

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 66

JUNE 1936

FOURPENCE



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Editorial.

"SUMMER is i-cumen in, lhude sing cucu," (no reference to L—r—l and H—rdy intended). In other words, here we are at the end of another year. The prospect of holidays is before us again; mouths water at the thought of freedom. From the editorial point of view the term has been not unfruitful; we have a fair crop of congratulations and so forth, and hope to spread them over a good four columns (collapse of reader!). And what is more, you have handsomely fulfilled our expectations in the matter of contributions—we are, in fact, in the novel position of having almost more than we know what to do with. But such is life: an editor is perpetually between Scylla and Charybdis. We urge you not to let your enthusiasm wane; if we have been compelled to hold some articles over, it is through lack of space rather than lack of merit. We are glad to note that the poetic fire has begun to blaze up afresh, and some very promising poetry has been contributed. Although it is, unfortunately, impossible to publish the result of our poetry competition in this issue, we hope to announce it before the end of the term.

Rolling-up the editorial shirt-sleeves (in which all true journalists invariably appear), we now proceed to the congratulations.

Perhaps the outstanding event this year in the field of sport is the establishment of a new school record for the broad jump, by C. R. W. Gray, to whom our congratulations are first due. (Rumour has it that, when Chas. approaches, grasshoppers turn brighter green with envy.)

We also heartily congratulate Miss Joan Scott on winning the girls' singles in the Midlands Tennis Tournament, and Ian P. Bruce on reaching the final of the boys' singles.

Congratulations to all who covered themselves with glory, dust and medals at the School Sports—we refer you to their photographs on another page—and, in passing, we pat J. W. Ross on the back for his score of 77 over Monifieth, which gained him the Pirie Cup; and further congrats. to J. Muirhead on his performance at the Inter-scholastic Sports, where he took third place for Throwing the Javelin. Also a communal pat-on-the-back for the Hockey team which "landed" the District Cup again—due, no doubt, to our editorial blessing bestowed in the last issue.

Drawing a deep breath, we plunge into the Academic honours.

To David W. A. Donald, a former dux of the school, who has passed his final F.F.A.

exam. with much distinction, having completed his studies in an exceptionally short time, we extend our warmest congratulations ; also to W. V. Webb, this year's School Dux, who has passed the examination in Part I. of the Course of the Faculty of Actuaries in Scotland, and to Eileen Kidney, who has graduated B.Sc. with First-Class Honours in Chemistry.

The school continues to maintain its high place on the Bursary Lists ; congratulations to Henry Jack, who is 2nd (equal) in the Jane Welsh Mathematical Bursary and 2nd on the Dundee Educational Trust list ; to James Y. Baxter, who was fifth on the D.E.T. list, gaining the Clyde Henderson Bursary in Science ; and to May M. K. Smith, eighth on the D.E.T. list, with the Clyde Henderson Bursary in Arts. Thus the school occupies three of the first eight places on the list. To all the other F.P.s who have brought distinction to themselves and to the school at the Universities, we extend our congratulations, and, if any have been omitted, we can only plead the pressure of an editor's duties.

Finally, we should like to congratulate Miss Jean Stevenson on her forthcoming marriage, and to assure her that the school wishes her every happiness in years to come.

* * *

We deeply regret to announce the death of one of our most distinguished former pupils, the late Lord Anderson. His career was one which brought high honour to the school, with which he was always closely associated, having been one of the Honorary Vice-Presidents of the Old Boys' Club from its inception. As an instance of his interest in his old school, it is related that, some years ago, Sergeant Smith saw an unassuming individual strolling through the playground.

He was on the point of ordering the trespasser out when, on being asked by what right he was there, the unknown answered, " You can tell the Rector that Lord Anderson is having a look around. . . "

An appreciation and a photograph of Lord Anderson appear elsewhere, for the latter of which we are indebted to the kindness of Lady Anderson herself.

* * *

In conclusion, we note that all our institutions are flourishing as they ought. Cadets and Guides are looking forward to a happy finish to their successful year, when they go to camp, and the school is busy preparing for the coming exhibition and displays. The F.P.s, too, have had a very successful and amusing motor-car rally.

" We dreamt that we dwelt in marble halls," and now the dream comes true ; we learn that after the Leavings next year, the new school begins to rise like a phoenix from the ashes of the old. (There will, of course, be no excuse now for sarcastic references in editorials.)

Finally we wish all our readers a very happy holiday ; to those who are leaving school this term we extend our best wishes for their future success. Some who have graced our pages will adorn them no more ; we look to those who remain to carry on their tradition. Au revoir, and " good hunting."

* * *

As we go to press, we learn that J. Y. Baxter and May M. K. Smith have taken 14th and 17th places, respectively, on the St. Andrews Bursary List, and that Donald M. Colquhoun has gained the Ramsay Bursary in Arts and Divinity at that University. Congratulations !



LORD ANDERSON,

Dundee High School
Magazine,

The Late Lord Anderson.

IN the passing of Lord Anderson, the High School has lost one of its most distinguished old boys, and the Court of Session the doyen of its judges.

It was as long ago as 1873-1877 that Lord Anderson attended the High School, but for the old school he always retained a warm affection, and within recent years he formed new links with it, as, for example, when he became Honorary Vice-President of the Old Boys' Club.

Lord Anderson's career was a long record of well-deserved success. He early laid the foundation of his practice at the Bar by his authorship of *The Criminal Law of Scotland*, a work, now in its second edition, which secured his position as a criminal lawyer. A keen Liberal in politics, his appointment as advocate-depute followed the advent of the Liberal administration in 1906. In 1908 he took silk. At the end of 1911 he succeeded Lord Hunter (also a man with Dundee connections) as Solicitor-General, and, on the resignation of Lord Kinnear, he was, in 1913, elevated to the bench.

Fifteen years' service is the allotted span of most Court of Session judges, but Lord Anderson held office for no less than twenty-three years and died in harness. At his death, he was nine years senior to any of his colleagues.

As an Outer House judge, from 1913 to 1922, Lord Anderson was distinguished by his robust commonsense and great expedition in handling cases. But it is as an appeal judge in the Second Division that he will best be remembered. When he joined the Second Division in 1922, the composition of the Court had just been completely altered. Lord Alness

was the new Justice-Clerk, and his colleagues were Lords Ormidale, Hunter and Anderson. For ten years from 1922, the composition of the Court remained unchanged, and during these years the Court grew steadily in prestige and authority until the preference of appellants to be heard by it became almost embarrassing.

The success of the Division was due not merely to the individual qualities of its members, but also to remarkable team-work in which Lord Anderson played his full part.

Lord Anderson's judgments were always marked by their vigorous and direct expression, their commonsense and their lucidity. Behind them lay a shrewd and virile personality and a sound knowledge of human nature. He was not a talkative judge and sometimes became impatient with more loquacious brethren, but when he did intervene in debate, his interventions were always telling. He was unfailing in his consideration for counsel both on and off the bench, and his familiar nickname—"Jake"—betokened, as nicknames not infrequently do, a deep affection. The relationship of counsel and judge has its parallels with the relationship of schoolboy and master, and Lord Anderson's transparent sincerity won him universal respect. One or two little mannerisms only endeared him the more—his trick of revolving his pencil and, as he did so, tapping the bench with each end (the rapidity of the revolutions served as a barometer to counsel) and his fondness for the phrase "to wit." Many of his *bon-mots* went the round of Parliament House, ending in an embellished form too precious to repeat.

Lord Anderson had another side of special interest to schoolboys. He was the personifica-

tion of *mens sana in corpore sano*. In his student days he played soccer for Edinburgh University; and his interest in that and other games remained through life. To the last he might be found a keen spectator at Tynecastle and elsewhere. The writer's first personal meeting with him was at a cricket match between the Bar and Cargilfield. Not even the batmanship of that well-knit frame, however, could save his side from inglorious defeat!

His interest in sport emerged even in asides on the bench. Only a few months ago the writer appeared before him in a case where the facts were that a defender had cycled forty miles to an important meeting, and the importance of the meeting depended on the time which the defender had given up in attending it. The Lord Justice-Clerk thought that he himself could have covered the distance there and back at eight miles an hour. Another colleague considered that he could have kept up an average of ten. But Lord Anderson exclaimed triumphantly: "In the days of the old penny-farthing, the forty miles wouldn't have taken me more than three hours!"

