

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 65

MARCH 1936

FOURPENCE

CAIRDS
is the Recognised House
for
BOYS' AND GIRLS'
School and College
Outfits
of every kind.

Cairds have specialised in Children's Outfitting ever since 1920, and the needs of every school are an open book to them.

Although Caird quality is high, prices show great restraint.

**The School Shop,
DUNDEE and PERTH.**

Carse of Gowrie Dairy Co. Ltd.

Dairy—68 WARD ROAD. *Bakery*—55 HAWKHILL.

MILK AND ROLLS DELIVERED FROM 6 A.M.
WE ARE CREAM CAKE SPECIALISTS.

SHOPS AND SALES VANS THROUGHOUT THE CITY.

Head Office :—68 WARD ROAD ('Phone No. 5069).

SHOP ADDRESSES:—

	'Phone Nos.		Phone Nos.		'Phone Nos.
30 ANN STREET	- - 3483	138 HAWKHILL	- - 3424	300 PERTH ROAD	- - 68373
185 BLACKNESS ROAD	- 68325	55 HAWKHILL (Bakery)	3830	30 POLEPARK	- - 4700
53 " "	- 4544	122 HIGH ST., Lochee	68310	106 STRATHMARTINE RD.	3690
231 CLEPINGTON RD.	- 2586	77 KING STREET	- 4660	36 UNION STREET	- 3724
28 FORT ST., Bro' Ferry	7041	169 PERTH ROAD	- 68173	185 VICTORIA ROAD	- 3490

'PHONE 2421.

D. & W. PROPHET

Portrait, School and College

:: Photographers, ::

10 REFORM STREET, DUNDEE.



The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 65.]

MARCH, 1936.

[FOURPENCE.]

Editorial.

SPRING, as our Publicity Department has observed, has come ("and gone," quoth the cynic). With it have come the Leavings, the end of the Rugger season, full-dress parades for the cadets, and our Poetry Competition.

The last-named has already brought down on us a stream of verses good, bad and indifferent (Note—we need more *serious* poetry), and even Class Nine, those heroes of the swot-book, paused on their way to the burning, fiery furnace of the Leavings to rally round with sheets of manuscript,—other classes please copy. By the way, this issue of the Magazine always tends to be a small one, due, doubtless, to the deep depression which invariably settles over the school about this time: so we appeal to those of you who have not yet written something for us to turn out "in depth" next term and make the Summer Number something "extree speshul"; our Competition is still running, and we expect you to make the Muses work overtime.

While on the subject of the Muses, it seems proper to note that the Griller String Quartet paid us a third visit a few weeks before the Examinations, and helped to brighten

that last anxious month. The attendance at this concert was rather smaller than in the past, but all classes responded nobly to a last-minute appeal, and the situation was saved.

In the spring a young man's fancy (if he is a cadet) lightly turns to thoughts of "Soldier's Friend"; the cadets are parading in uniform. There is a swinging of kilts in the passages, and voices are heard in unexpected places arguing the comparative merits of "Silvo" and "Brasso." It is the time when all non-cadets either turn pale green with jealousy at sight of this martial grandeur, or thank their stars that there is no one to ask *them* "if it was dishcloths they had on their legs."

The Rugger XV.'s have concluded a successful year (all right, 1st XV., "very successful" to you), and the Hockey team hopes to bring home the District Cup for the seventh time—a habit which seems to grow on them. At the moment of writing, they have not yet accomplished that feat, but they have every prospect of success. Good luck to them!

We have another gap in the ranks to record—Miss Dorothy Duff has left to be married. Miss Duff took a keen interest in the activities

of the Girls' School, and, as an enthusiastic tennis-player, brought us honour last year in the Midlands Tennis Tournament. We hope that the happiness and success which she enjoyed among us will attend her also in her future life.

Miss Duff's place is filled by Miss Muriel Hunt—the third new member of the Staff this session. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," and every year now brings some change. But the greatest change is not yet. The new school has not yet raised its lofty towers (perhaps it is to be brought in sections, assembled at dead of night, and sprung on us as a surprise one fine morning). We even noted, with a curl of the lip, that some of the Leavings candidates had the same mascots as last year.

For some weeks Mr. Gibson has been

missing from the school. We are glad to report that he is expected back after the holidays.

And so another term ends. The exams. are past; let the dead past bury its dead (until the Orals resurrect them). For the present, the holidays are at hand; let the future take care of itself. After all—Spring is here.

* * * * *

We note with pleasure that a distinguished F.P., W. Fraser Mitchell, M.A., B.Litt., has contributed (at the request of Lord Eustace Percy, formerly Editor-in-Chief of the Year Book of Education) an article on "The Training of Teachers in Europe, the United States of America and the British Dominions" in the period 1920-1935. See Year Book of Education, 1936, pp. 404-469.

TO PARENTS.

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

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

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

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

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

**LAMB'S RESTAURANT,
56 REFORM STREET, DUNDEE.**

Weekly or Monthly Terms by arrangement.

Catering of every description.

Terms on Application.

ENQUIRIES INVITED.

J. R. INGRAM.

The Cruise of the "KOTICK."



1. Tobermory Bay.
2. M.Y. "KOTICK."

Dundee High School
Magazine.

The Cruise of the "Kotick."

"KOTICK" was lying in the Leven when we joined her. We—the crew—consisted of two friends, my wife and myself. "Kotick" was a motor boat about 32 feet long, 8 feet 6 inches beam and drew 3 feet 6 inches. The engine was an Atlantic 4-cylinder petrol-paraffin which gave a speed of about 8 knots.

We dumped our kit on board and ferried our provisions out from the jetty across the tide of the ebbing river.

Doubtless expert yachtsmen looked in awe at our movements but what did we care? It was our holiday not theirs—and ignorance is indeed bliss; none of us had ever been away on a motor yacht before.

At noon we cast off our moorings, having started the engine. I steered, as being the "charterer," I felt it better for me to run the boat ashore if this were necessary. Turning out past Denny's yard I felt the boat skid in the water, but we got round and in a few moments switched over to paraffin and found ourselves almost in the Clyde.

This famous river always seems to have its traffic moving easily and at well regulated intervals, but I must confess that when one is in a motor boat with a strong desire to turn across in front of the traffic into the main stream or else run the risk of drifting on to a mud bank or ramming Dumbarton Rock, one has some fellow-feeling for an elderly lady with a child or two in tow trying to cross the West End of Princes Street on the morning of an English Rugger International.

However, fortune favoured us and we sneaked out, but at once felt how large "puffers" were. Actually the "buoyed" channel is quite narrow, but we slipped along sinking no buoys as we went, and so by one o'clock we were passing Gourrock, and the

crew left me in charge while they attacked a meal which my wife had already prepared. Thereafter I took their place and we began to settle down.

In the bow were two bunks, then the galley with a hatch over the passage giving access to the deck. Astern of the galley was the saloon with four bunks, then the engine room and the cockpit. The latter had a canvas roof and could be enclosed with a form of side screens. Being near the galley my wife went to the bow, while our friends had the saloon and I took the cockpit, for I was thus well placed to get forward to the anchor or the engine.

Our run to Tarbert was uneventful save that we had to rig up a screen round the engine to stop oil from being thrown out.

Arrived at Tarbert (Loch Fyne) we took paraffin on board as well as water and left again about 8 p.m. for Ardrishaig where we intended to anchor for the night. At that time it was only possible to enter the sea lock of the Crinan Canal about high tide, and we felt we could not arrive in time.

We had rather a cold and damp run north and as we reached the pier at Ardrishaig we saw the lock keeper opening the gates and waving very urgently. We felt that we had no option but to enter, and this we did without ropes ready. They were all stowed away below. However we passed to the canal basin and then the fun began. The evening had cleared up and the population of the village were assembled to welcome us (at least so it seemed). On leaving the sea loch one turns sharply to starboard to enter the first lock of the canal. We came out of the sea loch rather fast and required to go astern prior to turning, and this we did, but found "Kotick's" rudder rather

unresponsive and so again missed our mark with the result that instead of turning 90° to starboard we finally turned 300° to port and then entered the canal. We passed through two locks and tied up about 11 p.m., having filled up our paraffin tanks to capacity.

Next morning we left about seven, having had a rather unsettled night owing to the proximity of a "puffer" bound for Colonsay.

All went well till we reached the next lock, but with experience (which we gained rapidly) we managed the ascent and later the descent quite satisfactorily and reached Crinan Basin about 10 a.m. Here we took aboard water and left rather late to get the best of the tide in Dorus Mohr—a sharp tide off Craignish Point which gives the sea the appearance of boiling. The rain had fallen incessantly during our passage of the canal and as it went off so the sea rose. We were hoping to get to Iona, but off Easdale it became so rough that we had to take our chance of finding our way into its harbour, knowing that if we missed it, our chance of working out again against tide, wind and sea would be difficult. However, as some say, "Fortune favours the bold," while others think of the Providence which guards fools, and in we went, finding a narrow passage leading to perfect calm and a sure anchorage, although from it we could see the spray from the waves dashing themselves against the shore on the exposed side.

