

# THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 69

JUNE 1937

FOURPENCE

61-69

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# The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

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No. 69.]

JUNE, 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.

AND so, brethren of the pen, the ball, the courts, and all ye who have forsworn these halls, another session passes with the summer. Time slips by unnoticed and it hardly seems to be years since some of us nervously approached the grey stone pillars. For some, however, school is past, and to these the School extends her warmest wishes for future success and happiness and casts upon the wanderers the mantle of her memory. May you ever hear it—"Floreas Schola noblis, Aeternum sis mansura."

\* \* \* \*

Although we had hopes of something more substantial, we can but report that, materially, the School is, as it has been: our reconstructions are no nearer unless we are to take as an omen that innovation—"fire-drill"—which has of recent days loomed over us. We have need, we fear, of a Carnegie whose name, were he to come forward, would be ever revered among posterity.

But not only is our school itself to change; those who have been for many years as familiar to the pupils as the very pillars themselves—they also are to pass on. Mr. Meiklejohn and Mr. Mackenzie are to leave us in the early months of our next session, and although this is rather the duty of another, we cannot with honour refrain from giving to these men and teachers a respect, a thanksgiving, an unspoken but heartfelt reward for long and faithful service. . . .

\* \* \* \*

And now to affairs of School: in sports and games our summer term has been throughout successful and enjoyable. For the details of our cricket elevens, tennis and golf teams we refer you to the specific reports of these clubs noted elsewhere in these pages, and to the Medallist Group where prizewinners and other "notables" are depicted in, we hope, natural appearances.

The Annual Sports took place on June 5th, the weather, luckily, remaining fair. The full programme of events was carried out and although no records were made, competition was keen and sportsmanlike. The same tendencies were evident at the Swimming Galas

which were held later. G. Millar, we note, won the Senior Sports Championship, while G. Main gained both the Junior Sports and Junior Swimming Championships—a new achievement, we think.

In outside competitions we must congratulate Joan Scott and Ian P. Bruce who won the Midlands Tennis Championships in their respective classes.

The School Cadet Corps was in this year of the Coronation of His Majesty the King, doubly honoured. One representative of the cadets was accorded the privilege of accompanying the Scottish Cadets Contingent to London to view the Coronation procession and pageantry. To our Commanding Officer, Captain Marshall, fell the honour of commanding this contingent, consisting of some twenty cadets from various Scottish units. On reaching London, Capt. Marshall was further nominated second-in-command of all cadet detachments present on the occasion.

The corps, again consisting of some 140 cadets and non-commissioned officers, has performed a year's course of training and, at the end of the month, proceeded to the annual camp at Cortachy to complete training. For some reason the numbers of cadets attending camp, are somewhat low—which is hardly to be understood, considering the fun those who do not go, miss. We trust this will not be repeated.

Scholastically, the pupils of the School have, in the Leaving Certificate Examinations, and in the Universities Bursaries examinations, had considerable success. Thirty group certificates of the Scottish Education Department were this year gained—an advance of two on last year. Congratulations, Class IX.!

In the University College Bursary competitions, J. Keir gained 6th place, and others of the School pupils gained places of note. In the corresponding examinations at St. Andrews, J. Keir was awarded a Patrick Hamilton Residential Scholarship of £100 per annum.

\* \* \* \*

At Edinburgh, W. G. Pottinger (3rd year),

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gained a Paterson Bursary in Anglo-Saxon and Germanic Philology, being first in A.S. and second in Literature. John I. D. Pottinger has gained the 2nd Bursary to Edinburgh Art College. At St. Andrews, John M. Fearn has taken the medal in 1st year Economics and also an O.T.C. award; Henry Jackson—Lowe Prizes in Greek; Basil Wilson (U.C.D.)—1st equal, 1st year, Final B.Sc., Chemistry; William Bell—Medal, 2nd year, Final B.Sc., Chemistry; Phyllis M. Grant, Eunice J. Heath and Conrad Latto have passed their final M.B., Ch.B.; also James T. Baxter, Medal (General Chemistry); Doreen Tulloch, Medal (General Chemistry).

\* \* \* \*

And so to the exhibitions—needlework, gymnastics and woodwork, to the final prize-giving and then to camp, to the hills or the sea-side. A good holiday and good-bye.

\* \* \* \*

Congratulations also to George C. Stalker on graduating B.A. (Hons.) in Mathematics Tripos (Cambridge).

\* \* \* \*

We note with pleasure also that an F.P., Miss Janey McBurney, now resident at Belfast, has been honoured in having four children's stories accepted by Her Majesty, the Queen on behalf of Princess Margaret Rose.



### Dream of Youth.

Oh! I wish that I could be,  
Down by the riverside  
To build a harbour of river mud,  
Washed up by the noon-day tide.

My ships from good oak-wood I'd make,  
To fill my harbour grand,  
And ply them over the boundless waves  
To many a distant land.

My cargo would be some beech twigs  
Or anything I found,  
And to my many ports of call  
I'd take them, safe and sound.

My crew of strong tin-soldiers  
Would man my stout oak craft,  
Each boat would have its captain  
With one man fore and aft.

\* \* \* \*

And when I'd tired of playing,  
I'd read of pirates bold.  
What ecstasy there is in youth!  
Oh! why must one grow old?



### Gloom.

EVERYTHING that day was grey and dismal. The sky was low and oppressive, with great dark clouds moving sullenly across it. The boat had lost its easy rhythm and no longer chugged on like a contented child at play but jerked forward moodily while its paddles wrestled with the unruly waters, creaking complainingly and churning up foam in anger at the passengers.

We drew nearer the shore. The grey cliffs scowled at us, as if resenting our presence. The grey-stone houses frowned at us in moody silence. The grey waves beat dolefully on the relentless rocks. Only the feathered songsters were happy and tuneful, but to me their songs were mocking. My surroundings could not cast me into this sea of gloom or make me resent the cheery song of the birds. For I was going to the Twentieth Century Inquisition Court, the dentist's chair while the birds sang blithely and care-free, *for birds have no teeth.*

BARBARA MACKIE (Class VII.).

## Mr Mackenzie.

**E**VEN the youngest of us will admit that the greatness of a school is based largely on the quality of its pupils, its history, its buildings and equipment and its teachers. The contribution, made by each of these to the character and success of a school, varies without doubt from time to time. No one, however, will deny the importance of teachers in the life of a school.

After valuable teaching experience in Elgin, Stirling and Perth, Mr Mackenzie, known and beloved by many generations of boys and girls at the High School, has played a leading rôle on the centre of the stage in the activities of the school since the beginning of the century. His life for 37 years has been inextricably and permanently woven in the history of the High School. For two years as assistant master he taught mathematics, the subject in which he had won many distinctions. He then became Master in the Commercial Department, which has grown under his fostering care and has sent many pupils far and wide into the business world, where their countless successes testify to Mr. Mackenzie's inspired teaching. The lively vigour, the wit, the manliness, the health of mind and body, gifts bestowed on him by his race, upbringing and education, have moulded the lives of all his pupils.

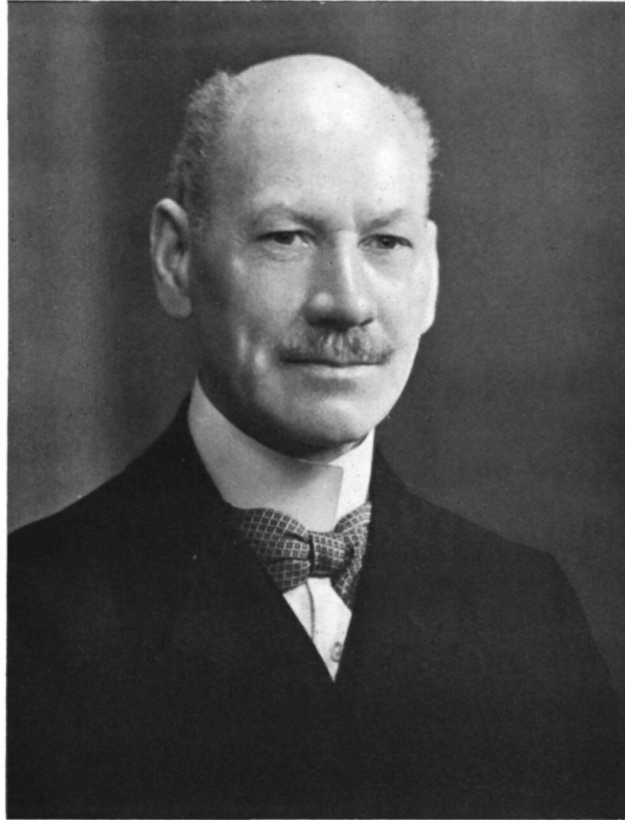
Mr. Mackenzie is a native of Bonar-Bridge, Sutherlandshire. Several times every year, Antaeus-like, he touches his "mother-earth" and brings back into our midst the mirth, the humour, the liveliness of the Celt. He attracts to himself the youth of the school. Who among us, in thinking of him, does not see him attended by joyous bands of boys and girls? He is someone they can understand. His commanding stature, his smiling face, his hearty laughter and his originality of outlook fascinate them. "Here," they seem to say, "is a real person, whom we perfectly comprehend, from whom we can learn the secret of the happy life."

Mr. Mackenzie's vitality is shown by his many pursuits. At school in Bonar-Bridge and at the Royal Academy, Tain, and during his course at the university, he played shinty, rugby and association football, and served from boyhood for many years as a volunteer in the 5th Seaforth Highlanders. He was one of the pioneers in Dundee in the promotion of hockey, as a game for girls. Thirty-five years ago he instituted the Ladies' Central Hockey League and acted as its secretary; he was also coach and referee to the High School Girls' Hockey Club during the first six years of its existence (1900-1906). He has been Vice-President of the Former Pupils' (Women) Hockey Club, and has always been a representative of the present pupils on the management and grounds committee associated with the athletics of the school. But these activities, chosen from a multitude, far-reaching as they are, do not exhaust Mr. Mackenzie's versatility and prowess as an athlete. He has also won distinction many times on the skating-rink, the shooting-range and the golf-links. His interest in so many kinds of outdoor sports is a proof of his superabundant vitality, which has for so many years been expended most generously in the service of the Commercial Department of the school.

