

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 71

MARCH 1938

FOURPENCE



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Editorial.

FOR once it would appear the time-honoured phrase, "Spring has come," takes a rightful place in the editorial of the Easter Number, but the rays of the sun are the only bright things which fall on an Editor sitting with furrowed brow. What is the use of writing an editorial anyway? We have never heard of anyone reading it. Yet no magazine looks complete without that imposing word "Editorial" to mark its opening page, and perchance some enlightened reader does cast a momentary glance at it, so we shall take the advice of old Polonius and be brief.

This term marks a period of anxiety and mental activity on the part of those who are sitting the Leaving Certificate, but by the time this magazine is in the hands of its readers, they will be taking a well-earned rest. We wish them every success.

In the course of the term we had two pleasant breaks from our scholastic labours. First of all Mr Cole and his trio rejoiced our ears with melodies of the masters, and Mr and Mrs Jacobson followed with a piano and song recital. On Friday, 11th March, the pupils themselves held the stage before a large audience of admiring parents.

A badminton match between the staff and the boys proved very enjoyable. After a hard struggle, which did not lack its humorous moments, youth was compelled to bow before age and experience—or was it sound policy on the part of the boys with a view to the next exams.?

The competitive instinct is strong in human-kind, and of late that most exciting of all competitions, the bulb competition, has been distracting the minds of the teachers. The result went to show more clearly the dominance of the male sex, but Mr X., when interviewed on his success, would only say, "It's kindness does it." We must sympathise with those members of the staff who with loving care and hope eternal watched their flowers rising to mammoth heights only to wither before the judging day.

The rugby and hockey teams maintained their early promise, and the various societies and companies, which have such a profound effect on the life of the school, continue to do good work. A more detailed account of their activities appears in later pages.

Already we have used up too much valuable space, so wishing you the best of luck and a good holiday we leave you.

We much regret the passing at the early age of 34 of Mr J. R. Hunter, M.A., who was Assistant Classical Master in D.H.S. from 1926 to 1934. In 1934, he went, as Classical Master, to Gordon Schools, Huntly. While here he did excellent work in the classroom, as an officer in the Cadet Corps and as master in charge of the 2nd Rugger XV. The school extends its sympathy to his widow and family in their great loss.

An Appeal.

FOR fully 100 years the Dundee High School has occupied a distinguished position in our local system of education—indeed, the influence of the School is to be found to-day in practically every corner of the earth. Time marches on, however, and modern requirements in education demand premises appropriate to present-day ideals and ideas. The present school buildings do not meet the requirements of modern methods, and the internal general arrangement and classroom accommodation were in consequence severely criticised some two years ago by the Scottish Education Department. The Directorate of the School was, therefore, urged to consider the best means of meeting the situation.

After most careful consideration the Directors decided that their best course was to reconstruct the existing buildings and at the same time preserve the pillared frontage so familiar to all, which is the finest example of Greek architecture in the City.

Plans were, therefore, prepared in due course and on being submitted to the Scottish Education Department for approval, not only were the plans approved but the Directors of the School had the satisfaction of learning that in the opinion of the Department the proposed reconstruction scheme seemed to be the best possible in the circumstances.

The structural demands of the Education Department have, therefore, been met, but the question which still requires solution is that of finance. A Public Appeal was issued in May of last year, but so far the response has amounted to only £5,500, whereas the total sum required for this reconstruction work is £30,000. The Old Boys' Club and the Old

Girls' Club readily came to the assistance of the Directors, and the Committee of the Old Boys' Club is preparing a scheme whereby a personal approach is to be made to all former pupils of the School.

There are many men and women, former D.H.S. pupils, who occupy positions of eminence, not only in Dundee but in other parts of the country as well as in other lands, who, I feel sure, will welcome an opportunity to contribute to such a worthy cause if it is made known to them. I, therefore, welcome this opportunity of making the needs of the School known through the medium of the Magazine in the hope that it may reach someone whose interest in the School will permit him, or her, to render assistance in this critical period in the life of the Old School. While large donations would naturally be welcome, numerous smaller contributions will serve the same purpose, for although coins cannot calculate, it must be remembered that every copper counts.

May I urge, therefore, all who receive the Magazine to consider in all earnestness their obligation to the School, and may I also suggest to them to exercise their influence upon any former pupils whom they happen to know and endeavour to persuade them to make a contribution to this effort which is being made.

Any donation, whether large or small, will be most gratefully received and acknowledged by the Treasurers. A whole-hearted rally on the part of former pupils is required. The need is great, but the response can be even greater.

D. A. ANDERSON.

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GLASGOW

Miss Janet Macfarlane.

WITHIN the last few decades, not a few of our former pupils have through scholarship and determination, qualified for and entered most of the professions now open to women.

Amongst those, not the least distinguished is Miss Janet Macfarlane, the recently appointed Head of St. Leonard's School, St. Andrews.

Miss Macfarlane, though not a native of Dundee, had through relationship, close touch with the city and with the High School of Dundee.

She entered the school as a pupil in 1904 and left in 1912, having done highly satisfactory work all through, and gained and retained a place amongst the best pupils of her year in all the subjects of her course.