It is fitting to end with the words used by the Lord President in Court on the morning after Lord Anderson's death:—

"We meet to-day under the shadow of Lord Anderson's death. He was our senior Judge, and he joined to long experience an eager willingness to bear his full share of the work of the Court. It was characteristic of him that he continued to perform that work up to the last minute of his physical powers. Indeed, only his courage and strong sense of duty enabled him to take his place with us last week. He brought to all his work a real love of justice, great practical wisdom, and shrewd insight into human nature, which never bred in him cynicism or contempt of other men.

"These high qualities earned for him as a Judge universal confidence, and beyond that he won respect and affection by his complete sincerity and by his unaffected and genuine friendliness in all personal relations.

"We take leave of a most loyal, able, and helpful colleague, and we share the sorrow that has darkened his home to-day."

J. R. P.

TO PARENTS.

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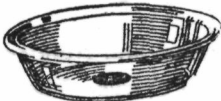
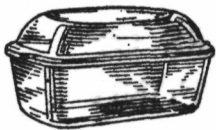
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The High School of Dundee and the Breeding of Poets.

II.

I HAVE said already that in the making of poets the boy or girl who is accustomed at home to hearing good poetry read aloud starts school at an advantage. So far as the appreciation of poetry is concerned this statement requires no qualifying. To be familiar with the best prevents anyone—old or young—from accepting complacently what is second-rate. But, when it comes to the writing of verse—of poetry, if you will—over-great familiarity with the poetry of others may offer several disadvantages. I pass over the obvious one that the young poet may re-echo phrases or lines from poems heard—which, after all, can be remedied by the frank acknowledgment of the borrowings, made either by underlinings or inverted commas. A greater danger is that of falling completely under the spell of familiar verse-forms, so that no matter what the poet's topic, he will try to write upon it in the metre of some well-known poem, instead of finding a metre of his own, suited to his subject and mood. A further danger, and one which quite famous poets have fallen into—many of the later Nineteenth Century poets, for example—is to get the rhythms and language of good poetry so much "into one's head" that one finds one's self producing similar rhythms and using similar fine language, very much as one recalls an air in music. The result is something that looks like a poem, and a highly successful, beautifully finished poem, but is really all sound and no sense. This kind of verse is quite often written by fairly young children whose parents have read aloud much poetry of a certain type, and we get children

of from seven to eleven years of age producing quite pleasant short poems, which at first sight "look" all right, but which are often very ungrammatical and do not yield a clear meaning. To begin by writing such poems is not a good start, because, to do so is really like imitating older people doing something, and is not doing something by one's self and for one's self, like writing verses which may not look or read nearly so well, but which are more expressive of one's thoughts and feelings as a boy or girl.

MY EARLY WORK.

Personally I did not start writing poems of the last kind, partly because the poems I had read to me as a child were not of a kind I could readily imitate. They were not "children's poems." Mr. A. A. Milne and Mr. De La Mare were not yet famous; and it is not so easy for a child to imitate poetry written entirely for grown-up people. So, when I started to write I just said what I wanted to say, but took care to break it up into lines and to make the lines rhyme. The first poem I completed was written when I was seven years old. The beginning and ending have long been lost, so I can only quote the middle portion. It dealt with a picnic I had been at and described what we "did."

Passing in the early morn
Through the fields of golden corn.
By a blacksmith's door we see
Children waving flags in glee—
Listening to the forge's roar,
Watching sparks fly from the door.
Near the reaper's wheel goes round
Casting sheaves upon the ground.

That, it is clear, is not imitating Longfellow

or Cowper or Tennyson or Tom Moore, who were the poets I had "heard" most. After that I wrote nothing for some time, and my next definite attempt to write was when I was nine. This time I tried two hymns, and these were good examples of the danger I have mentioned. They were full of "echoes" and actual quotations from real hymns. Next year King Edward VII. died and I wrote a poem on that event. A month later I wrote one on the anniversary of the Battle of Bannockburn. I also wrote one on the Passover and one (in Scots) on Wild Flowers. The last-mentioned was in regular six-line stanzas—not the "Burns'" stanza, which I have always detested. The others were in lilting anapaestic metres. About this time I also wrote a ballad on the Prodigal Son, which had the merit of being lively and like the old Scots secular ballads and was not in any way like one of the "*Scottish Paraphrases*." So far I had thought most about the themes upon which I wrote and less about the forms I used. But just before I came to the High School, in 1911, I had become interested in the sounds made by different kinds of horses in the streets. These differences I tried to suggest in a poem (probably because my mother had read to me "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix"), but (probably for the same reason), I was careful merely to suggest the differences in sound and did not try to imitate them by changes in metre. I wrote in five-lined stanzas.

I mention these early attempts to give a clear idea of what I had done before I came under the influence of Miss Peat, who was, I think, chiefly helpful to me by enlarging the range of poems with which I became familiar. Moreover, her care in making sure that we got a reasonable meaning out of the poems we read, and the attention she drew to the chief beauties of each, went further than the more

general appreciation to which I had been accustomed at home. After that, as I have already related, I went on to Mr. Macbeth's class, and by him was introduced simultaneously to some of the finest of English lyrical poetry and to the rules of prosody.

A HURDLE IN POETRY.

It is here, I think, that schools such as our own offer great assistance to boys and girls who have already shown an interest in and some ability to write verse. Most young boys and girls who write would satisfy Hamlet, for their verses can be "pronounced trippingly on the tongue." But, there comes a time, just about Class V., when one must either recognise that something more than mere *tripping* is necessary if one is ever to be a poet, or be willing to *trip* a little longer as a child-jingler and then cease writing for good and all. This is a choice which must be faced, and from which, even of the few thirteen-year-old "poets" and "poetesses" who have to face it, most run away. To do so is really quite absurd, for boys who learn hurdling or girls the piano or the violin do not act in that way; and, if one is really to prove any "good" as a poet, one must learn to master the rules of prosody and endeavour to do so in a sportsman-like spirit.

I think I am correct in stating that until we reached this stage in school several of the boys in my class occasionally wrote verses; and I have a distinct recollection that one old friend from Monifieth (John Fenton) wrote a poem on the *Titanic* disaster which was as good as anything I could then write. But now the first hurdle appeared; and, Mr. Macbeth, not being out to produce poets at any cost, did not set us each to write a sonnet—according to the absurd custom prevailing in many girls' schools in England. Instead, he



[Photo by D. & W. Prophet.

- Back Row*—A. T. Peacock (Leng Silver Medal—Singing). J. M. Hutton (Dux, 7th Class Boys—Jane Spiller Prize). G. Millar (Loveridge Cup—Mile Race). W. Paterson (Ballingall Gold Medal—Dux, Gym). W. F. Ross (Aystree Cup—Junior Champion Athlete, and Polack Gold Medal—Gym, 6th Class Prize). I. P. Bruce (Tennis Champion—Boys). R. F. Hunter (Oakley Cup—Best Shot, 1st Year, and Junior Championship Cup—Swimming.)
- Second Row*—D. B. Grant (Harold Martin Cup—Champion Athlete of Middle School). M. P. Yule (Caird Prize in Phonography). E. M. Miller (Leng Silver Medal—Singing). R. A. Strachan (Boase Medal—Golf). J. M. C. Wright (Dux, 7th Class Girls—Jane Spiller Prize). S. L. Wenyon (Championship Cup—Swimming). J. W. Ross (Pirie Cup—Golf).
- Third Row*—J. I. D. Pottinger (Urquhart Cup—Champion Shot, and Art Medal). M. C. B. Main (Dux—Needlework). W. V. Webb (School Dux—Boys, and Dux—Maths.) J. M. Fleming (School Dux—Girls, and Tennis Champion). W. S. Gauldie (Dux—English, French). C. A. Spreull (Dux—Gym., Girls).
- In Front*—M. B. Bowman (Junior Swimming Championship—Girls). I. H. B. Carmichael (Dux—4th Class Boys—Polack Prize). E. I. Lumsden (Dux—4th Class Girls—John Maclellan Prize).
- Absent*—C. R. W. Gray (Airlie Cup—Champion Athlete). J. Muirhead (Championship Trophy—Swimming).

School Medallists,
Session 1935-36.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

explained carefully the structure of the Petrarchan sonnet, emphasising that its perfection as a whole depended on the proper consonance of its parts. We then examined "Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints," and commenced committing it to memory.