As we entered our refuge we passed the fine quarry which was flooded by the storm which brought down the Tay Bridge. Thus this local industry was finished.

We lay here overnight and got properly settled down and made things ship-shape. We did some minor overhauls to the engine and then explored the village which lies on

an island. Off the pier (on the mainland) we saw a wonderful assemblage of anemones.

Next morning we wakened about 10, and having had "brunch" set off for Iona. This sail along the South Coast of Mull is not particularly interesting save for the views looking back at the mainland and of the Sound of Jura, Firth of Lorne and Islands. The sea was dead calm and all went well until we were almost within sight of Iona. Passing the Torran Rocks—a large area of semi-submerged rocks—our engine "konked out" necessitating a quick change of red-hot plugs for new clean ones. Fortunately this was effective, for we were drifting rather close to some unpleasant rocks.

Going on we rounded the S.-W. point of Mull, and the beauty of Iona was unfolded. Sunny skies, golden sand, sea of brilliant blue and green, all a pleasant change from the drab walls of Mull.

We anchored in Martyr's Bay, and two went ashore for milk, while the other two set about the engine which had been getting unpleasantly hot. We found that the cooling (sea) water was leaking into the crank-can with the result that the bearings were being lubricated with a mixture of salt water and oil. We tightened the cylinder head up and pumped out the "lubricant" with the bilge pump, replacing it with fresh oil. The difference in the running was noticeable.

Amongst the visitors at Iona we found numerous friends, and we lay here for some days, exploring the Cathedral and the surrounding anchorages.

From here we went north in driving rain and wind making for Staffa where we anchored and each half of the crew took turns of rowing right to the head of Fingal's Cave—a somewhat eerie place, full of uncanny sounds caused



TWEED COATS AND HATS for 'teens or tots.

TWO little "tailor maids" all ready to greet the spring. Their trimly-cut tweed coats, with hats to match, are typical of the smartest juvenile fashions. See these and many other delightful styles in the Children's Section - Second floor.

RIGHT—The little sister wears a coat and hat set of fawn tweed with bright woolly flecks. The neat collar, cuffs, and three-quarter belt are finished with stitching. The hat has a pieced crown and stitched brim. To fit 5 to 6 years. The set **39/6**

Girls' Wear—Second Floor.

LEFT—A fourteen-year-old daughter will appreciate the smart cut of this coat in misty blue tweed. It is in single-breasted style, with curved rows of machine stitching on collar, pockets, and back panel. The hat, with its turned back brim, is most becoming to a youthful face. The set... **55/6**

Draffen's

Nethergate

Dundee

THE BOOK MART

TEXT BOOKS USED IN THE SCHOOL,
NOTE-BOOKS AND GENERAL STATIONERY.
ALL THAT IS NEWEST IN THE BOOK WORLD.

Mrs MACGREGOR,

Bookseller and Stationer,

8 WHITEHALL STREET, DUNDEE.

TELEPHONE No. 5439.

It's sure to be Good
if it's from
LYTTON BAKERY

In this age of increasing appreciation of quality the good things from Lytton Bakery are firm favourites in thousands of homes. Only the finest ingredients are good enough for Kidd's cakes and confections—a policy that is appreciated by Kidd's patrons.

Andrew G. Kidd Ltd.

Lytton Bakery

Dundee

Branches throughout the City.

by the wash of waves and the screech of birds ; one in particular seemed to resent our visit.

From Staffa we continued northwards, passing Calgary Bay and Caliach Point, off which we got rather a hammering for three tides meet here, one from the S.-W. where the Tresnish Islands lie, one coming round Ardnamurchan, and one sweeping up the Sound of Mull. We felt as though we had arrived at the exact hour of their meeting, and were glad to pass on to Ardmore Point on Mull where the steamer which left Iona shortly after we did overtook us.

At this point we entered quieter waters and so passing the entrance of Loch Sunart reached Tobermory.

Having anchored, we were advised to move for we had chosen the one bad spot. Under us lay the wreck of a coal barge which had been used to supply the vessel engaged in the salvage of " La Florencia," one of the Spanish Armada.

At low tide the skeleton of the barge appears above the water and would have proved an uncomfortable cradle for us, so we moved.

Here we prepared to stay over the week-end, and found many other yachts doing likewise. We bathed, fished and stretched our legs ashore.

On Sunday it was rather interesting to find all the yachts putting boats ashore with the result that the local churches had augmented congregations.

From here we set off by the southern exit which can only be used by boats of small draft, and passed down the Sound of Mull. We duly saluted a submarine running on the surface, and our only excitement was the loss of a hat. This was retrieved by one of the crew who set off in the dinghy. My wife, who was in the galley, was much perturbed, for in the heavy swell the dinghy at times was lost to

view. However, " all's well that ends well," and the hat soon dried.

Passing Salen (Mull) we came in sight of the ruined Ardtornish Castle and turned north before reaching it to enter Loch Aline, a lovely little loch mentioned in " Kidnapped." Here we found an excellent anchorage where we stayed for a day or two. One of the crew, an expert fisher, set off with his rod, for a little loch which shall be nameless, for in the late evening he returned somewhat heavy with 15 lovely trout which, I must confess, were disposed of forthwith. He was less successful in his efforts to kill a dog fish, for he broke our boat-hook in his endeavours.

From Loch Aline we carried on down the Sound of Mull, passed Duart Castle and Lismore, where again the sea appears to boil, to Kerrera and Oban Bay.

Here we spent two very unpleasant days and nights on account of a strong S.-W. wind which swept into the bay. In fact, one night we had to keep watch all the time as we were very close to other craft.

From Oban we did a quick run back to Crinan in a dense mist which obliterated all marks more than 12 feet about the surface. Apart from taking a big and unnecessary sweep at the entrance to Loch Melfort, we had no trouble and passed rapidly through the canal. We did not wait to see the magnificent view from Crinan Hotel, which in addition has a lovely rock garden.

We spent that night in the basin at Ard-rishaig, when we took the chance of washing down the hull before arriving in the Clyde where the " Fortnight " was on.

We ran round to Rothesay and here we had out first breakage—a saucer—caused by the wash of a pleasure steamer.

We lay here watching some of the races, and then turned homewards, as one of the crew had to leave us. We put him ashore at Helensburgh and ran round to Rhu where we stayed, exploring Loch Long and Loch Goil. The former has the Admiralty torpedo range in it, and is very deep, as we found to our cost, for we let go one anchor when about 50 yards

off shore and although all the cable ran out we did not find the bottom.

From Rhu we crossed over to Greenock in a rather choppy sea, and entering the buoyed channel here, proceeded up river to Dumbarton Rock where we crossed to the Leven and so to our moorings and the end of an interesting holiday. H.P.

“Comrades, hear me for a little, While tales of honour I unfold.”

TO those carefree souls to whom the Leavings are but a cloud on the horizon, these few words are dedicated. Little do they know, as yet, of the perils, trials, tribulations, and temptations which will most surely beset them in their later, more mature years. To attain the status of Class IX. and to be held in respect and awe as a Leaving Certificate Candidate is indeed true fame. But the price. . . . Let me recount to you who shall follow in our heavy footsteps, the traps and pitfalls which await, ready to engulf the most wary and, for five long months, the sanest of our (sane) society.

With eyelids swollen with lack of sleep and overmuch burning of the midnight oil, we file into our classrooms for our daily toil. We ponder some vague policy of Henry VIII. who wore Wolsey (I refer not to certain well-known articles) to his early grave. Perhaps we consider at length the wisdom of that sage Canute whose virtue lay in knowing when to say “I cannot” (Pun.—Ed.).

With such principles making riot in our pained hearts, we wend our way toward Science to look into a little matter of acids and alkalies.

Our contemplative state of mind is suddenly

assailed by sounds which startle us into rapt attention.

“Chemistry has been termed the most exact science and the true test is a painstaking passion for detail.”

We collapse against our kindly desks, our ideals shattered, our newly-found principles “gone to salute the rising morn.” We awake from our dreams to realise the disillusionment and cruelty of this world.

You realise, therefore, dear comrades, with what nicety we must trim our sails between Science and English.

We hurry to the scene of our operations in Maths., hoping to recover there some of our shattered confidence. Ah, but what do we see, what greets us here? Three terrifying problems in Compound Interest—certainly not simple—await our immediate attention. Experience tells us that our plain white pages shall soon be adorned by bright red “3’s.” That is if we succeed in writing at the end of long mysterious lines of figures a certain number which appears in an interesting section of our book termed “answers.” You understand, therefore, the all-absorbing ambition for such artistic adornment which immediately grips us.

Our brains having but lately weathered the

The Royal Bank of Scotland

(Incorporated by Royal Charter 1727).

Head Office : St. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.



DUNDEE OFFICE.

