Ailsa Marshall. 1947.

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

1834 CENTENARY NUMBER 1934

Floreat Schola Taodunensis.

Schola clara, hodie
Grato te laudemus
Nos alumni carmine,
Matrem quam fovemus.

Prisca nutrix militum.
Vincla qui rupere
Scotis, et pro patria
Bello cecidere.

Semper viros nutrias,
Domos qui tutentur ;
Patrum facta fortia
Semper aemulentur.

Gloria detur monachis
Qui te condidere,
Juvenesque artibus
Bonis imbuere.

Gloria detur civibus
Qui te refecere
Lautius, et splendidis
Donis ditavere.

Edidisti plurimos
Gnaros disciplinae,
Res gerendi publicas,
Legum, medicinae.

Urbs in colle posita,
Terrae sis vicinae
Lux ; per aevum faveas
Studiis doctrinae.

Prospicis caeruleum
Taum, quem carina
Multa navigat, gravis
Merce peregrina.

Urbs illustris veterum
Laudibus, praeclara
Navitis impavidis,
Minervae haud ignara,

Dives auctis opibus
Anxio labore,
Praedita per aevum sis
Prudentia et candore.

Omnes nos discipuli,
Quoquo pervagemur
Semper tuis laudibus,
Schola, gloriemur.

Semper tui memores
Nominis vivamus ;
Semper esse decori
Tibi studeamus.

Chorus—
Taodunum floreat ;
Floreat mercatura ;
Floreas, schola nobilis,
Aeternum sis mansura.

G.R.M.

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

CENTENARY NUMBER

1834-1934

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DUNDEE

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(Block by courtesy of "Dundee Courier and Advertiser.")

DUNDEE PUBLIC SEMINARIES.

THE DIRECTORS of the DUNDEE PUBLIC SEMINARIES hereby announce, that the NEW BUILDINGS will be OPENED on Wednesday the 1st of October next,—when the following branches of Education will be taught,—viz.

SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

BY MR M'LAREN—

1. A Junior Class for Mathematics, Theoretical and Practical,—viz. Elements of Geometry; Algebra; Plain Trigonometry, with its application to the mensuration of heights and distances; Navigation, &c.; Mensuration of Surfaces and Solids, &c.
2. A Senior Class for the higher branches of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry.

BY MR ROY—

3. Junior Class for Arithmetic, in Theory and Practice; Bookkeeping, Geography, and English Composition.
4. A Senior Class for the extension of these branches; and for Civil History, Moral Philosophy, and Logic.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

BY MR BLACK—

First and Second Classes—Latin and Modern Geography.

BY MR LOW—

Third Class—Latin, Ancient Geography, and English Composition.

Fourth and Fifth Classes—Latin, Greek, Antiquities, and English Composition.

DEPARTMENT FOR MODERN LANGUAGES—

BY MR LEGENDRE.

Classes for the French, Spanish, German, and Italian Languages.

DRAWING DEPARTMENT—

MR D. A. ANDREWS.

Classes for the several branches of Drawing, Painting, &c.

ELEMENTARY DEPARTMENT—

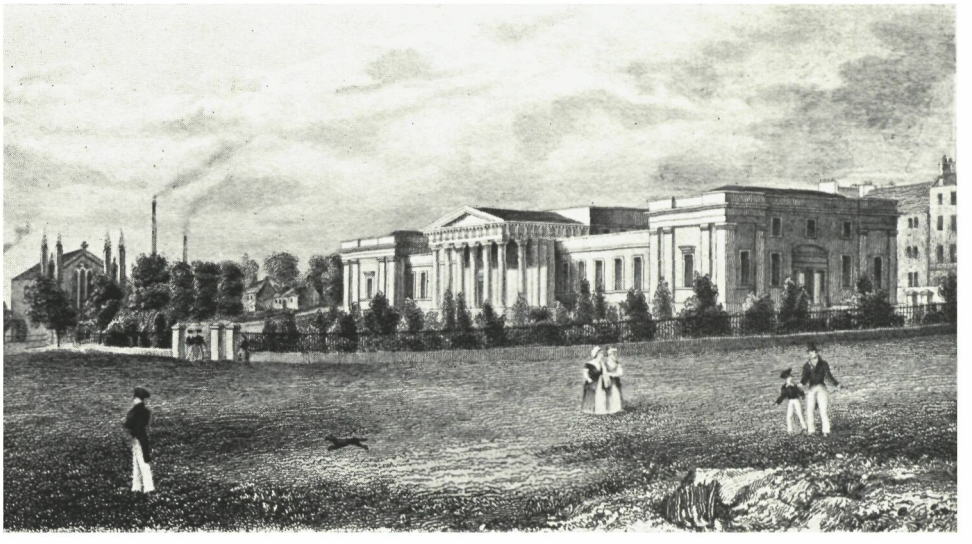
BY MR STEWART.

Classes for Arithmetic, Writing Plain and Ornamental, and Stenography.

BY MR CAMPBELL.

Classes for English Reading and Grammar, Elocution, Composition, and Geography.

N. B.—The Classical and Elementary Departments have already commenced in the former Class-Rooms, from whence they will be transferred to the New Buildings, against the beginning of October.



The New Public Seminaries,
Dundee, 1834.

The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 60] JUNE, 1934. [One Shilling

Editorial.

"Schola clara, hodie grato te laudemus
Nos alumni carmine, matrem quam fovemus."

MADAM, we congratulate you on attaining your hundredth year. Throughout the century that has passed, you have been a glory to yourself and to the town of which you are a worthy citizen. Your name has become famous throughout this our country of Scotland and, spreading even beyond our island kingdom, has been heard and revered in the outposts of our far-flung empire. Your sons have upheld your noble traditions in every walk of life, in times of peace, and in times of stress and strain alike. You are proud of them; they are equally proud of you. To-day we hail you, a centenarian, with honourable and arduous years behind you. We recall these years with pride, and their memory fills us with zest and energy to prove ourselves not unworthy of you.

"Gloria detur monachis qui te condidere
Gloria detur civibus qui te refecere."

On this day of celebration we must give the honour which is due, to those benefactors and public-spirited citizens who, by their munificence, set you in our city, stately and dignified, that your sons might drink of the pure well of knowledge, and in their good works glorify the name of Dundee. The monument of their generosity has stood the test of time. It has been added to and nobly maintained by the generations which have marched with you to your centenary. We must remember with them your servants, the teachers who have served and who still serve. Two rectors who grew old in your service, whose names will live along with yours, whose self-sacrificing energy and deeds of wisdom are beyond all praise, are gratefully remembered to-day. A third, who has but recently taken charge, is proving himself worthy of the succession. You are happy in your friends and servants.

"Edidisti plurimos gnaros disciplinae,
Res gerendi publicas, legum, medicinae."

You, your character, your nobility, your efficiency, are parts of the tradition we inherit. It is the embodiment of the spirit of eager search after knowledge and wisdom in its application which has animated you for the past hundred years. The success of your sons in all professions and occupations has proved your worth to the world. They have gained high distinction as professors and teachers, as administrators in our towns at home and in our possessions overseas, as lawyers and solicitors, doctors and surgeons, in every occupation indeed, for which a liberal education to train and stimulate the mind is a necessary foundation. The memory of your sons whose work is over, and the deeds and lives of those who hold responsible positions in the world of to-day, redound to your honour and provide an example to be emulated by the legionaries of the second century.

"Prisca nutrix militum, vincla qui rupere
Scotis, et pro patria bello cecidere."

In the annals of war, too, your name is glorious. In the little wars of the Empire, in which the map of the world was reddened

with the blood of the best and bravest of British birth, your sons helped to carry the flag through pestilential jungle and over parched veldt, and played their part in the consolidation and administration of the territories thus gained. Great though their sacrifice was, its memory has been all but eclipsed by the appalling loss of those whose names are carved in serried ranks on your noble memorial to those who fell in the Great War. Many of your most brilliant sons who, had they lived, would now, from positions of power and responsibility throughout the world, have been sending you their congratulations on your centenary, perished then, their youthful promise unfulfilled.

"The bloom, whose petals nipped before they blew
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste."

May their living memory serve instead.

"Semper tui memores nominis vivamus
Semper esse decori tibi studeamus."

We turn from the past and the glories of the past to your sons of to-day. The splendid tradition of a hundred years should give us confidence, and with it resolution, to do nothing unworthy of that tradition, but rather to uphold it and make the lamp of splendour burn yet brighter by tending it with eager diligence. The second century must be worthy of the first. With hope of this in our hearts we, your sons, lift up our voices in the cheerful song, swollen to-day by all the unheard spiritual voices of those who have passed on—

"Taodunum floreat; floreat mercatura;
Floreas, schola nobilis, aeternum sis mansura."

The School before 1834.

WHEN the present Boys' High School building was opened in 1834 it was called the Dundee Public Seminaries, to indicate that it housed not one but three separate and autonomous schools. Not till a generation later was the name Dundee High School adopted; not till 1882 was the process of unification completed by the appointment of one Rector for the whole school. So in one sense the High School is much younger than its official age. In another sense it is immeasurably older. The newest of the three schools which moved in a hundred years ago was the Academy, then almost sixty years old. It had had a chequered career since its foundation by the Town Council in 1785 "to instruct young gentlemen in mathematical learning, and the several branches of the science with which it is connected." Its first Rector, Mr James Weir, described as "a gentleman of considerable abilities, but rather a projector," laboured under the double handicap of an interest in the problem of perpetual motion and a liability to fits. It had closed down altogether in 1795, soon after the second Rector had gone to be a professor at Sandhurst. An opportune legacy enabled it to be re-opened in 1801, under a Rector, Thomas Duncan, who was a brilliant mathematician, but when Duncan left in 1820 to become Professor of Mathematics at St. Andrews it had again fallen on evil days. The Academy looked much older than its sixty years, for it was housed in a ruinous hospital which had been built by the Trinitarian Friars before the Reformation. No trace of the buildings now remains; St. Andrew's R.C. Cathedral now stands where the Dundee Academy once stood.

Far older was the English School, which the Town Council had established in 1702, but which had probably developed out of the Sang School, founded long before the Reformation. Its first local habitation was under the Old Steeple, in a building erected on the site of the vanished nave of St. Mary's Church, which had been battered down by the guns of the English invaders in 1547. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, when the site was required for St. Clement's Church, the school "flitted" a few yards farther west to a new building at the corner of the Nethergate and School Wynd, or Lindsay Street, as it was now called.

This building it shared with what was indisputably the oldest school in Dundee—the Grammar School. Its early history is literally lost in the mists of antiquity. The first glimpse we get of it is at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Some time between 1219 and 1225 Gilbert, Bishop of Brechin, gave a charter to the abbot and monks of Lindores,

DUNDEE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
St. Clement's Lane.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

in which he confirmed all grants which his predecessors had made to the monastery, including the right of appointing a vicar to the parish church of Dundee at a salary of ten pounds a year. But he added a clause which appeared in no previous charter: " They are also permitted to confer the schools of the same town upon whomsoever they please. (*Licet quoque eis scolas ejusdem ville cuicunque voluerint conferre.*)" In other words the masters in the school or schools of Dundee were henceforth to be appointed by the Abbot of Lindores. We may assume that Bishop Gilbert was not thinking simply of future contingencies, that when he affixed his seal " *ut hec omnia futuris temporibus firma permaneant et inconcussa*," a school was already in existence in the burgh.

About sixty years later, if we are to believe Blind Harry, it received the hero whom we regard as our most distinguished former pupil —William Wallace. According to the poet, while Wallace was still a boy his home at Elderslie was broken up by the invasion of Edward I. Wallace and his mother found shelter at his uncle's house at Kilspindie in the Carse of Gowrie. The story continues :—

" In till Dundee Wallace to school they send
Till he of wit full worthily was kenned."

We should like to believe the story, but Blind Harry wrote two hundred years after the date of the events which he professes to celebrate, and in addition was much given to lying. No earlier Scottish writer mentions it. Highly suspicious too is the absence of any reference to the tale in the sixteenth century History of Hector Boece, who was educated at Dundee Grammar School and who gloried in the name of *Deidonensis*. But if we can't be certain that the story is true we can't be certain that it is false, and when we sing

" *Prisca nutrix militum*
Vincla qui rupere
Scotis "

we shall still think of Wallace.

For centuries after the death of Wallace we hear little of the masters of the Grammar School, and that only when they got into trouble. In 1434, for example, the master, a priest called Gilbert Knight, found himself at loggerheads with the Bishop of Brechin. He appealed to the Abbot of Lindores, only to find that though the abbot had appointed him, he was supposed to take his orders from the bishop. He hurried to Brechin, apologised profusely to the Bishop, and resigned his post, confident that the bishop would be touched by his penitence and reinstate him. The bishop, unfortunately, took him at his word and appointed a new master in his place. Over a century later, in 1555, the Abbot of Lindores tried to dismiss the master, Thomas MacGibbon, because he had been teaching protestant doctrines to his pupils. The Town Council backed up the rector against the abbot; the abbot retaliated by excommunicating the councillors. In the end " the dog it was that died "; when in 1559 the Lords of the Congregation sacked the Lindores Abbey they made MacGibbon's position as master of the Dundee Grammar School secure.

After the Reformation the School flourished. The Queen herself made it a grant of ten pounds a year, and in 1589 the town council provided it with its first permanent home. Hitherto master and pupils had flitted from one hired room to another; now they had a school room after the latest model, a hall raised upon a vaulted basement and reached by an outside stair, where the master or rector and the doctors or assistant masters shouted at their classes simultaneously. This school in St. Clement's Lane was occupied for exactly two hundred years, and then as we have seen, the scholars migrated to a new building in School Wynd. One of the rectors, David Lindsay, became the first Bishop of Edinburgh, and was a target for Bibles and fauld-stools in the famous St. Giles' riot in 1637—perhaps some of his former pupils were in the congregation. Another, Patrick Lyon, was forced to resign, because during the Fifteen Rebellion, he had been present at a service at which prayers were offered for the Old Pretender.

What of the boys? The name Grammar School shows that the chief and almost the only subject of their studies was Latin. Before the Reformation, except for a rare sermon in the vernacular, Latin was the only language heard in church; long after the Reformation Latin remained the language of diplomacy, the language of instruction in the universities, and the language in which almost every serious book—history, scientific or theological treatise—was written. Without Latin nobody could claim to be an educated man. But the school taught one or two other subjects;

in a syllabus of 1562 " oratorie " or rhetoric, " moral letters," " gude manners and cumlie order " appear beside Latin poetry and grammar. A little later, Greek was added. Pupils were expected to enter the school at the age of eight, and to stay for seven years, two years longer than was customary in other Scottish schools; in 1773, however, a five years' course became the rule, and at the age of thirteen or fourteen the callow fledgling left school for the university. During all his school life he had probably had only two teachers; each of the three doctors or assistants taught one class for three years on end, after which the rector took command of it for another two years.

If school life was short in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the school day was long: it began at 6 a.m. in summer and 7 a.m. in winter and lasted, with a break for breakfast and another for dinner, till six in the evening. There were no home lessons, however, as all " prep." was done in school. On the other hand, holidays were short—three weeks in summer, a day at New Year, and a day at the spring and autumn fasts. Christmas and Easter being regarded as Popish or pagan festivals, there were no Christmas or Easter vacations. Saturday was not a holiday; even on Sunday the pupils were expected to appear at school after attending two services in church, when the rector went over the heads of the sermon with them, made them sing a psalm, and examined them on the Catechism, sometimes in Latin, sometimes in English. They had one or two sports half-holidays, however, when they were marched to the Magdalen Green by one of the assistants, and marched back to school after two hours play.

It was not Sunday, but Monday that was the most dismal day of the week. On five out of the six school days there was no corporal punishment in Dundee Grammar School, but every Monday morning all those who had earned a thrashing in the previous week had to appear before the Rector to receive their reward. There might you see, in the words of an old set of rules drawn up in 1674, those " found swearing, breaking of the Sabbath, rebellious to their maisters, trowans from the school, runawayes from dissaplein . . . these that rydes horses especially in tyme of merkat and for those that frequent the shoor or shipps or boats." Among the trembling crowd would almost certainly be found one or two of the senior scholars, guilty of the offence of speaking English instead of Latin. They had probably been betrayed by one of their comrades, for the Rector was empowered to appoint " private clandestine captors " to report on the unwary Latinist who in the excitement of some schoolboy game forgot his Latin.

These rules, like almost all our information about the three schools which live on in the present High School, have been discovered in the old records of Dundee Town Council. We wish we had something more, a diary written by some seventeenth century rector or doctor, a bundle of schoolboy letters, something like that fragment of autobiography in which Scott described his misspent days at the High School of Edinburgh. We might have had it: we number Robert Fergusson the poet among our old boys, but though Fergusson wrote a little about his life as a student at St. Andrews, and much about his " daft days " in Edinburgh, he said not a word about the two years that he spent at Dundee Grammar School. For lack of such intimate documents the swiftly changing generations of schoolboys, the more slowly changing generations of masters, seem not real boys and men, but a procession of colourless phantoms. Yet they were once as we are.

R. L. MACKIE.

DUNDEE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
School Wynd.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

The Dundee Public Seminaries.

MR. MACKIE'S article brings the history of the Old Burgh schools down to 1834. For some years prior to this date it had become evident both to the Town Council and the citizens of Dundee that the educational needs of the rapidly growing Burgh were inadequately met by the three Burgh schools. In April, 1829, at a public meeting called to consider the situation, a proposal took shape that the schools of Dundee should be combined within one building. The Town Council had also been considering the situation, and following joint deliberations, the schools hitherto under the patronage of the Town Council were, under a new constitution, handed over to the control of a new body of Directors of whom 10 were chosen by the Town Council and 10 by the contributors or subscribers to the projected new buildings. Thus five years before the new school came into being, the three Burgh schools were under their new management. The first great task of the newly-constituted Board was to give effect to the decision that " The Magistrates and Town Council and all classes of the community shall unite in joint efforts for enlarging and improving the means of education in Dundee," and " that the several public schools of this Burgh shall form or be incorporated in and with the Public Seminaries to be erected."

The general history of the School during the last sixty or seventy years is fairly well recorded both from the administrative and the scholastic point of view, and the air is even now full of reminiscent numbers. In contrast little has been recorded about the School in its early decades, and the voices that might have told us of those distant days are long ago silent. The minute book of the Directors from 1829 onwards affords here and there some interesting material which sheds a slender light on the early days and inner working of the Public Seminaries.

At the outset the Directors threw themselves with great energy into the new undertaking. It is evident that they were zealous not only to provide a school which would thoroughly meet the educational needs of the Burgh, but they realised that a unique opportunity was afforded of erecting a building which would be a permanent and distinguished ornament to the Town. The site ultimately chosen, after two years of search, was on the north side of what was known as the Meadows, then a public common. The general conception was to place the School in a position facing the Town House so that it might form a dignified termination to a projected street, leading in a straight line to the Town House, for Reform Street was then non-existent. In a lengthy report on the advantages of the site one reads : " Thus would be presented to the stranger's gaze the *coup d'œil* of a highly ornamental space, appropriated to the most interesting and important of all uses—the moral and religious training and scientific education of the rising population of a great commercial city. . . ." Present pupils will read with some amusement one of the objections urged against the scheme.

It was foreseen that with the opening of a new thoroughfare leading conveniently to the High Street and the harbour, streams of traffic from outlying parts of the town would now flow towards the meadows and converge right in front of the new school. So the fear was expressed that " the persons of the scholars passing and re-passing to and from their studies will be exposed to the dangers, and their attention when at their studies distracted by the noise and tumult of a great thoroughfare."

Could those dear people but revisit the old school to-day at 9 a.m., or at the lunch period, what would be their thoughts as they watch with dumb astonishment the High School boy and girl adroitly negotiating the hurtling city traffic ! Doubtless they would concede that Dundee had at least bred a tolerably intrepid and agile type since their time.

The new building was designed and executed by Mr. George Angus, a distinguished Edinburgh architect, and the foundation stone was laid on 9th Aug, 1832, by Lord Kinnaird on a day that had been chosen to celebrate the passing of Earl Grey's Reform Bill ; this directs attention to the origin of the name of the new street, Reform Street.

Rapid progress was made with the building, and the School was opened on 1st October, 1834. From a notice in the *Dundee Courier*

of 27th September, 1834, it appears that the Directors had purposed marking the occasion by a procession of the pupils but decided to postpone this until the opening of the Earl Grey Dock, which was to take place in November. The newspaper continues : " The foundation stones of both of these undertakings having been laid on the same day, 9th August, 1832, naturally suggested to the Directors the propriety of deferring the opening of the Seminaries until the work should be completed."

A report in the *Dundee Advertiser*, 5th December, makes clear that owing to hitches in connection with the work at the harbour the dock was never formally declared open, and the paper remarks, " The grand procession is gone ! " Thus the boys and girls were deprived of their first promised holiday ! May one suggest to the Lord Provost as Chairman of the School to consider whether the deferred holiday was ever granted, and whether the demands of fair play should not be met, even at this remote date, by granting a holiday to the present pupils on an appropriate day.

The total cost of the building including playground and enclosure (not completed until 1837) was £10,000, the greater portion of this sum being obtained by public subscription. A glance at the plates showing the old Academy and Grammar School and the new building brings home vividly the magnitude of the undertaking so finely conceived by the Directors and so splendidly brought to completion. Assuredly the persevering and enlightened efforts of the Directors and the ungrudging liberality of the citizens of 100 years ago leave succeeding generations of citizens and scholars permanently in their debt. The work of the architect embodied in the old classic building will ever excite admiration, and the whole conception was moreover a model in town planning—the success in this respect being perhaps not unconnected with the fact that Mr. Angus who designed the School was also designer of Reform Street.

The name given to the School, " The Dundee Public Seminaries," was an entirely appropriate one, for, although housed under one roof, under one management, the three separate schools continued to lead, to all intents and purposes, a separate existence. The central rooms of the building were assigned to the Academy classes, mathematics and science subjects being taught in what are now the Science Lecture Room (Dott's) and Mr. M'Kenzie's room (Glassie's). The design of the Lecture Room follows the specification made by the Mathematical Master of the old Academy in 1831, including the recommendation that the " Seats ought to be arcs of circles and gradually rising above each other." The present private room of the Rector was then an apparatus room, while the upstairs present Chemical Laboratory was set apart to form a museum. A space underground, beneath the Lecture Room, served then as a Chemical Laboratory. It must have been a rather gloomy place, suggestive of an alchemist's abode and the " black art." The senior master in this Department was Mr. Alex. M'Laren, a distinguished mathematician, who had been appointed just a year previously after a searching examination by three university professors, two of them from St. Andrews and one from Edinburgh ; such was the system of appointing in those days.

The Grammar School was housed in the west wing ; here Richard Low (afterwards Dr. Low), whose portrait in marble now adorns the entrance vestibule of the School, taught Higher Latin and Greek. The English School, in which were taught the Three R's, occupied the east wing, and French and Drawing, which were Academy classes, were placed upstairs in the east wing.

The first time-table of the School is shown on the opposite page, and within its scope, a pupil was able to have a complete course of study such as we have nowadays. But it was more common then for a pupil to take any class or classes he pleased and many took only one subject. All they had to do was to go to the appropriate master and enrol. The School was organised more like a university than a modern school in which each pupil must adhere to a definite group of subjects. This system continued for many years and was to some extent still in vogue when the writer enrolled as a pupil nearly 50 years later. The late Robert Fleming, one of the most distinguished Old Boys of the School, who it will be recalled received the Freedom of the City five years ago, and whose munificent gift to the city is well remembered, has told how in the year 1856 he enrolled in the mathematical department at the age of

eleven and spent two years there before entering business at the age of 13. At that time in this Department there were taught Mathematics up to the calculus, Book-keeping, Physical Geography, Mechanics and Navigation (incidentally the Science Department still retains and uses the old sextant used in the Navigation classes.)

Had the masters been solely dependent on the salaries granted by the Board we could truly have said of them that they were " passing rich on forty pounds a year " ; but the teacher received in addition the fees collected from his pupils, the amount of the fee for each class being authorised by the Board. While practically all pupils took English and Arithmetic other subjects like Latin and Greek attracted few pupils and the gross salaries of the teachers were consequently absurdly unequal (a situation calculated to arouse jealousies). For example the teacher of writing and arithmetic had a salary of £20 but with 190 pupils his total salary reached £348.

The English master's reached £307. Mr. Low, teaching senior Latin and Greek, had a salary of £50, but with 20 pupils his total remuneration only reached £110, the lowest in the School. And greatest anomaly of all ! The teacher of Lower Latin, with a salary of £50, but with 36 pupils, claimed a total of £130, a remuneration greater than that of the teacher of senior Classics !

That they all worked assiduously for their pupils may well be taken for granted as the following may show : Nine o'clock was the normal opening hour of the School and we find this recorded of Mr. Low : " It thus appears that this indefatiguable teacher gives attendance in his classes from seven o'clock in

TIME-TABLE—THE NEW PUBLIC SEMINARIES, 1834.

TEACHERS.	9 to 10	10 to 11	11 to 12	12 to 1	1 to 2	2 to 3	3 to 4
Mr CAMPBELL	English Grammar and Geography	English Reading and Elocution.			English Reading and Elocution		English, Geography, History, and Composition for Ladies
Mr STEWART	Arithmetical Classes.		Ladies' Arithmetical Class	Writing		Ladies' Writing Class	Writing
Mr BLACK		1st and 2nd Latin Classes			1st Class	2nd Class	
Mr LOW	2nd Greek Class	3rd and 4th Latin, and 1st Greek Classes.			3rd and 4th Latin, and 1st Greek Classes.		2nd Greek Class
Mr LEGENDRE	1st French Class.	1st French Class for Ladies	Spanish	2nd French Class	2nd French Class for Ladies	German	2nd French Class
Mr ANDREWS		Painting		Drawing			
Mr ROY		Arithmetic and Book-keeping.			Geography, General Grammar, English Composition, History and Logic		
Mr M'LAREN		Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.			Mathematics and Algebra		

the morning till four in the afternoon in summer with intervals of two hours." Mr. Low evidently made his own summer time.

