.*) Wasn't that light on the ben rather fine with the mist trailing in the hollows ? I tried a snap of it.

CHRIS (*dreamily*) : "Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day, Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

CHARLIE (*fainting*) : Now she's off ! When Kirsty gets that slight squint from looking into the never-never, you know she is going all over Shakespeare.

IAN : Clod !

CHRIS : Its eyes aren't open yet.

CHARLIE : Well, if you're going to spout, choose something snappy.

CHRIS : Snappy ! Most people like the beautiful bits that say what you feel yourself only ever so much better than you can. But of course *all* Shakespeare's simply topping.

CHARLIE : Some folk don't think so.

BOTH : Who don't ?

CHARLIE : Slinky's sister's guy.

CHRIS : Come on, out with it. What did you do ?

CHARLIE : You see—I was down at Slinky's one night last term, and we were making a radio. Well, she had this guy in practising for a band or something and they raised such a din that we couldn't hear anything in the next room.

IAN : I'm not surprised if *you* helped to make the set.

CHARLIE (*withering IAN with a look*). He plunked his banjo, and *she* hammered the piano, and *he* caterwauled till Slinky and I gave up and went out. I shoved my head in at the drawing-room door when we passed, and he said, "Well, young fellah, what do you think of it ?" So I said, "Spit in the hole, man, and tune again."

IAN (*roaring with laughter*): Good for you, Chirls.  
CHRIS. (*helpless*): Oh! Chirls. I know that boy and he just needed it. I could hug you. All the same, we won't take you to Shakespearean plays again, if that's all you—

CHARLIE: Keep off!—and get down to business.  
IAN: Yes, clear up first—if there's anything left for tea that is—Charlie ate the lion's share as usual.

CHRIS.: Put the lemonade bottles in the old fountain basin, Ian. It's spring water.

IAN: Kirsty, in spite of the poetry in thee, thou hast a decided streak of the practical.

CHARLIE: Like bacon—common sense and poetry time about. Fry her in the hot sun and the poetry runs out.

IAN (*to CHRIS.*): Do you manage to live peaceably with this when I'm in the south?

CHRIS.: More or less. Slinky takes him off my hands. That's all, then. Now we can leave them here and meet again for tea. I'll go and get the yellow pebbles, and I want to go down to the shore for some shells for counters. That elephant stood on the box and broke most of them.

IAN: I think I'll prow! round the old house and try for a slate if it's at all possible. What will you do, brat?

CHARLIE: I'll find the magic.

IAN: Wise lad! It won't be heavy to carry.

CHRIS: Why, there's a big black cloud behind the house. Doesn't it make things look eerie with the light sunny stone against the blackness? (*Shivers.*)

Thunder, I suppose! It won't come for a while, though. What a shame it is the owners don't use this place.

IAN: I wonder who they are?

CHRIS.: Now, Chirls, look here. If you're back first with your magic there's to be no playing heavy lion the way you did at lunch. I want some tea.

CHARLIE (*kissing his hand to her*): "I'll roar you as gently as any sucking dove" (*going off*): I will roar you (*falsest roar*) an't were any nightinga-a-ale.

(*Exit others in different directions.*)

[*Curtain.*]

Two hours elapse in which the boys have completed their explorations and returned for tea.

The weather has broken. It is much darker and wind moans round the house.

### SCENE III.

IAN: I wish Kirsty would turn up. You don't suppose she's fallen down the cliff, do you? Did you hear any screams on your wanderings?

CHARLIE: Kirsty may be poetic in streaks or patches but she doesn't yell and she's got nine lives.

IAN: A Partisan, but callous! Have you found magic in any quantity?

(*CHARLIE brings something out of his pocket and extends his hand in silence.*)

IAN (*examining it*): My dear lad! Wha—whew (*whistles*). Two whews. Where did you get that? (*Looks in silence for a minute, then returns it.*) Do you know I "heard things" at the back of the house as young Don said?