Capital (fully paid), ... £3,780,192

Rest or Reserve Fund (Oct. 1935),
£3,857,143

Deposits (Oct. 1935), ... £64,009,174

Dundee Office : HIGH STREET

(Agent: QUINTIN B. GRANT),

With 10 District Offices.

LONDON OFFICE : 3 BISHOPSGATE, E.C.2.

British, Colonial, and Foreign Banking.

Rupee Drafts issued and Rupee Accounts opened.

Savings Scheme.

Interest-bearing Accounts opened.

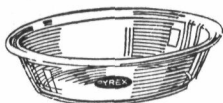
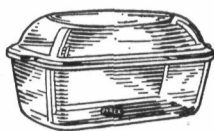
DURING THE HOLIDAYS YOU WANT
TO FORGET THE WORRIES OF SCHOOL.

LET **THE TOY SHOP** HELP YOU.

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND SOMETHING TO
AMUSE YOU IN OUR HUGE SELECTION OF
OUTDOOR TOYS AND GAMES.

A. WEBSTER,
22 WHITEHALL CRESCENT, DUNDEE.

'PHONE 2793.



PYREX

Oven-Table Glass Ware never wears out. Pyrex Dishes enable you to cook the whole of your dinner in the oven at a great saving when gas is used for cooking. Pyrex looks well on the table, too, even when taken straight from the oven.

We have a full range of Pyrex Dishes and invite you to inspect our special display.

Chicken Casseroles, $3\frac{1}{2}$ pint,
8/6 each.

Round Casseroles,
3/-, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6, 9/-

3-Purpose Casseroles,
6/3, 7/6, 9/-

Square Casseroles - 8/3

Oval Deep Casseroles,
4/6, 5/6, 7/6 and 11/6

Oblong Pie Dishes,
3/-, 3/9, 4/9.

Pudding Dishes,
small, 1/-, 1/3, 1/9
large, 3/3, 3/6, 4/6

Oval Pie Dishes,
1/6, 1/9, 2/9, 3/6, 4/-, 4/6

Custard Cups - - 6d

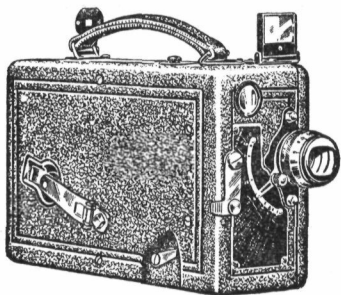
Entree Dishes - - 7/6

Oblong Utility Dishes,
3/9 and 6/6

**Tumblers, with Chromium
plated borders** - - 2/-

JUSTICE

WHITEHALL STREET, DUNDEE



THE CINE SERVICE.

The Best of Everything in

9.5 mm. and 16 mm. Apparatus

Always in Stock.

We will willingly demonstrate any of the CAMERAS or PROJECTORS
to those interested.

J. D. BROWN,

PHOTOGRAPHIC AND HOME CINE SPECIALIST,

28 Castle Street, Dundee.

storms of disillusionment and in need of peace, quiet and contemplation, are now rushed heedlessly into one crowded hour of Arith., references to $a^3 - b^3$, here and there a touch of Trigonometry with smatterings of geometry by way of variation.

No, we sadly conclude, Maths classrooms are not for the quiet orderly thought we are in need of.

What was that—a preposition at the end of a sentence! And you learned in C. the Rule “Never use a preposition to end a sentence . . . with.” No, even grammarians must fall.

But what comes next? Art, blessed Art, “sore labour’s bath”; there shall we sit and idly paint and peace shall gradually fall once more to our bruised hearts. No—to our amazement we are listening again.

Art is a question of being able to see—*being able to see*. Not until we have learned to see properly can we truly appreciate Art. Surely those boxes are perpendicular but you have seen them as perched on the slopes of Everest.

For the remainder of the time we diligently strive at being able to see, dumb with amazement and righteous indignation.

“At least French is not a question of “seeing,” our numbed brain dully concludes, so with hope born of despair, we drag our feet slowly to a certain classroom for a short “parley-voo.”

We stumble through numberless translations of English into French. Dazedly we find ourselves listening once more. Is it possible that you put the conditional after “si,” meaning “if”? Do you mean to tell me you didn’t see that? Alas, all the spectacles of Lennie and Thomson would not brighten our little eyes.

No, friends and fellow workers, if fame is acquired at such a price, better far let us retire

into blessed obscurity than lose our mental balance through the short sharp shock of the Ides of March. Nay, they are not yet come and until they are gone we must needs shoulder our ever increasing burdens, disdaining even to countenance such distractions as the new cinema, and to swerve not one jot or tittle from the straight path of duty we have assigned ourselves.

But here let me stop for:—

What hast thou to do with sorrow
Or the injuries of to-morrow?



Heraldry of Spring.

(To be chanted in a flat monotone.)

Sing a song of Spring,
Shout like anything,
Only do it far away from me.
What a lot of fools!
Think you we in schools
Still believe the season is a spree?
Rain and wind and sleet
Heralds of a sheet
Set to find how much you never knew!
Coffee and wet towels—
Aspirin and scowls
Quarterly upon a field of blue!
Mantled in a fog—
Supported by a bog
Queasy with a sinister alarm,
Ink pot for a crest
Surmounting all the rest,
So I read the charge of “Springlike charm.”
Yet remains to tell
The season’s motto fell,
Reasonably phrased you must allow—
Guilt upon a scroll
(Harrowing the soul),
“Surely all the unsure I will plough.”

SPERO.

"Moider in Hawlywood."

Another drivelette from the "Chronicles of Ebenezer Briggleswipe"

(With apologies to all concerned.)

EPISODE I.

NIGHT in Hollywood—the star-spangled night of California. From the lofty facade of the Hotel Nonpareil exuded soft music, played by Bebroy and His Wetsomers. It was the night of the Stooges Ball. Within, a scintillating throng seethed to and fro like wasps round a slider. Among those present were Robert Doughnut, dressed as the Count of Monto-Cristo, and carrying on his back his Thirty-Nine Steps; John and Lionel Borrowmore as the Babes in the Wood; Edward G. Robhimsoon as Father Christmas, with a coupla gats in his beard, for luck; not to mention our own Bing Crosby. . . .

But there was one who stood apart, disguised as a grandfather clock, a sardonic smile on his dial. Now and again he glanced into the crowd, and chimed the quarters, by way of a secret sign. Who is it? It cannot be . . . ? Yes, it is! Ebenezer Briggleswipe, the bucko Det.-Insp. from Scotland Yard!

Suddenly his nostrils dilated, his every muscle tensed, and absent-mindedly he struck thirteen. A sinister, dark man, dressed as a Playboy of Paris, and accompanied by a large, blonde female dressed as a Belle of the 'Nineties had just passed him. Silently he wound himself up, tucked his pendulum under his arm, and followed.

They took a lift (sorry, America—"elevator"), and ascended to the 14th floor, Ebenezer following by the stairs.

On reaching the top, our sleuth picked up the trail by adroit snooping; it led him to a balcony, where, in his disguise, he could hear every word.

"Say," the lady oozed through her chewing-gum, "Kentcha gimme action? I wanna see that dim-bulb washed out. Give the yella squealer the woiks, an' on y'r way, big boy. . . ."

"But, Mae, he ees so small and I am so beeg: w'en I see ze leetle man—oh, jost zo high—I cannot do zees zing. You know I loaf you—w'y most I keel zees pauvre p'tit coqueluche. . . ."

"Aw, you make me tired, Maurice. Gimme action, and gimme it hawt an' strawng; an' when y're through, waal—come up an' . . ."

With these significant words, she moved off, still accompanied by M. Chandelier. Ebenezer was alone. He chimed sardonically, and ticked off in their wake.

EPISODE II.

It was four o'clock in the morning. All was silent in the Hotel Nonpareil. Or was it? From one of the solid gold sofas in the billiard-room, furtive snores were emanating; on that sofa reclined the form of Maurice Chandelier: his eyes were closed: the Wolf of Paris slept. In the corner of the room stood the silent outline of Eb. Briggleswipe still on the watch. The cuckoo clock on the wall began to strike; the door-knob began to turn. . . . Simultaneously, Chandelier rose from the sofa. As the last note rang out, the door opened and Quaurel (of Quaurel and Lardy) entered. "Oh, Ol-y-ver?" he whispered: Briggleswipe was irresistibly reminded of a cassowary calling to its mate in the swamps of Timbuctoo, and wiped away a silent tear; but his reflections were cut short by a low, throaty laugh from the Parisian, who had drawn a razor-edged couteau from behind his left ear.



[Photo, by D. & W. Prophet

Back Row—R. A. McLaren. J. Y. Baxter. D. W. Colquhoun (*Vice-Capt.*). J. P. McPherson.
H. Jack (*Secy. and Treas.*). J. L. Smith. D. B. Grant.

Middle Row—G. S. Hope. D. R. Mackay. C. R. W. Gray (*Capt.*). W. Paterson. R. M. Mathers. G. Millar.

In Front—I. S. Cowley. D. R. Elder.