At this time I wrote my first sonnet. It was written on a Tuesday afternoon and showed to Mr. Macbeth after "Prep." the following day in the little brown wainscotted room between the Writing Room and Mr. Borland's. It was examined carefully line by line and foot by foot to discover if it were of the Petrarchan sort. Then it was re-read for its subject matter. I think were it possible to re-live the five or six most significant moments of my life *that* would be one of them. I remember on the Saturday night, after the "Lit.," Mr. Macbeth's telling G. R. Morton and "Willie" Stewart—both of them some years older than I—what I had done, and Morton's enquiring in his impulsive way: "Does it scan?" All three men fell in action in the war. Is it fantastic that I should think that they, and many other men, died not least for this reason—that in each generation it might be possible for some few boys by putting themselves under strict discipline to attain to a high level of excellence in a craft in which they all took a deep delight?

I reproduce my sonnet.

TO THE MOON.

Hail! Luna, pale white Empress of the night

That lightest up the darkened midnight sky,
Shedding thy crystal rays divine on high
And stretching o'er the earth thine arms of light—

The fair reminders of a world more bright,
That is quite near to us, to thee more nigh
Than star-like bodies that go floating by
In Heavenward paths of purest milky white!

Thou art the light of all who tread the dark;

By day hiding thine orb from vulgar gaze
Far, far beyond the reaches of the lark,
Obscured by some divine and God-sent haze—

Resting within a dim and cloudy ark—

Until night comes to welcome back thy rays.

The sonnet, it will be seen, has little value in itself. It was significant only in so far as it meant that I was determined to go into training as a poet. And for this reason only I recommend the sonnet—particularly the stricter forms of the Petrarchan sonnet—as an excellent exercise for those "who would hereafter write laudably." So great a poet as Wordsworth has borne testimony to the restrictive, or disciplinary, value of the sonnet as a form of writing; and the boy or girl who learns to write a good sonnet will almost certainly not fall into diffuseness of expression and slipshod workmanship when he or she comes to write in other measures.

(To be continued.)



Sonnet

(Written on the morning of receiving back exams.)

Last week I fought a battle with the Gods
Of all the ills that pedagogues impose;
Alone I fought, against unheard-of odds
Which never great Achilles dared oppose.
Old heroes feared the unseen terrors dire,
I fear the seen; in them there's no excuse
(So teachers say) for sinking in the mire
Of under ten. I was not helped by use
Of notes, or by the sight of others' work,
So now I stand, dumb, shivering with fear,
Beside my ravelled bed. I cannot shirk
The trying hour which steadily draws near.
Hopeless, I to the God of Fortune pray
That some small slight success may come my way.

A. C. S.

Travels with a Donkey in Arcadia.

PART I.

I HAD inserted myself into the cumbered bus at Megalopolis. My companion was a short cherubic Greek who had taken pity on my obvious helplessness at the railway station and had placed his services at my disposal in fluent French. He had diagnosed me as a lost soul from the characteristic fancy dress which indicates an Englishman touring Greece. An Englishman is a madman of Scottish, English, Irish, Welsh, American, or Colonial nationality. I was wearing shorts and carrying a camera and a rucksack. After guiding me to the bus, he now inquired where I was going. I said that I was on my way to Andritsaena, which I was to make my base for a visit to the temple of Apollo at Bassae and then go cross-country by mule to Olympia. He admired my courage, but pitied my enthusiasm, and then gave me a discourse on himself. He had represented Greece in most of the capitals of Europe and was paying a short visit to his Lossiemouth, the little village of Karytaena in the Arcadian foothills. Without warning the bus jerked into motion and soon left the churned-up dust of Megalopolis behind. We headed for the hills and the falling dusk.

We shouted at each other as well as we could above the clatter of the bus and the hubbub arising from noisy Greek peasants and their livestock. Noisy is a perpetual epithet and these country-dwellers never seem to travel without a few hens and a string bag of melons. We discussed the road, which grew rougher, steeper and more tortuous every mile, the notice in bold characters in the front of the bus—Danger, death! the driver takes no responsibility—our rustic companions of whom he said: “Quant aux paysans, toujours la

politesse mais ils ne savent rien du tout.” We crossed the upper waters of the Alpheus whose stream because of the drought was in a state calculated to evoke Milton’s apostrophe. After a long uphill sweep we reached Karytaena, a remarkable collection of scattered houses slung like roughcast on the sides of a pinnacle of rock near the mouth of a gorge, on the top of which the rugged ruins of a Frankish stronghold stood out against the reddening west. The Franks, the Byzantines, the Venetians and the Turks have all left their mark and their ruins on the face of Greece. Poor country as it is, Hellas has supported successive tides of invasion from the Dorians onwards. At Karytaena we dropped the Gallic diplomat and I went on alone.

Night had come down like a drawn blind and the lights were beginning to twinkle from the rocks, when we swept over the Frankish bridge which has carried the centuries across the ravine, and blundered up into the heights of Arcadia. The ever-swinging beams from the headlamps picked out patches of rock and brushwood, with here and there flashes of fir-trees, farm-houses or a frightened goat, and now and again lost themselves in the immensity of the valley over which the road hung like a precarious tight-rope. The swaying motion and the monotonous roar of the engine engaged in low gear predisposed the tired traveller to sleep and I was roused from a fitful dose by the shriek of the siren which was the vehicle’s warning of approach, harsh and shrill enough to delight the heart of any Greek. We were entering Andritsaena and the cold mountain air which was rushing through the bus was a welcome relief after the exhausting heat of the plains.

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village beneath a swinging oil lamp which shed a murky obscurity over the surrounding throng assembled for the arrival of the bus. This was an event of civic importance and the whole community seemed to have turned out, half-clothed urchins predominating. I emerged like a *deus ex machina* and the surprised hush which greeted my appearance had hardly given way to its inevitable corollary, a surge of chatter, before I was seized by two bandits, one of whom removed my rucksack, who informed me that I was going to "very good hotel, Phigalia, cheap, very English." I protested that my intention was to favour the Tourist Hotel kept by Mr. Amvriotis to whom I had been recommended by friends in Athens. At the name Amvriotis a small boy wriggled through the crowd, tugged at my sleeve, was kicked away by my captors, but managed to squeak in Greek: "Mr. Amvriotis is just arriving." On the heels of this remark came a huge mountain of a man rolling through the onlookers, bellowing a welcome in his own brand of English, which, backed up by an enveloping smile, reduced his competitors to impotence. I was ushered from the vulgar gaze by this genial Falstaff and piloted up what felt in the dark like a dried-up water-course, but was actually a street leading to the emporium of a Greek cloth-merchant who spoke fluent American and acted as interpreter. I explained the purpose of my visit and was told the facilities which were at my disposal for my transport to Bassae and Olympia and the accommodation available for the night. Then out into the darkness again and up the path to mine host's rambling bungalow where a much-needed meal and bed were awaiting me.

I rose the next morning about eight o'clock to prepare for my journey to Bassae. My room chez Amvriotis was spacious but antiquated

in its furnishings, which looked like the remnants of a mid-Victorian drawing-room allied with two iron bedsteads from the basement of a coeval establishment. On the wall was a sampler with a consolatory epigram in Greek, "It is impossible to escape what is fated," and the general impression of the hostelry was well summed-up in the guide-book description, "Rustique mais propre." I had breakfast, where very bad coffee was offset by excellent honey, and was introduced to my guide who announced he had a mule waiting at the gate.

The guide was one of the "Hullo-boy" American Greeks. He had spent his youth in Chicago and still retained a nuance of the gangster in his expression. One can distinguish Greeks who have crossed the Atlantic from the genuine home-brewed, by the fact that the former resemble slightly sinister gunmen, while the latter are jovial brigands. This one, however, had repressed his gangster complex, but retained an intelligible language which was—syntactically—English. He explained that we had better set off before the sun became oppressive, and urged me to mount a big grey beast with a bell round its neck, while he stowed my lunch in a bag hanging from the saddle. This saddle was a large wooden structure covered with a blanket, which unaccountably sloped sharply forwards, and, when the animal raised its head, quite unjustifiably sloped backwards. It was my first experience of an excursion on a Greek mule and I had a two-and-a-half-hour scramble ahead of me.