There was no Rector to the School in those days; some jealousy between the masters of the Academy and the Grammar School before the union as to precedence led the Directors to leave the appointment in abeyance. The teachers had thus a singular degree of freedom. In one instance this led to an amusing episode in which the Drawing master figured. It seems likely that the heating of such large rooms would present a difficult problem in those days, as it may sometimes do even now; in any case shortly after the School had been opened it happened that this master, evidently finding his room too cold, " without knowledge or consent of the Clerk of Works, cut an opening in the roof of his classroom to enable him to fit up a stove for heating the room." He was required to repair the damage and desist from making alterations in classrooms without the sanction of the Directors. The room referred to was probably the kitchen attached to the present Lunch Room (Dr. Wilson's room).

As early as 1831 the Board instituted a system of monthly visitations of the schools by committees of directors in rotation, and it is interesting to think that this system of visitation has continued, presumably without interruption, to the present time. The very first entry in the visiting committee's book, dated 17th March, 1832, evokes in me a sympathetic interest. The then Science master of the Academy was instructed " that he shall immediately get the apparatus room cleaned and the apparatus put in order . . . and shall report to that effect to the committee."

In lack of a Rector, the Board in 1840 appointed one of their own members to be Superintending Director with powers " to reform all abuses and irregularities."

Under this form of control the Public Seminaries continued till 1859, when important reasons led the Directors to obtain a " Charter of Incorporation " under which the name of the School was changed to " The High School of Dundee."

For some years prior to 1882 the " rectorial duties " were performed in rotation by one of the Headmasters, known as " The Censor," and this system prepared the way for the appointment of the first Rector in 1883, when George Ross Merry was appointed, and the School entered upon a new era of its history.

I complete this attempt to bring together what little is known about the School in its very early days by giving the names of the eight first and second masters.

In 1840 the staff consisted of :—

Classics : Low and Thomson.

English and Arithmetic : Campbell and Stewart.

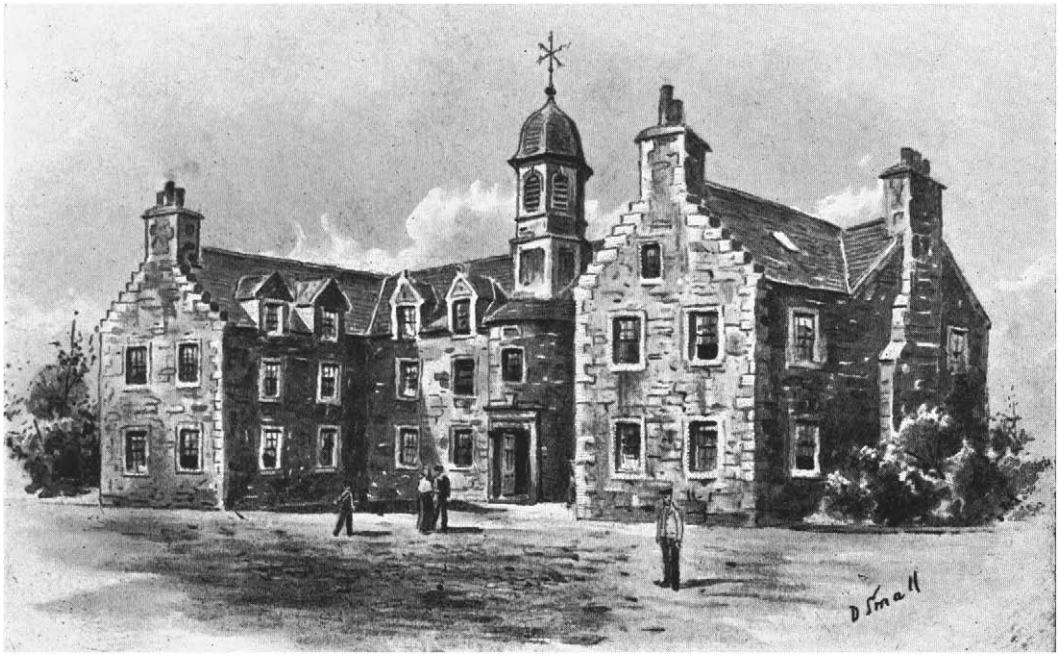
Mathematics and Science Subjects : M'Laren and Roy.

French : Christisson.

Drawing : Andrew.

No class or scholastic records have been preserved that would enable us to assess the work of these teachers, but we doubt not that they performed their tasks with assiduity and loyalty; that they were laying foundations upon which later generations have built. Their task was difficult compared with that of a present-day teacher, for many influences have combined since then to mellow the atmosphere of the classroom. They were men esteemed by their fellow citizens and pupils; some very few of our more patriarchal " old boys "—fathers of the School—will still remember one or two of them with affection, and in this centenary year we would allow our thoughts to rest in gratitude on those early masters in their pioneering work.

T. S. MURRAY.



DUNDEE ACADEMY,
The Hospital, Nethergate.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

A School Without a Head.

PERHAPS this is not quite a correct description of the High School of my time; like the fabled Hydra it might be said to have had nine heads, and if the schoolboy had not, like Hercules, to tackle the whole nine at once, he had at least to stand up to some six or seven each day. The system was a very peculiar one, and it did not exist elsewhere in Scotland, at least to such an extent or to such a late date. It was not without its advantages both to teachers and taught, especially to the former, for these nine masters were equal in power and dignity, and received equal and generous remuneration for their services.

It is a long time ago now and I was a very small boy when I was enrolled as a pupil in Class 2, but I have a dim recollection of paying fees to each master whose Department I attended. Pupils did not necessarily have their whole school-day occupied with classes; some took only one or two; Drawing, in particular, had many of these pupils. I suppose the Masters pocketed the fees and paid their own assistants; so, as some of them had more pupils than others, their emoluments would vary. The largest Department was that of Writing, with which was combined Arithmetic for girls. All through the Victorian Era this must have been *the* Department, and a huge gold-lettered board at the back of the main class-room had inscribed on it the names of the pupils who had been Dux in Writing and Arithmetic for many years back. Here one master held sway for over fifty years, setting copies on the blackboard in a beautiful copper-plate hand, skipping lightly from desk to desk through the long room, presenting a lozenge to any boy who coughed and caning anyone who made any other sound. He received fees from almost every pupil in the school, and, as he also sold Arithmetics, Copy-books, pencils and writing material, we used to calculate that he must make a pretty tidy income. But I really was surprised to hear, many years after, that he had left an estate worth over ninety thousand pounds.

I think that the masters of these days must have engaged and paid their own assistants. The stipends of these assistants must have been very meagre, perhaps ranging from sixty pounds a year upwards. Their qualifications were sometimes very meagre too; they were not all University men, and even when they were so, they sometimes only taught for a year or two before entering some other profession, usually the Church. There was a succession of unhappy Frenchmen who showed a pathetic inability to cope with the high spirits of their pupils and had to submit to a merciless ragging. The big Writing Department required two assistants, both of whom met their death by drowning after leaving the profession, one when the first Tay Bridge fell and the other while acting as a steward on a D.P. & L. boat. One assistant became a Bandmaster in a Volunteer regiment, another fell upon evil days and died in a common lodging-house; another still, more fortunate and gifted with a real aptitude for teaching, died quite recently, after teaching for nearly sixty years.

Later on, an inclusive fee was charged for the complete curriculum, discipline was tightened up, and pupils were no longer allowed to leave school during school hours; if they had a free period, they had to do preparation in another class-room. Before this, I used to roam all over the city, while my classmates were learning French; it was during one of these free periods that I saw the great fire in Arklay Street, when four firemen lost their lives, and during another I heard the first news of the British victory at Tel-el-Kebir. The masters now appointed one of their number each year to act as Censor, and under his chairmanship the masters constituted the Censor's Court, something like the Senatus of a University. None of us knew what transpired at these meetings, but there were dark whispers of flagrant offenders being summoned there for judgment and even being expelled from school by its orders.

But each master still remained uncontrolled head of his own Department, and each piled on the work as if no other department but his own existed. Perhaps that is still done. Some of them persistently disregarded the school bell, and then a polite interchange of notes took place between the Heads concerned, usually without result. At the end of the

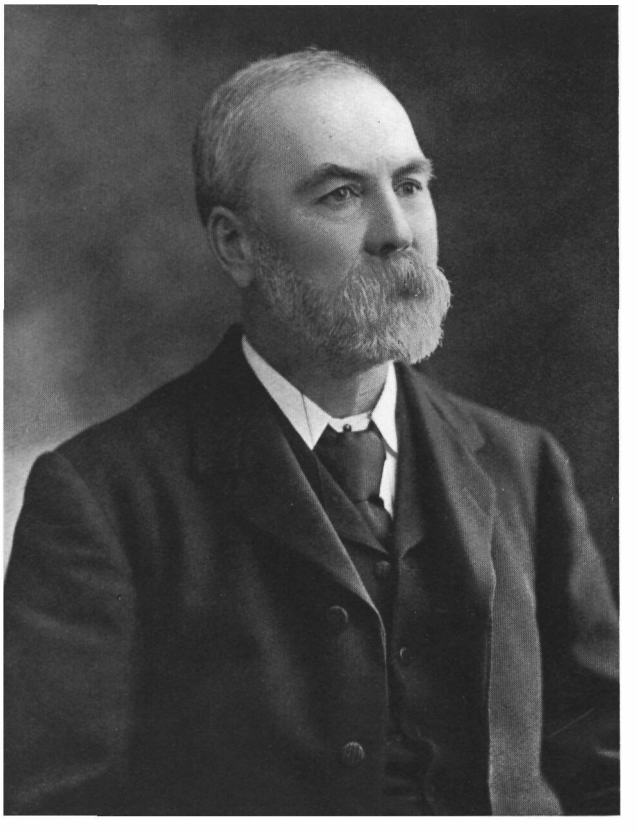
Session each Department held its own closing Exhibition—we called it the Examination Day. Four days were necessary to avoid clashing, and each forenoon, dressed in our Sunday best, some of us even wearing a flower in a curious contrivance called a "bouquet-holder," we repaired to the appropriate class-room, where, before an admiring crowd of parents and friends, we were put through our facings by the teacher, and the roaring lion of ordinary days cooed like the sucking dove. In Latin and Greek the audience mainly consisted of clergymen, who made a great show of interest and understanding, and smiled encouragement on our rather feeble renderings of Virgil and Homer. Then, in the afternoon, after an adjournment to Lamb's, came the presentation of prizes by some well-known gentleman, followed by speeches, votes of thanks, etc., and interspersed with recitations, songs and dramatic pieces in the Language Classes. One might go home on each of the four days with an armful of prizes.

No one could accuse the boys of these days of being "hen-raised"—nor even the girls, for there was not a single lady teacher in the school, with the exception of two who taught Sewing. So closely did these ladies keep to the seclusion of their room that during all my schooldays I never set eyes on them. But before I left school the Directors thought fit to appoint a Lady Superintendent, whose special business was to look after the "deportment" of the girls, not to teach them. Perhaps she was needed, but the boys—and for all I know, the girls too—resented this feminine intrusion and regarded it as a down-come for our virile and man-ruled school. Perhaps we felt that if once a beginning were made, the women would come in like a flood, and this is what *has* happened, for I find that to-day there are almost equal numbers of men and women on the Staff. Sometimes the Lady Superintendent would come into a mixed class and take her seat behind the girls, and then we would show our disapprobation audibly—before the master came in, of course—and we chuckled inwardly when the master would politely request her to go on some errand for him, and our hearts went out to him, as man to man.

The nine Heads of my time were all men, one might say, all Supermen. They presided over the following Departments: English (at first there was a separate Department for girls); Latin and Greek; French; German and Latin (girls); Science; Drawing; Writing and Arithmetic (girls); Algebra and Arithmetic; Euclid and Trigonometry. We never spoke of Mathematics; the subject was divided into water-tight compartments and taught by different teachers in different rooms. Naturally we found ourselves behind in this subject on going to the University, and it was only after the different branches were unified that the school began to show its prowess in this subject.

I just stayed at school long enough to see the end of this system and the appointment of the first Rector. But I was never in a class taught by that Rector and I don't think he even knew me by sight. So whatever I learned at school, I learned under this peculiar system and from the men who made it workable and successful. The masters were all men of wide experience and conspicuous ability; they were free to develop their individuality in their methods of teaching and organisation; and yet they worked together as a loyal and well-disciplined team for the good of the school. They had been colleagues for many years—there were no changes among them during my eight years at school—and they knew the amount of give-and-take that was necessary between them. So the work went on smoothly and harmoniously. Outside Examinations did not much trouble them or us; there were no Government Inspectors; there was no inter-school rivalry or advertising of results. There were other schools in the city, we knew—there was one just across the road from the boys' gate—but we regarded them as lesser breeds without the law. The High School drew its pupils from every class and knew no class distinctions.

There have been many changes in the teaching profession since these days, and on looking back I am struck with the tremendous difference between our old masters and the teachers of to-day. The former were essentially Victorian—mid-Victorian—and represented all that was dignified and impressive in that happy, if stodgy, era. I can still think of nothing more awe-inspiring than the arrival of the Staff at school each morning. Like Olympians, they mostly dwelt remote from the haunts of common men in the refined and spacious atmosphere of Broughty Ferry.



GEORGE ROSS MERRY, Esq., M.A., LL.D.,
Rector, The High School of Dundee, 1883-1903.

Punctually at ten minutes to nine a small procession advanced up Euclid Crescent to the boys' gate. With stately and dignified tread, two by two they came, each with his glossy silk hat and neatly-rolled umbrella, the rear being brought up by two mere assistant masters, who wore a sort of compromise between a top-hat and a bowler. Individually they were not impressive—two were very fat and one walked with an ungainly limp—but the combined effect was tremendous and solemnising, and I used to wonder that common passers-by did not instinctively doff their hats or raise a cheer. How different from the teachers of to-day who pass along the streets undistinguished, unrecognised and unregarded.

On thinking the matter over, I have come to the conclusion that what made the great difference was these great twin assets of Victorian impressiveness, toppers and whiskers. All our masters, with one exception, were bearded and bewhiskered, we never really saw their faces as we do those of our own generation of teachers. Without this growth of face-fungus, I believe, they would have been as Samson shorn of his locks. Our only clean-shaven teacher—an assistant master—we regarded as a poor, pitiful creature, whose most passionate outbursts passed unheeded over our heads. We sometimes see ribald pictures of Dickens, Browning and other celebrities as they would have appeared, if the safety razor had been invented in their day, and we feel that after all our idols had feet of clay. And if some fine morning these old masters had taken it into their heads to shave —but—— No !—imagination boggles at the thought and we must not dethrone them from their pedestals. For they were great gentlemen all and kept the standard of the school at a high level during one of the most successful periods of its history. All of them, with one possible exception, have long departed from these mortal scenes, but their memory still remains fresh in the hearts of many who owed to them their first introduction to the realms of language, literature and science, and who liked them all the better for the foibles and harmless affectations of the age they lived in. Of this number I am one, for I myself am a Midvic and proud of it too.

W. A. T.

The High School of Dundee, 1918-1934.

A FEW months ago now I was privileged to take part in the celebrations commemorating the 350th anniversary of the founding of the University of Edinburgh. Sir J. M. Barrie, as Chancellor, presided, and at the Graduation Ceremony, at which delegates from all over the world were present to offer their congratulations and express the esteem in which the scholarship of Edinburgh is held, he likened the University to an old lady, a mother and grandmother, with her children gathered round her that day in devotion and homage, and she herself proud and yet a little amazed, for the children were so many and diverse. His speech was at once reminiscent and forward-looking, and as he spoke a line of Latin, suggested partly by the tenour of his words and partly, possibly, by the singing of Gaudeamus immediately before, came into my mind, a line which bids man think but mortal thoughts :—

" Summa vitae brevis nos vetat spem incohare longam " :

" Life's brief tale forbids us cherish
Hopes that reach too far ahead."

Did those few men on whom John Knox's ideal laid compelling hold imagine or foresee that on the day when they inducted John Rollock principal and professor of the Tounis College built on Kirk o' Field, they were beginning a work which should share as only few can in moulding a nation's life from age to age and stamping its ideals throughout the Western World ? What was it in them that gave that far-spreading vision (for the vision they must have seen, I felt) and bade them dare the Latin tag ? The answer does not matter here, but again as I read of the centenary of the building of the present High School of Dundee and recollected the School's proud history which we are calling to mind this year, the thought struck me with a double force. For Edinburgh's long lineage is short compared with ours. 1220—1583—1934 : a whole epoch of the world's culture lies between the first two dates (and who can say if it be

not greater than the succeeding) and Edinburgh is but the daughter of such as we. We are indeed all of us traditionalists at heart, and never more than on such occasions as these : no one but would challenge as a slight on his dearest honour suspicion cast on our cherished tradition of Sir William Wallace. The School which nurtured him may justly claim our praise to-day, and we should be untrue to her and her ideals were we silent on her advance and development in the course of these 700 years. But this theme's due commemoration is the task of others ; my privilege is to set down some thoughts on the School as it was in my own time, and record in sketch its expansion and achievements in the post-war period.

We came into the School amid all the unnatural conditions of a war period. We had been brought up on thoughts of war ; our games were the games of war ; the whole body of our earliest impressions was unconsciously coloured by the abnormality of war-times to a degree which we are only now, as we grow up and come in contact with other times and other nations, realising. And not only we, but those members of the staff also who had served at the front and were returning, differed in many ways from those who had gone before. But we were saved from many dangers by the wise guidance which regulated the conduct of the School at that time. Of one thing I am particularly proud, that at no time do I recollect hearing one word that was unfairly derogatory of those who had been our enemies. Had the same spirit been shown everywhere, the task laid on us of the younger generation to-day would have been very greatly lightened. For me to speak at any length of those who guided the School during these post-war years and not only maintained the standard of the past, but went on to fresh developments and triumphs, would be an unpardonable impertinence and breach of taste, for most of them we are glad to have still with us—there are stories of some of them I should love to tell ; of one master whose attendance at the School dance should never have been permitted, for it gave him material—for linguistic illustration, forsooth—for the rest of the term ; of another for whose room a black cat had a mysterious love ;—but let them not catch their breath in fear ; I shall be discreet. But of others, those who are retired or no longer connected with the School, I may make mention, for by the boys of my time they cannot be forgotten, like Dott and Glass of the older period. Daddy Sturrock had gone just before I came, but one was not long without hearing of him ; Easton Valentine was in his last year or so of the headmastership of the English Department ; James Mackie Smith—a very parfait gentle knight—was teaching art, and by his own personality and true gentlemanliness infinitely more than art ; and Robert Barr, Classics, and Hans Dennler, French—there must be many who like myself owe their introduction to the finer things of the spirit and the realm of human thought and endeavour to one or other of these men. Three especially the School was fortunate to have with her till very recently—Miss Anderson, who so long exercised her gentle power over the Girl's School ; Dr. Murray, who in Class VI. was a wonderful man with the power of changing blue paper to pink by the simple process of pouring water over it, and to all classes a delightful lecturer at the Lit. on " Mists, Fogs, and Hazes " ; and Mr. Maclennan, for 30 years Rector, whose retirement in 1932 marks an epoch in the School's history. Him we approached with awe, which was not altogether our fault. But we—at least those of us who still have his friendship—know better now and can deeper appreciate. Largely due to him was the maintenance of the old Scottish ideal of education as culture and a possession to defend one against one's job or vocation, in contrast with the crude realism of many modern minds which would aim at turning out from our schools pupils already half-way through their apprenticeship to their work. Only when I came to be under one of the greatest teachers of Greek whom Scotland has had, Alexander William Mair of Edinburgh, to whose influence, though it was only for one short session, I owe more than I can estimate, did I begin to understand how John Maclennan's instruction comprised a great deal more than the grammar of Greek. I may not dwell on these men, nor need I, for the fruit of their labours and the proof of the standard they set have been abundantly shown of recent years. Not merely has the School sent forth its complement of scholars who will yet play worthy parts in the business and civic life of our own town and in other cities at home and

abroad, but there has come up to the Universities, and in particular to Edinburgh here, a brilliant band which has made the High School of Dundee known far beyond its own immediate district. University College, Dundee, and St. Andrews have claimed their share with men like Patrick D. Ritchie and Duncan B. M'Kenzie, and women students of the capacity of Evelyn R. L. Gow and Janet Sinclair. But it is at Edinburgh that their presence has been most realised. Here in Scotland's great home of learning and culture, to say nothing of the University's affiliated colleges, there has been a steady stream of brilliant students from 1927 onwards—David Maxwell, who crowned his promise as Dux of the School with a first-class Honours Degree in Classics; Evelyn R. Robertson, his successor in both these respects; her brother Allan, a mathematician, and sister Enid, who gained the distinction of being the first girl to take the coveted first place in the Edinburgh Open Bursary Competition. In that year (1930) and the following, the School in fact repeated its unique triumph of the 1911-1913 period (the three successive years when a High School boy topped the Bursary List) for not only did the first place, but the second as well come to it in 1930 with George E. Davie, while in the following competition my cousin, George C. Stalker, again was first bursar; after him came Margaret Stewart and Mary K. Borland, both of whom took high places, and in the results of last month William Mathieson brought further and coveted honour to Dundee. Of such a company any school might be proud, and we in Edinburgh no longer contemplate with awe another famous Scottish school which boasted till lately of five Cabinet Ministers all alive. I heard the other night of a story told at a school dinner here recently. Slightly over a hundred years ago a well-known Edinburgh school had the most part of its pupils drawn from the ranks of the nobility of Scotland. But it chanced that a commoner was admitted, and he, on being asked how he felt himself at home amongst the others and how he reacted to the tradition, replied with a snort, " H'm, " nisi dominus frustra " *—it's perfectly true: " unless you're a lord, it's no use at all." We of Dundee High School perhaps don't yet claim to be lords of Edinburgh University's academic honours and merit list, but we are in a fair way to acquiring a " ' dominus '-complex " !

*The motto of the School :—" Unless the Lord (built the house, they labour) in vain (that build.")

But the development of the School in the post-war years has not been only on the academic side, but in athletics as well. Others have no doubt written of this, but I may be allowed to allude to the three great advances of the period, and another truimph. The first of the advances was the new pavilion. We did work for that ! Concerts, collections, sales of work, bazaars, every manner of thing. One part of it will never be forgotten, a jumble sale held in Blackscroft, into which fond High School parents emptied the junk of generations, it must have been. We went round the town in motor lorries collecting it and taking it to Blackscroft; we spent a Saturday morning pricing the articles; we arranged them neatly classified on tables; we planned how we would act. At half-past two the doors were opened; an inundation poured in; a London sales counter was nothing to it; sellers were pressed between the tables till they could hardly breathe; never less than six customers were attended to at the same moment; in fifteen minutes the hall was cleared ! Do you pupils of the present time in the luxury of your innumerable sprays and baths and the plenitude of your lockers, realise how we, the heirs of two small hand-basins in a ramshackle wooden shed, slaved that you might revel and forget us ? Then the new ground was added in 1924 and the house system devised, and the combination of both, together with the enthusiasm of the younger members of the staff, has vastly improved the standard of Rugby in the Dundee district. The extended use of the playing field during the last few years has influenced the life and character of the School far beyond the Arbroath Road gates. For the relations between masters and boys have been almost revolutionised. The older masters may still retain somewhat of their Olympian dignity, but the man whom you bring down in a hard tackle at Rugger and who licks you at golf becomes something more than a teacher. Mention of golf reminds one of the institution (after years of trying) of the golf team, which always finishes the season undefeated, the envy of all the other branches of athletics in the School and the despair of every school in

the district. But as distinct from these developments and advances, the great triumph on this side of the School's life has been the winning, three years in succession, in competition with schools from the whole of Scotland, of the Strathcona Shield for Rifle Shooting. And shooting calls to mind Sergt. Major Woolaway—"Wags," as he was affectionately called, for a reason still unknown to me. It is a few years now since his erect soldierly figure passed from classroom to classroom for the last time, and now, I think, he has gone to a higher service. He was a venerable, kindly man, and a veritable part of the School.

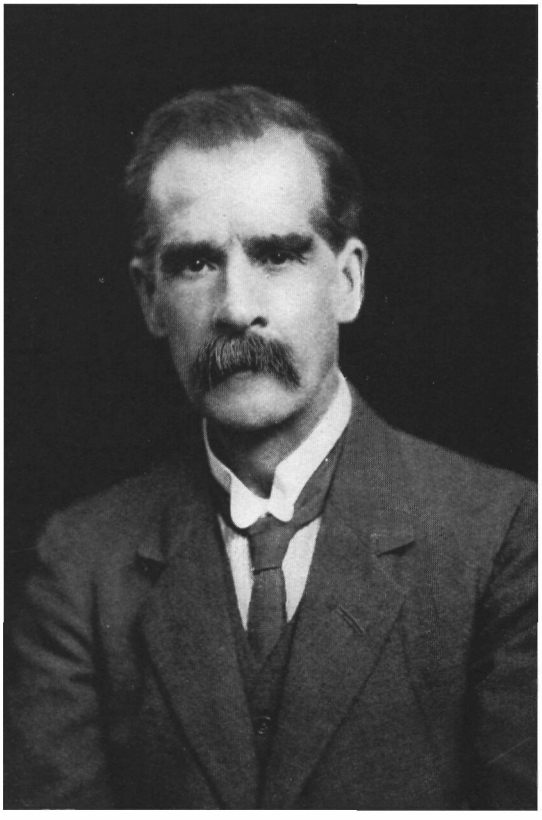
Of the third development of the School in recent times, I may make only passing note. I refer to the founding of the Old Boys' and Old Girls' Clubs, to keep us together once we part after schooldays. Might I offer two suggestions?—first, that the Clubs try to associate themselves more with the present pupils in the School, bringing themselves more effectively into notice, perhaps by endowing class or leadership prizes or further awards for athletics, and by the influence that they could exert on the Board of Directors; secondly that the club centres in towns outside Dundee be made really effective. In that respect nothing is done at present.