Modern buildings and equipment have their place in the maintenance of a school; but good pupils and good teachers are essential. Therefore, in the years to come may the school from time to time—it cannot expect so great a boon always—receive for its many past and present merits such a teacher as Mr. Mackenzie has proved himself to be. If it does, it is certain to win as great success as in the past.

So we bid Mr. Mackenzie good-bye. He is soon to finish his life's work in teaching; but we are happy to know that he is to continue to reside in Dundee. Therefore our prayer is that for many years we may see Mr. Mackenzie's stalwart form in our midst.

J. S. S.



*[Photo. by Watt & Sons.]*

**ROBERT MACKENZIE, Esq., M.A.**

**Dundee High School  
Magazine.**

## Hector Boece.

BY W. DOUGLAS SIMPSON, M.A., D.LITT., Librarian of the University of Aberdeen.

**H**ECTOR BOIS or Boys (latinised Boethius, retranslated Boece) was born at Dundee in or about the year 1465. He belonged to the family of Bois or Boyis of Panbride in Angus, which had been settled there since the days of Hugh Boyis, whose father was killed at the battle of Dupplin in 1332. This Hugh is said by our Hector to have been his great-grandfather. In the fifteenth century a considerable number of individuals of the name occur as tenants of Arbroath Abbey. Several entries in the Register of the Great Seal, between the years 1481 and 1487, record the name of Alexander Boyis, burgess of Dundee, and it is very likely that he was Hector's father. Other members of the family are on record, both at this time and later.

Young Hector, as he tells us himself, began his education at Dundee Grammar School. Because of the elaborate description which in his *Lives of the Bishops of Aberdeen* he has given us of St. Andrews University, it has been conjectured that he may have studied there, but, if so, he has left no traces of his presence in the University's records. Like many another Scotsman of his time, to complete his education he betook himself to the University of Paris, entering Montaigu College, where he took his degree of M.A. From 1492 to 1498 he was a Regent at Montaigu. Among his contemporaries there was Erasmus, whom he describes as "the splendour and ornament of our age," and with whom, when long afterwards Boece had settled in Aberdeen, he remained in friendly correspondence. In 1498 Boece was called by Bishop Elphinstone to the post of first Principal of his new foundation, the College of St. Mary in the Nativity within the University of Aberdeen, otherwise known as King's College, at a yearly salary of 40 merks. As Principal, Boece displayed much energy, and succeeded in gathering round himself a distinguished band of scholars, notably his fellow-townsmen William Hay, with whom he had studied in school at Dundee, and later at Paris, and who now became Sub-Principal at King's; Alexander Hay, afterwards Rector, and James Ogilvie, Civilist; Boece's own brother Arthur, who also taught civil law and afterwards

became one of the first Senators of the College of Justice; Alexander Galloway, Canonist; John Vaus, our first Humanist; Henry Spittal, Professor of Philosophy; John Adam, Professor of Theology; and James Cumyne and Robert Gray, who as Mediciners successively presided over the first academic school of medicine in Great Britain. Boece's own special study was the history of his native land, and he has left us two important works, the *Aberdonensium Episcoporum Vitae*, published at Paris by Ascensius in 1522; and the *Scotorum Historiae*, published at Boece's own expense by the same firm in 1527. The *Lives of the Bishops* is an important authority for the history of the See of Aberdeen, and our principal source of information about Bishop Elphinstone. The *History of the Scots* was the first attempt to set forth a formal full-length history of Scotland, addressed to a European audience. In style and method of treatment it is modelled largely on Livy, and like Livy Boece accepted all the current legends about the origins of the Scottish people and worked them into a picturesque, flowing narrative without undue regard either for authenticity or consistency. For the later medieval period the work is a trustworthy and valuable authority. It is interesting to remember that Boece's *History*, Englished by Holinshed, supplied Shakespeare with the materials for *Macbeth*. In acknowledgment of his literary labours Boece in 1526 received a royal pension of £50 Scots yearly (afterwards doubled), and next year he was made a Doctor of the University. The Town Council of Aberdeen on September 5, 1528, agreed to present him with a tun of wine, "gif he will bid quhill new wynniss cum hayme" or alternatively £20 Scots "to help to by him bonatis, quhilk of thame he thinkis maist expedient, at his awin plesour." In addition to holding the post of Principal of the University, Boece was also a Canon of the Cathedral, Rector of Tyrie, Vicar of Tullynessle, and Chaplain of the Altar of St. Ninian in the Town's Kirk of Aberdeen. The last recorded event in his life is his acting, along with his brother Arthur, as ward in connection with the marriage of Isabella Boyis, probably a daughter of Arthur, and the son of John

Brabaner, burgess of Aberdeen, on January 18, 1535-6. Robert Gordon of Straloch tells us that his death took place at Aberdeen, and it must have been before November 22, 1536, on which date a presentation was issued by King James V., in favour of Master John Garden, conveying to him the rectory of Tyrie, vacant by the death of Master Hector Boiss. He was buried in King's College Chapel, where his tomb, long since stripped of its brass, and thus nameless and unregarded by worshippers and visitors, remains on the south side of that of Bishop Elphinstone. His arms, a saltire and chief, with the date of his death, are on a buttress of the chapel.

In addition to his multifarious functions as Principal of the University, Boece had important responsibilities as a canon and prebendary of the Cathedral, and also as Rector of Tyrie and Vicar of Tullynessle. Clearly he must have been a man of orderly habits and exceptional industry, otherwise he could not have successfully discharged these onerous duties, besides writing and seeing through the press two considerable pieces of historical research, and engaging in various other literary or administrative diversions. That he never lost touch with his native town is shown by the fact that on January 17, 1522, we find him briefed as "fore-speaker" or counsel for the defence in an action of recognition before the Dundee Bailies against Andro Fary, a tenant in the Seagait. It is interesting to note that, even at this late date and before the Dundee Bailies who were probably no scholars, Boece submitted his defence "in a bill be his hand writ in latyn." Perhaps it was because of this that he lost his case.

Another of his activities appears to have been road making. In the Old Statistical Account of the Parish of Arbirlot, published in 1792, there is curious reference to a road traditionally said to have been made by Hector Boece, and known at that time as *Heckenbois Path*. It crosses Kelly Moor, near the Den of Guynd, six or eight miles west-south-west of Arbroath. The path is duly marked on the six-inch Ordnance Survey. I don't know what to make of this strange ascription, which does not seem to have been investigated by any authority.

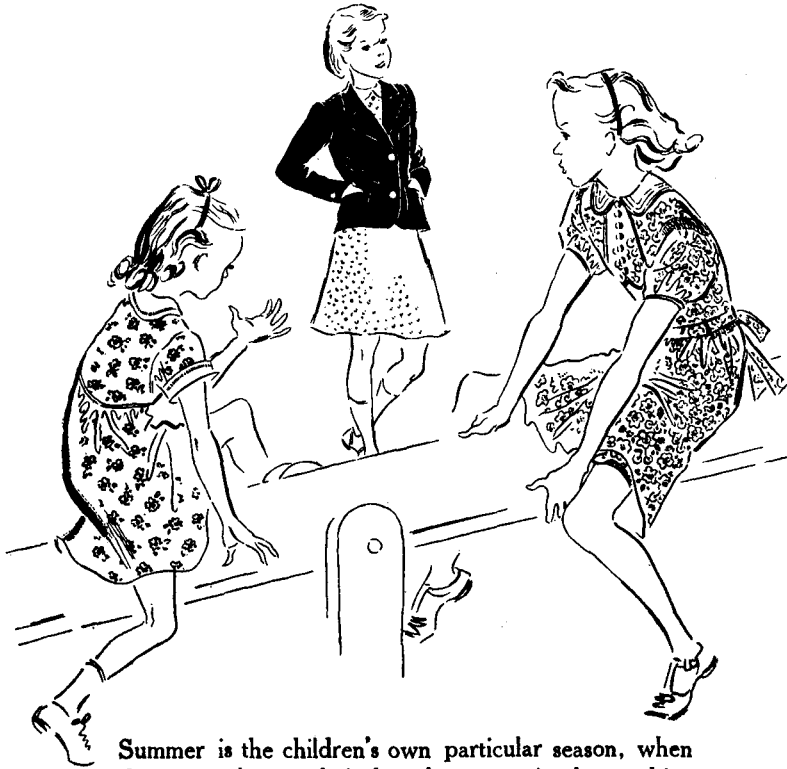
Besides all his other accomplishments, our versatile first Principal was also something of a physician. During the December of 1535

Thomas Crystall, Abbot of Kinloss, while staying at his tower of Strathisla, was seized with dropsy, and Hector Boece, *vir percelebris*, was called in professionally. The record of his treatment of the case may interest our medical faculty to-day. He at once pronounced the patient to be past hope of cure, but to relieve the ventral congestion he prescribed an enema and suppositories. On that same night, December 30, 1535, the patient died.

A man is known by the friends he keeps, and nothing does Hector Boece greater honour than the high regard in which he was held by Erasmus, and the affectionate terms upon which the two remained long after they were divided by a waste of seas. It was to Boece that, in a learned and polished epistle, he dedicated his *Carmen de Casa Natalitia Jesu*, written in 1495. The only extant holograph letter of our first Principal is one to Erasmus, dated Aberdeen, May 26, 1528, in which he describes a visit which a young Danish book-binder had paid to Aberdeen on business. Boece tells Erasmus how the Danish traveller had been surprised and delighted to find the divinity students at Aberdeen using Erasmus's *Paraphrase of Christ's Gospel* as a text-book, and how it had interested him to learn that the reason for this was that Boece himself had been a fellow-student of Erasmus, thirty-two years before, at Montaigu College. The letter, which is written in most elegant Latin, is couched in the terms of florid courtesy used in the cultured correspondence of the age. "Farewell," so concludes Boece, "and recognise Aberdeen University as your own, dedicated as it is to the study of the works published by you more than those of all other mortals." This letter is in the Stadtbibliothek at Breslau.

