

# THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 68

APRIL 1937

FOURPENCE





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## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

**A**N attempt is being made to compile a complete register of Former Pupils of the School and to keep it up-to-date. Will Former Pupils, whose PERMANENT ADDRESS has been changed since they left School, or since their names were included in the lists of the Old Boys' and the Old Girls' Clubs, please send particulars to the Rector? The Rector and the Editor of the Magazine desire to be kept in touch with all kinds of information about Former Pupils—change of address, university distinctions, new posts, honours, general activities, marriages, children, and deaths. Any news of interest, and all vital statistics, will be included in the Magazine. Information from any source will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

## Editorial.

WE regret to announce that truthfully we cannot begin with the time-honoured phrase, "Spring has come," which is expected in this term's issue. For as we gaze out of the windows we see the snow falling, and passers-by hastening on their way, enveloped in furs, woollens and Wellington boots. But the School goes on, and we have quite a few happenings to report for this term.

Early in February, when the senior school was deep in the throes of quarterly examinations, Mr. Borland kindly arranged for Miss Sybil Cropper to come to the School to give a song recital. Miss Cropper sang many well-known songs, which were tremendously appreciated, and before each she gave a short account of either its composer, its musical value, or the circumstances in which it was written. There was a good audience, and the concert helped to cheer the sad faces of those suffering from "examinitis." (They say that Shakespeare could always coin a word to suit himself, so we are striving to follow his example.)

What has really excited the School, however, this term was the Bulb Competition held by the Staff. Now don't imagine that the pupils had no share in the game, for Miss X— would often send a pupil round to Miss Y— to ask for a loan of a dictionary; the pupil would return with the information that one of Miss Y—'s yellow tulips was in bloom while the other three were only peeping above the fibre, and so the fever raged faster and more furious each day. One esteemed member was overheard remarking hectically as she stood measuring her daffodils with an inch tape, "I think mine will soon be hitting the roof." (That day they measured twenty-four inches.) At last the 1st of March arrived, and Mrs. Bain kindly came to act as judge, and to the delight of the entire School, awarded 1st prize to "Jessie." We hear that next year there is to be a prize for the biggest oddity!

We should like to congratulate the Girls' Hockey Team on winning, for the fourth year in succession, the District Cup. The School's name now appears eight times on the trophy, and we wish all luck to next year's team, and hope that they may have the same success

as the present one. The weather has been most unfortunate, and many of the grounds days have had to be cancelled, and the teams have perhaps not had as much practice as they need.

The gloom of the Leaving Certificates, once again, has cast itself over the School, and as we glance into various cloakrooms we begin to wonder if the age of superstition has ended, or if the School is just being turned into a zoo. We, certainly, possess a far greater variety of the feline race than any zoo, for at this time everybody becomes an artist in the common sympathy and good luck which we extend to all who are sitting.

The School has given two entertainments this term. The first was a dancing matinee given by the pupils of Miss Nancy Stewart on February 26th in the Hall. The following Friday a concert was held in the Girls' Hall. The Hall was crowded with a most appreciative audience, and from all reports it was considered one of the best concerts we have had.

Easter will be here by the time you are reading this issue, so we wish all our readers a very happy holiday.

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We note with regret the passing of our oldest F.P., Dr. Alexander Hamilton, who resided at Bodafon, Deganwy, North Wales. The news reached us through the courtesy of Mr N. C. Hamilton, whose letter we quote.

"You will—I am sure—hear with regret of the passing of a very old pupil of Dundee High School.

Dr. Alexander Hamilton died at his home, peacefully, after a very brief indisposition, on Sunday, February 14th, in his ninety-second year.

My father has always cherished the happiest memories of his schooldays and up to his death delighted in reminiscences of those distant times.

So accurate and vivid were his relations of incidents at school, that it was almost possible



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to live with him in those days. He treasured highly the possession of the Magazine.

Yours sincerely,

A. C. HAMILTON."

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We understand that a committee of directors and of representatives of F.P. Clubs has been formed to put forward an appeal for funds to finance the extension of the School. This appeal will be made shortly and we warmly commend it to all F.P.s and friends of D.H.S.

## Traveller's Collections and Recollections.

AN old curiosity shop has always proved a source of interest and fascination to me. The antique clocks and blunderbusses, meerschaums and dirks seem to be shrouded in a glamour of human history long since forgotten, and to which they bear a silent and tantalising witness. In travel, too, my clearest recollections are not of the happy but fading friendships made, or of the detailed tracery of a cathedral window, but of those strange incidents and curios which are encountered in every journey. These recollections, trivial though they be, are guarded as jealously in a traveller's mind as the dusty relics in some old curiosity shop.

I wandered twice round the precincts of St. Giles's Church in Edinburgh looking for the "Heart of Midlothian" before I discovered with surprise that it was marked on the paving stones before me. In the High Street, just beyond the statue of the Duke of Buccleuch, is this heart made of coloured paving-blocks to indicate the site of the portal of the Old Tolbooth or prison. Along Candlemaker Row, to the east-end of the Grassmarket, a cross in the pavement shows the position of the gallows where many Covenanters paid the extreme penalty for their faith in the seventeenth century. In a like manner, near the Marble Arch in London, a small brass triangle marks the spot where the Tyburn gallows stood. Even more interesting is the old horseshoe set in the middle of a road in Lancaster to mark the spot where John of Gaunt's horse dropped a shoe in the fourteenth century. The original shoe was fixed in the road exactly where it was thrown, and since this shoe has long since worn out a replica has been placed to perpetuate the incident.

One of the best known scientific curiosities in Scotland is the Electric Brae near Turnberry in Ayrshire. At this point on the road to Girvan an optical illusion makes the road appear to ascend when actually it is going down, and

motorists find to their astonishment that they can climb this brae with the engine stopped. Strontian, at the head of Loch Sunart, has, perhaps, a better claim to fame, for a new element was detected by Cruikshank in 1767 in a mineral found in the lead-mines here. This element was appropriately named Strontium, and the mineral Strontianite. The Tweed towns in the same way seem to have given their name to the well-known cloth, but there is authority for saying that the cloth derived its name from the error of a London clerk who misread the Scots word "tweel" (twill) and wrote it as "tweed."

Last summer I was travelling on the road from Falkirk to Stirling and not far from the village of St. Ninians I made a short excursion to the left of the road to visit the field of Bannockburn. A flagstaff is erected to mark the position of the Borestone, on which, it is stated, Robert the Bruce planted his standard in the June of 1314. This seems a poor memorial to such a spot, but near the hotel at John o' Groat's a similar erection indicates the site of the famous house. According to tradition, John o' Groat's house was built in memory of Jan de Groot, a Dutchman who came to Scotland during the reign of James IV., by the eight members of his family. To avoid any quarrels as to which of his descendants should be considered the head of the house, an octagonal house was built with eight doors and an eight-sided table inside.