The path through the village and beyond was steep and stony, and the mule dipped disconcertingly but always safely as it negotiated the inequalities and acclivities of the ground. For half-an-hour everything was rough, dry and uncomfortable. Then we began to enter more sylvan country, slithering down to a little valley where we crossed a stream swarming

with tadpoles. The twisting path led through groves of plane-trees, with an occasional clearing like a water-meadow, closely cultivated and swimming in vapour before the mounting sun. The planes hung low over the narrow path, loaded with clusters of fruits, green and spiky like expatriated sea-urchins. The maize and vines in the irrigated patches were sedulously tended by workers wearing broad straw-hats, and strings of donkeys passed us loaded with brush-wood, their drivers, often very small boys, shouting a shrill "kale'mera" to the travellers. The valley was a green hot-house between the red hills—emerald islets scattered in a deep-green shade, steaming in the heat with a rich smell of fertility: Demeter was abroad.

We struggled out of the valley up the rocky hillside along a path narrower and less distinct. Oaks took the place of the plane-trees, mostly abortive dwarfs strangely warped and bent, their trunks, some of them mere shells, others, grotesque bulbous things, but all capped with vivid leafy boughs. They straggled over the red hillside and clung despairingly to the slopes which were thick with a kind of dwarf holly bush bearing acorn-like fruits. The view was increasing in grandeur as we climbed, the valley dwindling and the hills spreading out high and steep, revealing vistas of bluish mountains in the north. The guide plodded on stolidly and the mule after him. The sun was hot but not uncomfortably so, and I had become accustomed to the swaying motion of the mule. Everywhere were brightly coloured butterflies, infinitely varied, from huge yellow and white elongated creatures to small black and red moths. Dragonflies shimmered past and the oak trees resounded with chirping cicadas, which now and again buzzed slowly past. Grasshoppers sprang from our path, at rest hardly to be distinguished from the dust

and stone, but revealing in flight the bright red underside of their wings. The road became so rough that I had to dismount and as my legs were rather stiff I walked the rest of the way, about a mile and a half. We rounded the shoulder of the hill and came in sight of the Temple of the health-giving Apollo perched on a wind-swept ledge on the crest of the ridge.

There it stood, antiquity epitomised in solitude. There was no discordant modernity to destroy the illusion that it was a temple in process of construction instead of demolition, and that Ictinus and his craftsmen would soon be coming back from lunch. When finished it would be a Doric hexastyle of fifteen columns by six, built from the local grey limestone, and decorated with Parian marble. Here the illusion broke down, since I remembered seeing the marble freize in the British Museum; as we mounted the hill the mirage faded into an almost complete group of tired-looking columns, which had long ago given up supporting a roof or pediment, but which in retirement still retained much of their glory, transmuted by Kronos into an inseparable part of their environment. This is a small temple, not undersized but a miniature. The story goes that it was erected by the Phigaleans to Apollo Epikourios as a thank-offering for their release from a plague which struck them about 430 B.C. They had built this sanctuary for their saviour on the clear wind-swept uplands of their highland home, far from the contamination of town or populace; it stood like an outgrowth from the mountain pastures, a manifestation and symbol of the purity of the wind on the heath and of the "*vis medicatrix naturae*." It is organic, breathing the breath of Hellenic inspiration. Unique in its structural details as in its situation, it contains examples of all three orders of columns and is set from north to south instead

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Left.—Threepenny-bit spots on a white ground for this young lady. The fitted bodice of the frock is finished with a fresh little collar of white pique. Puffy sleeves, gathered skirt, and knickers to match. Red, Green or Blue spots. 7-10 years. **10/6**

Centre.—This smart little three-year-old has a sunbonnet to match her frock of Pink Cotton with its pattern of Blue and White daisies. The frock has a round yoke, puffy sleeves piped with white, and full pleated skirt. The set, **7/6**

Right.—Here we have a gay little frock in Red Cotton with white spots—just like Dick Whittington's handkerchief. It is cut with a gathered skirt, tiny bodice, and puffy sleeves. The neat collar is of White Tobralco. Knickers to match. Fitting 3 to 5 years. **5/6**

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of from east to west. This placing may be due to the configuration of the plateau which it occupies, or more probably to the position of an old shrine formerly on the site. The inner sanctuary of the god, however, is so constructed at right angles to the building that it faces conventionally east and west. Grasses and shrubs grow thickly between displaced slabs of the foundation, where nimble lizards stare for a second with their jewelled eyes and vanish with a flash of green into a crevice. It is a haunt of Pan rather than of the God of the Silver Bow. The idyllic calm evokes thoughts of Theocritus rather than of the frenzied Pythia; a goat-bell tingles among the oaks, the smoke rises leisurely from a contemplative cigarette, and far in the distance across the Arcadian hills float the hazy contours of a blue flat-topped mass, which is all we see of Mt. Ithome, the scene of many wearisome sieges and the last stronghold of Messenian independence.

M.

Pleasures.

My books, a warm fire, soft yellow light,
And so to read in silence through the night—
These are the "homey" things that hold me
here,

And calls to roam afar I never hear.

Soft music echoing like a dream,
Delights and thrills me till I seem
Raised to the skies from earthly things,
As through each fibre pulsing beauty rings.

And I find pleasure with a friend,
Beauty, that passing time can never rend.
And hours fly past on golden wings
As we remember "old forgotten things."

Yet let me oft find solitude,
That I may ponder o'er the great and good,

Love, life and mirth, empires and glorious
kings,

The idealist who simple pleasures sings.

I too have learned to love the great outdoors,
To walk beside the sea or o'er the moors.
The wind can call me, the hills can move,
Mountains can thrill me, and the sea can soothe.

These pleasures are well-known to most,
But oft we let them pass and they are lost,
Then let me practise as a sacred art
To treasure them forever in my heart.

M. F.

As Yet.

I am born; I am a baby podgy and small,
And the world seem to me as one great big
crawl.

And I lie and think what I'd like to do
To people who say to me "boo" and "goo-
goo."

I go to school—am punished if I misbehave;
Morning and afternoon I have to slave.
I have ambitions for which I toil and sweat—
And that is as far as I have got as yet.

N. C. (Class VI.).

Bathos—An Ode.

Eight fluted pillars,
After the Greek,
No tapering columns
But massive and thick.
A pointed lintel,
Unadorned;
Two spreading wings,
Heavily formed.
A solid structure,
A gravel curve,
A noble frontage,
Just like a prison.

Pot.



Examination Extracts.

(The music goes round and around.)

Q.—Who wrote the music of the Ring ?

A.—Handle.

* * * *

Q.—Whose name is connected with Prison Reform ?

A.—Elizabeth Pry.

* * * *

Q.—Who led the Prussians at Waterloo ?

A.—Butcher.

* * * *

CLASS A : Q.—How do you use the word “migrate” ?

A.—My great-grandfather is dead.

* * * *

“ I think the study of history is a danger to peace.”

* * * *

CLASS VII—“ Ancient Mariner ” :—

“ Various incidents happen such as Death and the Maiden playing dice in the ‘ Ghost Ship ’.”

(Our School concerts evidently are not quite in vain.—Ed.)

* * * *

“ Kinglake thought that school was the worst way to educate a boy ; when a boy went to

school his learning was stopped instead of advanced.”

* * * *

“ Elizabethan teachers must have been very learned people. They had read many of the old Greek manuscripts and they often had a connection with the church. They would be a very big difference to the teachers of to-day.”

* * * *

THE SCHOOL-LEAVING AGE.

“ With fewer children continually leaving school in need of employment there will be much more scope for their elders to find work.”

* * * *

“ Samson was in a very melancholy state of mind : he had been a very strong man and a keen wrestler . . . and now he was captured and made to work as a common inmate of the workhouse.”

* * * *

“ Sir Andrew, represented as a lover and wooer of Olivia, is a friend of her uncle, Sir Toby, and with his plentiful supply of money keeps Sir Toby in excellent ‘ spirits ’.”

(An excellent pass of pate !)

* * * *

“ He put his foot down with a firm hand and had no favourites.”

* * * *

"The Greeks were more or less freed from the tyranny of Turkey by Canning, whose great speaking voice soothed the people. He sent out the poet Lord Byron to keep peace in Greece."

* * * *

"Boswell was the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots."

* * * *

"Napoleon became another Mussolini and it was no wonder that he fled to a British warship and gave himself up."