Of Boece the man we are able to form a fair judgment from what he has revealed about himself in his own writings. We see a man loving and loved by his colleagues, devoted to the infant University over which he had been called to preside—a man who, at the same time, was in no way narrowly circumscribed by an academic routine, but who played his part in the transactions of his day and who amid all the burden of affairs found time to cultivate intellectual interests that were at once wide and many-sided. The impression which he made upon his contemporaries was uniformly favourable. Erasmus speaks of his remarkable powers and adds that "he knew

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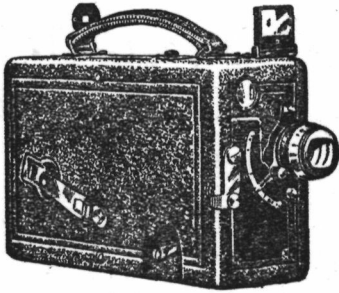
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not what it was to tell a lie." Ferrerius refers to his learning and elegance in terms of the highest praise, and describes King's College, under his vigorous management, as the most renowned of the three Scottish Universities. Alexander Lyon, Chantor of Moray, in his preface to the 1574 edition of Boece's *History*, also awards him unstinted praise. George Buchanan, censorious enough in most of his judgments, refers to Boece's profound learning in the liberal arts, beyond what was usual of

the time, and pays special tribute to his culture and his singular courtesy. This consensus of opinions is impressive, and it is borne out by all we know otherwise about the man. Both for what he did and for what he was, our first Principal must be accounted a considerable figure of his time, and we do right, looking back across the perspective of the four completed centuries which this year divide him from us, to remember both the man and his work with reverence and with gratitude.

## Coronation Procession—Random Reflections.

SO much has been written and broadcast about the coronation, and the cinema has shown so much of its pageantry that further description seems unnecessary. But as the cadet officer who had the honour of conducting the official Scottish cadet contingent to London to see the procession, I welcome this opportunity to make a few scattered observations on our experiences and reactions.

After an uneventful journey from Glasgow we arrived in London on May 11th—London "en fête," London with its ever-changing face that somehow remains the same, London with its streets transformed by banners and lights, and its dingy stone covered by decorations and flowers—and a London without buses! And so to barracks in Hampstead where the boys were fed and housed for the night.

On May 12th came an early reveille, a hasty but very adequate breakfast and the issue of N.A.A.F.I. rations for lunch, a tube train to the point of assembly at the barriers, a march via the private grounds of Buckingham Palace to the site reserved for us at the bottom of Constitution Hill. Eight-thirty a.m. and the scene is set; the route is lined by the scarlet of the Grenadier Guards opposite the palace and the light blue of the Air Force along the length of the Hill: behind that thin barrier on both sides of the road many thousands of spectators from all sections of the community. Here are scouts from all parts of our wide-flung Empire, war-wounded hospital veterans singing their old marching songs, representatives of the services, the professions, and the youth organisations; over all flutter the brave banners of the decorations, and

immediately in front of us is the Royal Standard flying over the only undecorated building within miles.

The orderliness and good humour of this vast assembly was most striking. Two policemen were sufficient to control the gate of St. James' Park and to regulate the passage of thousands of people.

The procession to the Abbey was a colourful and unique spectacle—men of all types, races and creeds having only in common their superb horsemanship, magnificent physique, and single loyalty. How incongruous it seemed when a platoon of generals passed in column of eights, and admirals appeared on horseback instead of their own familiar quarter-decks. K Battery of the R.H.A. drew a burst of admiration from the crowds for their spotless guns, and the "mounties," youthful and grim with their rifles at the hip, won great applause.

After the mounted units, the infantry passed on their way to join the returning procession. The magnitude of the Empire could not have been more vividly shown. India alone sent types that might have come from different hemispheres. Long, lean, hawk-nosed Pathans, clean-shaven and bronzed, were followed by Sikhs with oiled and curled beards, with proud eyes and set faces. Then the smaller and colourful Ghurkas with their lithe marching action. The far East sent Mongolian types in heel-less sandals and vividly coloured uniforms, Africa sent native soldiers of all shades of brown and a magnificent body of white troops. One glimpse at the Australians was sufficient to make the miracles they performed in Gallipoli seem almost like reasonable fighting. A thou-

sand impressions in little more than as many seconds!

The troops were halted in Constitution Hill during the half-hour of the actual crowning ceremony at the Abbey, which was broadcast on loudspeakers. The most impressive part of the ceremony to those who listened was the instant response of the masses lining the route and the troops halted there to the National Anthem. In marked contrast, at the thunder of the first round of the royal salute the beautifully aligned ranks of the cavalry became a seething mass of restive horses.

What can be written of the pomp and circumstance of the complete procession from the Abbey? Able pens have described it and permanent records have been taken of it. The pageant of might and majesty, dignity and power, will live in the memory of all who saw it—that kaleidoscope of colour, only to be mentally sorted out in retrospect and cul-

minating in the gold coach containing those whom we are proud to acknowledge as our sovereigns.

The cadet contingent were permitted to join the end of the procession and march off past the palace and up Birdcage Walk to the barriers. For the final half-hour rain fell heavily, but it was powerless to dim the enthusiasm or mar the pleasure of that great multitude.

On Coronation evening London celebrated. The city was thronged with people of all nations, undeterred by the rain from expressing their joy at the crowning of another king and queen with age-long custom and splendour.

The journey back to Glasgow on May 13th passed very quickly for there was so much to remember and so much to talk about. Truly an event in the lives of all who were privileged to share in it.  
W.L.M.

## What The Stars Foretell.

(By ASTROLABUS.)

ONE of the most pleasing features of the Sunday and daily Newspapers is the increasing attention which is being paid to the casting of horoscopes and to the most ancient, and hitherto neglected, science of Astrology. It was considered expedient, therefore, to secure the services of an Adept who, for a small fee, agreed to indicate the future and read the signs for Dundee High School for the following academic year.

Astrolabus, for such is his name, claims to possess the science complete of Hermes Tresmegistos, the Great Arcanum of the Philosopher's Stone, and the Key to Solomon's Wisdom (sometimes vulgarly called "The Cabala"). Astrolabus has recently achieved fame by his extension of the Science of Astrology in which he bases his computations on eight planets and not on the medieval and erroneous assumption of seven planets. (Pluto is the eighth planet recently discovered.—ED.)

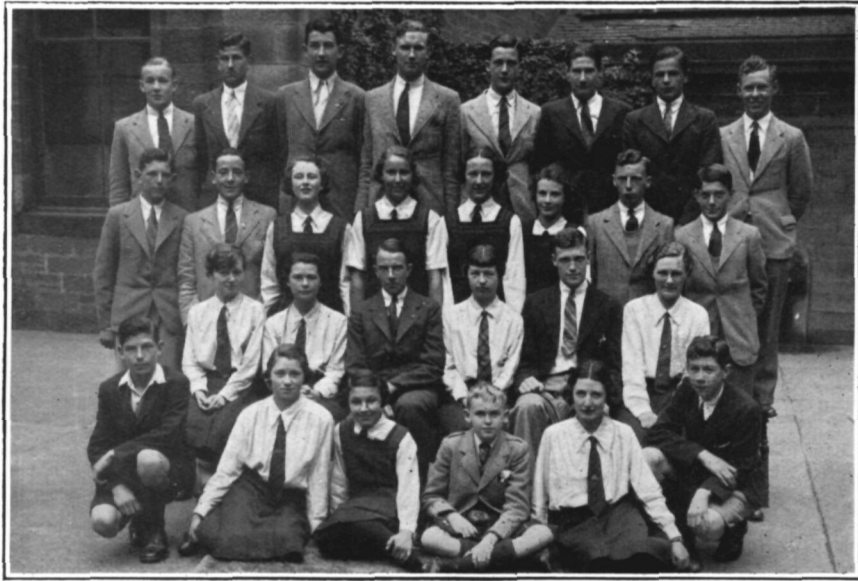
When Astrolabus called at the office a fortnight ago, it is to be regretted that the Editor, unaware of the vast learning and philosophy of his visitor, jocularly asked him which horse

would win the Derby. Ignoring the flippancy of such a question, Astrolabus replied that he could predict with certainty the order of the horses when they were ten yards from the winning post, but that, unfortunately, he had neither discovered a bookmaker who would stand beside him to receive odds at such a point in the race, nor, indeed, had he found, as yet, a method of predicting the result of a race at greater distances from the winning post.

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DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

I have met people in all the civilised countries of the world and even in America who scoff at my studies and assert that they are founded on superstition and ignorance. These narrow-minded bigots, educated though they be in some respects, seem incapable of realising that Astrology is the oldest of all the Sciences, and for that alone is entitled to some respect. It was first seriously studied by the Babylonians, and the science of fore-telling the future attained a high standard of excellence among the ancient Egyptians, many of whose secrets are now unfortunately lost.



[Photo. by D. & W. Prophet.