CHARLEY: And I "saw things" . . . in the house. I saw a horrible blue light when I had an eye glued to one of the front room shutters—and black things.

IAN (*absently*): Liver. Gosh! Where's that girl?

(*Both start as heavy steps sound coming towards them. Enter P.C. FRASER.*)

FRASER: What are you twa limbs daein' here?

CHARLIE: Picnickin', sweetheart.

FRASER (*sternly*): Maister Ian?

IAN (*smacking Charlie's head*): We are picnicking, Mr. Fraser. You're far afield, though!

FRASER: Aye. (*Pause.*) Were one o' ye here plaisterin' when Mistress Campbell thocht ye were in yer beds last nicht?

IAN: No, not we. Why?

CHARLIE (*Unabashed*): He's looking for clues, Ian.

FRASER: Ye're an impident wee— (*Making a grab at Charlie.*)

CHARLIE (*dodging*): No, but seriously, Mr. Fraser, are you? Because if you've a mystery without clues, we've clues without a mystery. I'll be good if you'll let us in on it. Let's trade.

FRASER (*sharply*): Hey? What's this laddie bletherin' about?

IAN (*Slowly*): Yes, we did strike a few queer things—very queer things. Look at what Charlie found.

FRASER (*looking closely at Charley's proffered hand*): Whew!

CHARLEY: Ian said that too—and, I say, we've lost Kirsty.

(*A rattling peal of thunder sounds and instantly behind it follows a flash of lightning illuminating the now much darkened stage. A second sharp peal follows on the flash but in the slight pause between comes a scream of terror from a distance off.*)

FRASER: Guid sakes!

CHARLIE: Kirsty doesn't yell—but that's Kirsty.

(*They look at each other in questioning silence for a moment while the sound of big raindrops begins.*)

(*Exit all suddenly in the direction of the scream, turning up their coat collars as they run.*)

[*Curtain.*]

The author of the above sketch wishes to offer a small prize for the best second act concluding the play. The story must satisfactorily lead on from the situation with which we are left. In placing the scenes please plan a simple set which could be used on a small stage by amateurs. One new character may be added. Try to keep to a similar length of composition. Now, can you elucidate the mystery? What did Charlie find? Your next act may equally well be in the realms of unheard-of magic, even including P.C. Fraser, or in those of the modern thriller. Can you put Christina's knowledge of the poets to any use, or Charlie's enthusiasm for radio? Can Ian supply anything out of his experiences in the south? Don't forget the bad weather and the time of day. We hope to receive a great number of entries.

## Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

### 1. Membership now stands at :—

Life Members, ... ..	118
Annual Members, ... ..	354
Honorary Members, ... ..	1
	473

### 2. We regret to announce the death of :—

C. F. Mackness, ... ..	1883-1888.
A. S. Cameron, ... ..	1858-1864.

3. Arrangements are now in hand for the Annual Outing, which it is hoped will be held at Edzell on Saturday, 28th April. As usual, a Golf Competition will be engaged in, but it should be remembered that the Match is one of the more enjoyable variety and is not taken too seriously. Last year the change over from Wednesday to Saturday meant an increase in the numbers, but it is felt that there could still be a considerable increase in the turn-out, and the pleasant surroundings at Edzell ensure a happy time, although the golf may not be too

good. In past years we have had a surplus of accommodation in the cars at our disposal, and those who do not golf would find Edzell a pleasant place to spend a Saturday afternoon and the company at the tea which concludes the Outing cannot, of course, be excelled. Full particulars will be sent to members about mid-April, but meantime please make a resolution to support the Outing.

4. It is hoped to arrange for one or two Golf Matches during the next few months. These are, of course, confined to the real hot-stuff golfers of the Club, and we hope that by dint of assiduous practice, we shall this year score a larger percentage of wins.

5. There are still some Subscriptions due for the current year, and the Honorary Secretary would be greatly obliged if these Members whose Subscriptions are not yet paid, would please send him a remittance as soon as possible.