It is surprising to note the number of caves and inns in which Prince Charlie is said to have stayed, and if all these versions are correct then he must have spent the major part of his life in such dismal surroundings. Robert the Bruce is credited with two birthplaces—at Turnberry Castle, and at the Castle of the Maxwells at Lochmaben near Dumfries. If modern events can be so obscure it is hardly surprising that the purpose of a large number

of ancient monuments found scattered over Scotland should still be unknown. One of the most interesting of these is Sweno's Stone which stands on the outskirts of Forres. This is a tall block of sandstone which is carved on the sides with warriors, animals and Runic signs. It is believed to date from the eleventh century and probably commemorates some battle, although the actual meaning of its symbols still baffles the archæologist. Equally inexplicable is the "Maeshowe" which is a huge mound containing stone chambers carved again with Runic signs. This mound can be seen from the Kirkwall-Stromness Road near Finstown on the Island of Pomona. Not far from this mound are the Standing Stones of Stenness, Scotland's Stonehenge. These consist of two rings of sandstone monoliths, the larger of which called the Ring of Brogar is referred to in Scott's novel *The Pirate*. On the same island is Skara Brae, an extraordinarily well-preserved Pictish village which dates from the fifth century B.C. and which was recently excavated. The huts of this village were found complete with stone beds and furniture and stone implements. It seems strange that some of these prehistoric monoliths should claim observance from the people of these modern times, but it may be that these monuments had a sanctity so deeply rooted in the

faith of the tribes that some vestige of it still lingers. One of the most peculiar of these monoliths is the Granny Kempock Stone found in the centre of Gourrock. The sailors in the old windjammers before going on a voyage used to dance round this stone with due ceremony and incantations, hoping thereby to obtain fair weather on the voyage. This stone still preserves some of its former reputation for no attempt has yet been made to remove it, although it stands in the centre of the town. Speaking of the antics of sailormen reminds me of a curious object I was shown in a bakehouse near Cullen. Set in the floor and quite differing from the rest of the wood was a long oak beam. I was surprised to observe that in it was row after row of brightly polished brass tacks. I could think of no adequate explanation. Recently I heard that the owner was satisfied that he had the solution at last. An old sailor had told him that this was the method by which count was kept of the days in some vessels on a long voyage, and that the oak beam must have been taken from some dismantled ship. Solutions such as this are provokingly simple, and possibly some of the curious relics to which I have referred may have histories equally simple.

A. J. M.

## A Remnant of Pagan Scotland.

**A**BOUT two months ago, the local press reported the old custom of "burning the Clavie," which is now observed only in Burghead, a quaint fishing village, situated on the Moray Coast.

Burghead, itself, is historically interesting in that it was held for a very long period by the Norsemen. Perhaps this old act of paganism came from them originally. The ceremony, which is annually performed on the 11th January—New Year's Eve, old style—is almost sinking into oblivion. On the evening mentioned, all the fishermen in the village gather at a given point for the construction of the "Clavie." This consists of a small barrel, which is cut into halves, one of which is filled with wood and pitch. This is fixed to a pole five or six feet in length. The fixing must be performed with a stone, no metal hammer

being allowed. When this is done, the pitch is fired by introducing a piece of blazing peat. Coal must not be used. When the flames arise, one of the fishermen seizes the "Clavie" and rushes along one street, followed by the entire male population; at the end of the street he is relieved by another fisherman. In this way every street in the village is traversed, and the "Clavie" is replenished from time to time. On no account can a landsman take part in the ceremony. If a person falls in the rush along the streets, then superstition says that he will never again witness another "Clavie-burning." When the procession has passed through the entire village, the "Clavie" is deposited on the top of a little mound called "the Doorie," and there it is kept burning far into the night. It is then broken and its embers scattered. Everyone rushes up and every fragment (it is considered to be most



MODEL VILLAGE AND RAILWAY.

efficacious against witchcraft) is picked up from the ground. Having done this, the people return home amidst great rejoicing; and so the ceremony ends.

Burghead, itself, contains another source of interest—a Roman well. This is a cavity about eighteen feet square and hewn out in a solid rock. Round the well there is a platform about three feet wide. The place in which the well is, is neatly vaulted over with masonry. Several stone steps are cut in the rock, and these lead down from the platform to the deep, dark well.

Burghead is a very mysterious place. It is a veritable Golgotha. A large ridge of considerable length and composed mainly of human bones, runs between the village and the sea. It is alleged that on stormy nights howlings and groanings and the rattling of bones can be heard. To the west of the village there is also a submerged forest. Five strange sculptured stones, all representing a bull, have been found here. These come from an unknown origin and they, too, like the "Clavie," may be remnants of pagan Scotland.

J. M. C. W. (VIII.).

## A Miniature Railway.

READERS may be interested in my Miniature Railway because of the atmosphere of reality which I have attempted to create in the scenic effects.

About six years ago, at the age of nine, I began to show some ambition in my Hornby Railway which I had previously laid on the floor of my playroom, but as it was in a rather awkward position, I had a proper raised bench erected, and so I got full scope to develop my ideas. I was particularly anxious to introduce as much reality as possible, and so, with the arrival on the market of so many and varied miniatures, I got going. Hornby hedges and trees, Dinky Toys, and Lotts' Bricks have all played their part in the arrival at realistic effects, while I have added further touches by making up from raw material certain other articles.

I think that the best feature is a village which can be seen in the photograph. Nearly all its buildings are constructed from Lotts' Bricks which give very good results. The village consists of a church, church-hall, "ideal home," cottage, public garage, and goods station arranged in suitable positions to permit the construction of main road and junction. The garden of the ideal home is laid out with lawn (which the gardeners can be seen cutting), flower beds, sun-dial, dovecot and rockery, while a girl, made from a converted Dinky Toy hiker, is walking up the path. The public garage is complete with Dinky Toy petrol pumps, and also Dinky Toy attendants. These attendants, a breakdown lorry, and entrance

posts are all painted in a uniform colour of orange and green. To add a touch of realism, a couple of "traffic policemen," in a motorcycle combination, are just on the tail of a van passing the pumps within a controlled area. The church is complete with gravestones and wreaths, and an every-day scene is depicted by the presence of a dog barking up at a cat which is sitting, with its back up, on the wall outside the church-hall. In the goods yard I have made a realistic petrol storage-tank from a Bourn-vita tin, erected on pillars, and provided with a top gallery and ladder made of wire. A local coal merchant's office is situated close to the sidings, and this I made up myself chiefly of three-ply wood, coated with glue and sawdust to give a rough-cast effect.

The village is served by a Passenger Station made up of a main platform on which are erected the station offices, waiting-hall, etc., and an island platform with shelter, which are made the scene of great activity by a suitable arrangement of Dinky Toy passengers and platform officials.

In the country part of the scenery, I have used green felt for grass fields, bordered with Hornby hedges, trees, etc., with cows, horses and sheep roaming about, while for ploughed fields I have laid corrugated paper, painted an appropriate colour. I have made a cutting out of pulped newspaper, stuck on a cardboard framework, coated with sawdust and glue and then painted green. The farmyard is made up of several buildings surrounding a courtyard

which is covered with granulated cork (as used for packing grapes), while wandering about it are to be found the usual farmyard animals—hens, chickens, a goat, dog, pigs and a farm-hand or two. In a corner of the yard is a small hut outside which a blacksmith is shaping a "red-hot" horseshoe. The red-hot effect is obtained by using a bit of bright copper wire. Behind the farm there is a small pond on which are swimming a swan and its cygnets, and some ducks.

There are several yards of roadway, about five inches wide, traversing the lay-out. In making these I used cardboard of uniform thickness, shaped where necessary for the bends, junctions, etc. The tar macadam appearance I arrived at by glueing the top surface of the cardboard, and while it was still wet, I sprinkled on to it fine sand of a dark colour (from a flour sifter), knocking off the excess when the glue had dried. I have improved the roads by adding Belisha Beacons, traffic signals, and telegraph poles alongside the main road, and at the junction in the village I have laid out a round-about on which is placed a Dinky Toy police-box, while on the adjoining corner across the street sits a telephone booth.