- Back Row*—G. Millar (Airlie Cup—Champion Athlete). J. W. Ross (Pirie Cup—Golf). I. Troup—  
 (Urquhart Cup—Champion Shot). J. Lawson (McEwan Prize—Cricket). R. Kinmond  
 (Harold Martin Cup—Champion Athlete of Middle School). D. McCorquodale (Loveridge Cup—  
 Mile Race). D. Elder (McEwan Prize—Cricket) I. Kidd (Dux, 7th Class Boys—  
 Jane Spiller Prize.)
- Second Row*—A. F. Muir (Boase Medal—Golf). John Muirhead (Championship Trophy—Swimming).  
 O. Imrie (Leng Silver Medal—Singing). Joan Scott (Tennis Championship Cup).  
 Vivien G. B. Cameron (Championship Cup—Swimming). R. McLay (Dux, 4th Class Girls—  
 John MacIennan Prize, and Junior Championship Cup—Swimming). I. Bruce  
 (Tennis Championship). R. F. Hunter (Polack Gold Medal—Gym., 6th Class Prize).
- Third Row*—A. M. Stewart (Dott Memorial Medal—Art). S. Robertson (Dux equal—Science).  
 J. Keir (School Dux—Boys, and Dux—Science, English—and Patrick Hamilton Residential  
 Scholarship, St. Andrew's University). A. Martin (School Dux, Girls, and Dux—French,  
 Latin, German). J. Martin (Dux—Maths.). A. K. Conn (Dux—Needlework).
- In Front*—G. A. Main (Aystree Cup—Junior Champion Athlete, and Junior Championship Cup—Swimming).  
 M. P. Yule (Dux—Commerce, and Caird Prize—Phonography). F. L. Thoms  
 (Dux, 7th Class Girls—Jane Spiller Prize). J. Gray (Dux, 4th Class Boys—  
 Walter Polack Memorial Prize). M. S. Purvis (Dux—Gym., Girls). R. Pride (Oakley Cup  
 Best Shot, 1st year). *Absent*—J. L. Smith (Ballingall Gold Medal—Dux, Gym.).

Moses, of whom you read in the Old Testament, through his connection with the royal court of Egypt, was allowed to penetrate to the highest circles of Egyptian Magic, and when he led the Jews from Egypt he carried with him many of their greatest and most jealously guarded secrets. It was by means of these, indeed, that he was able to protect the unarmed Jewish mob from the pursuit of Egyptian soldiers and charioteers. The tradition of Egyptian Astrology was maintained in the Jewish nation and culminated in the Wisdom of Solomon of whose secrets I am now the sole possessor in the entire world.

Up to the end of the eighteenth century every government in Europe employed several Astrologers, who, by their art, were able to advise and guide their government as to future events. These astrologers were usually eminent mathematicians or doctors. Sir Isaac Newton, for example, spent as much time in horoscopes, Astrology, and interpreting the revelations of the prophet Daniel as he did on his famous Calculus. Which person, I ask, who, being only acquainted with his Calculus can afford to ridicule his Astrology when he has not even troubled to read it?

Queen Elizabeth always consulted her Astrologist and Palmist, Dr. John Dee, on all important affairs of State and thus she was able so successfully to guide the destiny of England through those troublous years. Again, the great English Astrologer, William Lilly, predicted the Fire of London fifteen years before it took place, and when that raging tornado of fire swept over London as he had foretold, he was called before the House of Commons to be cross-examined, because it was earnestly believed by some that he had caused the fire as he had shown so much foreknowledge of it.

Queen Anne had so much faith in her Astrologer, the famous Von Galgebrok, that she asked him to predict her death. He did so with perfect accuracy three years before her decease which took place on the 1st August, 1714.

These instances are probably well known to you through your reading of history, and if you are interested I have no doubt that your history master could give a few more just as astonishing. I must say in parenthesis that I

am extremely gratified at being allowed to address such a learned and broad-minded circle of readers.

The more scientific minded among you may not be able to realise clearly how the stars affect human destiny. I shall state the case as simply as possible. As every schoolboy knows, the moon has odd and sometimes disturbing effects on some people. This has been known from the earliest times, and in fact, the word "lunacy" is derived from the Latin "luna" (meaning the moon) and, therefore, lunacy is a state of the mind for which the moon is the cause. Just as the moon affects the seas and causes great tides, so it affects some subtle essence in the mind of every human being. Some people are more sensitive to it than others, and I, for example, find myself strangely exuberant when the moon is full.

Now it is quite obvious that if the moon can produce such effects in our lives, then the planets and the stars which are many, many times larger than the moon, must exert even greater and more profound influences on our destiny.

You are by now beginning to realise the importance of Astrology as a Science, and perhaps you will agree with me in my earnest hope that Astrology should find a place in the curriculum of every school. How much more advantageous is it to read the Future and take counsel therefrom, than to study the Past which no man can alter or amend!! Indeed, by a knowledge of Astrology you could foretell the marks you could make in any examination, and would therefore be better able to decide which subjects you should study and which you should avoid.

To illustrate the accuracy of my Science I shall prognosticate for the benefit of Dundee High School the events for the coming year. 1937 (from the 21st May to the 20th June).—

This period is under the Zodiacal Sign of Gemini, which means "The Twins." It is ruled by the planet Mars in its positive aspect. Unfortunately, the star which governs the destiny of the High School in the region of Ursa Major will transit from the Sign of Gemini, and will enter the Sign of Scorpio in November.

This means that the school will lose the services of two masters (related by their teach-

ing in some respects) who by some curious coincidence have the adjective "big" or "muckle" associated with them. (This comes from their position in Ursa Major which means "The Big Bear.") Unfortunately, as the star is entering the Sign of Scorpio (The Scorpion) I cannot hold out much hope for the placidity of the new masters. It will be noted that Mars is in its positive aspect. This means renewed martial activity of some sort towards the end of June.

1937 (July, August).—During this period I understand that you will be on holiday. I shall give the weather forecast for those months: Rain with occasional sunny periods, cloudy at times, thunder locally, with hail or fog in more distant parts.

1937 (21st November to the 20th December).—The star enters the Zodiacal Sign of Sagittarius which means "The Archer." This means that certain pupils will, perhaps

contrary to their own inclinations, be spurred on to greater efforts.

1938 (21st January to the 21st March).—The star now enters the Zodiacal Sign of Pisces which means "The Fish." The constellation of the Plough is on the ascendant. From the end of March the star steadily approaches the Sign of Libra which means "The Balance."

The fish is an evil omen. It will not affect, however, those of the older pupils who have studied diligently to the beginning of March, but will have an adverse effect on those who have wasted their time. The constellation of the Plough will affect them to their own pain and disadvantage. The Sign of Libra indicates that they will not have to wait long to hear the results of their labours, and a few will be weighed in the balance and found wanting. "ASTROLABUS."

## My Adventure.

I AM a caravan and my colour is a cheery orange. One day I found myself in a large field with a lot of other caravans. A notice hanging out of my window read, "Roomy caravan for sale; fitted up; horse also supplied—apply within."

One day a gruff-looking man came to look at me. After being told my price, he pulled several paper notes out of his pocket and said, "O.K., I want a good horse, too; take this extra pound and keep your mouth shut."

A good horse was soon harnessed to me. Black John, as I nicknamed him, got up on my driving seat and drove away.

We came to a wood where we stopped when we got to about the middle. Black John went inside me and, taking some clothes which he had stowed away there, he began to dress up as a tinker.

When Black John was ready he jumped out and hid behind a bush. "I wonder what he is going to do?" I said to Merry Boy, the horse.

"I don't know; I don't like him."

"Nor I. Sh! I hear some one coming."

A little girl very grandly dressed, came along the path accompanied by a nurse. Just as she drew level with the man, he sprang out and, seizing her quickly, made a leap for me, but I was not going to let him get away so easily.

"Take a pace forward," I whispered to Merry Boy, who obediently did so, and to my joy I saw the nasty man miss me and fall into a pool of water.

The nurse's screams had been heard by several of the child's guards, who seeing the man floundering in the pool of water, quickly seized him.

There is little more to tell except that the little Princess Coral rewarded Merry Boy and me by having him as her own horse and me as her own summer house, where she likes to sleep in the summer time.

And to this day, the old-fashioned brightly-coloured caravan may be seen in Coral's garden where her happy voice rings out merrily.

G. WILSON (Class IV.).

# The Homicide Club or Briggleswipe Redivivus.

## EPISODE I.

FEW will forget the eventful day when the Prime Minister's morning bath contained vitriol instead of water: when the Balonian Ambassador drank nitric acid in mistake for champagne: and when the Minister for Public Health was blown up while investigating a leakage of gas in the House of Commons.

These catastrophes could not be the work of mere chance. (Our tame mathematician informs us that the odds against such a coincidence are about  $375,432\frac{1}{2}$  to 1.) So the world's williest criminologist was called from his retirement to inflict himself once more on his long-suffering public. We refer, of course, to Ebenezer Briggleswipe, the whirlwind sleuth.

The celebrated slop acted with characteristic swiftness. Dr. Alexis Wardlov von Phenolphthalein, Poland's greatest chemist, was commissioned to trace the source of the vitriol.

How could the Balonian Ambassador mistake nitric acid for champagne? That was Briggleswipe's greatest problem. Don't stop to think it out. Read on.

From the remnants of the Minister of Public Health, only one deduction could be made. On viewing the remains, carefully packed into a matchbox, Ebenezer made it.

"This man is dead!" he said.

Briggleswipe was on the scent!!

## EPISODE II.

Lightning blazed vividly against the stark silhouette of Snooperley Manor. The rumble of thunder effectually drowned the noise of Eb.'s progress up a rainwater pipe. At last, raising his head above the sill of a third-floor window, he stopped . . . and he looked . . . and he listened . . . What did he see?

Nothing.

The curtains were drawn.

A lesser man might have snarled, "—! Foiled again!!" Not so Ebenezer. Drawing an assortment of tools from the heel of his shoe, he removed the entire frame of the window and stepped inside. Standing behind

the heavy curtains he peered cautiously through a chink.

Round a long table a group of men was/were seated (which?—ED. Ha! Ha!—AUTH.). A gentleman in Dundreary whiskers held the floor.

" . . . when I had been his gentleman's personal gentleman for six months, I judged the time was ripe. So I took the liberty of filling his bath with vitriol."