Loyalty to duty, and a certain quiet dignity of bearing seemed to indicate even from her early years that she had determinedly set herself the very high and praiseworthy ideal of bringing credit to her parents, to her school and to herself.

Reserved and studious though she was, she was always ready to enter wholeheartedly and with zest into all the social functions and other many-sided activities of the school, where she was ever a popular member.

Her further studies at St. Andrews, at Cambridge and at the University of Paris, were all completed with the same diligent and thoughtful care. Her appointment to different schools between 1918 and 1927 brought her much and varied experience, and a sure foothold in climbing the educational tree was in

the appointment to Cheltenham College where she has worked with great acceptance for the last ten years.

Congratulations have been showered upon Miss Macfarlane on the occasion of this new appointment to which she brings a fine record of scholastic attainments, of teaching experience and administrative abilities. Her old school will wish her well and watch with affection and interest the gradual unfolding of a doubtless success amongst colleagues and pupils, that a broad and intelligent educational outlook is sure to bring.



The Annual D.H.S. Flower Show.

Red, white and blue the flowers stand,
Hyacinths reared by loving hand ;
The daffodils in saffron gay,
Outvie the brightest beams of day.

Here comes the judge with knowing air,
She ponders o'er the flowers fair ;
The anxious throng around her sways,
To catch the glowing words of praise.

At last in hushed excitement wait
The entrants now to hear their fate ;
" First prize to Mr X." she cries.
At this are heard some bitter sighs.

And once again the show is o'er,
But more than one brave heart is sore ;
Cheer up, brave J., though fortune frowns,
Beginner's luck ! Next year—Zounds ! Zounds !

The Cunningham Medal.

THE Cunningham Medal annually awarded to the dux scholar in the Science Department was born of a profound love of an old boy for his school, a rooted conviction that the antiquated curriculum of his own school days did not afford a satisfactory training for a pupil with a bent towards science studies and an enduring affection for a personal friend.

The donor was David Cunningham, M.Inst.C.E., who, for nearly 30 years held the appointment of Chief Engineer to the Dundee Harbour Trustees. A native of the City and a son of an equally well-known townsman, he received his early education at the High School, and later at the Queen Street Institute, Edinburgh. In 1855 he was apprenticed to a leading firm of Civil Engineers in the latter town then mainly employed in the planning and building railway works throughout the country. Before his apprenticeship was completed he was appointed resident engineer on the Portpatrick Railway then under construction, and later was engineer with the North British Railway on the new line between Peebles and Galashiels.

He returned to his home town in 1867 and was occupied locally on several engineering schemes. Two years later he succeeded the late Mr Charles Ower as Harbour Engineer, an appointment he held until his death on 13th June, 1896.

A man of wide vision he early realised that a few years would see the passing of the stately sailing vessel and its supersession by the more commodious tramp steamer, a change bringing with it increasing demands for the speedier handling of cargoes by port authorities. He planned accordingly—the present extensive wharfage, ample shed accommodation and the system of hydraulic machinery to facilitate the more rapid discharge and loading of large vessels are mainly the result of his foresight in anticipating new developments in sea transport.

But David Cunningham was more than an engineer. He had travelled much with eyes ever open to his surroundings. His mind was not merely receptive but retentive of new impressions. He was an omnivorous reader and outside his professional work took the keenest

interest in all schemes for the furtherance of art, science and technical education.

A Fellow of the Statistical Society, he was much interested in economic science, and indeed published a volume entitled *Conditions of Social Well-being*, in which he analysed the factors that constitute the wealth and conduce to the progress of nations; his book met with considerable success and ran to a second edition. He had a wide knowledge of history, and he was an acknowledged authority in such sciences as Meteorology and Light.

Besides being a Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, he was a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh and of the Royal Meteorological Society, a Member of Council of the Institute of Architecture and a Vice-President of the Dundee Naturalists' Society.

Personally he was the possessor of a happy temperament and had a most genial disposition—his laughing eyes furnished a true index of his fine character.

Though a bachelor he had a great love for young folk—every child on the boat road of Newport knew him and his generous pocket from which flowed a seemingly inexhaustible stream of sixpences.

With so many interests and enthusiasms in common, it was inevitable that a strong and lasting friendship should be formed between Cunningham and our late Science Master, Mr Frank W. Young, C.B.E., then drawing the attention of educationalists to our City as a centre with a progressive policy in the development of secondary and technical instruction through the medium of his science teaching in our School and in the Y.M.C.A. evening classes. On their daily journeyings from Newport by Tay Ferries Steamer and during travels throughout Scotland in holiday time one may be assured their conversation often turned upon new features in higher education.

And so came into being the Cunningham Medal.

For a number of years Mr Cunningham gave, along with book prizes, the Cunningham Medal in connection with the Y.M.C.A. Art and Science classes, also conducted by Mr



Back Row—I. A. Donaldson. J. Johnston. G. M. Cameron. T. S. Philip. D. M. Grant.
W. L. M. Perry. A. D. Spence.