Altogether there are about seventy Dinky Toys confined to the roads, and made up of all sorts of vehicles, pedestrians, policemen, A.A. scouts and box, while many other miniatures are to be found in the roadside fields and other parts.

The railway itself takes the form of a modified elongated oval, in one long side of which I have made a loop for a wayside station, the goods sidings as an extension from the loop, terminating in a goods yard with engine sheds further along.

My locos. and rolling-stock are going to be increased shortly, and meantime consist of a Hornby No. 1 Special Tank, Hornby Flying Scotsman, and numerous coaches and trucks.

I derive much pleasure from seeing these making their way through a tunnel and the cutting, disappearing and re-appearing as they pass behind the various buildings, etc.

I have not yet developed a signalling system, but I hope soon to have this in operation, working from a central lever frame.

I have installed artificial lighting in all the buildings, and in the goods yard; the church is flood-lit with the Hornby Lighting Set, while a searchlight plays on a model aeroplane suspended over the country side. I get my current supply off the mains through a suitable transformer, and the lighting effect at night when the room is darkened is very good.

I wish that I had more time to devote to my hobby, but I find that each year my home lessons require more and more attention with less spare time. However, I always manage to make up headway to some extent during the holidays.

I. M. G.

## Spring Song.

### HORTICULTURE.

The gardener mixes composts  
And portions out sand,  
Supplies his boxes' drainage  
With calculating hand,  
Put in his bulbs and stands aside  
To wait the anxious day  
With eye upon the heat gauge  
And finger on the spray.  
Then up come the stately ones  
To make his pride complete,  
Top size,  
Double blooms.  
Beauty made for  
Warm rooms.  
Precious, perfumed, rainbow  
Daughters of the heat.

The planter of the hedgerows,  
The gardener of the wood  
Is prodigal and careless,  
Impartial in mood.  
The ground is raked by lashing gales  
And watered down by flood.  
In place of sifted compost  
Is richly silted mud.  
Nature breaks the soil with frost  
And scours the land with sleet.  
Ruthless,  
Artist souled,  
Deft ! Yet  
Callous, cold ?  
She sets the dainty celandine  
Shining at your feet.

SPERO.

Advance Notice.



“With Cat-like Tread—”

Dundee High School  
Magazine.

## Winter Sport.

**W**HEN winter comes to Northern Canada it brings with it not only deep, crisp snow, but a temperature of 30 to 40 degrees below zero. In weather so cold as this there are usually unrivalled opportunities for skating, sledging, ski-ing, tobogganing and all other such sports.

For three years I lived on one of the thousand islands situated in the St. Lawrence River. This island—"Wolfe Island"—was about seven miles in breadth and from ten to twelve miles in length. When the stretch of water between us and the mainland froze, we had the greatest pleasure skating to school each day across five miles of keen, clear ice. When the ice had been frozen until it was about five feet deep, a road was made across it in order that cars might be able to cross to the mainland. One very exhilarating sport which thrilled us all was ice-boating. This is probably a very unfamiliar and perhaps unheard-of sport here, but it is really the most thrilling of ice sports. An ice boat is something like a sail boat except that it is perfectly flat. There are two wings and a rudder by which it is steered. The greatest handicap of this boat is that it must depend entirely on wind. The passengers lie flat on the wing boards and hold on as the craft travels at an almost incredible speed. The journey, however, is often interrupted by disturbing bumps as the boat runs over some rough places in the ice. This sport is hardly likely to become universal as a large

stretch of keen, clear ice and a strong wind are necessary.

Another exciting sport which winter brings is tobogganing. In cities toboggan slides are often provided for children, but as we never had one provided we always managed to manufacture one. The favourite slide of Wolfe Island was one which came down a very steep hill and ran right down to the water's edge. The toboggan would come dashing down the gradient and on to the ice which carried it far out—if we landed properly.

Many small settlements on this island were cut off from civilisation for many months owing to the snow, from eight to ten feet deep, which blocked the roads. The inhabitants were compelled to walk for their provisions over these drifts on snow-shoes. These were made by the Indians and resemble somewhat the shape of a tennis racquet. The shoe-shoe is wide and flat and when these are fastened on the foot to moccasins one is able to walk on top of the deepest drift. Snow-shoeing has now become a great sport, but originally snow-shoes were used only for necessity.

Another form of winter sport was provided in the form of dog teams. I owned for a time three large huskies which could carry three or four of us behind them on a sleigh at a considerable speed.

All this kind of sport provides an energetic and healthy winter. EVELYN RUSSELL.

## A Holiday en Famille.

**H**AVE you ever tried to be really sociable to your own kith and kin for a whole week? Well, my advice is, don't try.

We were determined to show our friends what a delightfully amiable family we are, when we went for a motoring holiday last summer. It was with tremendous enthusiasm that we set off in our open (or tourer) car on a lovely summer day. How we jeered at the whizzing saloons as we trundled along at an amiable 25 miles per hour. How we loved to feel the wind rushing through our hair and making our noses shine like beacons.

For the first hour or so everything in the garden was lovely. Then, alas, the picnic baskets began to feel neglected and decided to make known their presence by poking their sharpest corners into these passengers in the back seat. To give them their due, they (the passengers) were long-suffering.

Still maintaining a witty and scintillating conversation we journeyed on until we felt the first drops of rain. It was a pity that only those in the back seats could feel the rain. That began our first "tiff." The driver and companion blamed our imagination, for of

course the rain very kindly blew right over them. They refused to stop.

We were in no kind mood when at last lunch was suggested, so to have our revenge we were as disagreeable as possible and loudly vetoed each spot suggested for our meal. It is truly amazing how many excuses can be found if one is eager to find them.

Various places were decided upon but as is always the case unless one is driving oneself, the car always seemed to be past the spot by the time the driver had heard. At long last, however, we clambered out and took the food into a wood. It was a delightful wood, so nice that there were one or two other parties there.

Quite sociable again we tucked into our lunch. We had soup to start with. It smelt delicious and looked delicious—alas, that is all we ever enjoyed of it. Before we could get it to our lips it was swarming with flies. We did our noble best and no one can do more, but it is a very tricky business avoiding twenty flies in a cup.

Lunch was definitely not a success though we were all very careful to hide our thoughts from one another.

We had tea in a dear little hotel. The lounge was packed with elderly people seated at low tables and we did feel rather like bulls in a china shop when shown directly into this room in our multitude of coats. I must say we had a very fine tea.

The night was spent in a hotel at the side of a really beautiful loch with high mountains all round. We drove up to the entrance about seven o'clock once again feeling hungry. Dinner was being served as we could see from the entrance. The porter opened the door for us (after removing the string) and we stepped out as daintily as we could. We

indicated our luggage at the back and the back was opened. It disclosed a collection of tins and bottles, cameras, scarves, etc., which had been thrown in during the journey. Fortunately the porter had a sense of humour.

We ate a large dinner as we had made friends with the head waiter and felt much the better for it. After a short walk we retired to bed early and slept soundly.

The rest of the week was a repetition of this day. We kept up a happy appearance all the time to encourage each other, but this family holiday has really been one that will be remembered for many days because we are still making up for all the politeness to each other in that one week.