* * * * *

We have been looking in retrospect, and perhaps become over-reminiscent. But at a centenary, which is more than a centenary, even we youngsters are allowed to look back —and it *is* a long time since we were at School, some of us—recollect that it was only in our last years that wireless became common. I was in Class VIII. when we gathered together in the Science Lecture Room one evening to hear wireless for the first time. It was Maxwell Kippen's doing. He had stacks of apparatus and miles of wire, but no sound came. But just when we had kept our patience as long as we could and were thinking hard thoughts of the operators, suddenly clear strains of music came penetrating through the room, and we heard "Annie Laurie" as never before. . . . It was only later that we could prove our suspicion that Max, resourceful ever, had had a gramophone set ready in the playground at the back *just* in case anything should go *wrong!*

These pillars at the top of Reform Street have stood for a hundred years now, and surely their position in that spot is not without its symbolism in the life of Dundee. Round them cluster shrines of Religion and Art, and Seats of Commerce and Industry and Manufacture are within a stone's throw of their gates. Is it insignificent that the Town's School should be in the centre there? Perhaps we make the mistake of not magnifying ourselves enough in the life of our town, or it may be that our very quietness and lack of ostentation and self-display accomplishes the most for us and others. However it is, these pillars stand for something very real, for they mean the permanence of an unbroken tradition of scholarship and insistence on qualities of mind and character which were never more required than amid the disquiet and unrest of modern life, and the change and the heedless surrender of the past and its values, which the removal of the Pillars at the other end of Reform Street typifies. Our Pillars are the pillars of the Parthenon of Athens, and our ideals have been largely the ideals of Greece transplanted on our native Scottish soil. We have sought for breadth of outlook, for freedom of thought, for culture and the graces of a gentleman, and some of us found them in our Parthenon. The temple of Athens was the work of the hand of Pericles, and in after years the temple brought Athens into war with a state whose ideals were other, and it fell to Pericles to comfort the mourning city. And the words which he employed are words which, adapted slightly, we, the younger ones of us, might well imagine these Pillars addressing to us, as we now not only commemorate our fathers and our Alma Mater, but turn to face, with a certain apprehension and fear, the tasks for which she has sought to prepare and equip us. After telling how every land is the sepulchre of famous men and how they are not only commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own land, but in lands abroad as well there dwells an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone but on the hearts of men, Pericles goes on to say: "Make them your examples, and esteeming courage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war. . . . Great, I see, will be the struggle to emulate them."

DAVID M. G. STALKER.



JOHN MACLENNAN, Esq., M.A.,
Rector, The High School of Dundee, 1904-1932.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

Greetings from Former Pupils.

CITY CHAMBERS,
DUNDEE, *21st May*, 1934.

IAN M. BAIN, Esq., M.A., B.A.,
Rector,
High School, DUNDEE.

DEAR Mr. BAIN,

As Chairman of the Directors at this important stage in the School's History, I must needs comply with your request for a short message for your Centenary number of the Magazine.

One hundred years seems a long time, and yet one has always had the impression that the High School has been established in Dundee for several centuries and certainly more than one.

Have we not been told that William Wallace received his education at our school, and even one with a poor memory for dates remembers that it is 600 years since he fought for Scottish Independence ?

The period of 100 years is still a long time to look back upon with the great changes that each century brings. It is difficult for us to compare this century in which we have lived with its predecessors, but so violent have been the actions and reactions in it that it is impossible to conceive of any other, with the possible exception of the first of the Christian Era that has been so far reaching in its results.

The Text Books in use some 40 to 50 years ago when I was a pupil are to-day so obsolete in nearly every class that to compare them with those in use to-day is like comparing black with white.

Teachers have come and gone, but few passed through the school without leaving some impress on the school life. We pay tribute to one or another of these teachers, to whom we owe more than we sometimes realise. It is possibly due to them that the current of our lives has been diverted into channels we little dreamt of in our early days.

Few of the fellow scholars have passed through the school without leaving their mark upon its life, and out from the school they have gone into every part of the world, carrying with them the school spirit.

A spirit of determination to uphold the honour of the school is the legacy they have left to the scholars of to-day and future years.

Honoured after 100 years of service the school goes forward to greater endeavours, and it is up to all of us Directors, Teachers and Scholars alike to do what we can to extend its usefulness realising that it is by our work future generations will judge the High School of Dundee.

I am,
Yours sincerely,
W. M. BUIST, *Lord Provost.*

A Message from Sir Alfred Ewing.

I GLADLY respond to the request for a message to my old School on the occasion of its centenary.

Any such message should be, and is, one of gratitude as well as goodwill. I owe much to the High School of Dundee and its masters for the spirit they engendered and the habits of work they contributed to form. Like other boys I found it easy to learn what immediately interested me. One did that out of school and needed no spur. It was quite another thing to discover the joy of coping with a task where the matter itself did not attract. I think that is the best lesson a boy can be taught.

I am grateful too for the start the School gave me towards the profession of Engineering. Not by any premature teaching of the subject ; happily there was no attempt at that. But its parting gift—just sixty-three years ago—was to make me the first holder of a scholarship endowed by the Misses Baxter of Balgavies for the purpose of sending a High School boy to study Engineering at the University of Edinburgh where their brother, Sir David Baxter, had already established a professorship. Since then many another boy must have passed into the profession through the same door, and blessed—as I do—the kind old ladies who opened it.

When I first knew the School it seemed no less ancient than to-day : its spacious dignity and classic portals fitted it then as now to be a temple of learning. It stood more alone, for in those days the site of the Albert Institute

was a swamp where I used to watch piles being driven to make foundations possible. The approach was by Reform Street; but the reformers—who were to come later—had not arrived. We were in fact delightfully unreformed. There was no curriculum to bother about nor any inspectors or certificates. A master could follow his own bent. There was an eclecticism on the part of parents of which I feel sure the Rector (whose office is a product of the reforming epoch) would not approve. But for a boy who got part of his education at home it was profitable as well as pleasant to be able to pick and choose. My memories are vivid of teachers who (only in the spiritual sense) left their mark—of Dott and Millar, of Durlac and Imandt, of John Kennedy, and of the venerable Doctor Low, whose frail body seemed incongruous as the tabernacle of so resolute a soul. These are legendary figures now: it is good to think that some of their characteristics have been recorded by a sympathetic pen. When I recall them I wonder whether the modern teacher means equally much to the modern boy.

An old man's temptation to become *laudator temporis acti* is notorious and must be resisted. The reforms began after my time: I am not sorry to have escaped them though I admit they were inevitable.

I do not doubt that the School—changing from time to time as all permanently efficient things must change—will continue to play its beneficent part in the shaping of human lives and will find an abiding reward in the affection and the gratitude of generations yet unborn.

From Sir James Walker.

I ENTERED the High School in 1873 at the age of ten. In those days there was no school curriculum and each department had its independent head. In selecting classes the main object which the boys, if not their parents, had in mind was to secure if possible two consecutive play hours. By resolutely avoiding classics I was in some years fortunate enough to attain the desired end. In retrospect the teaching seems to me to have been very good indeed. English (Mr. Charles), French (Mr. Durlac) and Science (Mr. Young) standing out specially in my memory. A few years before I left school (in 1879) a science department was instituted under Frank W. Young, a young man full of enthusiasm and an inspiring teacher who instilled into many of us boys an enduring love for science. Mr. Young, in addition to his school duties, conducted evening science classes in the Y.M.C.A. buildings of the town, and there, with a number of my old school fellows, I attended lecture and laboratory courses in continuation of what we had done under him at school.

When I entered the University of Edinburgh in 1882, my leaning was towards Chemistry. The elementary class of Chemistry was then attended almost entirely by medical students, and the first year's practical instruction was a rigid mechanical system of test-tubing, of no practical or educational value, and much below the level of the instruction I had had years before under Mr. Young.

It is a great pleasure to me still to see from time to time this old teacher and friend, now doyen of the High School Masters.

As a message to present pupils let me express the wish that they find their school days as pleasant and enjoyable as I found mine some five-and-fifty years ago.

JAMES WALKER.

From Prof. Alexander M'Kenzie.

WHENEVER I pass those dignified pillars of the High School of Dundee, I invariably think of silk hats, and from the dim and distant past there emerge as in a dream the figures of our respected masters attired in what we youngsters regarded as the last word in sartorial exactitude: Charles, Wilson and Merry who inspired us with a love for the beautiful in English and classical literature, the scholarly Imandt, those kindly mathematicians, Dott and Miller, who tried their best to make some of us as methodical as they themselves were, and, last but not least, Young, the sole survivor of this glorious band. Half a century has elapsed, the silk hats are no longer seen—even Dott's cane has been relegated to the archives—but cherished memories remain of men to whom we owe much, and of friendships amongst ourselves which are precious to us.

As teachers the men to whom I have referred, one and all of them, were superlatively fine. It was not that they simply crammed us for those examinations which we took in our

stride; mere success in this was a small thing, but what we learned from them was much more, namely, the disinterested pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, a pursuit which brings with it its own exceeding great reward not to be measured in terms of gold or precious stones.

I do not, however, desire to pose as a *laudator temporis acti*, as we are all fully alive to the many changes for the better which have been made in the School since our time. In the old days the atmosphere perhaps erred on the side of being ultra-classical, the study of modern languages meeting with little encouragement, whilst Science was tolerated but not much more than that. Indeed, the outlook on the latter recalled that in Oxford during the seventeenth century, when the Honourable Robert Boyle found that Chemistry was regarded as no occupation for a gentleman since it involved the soiling of fingers. Thanks to the inspiration of Frank Young, the position of experimental Science now finds its rightful place in the curriculum.

The School has a great tradition behind it, and I send my greetings and best wishes to the boys and girls who are maintaining this tradition.

ALEX. M'KENZIE.

Memories.

SEE that grey old building, classical in its beauty, commanding Reform Street? What does it mean to me? What but the veritable gateway of knowledge. There one met the piety of Mr. Cuthbertson, the kindling enthusiasm for the English classics of Mr. Charles, the scholarship of Dr. Adam Wilson and the Naturalist in Mr. Dott, as well as the soundness and wisdom of many others well fitted to guide the mind of any scholar. The memories which linger and endear the place are of the uniform kindliness in one's trials, in some successes, and in many failures, and of the youthful friendship with many who have passed the veil.

After schooldays were done, there came many happy years on the Directorate; days of financial stress, weathered thanks to the ability of my co-directors and the self-sacrifice of the teachers; days of pride and congratulation when the pupils swept all before them in the University examinations; days of sorrow when we parted with trusted friends on the staff.

Now with vicissitudes all passed (our earnest wish whatever may await us), a capable staff, good recreation grounds, strong athletic teams, Girl Guides and Cadets, we may well look to the future with unflinching eyes.

FLOREAT SCHOLA CLARA.

T. H. SMITH.

BODAFON, DEGANWY, N. WALES,
18*th May*, 1934.

DEAR SIR,

I am afraid that my only claim to distinction as an Old Dundee High School boy rests on my age, but I gladly avail myself of the privilege to congratulate the school and its management on having attained its Centenary, and to wish them every success in the future. As I am now in my eighty-ninth year, I think I may safely claim to be the oldest Dundee High School boy now living. I began to attend the school in 1853, and remember well that we had a holiday to celebrate the victory of our troops at the Battle of the Alma in the Crimean War, so that I have lived through a very considerable part of the School's Century. I left Dundee for good in 1867, like so many of my fellow countrymen, to seek my fortune as a Medical Practitioner in Cheshire, and since then have made only one or two short visits to my native town, which prevents me from having personal knowledge of the great progress made in the development of the school. I have therefore to rely upon the School Magazine for my information of the equipment and organisation of the school. When I joined in 1853 there were no playing fields and therefore no school games, which was a great want in a Public School. Now all that is changed I believe by the provision of playing fields and the organisation of the school games and sports, football, cricket and even golf. This should create a good *esprit de corps* in the school and foster the team spirit in playing games.

In my time we had the whole of Saturday as a holiday, and this arrangement enabled us to spend the whole day in trout fishing in one of the many burns round Dundee in summer, or in skating and golf in winter. Although these excursions involved very long walks, I

always look back upon them with the greatest pleasure. I suppose that now instead there are two half holidays in the week to allow school games to be played. To live long and enjoy good health as the result of my experience I would advise Dundee High School boys to work hard, be moderate in eating, drinking and smoking, and to take as much exercise as their work will allow. I still carry this out by playing golf and fishing.

Yours faithfully,

A. HAMILTON, F.R.C.S.Ed.

From the Old Boys' Club.

To the High School of Dundee.

YOU have attained your hundredth year and are prepared to receive the homage to which, on such a great occasion, you are justly entitled. Your origin can be traced to a more remote period of time, but, as you assumed your present outward form a century ago, it is appropriate that we should now gather round to offer our congratulations.

You have pride in your habitation, strong and dignified in its classic form, appropriately conceived in the brain of an architect who bore the same name as the county in which he reared you. To those of our number especially who have spent our lives in this city, pursuing our callings under your shadow, your very stones are dear.

You have pride in the honourable succession of teachers who, within your venerable walls, instructed and trained us, and whom we now remember with gratitude and affection.

You have also pride in the spirit, positive yet indefinable, which has ever dwelt within you and which taught us even more enduring lessons than scholarship imparted.

And so we, your Old Boys, happily united in a corporate body, some with your impress recently upon us and others nearing your own honoured age, troop back again through your gates from all parts of the earth and, forming a great concourse in the sweep of your playground, offer you our homage in a loyal salute.

H. CRAIGIE SMITH,

President of Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

From the Rector, D.H.S.

IT is clearly impossible for one whose association with the School dates only from 1932 to speak with intimacy and knowledge about its past achievements and distinction. That has been done adequately in this issue of the Magazine by many of its most distinguished representatives. Two years, however, of close personal contact with every phase of the life of the School gives one, I think, the right to speak not only with the same pride and affection as is shown by the old pupils, but also with some realisation of problems and needs. The School as it stands is the product of the educational outlook of the nineteenth century. The rooms were built for large classes, and have been adapted with moderate success to present-day requirements. Even the more recent additions for the teaching of Science and Art and for physical training, have, quite naturally, ceased to be altogether satisfactory, because these are " newer " subjects in which the technique of teaching has developed rapidly. The same may be said of the junior departments. Educational psychology has revolutionised the methods of teaching young children, and premises must be adapted to modern needs. No school, for example, should be without its Kindergarten Department.

One other drawback struck me very forcibly when I came to Dundee. The construction of the building makes it difficult to develop the corporate life of the School. That so much has been done in the past is due to the energy and interest of staff and pupils in societies, Cadet Corps, Guides, games and music. But more could be done by the provision of good Common Rooms, where members of the staff could meet daily to discuss their activities and work. In this way a corporate consciousness is more easily maintained, and there is more frequent opportunity of solving in common the problems which pupils and curricula present. From the side of the pupils this aim requires a larger hall with good facilities for dramatic and musical productions, and perhaps the provision of a library with reading room attached. This sense of a common life is strongest when it is not confined to so-called external activities, but pervades both recreation and work.

IAN M. BAIN, Esq., M.A. (Aberdeen), B.A. (Oxon.),
The Present Rector, The High School of Dundee.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

The School is justly proud of its past record, which has been achieved by the joint effort of staff and pupils. But it cannot live in the past. Those who are responsible for its conduct must think rather of the future, while drawing on the past for guidance. There are times when a house must be adapted to meet new needs. I believe that such a time has arrived, and appeal to the generosity of all who are interested in the School to help in providing the necessary facilities.

I. M. B.

Life As I See It To-day.

By Sir Charles Coupar Barrie, K.B.E., D.L., J.P., Member of Parliament for Southampton.

AS an old High School boy I welcome the opportunity you offer me on the occasion of your Centenary to send you a greeting. As a plain business man of affairs I must leave an article to those whose business in life is the use of the pen, and content myself with a few impressions.

All school life is a training in citizenship, and for that part everything else. A casual glance at the list of notable men and women who received their early training at the High School of Dundee will show that the training they received there has enabled them to take their place in a variety of ways, not only in the Commercial Sphere but in the Universities. The ground work of their education must have been on a very sound foundation, for everything depends on the training in the early days.

A school is naturally proud of those Old Boys and Girls who bring fame to their School and whose names are writ large, but there are those who are just as important, the mass of the people who represent public opinion, and in the end it is the weight of public opinion that carries the day. And a good school which has a tradition will usually turn out in the main those who will count when the tide comes in whether it be in Commerce or otherwise.

Never in the history of the world was there the necessity for clearer thinking and balanced judgment. The young men and women of to-day have quite a different road to travel from that followed by their forebears. Much done in the past century has to be unlearnt. The youth of to-day, those who are about to start on their career will have a difficult time. Social, Political and International problems such as were hardly thought of before have to be settled, and a great responsibility rests with every citizen. The problem of employment for the young man or woman of to-day is greater than it has been for a century. How necessary, therefore, that both Teacher and Pupil realise their responsibility, not to have surface knowledge only, but just that little more that will carry them through life and make them useful citizens.

As I see the youth of to-day I believe in them and feel they will be equal to the occasion when it arises, but those of us who are older and have any vision at all would be lacking if we failed to provide a broad curriculum and to instil into these youthful minds the need of taking advantage of it. How often do youths start in one avenue of life and have to break off on an entirely different road. It is then that the knowledge they gained and which at the time they have looked at askance comes to their aid. While, however, a broad education in the main should be catered for, sufficient attention should be paid to the capacity and bent of youth, so that time is not wasted both of pupil and teacher in what may be useless effort.

The study as well as the teaching of the pupil is necessary if he is to be fitted as he should be for after life.

With the tradition behind it which the High School of Dundee possesses I feel sure it will not fail in the days to come to send into the world men and women who in their day and generation will be proud to say where they received their early training. Long may the old School flourish.

From Frank W. Young, Esq.,

C.B.E., F.R.S.E., H.M.I.S. Emeritus.

I VERY cheerfully join in cordial felicitations with all friends of the High School of Dundee on the occasion of the centenary of the School in which I was one of the Masters for 23 happy years.

My appointment in charge of the Science Department took place in 1877, ten years after I received my first chemistry lessons from good old Mr. George Dott, the Senior Mathematical Master in those days. On my appointment I was greatly pleased at being installed in the two upper rooms reached by a stair from the centre door under the noble portico with its fine Doric columns which have always impressed me as a grand feature of the front of the School as seen from Reform Street. One of the rooms on the east side became my chemical laboratory within a year or two, and later again the two rooms were united to make an extended laboratory to accommodate the increasingly large number of scholars. On the retirement in 1889 of Mr. Dott the large classroom on the ground floor became the Science Classroom. It was nearly 10 years after that on an extension of Practical Science teaching, a Physical Laboratory was built and equipped on the vacant ground at the back of the School with a door leading from the large classroom as seen at present.

The Science subjects taught from the beginning were (1) for boys, Elementary Physics and Chemistry, and (2) for girls, Physiology, including so much elementary Physics and Chemistry as would aid in the study of the main subject. After the opening of the Girls' High School in 1886 the classes for girls were transferred to a Science classroom in that building and placed afterwards in charge of an Assistant. Mr T. M. Davidson, M.A., B.Sc., and afterwards Mr Frank W. Michie, M.A., now H.M. Chief Inspector of Schools in the Highland Division, were my valued assistants here.

In all the above developments I was greatly encouraged and aided by the sympathetic kindness of Dr. Merry, the Rector, one of the best and truest of friends, while before his coming I had the help of my dear old colleague, Mr. J. B. Charles, who was for some years Chairman of the Court of Masters. They carried the projects to the Directors of the School with their approval. In the final passing by the latter I must not neglect the important part taken by Provost Robertson whom I remember with gratitude.

I now look back through a series of sessions between 1877 and 1900 beginning 57 years ago, and I pass through my mind a great succession of scholars both boys and girls and I cannot recall a single class that gave me any trouble in teaching. I had very pleasant dealings with the pupils, and I can say with truth that I spent the happiest years of my working life in the High School of Dundee. During the world tour I planned on my retirement from Inspection in 1923, I had the great gratification of meeting several of the boys in widely different districts. Two of them in the far west in Vancouver, and I have heard of others since fruit-farming in British Columbia. In New Zealand one of my own sons is farming near Auckland. One old boy is a successful lawyer in Te Aroha, while another is a retired accountant in Christchurch. Both went to New Zealand on Medical advice in search of good health and found it, and are still enjoying it after nearly 50 years. In Ceylon there are five old boys to my knowledge, while in India there are always a few in the jute or railway business.

In conclusion I hope that space may be found for a brief note of some few scholars in the Science Department in my time who gave good promise of a successful continuance of chemistry studies in the University, and who have ably fulfilled that promise by rising to honoured positions: (1) Emeritus Professor Sir James Walker, F.R.S.; (2) Professor Alex. MacKenzie, F.R.S., University College; (3) Dr. Sydney Kay; (4) Dr. T. S. Murray, my successor in the High School, and who until a few months ago maintained the traditions of the Department; (5) Patrick A. Keiller, Consulting Chemist, Ceylon—all I claim in this connection is that the work of their initiation in Science happily fell to me. I happen to know that other Departments of the School could put forward lists of distinctions for many more old scholars than I have given. Long may the century-old School continue to prosper in all its activities is my earnest wish and prayer! F. W. YOUNG.

By-Products of School Life.

By the Hon. Lord ANDERSON, D.L., LL.D., Senator of the College of Justice.

A SUCCESSFUL business man said to me the other day that it was a waste of time to send a boy to a public school. He pointed out that he himself had to learn his business from the very beginning after he had left school. His view was that the best way to educate a boy was to give him, as expeditiously and as cheaply as possible, that elementary instruction which no one, in these days, can do without, and thereafter set him to learn, at as early an age as possible, the profession or trade which he proposed to follow. The ideal education, in short, according to my business friend, is vocational. Now the curriculum of a great public school, like the High School of Dundee, is not vocational, at least it was not when I attended it in the seventies of last century. It is true that I spent some hours each week in the Drawing Class trying to learn chalk and mechanical drawing, where what I did might have been regarded as vocational if I had intended to be an artist or civil engineer. But I had no aptitude for either of these professions. Indeed, my ambition then was to be a sailor. To a landward-born boy the sea has a strong fascination, and I haunted the docks in my spare time, gazing at the ships. I felt, as Longfellow did when a boy,

> " The beauty and mystery of the ships
> And the magic of the sea,"

and pestered my father to allow me to leave the High School and go to a nautical college to acquire a mastery of sextant and compass. But the paternal foot came down heavily and my maritime ambition was promptly quashed. So far as vocational instruction is concerned, accordingly, I acquired nothing at the High School; at all events, I learnt nothing *directly* as to how to argue or decide a law plea. It is plain, however, that the views of my business friend as to the purpose of a school education were short-sighted and entirely heterodox. His utilitarian outlook was just as mistaken as Mr. Gradgrind's passion for " facts " in *Hard Times*. He forgot that business is not the only object in life and that man does not live by bread alone. A boy must be taught how best to spend his leisure as well as how to work, and much of life's happiness and pleasure depends on the way in which spare time is employed. Again, although a boy may not receive *direct* instruction as to his life's work, he may *indirectly* take away from school much that is invaluable for the proper performance of that work. Thus, if his school time is properly employed, he acquires habits of diligence, method and dispatch. He must be diligent in his school tasks or he will not go up the school. Again, his time (and this applies more particularly to a boarding school) is mapped out for him—so much for classes, so much for school games, so much for " prep," and so much for his own leisure, to spend as he pleases. He gradually acquires, or ought to acquire, that much advertised and belauded Pelmanistic method of doing the right thing, at the right time, and in the right way, which we are told will inevitably take him to the top of the tree. Habits of dispatch are also acquired: the successful scholar cannot afford to be procrastinate. If, like the Spaniard, he says *Mañana*, and puts off his preparation till the morrow, he necessarily goes unprepared to school and drops in his form. These three qualities, diligence, method and dispatch, which may be acquired at every good public school, constitute the backbone of a successful business.

Again, if a teacher knows his business and his boys, he will not restrict his activities to cramming them with facts; he will have regard to the formation of character and taste. The moral and aesthetic faculties of the pupil as well as the intellectual, will be the care of the master. The formation of character is one of the important by-products of school life, and in this a boy's fellows may play as prominent a part as the masters. The code of honour of a public school depends upon and is created by the conduct of the pupils. Some schools have a lofty tradition of honourable conduct; in others the tradition is not so good. Looking back on the years I spent at the High School, I cannot recall a single case of meanness or vice; the boys, as I remember them, were clean-minded and honourable. I am sure that this admirable tradition has been and will be maintained at the School.

There are two by-products of school life of which I should like to say something in greater detail; one to be acquired from a boy's fellow pupils, the other from the masters.

When a small boy goes to a great public school it is not long before he becomes a hero-worshipper. On the field of sport he sees the big sixth-form boy score a brilliant try, play a dashing innings at cricket, or breast the tape first in a hotly contested race. At the school prize-giving he watches the heads of forms, in the presence of proud relatives, carrying off the coveted volumes. He thinks how splendid it would be if he also could do these things, and he resolves to try. He is fired with the spirit of emulation, and, if this persists, it will become, in after life, that ambition, which, if wisely directed, may take him very far. This, then—this spirit of emulation—is a useful by-product which school life may bestow, from the example of his fellows, on a public school boy.

From his masters a boy may acquire habits, tendencies, and tastes of varying quality and value. I suppose that a boy takes from school, consciously or unconsciously, something from every master with whom he comes in contact. I daresay I took away something beneficial even from the class of dear old Herr Imandt, although I did not distinguish myself as a German scholar. I took such liberties with the language of my preceptor that he was wont to refer to me (*Horresco referens*) as a " careless leetle village boy." What stung me in this objurgation was the disparaging reference to the ancient and renowned burgh of Coupar Angus: Coupar Angus, proud possessor of the ruins of an Abbey which was built in the reign of Malcolm IV.; Coupar Angus, which, according to tradition, had been visited by Cromwell and had entertained Prince Charlie; Coupar Angus, the Queen of Strathmore, to be referred to as a village! There were two of my masters, however, who impressed me very differently, and from whose instruction I took from school something of permanent value. These were Dr. Adam Wilson, the Classical master, and Mr. John B. Charles, the English master. It was Dr. Wilson who first gave me a glimmering of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, and opened my eyes to the majesty and beauty of the classical tongues. To Charles I was even more deeply indebted for lasting impressions of value. He first made me realise that there was such a thing as literature and awakened me to the magical possibilities of the written word. To hear Charles read a piece of English poetry was unforgettable. It might be the sweet strains of Chaucer's Prologue—

" When that Aprille with his showres swoote
The drought of March hath perced to the roote,"

or a sonnet of Shakespeare—those wonderful productions which Masson, at Edinburgh University, used to tell us were " packed full of compressed thought "—or the sonorous lines of *Paradise Lost*, or the simpler verses of the Lake poets—in every case the sense and the beauty of form of the chosen passage were fully revealed in the moving elocution of the master. I can still vividly recall, after an interval of nearly sixty years, his reading from Tennyson's " *Passing of Arthur* " of the passage where King Arthur entrusts Excalibur to Sir Bedivere—

" So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea."