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

"Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote  
The droughte of Marche hath perced to the rote,  
And bathed every court in swich licour  
Of which hard play engendred is the flour :  
Than longen maids to don their gladder ragges,  
And youthes to iron out their flannel bagges . . ."

And so one might go on, churning out yards of doggerel about our happy Club, but even the advent of the poetic season itself might not be sufficient to soften the Editorial heart, so let us to prose.

With each Spring issue of the Mag. it is customary to draw the attention of possible prospective members to the advantages and attractions of the F.P.'s Tennis Club. This

is an institution which will be found adorning the eastern wall of the Recreation Grounds any summer evening after six o'clock. The membership is restricted to former pupils of the School and, subject to approval, their encumbrances (husbands, wives, fiancées and dogs). The Annual Subscription is modest : Ladies 25/-, Gents 27/6, while P.P.'s leaving School in June are admitted for 15/-. There are six courts and play is available after six o'clock on week-days and midday on Saturdays.

And now, having set out, prospectus-like, the material attributes of the Club, a word or two, in confidence, about the social side. We are, without doubt, one of the chummiest



*Standing*—J. Pate. J. Main. C. Spreull (*Reserve*). C. S. R. Black (*Capt.*). J. A. Turnbull.  
M. S. Bruce. M. Rorie.

*Sitting*—C. Butchart. A. K. Conn. B. Fleming. M. Anderson. M. Jamieson.

Girls' Hockey Team, 2nd XI.,  
1933-34.

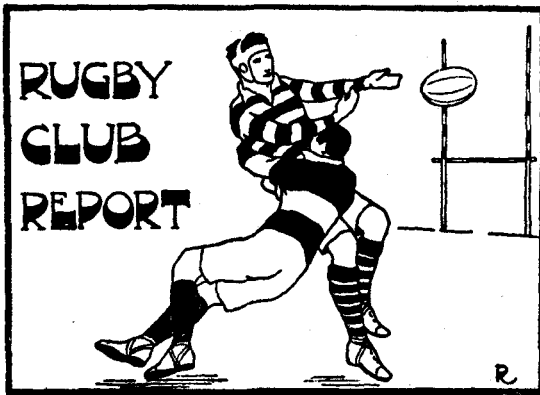
Dundee High School  
Magazine

clubs in town. Games are always arranged so as to give equal opportunity of play to all, in fact, time is often lost in discussion as to whose turn it is next, while our social activities are not confined to the four walls of a tennis court. During last summer's heat wave several maritime excursions were carried through and, of course, our Dance is always a great success.

This year we have added attractions. A considerable sum of money has been spent on improvements to the two courts on the side

wall and these should now be in first-class condition. Also our Ladies, after many well-fought games, are now in the first division and will be playing many interesting matches. Altogether we are looking forward to a most enjoyable season and offer a most hearty invitation to all tennis-playing F.P.'s to come along and join our club. If you are in doubt as to our location, take a Craigiebank bus, alight when you come to a sculptor's yard and enquire there. They know—they throw back the balls.

## Reports.



The weather has been most favourable throughout the rugby season. Practices have been interrupted on very few occasions and no games have had to be postponed. Although the School fifteen has shown little brilliance yet the side has done fairly well, the results over the season being 8 wins, 7 losses, and 2 draws, while 165 points have been scored for, and 112 against.

Forward, height and weight have been above the average, but the pack has not shown as much promise as was expected of it at the beginning of the season. Individually the forwards have been quite good, but combination has not developed to any great extent.

Behind the scrum, play has not reached a very high standard and results might have been more favourable had there been more initiative and penetrative power in the back division.

Caps have been awarded during the season to J. R. Soutar, J. M. Fearn, W. S. Caird, A. Bayne, R. Stewart, D. Pithie and D. Kidney.

Enthusiasm for House Matches is as keen as ever, and the Inter-House Cup Competition, although still unfinished, is in a most interesting and healthy state.