"And the proof?" asked another.

"Here," said the murderer, producing a bottle, "is some of the acid, containing the Prime Minister in solution."

A murmur of applause went round, then the next speaker arose.

"It came to my knowledge," he said, "that the Balonian Ambassador has—or had—a false palate, which severely impaired his sense of taste. Knowing this, the rest was easy. Disguised as a waiter, I went one night to his favourite night-club. He ordered a magnum of *Veuve Twankey '07*. I brought him a magnum of  $\text{HNO}_3$ . *C'est tout. Voici* the proof.

He held up a small, dark object. Briggleswipe shuddered. It was the Ambassador's false palate.

"Who claims credit for the death of the Health Minister?" asked a voice.

"No one," came the reply. "I saw it all. It was an accident. He forgot to put out his pipe."

With a harsh laugh, Briggleswipe leapt from his concealment. Raising his hat, he revealed a dictaphone. In one hand he grasped a revolver, in the other a camera.

"Hold it, please," he snapped. The shutter clicked.

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Ebenezer returned to his retirement with the knowledge that he had brought off the greatest coup of his generation.

A gruesome relic of the case rests in a glass of water by his bedside.

It is the Balonian Ambassador's false palate.



CLASS IV.

“ Clive was besieged at Ascot.”

[What tip did he give ?]

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CLASS VIII.

“ The Happy Man ” (Milton).

“ He likes to associate with shepherds and shepherdesses, milkmaids and farmyard animals.”

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Miss P—k (going over translation): “ ‘ We washed our faces and hands ’—this wasn’t very well done.”

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CLASS IX.

Miss P—k: “ Would you like a German correspondent, Y—u—gs—n ? ”

Y—u—gs—n: “ How much does it cost to send a letter to Germany ? ”

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CLASS X.

Mr. M—j—hn (counting home exercises): “ One, two——”

Voice: “ Button your shoe.”

CLASS X.

Martin and Mathers hear Mr. M—i—kj—hn punishing “ just now ” offenders.

Martin: “ Grimes is at his exercise.”

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St—lk—r· (delivering camp utensils): “ Here’s my knife and bowl and spoon and fork—mug ! ”

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JUNIOR BOYS.

“ Fly-fishing is fishing for fresh fish ; bait-fishing is fishing for salt fish.”

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CORONATION INFLUENCE.

Q. “ Give one word for a person who does not eat meat.”

A. “ Non-beefeater ! ”

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“ She tossed back her golden heir.”

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“ A kingfisher is the Chief Scout.”

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Teacher (after giving examples of diminutives—root—rootlet, etc.):

Q. "Give me another example of something little ending in 'let'."

A. "Triplets."

Mr. McLaren (coming into room):  
"Where's Mr. Ma—sh—l?"

Elder: "I *could* tell you but that's not playing the game."

Have you met—

Lizzie, Uncle John, Prof., Stourrie, Bing, Cloitie, The Bug, Puggie, Dally, Einstein, Aunt Mary, Fanny, Cawnpore, Stunt, Pongo, Rabbit, Mouse, The Boss, Pringle?

As a "three," mighty tough,  
M—l—r, G.: nicknamed "Scruff."

Some find enjoyment hunting cheetahs,  
One day I'll take some guns and beatahs  
And set out gladly after "Petahs."

Whenever they meet the Spence Bros.  
Young children run back to their mos.  
This shows with doubtless certainty  
The power of the human eye.

While other swots go off their rocker  
Nothing seems to worry St—k—r.  
Others are ploughed and look forlorn  
But there's always a harvest of golden "Corn."

I long to hear that voice I'm fond o';  
Is it berceuse or is it rondeau?

That low sweet charming croon of Vau—n  
Do—.

(All drawings in folios, please!)

At last I understand why "Cork"  
Runs off from any kind of work;  
Such practice done in earnest style  
Produced that spurt that won the "mile."

### To Gray.

"The time has come," the Chemist said,  
"To talk of many things;  
Of broken flasks and dirty tubes  
And rusty retort rings,  
Of apparatus never used,  
And rubber tube that's kept in stock,  
Of glass-tubes that cannot be got,  
And platinum wire behind a lock;  
Of brand new schools and brand new labs.,  
And tons of silver nitrate,  
Reagents pure as heather dew,  
And Liebigs large and great  
Experiments for every class  
And no more 'take a little,'  
When each will do just what he will  
And no one care a tittle."  
"All this shall be, shall be," he said,  
"And many other things—  
But only when the fishes walk  
And pigs sprout downy wings."

PROF.

## Phaerifox.

ONCE upon a time there lived in the East a great Emperor, whose domain, men said, reached from the banks of the Wei Ho to the Edge of the World. He was extremely rich and powerful and a sound sleeper. But one night he had a dream and this dream upset him, so he called together all the Wise Men of his kingdom. "I dreamed," he said, "that I was floating on air betwixt heaven and earth. Above my head stretched a white cloud shielding my head from the burning sun, and so agreeable was the sensation that I closed my eyes, the better to enjoy the cool air which fanned my face. I remained thus for several moments, then, without warning, I received a violent blow against my legs and felt a stinging pain all over my body which caused me to cry out and I woke in a sweat. . . . Now tell me—what is the meaning of the dream?" The Wise Men were puzzled and pondered long upon it but they could come to no decision. At length a very fat Mandarin, from Hunan, came to the Emperor. "What," he ventured, "did Your Highness have for supper on the night of the dream?" The Imperial kitchen staff were consulted; "Swallows' nest soup and curried eels," was the reply. "Then," replied the Mandarin, "your dream is what is called a Nightmare and you should pay no heed to it."

But the Emperor was not satisfied. The more he thought about it the more it alarmed him until at last he sent forth a proclamation. The proclamation stated that whosoever could interpret the dream correctly should receive five hundred golden taels and should have his dearest wish fulfilled.

Now, on the banks of the Wei Ho there dwelt three poor Aviators, Shnyder, Esher and Ismud, who had been commissioned by the Emperor to maintain internal communications in his kingdom and to keep an eye on the bandits. But of late there had been very little activity, and the three had just managed to eke out a living on the small gratuity granted them by the Emperor, and what they could appropriate from the Flight's fuel allowance. They now possessed but one airworthy machine, and when rumours of the proclamation reached the banks of the Wei Ho they

joyfully wheeled out this veteran and set off to obtain more news concerning the five hundred taels. Now this machine was something of a personality in the Flight's equipment. One of Evil Repute, a hoodoo aircraft—a killer, reviled alike by mechanics and pilots, two pilots lay under six feet of soil in a little cemetery adjoining the landing field and another was permanently retired from flying, due to this machine's vicious temperament.

When not blowing out plugs, or cracking cylinder heads, it playfully fouled its own distributor ring or shed an oil lead. Thus it happened that as they were crossing a mountain pass the engine stopped and they were forced to descend. Ismud effected a landing at the foot of the pass, but the undercarriage was carried away by a boulder and the machine came to rest in a bush. When they climbed out, Esher surveyed the damage. "Alas!" said he, "we have not yet written it off. The undercarriage only is damaged." Presently they came upon an old woman dressed in strange garb sitting weeping. "What is the matter?" asked Ismud; "why do you weep?" "Young man," she said, "it grows cold in the mountains when the sun sets, and I have no fuel for my fire. I fear I shall perish."

Then Ismud went to the machine and gathered the wood from the undercarriage and gave it to the old woman, who blessed all three of them. "Whither are you going?" she asked, "and what is your business?" When they told her they were going to try to interpret the Emperor's dream, she shook her head. "You have a long journey before you," she said, addressing Ismud, who was acting as spokesman. "You must go to the house of the East Wind which is beyond the mountains where the sun rises. He will be able to help you." "But how shall I get there?" asked Ismud. Then she took from her robe a polished beechwood rod and told him to plant it in the ground. "Then all you have to do," she said, "is to repeat the magic words OUIJAH-KAPIVVI and a powerful Djinn will appear. Ask him his name and if he tells you you need not be afraid for he is easily handled and will take you where you wish to go." Ismud did as he had been told and planted the rod in the earth

and repeated the words OUIJAH-KAPIVVI and closed his eyes. When he opened them again the Djinn was standing before him. At first he was afraid to go near for its pointed snout twitched and it had wings and tail like an eagle and snorted and muttered to itself. "What is your name?" asked Ismud, when he had gained enough courage to go nearer. The Djinn continued snorting, but Ismud could hear it distinctly repeating "PHAERIFOX . . . PHAERIFOX . . . PHAERIFOX . . ."

He went right up to it and asked, "Will you take me to the house of the East Wind beyond the mountains where the sun rises?" By straining his ears he heard the Djinn muttering, "Get on my back . . . get on my back . . . get on my back . . ." Shnyder and Esher elected to stay behind with the aeroplane, so Ismud climbed on Phaerifox's back. The Djinn roared and quivered and swept into the air, leaving the two aviators staring after him in wonderment. Soon Phaerifox came to the house of the East Wind. "What do you want with me?" asked the East Wind, and his breath was icy. "I seek the answer to the Emperor's dream," replied Ismud. At this the East Wind grew boisterous and shook Phaerifox till Ismud's teeth rattled. "I cannot help you," he hissed. "Go to my brother, the West Wind, and ask him for the SEAT OF SAFETY, for without it you are in grave peril. The air is my kingdom and my subjects the clouds. Begone and do not enter my domain again or it will be the worse for you."