Rugby Team, 1st XV.,
1935-36.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

In a tone full of grim significance the Apache snarled, "Zo? You would insult ze lady, hein? Bien; for ze man—ze sword!" He lunged savagely with his weapon—Quarel paled, recoiled in terror, and fled, screaming as he went, "Olly! Olly! Ah'm scared!" Discarding his disguise, Briggleswipe followed at speed. . . .

It was three hours later—it was therefore, as Henry J—ck and other mathematically-minded readers will at once perceive, seven o'clock. The hotel staff were gathered round a crumpled heap at the foot of the lift-shaft. "SUICIDE!" whispered the manager.

"Felo de se! Corpo di Bacco!!" echoed the chef.

"NO! It is MURDER!" boomed a stentorian voice, and Briggleswipe came sliding down the shaft, a scrap of paper fluttering in his hand. "Read this!" he barked. They read: "Dearest wife—I am tired of it all. I could not pass my Leavings. Forgive me. Stanley."

"It is forged!" snapped Briggleswipe, his eyes blazing with suppressed emotion. "Quarel was unmarried, and took his Leavings in 1916."

The hotel staff looked at him and shuddered; surely some miscreant was bound for the hotscuat.

EPISODE III.

Twelve hours passed, during which the criminologist paced the floor of his flat ("Apartment" to you, Mr. Durante), chewing a piece of P.K. (Advt.) which had been kindly lent him by Miss K—nm—d. At last he gave vent to a piercing cry, jumped three feet in the air, and reached for the telephone.

* * * *

Debroy and his Wetsomers were rehearsing.

That is to say, the saxophones were playing "The Barren Rocks of Aden," the piano was playing "Little Gipsy Tea-room," the strings were trying to tune up, and the drummer was playing "South American Joe" (Fact.—Ed.). To them entered our sleuth-hound with a brace of policemen. The music (?) stopped.

"The drum," rapped out Eb. The peelers instantly opened the instrument, from which burst a flood of gallicisms. "Sacré pipe! Bien mal acquis! Cela me dépasse!" Inside was Maurice Chandelier.

"Arrest that man," said the detective. The Apache was carried off, gibbering. Ebenezer was alone; but not for long.

A well-remembered voice hailed him. "H'ya, big boy," it said. "Waal, the bulls sure gawt that smoit guy, but ya cain't take me, no, sir. I guess I'm gonna beat it across the Pawnd. So long, brother, I'm Goin' To Town. . . ."

W. S. G.



The Grand Parade.

There's Mike and there's Borie
And Brucie so hoary.
There's Paton and Whisky
And Cowsie so frisky.

There's Bob and there's Pa,
And Sandy and a',
There's Mack and there's Billy,
Pickwickian Gillie.

There's Cuddie and Wally,
And Cheesy and Polly;
Who all join together
To make things so jolly.

D. F. (Class VIII.); N.C. (Class VI.).

“Apropos” or Atropos.*

WE all know where examinations came from. Dante, in his conducted tour of the lower regions, found, in the nethermost pit of the nethermost inferno, an unfortunate, who, sizzling and bathed in perspiration, was sitting a Maths. Exam. for the rest of eternity ; and since life is a queer mixture of good and evil, exams. must crop up from time to time.

The main thing in setting an exam. paper is so to frame the question that the knowledge of the examinee *will never be brought into play*. The idea is always—and this is most important—to bring out the cleverness, the exquisite ingenuity, of the examiner. The questions must be couched in language which will display all the mephistophelian subtlety of his dark and scheming brain ; the phrasing must, if possible, completely stump the victim or, at least, stun him into a temporary daze. Never ask direct questions—much too easy ; disguise them, clothe them in peculiar lingo, twist them wrong ways round—great fun being an examiner ! A good formula, of the sort over which the examiner licks his lips in unhallowed mirth, is this—“ How far is it true/untrue/half-true, to assert that, etc.” “ Discuss the problematic hypothesis that . . . ” “ To what appreciable and tangible extent did— affect —.”

The examiner must look continually for the abstruse, the out-of-the-way. If you know that one William Wilberforce was prominent in connection with the freeing of slaves, give him a miss ; take his brother Samuel. Nobody knows anything about him. Ha, ha ! Hee, hee !

As an interesting, if painful, example of the success of these schemes, take the sad case of a member of Class IX. who has, we regret to announce, succumbed to “ delirium tremen-

dous ” as a result of his exertions. Our special correspondent, on writing down the words which fell from the babbling lips of the examinee, found that they took the form of an examination paper, which is here appended :—

ENGLISH.

(None of these questions need be attempted.)

1. Write an essay of not more than 10,000 or less than 10 words on :—
 - (a) The Comic Element in Humour.
 - (b) The Humorous Element in Comedy,
 with special reference to the works of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse.
- (2) Explain why you prefer the poetry of Tennyson to that of M^r Gonaugall.
- (3) “ Let us then be up and doing
Nothing, while we have the time.”
Discuss the significance, if any, of this extract.
- (4) Which of the following do you think most likely to solve the mystery of Who Sticks Those Funny Labels All Over The School ? :—Lord Peter Wimsey, The Saint, Hercule Poirot, Tiger Standish, Father Brown, Ebenezer Briggleswipe ?
- (5) Don't you think this is quite long enough for an English paper ?

MATHEMATICS.

(Candidates should read the completed paper through, carefully, and, if they think that they have any of it right, it should be torn up without delay and put into the Waste-paper Basket.)

- (1) Would you rather do Mathematics than

* AUTHOR'S NOTE.—While we hate to labour the point of a joke, we cannot resist reminding you that Atropos was the Fate that cannot be avoided.

go to the flicks? Explain why you would rather go to the flicks.

(For handsome female candidates only :
What about Friday at 6 p.m.?)

- (2) What is your opinion of Pythagoras?
Do not give your answer in terms which the B.B.C. would not like to hear.
- (3) What is a "Just Now"? WHY?
- (4) What is meant by "the low cunning that makes a mathematician?"
Do you agree? So do I.

FRENCH.

(I.).—Translate into French:—

- (1) These are the unemployed (use either "*hors d'oeuvres*" or "*classe de philosophie*").
- (2) Has the cricketer gone out ("*sortir*") for a duck ("*canard*," *m.*)?—No, he has broken his duck ("*se casser le canard*").
- (3) Beat a man, draw ("*dessiner*") a man, and pass.
- (4) What a feck o' fowk! I'm fair scum-fished wi' heat!—Ay, I'm fair forfouch'en.
- (5) The batsman lets fly with a mighty drive ("*promenade en auto*"), and the square-leg ("*jambe carrée*") stops it with the pit of his stomach.
- (6) Is not Clark Gable the Hot-stuff?—
Yes, he is of a heat extreme.

* * * *

At this point, the unfortunate examinee passed into a state of coma from which he only emerged for a few brief intervals, to babble of "Dulong and Petit" and "pious Æneas." Our correspondent rose and tiptoed silently away. . . .

Modern Times.

I've heard of Ancient Grecians
And the venturesome Phœnicians,

I've heard of Julius Cæsar and the rest.
But I think you will agree
If you take it seriously,—
Modern Times are best.

I've heard of Dynasties of Wong
From that very highbrow throng
Who to the Chinese Exhibition went in
quest.

But I've come to the conclusion
From these periods of confusion—
Modern Times are best.

I've heard of Drake & Co.
And the way they raised the "dough,"
Through borrowing many a Spanish
Treasure chest.

But the way they sailed the sea
Wouldn't 'gree so well with me—
Modern Times are best.

But we've Income Tax's worry,
Traffic puts us in a flurry,
And the vacuum-cleaner salesman is a
pest.

And in our fight for our victuals
Life is not beer and skittles—
Modern Times are best?

But I've heard from old Historians
The worries of Victorians;

How Marat put the "aristos" to test;
So I think that all will say
My suggestion wins the day
Modern Times are best.

A. T. P. (cl. VI.).



Teacher—"What is the Median Theorem?"

Charlie C.—"Draw a triangle"—pause—"draw the medians"—longer pause—"Please sir, you wouldn't understand it."

"The new king was abolishing capital punishment and making the people go to the prisons instead, because they now got plenty of work to do there."

"Hi saltem elephantum cum cetero exercitu non sine magno labore ascenderunt."

Teacher (with exasperated humour after translator fails sadly)—"This salted elephant exercises itself with Katie and does not sin much at its work."

"The witches in Macbeth were very weird. They all wore beards and smoked pipes."

"Lovelace is an excellent example of chivalry, writing poems to ladies in prison."

Mr. B—r—d.—"What is a palsy-stricken churchyard thing?"

Gr—w—r—"Somebody living off the parish."

Friday—before Highers—

Teacher—"Shall I close the window? Do any of you feel a draught?"

R. M'L.—"Oh yes, sir; we're all very 'windy.'"

"Puck has squeezed 'Love-in-idleness' on both the men's eyes and they have doted for a while on Helena. The antidote was put in Lysander's eyes and all became well in the end."