### An Appeal.

Oh! the old school, the old school  
With desks all bent and rusty,  
Our parents, and their parents, too,  
Sat in these rooms so musty.

The maps upon the painted wall  
Hang torn and old and dusty;  
But hopes of better things in store  
Sustain the staff so trusty.

One Rector left, another follow'd,  
And now one's left behind,  
Who hopes to raise a school so bold  
To benefit mankind.

And you, who read these lines so clear,  
Please think of us—your offspring dear,  
Take up that well-fill'd pen and write,  
A gift that's worthy of this site,  
And as Ben Adhem did his best—  
You do the same and—"lead the rest!"  
J. M. C. W. (VIII.).

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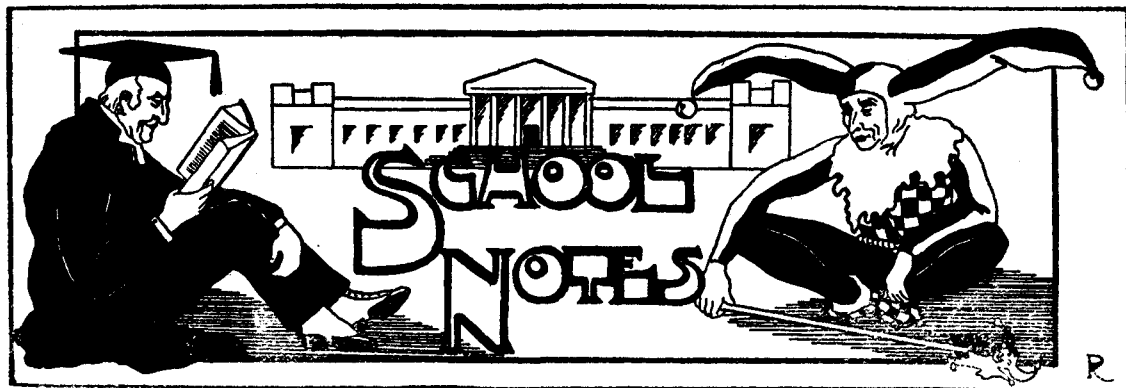
(Left) TWEED COAT in hyacinth blue gaily speckled with white. Tailored in double-breasted style with smart panelled back and slant pockets. To fit 16 years **39/6**

(Right) THREE-PIECE SET, consisting of coat, skirt, and hat in green flannel suiting. The coat is beautifully cut. Stitched pleats give width to the neat skirt. To fit 14 years. The Set **79/6**

## *Draffen's*

NETHERGATE  
DUNDEE

*Girls' Wear—Second Floor.*



CLASS I.A. :

Q.—“ What is a grim spectre ? ”

A.—“ A man that looks at your tickets on a bus.”

Q.—“ What is the seat placed on the back of an elephant called ? ”

A.—“ The Hoojah.”

Small person, failing to find Mr Simpson :  
“ Please, miss, the workhouse is closed.”

“ The Bastille was a place where they put bad politicians.”

OUR VERSATILE M.P.s (from Essay) :

“ Quite frequently after the news bulletin some well-known politician gives his views on the proceedings in parliament or perhaps an eye-witness account of a football match or some other sporting event.”

SHAKESPEARE (*Henry IV.*) :

Mr. Bruce (working up effect) : “ An if the devil come and roar for them . . . ”

Enter—“ Jessie.”

APOLOGY PENDING !

Donaldson (in essay) : “ Mr. M'Laren has taught me all he knows about passing a rugby ball properly ; but still I know nothing about it.”

“ Japan is a very civilised country except for the cleanliness of its people.”

“ In 1611 there was an Authorised Addition to the Bible.”

CLASS IV. sheds new light on history :—

“ George Washington was the first man to make and run a public engine.”

“ Geo. W. sailed up the St. Lawrence in roaring boats and took Quebec.”

“ Geo. W. was a great sailor and he dearly loved the sea.”

“ Geo. W. conquered India for the British.”

“ Napoleon was marching to Egypt to try to get the English colonies in America.”

“ William Pitt was a minister of war in England and he set out to France at night. He had to go up a narrow path with his heavy guns. When he got to the top of the hill the French were surprised.”

“ Blondel went about smelling for King Richard.”

R—ie (reading from *Henry IV.*) : “ Lend me thy lantern to see my gelding on the table.”

Macbeth is called “ Belladonna's Bridegroom.”

Lamb's "Dissertations of a Roast Pig."

Q.—"Name an inhabitant of Naples."

A.—"Napoleon."

#### THAT EARLY MORNING RUSH.

Scott Nicol (Class VI.) arrives at school. He carries brown paper parcel. He thinks it contains his gym. pants. He finds later he has brought away the beef for the family dinner.

Mr. Cadzow : "Well, Ramsay, looking for trouble?"

Ramsay (innocently) : "No, sir, I'm looking for Mr. Macdonald."

#### CLASS VIII. :

Mr. McLean (annoyed at snapping of fingers) : "Stop that, Milne, only savages crack bones!"

#### CLASS VIII. :

Mr. McLean (explaining "ambiguous case") : "What does ambiguous mean?"

Voice : "To make bigger."

#### CLASS IX. :

Miss Steel : "If you smelt vinegar, what would you test for?"

Voice : "Chips."

#### DRAFFEN'S :

Mathers : "Here's the prefects."

Lawson (back to lift) : "Who are they?"

Mathers : "J. Pate, J. Mathers, M. Purvis and N. Conn."

Bruce : "Old Uncle Tom Cobbley and all."

#### CLASS X. :

Mr. Meiklejohn : "Clear of fractions. Now, Margaret!"

M. Main : No answer.

Mr. Meiklejohn (continuing writing) : "Well done, Margaret."

#### CLASS X. :

Mathers, only person without a "just now" done.

Mr. Meiklejohn : "Ah, Mathers, ploughing your lonely furrow like Lord Rosebery, but not so well!"

#### CLASS X. :

Top boy cannot get first "just now" out.

Mr. Meiklejohn (seizing jotter) : "How art the mighty fallen?"

#### Children's Party—Broken Bridges :

Miss Fernie : "Would you rather have an apple or an orange, sonny?"

Boy : "A bar of chocolate."

Mr. Wardlaw is shaking a large bottle of potass. permanganate.

Gray : "Cocktail shaker?"

Mr. Wardlaw : "I'd wear a happier expression if it were."

Keir (pleased with his weighing) : "2.525 grms. and it would be more accurate if there were more weights."

Mr. Wardlaw : "Use your imagination for the rest like Gray. He has such a small stock of material he *subtracts* .005 grms."



## Les Laboureurs.

From *Lamartine*.

Would that the thought of the thorny steep,  
That leads to eternity's awful deep,  
Might, as they lave their parched tongue,  
Sink in the cool stream gurgling on ;  
Would that each traveller on this route,  
Could find at the Rock of Ages' foot  
This elixir that Thou dost give,  
And slake his soul that his soul might live.  
For ere Phoebus has driven his gleaming car  
Beyond the crimson western bar,  
Or Diana's icy silvered ball  
Has sunk to rest at morning's call,  
Many a pilgrim battling on  
Would see in the waves of Lethe among,  
His burden of toil, and care, and grief,  
Which mars this mundane sojourn brief.  
Thus when he ventures to Thy hidden spring  
To drink of this sweetness which angels sing,  
Well up, as in Aganippe,  
Or in Hippocrene as the Muses say,  
Thy nectar which causes strife to cease,  
Thy nectar which bringeth naught but peace.