Phaerifox trembled and with a roar sped off for the home of the West Wind before Ismud could thank him. Soon they reached the home of the West Wind. "What do you want with me?" asked the West Wind. "I seek the answer to the Emperor's dream, and I have come to ask you for the SEAT OF SAFETY," replied Ismud. At this the West Wind arose and jabbed Phaerifox under the wing, making him shake. "Here is the SEAT OF SAFETY, but go to my brother the North Wind and ask him for the BOOK OF WORDS, for without it you are in grave peril. The air is my kingdom and my subjects the clouds. Begone!" he shrieked, "and do not enter my kingdom again or it will be the

worse for you." And Phaerifox roared loudly and whisked him off to the house of the North Wind. "What do you want with me?" asked the North Wind. "I seek the answer to the Emperor's dream," said Ismud, "and I have come to ask you for the BOOK OF WORDS." At this the North Wind sent Phaerifox reeling across the sky. "Here is the BOOK OF WORDS. The air is my kingdom and my subjects the clouds. Begone! and do not enter my kingdom again or it will be the worse for you. As for the Emperor—tell him that so long as he remains within his own domain he has nothing to fear." Phaerifox groaned in relief and set off for the Emperor's Palace. Soon they swept down, and ploughing through a chrysanthemum bed the Djinn alighted on the stretch of lawn before the Palace. He was much quieter now and murmured away, "You can get down now . . . you can get down now . . . you can get down now . . ." So Ismud dismounted and went to see the great Emperor and told him all that had happened. "Truly thou art a daring young man," he said; "thou hast the spirit of a Gamecock and thou hast done well, but I regret that I cannot part with the five hundred golden taels until I know the meaning of my dream." Ismud was very disappointed on hearing this and he bowed to hide his grief. "Hold!" said the Emperor, "before you depart let me see this Djinn which carried you on your journey," and Ismud led him into the garden and showed him Phaerifox, and when he saw it he was enchanted. "What a magnificent creature!" he exclaimed. "It has the grace of a Hart and the elegance of a Vildebeeste. Help me up, for I wish to ride." Whereupon his counsellors entreated him not to be foolish. "Do not go, O Excellency," they begged; "it is not safe. Hark to what the beast is saying." "What does it say?" asked the Emperor, who was a little deaf. "It says, 'keep away from me . . . keep away from me . . . keep away from me . . .'" "Nonsense," said the Emperor, and placed one ear to the Djinn's side which was hot. "It is saying, 'I'll take you for a ride . . . I'll take you for a ride . . . I'll take you for a ride . . .'" So they dared argue no further, but hoisted him up and made him as comfortable as possible. "Do not forget the SEAT OF SAFETY and the BOOK OF WORDS, O

Excellency," said Ismud, handing them up to him.

With a long whine Phaerifox surged over the Palace wall like a whirlwind with the Emperor hanging on and trying to look as if he were enjoying himself. Up and up they soared until the rice fields were a mere patchwork of little green rectangles. Now, the North Wind was gathering clouds at a great height and he howled with rage when he saw Phaerifox away below him. He whistled to his favourite cloud Cirrocumulus, "Go quickly and tell my brother the West Wind to come at once," he said, blowing in a westerly direction. Then he whistled to his second favourite cloud, Nimbostratus. "Go quickly and tell my brother the East Wind to come at once," he said, blowing in an easterly direction. By the time Phaerifox was six versts high the three winds were bearing down upon him. "You have been warned," shrieked the West Wind, giving him a blow on the tail. "You must take what is coming," wailed the North Wind, and smote him on the wing. "You have asked for it," howled the East Wind, sending him rocketing across the sky. Phaerifox groaned and vibrated under the strain and sought to escape, but the three Furies caught him up and hurled him down.

Meantime the Emperor had been reading in the BOOK OF WORDS, and he lost no time in fastening on the SEAT OF SAFETY as the book said. By this time the winds had Phaerifox at their mercy and were giving him a rough time. The Emperor held on with one hand while he searched in the BOOK OF WORDS with the other. At length he came to the last page and uttered a sigh of relief, as he repeated the final instructions over to himself and waited. Phaerifox was being torn to pieces by the three winds, and as the Emperor listened he heard him groaning, "Get out while you can . . . get out while you can . . . get out while you can . . ." So taking in a deep breath the Emperor leapt off Phaerifox's back and counted ten before pulling the ring as the BOOK OF WORDS had said. And straightway he found himself floating betwixt heaven and earth with a white cloud stretched above him, shielding his head from the burning sun. Then he knew that this was the dream he had dreamed and he closed his eyes the better to enjoy the cool air which

fanned his face; but he forgot the second part of the dream, and without warning something smote him a violent blow on the legs and he felt a stinging pain all over his body which made him cry out loudly.

It so happened that Ismud, after superintending the removal of the damaged aeroplane to his landing-field, heard the Emperor's cries and rushed out to see him seated in the midst of a cactus bush. "I am glad to see you have returned safely, Excellency," he said, politely. "Do not be an ass," cried the Emperor, "but come and help me out of this." So Ismud did as he was bidden, and when the Emperor had quite recovered, he said, "You have done well, indeed, for now I know the meaning of my dream, and I shall have pleasure in handing you the five hundred golden taels. But what do you wish most?" "My mind has been made up for some time," answered Ismud, "and my companions and I are of one mind in wishing that this, the last of Your Excellency's aeroplanes, be given for firewood to an old sorceress whom we met in the mountains."

J. R. C.



## Exams.

The room is stuffy, the seat is hard,  
A silence deep prevails,  
While each and every one of us  
Our knowledge scant bewails.

A master stern, with eyes alert,  
A careful watch does keep,  
Alive to every sidelong glance  
Or surreptitious peep.

No sound is heard save squeaking pens,  
And oft a stifled groan;  
From all alike, from everyone  
Escapes a tiny moan.

Our hands are cramped, our hearts beat fast,  
Our spirits sinking lower,  
Ah! vainly now we wonder why  
We did not listen more.

This agony sure cannot last,  
The bell will bring release.  
Our faces glum will smile once more  
When these exams do cease.



*[Photos. by courtesy of J. D. Brown, Castle Street.]*

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

**Dundee High School  
Magazine.**

## Discipulus Agonistes.

A CLASSICAL FRAGMENT : AUTHORSHIP UNKNOWN.

THE PERSONS : Discipulus : contemporaries :  
chorus : others.

*Scene*—Bare room, bare benches, cupboards,  
books ; rostrum.

*Enter* DISC. *supported by tearworn bearers.*

*Disc. :*

A little farther give me thy support  
To these hard benches, but one paltry step ;  
For yonder gleams the sun athwart the panes.  
. . . Here shall I sit and take the chance  
Of what the hither-coming day shall bring,  
Yea, here I'll sit, so shall the hour pass by  
That daily must I spend in this drear hall ;  
Scarce seems the air to move, scarce move the  
wheels  
Of this my brain which now doth gain its rest.  
Beloved rest ! Laborious toil that hath but  
now passed by  
Thy hour is gone, avaunt ye ! Get thee  
hence !  
Full many a hundred pages have I turned,  
Full many a theorem my poor mind has  
crammed,  
Full many a notebook copiously o'erflowed  
With these the written witness of my toil.  
A mind o'ercrammed with facts, a mind  
diseased ;  
A mind, whose honey-comb of wrinkled cells  
Now is waxed over, now craves rest from toil.  
O glorious rest ! O glorious ease—that  
promised was  
To me, poor slave, when maddening March  
was past.  
Where is this rest and peace ? In vain I  
search.  
My peaceful hours are rent with ruthless toil  
Set by my heartless tyrants—woe is me !

O work ! work ! work ! amid the warmth of  
June,

Interminable work ; unending toil.

Without all hope of rest—

But who comes here, for with a cat-like tread,

I hear

Approaching feet which patter at the door.

An overseer, mayhap, with ruling lash

Come to drive on the saddened souls of nine !

[*Enter chorus of OVERSEERS, bearing whips.*]

*Cho :*

These, these are they ; but swiftly come

Let us break in upon their reverie,

Their Leavings past, let us them now bestir

To farther motion.

Some have yet one more year, here in this  
stately pile,

They must not stoop to lowly leisure down.

Theirs is the way : the way apart ; the way  
alone

Bound to the Wheel are they, bound all.

What matters it that they have toiled and won,

Let us to them a little wisdom yet,

A little more of worldly wisdom tell.

[*Advancing, chanted.*]

See all ye who now have toiled

What winnings ye have gained !

Think ye now that ye lie coiled

Within the ramparts ye have reined !

Think ye now that ye may stand

Within a paltry paper's shade

And never yet raise one more hand

To salve the honour ye have made ?

So think ye wrong.

*Bell rings faintly : exit OVERSEERS gnashing  
teeth : exit others slowly and with  
weariness and disillusionment.*

## Tour of South Africa.

TWO years ago I toured South Africa with my parents. While we were in Johannesburg we motored about 25 miles out to a gold mine, where we were given overalls and taken down to "level 5," 2,600 feet below the surface of the earth. The cage goes down at about 35 miles per hour so this descent only takes about one minute. We then walked about five miles underground and were shown the different reefs of quartz. These reefs vary in thickness from two or three inches to several feet. We were then taken down to the motor room, 3,000 feet below the surface. Coming back to the surface again we were shown the various processes of gold-refining. The rock is crushed to a powder which is mixed with cyanide. The cyanide dissolves the gold which is afterwards deposited, smelted and moulded into blocks about the size of ordinary bricks; each of these blocks is valued at about £3,000. We were then given refreshments and motored back to our hotel. We left Johannesburg that night for Bulawayo, a journey of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  days.

From Bulawayo we motored to the Matopos to see Cecil Rhodes's grave. This wonderful grave is situated at the top of a rounded rocky hill from which on a clear day it is possible to see a circumference of 3,000 miles. Quite close to Rhodes is buried his friend Dr. Jameson. At the Matopos also there is a memorial to Alan Wilson and 34 men who were killed by the Shangans. After spending some time at the Matopos we motored back to Bulawayo, where we caught the train for the Victoria Falls.