Miss St—l—"For a long time they didn't know how to oxidise hydrochloric acid."

R. M'L—r—n—"No, and neither do I."

Boy throws stones
[about eleven],
Sergeant coming.
Now in Heaven.

(N.B.—Heaven refers to boy not sergeant)

Little boy
On a wall,
Projecting nail
Saves a fall.
Violent struggles
To get free.
Trousers give.
R.I.P.

Dn—ls—n (translating very slowly)—“ Elle allume un feu.”

Mr. W—bb (wrathfully)—“ Did she *fight a liar* ? ”

Our Impoverished Teachers—

Mr. W—“ If I opened my watch you'd see the sort of thing I mean, but I'm not going to because then you'd see the price.”

Mr. M—rsh—ll—“ It's like shelling peas.”

R. M'L—r—n (sotto voce)—“ But they're not going into the ' Pot.' ”

Teacher—“ If a little girl and I were in a garden, which would be sportive ? ”

M. M—n—“ You ! ”

“ I feel sorry for Shylock when he stumbled out of court after failing to get the pound of flesh from Antonio. All his pleasures gone ! ”

Mr. P—t—n—“ No, the girls don't get their exam. before yours.”

R. M'L—r—n—“ Bad management ! ”

“ The Pilgrim Fathers were men who went out and founded the New World.”

“ Nerissa comes in dressed as an office-boy, with a letter.”



A Rugger Alphabet.

A stands for ALL, both teams out to play.
 B stands for BALL, the source of the fray.
 C stands for COWLEY, three-quarter is he,
 D stands for DONALDS, of them we have three.
 E stands for ERNEST, protruding behind,
 F stands for FANNY who's ever so kind.
 G stands for GRAY, our Captain so fast,
 H stands for HENRY, so tough to the last.
 I stands for INTEREST, shown (?) by all,
 J stands for JOCK, the man on the ball.
 K stands for KIDNEYS, which often are pained,
 L stands for LAWSON, whose leg has been strained.
 M stands for MILLAR, as fleet as a hare,
 N stands for NORMAN, who hooks with great care.
 O stands for OPPONENTS, who suffer defeat,
 P stands for PATSY, who's got them all beat.
 Q stands for QUAGMIRE, where we wallow with glee.
 R stands for ROOSH, who wrote this for thee.
 S stands for SANDY, and his knowledge of pills,
 T stands for TARN, whose namesake us kills.
 U stands for UNFITNESS, the curse of the team,
 V stands for VERITY, which this poem may seem,
 W stands for WINTER, when this game is played,
 X stands for XYLOBALSAMUM, but don't be dismayed.
 Y stands for YOU, who rugger should play,
 Z stands for ZEAL, which we pray for each day.

ROOSH.

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

The Dundee High School and the Breeding of Poets.

I.

THE announcement made by the Editor in the last number of the School Magazine that he has decided to offer a prize for the best verse contributed to the next two numbers has aroused in my mind certain reflections which I think may not be uninteresting in themselves nor without value to intending competitors.

The High School of Dundee, in my opinion, may well be proud of the poets whom it numbers among its former pupils. If it cannot point, as the Grammar School of Aberdeen, to a Byron, or the Royal High School in Edinburgh, to a Scott, it ought not to focus attention too exclusively upon Fergusson, as if he were the sole poet whom it can claim. While it would be highly improper to call a roll, as it were, of living poets who are "Old Boys," there can be little doubt that some of these are poets of real distinction; and, far from regretting that it has produced no major poet, the School should regard it as a matter for congratulation that it has provided a training-ground for minor poets of proved ability; for a *good minor poet* is exceptionally rare.

DEBT TO FORMER MASTERS.

When I think back to my school-days and recall the influences that were brought to bear upon me then, especially those connected with the formation of literary taste, and contrast them with what I have since found in other schools both in England and Scotland, I am bound in pure honesty to declare that either all education before 1918 was much superior to what it has become since, or the

cultural atmosphere of our own school in the period (1911-18) must have been of a sort unusual even then. I would not have present pupils think that we were all born-poets—that we composed sonnets to Miss Peat or produced *triolets* instead of *proofs* when called upon to answer by Mr. Meiklejohn: those familiar with Miss Peat and Mr. Meiklejohn will need no assurances that we did no such thing. Nor do I wish to create the impression that we crowded about the West doorways at lunch-time reading Shelley and Swinburne to one another; because nothing of that sort ever happened. But there was among us a genuine and widely diffused respect and enthusiasm for good literature, especially for good poetry, in its proper place—that is, during periods of study in the classroom and at home during hours of private study or of leisure. Moreover, pressing as examination requirements must always have been, there was a kind of general consent among our masters that the great business of schooling was to introduce boys and girls to the best that had been thought and written in the world, so that their work at school should be less of the nature of routine tasks than of an introduction to a full and fruitful and happy type of living, springing from real enjoyment of the creative arts.

In writing thus I must disclaim any intention of praising those who were then masters in the school at the expense of those now there, but I have for some years been so firmly convinced of the debt we all owed to certain members of staff, now no longer on active service, that I feel obliged to say something of them. Naturally enough, what I shall say

is bound to be coloured by personal prejudice ; but I feel fairly confident that what I have to say will be accepted as substantially true by former pupils of my own generation ; and in any case I am for the moment considering only the influence of our masters as that was brought to bear on the shaping of potential poets.

THE BREEDING OF POETS.

The poet, it is true, is *born* not *made* ; but that is not to say that he is not *bred*. This breeding—at least when I was a boy—was conditioned by three main influences—the boy's home, his Church, and his school. It is as obvious as it is desirable that the influence of the home should predominate, and the success or lack of success which the school meets with in the case of a particular pupil depends in large measure upon a true *rap-prochement* between the home and the school. Of the influence of the Church it is less easy to speak because of the varied outlooks of different denominations : but if we assume that in general the average boy belongs to the National Church, it may fairly be said that only in the later years of school-life does the influence of the Church begin to be marked, at least in original work attempted by boys and girls. Whether or not the more colourful ritual of other denominations shows its influence on the work of younger children I have never been in a position to judge.

So far as the home is concerned the pupil who arrives at school accustomed to hearing good poetry read aloud starts with considerable advantages, and as I started with these advantages and did not enter the High School, or any other school, as a really small boy, my views on the advantages the school offered would-be poets necessarily reflect my own experiences. But I am convinced, and most unhesitatingly declare, that to Miss Peat's

personal culture and careful teaching was to be attributed, not only the foundation of the great successes met with at more advanced stages in the school, but also the beginnings of a real love of literature and of the desire to produce original work which has characterised many of her former pupils in their schooldays and in after life.

Miss Peat was no "forcer" of poets. She never made the mistake—common among bad teachers with little or no appreciation of poetry—of setting a poem as a model and bidding her pupils write another "like that." But she had three great assets : imagination, so that she chose poems instinct with that quality, a strong sense of beautiful language, and she read well. As a result, her pupils learned to recognise good poetry and to love it. If any of her pupils revealed an aptitude for original work she showed an encouraging interest in it, and refrained from the niggling criticisms which many people in her situation would have indulged in. This, also, I think, was a great matter ; for the best way in which to assist very young "poets" is to leave their work alone, keep introducing them to more and more of the excellencies of the great poets, and leave them to be their own critics.

MR. W. D. MACBETH.

The next great influence (chronologically speaking) on my attitude to poetry came from Mr. Macbeth. It is impossible for anyone who knew Mr. Macbeth to explain to anyone who did not, what manner of man he was. It is now twenty-four years since I first met Mr. Macbeth ; it is almost twenty years since he was killed in action ; and I suppose I am sufficiently middle-aged not to be suspected of a schoolboy's enthusiasm : but his personality remains as real and vital to me to-day as when I was a boy of thirteen. Macbeth, so

far as I can judge, was the greatest master the High School ever possessed, and it is a misfortune beyond calculation that so many of his pupils, in whose work and lives the influence of his teaching would have been apparent, fell with him in the course of that conflict, which to a degree exceeding anything of which Pericles had experience, robbed the remaining years of this generation not only of Spring's violets but also of Summer's fruits.

Like Miss Peat, Mr. Macbeth possessed genuine imagination, but what was fully more important was that under him in Class V. was begun the study of Prosody, which can be made either a mechanical exercise or the first step to a real understanding of the technical side of poetry. With him nothing could be merely mechanical, but as a one-time teacher of English I can never cease to admire the abilities of a man who could make the detection and elucidation of particular verse-forms at once interesting and exciting. So delightful did he make the study of poetry for boys of our age that for weeks on end we remained in school regularly for another half-hour, or longer, after the last period on Friday afternoons, to hear him read from anthologies. I do not remember that a single boy ever asked to be excused from these readings unless for some pressing reason. They were not conducted for the benefit of a small coterie of budding intellectuals. ("Tell me where is fancy bred?" exclaimed Macbeth to a dull boy on one occasion. "In the baker's window so far as you are concerned!") They were not part of the routine work of the class. But I think any impartial person will agree that they were a tribute to the personality of a great teacher, and that those who participated in them were receiving something of which they could never afterwards be deprived.