Jaques in *As you like it* makes his school-boy go unwillingly to school—

" And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

In several of my classes I am afraid I had the tendency of the Shakespearean school-boy and rarely entered them before the last stroke of the bell, but in the English class I was sometimes sorry when the hour came to an end. From that class I took away a taste for good literature which has throughout a lengthy life given me many pleasurable hours. My books have been to me what Southey's were to him—

" My never-failing friends are they
With whom I converse day by day."

The moral to be drawn from these somewhat rambling observations—" the practical application," to use a phrase beloved of nineteenth century preachers—is just this, that the function of a great public school is not to provide an education which is merely utilitarian or vocational. Its purpose is rather to give a boy an all-round outfit which will enable him to live his whole adult life, occupational and leisured, with pleasure and profit. Such an aim, which has characterised the High School in the century that has ended, will, I am sure, continue to be its object in the century which has opened.

From George R. Donald, Esq.,

Secretary of the Dundee Chamber of Commerce.

A HUNDRED years ago ! The memory of no old pupil of the High School can go back to the beginning of that period, but we can in imagination visualise certain facts as they were in those far-off days.

An Act of 1832 greatly expanded the munipal boundaries of Dundee, which, till then, had remained within the contracted limits of the Westport, the north side of the Meadows, and St. Roque's Lane on the east. The same year saw the Foundation Stone of Earl Grey Dock laid with Masonic Ceremony, and on the same day was also laid the Foundation Stone of the Dundee Public Seminaries—our own High School. Education in those days was held in high esteem. Even the Town Drummer of the period was a linguist of wide repute, as well as a classical scholar well versed in Hebrew, Arabic and Sanskrit. Can that be equalled to-day ?

What is the position to-day regarding foreign languages ? How few after leaving school take the trouble to become proficient in them. Is it not the case that the classical side of the School is stressed too much to the detriment of the commercial or modern side ? In my own time, if a boy showed little aptitude for classics, usually by disinclination to study, he was willy-nilly put into the so-called modern, or commercial side of the School. This method gave the boys in the classical side an air of superiority to their fellows in the commercial side which was by no means justified in after life.

No one considered that, to enter into commercial life, a study of foreign languages was absolutely necessary. Our mercantile offices of the City of Dundee up to 1914, engaged in the export trade, had generally " Foreign Clerks " dealing with their foreign correspondence. Matters, I am glad to say, have somewhat improved in this respect since the War, and foreign clerks are seldom, if ever, employed for this purpose. With few exceptions, however, foreign languages appear to have fallen into disrepute. French is taken by many, but its extent is limited to a little conversation—enough perhaps to get through a continental trip, or garnish a gossip. To make it a utilitarian accomplishment, or a commercial asset, is seldom thought of. To refer to German, Spanish and Italian is to execute an increasing diminuendo, and, as to all other foreign languages, the few who know something of them have had special reasons for acquiring facility in them, and their knowledge is not usually of the schools but of the midnight oil. It is so often forgotten that the acquisition of a foreign language is a sure passport to a very thorough acquaintance with the syntax of one's own native tongue.

What is the position in other countries to-day ? When a foreign ship reaches our shores, the captain at least has a practical knowledge of our language, and officers and men can make themselves easily understood. Can the members of our Mercantile Marine compare favourably with them ? I doubt it. Foreigners who come to our City to do business—and I meet many—can speak English quite fluently and correctly. Again, those who come to our universities and special colleges and schools have acquired English and are able to take their place in conversation and to listen with benefit to lectures on all subjects.

As our very existence as a nation depends on our export trade, it is more than necessary that our youth should be proficient in foreign languages.

We all desire to push our foreign trade—we must do it—but do we give ourselves a reasonable chance ? In days past—now long past—we were superior commercially—a nation of shopkeepers—and our attitude was, take it or leave it. The " Take-it-or-leave-it " boot is on the other foot now, and if the Briton does not meet the demand, others will push and are pushing in and pushing Britain out every day.

In the old days we had created a demand for our goods in the countries beyond the seas. The War stopped the supplies, and to meet the needs we ourselves had cultivated, each country set about establishing manufactures of its own. Tariffs and trade competition had already set the ball a-rolling before then and

it needed only the long sterile period of the War to give it such an impetus that when we were ready once more to put our manufactures before the world, the nations had learned to supply their own wants and had surpluses to compete with us in the few foreign markets still available to us, and even to dump into our home preserve at prices we could not compete against.

No longer will the foreign customer be content with our splendid workmanship as we choose to supply it. He wants the goods to meet his own views, made up to suit his tastes and requirements, priced in his own currency, labelled and catalogued in his own language, and pushed by a man who has studied the psychology of the customer and can persuade him in his own tongue that these British articles are better than anything he can get in his own country of whatever origin.

One of the great needs of our country to-day, therefore, is business heads and business assistants equipped with a knowledge which will enable them to produce exactly the sort of goods that will tickle the taste and meet the want of the foreigner we want to supply, the ability to put these goods before him in print or on paper in the vernacular with which he is at home, the skill to talk to him tactfully in his office or shop or home in terms he has no difficulty in comprehending, and the acquaintance with foreign conditions and traditions that can only be acquired by close study of the national characteristics, and the appeal to which can go so far to registering success.

In these latter days also, art has aspired to shake off the so-called shackles of industry, and has soared sometimes to exaggerated heights, and has desired to cultivate tastes, fancies or modes that surplus cash alone can acquire. The cultivation of a taste in common things, the preservation and presentation of the ordinary surroundings of everyday life in attractive form, the development and uplifting of the desire of the whole community for the possession of everything useful that is beautiful, and the rejection of all that is crude—these are some of the lines on which art can return to its proper and original sphere of usefulness.

Another of the needs of our times is inventive genius. Man is satiated with the results of mass production and requires to have something brought before him that he never heard of before and did not realise he needed. Here is a vast field for exploration. Pioneers are still needed. Great adventures may still be achieved. Genius and research can accomplish great things, and the skill of the student of salesmanship, the art of advertisement, the psychology of the senses, art and craft in design and display and approach must each play their part in placing the products on a remunerative basis in a receptive market created and cultivated for the purpose. In whatever direction we look, the commercial field is calling to be cultivated by those who will take the trouble to study and acquire the knowledge that will fit them to conquer.

Will the scholars of to-day profit from the experience of the days that are passing and are past? We look to the minds that are still in the plastic stage to assimilate all lessons taught by the trying time this nation has suffered these past 20 years. Of all the educational establishments in our midst we look to our old High School to replenish our commercial houses with keen business men and women of the highest training—competent, capable, keen, resourceful, efficient organisers and inventive geniuses, fitted because of the width and depth of their study and the industry of their application to surmount all difficulties and to raise once again our British Nation to its former position at the summit of the commercial world. Don't let sport or pleasure lure you from your study. You need sport to keep you fit. You require relaxation to reinvigorate your mind. There is a time to play and there is a time to work, and neither should encroach unduly on the other. Everything must be kept in a right perspective. See that your perspective is true. Never forget that your School is first and foremost an educational institution, and for the honour of the old High School—in continuance of its great traditions—study hard. Champions of liberty have studied here. Great inventors, doyens of science, art, medicine, law and theology have passed through its classes. Give the old High School, your city, and your country the best that is in you.

GEORGE R. DONALD.

DUNDEE,
6th June, 1934.

Dr. Murray Remembers.

IN 1878 I found myself seated in the middle of a row of boys, all strangers to me, right in front of a big master who every little while jerked his head in a curious nervous way. He called for our names and addresses and on answering in my turn, I was astonished when in a loud voice the master announced to all present, " Here is a boy sitting not four feet away from me and I cannot hear a word he says." In confusion I pulled myself together and piped louder. Such was my earliest recollection within the High School. I was now in Class III., and that day began for me eight pleasant years in D.H.S.

One of the greatest points of difference between the School then and now was the entire absence in the early days of facilities for sport and other organised activities among the pupils. There were no extra-class activities in my time till organised swimming was introduced two years before I left.

It is a great delight for a master who knew the old days to observe the strong corporate sense now prevailing through the School and to note the loyal and friendly relationships in the classrooms. Much of the spirit of camaraderie, loyalty and co-operation developed by these recreative activities has entered naturally into the atmosphere of the classrooms to the advantage of all concerned.

The masters must have found work a good deal more difficult in the old days. I remember two masters of arithmetic who taught at the opposite ends of a large room and they seemed to keep their classes going entirely and unblushingly by the help of the strap. Often they had but one between them which they tossed across the room when it was wanted. Naturally the boys sometimes got a little of their own back again. One of these masters who sometimes stumbled in his grammar accused a boy : " You was talkin' " ; " No, sir " ; " Yes, you was talkin', I saw you " ; " No, sir, I were not."

When the first new system of ventilation was introduced about 1880, in laying the flues, I am told a prodigious collection of straps was found at the foot of a ventilator in Glassie's room, and a similar heap below a small chink in the floor of what is now Miss Bain's room. Probably the culprits who so disposed of these weapons had no animosity against their owners, but in those days a strap was a strap. It eases my conscience now, in the quiet of my retirement, to confess that I was responsible for the disappearance of one of the straps.

School became tremendously interesting to me as we came more in contact with the headmasters, a group of very scholarly men full of vigour and enthusiasm and of very diverse character and temperament, and I look back on those years as furnishing a very rich experience. At that time the headmasters took the position of " Censor " in rotation, and became as it were Rector *pro tem.* There was an amusing episode when Mr. Imandt, the German master, was " Censor." One day during inclement weather, and at the end of a period, to protect his girls, he proceeded to take them from his room (Mr. Webb's) through the French classrooms (Mr. Meiklejohn's) to reach the English room. Opening the middle glass door he apologised for intruding with his girls, but the French master rose and would not permit them to proceed, and a wordy dispute ensued which terminated by Mr. Imandt saying, " I am ze Censor and I can do vat I like," and so he led his queue of girls safely through.

It did not matter much, however, who was Censor, it was always Mr. Charles, the English master, to whom we looked for counsel and advice. My first year at Dundee High School was the first year of an entirely new curriculum said to have been essentially the work of Mr. Charles. This curriculum finally did away with the insularity of the Departments, the relic of the Public Seminary days, and henceforth pupils had to take one or other of the three well-known courses, Classical, Modern, or Modern with Latin. A new Science Department had also been formed, with a distinguished young master at the head, Mr. Frank W. Young, and I was one of a little group of boys who took to the study eagerly. The time apportioned to it was not very great, but we made up for it by coming in on Saturday mornings for additional study. Two of Mr. Young's pupils of that time became professors of chemistry ;

Emeritus Sir James Walker of Edinburgh University, and Professor Alex. M'Kenzie of University College, Dundee. In this connection it is interesting to note that in 1914, three of the four University Chairs of Chemistry in the East of Scotland were occupied by former pupils of the High School. Namely the two just mentioned and Professor F. R. Japp, Professor of Chemistry in Aberdeen University, who was a pupil of the High School about 1860.

Mr. Young was inimitable in dealing with boys and girls. Once in the laboratory, while he was correcting his books, the boys, busy at the far end of the room, were hid from his view by the tall bottle-racks that then stood on the benches. The room was still. Two boys were whispering and one said, " I'll bet you sixpence." To which the quiet voice of the master replied, " We never go above a three-penny bit here."

I look back with pride and gratitude over the 41 years I have been associated with the High School as pupil and teacher. My memories of class-mates, of my own pupils, girls and boys, my teachers and colleagues are of the happiest, and I trust and pray that the old School under Mr. Bain's rectorship will continue to prosper in the coming years.

T. S. MURRAY.

From John Maclennan, Esq., M.A.,

Rector of Dundee High School, 1904-1932.

LIKE a number of others I have been asked to contribute something to the special number of the High School Magazine. As I had the good fortune and happiness to be Rector of the High School for twenty-eight years, I am glad, as at all times, to do anything in my power in this or in any other way to show my continued interest in the School and its welfare.

For, what *is* the High School?

It is, first of all, that quiet, austere, dignified and noble building at the top of Reform Street, known as the Boys' High School. The building has no doubt disadvantages from the present-day point of view. A good deal of space, it might be said, is wasted which, if the construction and architecture of the building had been different, might have been used to provide better accommodation.

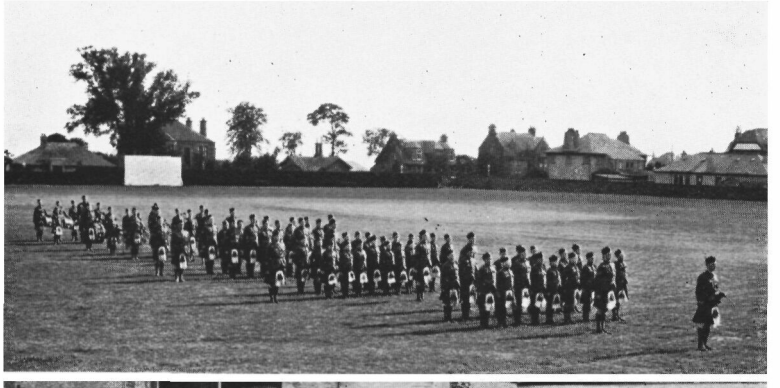
But the building itself is so dignified, so impressive and so beautiful that the mere sight of it day after day is in itself no mean part of a liberal education. To me, indeed, the Boys' High School has been something more than a mere building: it has been almost a personality. I always had, and still have, this feeling about it, but I was particularly conscious of it when I went to the School, as I frequently did, after School hours or on a Saturday morning. When I did so, I certainly missed my colleagues and pupils whom I was accustomed to see there, but I never had the feeling of loneliness one is so apt to have in a building empty of its usual occupants—the feeling so well expressed by Moore in the lines :—

" I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

The School, as I have said, was to me something of a personality and a friend—it was so for its own sake as well as on account of its associations with the colleagues and pupils with whom I had worked and lived so long and so happily —and so the feeling of friendliness and welcome always triumphed over the feeling of emptiness and loneliness. Dundee owes a very great deal to the men who erected the Boys' High School.

Secondly, the High School means not only the School building, but also the Recreation Ground and all that it stands for, and that is a great deal.

While I am on the subject of recreation and physical education, I may mention that when I came to the High School, and for a number of years after that time, there was only one teacher of gymnastics in the School, that he was only a part-time teacher, and that he had nothing to do with the outdoor games of the pupils. But when he retired—and by that time the number of pupils had greatly increased—I felt it was very important and desirable that the School should have two teachers of gymnastics, a male teacher for the boys and a female teacher for the girls, and that



[*Photos. by D. & W Prophet.*

1. High School Cadets (1934).
2. High School Girl Guides (1934).

they should not only teach gymnastics but also have charge of the recreation ground, and, with the assistance of the staff, arrange and superintend the outdoor games of the pupils. The Directors, I found, were ready to support my proposal and before long two whole-time qualified teachers of physical education were appointed. It will be seen, therefore, that neither the Directors nor the staff were blind to the importance of the physical side of education.

Thirdly, the High School means not only the things I have just mentioned, but also such things as the School Literary Societies, the School Magazine, and the Swimming Clubs. As regards the literary societies and the swimming clubs, I need hardly say that they play a very important and enjoyable part in the training and education of the pupils. The High School Magazine, which was started some years after I came, has proved a great boon in more ways than one, and is now a valuable feature in the life of the School. The contributions to the Magazine. a good many of them by the younger pupils, are as a rule very well written and enjoyable, and sometimes show real literary merit, and the Magazine itself is an important link between the present and the former pupils, and keeps the Old Boys' Club and the Old Girls' Club, which, though only started a year or two ago, have now a large membership, in constant touch with the School. And here I should like to acknowledge my great obligations to Mr. Cadzow for the attractive design of the Magazine, and to Mr. Laird for the very valuable and ungrudging service he has rendered for a good many years as editor.

Fourthly, the High School means the history and traditions of the School—a long and splendid history, dating, we are told, as far back as William Wallace, who is said to have been a pupil of the School, though at that time it had a different name, and great traditions, which should be, and, I believe, are an example and an inspiration to successive generations of pupils and staffs.

Fifthly, the High School means the pupils, the staff, the former pupils, the parents, the directors and, I think we should add, the Scottish Education Department. All these are essential parts of what we mean by the High School, and I can say with perfect truth that during the years I was at the School I was most fortunate in all those respects.

Of the pupils I would say that I found them on the whole exceedingly well behaved, loyal to the School, to one another and to the staff, diligent in their studies, and many of them splendid workers and very able pupils, as is abundantly evident from their continued and striking success at the Universities and in many other fields. And, while speaking of the pupils, I should like to say that the system of class-prefects, which I introduced a good many years ago, has proved of great benefit to the School, and that the prefects, especially those of the senior classes, have been very helpful in maintaining good discipline outside the classrooms, and in promoting a healthy outlook and spirit among the pupils.

But without a most capable and hard-working and conscientious staff the School could never be what it is, nor have done what it has done, and here I wish to acknowledge, and I do so with the profoundest gratitude, the magnificent and ungrudging support and the great and touching kindness I always received from the staff, and their readiness and eagerness to help the School and myself in every conceivable way.

As regards the former pupils of the School, I reserve what I have to say about them to the close of this article.

As to parents, I always found them, with hardly an exception, most kind and considerate, reasonable and friendly, and very grateful for what the School and the staff were doing for their children.

Of the directors of the School what shall I say ? I could say a very great deal, but perhaps all I need say, and I say it with perfect sincerity and the deepest gratitude, is that I do not believe that any head of a School has ever existed who had a better Board of Managers than I had in the Directors of the High School. The debt I owe them is immeasurable, and without their loyal and most generous support and help the School would not, and could not, be what it is to-day. To the Directors who were conveners of committees during my rectorship, all of whom, I am glad to say, except Mr. Logie, Sir George Ritchie and Mr. Hynd, are still alive and well, and one of whom, Mr. C. C. Duncan, was convener of the Rectors' Committee during the whole of my rector-

ship, and another, Mr. T. H. Smith, a director for nearly the whole, and a convener for a good part of my rectorship, I owe a very special debt of gratitude for their constant support and encouragement in everything affecting the interests and welfare of the School, and for their great kindness and friendliness to myself personally and to the members of the staff.

These are some of the chief factors that go to make up what we mean by the High School. But there are others, and perhaps, in some respects no less important ones. There is, for example, the attitude towards the School of the general public of the city and of the local press, and during my time at the High School I gladly acknowledge that I found both of these very favourable and friendly, the local press always giving a prominent place in its columns to the successes and achievements of the School at the universities and in other spheres.

And now, and lastly, let me come to the former pupils of the School. I have reserved this point to the end of this article because there is nothing, I believe, from which we can better judge a School and the value of its work and its influence on its pupils than from the feeling for, and attitude towards it, of the former pupils. And here let me say, and I am very glad to do so for the sake of the staff as well as of the School, that I have had abundant evidence from letters and personal visits, and in other ways, of the extraordinary attachment to, affection for, and pride in the School of the pupils who passed through it during the years I was associated with it, and of some who passed through it before that time. Let me give one or two examples. When James G. Shearer took the first place in the Edinburgh University Entrance Bursary Competition in 1911 I found that his one desire and concern was, not to plume himself on his success, but to advise and help a High School boy who was going to Edinburgh University in the following year so that he too, if possible, might take the first place in the Competition And, to his great satisfaction and delight, the High School boy, Hans L. Dennler, did, like himself, take the first place. Again, when in 1930 the High School took the first two places in the Edinburgh University Bursary Competition, a distinguished former pupil of the School, who now holds a high position in the educational world, came hurrying up to see me at the School, held out his hand, his face beaming with delight, and very warmly and enthusiastically congratulated myself and the staff on the splendid achievement of his old School. A few days later the former pupil, whose name I have already mentioned, Hans L. Dennler, came specially to the School to see me and express his delight at the fine achievement of the School. And when I said : " It's very kind of you indeed, but you yourself were one of three High School boys who took the first place at the Edinburgh University Bursary Competition for three years in succession," he made light of his own achievement, and gave the credit to the staff.

Just one word more. Two years ago, when the notice of my approaching retirement appeared in the newspapers, I had, among many kind and grateful letters from former pupils and parents, an exceedingly kind and touching letter from a former pupil now holding an important post in Edinburgh, who left the High School not very long after I came to it. Among many other very kind and generous things in his letter he said that, on seeing the notice of my retirement in the *Scotsman*, he felt he must write and tell me how very sorry he was to hear it, how much he owed me and the staff and how he wished he had had a longer time at the High School under my rectorship, how glad he was to hear of the success of the old School, which, to him and to many other former pupils, was *like a human mother*, and how often he wished he were living within reach of Dundee so that he might send his children to the High School to be educated. It was a most kind and touching, and, so far as I was concerned, far too generous tribute, but it was a comfort, and a very great comfort, in the last year of a long rectorship, to know of this feeling of genuine and deep affection of the old pupils for their school.

These are some of the things, and, I think, the most important things that the High School stands for, and that go to make up our idea of the school.

For myself, my work at the High School has been a joy and happiness unspeakable, and I would here thank from the bottom of my heart all the many people—colleagues, pupils, former pupils, parents, directors and

others—who have so kindly and generously helped to make it so, and ask the Rector and staff and the pupils to accept my kind regards and affectionate greetings on this memorable occasion, my warm congratulations on the success of the pupils this year again at the University Bursary Competitions, and my best wishes for the continued success and prosperity of the School.

13th June, 1934. J. MACLENNAN.

Three Rectors.

IN 1883, George Ross Merry, M.A., LL.D., became the first rector of the High School. Though personally devoted to the Classics he was a man of wide and intelligent outlook in educational affairs, and soon began that series of changes and improvements for which the school remembers him most gratefully to-day. Thanks to his endeavours the small chemical laboratory was extended, and later, a well-equipped physical laboratory built; the work-shop (one of the first of its kind in Scottish schools) was introduced, and a fine gymnasium added. The two latter additions, it should be said, were made possible by the generosity of ex-Provost Robertson. Soon, also, as a result of the munificence of Bailie and Miss Harris, the Girls' School was arising across the way. But best of all from the pupils' point of view was the beautiful playing field which was provided from the funds raised by the great bazaar. It was Dr. Merry who initiated the idea of a recreation ground, and stimulated the interest which led to its being secured.

Our first rector died at Edinburgh in 1930, but his memory is still a dear and reverent one to many of his old pupils. A fine scholar, and a genial, kindly man, he was loved by all who knew him. "Schola Clara" we are singing with enthusiasm to-day. It was his song: it is the school's song; may we remember, as we sing it, this grand old man.

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After a very distinguished University career Mr John Maclennan, M.A., became rector of Elgin Academy in June 1898. Six years later he came as rector to the High School.

At this period the school was going through rather difficult times, and it is undoubtedly Mr Maclennan's greatest claim to fame as a rector that, in the face of great difficulties he, by his own hard work, example and driving power quickly raised the school again till it held, as it still holds, a very honourable place among Scottish schools. He saw, and that clearly, that a school such as ours must stand or fall by its reputation, and that the reputation would increase in proportion with the number of its university successes. Under him the pupils were imbued with the same zeal to raise the name and fame of the school, and they slaved and "swotted" not merely for the "pots" and high places in the bursary lists, but for the sake of the school. An old boy of this time, the Rev. W. H. Hamilton, recently wrote me:—

"It is a great joy to observe the school thriving. Its fortunes were at a low ebb when I left its shelter, and I well remember a meeting of boys about to leave, at which it was resolved to inaugurate Mr Maclennan's regime by such a swot and pot-hunting in the Universities as would revive its fame! We managed, as former pupils, to bag 26 University medals that year. Not much when one looks back on it, but it may suggest the love as for a living creature that the school seems always to have inspired in its pupils, and the same *esprit de corps* and 'patriotism' is found to-day, I am certain."

Elsewhere, under the list of distinguished pupils, will be seen some of the many notable distinctions gained by High School pupils during Mr Maclennan's rectorship, so that it is not surprising that the enrolment steadily increased. When he came, there were but 407 pupils; when he left in 1932 there were 751 (and that in a year of severe industrial depression).

In athletics, Mr Maclennan developed to the full what Dr. Merry had so well begun, for under him, and due largely to his personal efforts, the area of the playing fields was doubled, and a handsome new pavilion (sorely needed) was erected. In his time also were begun the Wednesday Sports Scheme, the House System, the development of the Cadets

and Rifle Club, and the fuller organisation of the Swimming Clubs.

Under Mr Maclennan the school bore a proud record—from small beginnings to great achievements, and we are glad that he still dwells amongst us and that he is with us to-day to honour the old school, in the winning of whose laurels he helped so ably.

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Our present rector, Mr Ian M. Bain, M.A. (Aberdeen), B.A. (Oxon.), took over the school from Mr Maclennan in June, 1932. After a brilliant career (such as we expect from rectors-to-be) at Aberdeen and Oxford, he gained a wealth of experience on the western front, at Edinburgh Academy and Kelvinside Academy. He has come among us, it seems sometimes, from a world outside that of D.H.S., with a fresh mind, a healthy critical mind, to concentrate on the peculiar problems which exist in the management and direction of every school, and which are therefore to be found in ours. It may be that looking into the backward and abysm of time, and finding in the last 100 years so much to be justly proud of in the records of the Old School, we are apt to say, " Leave well alone " ; we may find the very idea of change harsh and wrong. But the glamour of past achievements must not obscure the hard fact that, to keep its place and reputation the school must, in many ways, be refitted and adapted to meet the needs of a rapidly changing and (we hope) progressing society.

Mr Bain is ambitious, and his ambition is the very laudable one of extending and modernising the school—an ambition which is well-nigh a necessity for a rector of the High School of Dundee in 1934.

Since he undertook the direction of the school he has introduced several new schemes. There are now eight periods in the school day, but each pupil now has recreation on two afternoons a week. The time-table has been considerably levelled up ; Science has a more equitable share of the spoils of time : new courses in engineering and domestic subjects are now in being, and a real kindergarten department for the lower school is only a question of time and space. The Quarterly Examination is now compressed into three days—a long, drawn-out agony is now one short, sharp shock.

Young, as rectors go, energetic and keenly interested in athletics and possessing a good knowledge of games, of wide culture and a genial equable temperament, he is well equipped to set a good course for the voyage of the new century, a pilot to be relied on in calm weather or when breakers lie ahead.

L.

Greetings from Old Girls.

From Agnes Savill,

M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P.