A.G.G.

## Entirely Original Fairy Story, Entitled "Higher Humour."

**O**WING to the sudden appearance of some personage of great wisdom and subtlety, on the Committee or Enlightened Body which controls the Leavings, a new Certificate has augmented those already in force. The characteristics of this new qualification are fully and clearly tabulated below for the benefit of some dull readers of few summers.

**FULL TITLE:** The Approval of the Scottish Education Committee of Unintentional Humourists that the candidate is sufficiently frivolous and irresponsible to justify the award of  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. mature Gorgonzola."

**SHORT TITLE:** "Higher Humour."

**PURPOSE, REASON OR EXCUSE:**

To uplift and enlighten the fatally serious minds of Scottish youth, bring a ray of sunshine into our drab and dusty (when not covered) minds, to encourage obesity via risibility and thus to eliminate the lean and hungry look, and, in a nutshell, make hair grow on the chest.

**JUSTIFICATION:**

(Space for magnificent justification by estimable reader.)

**RESULT (hoped for):** To plant the sunflower in Scotland's dull and hoary minds.

To the casual reader it is not apparent that this is an entirely commendable certificate: it may appear totally irreverent and unnecessary, but the virtue and lustre of the object are immediately obvious to the placid mind where thought is supreme.

The Scottish are a dour and serious race; reasons for this last statement can be found in any good Scottish or Aberdonian (same thing) calendar. Their minds are in a Still Condition; the peace of stagnant waters. How seldom do we hear or see the gentle ripple of delicate mirth, the roar of hearty laughter, or the bellow of Rabelaisian convulsions which send the source thereof under the table, chewing the legs in his agony of mirth and sending the bric-a-brac tinkling into the

fireplace with its reverberations. Laughter is a Good Thing, it exercises the lungs, diaphragm and abdominal walls, it develops the larynx and œsophagus, and, most important, cools the uvula with the gentle zephyrs of the outer air. The gentle tintinabulations of the said uvula result in a highly necessary operation, viz., swallowing. It is therefore obvious that laughter is good for the Soul from the pathological point of view, for Pottinger and many other eminent philosophers hold that the uvula is the abiding place of the elusive Soul or Ego. This is not to be confused with the tie, which harbours Egg.

It is customary to exude books containing past Leavings papers (sold to successors at exorbitant prices). Unfortunately this is not possible in the case of Higher Humour which is an innovation. Doubtless these volumes, including the latter, will be published in due course after the Higher Humour papers have accumulated over a number of years. The tomes shall afford us delight in the evening of our days. We shall sit in the chimney-corner (or coal-scuttle), stroking our long white G. B. S. beards and enjoying a pipe (containing old boot soles, rope and tar in equal parts) and say to our great-great-great *ad nauseam* grandchildren, "See what Papa did in '37!" And the progeny shall clap their tiny hands and say, "Gug-gug!" However, a specimen paper is here appended for your appreciation.

**POSSIBLE QUESTIONS.**

1. Who do you think you are—Earl Beatty?
2. What would you do if you—
  - (a) Tripped on a protruding flagstone?
  - (b) Rammed your elegant features on a lamp-post?
  - (c) Sat on a non-existent seat? (2 answers).
3. Who do you think the funnier—  
Neville Chamberlain or Baldwin?
4. Group the above (3).
5. Is  $\sin a = \sin a$ ?
6. Is  $\tan a = \sin a / \cos a$ ?

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**Factory and Office:—MID STREET, DUNDEE**

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**T**O 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.

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

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*Catering of every description.*

*Terms on Application.*

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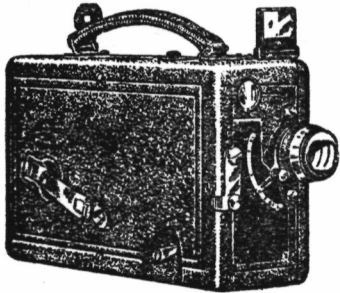
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7. What happens when you boil '88 ammonia solution in a round bottomed flask ?
8. Do you comb your hair ?
9. What do you think of your answers ?
10. What do you think of this paper ?

MODEL ANSWERS.

1. Yes ! Who did you think I was ?
2. (a) Fall on my face.  
(b) Beg its pardon, bow politely, and pass into the night.  
(c) 1. Sit down heavily and laugh heartily.  
2. (More probable) Rise swiftly and pursue the jester.
3. Lloyd George.
4. Ol' Pipe and Whiskers.
5. I really don't know.
6. I really don't care.
7. You heat it too much and the flask bursts.
8. Beast !
9. Not much !
10. Less.

*N.B.*—There is no certificate awarded for Lower Humour. This is regarded as unnecessary.

POT.

Leavings—Recollections.

A face as yet untouched by Leaving's care,  
Bent eagerly towards me as I mused,  
Drowsed in soft sunshine usually so rare  
In this dark haunt of knowledge, dust suffused.  
Then thought I of this very same old hall,  
Of desks well spaced and figures at each one :  
Of meaning looks and silence like a pall,  
A sacred place whose precincts all must shun :  
Of anxious glances at the well-known clock :  
Of feverish haste and sigh for task complete :  
Of stealthy tread and fast uneven walk,  
When all one's aim, forgetfulness so sweet.  
"What are the Leavings really like ? please say !"  
I wisely smiled, "Just wait and see, some day."

A. A. M.

Exams.

Exams ! Exams ! those dreaded things,  
As in your ear the theorem sings :  
"These angles, equal, are they—What ?"  
"No, my child, they're certainly not."  
Now, what was the date—  
(Goodness gracious, I'm late)  
Of the Roman Invasion ?  
Just wait ! It needs some persuasion.  
F—G—H—I.

Nervously fingering the old school tie,  
Oh, what a time  
In coming to mine.  
He's so dreadfully slow !  
I just wish I could know  
The results of that awful exam !

Song.

Strange voices are calling me back to the West,  
Where the mountains and moorland shall  
always be dress'd  
In heather and bracken, royal purple and gold ;  
Where the lambs' plaintive bleat can be heard  
in the fold ;

Where deep burns and rivers are brown-  
stained with peat ;  
Where moss spreads a carpet for dainty deer's  
feet ;  
Where curling waves whisper to kiss the brown  
sand ;  
To the birthplace of heroes, my own fatherland.  
J.

The Wood-Anemone.

Thy beauty is a joy to me,  
Pale, starry daughter of the moon,  
Thou gracest every hidden nook,  
Thy sweetness haunts me like a tune.

In scented places 'neath the gorse,  
To shade thy petals from the glare  
Of Summer's sun, so hot and bright,  
White as a dream, thou livest there.

When darkness falls and fills the wood  
With whispering shadows of each tree,  
Thou droopest, sleeping, with the moon,  
A Goddess bright, protecting thee.

F. L. T. (VII.G.A.).

## Portrait of a Gentleman.

THE summer blossom was on the point of forsaking the cherry tree. The catkins had turned from fur to young leaf, but the willows yet showed clearly their silver whips. The currant bushes were flowered thick and gorse had for long broken yellow from its green cups. About the foot of the willows and alders crowded white anemones starring a green sky. There was yellow crowfoot as well. It was through this disorderly, green, weedy country that the Reverend Dr. Porteus carefully made his way. He did not pause. This way he had come for forty years. These same trees had observed his hair, always untrimmed and showing about the ears, turn white, and his coat loose about him, in sympathy lose its colour.