THE FORMER RECTOR.

In coming to the next great influence on my own attitude to Poetry I feel a sense of relief that Mr. MacLennan is no longer Rector, lest I should be thought to wish to flatter him by the warmth of my appreciation. To most people who wished (or had) to take Latin and Greek Mr. MacLennan was a terrifying portent, and I was not the least terrified of his pupils. I was certainly not a creditable pupil to any of the masters who tried to teach me Classics, and I do not propose to take refuge behind the common, and, in this instance, untrue accusation, that probably they were not good teachers. But a fair amount of experience in watching other men teach other boys Classics has convinced me that teachers of Latin and Greek ought in their teaching to try and distinguish between what they want their pupils to "get" from these subjects and what the pupils are spontaneously "getting." Accuracy—which depends more upon memory than intelligence in our school-days—is a first essential if a pupil is afterwards to prove a classical scholar—i.e., is later to translate readily and carefully and write good prose. But looking to the after careers of many of the men who were boys along with me and were much more successful than I in mastering Latin and Greek grammar and in translating either *from* or *into* the Classical languages, I have frequently asked myself: What remains of their early successes? What did they carry away with them as a result of their superior ability to master the mechanism of these subjects? I do not think the question is necessarily an unkind one. Some of my early friends are dead; others, no doubt, are very busy men, working hard in departments of life where there is little use for Classical learning. I have been fortunate in my after-school life and have



[Photo. by D. & W. Prophet

Standing—M. Weir. C. Spreull. J. Scott. J. Mathers. C. Wallace. J. Pate.

Sitting—M. Purvis. N. Conn. J. Bowen (*Capt.*). F. Ritchie. S. Wenyon.

Girls' Hockey Team, 1st XI.,
1935-36.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

found other ways of learning Latin and Greek than those followed at school. But I feel strongly that at school I did acquire a love of and enthusiasm for Classical poetry which has made the whole of my life brighter, calmer and happier than it would have been without it, and, which, whatever else the Scottish Education Department may decide must be learned at school ought to be among the things which a teacher of the Classics should strive to convey. It seems to me pitiful that men who were once expert in their class work should have either deliberately abandoned it or been obliged to abandon it once their schooldays were over, and that, with few exceptions, the treasury to which Grammar and Syntax are only keys should never have been unlocked. When some years ago Mr. Humbert Wolfe (himself a most interesting poet and a skilful translator from the *Greek Anthology*), in writing to me, expressed a doubt as to whether certain of my poems were my own composition or translations from the Greek, I felt that surely I was justified in what I had *learned* from the Classics, even if my former masters could not agree that they were justified in expending their efforts in *teaching* me.

To the former Rector I owe an immense love for Horace. I can never forget his careful and obviously highly appreciative comments on such juxtapositions as :—

pinus ingens: alba populus,

where each adjective is made suggest not only its own proper meaning but its opposite; and the last few minutes of many a period (when we were in Class VIII.) in which Mr. MacLennan read over Conington's translation of the ode we had just finished painfully construing, never failed to transform for me the miseries of unsuccessful translation into a

glowing appreciation of the poet which remains a lasting possession.

THE MANTLE OF GILFILLAN.

One other master, only, I shall mention—Mr. Easton Valentine. It is a trifle difficult to explain the source of Mr. Valentine's influence. It did not appear to lie in his personality; it depended upon no outstanding and popular gifts. But it came, I think, from a sense of very thorough knowledge which everyone realised that he possessed of his own and other subjects, and from his dogged determination that we in our time should be shown the best and finest that he knew. We might not be capable of appreciating it fully, but he at least did his duty by us. It is possible, too, although we did not discuss it—what boys would? And I remember to have heard Mr. Valentine allude to the fact only once, and then we were in Class IX. or Class X.—that his position as the nephew of Gilfillan made him to most people a man apart. Gilfillan has been called, with some exaggeration, "the Scottish Dr. Johnson"—his great work of editing the chief British poets being compared by his contemporaries to Johnson's immense work on the *Dictionary*; and there was a certain cold comfort when Mr. Valentine was in his most disapproving vein to recall—especially if one knew Sir Roger's allusion to Bushby—that it was still an honour to be rebuked by the nephew of so great a man.

The real instrument of Mr. Valentine's influence upon our taste during our later school life was Grierson and Dixon's "*Parnassus*." I hope earnestly that book may never under any pretext be superseded in the school. The boy who by the time he leaves school has worked through it is educated, and the boy who has not done so is not. No other book can take

Frocks for Leisure Hours

Attractive dresses of new wool, light-weight tweed, also in tiny checks, self-coloured fabrics and knitted woollens.

In a variety of shadings.

24 in. to 42 in., - 21/- to 49/6

Frocks of Rayon, Crepe Suede and Crepe-de-chine for special occasions.

24 in. to 46 in., from - 32/6

Kilted skirts, buttoning on twill cotton bodices, are of Grey Flannel and Brown/Beige check suiting. 26 in., 15/6, rising 1/- per size.

Woollen Jerseys, - - 6/11

Fair Isle Jerseys, hand knitted, 9/6

Berets, to match, - - 4/6

Cotton Dresses, in many styles, Tennis Frocks and Shorts of serviceable quality and sporting make.

Henderson & Mackay
Whitehall Street, Dundee

Telephone (House and Office) 4354, Day or Night.

P. NUCATOR & SON

(Sole Partner—ALFRED NUCATOR),

78 and 80 BELL STREET,

DUNDEE.

PLUMBING, HEATING, SANITARY FITTINGS.

its place, because no other book contains the same poems, and practically everyone of these is a touchstone of poetical taste. When we were boys in the VIIth and VIIIth Classes, Professor Grierson's discovery of Donne's poems was but recent, and, Mr. Valentine, filled with a great and daring enthusiasm, set us on to the study of "The Second Anniversary." I have never met with boys from any other school who have made the acquaintance of this poem in the course of their school work, and I consider the man who decided to study it with a class of middle-school boys deserves to be remembered by posterity. It was my great joy, ten years later, to mention this fact to Professor Grierson, that great lover of John Donne, who was equally surprised and delighted to hear of it.

APOLOGIES TO COMPETITORS.

So far, intending entrants for the present verse competition will think I have confined myself to eulogy of former masters and to purely personal reminiscences. They will want to know how what I am describing can assist them in any way. The answer to that question is that it is not in what I have written so much as in what I am still to write that any suggestions

to them are to be found. But, I think it is desirable to put on record the extraordinary helpfulness of the masters whom I have mentioned, and to indicate a number of ways in which they directly influenced my own (and I imagine others') attitude to poetry in general, and so opened up new possibilities for those who felt the urge towards creative work. In the masters who have taken the place of those whom I have mentioned a later generation of pupils have, I am sure, the same cultured, helpful, willing friends, who in turn will introduce a new series of High School boys and girls to the best poetry of the past, and encourage them to contribute to the poetry of the future. In the continuation of this article I shall deal with the different stages through which a schoolboy attracted to verse-making is likely to pass, noting in what ways he can be assisted (as I was) by his school work, and in what ways he may exercise profitably his talents so as to become a really skilled exponent of the craft. Experience of the latter kind is invaluable, and it is one of the great contributions of the High School to the breeding of poets that it provides novices with a magazine in which it can be had.

W. FRASER MITCHELL.

Cadet Corps Ballad No. 1.

In the Dundee High's Cadet Corps,
Behind the pomp and show,
Is a little hidden something
Which each cadet should know,
It's often never noticed
But by a stupid bore,
This little hidden something
Is called "esprit de corps."
Some may know its meaning,
Some answering say nay,

So I'd better tell you what it means
As I begin my lay.
This is what "esprit de corps" means,
Its meaning doth run thus,
A lazy time for N.C.O.'s
And plenty work for us.
An easy time for N.C.O.'s
Who lounge and spit and shirk,
But labour for us "old soldiers"
Who always do the work.

They do not e'en command us
 (I won't say we'd obey)
 But they sit and shirk and bungle work
 Whene'er it comes their way.

We boot and teach the "rookies"
 How to lay out their kit,
 We bear the brunt of the orderly tasks
 Without any thanks for it;
 We back up incompetent corporals,
 And teach 'em how to command,
 And now this year they're sarjints
 'Though they know no more than the
 band.

'Twas only last year I taught him
 How properly to dress,
 I spent too much time on him
 And the officer called me a mess;
 But the "rookie's" turn-out was splendid
 (I almost had a fit).
 And now he's been promoted
 But he doesn't thank me for it.

But I am growing old now
 (For the years are speeding so),
 Another two more years to serve
 'Fore I pack my kit and go;
 Another two more years to serve
 And no hope of promotion,
 For I matter as much as one drop doth
 In all great Neptune's ocean.



A Lay of the Leavings.

Timothy Dout came to School
 To learn his A B C;

'Twas many a day before young Tim
 Could count up 1, 2, 3.