MOST of the old pupils of the Dundee High School must rejoice to have this opportunity of greeting the pupils of the present day. We of the Victorian Age lived in a secure world, where hard work and strict adherence to duty brought the reward of success. The young people of to-day have no such guarantee. Yet those who work hard, and whose perseverance is combined with initiative, will always achieve a higher goal than their idler fellows. For centuries Scotland has had a great reputation to live up to. Its people are noted for their sound education, their habits of thrift and steadiness, thier reliability and sincerity, and their independence of the pleasures which have become necessities to many of the modern generation. No one need be pitied who has had a youth with plenty of hardship and little amusement. There is no better preparation for life. That is the lesson to which the old pupils of the Dundee High School look back with gratitude. In this time of world chaos we beg the modern pupils to hold firmly to the old Scottish teaching, and

" welcome each rebuff, that turns earth's smoothness rough."

Unless the modern boys and girls believe, and in later life act upon this principle, the British nation will not maintain the position it held in the great days of Queen Victoria.

AGNES SAVILL.

From Isabel Gray, F.R.A.M.

It gave me great pleasure to be asked to send a word of greeting to my old School on the important occasion of its centenary celebrations. The Dundee High School has a proud record in the names of its past pupils who have achieved success and fame in many spheres, and I would like to congratulate the School on that record, to which I have no doubt the names of present and future scholars will continue to be added, as these scholars go their several ways in the world.

They may possibly encounter an even more difficult world than the ex-scholars of recent years have met, but however topsy-turvy conditions may be, I am sure they will find that, in the long run, it is hard work and the ability to " stick it " that count, and I hope that they will, in the main, be able to answer in a very decided affirmative the query given not long ago in an American questionnaire— " Does achievement gratify you more than admiration ? "

Some years ago I had the honour of playing Sir Alexander Mackenzie's " Scottish " Concerto at the Centenary Celebrations of the Royal Academy of Music at Queen's Hall, London, and though I shall not be able to do anything so exciting for the D.H.S., nevertheless I shall, metaphorically speaking, uplift my voice in " Schola Clara " and send along most affectionate thoughts and prayers that those grim old pillars may continue to frown down Reform Street for many, many happy and successful years to come.

Isabel Gray, F.R.A.M.

From Mrs Agnes B. Kinnear, B.A., J.P.

It is with great pleasure that I send a greeting to the good old School of which I was a pupil more than fifty years ago. I still hold a vivid memory of those early days of my High School life. It was the last year of the old regime when the School had no rector, but each headmaster was supreme in his own department and the School was ruled by a Censor's Court of the staff. The only building was the central school with its imposing pillars, even the gymnasium being added after my schooldays were over.

With the appointment of Dr. Merry as Rector there came an enormous rush of new pupils, until in my third year the numbers had risen to nearly a thousand. Picture that number all in the one building and all let loose simultaneously to snatch a hasty lunch in twenty minutes! It says much for the management of the School that there is no memory of overcrowding or rush from these schooldays, but rather of the great joy in the teaching of our good old masters, Frank Young in Science, Mr. Dott, Mr. Miller in Mathematics, Mr. Charles with his deep love of English literature and his incessant cough in the exposition thereof. I can still see the boys of my year seated in his classroom—the girls were always placed behind. They are now in many positions of importance, one in a high place in the General Assembly, others well-known lawyers and doctors, but it is strange to think that it was the most seemingly studious and retiring member of that band who had the most adventurous life ; James Maxwell, who in a great emergency saved the colony of Sierra Leone when in danger and earned a knighthood from the King in recognition of his resource and bravery.

It is a great possession to feel you have belonged to a school with the fine record of service to King and country which the High School holds for so many of its former pupils. Long may it flourish.

Agnes B. Kinnear

Patras,
Greece.
15*th June*, 1934.

Dear Sir,

Your letter of 9th May, owing to delays in transit, has only just reached me, and I fear that my response will come too late to be of use. Nevertheless I make it, in the hope that it may come in time, for I should like to have a word in the centenary number of the Magazine of my old School.

The memory of my four years at the High School is a happy one. The staff included a number of strong personalities admirably described by Miss Peat in her recollections published in the Magazine a year or two ago ; and my most vivid recollections are of the hours spent in Mr. Durlac's (Doorl's) classroom, or with Mr. Charles. All that Miss Peat

said of the latter's extraordinary gifts as a teacher of English literature I can endorse; for years after I left School my browsing among the older English classics was guided by a curiosity which he had roused, sometimes by a comment, sometimes by a quotation read with his fine delivery from an out-of-the-way author whose text was at the moment unattainable. As a whole the education given was extremely good, languages, science and mathematics in particular being admirably taught; its deficiencies, notably in history, were the deficiencies of the period, and have no doubt long been remedied.

What we chiefly lacked was corporate life, and this, as I gather from the Magazine, has come into being, largely as a result of the development of games. The School can already look back on a century of useful and vigorous life; I hope that many more lie ahead of it.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

H. L. LORIMER.

G.H.S. greets D.H.S.

To you, venerable brother, on the occasion of your centenary, I, your sister school, present my greetings.

One hundred years ago your grey walls and Doric pillars arose to create one of our city's most notable classic buildings, the impression of whose form is fixed ineradicably in the memories of those thousands of boys who have passed within your doors.

Great have been your traditions of the past, reaching back to times and modes of education so different from those of the present.

What tho' your steps are worn by thousands of eager feet; what tho' your desks and forms are chipped, initialled, carved by generations past and present (even in boyhood making their mark!), be not discouraged, elder brother, for there are dangers ahead.

As you are somewhat antiquated for the better nourishment of your sons, a radical reconstruction of your obsolete equipment may well take place, should there be adequate response to your ambitious Rector's appeal.

Tho' changes come, may the spirit that has animated the old School flourish even more in the future, may the torch of learning burn still brighter within your old grey walls; and as I seek to do, may you always strive to mould to finest pattern the characters and minds of the unending line of youth who come to you.

The love and regard that past generations still have for you is shown by the large membership of "The Old Boys' Club" at home and abroad. I, too, am proud that "The Old Girls" have rallied round me so faithfully, proving that they also have not forgotten their old School.

They, too, join me in sending congratulations. To quote Miss Peat, may those "glamorous letters" D.H.S. live in all our hearts.

EFFIE M. SPREULL,
President—The Old Girls' Club.

Fifty Years Ago.

By An Old Girl.

A DATE which is indelibly printed on my mind is that which was written at the top of the page in my first French exercise book in Dundee High School. "Mille huit cent quatre-vingt-quatre." 1884—fifty years ago! And for fifty before that, boys and girls were writing dates in exercise books within these grey walls. To-day, a hundred years after it started existence, we look on the High School with deepening affection and pride, feeling that it stands for so much that endures. Learning, high ideals, good comradeship, loyalty—all that is best in life.

In our early schooldays I'm afraid we do not always realise the joy of acquiring knowledge, the satisfaction of mastering problems. That only comes when childhood is over, or nearly over. But looking back at the years I

spent at High School one thing I do know—that they were very happy ones. When I first went there, the Girls' School, with its fine hall and lofty classrooms, its commodious lunch-room, was not in existence. At lunch time we used to go to Lamb's and to expend our coppers, not always, I fear, on the milk and plain biscuits instructed by our parents, but on more attractive, and indigestible, fare. One particular delicacy of Lamb's was a special favourite with us—a three-cornered wedge of " ice cake." It started from the bottom with a layer of crisp pastry, then one of currants followed by a thick slice of spongy cake, and it finished gloriously with white icing. Long after my schooldays were left behind, I thought I would again taste its joys. But alas ! ice cake was no longer an ambrosial feast. It was just a cake.

Perhaps there was something in how and where lunch was eaten in those earlier days ; mostly out of a paper bag, which, as often as not, was spread on one of the tombstones in the Howff. For at the time I am speaking of, our ancient burying ground was not the haunt of punters and loafers it is now. I'm not just sure that the Powers that Be knew that sundry little girls from school ate their lunch in the Howff. Or perhaps they turned their blind eye to it, as they did to our all too frequent visits to " Candy Nellie's." Nowhere did a penny go so far as in that enchanted shop. There was Stalk Candy, for instance. One halfpenny would purchase a stalk and a half—and it was " some " stalk ! Almost a yard long—or so at least it seems in retrospect.

All the classes were held then in what is now mainly the Boys' school—the girls at the west side, the boys at the east. One of the few classes that were mixed was the French one. The girls sat in front, the boys behind, all under the eye of Mr. Henri Durlac. It was a stern eye, there's no doubt about that. But it was a kindly eye too—provided you really worked. From the safe distance of half a century, one's terror of " Doorle " seems to melt away. He certainly was a martinet ; he had at times a bitter and sarcastic tongue ; he hated " fripperies "—the jangle of the host of metal bangles which many girls wore then on their wrists, drove him to distraction. But he was a great teacher, and, as has been said of another great teacher, if he was, as some declared, " a beast," he was a just beast. Show an intelligent interest in your lessons, work hard, do your best, and Doorle would give you every chance, and help you all he could. And one thing was certain. Whether you were a good pupil or a bad one, there was no dullness in his class.

Sometimes Mr. Durlac's hot temper broke bounds. I remember one occasion in winter when a blizzard was raging, and snow lay in the playground many feet deep. Our class was due for the German lesson, which in the ordinary way, meant going out of the southern-most door of the west wing, and through that part of the playground to the northern entrance, which gave access to the German classroom. By passing through Mr. Durlac's room—in which a senior French class was then in progress—we need not go out into the snow at all.

But would Doorle agree to this ? Oh, no ! He would not have his class disturbed. Yet " Granny " Carmichael had said we could not go outside. Here was an impasse. Finally Mr. Imandt came to remonstrate with his colleague. What exactly happened when Frank and Teuton met, we never knew. There were loud voices—the sound of combat. Report had it that dear, kind old " Puffy " Imandt afterwards exhibited a waistcoat button to a sympathiser. " He pulled it off," he confided.

But the Teuton won. We went through the French classroom.

Memories of the old teachers crowd upon one. I'll never forget our English master, Mr. Charles, who, out of his own wonderfully stored mind, implanted in so many of his pupils a real love for literature. " Charlie " was wont to digress far from the work in hand, when he got interested in a subject, and I'm afraid we used deliberately to ask questions calculated to lead him away from our lessons—especially when we didn't know them well !—into the enchanted land where he loved to roam. The ringing of the bell would bring him back to earth. Above his bushy grey beard, his eyes, behind their spectacles, glared round the room, " And now, girls," he would thunder, " from now on we must work slavishly—simply slavishly ! "

There was Mr. Arnold too—another English master. I don't remember much about him,

except his long black beard. There were also various young assistants. I recall the first appearance of one in the English classroom, callow, and very nervous at being suddenly pitch-forked into a class of 40 girls. The first item was the calling of the roll. In the roll-book, the surnames, arranged alphabetically, came before our first names, though, of course, they were never read in this way.

" Adams Blanche," began the new teacher, very hot and bothered, " Anderson Bethia."

We restrained ourselves till he came to " Black Mary," when a gale of laughter brought the unhappy youth to the realisation that there was another way of calling the roll.

We got our writing lessons from Mr. Glass. The two things old High School pupils always associate with " Glassie " are cough lozenges and the tawse. He hated coughing in the class and was in the habit of taking from his vest pocket, very soiled and evil-tasting lozenges and presenting these to the cougher. The usual procedure was for the recipient of a lozenge to drop it in the inkwell. Legend had it that Mr. Glass fished the lozenges out afterwards and kept them for the next pupil who coughed. The peculiarity about Mr. Glass's tawse was that they hurt more than any other teacher's. Various theories were current as to the whereforeness of this. The most popular belief was that duck's claws were skillfully imbedded in the business end of the tawse.

Dear, dear ! How it takes one back to those old classrooms ! I think of grey-haired Mr. Dott, with his slow voice, striving patiently to lead our unwilling feet through the tortuous problems of Euclid. We took sore advantage of the gentle old man, one recalls with compunction. Sweets and notes were passed along while he drew triangles on the blackboard—anything to amuse ourselves. A girl in our class had the enviable accomplishment of making herself weep at will. The geometry lesson afforded a fine chance for this. First her chin would begin to quiver, then her lips turned down. A minute or two later great tears were rolling down her cheeks. If Mr. Dott chanced to turn round and see her, he never doubted the tears were genuine. He must have thought the rest of us hardhearted wretches for laughing at her distress.

Then there was Dr. Wilson, who taught us Latin ; Mr. Frank Sharp, the teacher of singing and Sol-Fa ; neat little Mr. Martinus Thomson, the dancing master ; " Stumpy " Miller, " Red " Brown, and many others. Kindly Mr. Frank Young, our teacher of science and physiology fifty years ago, is, his old pupils are glad to know, still hale and well. I'm afraid I was not one of the pupils who did him credit. I know I never got more than 50 per cent. in the examinations. I remember one girl who was a bright and shining light in Mr. Young's class. Her hand was always out to give the answer. Probably it was sheer jealousy that made some of us compose a note, and pin it to her place at the top of the form. The note ran : " The girls would like you better if you were not so conceited in physiology."

We shall never forget Father Sturrock, with his short, sturdy figure, genial smile, and roguish eye. " That's fine, leddies ! " was his favourite comment as we went through our gymnastic exercises. At the close of the class, Miss Carmichael always took the salute. " Boo to the leddy ! " commanded Father Sturrock, with his irrepressible twinkle.

I don't think that " Granny " ever quite approved of girls doing drill and gymnastics. There was a lot she didn't approve of. She used to come into the classrooms while lessons were going on, sit down opposite us on a hard chair, very prim and upright, and look for something to find fault with. That severe eye would roam round, then—" Excuse me a moment, Mr. Charles." The eye ranges over the class and picks out various offenders. " I see some girls with their legs crossed. Don't do it. It's not lady-like."

Very rarely did Granny venture into the French classroom. When she did come, she sat looking like a scared, but conscientious rabbit braving the lion from a strong sense of duty. And under Doorle's grim glance she scuttled away at the earliest possible.

The only other lady who played much part in our school life was Miss Mackenzie, the teacher of sewing. We did not have the pretty things to make that girls make now, and this was rather an arid patch in the day. The one relief was that a story was read aloud—something very innocuous. " The Wide, Wide

World " was looked on by Miss Mackenzie as eminently " safe," and we got very tired of reading about the blameless Ellen's adventures. One joyous day someone brought a book called " So Very Genteel." We enjoyed it immensely—for as long as we were allowed to hear it. It was not long. A love affair developed in the story, the most proper and Victorianish love affair, but—the book was firmly removed. " We'll have ' The Wide, Wide World ' instead," said Miss Mackenzie.

" But we've read it so often before ! " we protested.

" A good book can't be read too often," answered Miss M.

So back once more to Ellen.

Old-fashioned ways ; old-fashioned days, but in remembrance how dear ! The years pass and we have to-day a very different world to that of 1884. Other boys and girls sit in these classrooms, chase one another round the stately pillars. A new generation has arisen ; everywhere is change. But still stands where it did the old well-loved School—not just a thing of stone and lime, but a place which breathes as surely of the past as of the present. Long may it stand there in all the pride of its long history and great tradition—all its hope for the generation yet to come.

ANNE S. MAXWELL.

Education.

An Old Girl Looks On.

THE Dundee High School, a modest building with its Greek pillars, has stood for a century in that playground where a few trees, apparently recently planted, now grow.

The School is situated within easy reach of the centre of the city out of which an immense network of industry and trade stretches into the far world. Such an association naturally turns our thoughts towards the influence education has upon a city, its enterprise and its progress.

This word education is a ticklish term to use. For during those 100 years its meaning has altered vastly and the purposes to which it is applied have changed. We scarcely remember the significance held by the word, say, four generations ago. The subject of education can be merely touched here and a few suggestions thrown out.

Dei Donum ! What a beautiful name for a city ! And the situation of Dundee is of rare loveliness. Not only does it lie on a river but that river is never still, it flows constantly and is inspiring with its brightness, sparkle and restless variety. The vault of the sky appears to be higher on the East coast of Scotland that it does elsewhere, suggesting a wider range of vision. At least a few people will acknowledge that the Scot from the East coast quickly grows bored under a sky that lies heavy and on the banks of a river that flows quietly in apparently eternal stillness and calm.

That River Tay of ours has some charm about it that urges us to wander forth. Boys of days long gone by felt this spell and fell to it. What lad with imagination and ambition alive in him could resist the sight of ships on the stocks, a launch when a big vessel floated from her cradle into the bosom of the sea ? Ships passing to and fro on that rippling, dancing river lured them out and away, into the world beyond.

TWO DUNDEE URCHINS.

Here is a tale, probably typical of Dundee youthful enterprise. Two small boys packed their school books into long straps, ready for sale when the need arose. Those bundles they tucked under their arms, played truant and started off to walk to Glasgow, feeling certain that they would get on a ship before the mast and sail away to good luck.

By the time they reached the Carse o' Gowrie they were just a trifle fagged. A gentleman passed in a gig ; boldly the lads asked for a lift. The gentleman looked them up and down ; possibly the bundles of books struck a familiar chord. He bade them jump in. Guilelessly as they chatted the urchins told their names. Their good friend entertained

them hospitably to a meal in his own home. Later he saw them to the train and presented tickets to them. But events proved that the tickets were not for Glasgow but for Dundee, where a warm reception awaited the wanderers from fathers duly informed by wire from the kindly friend who thus cut the cord of adventure.

Centuries of Education.

For centuries young men, and for nearly a century young women, have passed periodically out of schools, colleges and universities. These students have supposedly acquired the open mind, the trained intelligence and the tempered judgment usually associated with education. Of course, minds can appropriate that alone which they are capable of digesting, absorbing and utilising. Hence the infinite variety of learning. The many acquire knowledge; the few attain to wisdom.

The phrase "an educated man" used to imply a scholar. To-day an educated man or woman may easily possess knowledge and skill that have little to do with book learning. Think of the endless array of valuable goods we enjoy which arise out of immense thought, practice and experience. We accept the results of ceaseless labour, yet how rarely do we ever concern ourselves about the process.

In Dusty Crannies.

We who are further on through the journey of life frequently realise sadly just that limitation of mind. We search the dusty crannies of our memory and regret that so much that we packed away has been allowed to go to waste. If, for example, we had kept that knowledge of history fresh, if those lectures on Political Economy were alive in our minds, if we had never put our globes aside and forgotten our geography, how much wider would have been our understanding of events from 1914-1918. It may be that the Dalton Plan—we hear so much about "Plans" these days!—(the Dalton is one of the later systems of education) may have something in it that will help students towards retention of knowledge instead of allowing them merely to fritter it away. The plan is at least attractive since it is stated that the Universities of Munich and of Heidelberg accept Dalton students without entrance examination. Briefly, students trained on the Dalton Plan are said to be specially alert, keen and capable of original and constructive work.

After all, what has any student done throughout years of mental training if just such qualities are absent? Students fresh from a university usually do start in vigorously and with a keen grip of possibilities, a wide outlook inspired by hopefulness. Isn't it invariably the students who seize a new idea, give it due consideration and perhaps acceptance which, in after years, they may regret?

In A Watertight Compartment.

We hear a great deal about art applied to practical purposes. Less is said about the application of education to daily life. We are apt to regard it as merely a means to an end, *viz.*, that of earning a living. So far as enjoyment or recreation is concerned we are more inclined to place education in a watertight compartment, when the working hours are finished, and leave it there. What those faculties might do for us, what doors to enjoyment they might open we seldom even pause to think. Reading, music, science, or art as a source of recreation is rarely even considered, outside the professional sphere.

How many of us would rather read a sentimental novel than one which offers us a new idea and sets us thinking. A play or film in which a serious problem is attacked and skilfully handled does not draw crowded houses as do thrills of horror or shouts of laughter. A lively controversy and a debate on a stirring subject might do some of us quite as much good as a game of tennis or golf, for the mind wants exercise as well as the body.

Well-Oiled Machinery.

Contentment is considered a virtue. We may have to be contented with a meagre portion of material comfort. But the realm of the abstract is open to us all, provided we take the trouble to make some effort. It is not the contented folk who have swayed the world and brought about the tremendous changes throughout the ages.

If we are too contented we grow apathetic. We forget that all machinery must be well oiled, cared for and kept polished to a fine point by use. The most delicate machinery ever created is just the complicated human mind. No one who owned a costly machine would treat it as carelessly as some of us do our minds.

Some people relinquish all hope of progress soon after they leave school. Others use eyes and minds incessantly, never satisfied with small things.

A WOMAN FOUND OUT.

An engine driver jumped off his engine at the railway terminus of a small town in Scotland. He ran along the platform to chat with a friend in a carriage. As he stood at the door of the carriage he looked round at the country in the fresh green of spring with trees and flowers bursting into radiance as far as the eye could see. He was overheard to say: "Ah, well! It's a beautiful world, and I'll be rale sweir to leave it."

How much easier it is for some of us just to lay down a novel that has an allusion to something we do not understand than to get up and find out. Many just pick up a pack of cards to soothe their ruffled spirit.

Yet every boy and girl who passed through the High School during that century just celebrated learned how to do a little mild research. Every town has a Free Library now where there is at least an encyclopaedia.

In a recently published novel which everybody read reference was made to the print of a Kwan-yin. Half a dozen women in a group in London merely wondered what "the thing" was. One had sufficient enterprise to find out. In the Print Room of the British Museum she found a scholar who asked for nothing better than to help. Kwan-yin is the Chinese goddess of pity and in the Museum there is a priceless print of exquisite loveliness. That picture is now in the possession of the woman who found out for she memorised it and keeps it in the mental gallery gradually collected on the way through the world by every educated man and woman.

F. MARIE IMANDT.

Distinguished Former Pupils.

A.

Among the distinguished pupils of the old Grammar School of Dundee, of which the High School is the successor, were :—

HECTOR BOECE, First Principal of Aberdeen University.

WILLIAM HAY, Second Principal of Aberdeen University.

B.

Among the distinguished pupils of the High School, known till 1859 as the Public Seminaries of Dundee, are the following, nearly all of whom are still alive :—

Sir J. A. EWING, K.C.B., F.R.S., LL.D., D.L., Principal (retired) of Edinburgh University.

Sir ROBERT FLEMING, LL.D., of London (deceased), well known as a benefactor of Dundee, and of the High School.

Sir JAMES MAXWELL (deceased), M.D., C.M.G. K.B.E., K.C.M.G., Governor-General of Northern Rhodesia.

The Very Rev. WILLIAM M'GREGOR, D.D., Principal of Trinity College, Glasgow.

Lord ANDERSON, D.L., LL.D., Senator of the College of Justice, Judge in the Court of Session, Edinburgh.

Sir JAMES WALKER, D.Sc., Ph.D., LL.D., F.R.S., Professor (retired) of Chemistry at Edinburgh University, and formerly Professor of Chemistry at University College, Dundee.

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, M.A., Ph.D., D.Sc., F.I.C., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry at University College, Dundee.

W. J. TULLOCH, M.D., D.P.H., O.B.E., Professor of Bacteriology at University College, Dundee.

DAVID WATTERSTON, M.A., M.D., Professor of Anatomy at St. Andrews University.

WILLIAM ANNAN, C.A., Professor of Accounting and Business Methods at Edinburgh University.

WILLIAM BLACKADDER, D.Sc., Professor of Engineering at Aberdeen University.

ALEXANDER GRAY, M.A., Jaffrey Professor of Political Economy at Aberdeen University; translator of Heine; took the second place in the Open Competitive Examination for the Indian Civil Service, Eastern Cadetships and Colonial Service.

NORMAN KEMP SMITH, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at Edinburgh University.

HERBERT LEITH MURRAY (deceased), M.D., Professor of Midwifery and Gynæcology at Liverpool University.

J. W. MUNRO, M.A., D.Sc., Professor of Entomology at London University.

W. T. CALMAN, F.R.S., Keeper of Zoology at the British Museum.

ROBERT W. CHAPMAN, M.A., LL.D.; received Hon. D.Litt. of Oxford University for his work on the Oxford English Dictionary.

FRED MILLER (deceased), Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*.

R. C. BUIST, M.A., M.D., C.M., M.R.C.P.

WILLIAM E. PHILIP, M.A., H.M.I.S.

HENRY N. BRAILSFORD, M.A., Assistant to the Professor of Logic at Glasgow, and Lecturer in Queen Margaret College in 1895; author of various novels and sketches.

JAMES CAPPON, M.A., LL.D. (M'Gill), F.R.C.S., Emeritus Professor of English Languages and Literature at Queen's University, Kingston.

Mrs. KINNEAR, B.A., J.P.

ALEX. R. MOODIE, M.A., M.D.; recently appointed "Hon. Surgeon to the King."

Miss EDITH LUKE, F.E.I.S., M.A., Lady Warden Training College, Dundee.

Mrs. MAIR, M.A., O.B.E., hon. member, London School of Economics.

Miss A. G. PHILIP, C.B.E., Board of Education, Whitehall, London.

Miss HILDA LORIMER, B.A., M.A. (Oxon.), Somerville College, Oxford.

Miss JANET MACFARLANE, M.A., Vice-Principal, Cheltenham Ladies' College.

Miss ANNA J. MILL, M.A., Ph.D., Lecturer in English Literature, Mount Holyoke College, St. Hadley, U.S.A.

Rev. WILLIAM HAMILTON, M.A., Secretary, General Presbyterian Alliance, the Church of Scotland, at Edinburgh.

JAMES G. SHEARER, M.A., First in the Open Competitive Examination for the Indian Civil Service, Eastern Cadetship and Colonial Service; now a Judge in India.

ROBERT L. MACKIE, M.A., B.Litt., Lecturer in History and English at University College, Dundee; author of educational works.

FRANK G. YOUNG, B.Sc., Principal of the Technical College, Dundee.

T. S. MURRAY, D.Sc., Headmaster (retired) of the Science Department of Dundee High School; formerly Assistant Professor at Aberdeen University.

EASTON S. VALENTINE, M.A., Headmaster (retired) of the English Department of Dundee High School; author of educational books.

JOHN S. FULTON, M.A., Fellow and Tutor in Classics at Balliol College, Oxford.

MARGARET B. FERGUSSON, M.A., Lecturer in Latin at Toronto University; has just received an important educational appointment in Cape Colony.

JAMES LUMSDEN, M.A., B.Ed., Inspector of Special Schools in England.

ISABEL GRAY; elected a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music in 1932; a well-known pianist.

AGNES SAVILL, M.A., M.D., author of works on Medicine and Music.