* * * *

"Napoleon got a big shock when Blucher left him and fought for Wellington."

* * * *

FRENCH.

Mr. W—bb : "And so goldfinches feed on thistledown. . . . This'll do for that anyway."

* * * *

Mr. W—bb : "Un cadavre est le corps d'un mort. Et 'un mort' embrasse 'une morte' " (pause)—"You didn't see that one."

* * * *

Mr. B—rl—nd (after watching W—bb, Jun. doing maths.): "A cynic might say it has all the fascination of a crossword puzzle and none of its usefulness."

* * * *

Small girl to another (seeing cadets parading in uniform at School): "Why have your brother and those other boys got those bandages round their legs?"

* * * *

Mr. G—— (maths.): "Now I've only to get rid of this line."

Voice : "Rub it out!"

* * * *

M—rt—n : "But infinity doesn't come in."

McL—n : "But I'm using it; it's a mathematical dodge."

* * * *

Mr. B—ce : "Give a word with the prefix 'sex'."

M. R—h—s—n : "Sextuplets."

* * * *

Miss S—th : "Why are you late?"

Pupil : "We were kept in by Mr. W—k—r."

Miss S—th : "By mistake?"

Pupil : "No, by Mr. W—k—r."



Beware the Fury of a Patient Artist.

He may be thought queer,

With protruding lug,

His face in a leer,

His room in a fug.

At his vocation drear,

He'll wearily plug.

His public just sneer;

Instead of mere shrug

For the art-critic "seer"

He'll hire a big thug

With cauliflower ear,

A professional pug.

For the price of a beer

His murderous hug

He'll apply to the—— (censored.—Ed.)

The artist slug

Will cast the queer

Death-mask of the mug,

Quite without fear

Or expression smug

He works at the mere

Peculiar mug.

So, reader, steer clear

Of the turning slug.



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The "Marie Funeste"—A Mystery of the Sea.

(From the Chronicles of Ebenezer Briggleswipe.)

EPISODE I.

THE Angelus had just sounded from the Campanile di Santo Rallentando. As the last notes died away, a safe-door opened in a room overlooking the Grand Canal. Two men looked in.

"They are gone!" cried one.

"What are gone?" asked the other, a High Official in the Diplomatic Corps.

"My plans!!"

"What plans?"

"The plans of my machine for making tripe smooth on both sides!!"

"Santa Appoggiatura!!" exclaimed the H.O.D.C., and swooned away.

* * * *

Thus began the wave of crime which swept Europe in the summer of 19—.

A Paris taxi-driver died of lead poisoning after a sinister Scot had paid his fare. . . .

While playing in the Midlands Tiddleywinks Tournament, the beautiful Lady Naphthalene Whizzerman was relieved of the priceless Woolworth necklace which had been in her family for generations. . . .

The Prime Minister's pocket was picked by the notorious kleptomaniac Patsy the Dip, and his famous pipe was secretly sold to an American millionaire. . . .

On Derby Day, Soostiwallah, Cuchparwanee and Pukka Budmash, the famous greys belonging to the Maharaja of Havanuther, developed the botts half-way round the course. . . .

Obviously these outrages were the work of a Master Mind. Only one man could solve the mystery.

EPISODE II.

Off the coast of Majorca a four-masted barque was rolling in a dead calm. Her name was the *Marie Funeste*, and she looked it. Since first she was painted, with paint left over from the Ark, no brush had touched her sides; her sails were covered with patches from the second mate's trousers; her decks were slippery with—not blood, my romantic young friend, not blood—tobacco juice. Her crew was drawn exclusively from the Submerged Tenth. Any who appeared among them without a pair of brass-knuckles was regarded in much the same light as the social leper who comes up to Grounds without a white tennis shirt.

As the tropic sun rose in golden splendour (thank you, Mr. W—bb), a motor launch appeared on the horizon; in half an hour it was alongside. Grasping the bobstay, its occupant bent down and opened the sea-cock in the bottom of the boat, with his teeth. The launch sank with a gurgle.

Swarming up on deck, the unknown seated himself on the capstan and lit a cigar. He was a tall, dark, lantern-jawed individual, wearing a black cloak and hat, side-whiskers and a set of celluloid false teeth; his dark eyes possessed a peculiar power of penetration. A magnifying-glass was behind his ear, and a sawed-off shotgun in his vest-pocket. In short, it was Detective-Inspector Ebenezer Briggleswipe.

To him came the first mate, one Bucko Cosh, three revolvers in his belt and his pockets bulging with life-preservers and brass-knuckles.

"Wadjerwant?" he inquired, spitting on Eb.'s spats.

Nonchalantly throwing his toofah over-

board, the sleuth replied : " Take me to your captain."

* * * *

What passed between Captain Lemorveux and the detective we can only guess ; but we know that Briggleswipe represented himself as having been sent by the Board of Trade to test the consistency of the ship's pea-soup. This move was inspired by his having seen the ship's cook fixing on his moustache with seccotine—a highly suspicious circumstance.

For three days the barque wallowed in the oily calm, while Briggleswipe pursued his investigations in the silence of the middle watch. At first he had suspected that the cook was Colonel Pedro Lopez, but on mature consideration, having seen the miscreant drinking vodka out of a bottle stamped with the Hammer and Sickle, he had deduced that he was in fact Ivan Balonikoff, ci-devant King of the Tcheka—the Russian arch-criminal. He had found his quarry.

EPISODE III.

On the morning of the fourth day, Ebenezer was watching the crew from his perch on the mizzen-topgallant-crossrees. Nothing broke the stillness except the voice of Al Segno, the quartermaster, singing " Una voce poco fa." On the horizon, a leaden cloud was slowly rising. Briggleswipe drowsed . . .

A quarrel had started on the fo'c'slehead. One of the crew had criticised Segno's high notes. The dark cloud now overcast half the sky . . .

The squabblers had come to blows. With a sinister laugh, Al Segno plunged his jack-knife into the other's abdomen. The argument became general. Eb. saw the mate wade into the fray, knuckle-dusters on both hands, and a yard of lead piping between his teeth, and caught references to " keelhauling," " walking the plank " and " yardarms."

Just as the scuppers were beginning to run blood, the black cloud obscured everything.

Briggleswipe glimpsed the mate knuckle-dusting vigorously, then the fury of the typhoon heeled the barque over till white foam hid her lee-rail. Her skysails, royals, topgallantsails, topsails, courses, jibs, staysails and spanker, blew away in the order named, followed by Eb's hat.

He had reached the deck when a lightning-flash revealed the crew massing for a rush. He caught allusions to " Jonah," " blinkin' narks," " mouldy cops," and gathered that they " wanted his blood." It was a tense situation.

Just then a welter of foam covered the deck. The *Marie* was pooped. The crew were washed in a bunch down the fore companion-way. The sleuth calmly threw his cigar after them, and battened down the hatch.

Listening intently he could hear nothing but the wind and sea.

His reeking weed had done its grim task.

Then a dark form was silhouetted against the lightning. An obscene laugh floated down the breeze. Balonikoff had escaped. Standing in the quarter-boat, he was hacking at the falls with a carving-knife. They parted. The boat fell into the water, which by this time had risen above the scuppers. The arch-criminal was free.

(This is so that he can reappear in a sequel.)

Nothing daunted, Briggleswipe launched the captain's bath-tub, and shaping a course for Barcelona, set off in pursuit.

* * * *

It was in Barcelona that Briggleswipe met his end ; his brilliant career cut short.* He never revealed the incident of the *Marie Funeste*.

Ivan Balonikoff, erstwhile King of the Tcheka, disappeared into obscurity. He never revealed the incident of the *Marie Funeste*.

Which is why the incident of the *Marie Funeste* is a Mystery of the Sea.

* See our issue of April, 1935.

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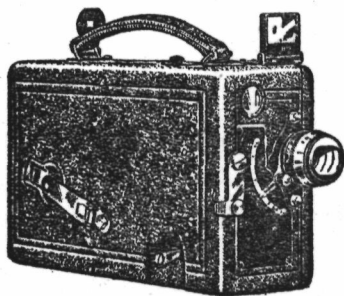
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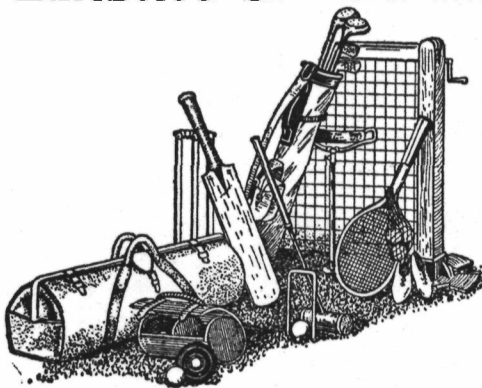
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The Sea Shell.