### 1ST XV. CHARACTERISTICS.

**BELL.**—A valuable forward in the loose and the line-out. Works hard and handles well. Room for improvement in the tight.

**BLAIR.**—A heavy forward who uses his weight to advantage. Dangerous near opponents' line. Uses his feet well and is very useful in the tight. Following up rather weak.

**CAIRD.**—An untiring forward who uses his brains. Good in the loose but should keep ball closer when dribbling. Defence good. Handling and kicking could be better.

**CRANE.**—A useful forward who excels in the open, but is inclined to over-run the ball. Line out play good. Breaks up from tight too soon. Defence shows room for improvement.

**BURNETT.**—Young forward who has made steady progress. Hooks well and plays hard. Inclined to be over enthusiastic. Should improve with experience.

**FARN.**—A wing three with a good turn of speed, and a determined runner. Good hand-off and strong in defence. Inclined to be slow off the mark.

**GODFREY.**—A forceful three-quarter of promise. Should prove useful back yet. Inclined to hold on too long and shaky in defence. An enthusiastic player.

**ISLES.**—A valuable forward in the line out. Inclined to be slow in the tight. Dribbles well and useful forward in attack. Defence and recovery might be better.

**JACK.**—A forward who began season well but lost form in mid-season. Has made progress of late. Valuable in tight and a good tackle, but play could be more vigorous.

**KIDNEY.**—An able scrum-half and a good spoiler. Has a good swerve and can sell the dummy well. Should avoid going through his own forwards. Handles well, has good touch and place kick but delivery from base of scrum could be speeded up.

**NICHOLSON.**—A three who has filled the full back position on several occasions. Kicks and tackles well but fielding and passing weak. Inclined to run back and across in defence but a strong runner in attack.

**PITHIE.**—As a member of the pack has steadily progressed during the season. Good in the line out and the loose, although backing up could improve. Should pack lower in the scrum.

**PATERSON.**—A speedy wing-three who is quick off the mark and has a deceptive swerve. Tackles quite well. Inclined to be slow in decision, although recovers well. Might practice accurate touch-kicking.

**RAMSAY.**—A full back of good promise. Gathers, kicks and tackles well. Can often turn defence into attack, but is inclined to hang on too long at times only to be caught in possession. Must use more judgment when tackling.

**STEWART.**—Has filled various positions behind the scrum. Sound in defence, but could use speed to greater advantage. Good kick and swerve but should vary tackles and develop hand-off.

**SOUTAR.**—Captain of the side. Lively and hard-working forward. Dribbles, handles, tackles and follows up well. Inclined to barge too much. Leading might be more fully developed.

#### 2nd XV. Report.

Christmas to Easter half of season has seen no cancellations either in games or practices.

Quite a satisfactory season: 6 wins, 9 losses, 2 draws.

The progress shown by the side has been marked and steady, while team work has improved month by month. Usually it falls to the forwards of a side to do the greater share of the work but, while there is a decided absence of penetrative power behind, marking, tackling, handling and strong running have not been wanting. The 2nd XV. should give some really promising material to next year's 1st XV.

#### Hockey Report.

Once again we have come to the end of the hockey season. This year we have been most successful in our league matches, winning them all and regaining the cup for the School.

On 9th December, the Dundee and District Schoolgirls' League Trial took place at the Grounds, and seven of the D.H.S. team were included in the team. They were: K. Malcolm, K. Glass, J. Bowen, F. Cooper, D. Brown, K. Brown, D. Bowden.