D. C. THOMSON, Managing Proprietor, *Courier and Advertiser*.

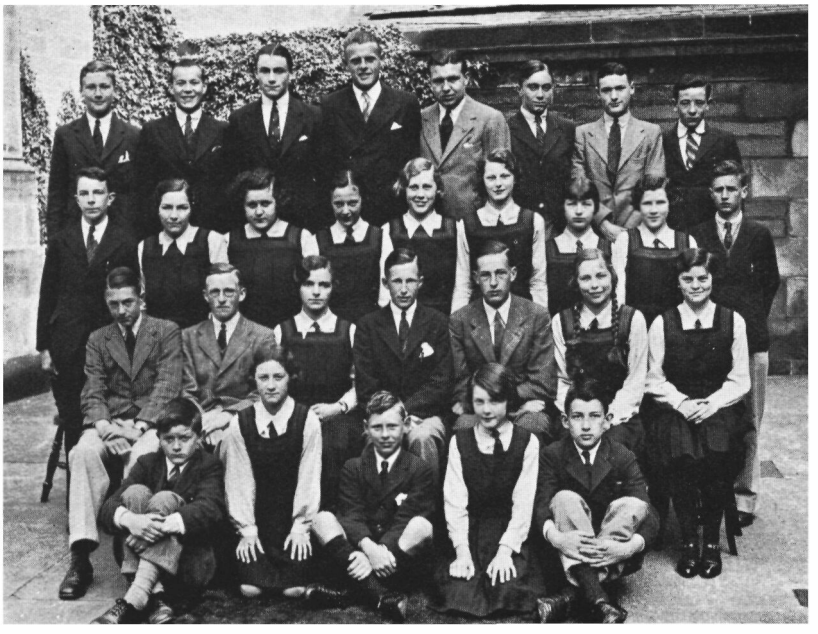
W. FRASER MITCHELL, M.A., B.Litt., University, Reading.

GEORGE R. DONALD, Secretary, Dundee Chamber of Commerce.

As evidence of the sound work done at the High School during the last thirty years may be mentioned :—

(*a*) The number of Carnegie Research Scholarships and Fellowships, Caird Travelling Scholarships and other Travelling Scholarships awarded to High School Former Pupils in the last few years. The following have held or are holding such Scholarships or Fellowships, some of them both Scholarships and Fellowships :—

Evelyn R. L. Gow, B.Sc., Ph.D.; Maxwell D. Kippen, B.Sc.; Agnes G. Mitchell, Ph.D.; James R. Myles, B.Sc.; Patrick D. Ritchie, B.Sc., Ph.D.; Robert Roger, Ph.D.; Duncan B. McKenzie, B.Sc.; Margaret B. Fergusson, M.A.; David M. G. Stalker, M.A.; Evelyn



[*Photo. by D. & W. Prophet.*

Back Row—John A. R. Lawson (Aystree Cup—Junior Champion Athlete and Polack Gold Medal—Gym., 6th Class Boys). James R. Soutar (Ballingall Gold Medal—Dux Gym.). Ronald H. Stewart (Loveridge Cup—Mile Race). John M. Fearn (Airlie Cup—Champion Athlete). George Blair (Boase Medal and Pirie Cup—Golf). Charles R. W. Gray (Harold Martin Cup—Champion Athlete of Middle School). Donald R Mackay (Urquhart Cup—Champion Shot). John Muirhead (Championship Trophy—Swimming).

Second Row—James Keir (Dux 7th Class Boys—Jane Spiller Prize). Sheila L. Wenyon (Championship Cup—Swimming). Anne Robertson (Leng Gold Medal—Singing). Vivien G. M. Cameron (Junior Championship Cup—Swimming). Janet S. Conn (Dux—Gym., Girls). Muriel S. Anderson (Tennis Champion). Allison A. Martin (Dux, 7th Class Girls—Jane Spiller Prize). Dorothy J. Bowden (Dux—Music). George Scully (Junior Championship Cup—Swimming).

Third Row—Richard A. Strachan (Dux, Commercial Dept.—Chamber of Commerce Gold Medal and Caird Prizes, Phonography). Eric G. McPherson (Dux—Science). Winifred I. MacNicol (School Dux—Girls, 1st place U.C.D. Bursary List). William A. C. Mathieson (School Dux—Boys, and Dux—English, French, Latin, Greek ; 2nd place—Edinburgh Bursary List). Ian Isles (Dux—Mathematics). Aimée V. Wight (Dux—Art). Kathleen R. Oudney (Dux—Needlework).

In Front—Douglas L. Nicoll (Leng Silver Medal—Singing). Margaret Bibb (Leng Silver Medal—Singing). Ian G. Kidd (Dux 4th Class, Boys—Polack Prize) Jean Gordon (Dux 4th class, Girls—John Maclennan Prize). Ian M. Troup (Oakley Cup—Best Shot, 1st year).

School Medallists,
Session 1933-1934.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

R. Robertson, M.A. Some of those just mentioned, and a good many other former High School pupils, have won other University Scholarships.

Patrick D. Ritchie, above-mentioned, received a position as Chemist in Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. (Nobel Section) in 1932, C. Wenyon and Wilfrid Polack have held similar positions for a considerable time.

(*b*) The striking success of the School in the Open Entrance Bursary Competitions for the last twenty years. The School has frequently taken high places in these examinations both at Edinburgh and at St. Andrews, but it also took the first place in the Edinburgh Entrance Bursary Competition for three years in succession—in 1911, 1912 and 1913—the successful pupils being James G. Shearer (already mentioned), Hans L. Dennler, now in the Home Civil Service, and Allan G. Cleghorn—a most brilliant pupil who lost his life in the Great War ; and in 1930 and 1931 it practically repeated this striking success by taking the first two places in the Edinburgh Entrance Bursary Competition in 1930, and the first place in 1931, the successful pupils being Enid M. Robertson, George E. Davie and George C. Stalker. This year William A. Mathieson added to these successes by taking second place at Edinburgh.

Acknowledgements.

We take this opportunity of thanking the staffs of the *Dundee Courier and Advertiser* and the *Evening Telegraph* for the great help they have given us in supplying the block for the first advertisement of the High School, September 19th, 1834, and for putting all their records and files at our disposal.

We are also very grateful to Dr. Murrray for many hours of patient research among the minute books of the old seminaries and for yeoman service in proof-reading. Much help was also given us by Mr Wm. Mathieson and Mr David M. G. Stalker. Lastly, we are deeply indebted to our printer, Mr Findlay and his staff for their ungrudging and truly heroic efforts in executing so carefully and so quickly what turned out to be a very large rush order.

W.G.L.

We have also received greetings and congratulations from the Very Rev. Dr. Wm. M. McGregor, Principal of Trinity College, Glasgow.

Professor Alex. Gray, M.A., Jaffrey Professor of Political Economy at Aberdeen University.

Mr James G. Shearer, District and Sessions Judge, India.

Mr D. C. Thomson, Managing Proprietor, *Courier and Advertiser*.

Mr R. W. Chapman, D.Litt., Oxford.

Rev. W. H. Hamilton, Edinburgh.

Mr W. Fraser Mitchell, M.A., B.Litt., The University, Reading.

Janet A. McFarlane, Vice-Principal, Ladies' College, Cheltenham.

The School in War-time.

DURING the period of the Great War, the usual tranquillity of the High School was rudely shattered. Members of the staff began to leave and their places were filled by temporary assistants; former pupils, some from abroad, came to say farewell before crossing the Channel. Soon the casualty lists brought home to us the realities of war in a manner which the study of History was powerless to effect. We still can remember the feelings of awe with which staff and pupils heard of the death of Lieutenant W. D. Macbeth, a cherished master in the English Department.

Our first efforts as a School were directed to raising relief funds, and during the session 1914-15 over £300 were paid to various organisations for the relief of distress.

Later, when Serbia was overrun, a number of Serbian youths took their places on our benches and the School had a distinctly cosmopolitan air.

Some of these were very grateful for the education they received, and successfully completed degrees at our universities. A few send Xmas greetings still to members of the staff.

It was the peculiar care of Sergeant Woolaway to get photographs of those who fell in the war. These were framed and arranged in the Science Lecture Room and form a touching tribute from the old soldier.

At the end of the War 719 names of former pupils who served were obtained, and carved on the oaken panel at the entrance to the Rector's room. Gold lettering denotes those who fell, and 113 names are thus marked out as part of the School's sacrifice in the Great World Tragedy.

"They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe."

A School Hymn.

O God! by Whose almighty hand
All things created were and stand,
Teach me, O God! from hour to hour
Dependence on Thy sovereign power.

O God! by Whose all-seeing eye
All hearts are searched, to Thee I cry
For purity of mind and heart
And truth within the hidden part.

O God! the guardian and the guide
Of those who look to Thee when tried
By evil thoughts, guard me, I pray,
And guide and lead me in Thy way.

O God! the stay and strength of all
Who seek Thy help, when others call
And lure me from the path of right,
Help me to stand fast in Thy might.

O God! by Whom all jealousy
And envy are abhorred, teach me
To greet my friend with joyful face
When outstripped by him in the race.

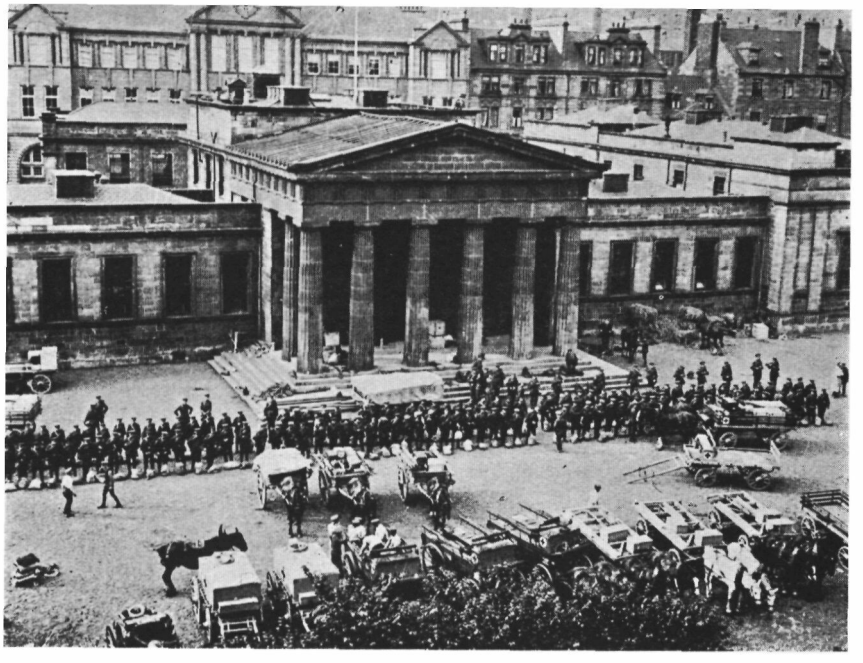
O God! to Whose forgiveness I
And mercy for my sins must fly,
Teach me when injured to forgive,
And blameless in Thy sight to live.

O God! Whose tender, loving care
Man, beast and bird and all things share,
Kind and compassionate like Thee
To every living thing make me.

O God Almighty! Whom the meek
And humble, not the proud, can seek
And find, give me the better part—
Meekness and humbleness of heart.

O God, my Father! by Whose love
Thy weakest child can rise above
Each weakness and each fault, give me
The saving grace of love to Thee.

And when my schooldays' course is run,
And my life work has now begun,
Be Thou my pilot and my friend
Till I have reached my journey's end. J.M.



The High School in War Time.

Eighteen-Thirty-Four.

A HUNDRED years ago this School was built. For a hundred years, from 1834 to 1934, we have endured and thrived on a steady diet of corporal punishment and examinations, and never have we been allowed to forget that " Labor Omnia Vincit."

Let us look back a hundred years, to the year 1834, when William IV. was king. The Napoleonic Wars were still fresh in men's memories, the Reform Bill had only lately been passed. Crinolines had gone out of fashion, to reappear once more in the 'fifties and 'sixties ; the powdered wigs, laced coats and satin knee-breeches of the previous century had given place to side-whiskers, top-hats and tight, white pantaloons.

It was an eventful year. In January, a hurricane devastated the colony of Mauritius ; a few days later the Legislative Assembly of Jamaica passed the Slavery Abolition Bill after a fierce debate. War was raging once more among the new South American States.

At the beginning of February, an adventurer named Romanino attempted to revolutionise Savoy with a force of four hundred men, mostly Poles and Italian refugees. He was defeated and fled to Genoa. Meanwhile the army of Don Carlos, the Pretender to the Spanish throne, was ravaging Northern Spain. Portugal, too, was indulging in civil war. Nearer home, Robert Burns' widow had died at Dumfries, seventy years old. Then comes a link with the present. Trade-unionism was commencing; in April, six Dorsetshire men, the famous " Tolpuddle Martyrs," were brutally sentenced to seven years' transportation for " administering unlawful oaths." Next day a great gathering of trades-unionists marched to Whitehall to deliver a petition for mercy, signed by 266,000 people. Lord Melbourne refused to receive the petition, but accepted it later when presented by a deputation. None the less, the six " martyrs " were condemned, but their sacrifice was never forgotten.

On 25th July, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the famous poet, author of " The Ancient Mariner," died at Highgate.

On 16th October, both Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire. It was only after a long struggle with primitive fire-fighting apparatus that Westminster Abbey was saved. A month later Lord Melbourne's Government was dissolved and Sir Robert Peel, who was in Italy, was sent for. This was on 16th November. Transport on the Continent was slow, difficult and dangerous. It was not until 8th December that Peel arrived at Windsor, to take over the Government from the Duke of Wellington.

Since then, a hundred years have passed. We laugh at the time taken for Peel's journey ; we hurl ourselves from place to place at speeds undreamt-of in 1834.

In 2034, will another pen (or dictaphone) recall the events of 1934 to a 200-year-old school ? Or shall we be taught painlessly by wireless? W. S. G.

The Deep Delights of Mathematics.

To think that two and two make four,
And neither five nor three,
The heart of man has long been sore
And long 'tis like to be.
A. E. HOUSMAN.

I ALWAYS considered that proficiency in Mathematics requires a deal of sheer low cunning. It did not accord with my peculiar idealism, and I still believe in a mystical realm where the so-called " truths " that this detective science apprehends shall be transcended and seen to be relative.

Even in my schoolboy days I had sat in pharisaic contentment for two whole sessions at the bottom of the highest class in Mathematics at Dundee High School. After all, I argued, they teach the same stuff at both ends of the class. Behind my back the teacher, a Mr. Meiklejohn, expressed a measure of respect for my genius. " I have never known a boy who could with such sincerity put the face of truth upon a palpable falsehood "—this after I had proved a triangle ABC equal in all respects to another triangle

DBC, part of it, and neither he nor anyone else in the class had caught me at the point where I went wrong. He granted me also to have occasional gleams of a higher intelligence, as when he invited me to demonstrate that any two sides of a triangle are greater than the third side and I innocently but triumphantly replied that " the shortest distance between any two points is a straight line drawn between them." At the end of that session, to be sure, I took the first prize in the class—Morris's *Earthly Paradise* in four volumes—but was caught in the act and compelled to return the books to the rightful winner, A. R. Moodie.

It was now time to leave School for University, and in those days it was necessary to pass a Preliminary Entrance Examination in Latin, Greek, English, a modern language and Mathematics, the first four on the Higher of two standards, the last on the Higher or Intermediate of three. I, alas, had no prospect of scoring a success on any standard at all with Maths., though I was tolerably certain of a complete pass in the other subjects. It was therefore one of the craziest moments in my life when on the publication of the results I found that I had been awarded a " Higher " in Latin, English, French and Maths., and had been utterly spun in Greek. I made no enquiries, and the matter was not investigated. To this day I think it probable that I owed my unimpeded entrance to St. Andrews University to a happy clerical error of some subordinate or other in the Education Department. I was later able to satisfy the examiners in Greek.

Anyhow, there was I—free, as I hoped, for ever from the incubus of Mathematics. There was still an obstacle, of course, for at that time it was necessary that an aspirant to the degree of Master of Arts in our Scottish Universities should profess either Mathematics or Natural Philosophy (Physics) as one of his seven subjects. Very light-heartedly I elected for the latter when I had to fill up my Schedule of studies. I had no idea what Natural Philosophy might be, but (said I to myself) it will certainly " be *about* something " ; and in any case I should be beginning at the beginning of it. Alas, alas ! it was no slight damper on my spirits when I found that this alluring alternative was indeed even more mathematical than the pure Maths.—a considerable knowledge of which it appeared to take for granted. Professor Stanley Butler—worthy son of the noble Josephine Butler—was kindness itself and debonair to a degree, and other students seemed to find his prelections lucid enough. For me, he might as well have been lecturing in Arabic. Once a fortnight he set us an examination on the work done in class. In the first I was awarded two marks out of a hundred possible ; in the second, none ; in the third, minus two !

It was obviously high time to be doing something about it. I sought an interview with the affable professor, explained my difficulties, and was counselled in the most aimiable and confident manner to supplement my studies by a course in Practical Physics under his assistant, Mr. Balfour, another kindly teacher, who, however, was apt to distribute his " h's " differently, being a Londoner. Accordingly I found myself morning by morning in the laboratory, measuring things for the most part and watching what others were doing. After a week I found myself in a quandary, having to perform an experiment *solus* and being destitute of a single idea concerning it.

" What ought I to do first, Sir ? " I enquired at Mr. Balfour ; and he, with a snort of disdain (as it seemed to me), replied— " I think you should 'eat your happaratus ! "

I had my pride ; and, turning on my heel, walked haughtily out of the laboratory. The position was explained by intermediaries and an entente cordiale restored quite soon, and Mr. Balfour devoted special attention to my woeful plight, so that eventually I rose to 35 per cent. in my fortnightly class examinations and was certified at the end of the year to have " duly performed the work of the class," and thereby to be qualified to sit the M.A. degree examination in the subject. But woe is me ! nine times—half-yearly—I presented myself to the examiners and nine times was rejected by them, forfeiting my fees, and my situation began to cause me acute concern once more.

For meanwhile I had made some progress in my other subjects of study, having taken first class honours in two of the schools of my choice. There was then, however—and there may still be—a rule that candidates for the coveted Honours degree of M.A. must complete their whole examination within five years ; and now, with nine failures in Nat. Phil., I had only one more chance to pull this

off. I confess that I became very anxious and even slightly nervous, forseeing myself leaving College unlaureated in spite of my not-inconsiderable successes. I groaned under a heavy sense of injustice somewhere in the scheme of things.

Here I ought to explain that throughout my whole career at St. Andrews I had had no warmer or more generous friend than the Professor of that same bleak subject that I had evaded. Professor Peter Redford Scott Lang, of the Chair of Mathematics, took a deep interest in the social life of all the students in the University, and had all along favoured me with his friendship because of a measure of executive musical ability that I possessed. I vamped piano accompaniments for him when he would sing at an occasional Guadeamus—"We've lippened aye to Providence and sae will we yet"—and he once declared with enthusiasm that I could be trusted to play, as he was apt to sing, on *any* key or all keys together.

These—and, if I may say so, a score of other minor affinities—cemented a veritable comradeship between us, upon which I had the good sense never to presume; and I found myself wishing once or twice that I had risked a further adventure in pure Maths. under him: for Professor Butler, although a notable wit and a charming humorist, lived more aloof from the undergraduates and gave one no opportunity to disarm his inexorable official justice by the influence of one's personality or any gifts irrelevant to his Nat. Phil.

The two subjects were, of course, affiliated in the Department of Science, and Professor Scott Lang was not unaware of my distressful position. One day as we talked together at the Common-Dinner table, over which he presided, he spoke confidingly—

"I would like you to pass your exam. in Natural Philosophy this time, Mr. Hamilton."

"So would I, Sir," I returned, with most despondent under-statement, and I sat in silent dejection till he by-and-by continued with some diffidence—

"Perhaps I ought not to say this, Mr. Hamilton, for of course I am one of the examiners *ex officio*, *but*—if I were you, I think I'd work over some old exam. papers. After all, in a subject like this, there are only a certain number of kinds of questions possible. If you go over the papers set for, let us say, the last twenty years . . . you will see that the same types appear from time to time. If you mastered these—well, it's possible, it's even likely, that *something* you'll have learned will crop up again when you present yourself . . . at all events, I should think well over this, if I were you."

Imagination boggled at the thought of the Professor of Mathematics being me. Nevertheless his words sank in upon my so-called mind, and for a whole summer I took rooms in the old town along with a friend whose endowments lay along scientific lines, whom I persuaded to tutor me in the rudiments. Then I obtained all the sets of questions put to candidates from the year 1884 onwards, and found—as Professor Lang had hinted—that some of them did indeed have a habit of recurring after a year to two. With my tutor's aid I constructed model answers to all the problems and gave myself to the task of memorising these.

I shall never quite forget the week prior to my tenth attempt to snaffle a pass in Nat. Phil. I sat up from a Monday to a Thursday keeping myself awake by drinking black tea, and on the Thursday afternoon I entered the Exam. hall in such a condition that when somebody dropped a ruler on the floor behind me I started up in my place with a jerk that might have propelled me through the ceiling. When the fateful paper was put into my hands I scanned it eagerly. Yes, sure enough—there were no fewer than five old friends, questions that had been set at various times in the past. Answers were required to any eight of the twelve problems on the sheet, and I felt that with five in my pocket, so to speak, I had a chance of squeezing through at last and of saving my degree by the skin of the teeth. Feverishly I jotted down the solutions I had so arduously memorised and made a bold shot at three others, taking care to drag into my answers all the information I possessed on the whole subject of Natural Philosophy whether asked for or not (a course I would not now commend, having become an examiner), and when the closing time bell rang I had put the whole neatly in order and—in high feather—was actually on my way to hand in my paper when my exceeding hopefulness suddenly swooned in me as I remembered that I had failed to provide my answers with the

diagrams necessary to give meaning to my abundant letterpress.

" O for pity's sake—half-a-minute till I draw the pictures ! " I gasped to the invigilator who was now collecting the candidates' papers ; and as well as I could I supplied the lack.

What happened afterwards I hardly know. There was certainly a sense of relief, but what with loss of sleep and a prolonged and most artificial and cruel concentration of my energies upon themes very foreign to my spirit, I wandered down South Street to my bunk, feeling as if I had indeed a minute brain somewhere, but that it was away, away up yonder far above the moon. I walked into a lamp-post and mumbled " Beg y'r pardon, Sir ! " then banged into a passer-by and exclaimed " Confound you bally lamp-posts," and cannot have suggested to any who did not know me that I was ever the President of the Undergraduates' Temperance Society. Anyhow I got safely to my bunk, tumbled into bed, and hardly woke till the week-end was gone by.

. . . .

It must have been a full week later I was walking aimlessly along the beautiful old-world North Street, then still full of cobblestones and fisherfolks' cottages with red-tiled roofs, and gardens of lilac and laburnum, lovely to behold from the height of the College Tower. It may be suspected that I was steering for the Quad. to discover if the Exam. pass lists had been issued ; but indeed I did not expect to know the Nat. Phil. results for several days yet. Suddenly I beheld Professor Scott Lang in gown and trencher hurrying along the street—and yes ! crossing, apparently to speak with *me*. The good man was all excitement—

" You're through, Mr. Hamilton ; you're through," he ejaculated.

(" O thank God ! " quoth I, it may have been more audibly than piously.)

" Yes—you're safely through ! A near thing—but you're through *this* time. I persuaded them to give you five extra marks for your excellent English *style*. You've passed by two marks."

O bejants, blessed beardless men,
  Who strive with Euclid in your attics,
For worlds I would not taste again
  The deep delights of Mathematics.

W. H. HAMILTON.

Reading Aloud.

We are privileged to reprint this essay from Mr Chapman's collection, " The Portrait of a Scholar and other Essays written in Macedonia, 1916-1918."

I LIKE to speculate upon forgotten arts. I read recently, in an account of the Oxford *Almanacks*, the phrase " when engraving became impossible." What a hint for the fancy ! I think of the unique despository of a splendid tradition of skill ; a man proud, poor, and honest ; living with his knowledge that never more will man scratch cunningly on steel or copper ; eyeing with a contemptuous tolerance the poor prettiness of modern photographic process ; as the last of the calligraphers regarded the mechanical vulgarity of print. There might be two, if you like ; indeed I seem to have read some story of two brothers.

My imagination has busied itself with a family in Norfolk, of which I have heard as still extant, but on the brink of dissolution—the *Brandon Knappers*, whose peculiar hereditary skill in squaring the round flint made them for centuries eminent.

Here in Macedonia, where domestic needs are satisfied by the Expeditionary Force Canteen, and the delight of the eye is served by cuttings from *La Vie Parisienne*, one of my greatest pleasures has been to spend an hour in looking at C——'s coins. C—— is a man of taste and learning, has the gift of tongues, and is moreover a policeman ; but I suspect him of a genius for acquisition. He seems to have appropriated every ancient coin that has been dug up since we came to Madeconia. They are very beautiful ; and with my pleasure in their beauty mingles a morose satisfaction when I contrast their lovely contours with the pitiful scratches of the modern drachma, franc, or shilling.

In antiquity, when books were few and the art of reading them a rare and difficult accomplishment, to read was ordinarily to read aloud. What we call " reading " is called in Greek " reading to oneself." The invention of print, commas and other aids to understanding, increased the practice of solitary reading ; and reading aloud became gradually an accessory, but remained an important art. A hundred years ago it was still a social duty, comparable with carving or dancing. If two people were left alone with time on their hands, it was natural for one of them to read for the other's amusement. Nowadays, reading aloud is little more than a concession to tender years or failing eyesight. We think it a necessary evil. Books are now printed with large type to suit young eyes ; and even blind people claim their independence.

The loss, and not to children only, is great. Reading by the eye is a short cut to the sense of what is read. It reaches its extreme in the pleasant process of skipping, which takes no account of á writer's manner, and turns a novel into a telegram. But the Complete Reader is concerned not with mere sense only, but with

" true concord of well tunèd sounds."

He who cannot read aloud intelligibly should be suspected of imperfect assimilation when he reads alone. *Elia* remarks of Shakespeare and Milton, that " these two poets you cannot avoid reading aloud." I go further, and confess that all poetry, and all good prose, invite me to utterance. I hope I do not sit muttering in public places ; but if I cannot give voice, my ear hearkens to unheard melodies. This pleasure has its attendant pain. I have heard a lady of taste lament that she cannot read the newspaper, because she " hears the horrid jargon in her head." But I believe that she and I are exceptional, and that most readers are deaf. I have known professional students of literature, who when put to the test of declamation betrayed that the metre of *Paradise Lost* meant no more to them than counterpoint means to me. I suspect that most schoolboys read the Odes of Horace as if they were prose ; moving about in worlds not realised.