THE small wavelets lapped on to the sand with restless, swishing sounds. The gulls screamed and swooped round the fishing boats, waiting and watching for a chance meal. My bare feet compressed the damp sand as I walked, leaving behind me a trail of small oval puddles. Now and then I stooped to admire a minute pink or white mermaid's purse, or a large blue mussel. Seeing an extra large scallop shell, I bent and picked it up. To my delight, I saw underneath a microscopic pink fan. Lifting it carefully, I placed it in my palm, and observed its delicate shape and colour. It presented to my mind pictures of the gardens of Atlantis, the land under the sea, with its waxen seaweeds and parasites waving gracefully in cool green caves and quiet creeks; with the great silver fish drifting dreamily through the arches of pink coral; with the shining mother-o'-pearl palaces of Neptune, the sea-king, gleaming phosphorescently in the green, pale sunlight which pierced the water in hazy shafts. This dainty form of animal life was beautiful enough to have decked the garden of any sea-god. One can imagine these gardens, with frail wall of coral, covered in clinging sea-weeds, and borders of anemones edging the white pebble walks.

But my dreams were rudely interrupted by Patch, who came bounding up to me, and laid a stick at my feet, with a sharp bark. With a jerk, I returned from hazy fancies to glaring reality, and, placing the shell in my pocket, I picked up the stick and flung it, with reckless aim, into the deep, green sea.

"Rinse Out the Beaker."

The silvery splash of water in my ear
Arouses an involuntary tear,
The engulfing waves, the raging surf
Loud echoing their song of mirth,
Sweep from me all reality,
All consciousness, sobriety.

A golden strand down-sloping 'neath me lies,
A clear blue veil hangs lofty o'er my eyes;
No careless thought disturbs my mind,
None if I so wished could I find,
For peace's overwhelming bliss
Becomes my momentary wish.

But my desire is shattered tauntingly,
My beaker lies in pieces flauntingly;
I suddenly come back to earth,
Echoes the class its song of mirth;
One beaker, large, 8d. to pay,
Oh, what a miserable day. J. H. PETRIE.



The Grey Hills of Scotland.

O some may sing of Switzerland
And hills beyond the seas,
And some may sing of the mighty Alps
And some of the Tyrolese;
But the grey hills of Scotland
Are the only hills for me.

O some may sing of Africa,
The land of giant trees,
And some may sing of the Amazon woods,
Or blue-gums braving the breeze.
But the pine woods of Scotland.
Are the only woods for me.

C. S. (Class V.).

MACFARLANE LANG'S CHOCOLATE "FOURSOME,"

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2D EACH.

The Potteries.

WE visited the large, white, dusty factory of the Royal Worcester China. We were led to a room where china, made for kings and princes, was shown. The articles were of priceless value, but we, being of later generations, did not appreciate them. There were white cups with pink roses, a strange biscuit-coloured vase and curiously shaped bowls. Some of them were not even curious, but just ugly and commonplace.

In another room we were shown the constituents of china. There was Cornish granite and clay and, for opaque china, bones. In still another room were great troughs where all the ingredients were churned together. Round and round this gray muddy material was turned by the huge spoon-like blades, and over the hard grindstones until it had been so thoroughly ground that it could pass through a piece of fine linen.

In the next room this china clay was made into cups, saucers and plates. A boy weighed out a definite quantity of it and the potter put it on his wheel ; he smoothed it down with his thumbs, put them in the centre of it, and a cup rose round them, quite round and smooth. I heard that royalty were allowed to try to make things on it and for once I wished I was a king or prince so that I too might try to make cups grow from this wonderful wheel. However, the potter made a lovely little vase for us so I had no ground for complaint.

Then we saw the ovens where the clay is baked for many days at a temperature of about 1,000° F., and I saw why the cups my brother and I had made and baked in our oven had not turned out. The next room we came to was the one where the cups were painted. In one corner sat a little hunch-back who had painted British birds for thirty years. He had

six designs and his sets were almost identical. After each colour was added the cups were baked again, so the more varied the colouring the higher the price.

Last of all the china reached the glaze-dipper. He had a big tub of glaze in front of him and as he drew the plates out, he twirled them round so neatly and lightly that they seemed to hang in the air, as the secret of well-glazed china is to have it evenly distributed. After this the china was dried and packed off to various warehouses throughout the country.

B. M. (Class VI.).



The Patriot.

It's a tale they tell in 10B,
At the sign of the waving tawse,
Where a master with a hairless pate
Warms the pupil's paws.

Now he's a British gentleman
And in patriotic mood,
As he takes the strap to a pupil, he says
It's all for the nation's good.

He'll go o'er to the cupboard
And open the well-worn drawer,
Then hark ! a wild and plaintive cry,
" Please, sir, what is it for ? "

But to all these hurried gestures
Bob shakes his monstrous fist,
The duster's pulled down from the box
And clapped upon the wrist.

The leather rises in air
And falls down with a " wham ! "
But why the smirk on pupil's face—
The duster's on the palm.

The leather once again will rise,
All ready for the fray,
And if the duster's on the hand
The boy will rue the day.



[Photos. by Courtesy of J. D. Brown, Castle Street.

Sports Snapshots—including
Boys' Golf Team and Girls' Tennis Team.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

An Aspect of the Sports

(As seen by various poets.)

MILTON.

. . . Onwards they strode,
Th' infernal legion, marching o'er the plain,
With shrill cacophonies and beat of drum
Rending the aether, as, upon the strand
Of storm-beat Strophades in th' Ionian sea,
The Harpies, by the sons of Boreas driv'n
From old, blind Phineus, god-tormented seer,
Jibbered and wail'd in hungered agony.
So came that band; and, stalking at their
head,
Drum-major K—r, conductor of their woes,
His sceptre in his hand, his eyes aflame,
March'd ever forward . . .

BURNS.

Wha's this comes raisin' sic a stour,
Yon drummer-lad wi' visage dour,
Duntin' his drum a deidly clour?
Man, it's the Band.
Tae stop them noo's beyont oor poo'er,
They're oot o' hand.

" Bonnie Dundee " ten times they've played,
A dizzen times, the " Nut-broon Maid,"
And mair nor sixteen times we've had
The " Minstrel Boy,"
But they canna play (or sae 'tis said)
The " Sodger's Joy " !

Lang caller drinks fill gizzened mou's,
—This awfu' heat gaes through an' through's—
Thae pipers, pech'n' awa' like coos
Maun hae some thirst !
What's that ye say ? waes me, what news !
" *Pipe Major's burst !* "

TOM HOOD.

" The " Piper, here on time ticks off
The arrant rogues who *aren't*,
And by this time full many a score
Of parents are *apparent*.

Now comes a Caledonian *weeze*,
The solemn bagpipes wail

Like tempest howling through the trees,
The music of the *Gael*.

The drummers pass, their agile limbs
With honest sweat adrip,
For if they fail to thump their " drims "
Drum-major gets the "*pip*."

(Apparently, one drummer's gone
To contest in the muck,
And so the big drum now, it seems,
Will have to take "*Pot*" luck.)

They make the circuit, then they halt
The camera-men have *clicked*.
Then towards the lemonade-tent each scoots
To quaff the "*scoot*" he's picked.



The Beggar-Man.

His boots are old, his clothes are torn,
His beard is long and grey ;
And yet he wanders on and on,
Singing the whole long way.

He visits now each painted door,
And asks for food and tea,
And though he often meets with scorn,
None happier than he.

Once this beggar-man was rich,
His bed was good and soft ;
Now he only has a ditch
But thinks he's better off.

And so he roams on happily,
No roof above his head ;
He might have been a nobleman
But chose the road instead.

NORA F. CLARK (Class VI.).

Cadet Corps Ballad No. 2.