The Falls are  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles wide and 400 feet high and about 4,000,000 gallons of water pass over them every day. We were  $3\frac{1}{2}$  days at the Falls during which time we sailed up the Zambesi river in a motor launch. We also flew over the Falls and were thus able to get some wonderful "movies." After our three days at the Falls we caught the train for Cape Town, a journey of about 3,000 miles, taking 3 days.

We spent 11 days in Cape Town, during which time we went up Table Mountain by the aerial cableway, and motored down to the Cape of Good Hope. Soon after this we again left Cape Town for a delightful spot on the east coast between Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, called the Wilderness. At the Wilderness there is a beautiful lagoon and miles of sandy beach. We were two days at the Wilderness and then we went to Oudshoorn from where we motored to the famous Cango Caves. These caves extend right under a group of hills and were found by a Boer farmer who was hunting. There are about nine caves which are all lit up with hidden coloured lights which give a really beautiful effect. In these caves you can see natural outlines of King Edward, Queen Victoria, and many other people. We then went back to Oudshoorn where we were caught in a dust storm followed by thunder and lightning. After this we took the train back to Cape Town where we spent our last 7 days in Africa before joining the "Windsor Castle" for England where we arrived on the 4th of May.

J. P. (VII.).

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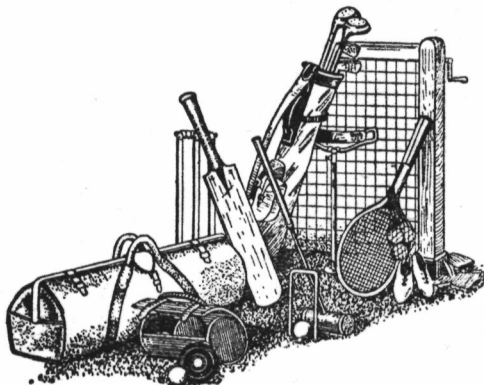
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## Easter Tour.

MONDAY, APRIL 5th.

AS the "rapide" roared from the pass just now, we saw for the first time the blue Mediterranean and with it a glimpse of a white sun-drenched villa, surrounded by tall waving palm trees. And so the rapide roared on through Toulon, Cannes, Antibes and Juan-les-Pins to our destination, Nice, where we finally arrived 17 hours after leaving Paris.

We found Nice to be the principal town on the Riviera, with wide, tree-lined streets and a splendid promenade called the Promenade des Anglais. At night this promenade presents a marvellous spectacle for the lights along its great crescent-shaped length are mirrored perfectly in the still dark waters of the Mediterranean. Along the exotic gardens, separating the two roadways, coloured fountains play while tall lamp-posts, set amidst palm-trees and cacti, cast a brilliant light over the whole promenade. In the centre of the promenade the immense super-modern Casino, built recently by an American millionaire, is revealed in the glare of floodlighting. To the East the Casino à la Jetée presented an even more fascinating spectacle for the whole Casino was outlined in changing coloured bulbs while the towers on its corners were represented as fountains sending lines of coloured fire down their facades to disappear in the waters.

TUESDAY, 6th.

We set off by car to Mentone via the Grande Corniche. On reaching the Grande Corniche—a mountain road—we obtained an unrivalled view of the Mediterranean coast in either direction. On a peninsula in the distance, we were shown the residence of the Duke of Gloucester. In the far distance a slight haze hung so that we were unable to see Corsica. On the mountain tops we could see large forts, built for coast defence. Arriving at Mentone, a holiday resort near the Italian frontier, we drove on and were allowed to go over into Italy. On the way back we stopped at Monte Carlo and saw the famous Casino. We also saw the Prince of Monaco's Palace and his army which as far as

we could see appeared to consist of four men. Following the Basse Corniche or sea road we returned to Nice.

WEDNESDAY, 7th.

Leaving in the early afternoon we went by car to visit Juan-les-Pins, Antibes, and Cannes. We found these to be sea-bathing resorts, whereas Nice has no beach to speak of. Of these Cannes is the most famous and in the harbour we saw many fine steam-yachts. Off the beach we watched a man water-skiing.

THURSDAY, 8th.

Spent the day in Nice.

FRIDAY, 9th.

Left on a tour, visiting Gorges du Loup and Grasse. The Gorges du Loup is a vast ravine varying in depth from 300 to 500 feet. The motor road runs about half-way up so an excellent view is obtained. At the bottom a rapid stream runs, traversing in its course many waterfalls. Near the end of the Gorges du Loup there is a very fine waterfall "the Cascade du Courmet," which falls for about 100 feet from the ravine top. Farther on we visited the even better waterfall, "the Saut du Loup," which falls in two branches for a distance of 90 feet. On arriving at Grasse we were taken to the perfume factory. We were shown how the petals of the flowers were bruised by a grindstone which has been in operation for 180 years. Then the petals are placed on trays of lard and left until all the essence has been abstracted. The essence thus obtained is worth about 200,000 francs the litre.

SATURDAY, 10th.

Left for Avignon and arrived there in early afternoon. We visited later on the Château du Papes but found it uninteresting as it was unfurnished and was at that moment being repaired. From the Gardens of the Château du Papes we saw the famous Pont d'Avignon which has now only two spans as the third, which connected the further bank, was washed away in the floods of a previous year.

*(To be continued.)*

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**J. R. INGRAM.**



[Photo. by D. & W. Prophet.

*Back Row*—J. L. Smith.    K. Milne.    Mr A. Wardlaw (Pres.).    I. F. Pearson.    J. Keir.  
*Middle Row*—G. M. Cameron.    D. R. Elder.    I. P. Bruce (Capt.).    J. A. R. Lawson.    K. L. Philip.  
*In Front*—J. Johnston,    P. A. Stewart.

Cricket 1st XI.,  
 1937.

Dundee High School  
 Magazine.

## Holes.

IT would appear that there is little interest in the word "hole," but this simple word has a glamour of its own. Oil-wells are just big holes, and one of the biggest holes made by human labour is the crater of the Premier diamond mine near Pretoria, the spot from which the famous Cullinan diamond came.

Perhaps the most famous hole of all is the Black Hole of Calcutta, but England has her own Black Hole at Chapel-en-le-Frith in Derbyshire. Into its small church were thrust 1,500 supporters of the Young Pretender nearly 200 years ago. Herded together, they were pent up in that little space for 16 days, and 40 were dead when the doors were opened.

It is curious that Derbyshire should keep the memory of another hole. In the church register at Ashover you can read the name of Dorothy Matley, who was buried somewhere nearby in 1660. John Bunyan tells us that she made a living by washing rubbish from the lead mines, and that she had a bad habit of saying, "May the ground open and swallow me." One day a boy accused her of stealing two pennies from him. She at once said, "May the ground open and swallow me if I have." Hardly were the words out of her mouth when the ground gave way under her feet and she and her tub disappeared. When they brought her to light again she was dead, and in her pocket were the pennies she had stolen.

## Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

IT is with much regret we have to report the death, as a result of an accident, of one of our younger members—Malcolm J. Drummond, 1929-32.

The Annual Outing to Kirriemuir was held as usual this year on 22nd May, and was once again favoured with excellent weather. We did not have such a good turn-out this year as there happened to be other golf competitions on the same date, but the numbers were satisfactory. The Prize-winners were :—

1st—Lewis I. Collins .. ..	83—12=71
2nd (equal)—A. N. Wighton ..	82— 8=74
R. P. Cowley ..	84—10=74
H. K. Symington	86—12=74
David Mathers ..	90—16=74

The Treasurer says that if the Handicapping Committee are to continue to do their work so well he will need to have Mr. Meiklejohn with him next year to help in rearranging the prize money.

It has been possible to arrange only one match against Perth Academy F.P. Golf Club this year when our team played the Perth

Club on Craigie Hill Course but was unsuccessful. The honours go to Messrs. Collins and Symington who squared their match. It is hoped to arrange both home and away fixtures next year.

We are looking forward to our Annual Cricket Match on Friday evening, the 18th June, when our team will show the Present Pupils how cricket should be played.

Arrangements are in hand for a repetition of last year's Motor Rally at Edzell.

The Old Girls' Club are co-operating with us on this occasion so that the success of the outing is assured.

We are expecting a large influx of new members when the boys leaving school this year join up. As we feel that the Club's strength must depend on the continued infusion of new blood, we hope that we shall have 100 per cent. enrolment of New Old Boys. Membership application forms are available from C. E. Stuart, C.A., 11 Panmure Street, Dundee, the Honorary Secretary.

## Dundee High School Old Girls' Club.

**T**HE Club held its Fifth Annual General Meeting in the Singing Room of the Girls' School on Tuesday, 30th March. Miss Luke, 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*—Mrs. D. B. Mathers.

*Vice-Presidents*—Mrs. W. Allan ; Miss E. Lee.

*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*—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, Miss B. Robertson, Miss M. Larg, Mrs. W. Walker, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. J. F. Ramsay, and Miss E. Luke (*ex officio*).

It was decided that the next Re-Union should take the form of a dinner to be held in October.

At the conclusion of the meeting Mrs. W. Allan gave a most interesting address entitled, "With the British Legion on Armistice Day."

The following names have been added since 1st June, 1936 :—

Miss N. Allan, Westbourne, Monifieth.

Miss M. Anderson, 31 Adelaide Place.

Miss D. R. Bell, 17 Bright Street, Lochee.

Miss C. Black, Coralbank, Blairgowrie.

Miss N. G. Borthwick, Bellevue, Wormit.

Miss D. K. Brown, Eastbrook, E. Newport.

Miss K. Brown, Eastbrook, E. Newport.

Miss M. Bruce, Gowanbrae, Seafield Road, Broughty Ferry.

Miss B. Finlayson, Mains of Castle Huntly, Longforgan.

Miss M. Finlayson, Mains of Castle Huntly, Longforgan.

Miss E. Forbes, Craigmill House, by Dundee.

Miss F. Laird, 6 James Place, Broughty Ferry.

Mrs. Raeburn Miller, 13 King Street.