Our results up to date are:—

Dec. 16—Perth Academy	Home	6—1
Jan. 6—F.P.'s 1st XI.	Home	0—8
13—School' v. Ladies' Games Club		3—10
20—Harris Academy	Home	6—1
27—Madras College	Away	7—7
Feb. 3—Harris Academy	Away	5—3
10—Schools' v. North Schools' D.H.S.		1—5
17—Perth Academy	Away	4—3
Mar. 3—Madras College	Home	7—1

The 2nd XI. have done well in their matches this season too, winning them all. The results are:—

Jan. 13—Morgan Academy 2nd XI.	Away	10—0
27—Bell-Baxter Sch. 2nd XI.	Away	9—1
Feb. 3—F.P.'s 3rd XI.	Home	—
17—Harris Academy 2nd XI.	Home	7—1
24—Seymour Lodge 1st XI.	Home	12—1
Mar. 3—Blairgowrie High School	Home	4—1
10—Perth Academy 2nd XI.	Away	4—1

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Whytock for the time and patience she expends on us, and also Miss Jarvie and Miss Duff for their help both in matches and practices.

D. J. B.

#### Girl Guide Report.

We are now at the end of another successful and enjoyable term.

Our younger Guides are working hard for their second class test and all are keenly interested in the badge work that we do every Friday.

Competition between the Patrols is lively—the "Robins" must not win the shield again.

We attended a Church Parade in Ward Road Baptist Church on Sunday, 25th February.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking our captain and lieutenants for their unfailing interest in our work.

J. R. C.

#### Boys' Literary Society.

The Society entered on the second half of its session on Friday, 12th January, when we were entertained to a lecture by Mr. Wardlaw entitled, "Eyewash." Mr. Wardlaw took as his subject the nature and transmission of colour and his talk was illustrated by numerous spectacular experiments which greatly enhanced the interest and enjoyment of his lecture. The Girls' Society also attended this meeting.

The speaker on the following Friday evening was Mr. Mathieson, the secretary, who read an essay on "The Great Marquis in the Scottish Novel." Mr. Mathieson discussed the career and adventures of the Marquis of Montrose as portrayed in "A Legend of Montrose," "Witch Wood," and "John Splendid"; his essay was much appreciated by the Society.

On 26th January, the Rector, Mr. Bain, gave a lantern lecture on "Oxford." Mr. Bain took us on an architectural and historical tour of the Oxford colleges, and his intensely interesting talk was illustrated by a magnificent collection of lantern slides. The Society is very much indebted to Mr. Bain for providing an evening of such instruction and enjoyment.

On 9th February the Society heard short papers by four of the junior members: Messrs. Haynes, Keir, Bruce and Stalker. The varied subjects of these papers, together with their intrinsic merits, made the evening most entertaining and their performance promises well for the future prosperity of the Society.

We were the guests of the Girls' Society on 16th February at a lantern lecture by Dr. T. S. Murray on "The Bernese Oberland." It gave us great pleasure to have Dr. Murray with us again and we spent a very enjoyable evening in his company among the Alps, studying glaciers and climbing snow-clad peaks. Our tour was copiously illustrated by beautiful slides of mountain scenery, and we can hardly fully express our gratitude to Dr. Murray for coming back to give us his lecture or to the Girls' Society for enabling us to have the privilege of attending it.

On the following Friday the fare was provided by three members of Class X.: Messrs. Lumsden, Duncan and Bell, who gave short papers on "The First Ascent of the Matterhorn," "The Beginning of Life on Earth," and "African Drums" respectively. The quality of these papers was high and the interest was admirably maintained throughout.

On Friday, 2nd March, Mr. Gibson delivered his Presidential Address with Mr. Stalker in the chair. Before the lecture, Mr. Lumsden, the treasurer, read the annual financial report and Mr. Snodgrass was appointed *interim* secretary. Mr. Gibson's subject was "Wanderlust," and he treated it with the brilliant humour and compelling interest which we have learned to expect from him during his term of office as President. Mr. Gibson's tales of tramps and kindred adventurers provided the Society with infinite amusement, and his artistic ability was also displayed in humorous sketches which illustrated his talk.

This meeting was a splendid termination to an outstandingly successful session, which has been made so by the enthusiasm of the numerous members of the Society and by the energetic leadership of our talented President, Mr. Gibson. His zeal and genial tact coupled with his skill and wit in debate have aided and inspired the Society to the success which it has attained, and we hope that he will maintain his interest in the Society's activities and welfare.