You may have heard the Adjutant
 When something went wrong in the band,
 Or you may have heard the sergeants
 When some brass-hat is at hand,
 You may have heard even the "corprils"
 And thought they'd got it off grand,
 But oh! you should hear the rookies
 Slanging the High Command.

"The rifles are rusty and ancient,
 There's nothing they're any use for,
 They'd explode if you tried to fire 'em;
 They were used in the Great Boer War."

"The tactics they give us are rotten,
 What's the use of the 'standing load?'
 Machine guns are the things for a soldier,
 Not just marching along a road."

"The night-attacks are a failure,
 The attackers won't own to be dead;
 We get soaked with the dew on the grass,
 When we ought to be sleeping in bed."

"The Physical Training's just rubbish,
 The changing of guard is a mess,
 The tent inspection is putrid,
 And blanket-folding senseless."

When the company's been drilled for hours,
 And the troops can scarcely stand,
 The commanders curse the sergeants,
 'Cause the men are not in hand;
 The sergeants curse the corporals
 Who curse the privates, and
 It's then that you hear the rookies
 Slanging the High Command.



The Ploughman.

The night is o'er and slowly comes the day,
 The darkness goes to leave the dawn to play

With shadow of a silhouetted man,
 Guiding a plough, his daily task begun.

See where he plies his plough of antique
 make,
 The hungry birds a-follow in his wake;
 Machine-mad man doth shun his good employ,
 Scorning his skill, his efforts to destroy.

His comrades, too, have left the lowly field
 To see what ugly weapon they can wield
 In form of new machinery, whose vast shape
 Is uglier than his plough of antique make.

But still the wheel of fortune favours none;
 The battle is not lost, nor is it won
 By other trades, so let us think, 'twill be,
 That you shall win again supremacy.

ALAN PEACOCK (Class VI.).



Mathematics.

(With apologies to H. W. Longfellow.)

Then the little upper section
 Learnt of every log. and power:
 Learnt their names and all their secrets:
 What they meant and how to find them:
 Where they hid themselves in tables:
 Mixed them up whene'er they met 'em.
 O the dull and dreary lesson!
 O the long and hazy lesson!
 Ever harder, harder, harder;
 Numbed the brain of dunce and genius.
 Hardly from the slumbering scholars
 Could the teacher draw an answer.
 With his blackboard and his pointer
 Vainly waded through examples;
 Sought for intellect but found none;
 Saw no trace of understanding;
 In the class beheld no hands up;
 Simpered sickly till the bell rang.

J. (Class VII.).

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The Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

WE regret very much to report the death of one of our distinguished Honorary Vice-Presidents, the Hon. Lord Anderson, D.L., LL.D. Mention is made elsewhere of Lord Anderson's high qualities and distinguished career, and it only remains to add that his passing leaves the Club and his old school-fellows the poorer.

Since we last went to print the Club has been engaged in quite a number of activities. The Annual Club Outing to Kirriemuir was held on 9th May, when 33 Old Boys were present, and the prize-winners were as follows :—

1st	-	-	W. G. Clark.
2nd (equal)	-	-	C. J. Howe.
2nd	„	-	W. N. S. Smith.
2nd	„	-	R. L. Patterson.
2nd	„	-	T. D. Bruce.

The Course was in excellent condition, the weather was perfect and everyone enjoyed the afternoon's outing although certain of our members put up new records in the "Lost Ball Class."

It has only been possible to arrange one match with the Perth Academy F.P.s, and eight members of the Perth Academy Golf Club visited Caird Park on Monday, 8th June, with the following result :—

Dundee High School O.B.C.		Perth Academy F.P.s.	
Myles and Jamieson,	0	Laing and Warner,	0
Fenton and Wighton,	1	Tate and Taylor,	0
Dewar and Ramsay,	1	Forbes and Flight,	0
Cowley and Mearns,	1	McLean and Loudon,	0
	3		0

Our team are now starting to practise assiduously for next year's event as, with the striking success achieved in Dundee, we have now a good hope that we may win next year at Perth.

The outstanding event of the season was the Motor Rally which was held at Edzell on Saturday, 13th June, in conjunction with the Old Girls' Club. This is the first Motor Rally held by the Club and it is the first joint function with the Old Girls' Club. There was an attendance of 76—excellent for a first attempt—and again the sun shone brightly. The various events in the Gymkhana consisting of : Potato Race, Balloon Bursting Race, Timed Beacon Race, and Kerb-driving Test were all entered for with great enthusiasm. and the competitors displayed skill and daring in carrying off the prizes.

The Secretary regrets to report that some subscriptions are still outstanding and hopes that those members whose consciences are troubling them in this matter will please remit same (subscriptions—not consciences) to C. E. Stuart, C.A., 11 Panmure Street, Dundee.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

All boys who are to become Old Boys this month should join the Club now. Subscription (annual), 2s. 6d. (till 21).

Membership Forms on application at the Secretary's office, 11 Panmure Street.

The Dundee High School Old Girls' Club.

THE Club held its Fourth Annual General Meeting in the Singing Room of the Girls' School on Tuesday, 31st March. Mrs. J. S. Y. Rogers, the retiring President, occupied the Chair.

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

Hon. President.—Mrs. Agnes Savil, 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, LL.A. ; Miss A. F. Barrie, M.A.

President.—Miss E. Luke.

Vice-Presidents.—Mrs. D. B. Mathers ; Mrs. W. Allan.

Hon. Secretaries.—Mrs. B. C. Bowman, 11 Castle Terrace, Broughty Ferry ; Mrs. Preston Watson, Eildonhurst, 500 Perth Road.

Hon. Treasurer.—Miss M. W. S. Johnston, 3 Kingsway, West.

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

Executive Committee.—Miss P. Mess, Mrs. H. J. Carlton, Miss J. Davies, Miss M. Robertson, Miss M. Wallace, Mrs. Wm. Kinnear, Mrs. Tom Lawson, Miss M. Gordon, Miss C. Gall, Mrs. H. M. Henderson, Miss J. Fernie, Miss T. Mathers, Mrs. Donald, Miss J. J. Ferguson, Mrs. W. Luke.

Members of Executive Committee ex-officio.—Mrs. J. S. Y. Rogers, Mrs. J. Lee, Miss P. Mess.

Entertainments Committee.—Mrs. J. Lee, Miss P. Mess, Miss E. Frain, Mrs. W. Allan, Mrs. D. B. Mathers, Miss N. Callaghan, Mrs. Lyon, Mrs. A. Batchelor, Miss L. MacCaull, Miss J. Conn, Miss M. Robertson, Miss M. Gordon. (*Conveners*—Mrs. J. Lee and Miss P. Mess.)

The following names have been added since 1st June, 1935 :—

Miss E. H. Adams, Ingleside, Wormit.

Miss H. C. Bisset, 8 Richmond Terrace.

Miss E. Black, The Rowans, Wortley Place.

Miss R. C. Buchan, 25 Hillcrest Road.

Miss J. S. Christie, 19 Hyndford Street.

Mrs. A. Clark, Westlyn, 25 Glamis Road.

Miss J. S. Conn, St. Stephen's Manse, Broughty Ferry.

Miss F. Cooper, 17 Douglas Terrace, Broughty Ferry.

Miss W. Cooper, Cairnslea, Invergowrie.

Miss E. M. Crammond, 3 Woodbine Terrace, E. Newport.

Miss A. Forman, Knowehead, Kirriemuir.

Miss J. Gibson, 562 Strathmartine Road,

Miss A. Glass, Ivybank, West Newport.

Miss K. Glass, Ivybank, West Newport.

Miss D. Grossart, Ashcliffe, Invergowrie.

Miss C. E. Guthrie, Floralbank, Wormit.

Miss M. Hamilton, 6 Greenfield Place.

Miss G. Lichtscheidel, 45 Bruce Road, Downfield.

Miss J. Liddell, Masson Hall, 31 George Square, Edinburgh.

Miss B. M'Dougall, Norbay, Newport.

Miss J. M. Mackay, Harlcot, Broughty Ferry.

Miss D. M. Mathers, 20 Adelaide Place.

Miss J. Melrose, Broombank, Wormit.

Miss A. B. Parker, Foxmount, Broughty Ferry.

Miss B. Ramsay, 10 Kingsway, East Maryfield.

Miss R. Reid, 12 Martin Street.

Miss K. G. Robbie, Linden Lodge, Strawberrybank.

Miss M. E. Saddler, Quiech, Alyth.