He could swim like a fish, he could fight, he
 could run,
 He spent all his time on the spree.
 There wasn't a game he could not play,
 But did he work?—not he!

From C to 8 he wasted time,
 He had beltings and lines galore;
 So at last he decided to mend his ways.
 (He was feeling rather sore.)

In a moment of madness he put in his name
 To take Leavings was his aspiration;
 He tried to remember some history dates,
 And worked in sheer desperation.

With horror he saw that he hadn't a chance,
 But still he crammed doggedly.
 His brains—which have never been specially
 good
 Were but "leavings" of modest degree.

The exams. were all finished, the inspector
 came round
 And took out an "L" in bright red,
 "All have passed without Doubt," he said
 solemnly,
 And slipped the "L" over Tim's head.

And so, dear friends, if this be printed,
 Please heed his painful fate;
 If you leave the work until Class 9
 You'll find it's far too late. M. S.

MACFARLANE LANG'S CHOCOLATE "FOURSOME,"

THE MOST POPULAR OF ALL CHOCOLATE BISCUITS.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

2D EACH.

Qualities the highest standard .
Colours and Designs correct .
Prices always Moderate .

OUTFITS for the HIGH SCHOOL of DUNDEE.

BOYS' D.H.S. BLAZERS. Perfectly tailored in best quality all-wool flannel, with Badge Pocket. 1st size, ... **16/6.** Rise **1/-** per size.

BOYS' SHORTS to match Blazers. Cut on easy lines and finished with double seat inside, belt loops and side and hip pockets. 1st size, ... **8/-**
 Rise **6d** per size.

BOYS' FLANNEL SUITS. Fit 7 to 14 years, **17/6**
 In best quality flannel, ... **25/-**

BOYS' CAPS. Best quality flannel, unbreakable rubber peaks. Badge on front, ... **3/6**

D.H.S. TIES, ... **1/3, 2/-, 2/6**

BOYS' SLIPOVERS. New waisted style with long sleeves in best Hawick manufacture. Correct D.H.S. colourings. 1st size, **9/6**

BOYS' SHIRTS. A large and varied selection to choose from. The new colours and designs in Aertex, Poplins, Ceylon and Cream Flannels. Prices, ... **4/6, 5/6, 7/6**

BOYS' SWIM SUITS. In self and contrasting shades, all wool. Prices, **4/6, 5/6, 7/6**

ATHLETIC VESTS, ... **2/6**

ATHLETIC SHORTS, ... **1/6, 2/6**

D.H.S. BELTS. Badge Buckle, ... **2/6**
 Snake Fastener, ... **1/6**



**Smith
Brothers**

Murrygate, Dundee

'PHONE
4751.

MELDRUM'S

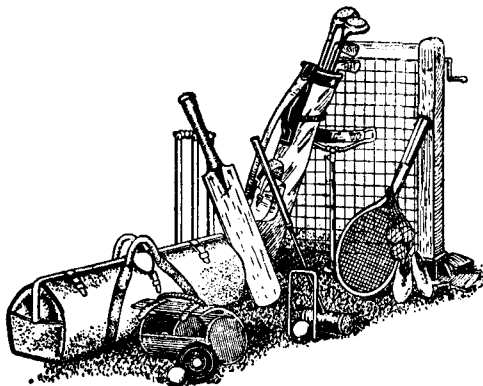
ESTABLISHED
1825.

THE LEADING SPORTS HOUSE.

All Requisites for

TENNIS,
CRICKET,
GOLF,
BOWLS,
BADMINTON,
SWIMMING,

At Keenest Prices.



GROUND SHEETS
for CAMPING.

RUCSACKS.

CYCLING CAPES.

FISHING JACKETS
and TROUSERS.

ANGLERS'
WADERS.

FISHING BAGS.

TENNIS RACKETS RE-STRUNG AND REPAIRED.

13-15 REFORM STREET, DUNDEE.

*The Aristocrat
of Table Waters*

Barrie's

Backed by
100 Years'
Reputation

*The Aristocrat
of Table Waters*

Barrie's

Unsurpassed
for
Purity

G. & P. BARRIE Ltd.

191-193 Albert Street, DUNDEE

The Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

We much regret to place on record the passing of two of our younger members, Alan G. Hackney, Maulesbank, Barnhill, 1915-1920, and James S. Robertson, Bengal, 1918-1921.

The membership now stands at:—

Ordinary members ..	..	369
Life members ..	..	126
Honorary members ..	..	1
		496

The Five Hundred Mark seems very difficult to reach, and we would be very glad if our Four Hundred and Ninety-six enthusiastic members would between them try to enlist the interest of another four Old High School Boys. Perhaps now that Spring is here the lure of the Links will persuade four golfing Old Boys to join the Club and participate in our Summer fixtures, particulars of which will shortly be issued.

Reports.

Rugby Club Report.

Date.	Opponents.	Venue.	For	Agst.
Jan. 11—	Bell-Baxter School	.. H.	30	0
„ 18—	St. Andrew's University			
	4th XV.		Cancelled.	
„ 25—	D.H.S. F.P.'s 3rd XV.		Cancelled.	
Feb. 1—	Edinburgh University			
	3rd XV.	 A.	6	16
„ 8—	Perth Academy		Cancelled.	
„ 15—	Morgan Academy		Cancelled.	
„ 22—	Boroughmuir School	.. A.	14	6
„ 29—	Madras College	.. A.	13	5
Mar. 7—	St. Andrew's University			
	4th XV.		Cancelled.	
„ 14—	Harris Academy	.. A.	6	9

Caps have been awarded to:—J. L. Smith, J. Y. Baxter, D. M. Colquhoun, D. R. Mackay and R. M. Mathers.

It must be many years since outdoor games were interfered with to such a large extent as has been the case this season. As a result of the long spell of frost and snow this winter little more than half of the proposed fixtures were fulfilled and week-day practices were non-existent for a period of two and a half months.

In the matches played the School side has given a good account of itself, having won 9 and lost 5, while 208 points have been scored for, and 102 points against the fifteen.

The pack has been quite good and, though light, has compared favourably with heavier packs of previous years. In the loose the forwards have been lively and vigorous and have combined well in handling, wheeling and dribbling, but in the scrummaging and line-out play there is still room for improvement.

Behind the scrum individual ability has been marked, but combined play, which promised well, did not develop as it might have done. Positional changes were partly responsible for this, but lack of regular practice, which is so essential to constructive and effective back play, has been the main drawback in this respect.

Despite departmental shortcomings the fifteen combined well and, with the experience gained through practices and matches during any ordinary season, would have proved a very effective side.

Hockey Report.

There have been fewer hockey matches played since Christmas this year than ever before on account of the unsuitable weather. Among the many matches postponed was the Dundee and District Schools versus Aberdeen and District Schools which was due to be played in Dundee this year. There were four players chosen from School: Jean Bowen, Margaret Purvis, Nancy Conn, Catherine Spreull. A match between the Schoolgirls' XI. and the Ladies' XI. was arranged on January 11th at Games Club, Broughty Ferry. The Ladies won by 8 goals to 5.

Wonderful new comfort for feet—when your shoes are repaired “**The Malone Way**”

The Malone Shoe Repair Service

Central Receiving Office:—62 NETHERGATE

(opposite OLD STEEPLE)

Other branches throughout the city or, upon request, we will call for and deliver your shoes—’**Phone 2131**

Factory and Office:—MID STREET, DUNDEE

***HEAT, HEALTH AND HAPPINESS
the recipe for HAPPY HOMES.***

HIGH-QUALITY HOUSEHOLD COAL.

THOS. MUIR, SON & PATTON, Ltd.

TELEGRAMS:

“Muir,
Dundee.”

Nethergate House,

DUNDEE.

PHONE:

**4044
(4 Lines).**

***Prices to suit all Purposes and Purses.
All enquiries receive prompt and careful attention.***



Rugby Team, 2nd XV., 1935-36.

Standing—J. Spence. R. Kinmond. A. G. Grossett. G. Cameron. W. Forwell. D. Bryson. I. MacLagan.

Sitting—R. Farquharson. M. Philip. R. Strachan (*Capt.*). F. Patterson. G. Anderson. J. Brough.



[Photos. by D. & W. Prophet

Girls' Hockey Team, 2nd XI., 1935-36.

Standing—J. Main. J. Campbell. K. Sibbald. L. McLaren. I. Fernbach. V. Cameron.

Sitting—M. Allan. J. Sime. J. Kinmond (*Capt.*). S. Robertson. E. Ferguson.