I am persuaded that this conspiracy of silence has much to answer for in the general decay of writing and the false notions of style now commonly entertained. Style is a quality of the structure and rhythm of sentences, of their clarity and harmony ; only in a minor degree is it a matter of ornament or flourish. People who read by the eye alone must be impervious to these essential effects of style ; their attention can be arrested only by strange words or uncommon images. Hence style has come to be regarded not as what it is, an inseparable quality of prose—so that all prose is bad which is not good—but as a special accomplishment, a superadded grace. From this it is a short step to that other view of many plain men, that all fine writing is a useless affectation. Englishmen, when they sit down to a report, or a leading article, or a scientific treatise, seldom feel under any obligation to study propriety of diction. If they are studious to split no infinitive, and call no man their mutual friend, they have made their bow to the Muses, and may get on with their job in plain English. It is not plain English—that rare and beautiful thing. It is a heap of worn phrases, tiresome circumlocutions, unnecessary discords. But no one knows or cares. It was not always so. In the eighteenth century all who wrote a book or even a letter, tried to write it with propriety and elegance ; and for the most part succeeded. Johnson could claim, in 1778, that " nobody now talks much of style : everybody composes pretty well."

Perhaps I overstate my case. It is of course true that good writing consists in the choice of words, and that the associations and suggestions of words, apart from their bare meaning, are often independent of their sound ; arising in part, for instance, from the way they are spelled. But it is also true that the best chosen words will not make a good sentence, unless they are " by unions married " in euphonious wedlock. Of that the ear must judge.

It is interesting to notice how the infection has reacted on spoken English. The children of the upper classes, though they are not taught to read or write, are, by the force of example, taught to speak English sufficient for the common occasions of life ; and speak it very well. As soon as they have something to say which is outside their usual range, they talk like the books they read. (If I talk to them like the books I read, I find I can make myself understood ; but I am considered an odd creature.) People of less education are

not taught even to speak the language ; their English, on all topics, is that of the local paper.

Reading as a social art survives in recitation —reading, as it were, without book. This is an odious practice, particularly in the young ; I never know whom to pity most, myself or the performer ; who having no legitimate occupation for his hands is reduced to absurd gesticulation. Acting is one thing, reading quite another. In part-reading, which admits of study and rehearsal, an approach to the histrionic manner may be allowed ; but a single reader, who may have to personate all ages and both sexes, must eschew versatility; it is safer to risk monotony than to suggest the antics of a ventriloquist.

Elia preferred to read aloud alone, or " to some single person listening. More than one— and it degenerates into an audience." I often read aloud, and oftener declaim from memory, if I am sure I am unheard. An ode of Horace lightens the labour of dressing ; and on long marches, or quiet nights at an observation post, I have soothed the aching hours with this harmless anodyne. But all pleasures are better shared. I know no greater luxury, when I have made a find, than to encounter a sympathetic listener to whom I may communicate the thrill. One is best ; but I like the sound of my own voice well enough to be willing to read to two or three, if I am suitably pressed.

When we read as fast as the eye can travel, I do not think we get the pleasure or profit that we might. The speaking pace is the true pace for degustation. Opportunities for testing this are rare ; but my recollections confirm the impression. The *Life of Apollonius* is endeared to me by the memory of a winter afternoon, when a friend read to me out of his translation ; and I recall a series of summer evenings in Perthshire, when a lady read *Persuasion* to admiration. As a child I read and re-read my favourite books ; but my greatest pleasure was in the books that were read to me. It was my mother's habit to read *Guy Mannering* at Christmas, as often as there was a fresh child of an age to enjoy it. The book was traditionally closed, and the breathless listeners sent to bed, at the point where the sound of carriage wheels breaks the suspense of Colonel Mannering and his expectant guests. Sleep seemed impossible.

Elia says that " books of quick interest, that hurry on for incidents, are for the eye to glide over only. It will not do to read them out." If the audience is adult, I agree. I do not think I should now care to listen to *Ivanhoe*, or even to *Vanity Fair*. Reading aloud is moreover a very stiff test. I have read *Framley Parsonage* a dozen times, and like it better on each reading. But when I tried once to read it aloud, I found it would not do. The style is too pedestrian, and the book altogether too *naïf*. Henry James, now, is excellent material ; and gains, I think, in lucidity, if read by a skilful reader who knows what is coming.

Reading, like every art, is capable of misuse. It is not impossible for a skilful reader to make bad writing seem like good. The most gullible of this sophist's victims is himself. Very ordinary stuff will charm your ear, if you declaim it before the fit has cooled. A week later, and it may seem to have strangely lost its savour.

It is a quality of the best writing, that you can hardly read it ill.

> Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly ?

The words have only to be spoken, and the air is full of their melody. Our noblest prose is equally unequivocal, and, like Shakespeare's verse, demands the tribute of utterance.

> Men fear Death as Children fear to go in the Dark.—I cannot praise a fugitive and cloister'd virtue.—The Shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with *Love*, and found him a native of the rocks.

Such sentences as these were not made for the eye to glide over. They must be spoken to be heard.

March, 1918. BRALO.

[*Photo. by D. & W. Prophet.*

Back Row—J. S. Ritchie. J. A. R. Lawson. J. Sinclair (Hon. Pres.). B. S. R. Black. C. R. W. Gray.

Middle Row—J. W. B. Laing. W. A. C. Mathieson (Vice-Capt.). D. W. Kidney (Capt.).

K. Lane (Secy. and Treas.). W. Paterson.

Sitting—D. R. Elder. I. P. Bruce.

In Barrieland.

By A. Philistine.

CLOVA was selected on the strength of what my angling friend, the Reverend Stewart Tackle, said about it. I had thought of South Uist—where the trout, according to that finished romancer, Mr. Watson Lyall, take the fly with an avidity believed by him to be unparalled—but Stewart's eloquent disquisition on the glories of the sport on the South Esk settled the matter in favour of Clova. He said nothing of Thrums. It was only on booking for my holiday destination that I found the route lay by way of that notorious township. I had never seen Thrums—had, in fact, no desire to see it. I knew it had produced Sir James Barrie, whose books I had never read, whose plays I had never seen; but beyond that my knowledge of the place and Barrie was nil, and an angling holiday, I decided, was not just the best occasion to increase it.

My troubles began at Dundee.

" Return to Kirriemuir," I said.

The booking-clerk stated the fare, and added, " Kirrie's Thrums."

" I beg pardon."

" Kirriemuir is Thrums."

I said that was so, and passed on, to the obvious regret of the booking-clerk, whose eye betokened him primed with Barrie lore which he yearned to bestow upon the unsuspecting and unprotected stranger.

The old-fashioned Third which I entered had two occupants—a mason and a schoolmaster.

" Is this the Kirriemuir train ? " asked the schoolmaster, anxious to talk.

I said I believed that was so.

" Going there ? "

I said I was.

" Great place, Kirrie, nowadays," he remarked. " Seen the Window ? "

" The window—which window ? "

" The Window in Thrums, you know."

" Oh, yes; a Scotch novel, isn't it ? "

" Never read it ? " he asked, amazed.

" Never," I replied with emphasis, and he took up " Thrums and Its Glens," which he read till we reached Broughty Ferry, where he got out.

" I kent Barrie at schule," volunteered the mason, an elderly man, as the train proceeded on its leisurely way; " I come frae Kirrie."

" Oh," I remarked, and the mason said no more.

At Kirriemuir I boarded a bus at the railway station.

" This is Thrums," said the driver, pointing with a comprehensive sweep as we slowly climbed the brae that leads to the Moor; " wid ye like to see the Window ? "

I assured him that I would not; that I was on holiday, and asked him about the fishing at Cortachy.

" It's fishin' ye'r efter," said the driver. " There's a chap in ain o' Barrie's books fishes, but Barrie disna fish."

To my relief, the hotel at Cortachy had few visitors, and I tarried there for a day or two, the water being in excellent ply and the sea-trout running free. Not a soul said " Barrie " from Saturday till Monday. Just after my arrival I had put out of sight a copy of " Auld Licht Idylls " which lay in the parlour and might have suggested an opening.

The grateful and comforting spell was broken on the Tuesday night. It had rained in torrents all day, and I returned from the river soaked but with a brimming basket, and in pleasant anticipation of a quiet, pipe-smoking, fireside evening.

A stranger sat by the coffee-room fire. He looked a genial, ingenuous fellow, but tea had scarcely begun when he remarked, " So this is the Land of Barrie ! "

I acquiesced.

" A wonderful power," he proceeded, as if wound up, " that made the sleepy old weaving clachan immortal Thrums—Thrums whose name and fame will go ringing down the grooves of change to a pinnacled and incandescent immortality; that touched the

dreary glens of Prosen and Quharity, leaving a garden of romance, charged with memories of romantic gipsy loves—so strangely beautiful, so beautifully strange, ah——"

"Let me give you, sir," I interpolated, "another cup of tea. I perceive you are a lecturer on Barrie."

"Yes," he replied eagerly. "Have you heard of me?"

"Never," I said, and the fellow finished his tea in silence.

Next morning I left for Clova at daybreak.

Clova is a lone place in the fastnesses of the mountains, and I fanced that there I would be safe. I had not been at the hotel many minutes, however, before an enthusiastic guest with an Angus accent produced the Visitors' Book, laid it open before me at a far-off date, and pointed a triumphant finger at the entry: "August 26th, J. M. Barrie, London."

For the next four days I fished assiduously, carefully refraining from entering into talk with anyone who looked as if able to read. On Friday evening, after a refreshing day on Loch Whorral, I dined and then retired to the kitchen to smoke, as was the agreeable practice of the angler at Clova's hostelry.

"Any papers?" I asked, and was handed a copy of the "Kirriemuir Observer."

Unthinkingly I opened it. A glance sufficed. Page 1 had a note from Barrie, laconically thanking a Kirriemuir author for a guidebook of the town; page 2 had a long article on "Sir James Barrie's Early Days"; throughout the issue were items about "our famous townsman"; and there was a long report of a speech he had just made at a cricket dinner in London.

Saturday was my last day. It opened ill, for I saw that the bottle in which I got the soda had a view of the Window as a label and trademark. And the end was not yet.

Just as I was about to leave, a lady visitor approached, and said mysteriously, "Come and see this."

"This" was a middle-aged gentleman of unassertive mien, leaning against the hotel porch, contemplating the sky and smoking a cigar.

"That's Barrie's cousin," whispered the lady.

When I see the Reverend Stewart Tackle I shall talk to him.

DAVID HODGE.

SAVAGE CLUB,
LONDON.

Schola Clara—The School Without a Novel.

Greatness, beauty, all things fair
Made the spirit of thine air:
Old years live with thee; thy sons
Walk with high companions.

LIONEL JOHNSON: "Winchester."

THAT Pontius Pilate was a native of Fortingall is a statement made by Hector Boyce, a distinguished *Old Boy* of the High School of Dundee and the first of several Principals whom the School has supplied to the Scots universities. Bold as the statement is, Boyce stopped short of the additional rashness of claiming the Procurator of Judea as a still earlier *Old Boy*. Perhaps he felt that the schoolmasters of Perth might challenge the assertion! Be that as it may, the Grammar Schools of the three great east-coast cities of Scotland will always retain a peculiar lustre as the schools of Byron, Sir William Wallace and Sir Walter Scott. Since the associations of the Scots Grammar Schools are so inspiring it is unfortunate that the buildings in which they are housed should in themselves present so few signs of connection with the historic past. It is not without pride that Scotsmen may reflect that what is unquestionably the most beautiful architectural monument in Scotland is a school—the noble foundation of George Heriot in Edinburgh, and a building which invites comparison with the finest structures in the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. In addition to the Hospital building, *George Heriot's* possesses in the Flodden Wall a relic of incalulable cultural value. Dr. Johnson's remarks on the emotions evoked by the prospect of Marathon or Iona are well-known, and the associations of the Flodden Wall must awaken in the breasts of succeeding generations of schoolboys something which neither schoolmaster nor history text-book can ever hope to arouse.

Yet the lack of ancient buildings and impressive sites is far from being the greatest deficiency where our Scots schools are concerned. The High School of Dundee for the last century of its existence has been possessed of one of the most beautiful buildings in Dundee or any Scots city, and the very fact of the school's being in such a city, with a great past and a variegated and interesting contemporary life, is one of the most outstanding elements in the School's tradition. Still, the fact remains, that only when a school can be distinguished as a kind of corporate personality—recognised variously, it is true, by those who are part of that personality and those who are merely conscious of its existence —only then is it to be regarded as a great school or as an institution potent, peculiar, irreplaceable and indestructible. And the touchstone by which the great shcool can be discovered is the novel. The school whose life can be faithfully reflected in a novel is one which neither the passage of time nor the fluctuations of men's opinions can ever destroy.

The great schools of England are of this sort. It is not so much their magnitude as the intrinsic qualities they possess and perpetuate which secures for them a universal recognition. *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, *St. Winifred's*, *Tell England*—all reflect the life of great English schools, ancient, noble, capable of providing a remarkable spiritual impetus, and which, although they differ one from another as the great cathedrals differ, are yet collectively and individually impressive. The novelists with their large canvasses and the poets with their small and delicate etchings—Newbolt on Clifton, Lionel Johnson on Winchester, Sorley on Marlborough—all bear witness to the same thing: that the great school is an entity fulfilling itself continually in the lives of succeeding generations of its scholars, yet subsisting independently of any one generation—a city builded in the hearts of men, yet enduring when they are dust—a galleon heading for an invisible port, the duration of whose voyage will be commensurate with Time, in whose cabins are assembled the great captains of the days of old, and for which deckhands are continually being recruited from the boys in the lower forms.

Few Scots schools, unfortunately, are in the position to be so regarded, and the *Scots School* tradition, although it has been long implicit in the lives of those whose inheritance it is, remains nebulous, ill-defined, largely unappreciated. Moreover, because of the difficulty of recognising it for what it is many are hardly conscious that it exists at all. We think and talk of particular schools but we never regard the *Scots School* as we regard the *English Public School*, or the French *Lycée*, or the German *Gymnasium*, as a unique expression of our national culture. And because we do not think of the *Scots School* in this way no permanent delineation of it exists in the pages of any novel. The Scots village-school of sixty to eighty years ago has been given a place in literature, but the Burgh Schools or Grammar Schools, which are the great Power-Houses of Scots education, remain uncelebrated.

This failure on the part of Scotsmen to recognise the persistent qualities of the *Scots School* is the more strange when it is remembered that of all peoples we are the least thirled to concrete embodiments of our ideals and emotions. The people who desecrated their abbeys and drove the coulter through their wayside shrines can hardly be expected to associate what is of value in school life with any arrangement of school buildings however ancient or beautiful. The *Scots School*, therefore, is independent of chapels or quadrangles or playing-fields, and is almost entirely a spiritual conception. But, like all spiritual conceptions that do not claim a purely intuitive origin, the conception of the *Scots School* reflects the actual life of the Scots people alike in past centuries and at the present day. If Robert the Bruce had not been valiant or Knox unshrinkable in his principles, had the Covenanters had no vision for the future or the Jacobites cared nothing for the loyalties of their forefathers, the *Scots School* would not have presented the characteristics it does. What churchmen sowed burghers watered, and the harvest has been gathered in scholars, merchants, soldiers and artists.

The lack of a good novel depicting the *Scots School* is the more inexplicable when the history of individual schools comes to be considered. Ideally conceived, a novel dealing with the *Scots School*—a novel with some such title as *Young Caledon* or *The Flowering of the Thistle*—should embody elements derived

from many different schools. It should be characteristic of all the schools of Scotland as the War Memorial Shrine in Edinburgh Castle is of the varied traditions which animated the Scots regiments which took part in the Great War. It should be written by a man who is—spiritually at least—an *Old Boy* of every school in Scotland from the Solway to John o' Groats, and who can claim as contemporaries the lads who witnessed the first resounding blow dealt by Wallace for Scots independence and those happy youths who have sat with him in the familiar benches or congregated with joyous clamour about the doorway of the school.

Such a man, of course, does not exist, and we must make the most of those who have vision enough to attempt even a part of this delightful labour. It would be a great thing, if, in the centenary year of our School building, there should step forward from amongst ourselves someone willing to undertake the task of depicting faithfully the *Scots School* as it exists in the High School of Dundee. Few Scots schools can have as complete a tradition and history; few have been blessed with such a happy location in a city instinct with the great happenings of Scotland's past and alive with the purr of her modern industries. Even if in the streets of other cities where Grammar Schools have arisen the feet of the Crusader, the Martyr, the Witch and the Jacobite have all in turn trodden, not to the walls of all of them have come sailing the whaler-captains with their breathless tales of *Moby Dick* and adventure in northern waters; nor in the thoroughfares of any other may be seen the Golden Fleece of the modern Argonauts passing from the shipboard to the loom. Rich as these associations are for all, the Girls' High School must derive peculiar inspiration from a city so richly dowered with notable women, a city whose first Franciscan Monastery looked to a common Foundress with Balliol College, Oxford, a city on whose outskirts Mary Shelley wrote the opening chapters of *Frankenstein* and in whose throbbing heart, amid the whirring machinery of a mill, Mary Slessor wove *a garment of salvation* for the mothers and twin-babies of Africa.

Under whatever aspect Dundee may be regarded, either as *the Geneva of Scotland* or *Juteopolis*, it remains the *Dei Donum* the medieval punsters recognised it as being. Nor, in spite of Thomas the Rhymer (or one of his Angus imitators), can it ever now be *a ding doon*, for its Grammar School " in the midst of the street of it," like the Tree of Life, bears many manner of fruits and yields her fruit at many seasons. The only danger is that for want of a novelist the fruit may remain unplucked, though he who essays to pluck it may well lament his own fate, as Sorley does in his poem on his old school—*Marlborough :—*

I have no rest
Because my hand must search, dissect and spell
The beauty that is better not expressed,
The thing that all can feel, but none can tell.

W. FRASER MITCHELL.

The Tragedy at the Place of the Little Hand.

ON the evening of the 21st of January, 1879, the third column of Lord Chelmsford's Expeditionary Force into Zululand was lying encamped at the foot of the Isandhlwana mountain, called in the Zulu language, " The Place of the Little Hand."

It was a marvellous African evening and the men, moving leisurely about the camp, had rather the air of a pack of schoolboys on a picnic, the more so when some of them, relieved of duty, removed their scarlet tunics and proceeded to get up cricket-stumps on as level a piece of ground as they could find. No attempt at defence was made, no trenches were dug, the many wagons were not even " laagered "—lashed together to form a hollow square—according to the Boer custom when on trek in Zululand.

The sun sank on as peaceful a scene as anywhere that night even in Old England, and the familiar notes of the " Lights Out " echoed in the surrounding hills, carrying clearly as far as the slopes of the Upindo Hills where, here and there among an immense multitude of Zulu warriors, sleeping on their shields, a man raised himself on his elbow and listened,

[Snapshots by courtesy of J. D. Brown, Castle Street.

Snapshots from the School Sports, 2nd June, 1934.

grasping his assegai, then sank again into uneasy slumber. Many here, and in the distant camp, would sleep sounder on the night to follow. These were the " Children of Cetywayo ; the King's Oxen, born to die." They were here to obey his simple command, to " eat up " the white men's camp. Their strategy was to draw Lord Chelmsford into a false pursuit on the morrow and, on the next day, to attack and exterminate the British army left in the camp. The Zulu force comprised over twenty thousand men, divided into five large regiments, all drilled and disciplined in a manner unapproached by any other savage nation in history.

On the morning of the 22nd, Chelmsford, hearing of a large Zulu force about twenty miles off, moved out of camp, leaving about eight hundred white soldiers and two hundred native auxiliaries—Basutos and the like.

It must be understood that the Zulu leader had no intention of attacking that day. The phase of the moon was, according to their religion, unpropitious, nor had the warriors been " doctored " by the medicine-men. Yet, when he and his captains saw the incredible carelessness and lack of all common precautions in the British camp, he must have felt like Cromwell at Dunbar when he exclaimed, "The Lord has delivered them into my hands."

Just then, some mounted Basutos, who had ridden out from the camp, came into contact with the Umcityu regiment and opened fire on it. What the stern Zulu religion forbade was conceded to military urgency, as has occasionally been found expedient by more civilised nations than the Zulus ! Orders were shouted from company to company, three regiments formed rapidly into a gigantic semi-circle and advanced, at a long swinging trot, on the camp. The Imbonambi and Undy regiments, after holding their ground for a little, wheeled off round the hills on either side to surround the camp from the rear. These were the usual, and time-honoured, Zulu tactics. While the main body advanced on, and distracted the attention of the enemy, the " horns " or " nippers " gradually enclosed them, when the centre attacked in an irresistible onslaught. So the Boers had experienced it, paying for their new land with the blood of their best and bravest. So, again and again, the Zulu Napoleon, T'chaka, had " eaten up " and destroyed the neighbouring nations. So, again and again, they had drawn a blood-red smear from Tanganyika to Natal.

The firing was heard in the British camp, but even yet they delayed their action. Soon it was known that an enormous body of the enemy was advancing on them, but, incredibly, instead of ramparts being made of the wagons, behind which they could easily have held off the Zulus until Chelmsford returned, the very opposite course was taken. Men were scattered over wide areas to check the enemy while the rest debouched from the camp into the open plain. Now the plumes of the warriors appeared over the crest and on they came in their thousands, " a countless herd of game with horns of steel." The 1st battalion of the 24th opened fire on them as they came but did little to check their steady advance, and finally the British were pushed back on the main body.

Not the least appalling feature of the appearance of this moving mass of gigantic warriors was the nature of their advance, most unexpected in savage warfare. They came on at a slow trot and in perfect silence, with discipline so magnificent that even heavy shell-fire had no effect on their ranks beyond those in the rear closing up to fill the gaps. Their losses at this point were very severe, the Umcityu regiment losing heavily from the fire of the 24th sent out to check the advance, while the Nokenke corps, who came under the shell-fire of the two guns, left heaps of dead behind at every step. Still, on they rolled remorselessly, and it soon became evident that it would be impossible to prevent their closing and that a hand-to-hand combat against tremendous odds was inevitable and imminent.

All this while, of course, the British leaders were unaware that the two enfilading regiments, hidden behind the hills, were fast surrounding them.

At length the Zulu leader judged that the points of the " nippers "—the Imbonambi and Undy regiments—must nearly have encircled the camp, and his captains scattered rapidly along the line with his orders.

Immediately the black horde abandoned their silent, steady advance and, with a terrifying roar of savage exultation, swooped on their opponents with the power and weight of the deep sea. In spite of the withering fire of the

Martini—Henries, it was clear that there was no stopping them and a belated attempt was made to retire on the camp and the wagons, where, though the red end was certain, it might at least be protracted and their lives sold more dearly.

This last hope was doomed to frustration. Company after Zulu company, moving with the speed of cavalry, and wheeling with the precision of guardsmen, surrounded and cut off bodies of the redcoats and, after fierce hand-to-hand struggles, overwhelmed them. Time and again, fighting back to back with resolute despair, the British repulsed the foe who flung themselves with utter disregard of life against the hedge of bayonets and, dying, tried with their bare hands to drag down the blades and open a passage for their fellows.

At this stage, and while there was still some faint hope of a fighting retreat to the wagons, it was seen that the Undy corps was issuing from the hills to join the Imbonambi and cut off escape by the wagon-road. The " nippers " were nearly closed. At this, all semblace of discipline vanished and a hideous rout began. Into the wagon-road poured a furious confusion of fugitives ; mounted men, native allies, horses and oxen with, on each hand and even amongst them, Zulu warriors slashing and stabbing on all sides in an ecstasy of savage fury.

Only about forty white men, together with some natives, succeeded in plunging into the river and escaping to Helpmakaar and Rorke's Drift, at which latter place immediate preparations were made by Lieut. Chard, and his hundred men, to resist attack.

Meanwhile the Zulus, having plundered the camp, retired to lay their triumph and booty before Cetywayo. Only the Undy regiment, about three thousand strong, having been too late to share in the sacking of the camp, moved on, in an evil hour for themselves, to Rorke's Drift, and, in the afternoon of the same day, attacked it with overwhelming numbers and fury. The heroic defence of this lonely outpost is too well known to need recapitulation and, indeed, the epic fight of one hundred against three thousand excels even the last stand at Thermopylae.

Though the war, incredibly mismanaged, dragged on for many months, Isandhlwana was the first, and last, victory of Cetywayo. Within six months his superb regiments were shattered on the plains of Ulundi, and the proud Zulu nation humbled and disarmed.

A few years ago, an ancient warrior, watching Zulus, clad in football jerseys and dirty flannels, working almost on the spot where the plumed and feathered giants of T'chaka and Cetywayo had made the earth shake with the thunder of their tread, remarked to a reporter, " Ah, these were fine times, when men fought hand-to-hand and went down to death with as little thought as to a sleep." And when he was reminded of the countless thousands who had perished beneath the Zulu assegais, " That is but a small matter," he replied, " They would all have been dead by now, anyhow."

MALCOLM LINDSAY HILL.

Pastoral.

O my Corinna, let us now together
  Come to the funeral of our difference—
April's abroad and June's on high for weather
  And rapture roots in Earth's munificence—
That in the time when one of us is dust
  T'other may recollect this morning's meadow,
And weep far less for crumbled joys than just
  That here took flight our brief sweet quarrel's shadow.

W. H. HAMILTON.

" *O wad some power the giftie gie us*
To see exams. before they see us."

" The wife of a duke is a ducky."

" The cuckoo never lays its own eggs."

" She knelt, so pure a thing so free from mortal paint."

" When Rip Van Winkle returned he found everything changed. The teacher was not waiting, as usual, at the door of the inn."

" ' And some who came to scoff remained to pray.'

" This means that some people who thought they would go to eat everything were very sorry and remained to repent their actions."

" *Sotto voce* " : " In a drunken voice.

" *Mussulman.*" : " The name given to a smith ; a man who performed feats of strength."

Science paper : " The first thing to be done is to fill the brunette with alcohol."

" A Lampoon is a thing for killing whales."