W. A. C. M.

#### Girls' Literary Society.

We have now completed a most successful winter in the Girls' Literary Society. The second half of the season, beginning 1934, has kept up the high standard of the first half. Our opening joint lecture was given by Mr. Wardlaw entitled, "Eye-wash." This was a very interesting evening accompanied by some scientific experiments.

The entertainment of the following week was provided by the younger members of the society, Class VI., and they promise to be one of our best classes if they keep up the same standard.

On the 26th January we had a talk on "Photography as a Hobby," from an outside lecturer, Mr. Slater, describing to us the history and progress of the camera and giving us hints on the taking of snapshots and also on their development.

On the following week a lantern lecture was given by Miss Barrie, our Honorary President, entitled, "The Pilgrims' Way." That evening, we travelled

through England by the old road which the Pilgrims used to follow in the Middle Ages.

Class VII. night, which came next on our syllabus, was a great success. The talent which had been shown by some of the 7th Class members on the musical evening, then received a chance to shine alone. There were two short plays which provided great amusement. Then the students' song, "Riding Down from Bangor" was acted and gramophone records were played in between the items.

On 16th February both societies met in the science lecture room to hear Dr. Murray's lecture on "Rambles in the Bernese Oberland." Dr. Murray told us of a mountaineering expedition he had had in the Oberland and illustrated his talk with splendid lantern slides.

The debate for the next week, "Stage v. Screen," was led by two members of Class VII., Miss J. Campbell and Miss J. Mathers; and two of Class VIII., Miss J. Mackay and Miss S. Howie. There followed the most heated discussions and some very witty speeches on both sides. In the end the Stage was victorious by a majority of twelve votes.

The last meeting of the session was held on the 2nd March. It was an address given by our President, Miss Duff, on "Musical Pictures." Miss Duff stated how certain musical compositions stir our imaginations so much that we are able to picture what the composer is feeling. She illustrated this by giving us a delightful recital of her favourite piano solos. It was a marvellous ending to our winter's programmes, and we take this opportunity of thanking Miss Duff very warmly indeed for her lecture and for all the trouble she has taken throughout the winter, to make the Literary Society the success that it has been.

J. S. C.

#### Netball Report.

Since our great defeat in the last netball match we have been practising hard for the return one. Miss Steel and Miss Coupar have been up at the field

constantly, helping us and correcting our faults. We were determined, this time, to put up a better fight. However, we were not very reassured when the St. Andrews 2nd did arrive. We noticed two changes in their team, and we hoped that they would not be for the better.

Within the first minute *we* had scored a goal, by half-time the score was 11-3 for us, by the end of the game it was 22-10 in our favour.

The St. Andrews 2nd was perhaps surprised on being defeated, but we were even more surprised on being the victors.

The team, this time, consisted of:—

Margaret Leslie, Joan Liddell, Gert. Fraser, Shena Howie, Betty Todd, Mavis Wight, Effie Spreull.  
E. A. S.

#### Former Pupils' Lawn Tennis Club.

1933 was a very successful year, our membership now reaching the 60 mark. The Ladies' Team have entered the first division and the Gents' team is still in the third division.

Twenty couples, mostly members, took part in a Tournament on 20th May, the winners being:—

1st—Miss M. Webster, Mr. G. Stevenson.

2nd—Miss J. Roberts, Mr. I. Lamb.

The club championships were keenly contested, the results being:—

LADIES' SINGLES: 1st—Miss B. W. Low; 2nd—Miss J. Robertson.

GENTS' SINGLES: 1st—Mr. F. How; 2nd—Mr. G. C. Scott.

MIXED HANDICAP DOUBLES: 1st—Miss M. Crabbe, Mr. F. How; 2nd—Mrs. I. Hardie, Mr. G. Stevenson.

A dance was held in Kidd's Rooms on 3rd November, which was a failure financially, but was very successful socially.

Various alterations have been made to the courts this winter, and should greatly improve our accommodation.  
D. C. M.

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