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

The 1st XI. match results are as follows :—

Date.	Opponents.	Venue.	For	Agst.
Jan. 18—	Bell-Baxter School	.. H.		Off.
„ 25—	Madras College ..	.. H.		Off.
Feb. 1—	Morgan Academy	.. H.		Off.
„ 8—	Grove Academy	.. A.		Off.
„ 29—	Bell-Baxter School	.. H.	5	0
Mar. 7—	Kirriemuir Guides	.. H.	8	1

The 2nd XI. match results are :—

Date	Opponents.	Venue.	For	Agst.
Jan. 11—	Bell-Baxter Sch. 2nd XI.	A.	5	3
„ 18—	Perth Academy 2nd XI.	A.		Off.
„ 25—	Harris Academy 2nd XI.	A.		Off.
Feb. 1—	Blairgowrie High School	H.		Off.
„ 8—	Seymour Lodge 1st XI.	H.		Off.
„ 15—	Morgan Academy 2nd XI.	H.		Off.
Mar. 7—	Seymour Lodge 1st XI.	A.	3	3

The Little Sevens were held on March 14th, and the team shared by M. Weir and F. Ritchie won.

As the Midlands District League matches are unfinished, the result will have to appear in the next issue of the Magazine.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Whytock and Miss Jarvie for umpiring for us.

C. A. S.

Golf Club Report.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—In preparation for the School Golfing arrangements of the Summer Term all pupils intending to enter for the School Golf Competitions will be required to hand in two score cards from play over Monifieth Medal Course or Scots Craig Course, on the first day of next term.

Cadet Report.

This term has been one of preparation and organisation. The bad weather of the past weeks has greatly reduced the time spent on drill and rifle exercises, but the time has been used to fit the Company with uniform. Next term, with weekly parades at the grounds, much of the routine work in preparation for camp can be done, so as to leave more of the time at Cortachy to be spent in field work.

We are glad to welcome Lieut. M'Laren back after his long illness, and rejoice with him that his recovery has been so rapid and complete.

The Cadet Dinner will be held on April 2nd, and we anticipate that all cadets will be present at that function.

Camp this year will occupy the first fortnight of the summer holiday, and the site will, it is expected, be the same as last year. We would stress the desirability of camp attendance for all cadets. The work is graduated to suit the ages and physique of the boys, and there is ample free time for recreation. The benefits derived from the routine, discipline, and healthy, happy atmosphere of camp are many and lasting. Every cadet who attends camp is doing himself and his Company a service, and we look forward confidently to a record year both in quality and numbers. The March promotions are as follows :—

Sgt. Mathers to C.S.M. ; Cpl. Jack to C.Q.M.S. ; Cpls. Colquhoun and Lawson and L.-Cpl. Baxter to Sergeant.

L.-Cpls. Elder, Cowley, Miller, L. J., Ross, Gray, Thow, Duguid and Cdt. Mackay to Corporal.

Cdts. Paterson, Anderson G. F., Dewar, Burns, Brock, Bruce, Caird, Grant I. M., Hutton, Smith F. J., Patrick, Kidd, Kinmond, Ramsay, Hunter, Laird J. S., and Nicoll J. S., to Lance Corporal.

Pipe-Sgt. M'Laren to P.M.

Dr. L.-Cpl. MacLagan to Drummer Corporal.

Pipe Cdt. Wilkie to Pipe Lance Corporal.

Pipe Cpl. Mathers to be senior Band Corporal.

W. L. M.

Girl Guide Report.

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

Our younger Guides are working hard for their Second Class Test and all are keenly interested in the badge work that we do every Friday.

Last term the Shield was again won by the Nightingale Patrol, and, consequently, competition this term between the patrols has been lively.

On the 6th of March last year's Patrol Leaders presented the King's Colours to the Company. The Company had no carrying King's Colours, and so, last year, the Patrol Leaders decided to present Colours to the Company. This year's Patrol Leaders also contributed. Last year's Senior Patrol Leader, Miss Janet Conn, with a very appropriate speech, handed over the Colours to Captain Whytock, who then handed them to this year's Senior Patrol Leader, Sheila Wenyon, who then thanked Miss Conn on behalf of the Company.

We are very grateful to our Captain and Lieutenants for their unfailing interest in the Company, and we

take this opportunity to thank them for all they have done to help us.

J. K.

Boys' Literary Society.

The Society has had a most enjoyable term, although there were marked changes from the original programme. On January 10th the Secretary gave a paper on "A Geometrical Fantasy." The next meeting was on January 31st, when the Society heard an excellent lecture on "Colour Photography" by Mr. James S. Greig. Mr. Greig's colour transparencies were magnificent. On February 7th members of Class VIII. delivered papers on varied and entertaining subjects. Mr. James Findlay, of Class IX., gave on February 14th, an informative lecture on "X-Rays." The lecture was illustrated by slides and experimental demonstrations. The next meeting was a Hat Night, and on February 28th the Society spent an instructive hour at the Exhibition of the Scottish Photographic Salon. On March 6th Mr. Gillman delivered his Presidential Address. Mr. Gillman chose as his subject our planetary system, on which he gave the Society a most interesting lecture illustrated by fine slides. As this was the last meeting of the session, the Treasurer read his report for the year, which showed a substantial balance, and Mr. Keir was appointed Interim Secretary.

We take this opportunity of thanking our President for the work he has done for the Society. Mr. Gillman has guided the Society's proceedings with a tactful and masterly hand, and has sacrificed a great deal of his time towards making the session the success it has been.

W. V. W.

Girls' Literary Society.

The Society is now at the close of a very successful session. The second term proved quite as entertaining as the first. In it, we had two new features: a Surprise Night and a Staff Night. The former consisted of a Literary Crossword, entirely composed by our President, Miss Lickely. The members derived much amusement from guessing the words.

The Staff Night was held in the Hall of the Girls' School, and was one of the best items of our varied syllabus. The staff must have worked hard to give us such an enjoyable evening, and we should like to thank all those who took part.

We had one open lecture this term, given by James S. Greig, Esq. It was entitled "Coloured Photography," and his lantern slides were very beautiful.

We have also been entertained by Classes VI., VII. and VIII., and our President closed our session with a most interesting lecture.

We take this opportunity to thank our President and Vice-President for the time and trouble they have taken to make our meetings so enjoyable.

J. M. M.

F.P. Tennis Club Report.

The Club had a successful season last year, and we are now looking forward to the coming summer which we hope will be a warm and sunny one.

The standard of play continues to improve and we were glad to see so many of our members entering for the Midlands Tournament and proving their worth therein.

The League programme was carried through as usual with four teams. The Ladies' 1st team did not strike their form of the previous season and have dropped into the Second Division. The Ladies' 2nd team, however, retained their position in the Third Division. The Gent.'s 1st and 2nd teams also retained their positions in the Second and Third Divisions respectively.

The Club Championship matches resulted in the following winners:—

Gent.'s Singles Cup.—Mr. F. W. How defeated Mr. G. F. Ritchie in the final.

Ladies' Singles Cup.—Miss B. Low defeated Mrs. Wenyon in the final.

Mixed Doubles Handicap.—Miss M. M'Mann and Mr. W. S. Phillips defeated Miss Cargill and Mr. G. Mackay in the final.

The Club held its Annual Dance in Kidd's Rooms in December. About 100 couples were present and all spent a most enjoyable evening.

We trust that those Present Pupils who intend leaving School in June will turn up when the courts open in April, as this is the time the teams are arranged. We always welcome new members and they may be sure of many jolly times in the Club.

A. T. MILLAR, *Hon. Secretary.*

IMPORTANT NOTICE

to the Customers of

DAVID WALLACE

THE AULD DUNDEE PIE SHOP

IT IS ESSENTIAL TO NOTE THAT THE ONLY

CENTRAL PREMISES

ARE AT

22 CASTLE STREET

Above our Central Premises in Castle Street, and above all our Branches
are the well-known words:

“The Auld Dundee Pie Shop”

“The real worth of education is measured by future performance”—Melles.

Glasses of Quality will always give the
most satisfaction.

LENNIE & THOMSON,

OPTICIANS,

52 REFORM STREET,

DUNDEE.

FOR SUPPLIES OF
Fresh Fruit and Flowers

'PHONE 5441 and 5537
(TWO LINES).

W. E. DRYDEN,
23 Victoria Road, DUNDEE
(Top of WELLGATE STEPS).

Telephones 5205 and 5509.

Telegrams: "Motors, Dundee."

W. P. ROBERTSON & CO.,

Motor Landaulette, and

Char-a-Banc Proprietors,

32 KING STREET, DUNDEE.

Night Service at Ordinary Fares.

Branch at 4 MAINS LOAN

here is perfection

of scientific construction as well as great artistry — the Steinway Piano. Each different size Steinway is equally perfect in its own way. The smaller models are not mere condensation of the larger — every one is, in effect, a new piano, having been planned independently to take the fullest possible advantage of the space available for tone and action, strength and beauty.



THE NEW MODEL 'V' UPRIGHT

A new Steinway small Upright, specially designed and manufactured to meet the demands of modern requirements. This Pianoforte contains all the most recent Steinway improvements. Height 4ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Width 5ft. Depth 2ft. 2ins.

Price £95

STEINWAY

See the newest Steinway Pianos at :—

SOLE AGENTS :—

METHVEN SIMPSON LTD.

22 REFORM STREET

DUNDEE