Miss E. Stewart, 25 Dundee Road.

Miss M. Thow, Ingleside, 10 Golf Avenue, Monifieth.

Miss B. Todd, 5 Bellfield Avenue.

Miss A. Webster, Moness, Blackness Road.

Miss F. Fordyce, 1 Briarwood Terrace, West Park Road.

MARRIAGES.—We record with much pleasure the marriages of the following members. Any omissions should be notified to either of the secretaries :—

Jean Doe, to D. Bulbin, Public Works Department, Lagos, Nigeria.

Dorothy Duff, M.A., to Bernard C. Bowman, M.A., LL.B., 11 Castle Terrace, Broughty Ferry.

Grace Mudie, to James Bowie, M.A., LL.B., Clydon House, Coupar Angus.

Dorothy M. Wilson, to Robert Smith.

We regret to place on record the death of one of our members—Miss Margaret Allan.

Members are requested to note that marriages, changes of address, etc., should be intimated to the Secretary.



[Photo. by D. & W. Prophet.

<i>Back Row</i> —D. Elder.	G. Anderson.	A. Wardlaw (Pres.).	G. Cameron.	J. Y. Baxter.
<i>Sitting</i> —N. Philip.	Wm. Paterson.	C. R. W. Gray (Capt.).	I. Bruce.	J. Lawson.
	<i>In Front</i> —G. Hope.	Wm. Fleming.		

Cricket 1st XI.,
1936.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

Reports.

Cricket Club, 1st XI.

The 1st XI. was very fortunate to have most of its members back from last year, and as a result the season has been a remarkably successful one. Five matches have been won, three drawn, and one lost. The members of the team have shown keen enthusiasm and each one has done his bit to help the team. Outside the first few batsmen, the battle has not been very strong, but the bowling and fielding reached quite a good standard. We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Wardlaw for showing such an interest in the side, and our success in no small way is due to him.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	No. of Innings	Times Not Out	Total	Aver.
G. Anderson -	8	3	170	34
C. Gray -	9	1	149	18.6
D. Elder -	9	—	162	18
I. Bruce -	9	2	119	17
W. Paterson -	6	—	63	10.5

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Overs	Runs	Wickets	Aver.
I. Bruce -	60	134	36	3.7
D. Elder -	69	148	15	9.5
C. Gray -	66.5	228	22	10.4
W. Paterson -	35.3	85	7	12.1

Cricket Club, 2nd XI.

Date	Opponents	Score	Result
		F. A.	
April 25—	Perth Academy (a)	101 for 9	82 Win
May 2—	Grove Academy (h)	76 „ 9	50 Win
„ 8—	Harris Academy (h)	74 „ 8	43 Win
„ 9—	3rd XI. - - (h)	44	33 Win
„ 16—	Grove Academy (a)		Loss
„ 22—			
„ 23—	Morgan Academy (a)	63	78 for 8 Loss
„ 29—	Harris Academy (a)	58	26 Win
„ 30—	Morgan Academy (h)	106	80 for 6 Draw

On the whole the 2nd XI. have had a very successful season up till now, winning 5 out of 8 games, and every member of the side has done well. In the first two matches J. Scott bowled particularly well, taking 8 wickets for 35, and 8 for 18 respectively. The highest individual score was made by H. Plant, when he scored 45 not out against Morgan at home. Keep up the good work 2nds!

D. S. B.

Cadet Report.

Company training is now over for the session, and its value is shown by the added smartness and efficiency at the Friday uniform parades.

The recruits deserve recognition from the progress they have made during the year.

Sergt.-Instructor M'Leish is still in charge of the band training, and his ungrudging service received its reward in the performance of the band at the School Sports.

The enrolment for camp this year is 96. The site and arrangements are as last year. The advance guard will leave in the morning, and the main body in the afternoon of June 26th for fourteen days at Cortachy. We look forward to a camp of happy companionship, interesting training, and, we hope, good weather.

The Urquhart Cup has been won by Dr.-Cpl. Pottinger, and the Oakley Cup by L.-Cpl. R. F. Hunter.

W. L. M.

Girl Guide Report.

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

Unfortunately for the Nightingales, who held the Shield for the first two terms, the Robins are now in possession. To have their name on the Shield a patrol must win it three terms in succession.

We have missed Lieutenant Jarvie who is at present in Glasgow, and we are all looking forward to having her back with us again at camp.

Our Annual Camp should be a good ending to a successful year. We are changing our site this season and are going to Ochertyre, Crieff, on the 26th June.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking our Captain and Lieutenants for their unfailing interest in us and for their help in our Guide work. Those of us who are leaving at this time, wish the Company all good luck in future years.

J. K.

Golf Club.

This year we have had a strong Golf Team, practically all last year's team being available.

However, the results of our matches so far have not been so good as in previous years. Two matches have been won and two lost.

We commenced the season on 2nd May with a 4—2 win over Grove Academy at Caird Park.

The following Saturday, however, we were defeated by the convincing margin of 5—1 at Forfar against the Academy. This is the biggest defeat sustained by the Golf Team for many seasons. The next match against Montrose Juniors also resulted in a defeat by 4½—3½.

On May 23rd the Staff Match took place at Kirriemuir and everyone enjoyed a very pleasant day's golf. The acquisition of Mr. Paton strengthened the Staff's Team, but, although they fought nobly, they were defeated by 5½—3½.

Our next match against Grove Academy at Monifieth resulted in a 5—1 victory. Two more matches remain to be played, and we are hoping to win both.

The School competitions were carried through very successfully. Scoring was very high in the Boase Medal, this being mainly due to a troublesome cross-wind and the length of the course. The medal was won by R. Strachan with a score of 83, J. Ross being runner-up. The Pirie Cup produced many close matches, and in the final J. Ross (scr.) defeated I. MacLagan (6) by 2 and 1. The golf in the final was very good, Ross being round in 77, and MacLagan in an approximate 83.

Last, but not least, we must not forget to thank all those who have assisted us in our competitions. The Golf Club owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Laird for all the help he has given us throughout the season.

We should also like to thank Mr. McLaren for his neat draw-sheet, and also those who took our scores in the Boase Medal Competition. Nor must we forget George, the starter at Monifieth, for the kindly interest he always takes in our competitions and in the competitors.

R. A. S.

Tennis Club.

We are now nearing the end of our School Tennis season, and we have been exceedingly fortunate as regards weather, for none of our matches have had to be cancelled up to date.

This year's team was chosen as follows :—

J. Fleming and N. Conn ; J. Bowen and M. Weir ; J. Scott and C. Wallace, and we are glad to announce that they have not lost any matches so far.

As always, there was a good entrance for the Tennis Championship, and in the Final J. Fleming met M. Weir, whom she beat 6—2 ; 8—6. The match was played at the Annual Sports and proved to be a very interesting and close game.

Several D.H.S. players have entered this year for the Junior Midlands Singles Championship, and we hope that the title of Champion, which was won by Joyce Fleming last year, may be retained in the School.

We should like to say how much we have benefited by the coaching of Miss East, who has improved the play of the team considerably by her instruction.

Also we wish to thank Miss Whytock for her unfailing interest and advice at both practices and matches.

Results of matches to date are as follows :—

9th May—Harris.	Home.	6—3.
16th May—Harris.	Away.	Unfinished.
23rd May—Morgan	Away.	9—0.

N. K. C.

Swimming Club.

We have now come to the end of a very successful season at swimming. There has been great progress among the younger pupils, whose keenness to try anything and everything is most marked.

This year the Gala was held on the 9th of June. Sheila Wenyon won the Senior Championship for fifth time in succession, while Mary Bowman won the Junior Championship.

Members of the Swimming Club are going in for the Bronze Medallion, and we wish them every success.

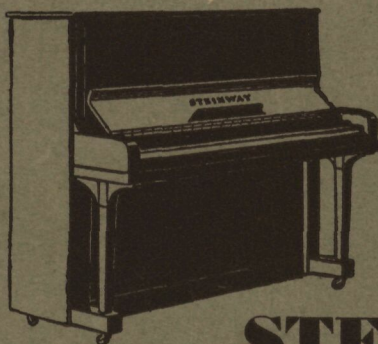
In conclusion, I should like to take the opportunity of thanking all members of the Staff who have so kindly given their time and assistance to the Swimming Club.

S. L. W.

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