Miss E. H. M. Murray, 422 Blackness Road.

Miss E. Moon, Beechwood Terrace.

Mrs. McGregor, Arnville, 349 Blackness Road.

Miss M. McNicol, The Manse, Longforgan.

Miss J. Peacock, The Beeches, Forthill Road, Broughty Ferry.

Miss M. Petrie, 144 Nethergate.

Miss M. Ramsay, Primrosebank, W. Newport.

Miss M. Robbie, Linden Lodge, Strawberry Bank.

Miss P. Rollo, 12 Elm Street, Logie.

Mrs. P. Sime, 11 Hyndford Street.

Miss M. K. Smith, 2 Grosvenor Terrace.

Mrs. Thornton, Roxburgh Terrace.

Miss F. Croll, The Cottage, Monifieth.

Miss M. H. Jamieson, Lammerton Terrace.

Miss C. Rattray, Viewfirth, Monifieth.

Mrs. Agnes Savil, the Hon. President, has become a life member.

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

Francis M. Fordyce, M.A., to Alex. T. Millar, C.A., Huntley, Glamis Drive.

Annie Horne, to Malcolm H. Morrison, B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E. (21st June, 1936), 35 Park

# SMITH

brothers

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D.H.S. HOSE ... .. **3/6**

D.H.S. TIES. Oxford and Junior, 2/- each. Wide-end, 2/6 each.

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Margot H. Knight, to Rev. Robert Macpherson, M.A., B.D., St. Adrian's Manse, Pittenweem.

Phyllis Scott, to Lewis Kennedy (November, 1935), Kuching, Sarawak, Singapore.

Jean W. Stevenson, to Rev. A. R. Lowrie, M.A., Arthur Memorial Manse, New Cumnock.

Anne Wallace, to C. Euan Guthrie, Chandpur, District Topperah, India.

We regret to report that the Club has lost two of its members by death—Mrs. Callaghan and Mrs. Kerr Thomson.

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

## Reports.

### Cricket Club, 1st XI.

The cricket season is drawing to a very successful close. We were fortunate to have the majority of last year's team back again, and as a result we had the foundation of a fine all-round team. Two surprising lapses in batting form caused our only defeats at the hands of school teams—Perth and Aberdeen. Great enthusiasm has been shown by all members of the team, and, as some of the 2nd XI. have been showing good form, there has been keen competition for places in the team. We have been very fortunate to have Mr. Stark to coach us this year, and he has assisted us in several matches. We would like to thank him for his keenness and patience with us, which has contributed in no small way to our success. We also take this chance of thanking Mr. Wardlaw, who, as usual, willingly gave up much of his time to help us.

#### FIRST ELEVEN.

##### BATTING AVERAGES.

	No. of Inns.	Not Out.	Runs.	Average.
D. Elder	.. 11	—	334	30.4
J. Lawson	.. 11	4	208	29.7
I. Bruce	.. 9	—	146	16.2
P. Stewart	.. 9	6	47	15.7
K. Milne	.. 11	2	102	11.3
J. Keir	.. 9	—	65	7.2

##### BOWLING AVERAGES.

	No. of Overs.	Wickets.	Runs.	Average.
D. Elder	.. 96	31	208	6.7
J. Lawson	.. 43	17	123	7.2
I. Bruce	.. 85	20	170	8.5
G. Cameron	.. 65	18	153	8.5

### SECOND ELEVEN.

##### BATTING AVERAGES.

	No. of Inns.	Not Out.	Runs.	Highest Score.	Average.
Caird	.. 9	—	127	39	14.2
J. Spence	.. 5	—	56	34	11.2
Kimmond	9	—	99	52	11
Ritchie	.. 3	2	11	8*	11
Spence, A.	9	3	55	16*	9.1
Peacock	.. 6	—	35	15	5.9

\* Denotes a not out.

### BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Average.
J. Spence—26 wickets for 120 runs	.. .. 4.6
Ritchie—11 wickets for 64 runs	.. .. 5.8
Martin—9 wickets for 83 runs	.. .. 9.2

We must take this opportunity to thank Mr. MacLean for the great interest he has taken in the 2nd XI. We have had a very successful season. Of the 9 matches played we have only lost two. One we lost by 1 run. We have won 4 and drawn 3, two being time draws, the other with Morgan the scores being level.

Three half-centuries have been achieved this year by our members.

D. M. C.

### Golf Club Report.

At the annual meeting of the Golf Club, J. W. Ross was appointed Captain and I. L. Maclagan Vice-Captain.

Although the entries for both the Boase Medal and the Pirie Cup were less numerous than in former years, the play was of an exceedingly high standard. The Boase Medal was won by Alan Muir with a score of 82, the joint runners-up being I. L. Maclagan and D. Dewar, both with scores of 84. Unfortunately J. W. Ross had to withdraw from the competition owing to the fact that he had to play in the Carnoustie Links Championship.

The Captain, however, had some reward for his steady golf by winning the Pirie Handicap Cup. In the final he beat F. G. Smith by the narrow margin of 3 and 2. Ross, playing from scratch conceded Smith 9 strokes.

Of the three team matches played, two have been won and one drawn, results being as follows:—

		Wins.	Losses.
May 1—Grove Academy	.. ..	3	3
„ 8—Staff Match at Edzell	.. ..	—	—
„ 15—Coronation Holidays	.. ..	—	—
„ 22—Montrose Victoria	.. ..	4	2
„ 29—Morgan Academy	.. ..	4	2

Two matches against Forfar Academy, and return matches against Grove Academy and Montrose Victoria have still to be played.

On the 8th of May the annual match against the Staff was held. The Masters did not play so well as in former years and were beaten by  $7\frac{1}{2}$  games to  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . Although it was wet during the morning round, the weather conditions improved as the day progressed and the foursomes were played in more summer-like weather. On the whole it was a most enjoyable outing.

Before closing the report I should like to thank Mr. Laird and Mr. Maclaren for the interest they have taken in the Golf Club by arranging the various competitions, and Mr. Paton for marking the cards in the final round of the Boase Medal.

R. M. M.

### Cadet Report.

The company has paraded in uniform throughout this term and can now make a very creditable turnout. The senior platoons are moving well and beginning to show that smartness and precision in their drill that only come with constant practice and keenness. The junior platoons are approaching, sometimes haltingly, that standard of good bearing on parade that must be reached if the company is to maintain its traditions. The band has paraded regularly with Sgt.-Instructor McLeish, and the evidence of his careful training was seen at the school sports.

Owing to the fact that there was no official parade in Dundee to mark the coronation the company was not turned out on May 12th, but the C.S.M represented the county in the official cadet contingent in London, and the O.C. was chosen to lead the Scottish group.

The camp enrolment is disappointingly low. Less than 90 of the 140 cadets on the company strength are going to Cortachy this year, and though this is a large camp for a cadet unit it is to be regretted that fifty of the cadets are missing the benefit and the privilege of spending a fortnight under canvas with the company.

The camp site will be the same as last year, and we hope to carry out the regular training during the fortnight and our usual ceremony at the Cortachy War Memorial on July 4th. Given reasonable weather we look forward to two splendid weeks in the open air.

W. L. M.

### Guide Report.

This term which is now drawing to its close has been one of the most important in our Guide history, as it witnessed for the first time a Coronation. This great event was to be celebrated by the Association in Dundee in having a picnic, but unfortunately the weather made this scheme quite impossible. However, we are very proud that P.L. Joyce Elder has been chosen to represent Dundee in an International Camp at Blair Atholl in July. When Their Majesties visit Edinburgh in July, our Company is to be represented by P.L.s Nancy Conn, Margaret Purvis and Jean Pate.

During the meetings we have welcomed more recruits, while those who joined at the beginning of the season have been working for their second class.

Many kind friends of the Company have helped

us in knitting pullovers for the children in the Infirmary. With their help we presented over fifty.

We are looking forward to returning to camp at Crieff, where we are to have forty Guides camping; which will be one of the largest camps our Company has ever had.

Once more we take this opportunity of thanking our officers for their untiring work in making our meetings so interesting and pleasant.

J. E. P.

### Tennis Report.

This term's tennis has been most successful both from the point of view of weather and also of match results. The team this year is as follows: J. Scott and N. Conn; F. Ritchie and C. Wallace; M. Allan and J. Bowen; and has played most creditably, not having lost any matches.

Again this year we gained the services of Miss East, who gave us, on two occasions, good coaching and sound advice which has stood us in good stead in our matches.

There was quite a good entry this year for the Tennis Championship, and many keenly contested ties took place, culminating in the final which was played on Sports Day. The two finalists—M. Allan and J. Scott—both played a good game, the latter winning by 6-4, 6-4, thus being the first to have her name on our new Tennis Cup.

In the list of entrants for the Midlands Tournament (Girls' Singles) we were glad to see many D.H.S. names. Again we were represented by J. Scott in the final, who won for the second year in succession the title of Champion. To her we offer our heartiest congratulations.

At this time we should like to thank Miss Whytock for her kindness in arranging our matches and her interest in our practices.

The results of our matches to date are:—

May 8—Madras College. 9-0.  
 „ 15—Morgan Academy. 5-4.  
 „ 22—Harris Academy. 7-1.  
 „ 29—Morrison's Academy. 5-4.  
 June 12—Harris Academy. 5-2 (2 draws.)  
 N. K. C.

### Girls' Swimming Club.

The Girls' Annual Swimming Gala was held at the Central Baths on the 8th of June. The swimming was up to the usual high standard, the junior diving being exceptionally good. The junior events were also keenly supported, but a better entry by the senior school is hoped for next year.

The Senior Championship was won by Vivian G. M. Cameron, while the Junior Championship was won by Rona H. M'Lay. Mrs. Bain presented the prizes and received a bouquet of flowers from the Swimming Club.

On behalf of the Club I should like to thank all those who have helped to make the Gala a great success.

V. C.





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