Masculine.	*Feminine.*
Czar	Sardine.
Lion.	Mrs. Lion.
Sultan.	Currant.

" Mephistopheles was a Greek comic poet."

" Socrates was put to death because he was always asking questions."

(Beware, Smith Junior.)

Nelson's last words were : " Alas, I have done my duty."

" The Corn Laws were repealed by the policeman called Robert Peel."

Q.—" Who was the Nine Days' Queen ? "

A.—" Zane Grey."

" Diviners were people who were fond of praying."

Goldsmith's athletic parson : " From town to town he ran his godly race."

Mr. W–b to L–b–m (Class V.) : " What does *cousine* mean ?

L–b–m : " Cow's eyes."

Mr. St-k-r : " What does " ante " govern ? "

Fraser (softly) : " Uncle."

Mr. M–r–l (speaking about energy) : "When you put a horse into a stable and feed it on oats all week-end, it comes out on Monday morning full of beans."

Essay—" Scotland as a Holiday Resort."

" Though rugged, the coasts are very picturesque, with water on one side and land on the other."

Boy (reading) : " I met a lady in the meads."

Teacher : " An ordinary lady ? "

Boy : " No, sir, she was beautiful."

Explain : " Peace fouler far than war."

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

Essay : D.H.S., 1933 :
" In my opinion, the prayer in the morning is very good because it brings everyone together in the school, and I think this is just as oppressive as going to church on Sundays."

Teacher : " An ode is a more ambitious kind of lyric."
To Pat (slumbering) : " Repeat that ! "
Pat : " An ode is a more ambitious kind of limerick."

Derby Day, 1934. (Jessie enters classroom hurriedly for attendance form).
Teacher (facetiously) : " Well, Jessie, what are you putting on the Derby ? "
Jessie (irritably stretching out her hand) : " My slip, my slip ! "

General Science Class :
Teacher : " What are sun-spots ? "
Pat (after hurried conference) : " Freckles."

Q.—" Give the precise meaning of :—
" ' People under proscription often take refuge in the shelter of a church. ' "
A.—" People whose character will not bear inspection often take shelter in a church."

French (Class IV.) :—
Teacher : " What does *bonne idée* mean ? " (Glances casually at sunlit window.)
Young Hopeful : " A bonny day."

The evils of employment :—
" When Peter Grimes had to do all his work himself he went mad."

Entertaining ?
" In March it is not wise to plan for an out-of-door interment as you cannot expect to get good weather."

" Sir Philip Sydney was fighting for Queen Elizabeth who said he was the duel of her time."

" Gallow-glass is the farewell people give to their friends before they are hung."
(A wee Deoch an' doris, in fact.)

Pre-war Scotch !
" Lady Macbeth urged her husband on, laying out the daggers and putting spirit into him."

Morrison (struggling with " Horace ") :—
" The monstrous porter . . ."
Enter Sergeant Smith !

Mr. Meiklejohn : " Boy, can you see that now ? "
Boy : " No, sir."
Mr. Meiklejohn (in desperation) switches on the electric light.

" Virtue brings happiness."
Teacher : " What conclusion do you draw from this, Fitzgerald ? "
Fitz. : " I am happy ! "

Mr. Legge (reading Shakespeare) : " ' Sometimes from her eyes I did receive fair speechless messages.' "
" What does that mean, Hugo ? "
Hugo : " She winked at me."

Concerning an inspector in our School :—
" Mummy, there was a man in School today and I think he must have been trying to learn to be a teacher."

S–o–g–as and S–mp–s–n sitting beside each other both score 6½/20 for History Test.
Mr. Legge : " That is surely a coincidence."
S–o–g–as : " No, sir, it's a cog-incidence."

Mr. M–j–hn (explaining the advantage of measuring in radians) : " Now, if you were to measure in degrees you would need a protractor and a protractor costs money."

Teacher : " Your're a perfect blockhead, boy. What's your name ? "
Boy (meekly) : " Wood, sir."

Boy (translating French) : " I am going to the devil . . ." (Long pause.)
Teacher : " Go on then ! "

" ' And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn ' " means, " He steals the housewife's boots."

Illustrate : " Bearding the lion in his den."
Pupil : " Facing the Rector in his private room."

Changes at the High School.

"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

A HIGH SCHOOL PUPIL TO A FORMER PUPIL WHO VISITS HIM AT THE SCHOOL.

What changes there have been of late
Within this dear old place!
Of the old staff you knew so well
There soon won't be a trace.

Dennler has gone and Valentine,
Murray and Mackie Smith,
Fine men; no better could be found
From Cape Wrath to the Nith.

Dear Lady Jane has gone, alas!
She could no longer tarry;
And for a good successor we
Have had to go to Barrie.

The Rector's gone, who made our good
His one and only rule;
And though he was a rec. himself,
He did not wreck the School.

To fill his place our Board have done
What sounds—does't not?—insane;
They've chosen a man to be at once
A blessing and a Bain.

In Classics we had a game lot,
With a Hunter and a Stalker;
But the Hunter's gone, and in his place
We now have just a Walker.

The English staff has lost a limb—
Strange thing for a staff to abandon!—
And now Shakespeare and the Cadets
Have not a Legge to stand on.

In Mathematics there's a gap,
A class-room bleak and bare;
And the School has lost its only saint,
The little great St. Clair.

It's sad, but we have Borland still,
Webb, Cadzow, Meiklejohn,
And Marshall too; with such a crew
We still can carry on.

We've also still the man of men,
The man who knows his job;
Go to Room 10; you'll find him there,
I'll wager you a—Bob.

And we've the dame whose task's to tame
Our wild young colts and foals;
No need to tell *you* how the Peat
Can haul them o'er the coals.

Now step across to the Girls' School,
And then go up the stair;
It's worth your while, for, if you do,
You'll find some quaint things there.

First door on the left, in a small room
Bright, cheerful and well-aired
You'll find the Lady of the House,
And next door is the Laird.

Now go along the corridor,
And you will see our smithy;
Two Smiths hard at it, hammer and tongues,
But neither strap nor withy.

Next go upstairs to our Music rooms,
Those haunts of joy and pleasure;
And there, first door on the left, you'll find—
Guess what—an open Treasure!

So, though we miss, as miss we do,
The old familiar faces,
We still have much for which to thank
The Muses and the Graces.

THE FORMER PUPIL TO THE PRESENT PUPIL:—

Yes, above all, the Muse and Grace
Who teach the School's young sons
The graceful and amusing art
Of manufacturing puns!

But what a joy it is to see
This dear old place again,
This home of haunting memories, that
For ever will remain!

Good-bye; God bless you and the School!
How much we owe this place
We never know until we go
The cares of life to face.

And when you go, as I have gone,
You too will feel the spell
Of your old School, your love for it
Deeper than tongue can tell.

J. M.

Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

THE Membership now stands at :—

Life	.. ..	119
Honorary	.. ..	1
Annual	.. ..	362
		482

We regret to have to put on record the death of two of our members, Henry Gilbert Miller (1909-1920) and John Young Gray (1868-1901). Henry G. Miller was one of our Life Members, and our sympathies are very sincerely extended to Dr. George W. Miller, his father. The passing of John Y. Gray removes one of the landmarks in the history of the School, and his memory will long be cherished by a large number of our Members.

The Outing was this year held at Kirriemuir. So far as the golf was concerned, there was rather a hold-up through another match being played on the course on the same day. Our eminent golfers, however, did well notwithstanding the chilly breezes that one encounters at Kirriemuir, and the prize list was as follows :

D. Jamieson	 77-9	68
L. W. Myles	 73-3	70
J. Ross Taylor	 90-16	74
A. N. Wighton	.. 83-9	74

The more hardy participants climbed a mountain while the others ambled round the golf course. This mountain, however, was an easy victim, and " the High School " standing on the cairn was the crowning accomplishment of a most enjoyable day.

D.H.S.O.B.C. *v.* Perth Academy F.P. Golf Club. This match was played at Caird Park, and the Club team was victorious. Weather was fortunately dry, but stormy, a pleasant change from the usual wet evenings which have been experienced in the past. After the game, supper was served at the Royal Hotel, where Mr. James S. Nicoll welcomed the visitors. Replying for the Perth team, Mr. Raitt said this was now one of their established fixtures and one to which they looked forward with much pleasure. As we go to press a rumour goes that the Perth team had their revenge on Craigiehill Course, Perth.

Your sporting Members are engaged in very strenuous practice these days as we wish to show up manfully against the P.P.'s in the Golf and Cricket matches which form part of the Centenary celebrations.

We are all looking forward with great interest to the Centenary Week, and we hope in taking part in these celebrations to have the pleasure of renewing old associations and happy memories.

The Old Boys' Dinner—Impressions of Dr. Dan Durward Brown.

AFTER many years I at last made up my mind to visit the " Land of my Ain Folk " and made the D.H.S. Dinner the Event.

During my journey up from Harrogate my mind went back 50 years or more to the great days when doubtless we made the lives of Dott, Miller, Charlie, and others, at least very trying while they endeavoured to instil some knowledge into our " thick heads." My reverie was cut short by finding myself crossing the Tay Bridge where I could only catch a glimpse of my old home, Newport, before being shot hastily into the Tay Bridge Station, which at first sight seemed dark and dingy, but the sight of my cheery host dispelled all the visions of loneliness, and when ensconced in his cosy house I felt almost a feeling of being " at home " again.

I needn't let you into all the secrets of boyhood days we discussed till bedtime became " orders."

Next morning all was dull and reminded me of Cynicus' " Bonnie Dundee," and even the joys of shopping and a quick trip over the

bridge to Newport and back by the " Fifie " did not dispel various disappointments till our arrival at the Dinner, when all seemed changed. Might I quickly add here that the whole evening was packed with interest, joys, and some regrets ; regrets for the absence of many old friends, such as Albert Smith, who was one of my greatest friends through life—from leaving home, sharing digs in London, and after 20 years being medical adviser and friend to his family ; such as James Langlands, with whom I worked in Ireland and in M'Laren's office, where I helped to design the University building, including the Chemical Laboratory, for the late Professor Carnelly.

The evening passed quickly with interest at seeing so many of the Old Boys, and especially our principal guest, the Lord Provost, and with joy that he should be the principal citizen and head of our ancient City, ancient, no doubt, but difficult in parts to recognise. The Old Pillars, alas, have gone, and one doesn't know whether the new is at all compensatory to our feelings of loss, loss of a great landmark. A special feeling of joy, however, is that the " Old School " remains as before.

The Dundee High School Old Girls' Club.

The Club held its Second Annual General Meeting in the Singing Room of the School on Monday, 26th March. Miss Peat, the retiring President, presided over an excellent attendance.

The following Office-bearers and Members of Committee were elected :—

Hon. President.—Mrs. Agnes Savill, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P. (Dublin and London).

Hon. Vice-Presidents.—Mrs. Mair, M.A., O.B.E., Miss Hilda Lorimer, B.A., M.A. (Oxon.), Miss Isabel Gray, A.R.A.M., Miss F. Marie Imandt, Miss J. G. Anderson, L.L.A., Miss A. F. Barrie, M.A.

President.—Mrs. Andrew Spreull.

Vice-Presidents.—Mrs. J. S. Y. Rodgers, Miss E. Luke.

Hon. Secretaries.—Miss E. Lee, 1 West Somerville Place ; Miss J. J. Ferguson, 36 Argyle Street.

Hon. Treasurer.—Miss B. H. Robertson, 14 Hillcrest Road.

Hon. Auditors.—Messrs. Henderson & Loggie, C.A., Dundee.

Executive Committee.—Mrs. Donaldson, Mrs. A. Kydd, Miss J. D. Mackenzie, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Jas. Scott, Mrs. Alex. Batchelor, Miss D. Duff, Miss A. Duthie, Miss M. Ferrier, Mrs. Preston Watson, Miss P. Mess, Mrs. H. Carlton, Miss J. Davies, Miss M. Robertson, Miss M. Wallace.

Members of Executive Committee, ex-officio.—Miss Peat, Mrs. D. B. Mathers, Mrs. Craigie Smith.

Entertainments Committee.—Mrs. D. B. Mathers, Mrs. J. Brush, Mrs. W. Allen, Mrs. Craigie Smith, Mrs. Lyon, Miss I. Stewart, Miss L. MacCaull, Miss E. Frain, Miss R. Morton, Miss M. Rorke, Miss C. C. Gall, Miss K. Stevenson. (Conveners—Mrs. Craigie Smith and Mrs. Mathers.)

The following names have been added since the list of Members was printed and circulated in 1933 :—

Mrs. Bell, Clifton Bank, Wormit ; Miss J. H. Buchanan, Royston, Newport ; Mrs. J. Brush, 127 Kinghorne Road ; Miss A. Callaghan, 22 Airlie Place ; Miss S. Draffen, 5 Hyndford Street ; Miss M. Jobson, Rescobie, Leslie, Fife ; Mrs. I. Leslie (A. Fitzpartick), Oakhurst, Wormit ; Mrs. Wm. Luke (C. Lawrence), Strathearn Road, Broughty Ferry ; Miss B. Luck, Gas Manager's House, Carluke ; Miss R. Morton, Muirfield Street ; Miss A. I. Nicoll, 5 Collingwood Terrace, Barnhill ; Miss E. Petrie, 58 Ferry Road, Monifieth ; Mrs. G. Sime (Miss Draffen), 12 Clarendon Terrace ; Miss J. G. Steven, 19 Carlogie Road, Carnoustie ; Miss M. Symons, 13 Park Road, Fairmuir ; Mrs. A. Sutherland (N. Lamb), 3 Laverock Terrace, Leith ; Miss M. Will, Cupar Road, Newport ; Mrs. Walker, Ewartlea, Carnoustie ; Miss M. Wallace, 336 Blackness Road ; Mrs. W. Jackson Young (E. Lamb), 5 King Edwards Road, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Changes of Name.—Miss M. Ritchie—Mrs. Jas. Gellatly ; Miss A. Robertson—Mrs. I. Hardie ; Miss H. Thomson—Mrs. Currie.

We regret that the Club has lost two members by death during the past year : Mrs. Jas. Bruce and Miss M. A. Stewart.

In a school magazine of this size, produced during the end-of-session pressure of work, there are bound to be several mistakes and omissions. For these we crave the indulgence and forgiveness of our readers.—[Ed.]

Reports.

Cricket (1st XI.)

Five of last season's first eleven were available for this year's team and as a result we have been able to field quite a good side. So far the batting has been definitely the strongest department of our game, and once only has the full side had to bat. The bowling, on the other hand, is weak and more time could be given to fielding practice. The younger members of the side show an ability and an enthusiasm which augurs well for the future. Recently we have had some coaching from Mr. Andrews, the Forfarshire professional, and he has given us many valuable hints. Of the five matches we have played, we have won two, lost one, and drawn two.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Sinclair for all the valuable time which he has sacrificed in our interest.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	Innings	Times Not Out	Runs.	Most in Innings.	Ave.
W. Paterson	3	3	65	35*	
J. Laing	5	1	185	59*	46.25
K. Lane	5	2	89	29*	29.66
D. Kidney	5	—	79	29	15.80
W. Mathieson	5	—	60	25	12.00
B. Black	2	—	18	18	9.00

* Signifies " Not out."

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Aver.
D. Kidney	33.5	12	69	15	4.60
I. Bruce	9	3	13	2	6.50
J. Laing	25.3	5	75	10	7.50
J. Ritchie	16.4	3	37	4	9.15
C. Gray	23	7	55	6	9.16

Also bowled :—D. Elder—3 for 12.

Tennis Report.

We have been very unfortunate as regards weather this year, two matches having been postponed. We have been able to play only one match, on 26th May, in which we beat Harris 6–2 ; 1 draw.

The championship this season was won by Muriel Anderson, the runner-up being Dorothy Bowden.

The team consists of: Dorothy Bowden, Joyce Fleming ; Muriel Anderson, Maimie Jamieson ; Edith Adams, Kathleen Malcolm. Reserve—Molly Stewart.

We take this opportunity of thanking Miss Whytock for the interest which she has taken in us throughout the season.

K. M.

Guide Report.

We have now reached the end of another successful session. This term brought still more recruits who are now enrolled, while those new Guides who came in September have all passed second class.

In connection with this a hike was held at St. Andrews by those Guides who are not going to camp, when they gained the experience in camp-craft necessary for that badge.

At the Guide Sports, which will take place soon, we hope to bring back new honours. At present we are the holders of the Junior Cup, while the 1st Broughty Ferry Company are senior champions.

The Robins have again won the Shield with the highest number of points for this term.

Arrangements are now being made for camp. We are going to Moulin this year, which should be very enjoyable as we have not been there before.

We take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to the officers for the unfailing interest they have taken in our work, throughout the whole session.

J. S. C.

Swimming (Girls).

We have had a very enjoyable and successful swimming season. The Gala was held on Tuesday, 5th June, when a large and appreciative audience was present. The Senior Cup was won for the third time by Sheila Wenyon (11 points), and the runner-up was Margaret Rorie (8 points). Vivien Cameron's fine swimming well deserved the Junior Cup. Both these trophies, along with the prizes, were presented by Mrs. Bain.

We now take this opportunity of thanking Miss Whytock, Miss J. Brown of the Junior Swimming Club, and those members of the staff who have helped us so much, for their unfailing interest in our swimming.

Cadet Report.

The cadet company has this year gone through a period of change. Owing to the loss of Captain Legge and Lieut. Hunter, two new officers, Captain Marshall and Lieut. Wardlaw have been commissioned.

Serious losses in the Drill Hall fire last November have made necessary the replacement of a considerable quantity of clothing and equipment.

The band, under the guidance of Sergeant Smith, has worked with great keenness and enthusiasm, and at the School Sports it gave a very creditable performance.

The company is now preparing for two important occasions—camp and inspection. Ninety of the one hundred and eighteen members of the company have expressed their intention of going to camp, and we look forward to a strenuous and enjoyable ten days at Cortachy. The camp period is from the afternoon of 28th June to 7th July. Wednesday, 4th July, is the day reserved for visitors. Parents and friends of the School will all be welcomed.

It is unlikely that our adjutant, Lieut. M'Laren, will be able to be with us throughout the camp period this year, and his untiring energy and resourcefulness will be greatly missed. Mr. Laird has generously offered his services, and the offer has been gratefully accepted.

The General Inspection is to take place on 23rd June as one of the items at the Field Day in connection with the Centenary Celebrations. The company will be inspected by Major-General Sir J. L. G. Burnett, Bart., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., of Leys, and

in addition a number of routine camp exercises will be presented.

An unusually large number of promotions have been necessary this year. Sergt. Soutar to C.S.M.; Cpls. Barrie, Caird, Lumsden, Simpson and Stewart to Sergeants; L/cpls. Godfrey and Black, Cadets Kidney and Mathers to Corporals; Cadets Lawson and Pearson to Lance Corporals.

In the band, Dr./Cpl. Ramsay to Drum-Major; Dr./Cpl Fearn to Drum-Sergeant; Dr. Keir to Drum-Corporal; and Dr. Dryden to Drum-L/Corporal. Pipe/Cpl. Grant to Pipe Sergeant; Pipers Millar and Farquharson to Pipe/Corporals; Pipers M'Laren, Troup, Mathers and Brown to Pipe Lance-Corporals.

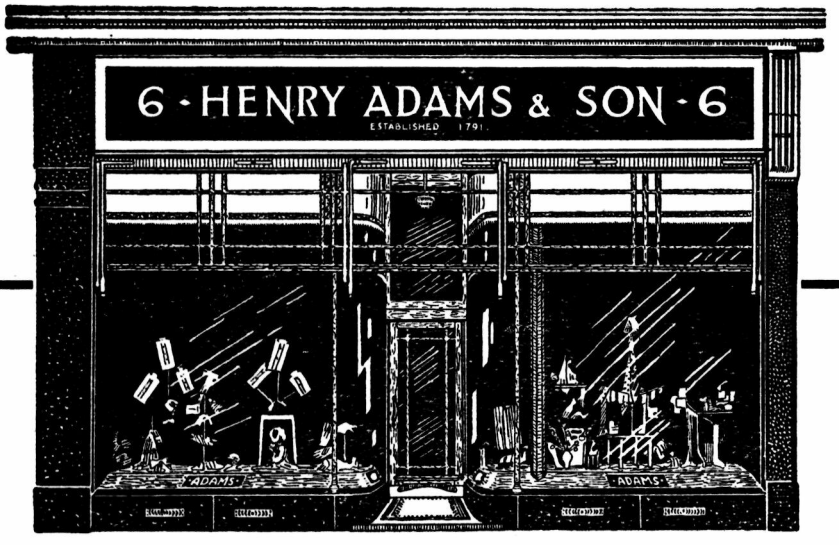
The Urquhart Cup has been won by Cadet Mackay, and the Oakley Cup by Pipe L/Cpl. Troup.

Golf Club Report.

This year the golf team started with every prospect of a successful season, as three of last year's team were available. A lengthy fixture list was arranged but, unfortunately, owing to preparations for the School Centenary Celebrations, all our Friday matches had to be cancelled. In addition several local schools are not running teams this season, and consequently we have played very few matches. The School Competitions were carried through successfully, and produced several close matches. The Captain, G. Blair, won the Boase Medal with a score of 81, and also the Pirie Cup. A. Henderson was runner-up in each event. Very bad weather conditions made good scoring in the Boase impossible, and in this connection we owe Messrs. Laird, Gillman and Walker a deep debt of gratitude for accompanying the players and marking their cards in pouring rain. Finally, no golf club report could be complete without reference to the energy and enthusiasm of our President, Mr. Laird, who has helped us in every possible way.

P.S.—On Saturday, 16th June, Richard Strachan won the Angus Boys' Golf Championship at Kirriemuir with a score of 73.

Two F.P.s F. Gordon Dewar and Douglas Wright are the finalists in the Carnoustie Links Championship. G.B.



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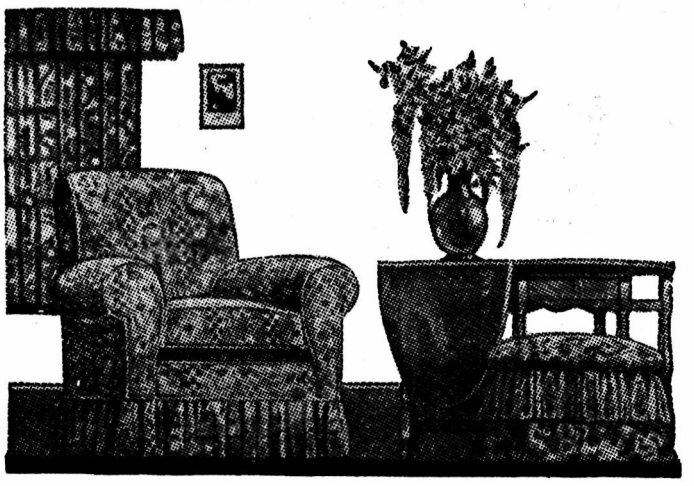

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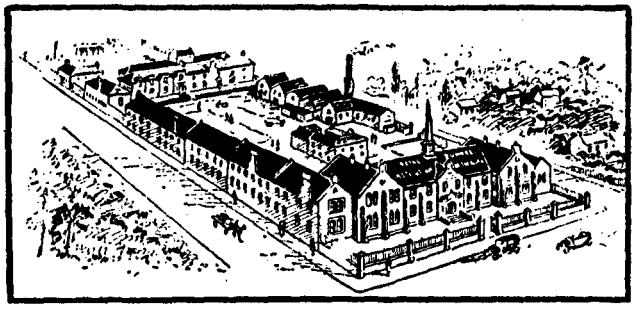

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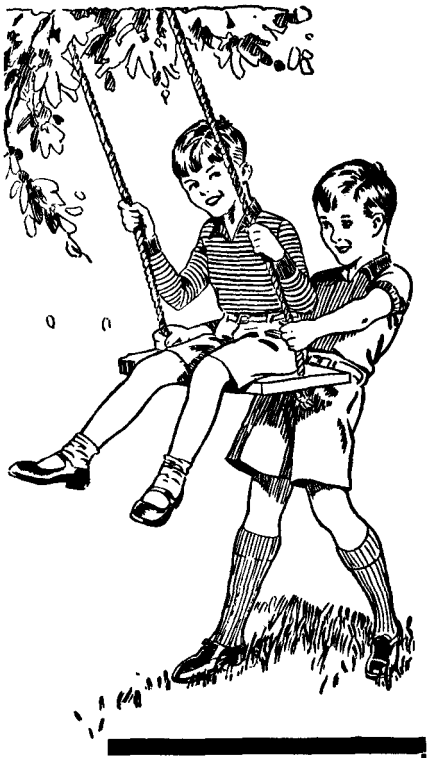

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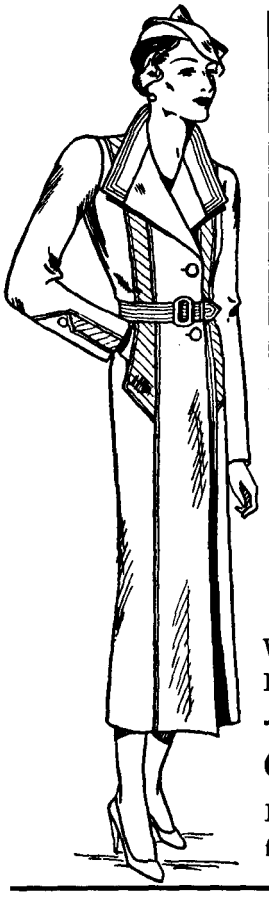

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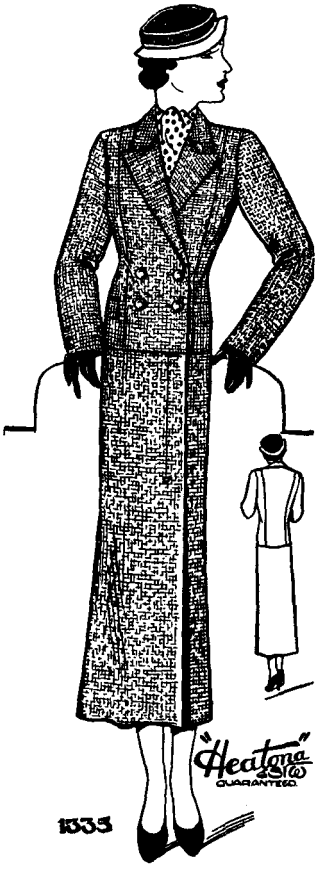

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