"Almost awkward . . ." he muttered. The Reverend gentleman was not referring to the perennial birth of nature, but to the fact that his senses this morning were apprehending natural appearances as they had not done for many years. He regarded the impingement of externality as an intrusion, especially since at this particular time Communion was celebrated and when his natural slow and tender speech, and his careful and scholarly exposition, and his "I commend unto you" assumed a seasonal gravity. It was now the time for, "I commend unto your attention especially at this season the 51st Psalm, which has been used in time past by many broken and contrite hearts." "God save the King," had said Dr. Porteus in his prayer, and his earnestness had engaged the understanding in sympathy and reverence. His devout wish for peace among the nations in Europe, and his reminder that "Jew and Gentile were more opposed than these," sprang hope in every heart.

Carefully he crossed a frail, wooden bridge, beneath which a sluggish stream spread its brown water under a soggy tangle of yellowish, mud-clotted grass, and proceeded from the wilderness of the plantation towards the more orderly region of his garden. At this point the doctor's features failed to register appropriately an inward agitation, whose origin, most strangely, could not be traced, search in the corners of his mind as he would.

So long to have lived the good life and not to

have been rewarded by any sign from heaven had never, beyond the most occasional doubts as to the authenticity of that region, disturbed him. He had for so long pondered the sum of things and for so long contemplated the end to the dark avenue of life that when natural loss had shaken him, only a little time had elapsed before the disproportionate swelling of grief had subsided, the fact had been accepted and lodged in the body of his experience. He believed in his own power of comprehension, that he could absorb with equal ease into the argument which was this life the digressions of atheism and the sore loquacity of the death of friends. He had built the past into a bulwark to resist the present and future. Having thought long upon the evils of this world, he had come to have a proportionate tenderness and sympathy for those who were storm-driven without in any way exposing his own soul to the bitter winds. He had taken the greatest care to build so that no accident in the outer world nor the shocks which affect the flesh should dispossess him of that treasured serenity which is ours in varying quality and quantity according to our disposition, circumstance and age.

And now in his eightieth year the world, which of course he knew to be a fouled stream, this day was turning out something quite different from anything imaginable. Much he had foreseen; until this day he would have said all. The Devil was rampant in a thousand texts and forms. Daily the agricultural life became less possible. The claims of dissatisfied civilisation were manifest even to one for whom remained apparently only one great incident, finality. "Yet that I had expected," thought the good doctor, and it had been checked off and stilled, even as his once rebellious intelligence had been stilled. He observed (he had not so observed before) the damp smell of pine needles. "Odd." He noticed the mossed and lichened stones press through the ground. The sun too—it did not shake out from the branches of the trees, but shed its light indistinctly. The persistent voice of a chaffinch broke the air sharply.

There were other birds, a robin red breast hopped upon a twig, a jenny wren, and then, as



[Photo. by D. & W. Prophet

*Back Row*—L. Millar. T. Philip. G. Cameron. I. Donaldson. J. Smith. D. Grant.  
*Sitting*—J. Ross. W. Macqueen. R. Mathers (Capt.). J. Muirhead. D. Elder. G. Millar.  
*In Front*—D. Duncan. K. Philip. I. Kidd. I. Maclagan.

**1st XV. Rugby Team,  
 Session 1936-37.**

**Dundee High School  
 Magazine.**

the trees opened above him, a flight of wild geese, in arrow formation, moved across the sky. A strin of water ran with changing laughter and delight at his feet (so it had done for fifty years and more), with bubbles bursting on knobby stones, to make more bubbles. And above the stream hung branches fine as flower stems, silver cat-kinned—so they had hung in countless springs—but this day, it was not exactly that he had noticed them, the stream ran before his eyes and closely by his ears.

He proceeded up a cascade of stone steps—“White as my carnations,” he thought. The song of a thrush was intense. It gave its life in song. The coming of life is intense. The horse chestnut buds were sticky, the sap coursing the tree veins, persuading the buds to leaf. He entered his white-washed porch, gently amused at a stray question which had come into his mind as his eyes met the cool darkness of the lobby. “Son of man, can these bones live?” His eyes noticed, with the pleasure of the artist, the little lights reflected on the polished wood of the hat pegs. Contemplating them, he understood this was the first time he had looked and seen—perhaps the second, but no, many years ago at his first entry he had smelt the place, not seen it. And looking now, he knew, he understood the red flame in his blood that morning. He had a visitor in the study.

“Apple and plum  
Over the high garden wall,  
Pink and white spray in the sun,  
Sing till their fall.

“And I am no boy at all,  
Not to have leisure,  
Not to have pleasure,  
At their plump fall.”

“I had expected you,” said Dr. Porteus, addressing the silver-voiced child who was now in possession of the study. “I presume—an intimation of mortality.”

“I am on my swing,  
And swing so high, so high,  
That the bright sky,  
That with the lark’s ring,  
Tumbles in my hair and eyes,  
And far, far, far, oh deep, deep down,  
Jigging like a clown,  
The grass up, up flies.”

“You will excuse my resting in my accustomed armchair. I hear all,” said the Doctor lowering himself unsteadily, and then letting his arms, from the elbows, rest upon the supports. “I follow you,” he said. “You have given me the Prologue, and the Play—a state of activity as expected; the Epilogue is lacking.

“Under the blossom  
I sit and eat  
Apple and peach;  
I sit all day  
And watch and pray  
For each apple and peach.

“Sometimes a bright cloud  
I take in my hand,  
And sometimes I stand  
And clap at swallows after swallows bound.”

The song ceased and the child Death made to depart. For a long time, till the shadows had grown in the corners and till the moon had risen heavily from behind the low hills, the Doctor was without motion. She poured her light upon the world and was without scruple in her generosity. Now she bellied for the height. The dark firs were deepened in their colour, and concealed ominous treasure. The road flowed over the hill like a bright river. The fields lumping upwards, towards the horizon achieved cosmic importance. The Doctor’s eyes were closed, having forgotten the discomfitures of human existence.

G.B.

## Bathing the Dog.

**D**ID I hear someone mention "Spring-cleaning"? And with bated breath, too! Keep a cocker spaniel and you'll find that spring-cleaning is a pleasant recreation compared with bathing the dog! Like a christening or submitting one's report card to father, it is a sacred rite.

Chez nous this "business" is presided over by two high priestesses. The men of the house have suddenly found it most necessary to be elsewhere. The mater and I are left!

Now set the stage! One bath half-full of water, soap, newspapers on floor, insecticide powder—Where is the Tragic Hero?

Scuffling is heard. Enter maidservant with dog. Talk about intelligence and instinct! Our hero has to be haled forth, cuffed and finally dragged to the slaughter.

Now he is in—and straight-away trouble begins. Town Councils, Sanitary Inspectors and even Cleansing Departments have not had this to contend with. Yes—it's worse than bathing a baby. I should say, speaking quite casually, that, with bathing a baby, the temperature of the water can always be judged by the effect on one's own skin. But with a dog—!

We have, severally and together, decided that such perfect lukewarm water as this never existed even in the days of Epicurus. But see the dog! The abject, shivering, inconsiderate animal most successfully makes you feel a brute. His tropical eyes say so plainly, "I know you British people and your passion for baths—why were you not born Eskimos to freeze?" So we put in more hot water.

And they still talk of Dumb Animals! Now he is a picture of utter, stupid, martyrdom, a long, red tongue lolling out of his mouth. "Surely I was not born a calf to be made veal?" he moans.

But he is by no means acquiescent. Pigs and the female species have become proverbial for their contrariness. "Evasit! Erupit!" Our dog, too. Swish him north and he scooshes south. In reckless abandon, inwardly arguing on the lines of the converse theorem, you scoot him south, and he zunks against the taps so

sickeningly that you're ready to weep over a drowned, bedraggled corpse. And the dog! So innocent, so patient, so humble. so if-it-pleases-you an expression does he unblinkingly pour over you, that you don't know whether to laugh or cry. But you laugh!

C'est fini. He is out, shaking himself all over you and then instinctively he exits scampering through to the kitchen.

Before the fire, there he sulks, worse than any cat. Only when he is quite, quite dry, and much carpet dust rolled into his hide, will he deign to bury the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace with you again.

Just "a dog's life."

C. M. W.



### Leavings.

Tell me not in accents painful  
"D.H.S. is not the same,"  
For the leavings are upon us  
And we play a losing game.

Mike is real and B—rl—d's earnest,  
And the leavings are our goal,  
And we've far too much to learn, lest  
Fate should leave us in a hole.

Not in maths. and not in Latin  
Can a certain "pass" we see,  
But we act as if each matin  
Brings a "group" however wee.

Term is long, but time is hopping  
And our heads though thick and tough  
Still new facts are always swotting  
Till the call comes, "Hold, enough!"

Higher Leavings all remind us  
We must do our work in time  
That departing we may find us  
In a cushie job sometime.

See us then, all hot and bothered  
On the 15th day of March;  
See the band of maidens gathered,  
Limp, as if they'd lost their starch.

DIANA.



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

*Standing*—J. Mathers. J. Scott. C. Wallace. J. Pate. F. Ritchie. K. Sibbald.

*Sitting*—L. McLaren. N. Conn. J. Bowen (Capt.). M. Purvis. V. Cameron.

(Dundee and District Schoolgirls' League Cup.)

Girls' Hockey Team, 1st XI.,  
Session 1936-37

Dundee High School  
Magazine.

## The Crystal Globe.

THE exterior of the shop was unattractive and badly in need of paint. As Mr. Briggs neared the shop, he felt a mysterious, emanating force drawing him towards it. Disinterestedly, he looked down into the dim, dusty and untidy window with its china, books and curios; and there he saw the crystal globe. It was a large-sized ball made of a substance like glass but much more pellucid and of greater transparency. Again the force emanated and Mr. Briggs felt himself drawn into the shop. When he came out, he was carefully carrying the crystal under his arm.

On arriving home, he found a note informing him that his supper was in the oven. Leisurely he partook of his supper and afterwards carefully unwrapped the crystal. He wondered what on earth had possessed him to buy this useless crystal. As he sat there, gazing into its clear depths he noticed that a faint cloudiness was springing up and, on peering more closely, he saw that a swirling milky cloud was forming. Then, with startling suddenness, the crystal cleared and a strange scene was presented therein to his eyes.

A land, unknown to him, was mirrored in the crystal. The sky was a deep copper red as was also the soil of this mysterious planet. Across this red landscape, tall pylons were spaced at regular intervals. As Mr. Briggs gazed deeper into the crystal, the scene came nearer him. Then he noticed a group of metal figures—he realised with a shock that they were robots. The scene moved nearer and he could see that they had square limbs and heads and a control panel, with switches and dials, set in their chests. The robots were standing round one of the pylons. Spontaneously, they raised a metal arm and pointed to the top of the pole. There Mr. Briggs, to his amazement,

saw a crystal exactly similar to his own. A robot then twirled a dial on his control panel and from a glass eye, set in the head, there sprang a beam of extreme brilliance, which was directed on the crystal. The scene, depicted therein, seemed familiar to him and on closer inspection proved to be the one of which he was part. Mr. Briggs realised then that he was in communication with Mars. One of the robots now climbed the pole and Mr. Briggs found himself looking at a new scene since the robot had apparently altered the focus of the crystal.

A Martian city appeared in the crystal. Tall, graceful, towering buildings, similar to those of New York, filled the crystal. Between these, there streaked strange, wingless aeroplanes which hovered and landed on roof-top aerodromes. Through this amazing city, there came a great broad highway along which flashed strange, bullet-like cars which shot out of, and disappeared into the distance. Mr. Briggs was gazing interestedly at this scene when it changed.

He was now looking into a control-room. Great panels, with gleaming switches, dials and levers, covered the walls; now there loomed into the crystal the head of a robot from whose eye there shone a brilliant beam of light.

At this juncture, Mr. Briggs lost control of himself and dashed from the house, grasping the crystal. Down the steps he ran, stumbled and fell on top of a passer-by. The crystal slipped from his frenzied, clutching hands as the passer-by and he rolled in the gutter. They picked themselves up unharmed but in the road, glittering under the glare of the electric lamps, lay strewn some pieces of a strange, transparent, pellucid substance.

J. W. E. (VIII.).

## Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

WE regret very much to report the death of two of our oldest members, Alexander Hamilton, Deganwy, North Wales (1853-1859), also Adam Hunter, Ravenswood, Broughty Ferry (1868-1873).

During the past few months the first meetings of the Dundee High School Old Boys' Club Literary Society have been held. The Society has been launched mainly through the efforts of our younger members, and its foundation has been approved and sponsored by the Executive Committee of the Old Boys' Club who feel that a successful Literary Society will add to the achievements and usefulness of the Club. The activities of the Society is commended to all Old Boys.

Arrangements will shortly be put in hand

for our summer programme and full details will be circulated later.

The membership now stands as follows :—

|                  |     |     |
|------------------|-----|-----|
| Ordinary Members | ... | 377 |
| Life Members     | ... | 129 |
| Honorary Member  | ... | 1   |
|                  |     | 507 |

A few subscriptions for the current year are in arrear and these should be sent as soon as possible to the Honorary Secretary, C. E. Stuart, 11 Panmure Street, Dundee.

### Important Fixture.

The Annual Cricket Match, P.P.s versus F.P.s, will take place at the Grounds on Friday evening, 18th June. It is observed that this date marks the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo and those present at the Cricket Match will no doubt witness a similar spectacle.

## Dundee High School Old Girls' Club.

THE annual re-union of the Old Girls' Club took place in Kidd's Rooms on the evening of Tuesday, 29th December.

It was with some misgivings that this date had been chosen in preference to a date in October as formerly, as it was felt that it might be too near Christmas festivities, but the large attendance at this re-union proved that the change was entirely justified, for 196 tickets were sold. The new date enabled a large number of university students to be present; these previously had been unable to attend owing to the fact that they had no holiday. In consequence of this change of date there were far more junior members present than ever before, and in the interests of the life of the Club, this is very desirable.

After many pleasant greetings had been interchanged between members, Miss Edith Luke, M.A., F.E.I.S., M.B.E., president, formerly opened the meeting.

To show the widespread interest in the

Club Miss Luke read letters from members situated as far apart as Toronto, New York, New Zealand and China. These letters were sent by the writers in response to Miss Luke's request for a message to their fellow-members of the O.G.C. It was interesting to hear of the work carried on in far fields by these "old girls," and the fervour of their messages to their friends left no doubt as to their pleasant memories of their old school days.

In her later remarks Miss Luke stressed the fact that the Club must have some aim other than mere social functions, and mentioned that the first call on members in the near future would be to do something to help forward the re-building of the school.

On the conclusion of Miss Luke's speech the whole company engaged in Military Whist. This form of entertainment seemed to please everybody, as it gave opportunities of mixing freely with each other. The arrangements worked without a hitch, and great credit is

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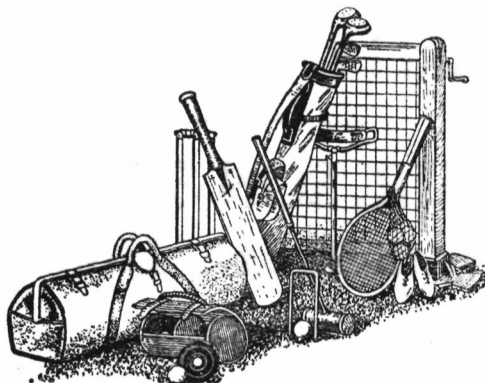
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due to the organisers for their excellent management of such a large gathering.

During an interval tea was served, and the members of committee responsible deserve hearty thanks for the excellence of the meal and of the service.

Miss Luke invited the members to talk over arrangements for next year's programme, and suggested that a "dinner" might provide a

pleasant change. Later, on a show of hands being taken, it was found that a large majority were in favour of this, and the suggestion will be brought forward at the General Meeting in March.

Whist was resumed for an hour, and then, after the presentation of prizes and the singing of the School Song, the meeting came to a close, and the re-union was over for another year.

## Reports.

### Rugby Club Report.

Only four games have been played by the First Fifteen since the Christmas recess, three of which have been lost and the other won. The remaining games were cancelled as a result of bad weather and only one game, against a Watson's College XV., remains to be played.

We have reached the end of one of the most trying seasons our First Fifteen has had for many years. Of 13 matches played only 2 have been won and 11 lost, while 106 points have been scored for and 228 against the side. Various factors have contributed to the failure of the side this season. Very few of last year's team returned to school and eligible players were lacking in experience and weight. A number of players left school during the season and accidents played a part in weakening the side still further.

Caps have been awarded to R. M. Mathers, J. L. Smith, D. R. Elder, D. B. Grant and I. S. Cowley.

The Second Fifteen has been more successful and have won 9 and lost 5 of 14 matches played, and 228 points have been scored for and 102 against them. The Third Fifteen has played few matches but has done quite well. Other school teams have engaged in matches during the season and from the enthusiasm displayed by some of the juniors there is every indication that there are good years ahead.

Unfavourable weather has prevented the completion of the senior Inter-House games, but it is to be hoped that they will be played off before the end of this term.

Finally, if the First Fifteen have not come up to expectations this season, the responsibility is not entirely theirs. They are the school's representatives in the rugby game, and all players have an equal chance of being chosen for the team. It should be the aim of every boy to take his place eventually in the ranks of the School First Fifteen. Many will realise

that ambition and they will be those who are keenest and most enthusiastic in games and practices all through their rugby training. Juniors, the future depends on you!

T. M.L.

### Hockey Club Report.

We are now drawing to the close of our hockey season. Unfortunately the weather has been very bad this term and consequently we have played but one league match. On February 6th the Tournament was held at our grounds in which Bell-Baxter, Morgan, Harris, Perth, Morrison's and D.H.S. 1st XI's took part. The final match was between Morrison's and D.H.S., when Morrison's were defeated 3-1. We thus retain the Dundee and District Schoolgirls' League Hockey Cup for the fourth time in succession. The Midland and Northern District match was to be played at Aberdeen on March 6th, but it had to be cancelled because of bad weather.

The 2nd XI. played only one match this term too. The results up to date are :-

#### 1ST ELEVEN.

|                        |                 |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| Jan. 9—Madras College, | Home 6—3.       |
| 16—Morgan Academy,     | Home—Cancelled. |
| 23—Harris Academy,     | Home—Cancelled. |
| 30—Ladies' XI.,        | Cancelled.      |
| Mar. 13—Bell-Baxter,   | Away—Cancelled. |

#### 2ND ELEVEN.

|                               |                 |
|-------------------------------|-----------------|
| Jan. 9—Madras Coll. 2nd XI.,  | Home—Cancelled. |
| 16—Morgan Acad. 2nd XI.,      | Away—Cancelled. |
| Feb. 6—Perth Acad, 2nd XI.,   | Away—Cancelled. |
| 13—Madras Coll. 2nd XI.,      | Away 5—1.       |
| 20—Seymour Lodge 1st XI.      | Away—Cancelled. |
| 27—Grove Acad. 2nd XI.,       | Home—Cancelled. |
| Mar. 13—Harris Acad. 2nd XI., | Away—Cancelled. |

We should again like to thank Miss Whytock and Miss Fernie for their never-failing enthusiasm to help the teams in any way.

J. E. P.

**Cadet Report.**

Company parades have been of their usual routine character except that some weeks have been devoted to the issue of clothing and equipment. This task has now been completed, and the weekly uniform parade will be a feature of the summer term.

The cadet dinner has been arranged for Tuesday, April 30th. The function will be held in school, and an opportunity will be taken during the evening of showing last year's camp film.

We would like, at this time, to indicate to cadets and their parents the high value we put on attendance at the annual camp. We are specially fortunate in having permission to camp on an ideal site in the Home Farm at Cortachy. The training and comradeship of camp are of lasting service in character building. From reveille to lunch-time the day is given up to training, the afternoons and evenings to recreation and sport. Every care is taken to grade the training in such a way as to ensure that there is no possibility of over-straining even the youngest cadets. The fourteen-day period of camp comes to an end too soon, but the physical and moral benefits are far more lasting.

Camp this year will be a record for numbers, efficiency, and good fellowship if all cadets will back up their officers and N.C.O.'s loyally and cheerfully.

W. L. M.

**Guide Report.**

Once more we are finishing a most interesting term at Guides. On January 30th the B.B.C. held a Youth Conference at Edinburgh to which P.L. Jean Mathers and a Harris Academy Guide went to represent the Association for Dundee. We are knitting small pullovers which we are to give to the Royal Infirmary. On February 26th, Mrs. Bain visited us. Each patrol then demonstrated a part of Second Class

work. Each week the Guiders have always some new dance or game for us which makes the meetings very bright and interesting. There is keen competition between the patrols, but as we have not completed the term, we do not yet know which patrol has won the shield.

We take this opportunity of thanking our Guiders for taking so much time to make our meetings so interesting and original.

J. E. P.

**Girls' Literary Society.**

Since the Christmas holidays, the Society has had a full programme. Our first meeting was the Musical Evening, when we had a merry time dancing, singing and acting charades.

During this term, we have been entertained by both Class VI. and Class VIII., who showed talent and originality in their varied programme.

A new form of entertainment was introduced when the Society held a "Mock Trial." This proved to be remarkably interesting, and is likely to be repeated in future years.

The principal event of the term, however, was the Staff Night, when more than a hundred pupils gathered in the Girls' Hall to be entertained by lady members of the Staff. We are extremely grateful to all those who helped to make this evening a really outstanding success, and we hope they will continue to take such a keen interest in the Society.

Our next meeting will be to hear the President's Address, and this will conclude our syllabus for the year. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Coupar, our President, and Miss Fernie, our Vice-President, for their unfailing interest in the Society during the Session. It is largely due to their enthusiasm and zeal that we have had such a successful year.

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