Middle Row—J. R. Lawson. I. L. MacLagan. W. McQueen. K. L. Philip (Capt.).
J. S. R. Duncan. G. Millar.

In Front—I. G. Kidd. D. S. Duncan. I. P. Bruce.

Rugby Club, 1st XV.,
Session 1937-38.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

Young. Our interest in this prize lies in the fact that its second award was to James Walker, clerk, possibly the most distinguished High School boy of our time, and who in turn occupied with such noteworthy success the Chairs of Chemistry at Dundee University College and Edinburgh University.

The School Medal was first awarded in session 1881-82, since which date it has been won by a succession of pupils, many of whom have risen to eminence in their chosen profession or occupation. Most appropriately the career of Engineering claims many of the Medallists, but no beaten track to any one calling has been trod by our "dux scientists."

The names of two of the early recipients of the Medal are familiar to the majority of present-day High School boys: Thomas Murray (1885) succeeded his own science master, Mr. Young, in 1900, and worthily added to the already high prestige of the department, while Alexander E. Kidd (1889) recently retired from the post of School Medical Officer in our City.

The history of the careers of our Cunningham Medallists would prove a human document of absorbing interest; it would entirely justify the donor's conviction that the remodelling of the school curriculum on modern lines was overdue.

In her present straits the High School has need of the help of many former pupils endowed with the progressiveness of mind and the generosity of pocket of Mr David Cunningham, M.Inst.C.E., Harbour Engineer.

- | | |
|---------------------------|--|
| 1882. John Clarke. | 1893. William D. M. Falconer. |
| 1883. Thomas Farquharson. | 1894. David Walker. |
| 1884. James Patrick. | 1895. David P. Grubb. |
| 1885. Thomas Murray. | 1896. John M. Newton. |
| 1886. Alfred Stevenson. | 1897. David W. Durie. |
| 1887. John Baxter. | 1898. James W. M'Innes. |
| 1888. David Hodge. | 1899. William T. Rogers. |
| 1889. Alexander E. Kidd. | 1900. Louis F. Norrie. |
| 1890. James Henderson. | 1901. George W. Keiller. |
| 1891. Sydney A. Kay. | 1902. No award. |
| 1892. John Gray. | 1903. William M'Laren. |
| | 1904. Thomas Blackadder. |
| | 1905. Joseph Lee. |
| | 1906. George L. Leggatt. |
| | 1907. No award. |
| | 1908. John S. Cleghorn. |
| | 1909. Ethel B. Duke and John Anderson
equal. |
| | 1910. James G. Shearer. |
| | 1911. Alfred M. Cleghorn. |
| | 1912. Edward J. Ritchie. |
| | 1913. William M. Ames. |
| | 1914. Robert Roger. |
| | 1915. Robert W. M. Thomson. |
| | 1916. Kenneth K. Weatherhead. |
| | 1917. William G. Scott. |
| | 1918. No award. |
| | 1919. Charles E. R. Bruce. |
| | 1920. James M. Meiklejohn. |
| | 1921. James R. Paterson. |
| | 1922. James Lumsden. |
| | 1923. Frederick C. L. Fleming. |
| | 1924. James L. Will. |
| | 1925. Patrick D. Ritchie. |
| | 1926. Campbell Clark. |
| | 1927. Allan F. Robertson. |
| | 1928. Archibald E. Logie. |
| | 1929. William Keir. |
| | 1930. Preston Watson. |
| | 1931. David G. Pae. |
| | 1932. David W. A. Donald. |
| | 1933. James D. Recordon. |
| | 1934. Eric G. M'Pherson. |
| | 1935. John M. Fearn. |
| | 1936. No award. |
| | 1937. Sheila S. Robertson and James Keir
equal. |

The Problems and Pleasures of Verse-Making.—I.

ONE afternoon recently I was in an English Elementary School where some of the pupils—aged about thirteen—were writing verse. Very good verse, some of it was, providing the continuation of a poem which had just been read, or expressing the thoughts which these boys and girls believed might have come to themselves had they been placed in circumstances similar to those suggested by the poem. The children who were doing this came from rather poor homes. Their school is a dreary brick building surrounded by mean houses. Many of their teachers are men and women who have never attended a university, and whose opportunities to read or hear good poetry have been few. These boys and girls have no school magazine. In two years at most they will, if they are fortunate, be employed in shops and factories; if they are unfortunate, they will join the long queues that stand outside the local Labour Exchange. Meantime they write good verse.

That night when I fell asleep I found myself standing on the platform of the new hall which we are soon to have in the High School. Before me were seated a great company of boys and girls of all ages, and I was speaking to them—not lecturing, I am glad to say, not even striving, as teachers with examinations ahead must do, to hold their attention—but speaking quite informally as an old High School boy to those upon whom a twofold gift is to be bestowed—the traditions of the old D.H.S. and the noble buildings of the new. What I was talking about was “The Problems and Pleasures of Verse-Making.” I am afraid, however, that as so often happens in dreams, I was a trifle confused; for although I seemed to stand in the hall that is yet to be built I thought that I was addressing the boys and girls who are at present in school, and who are all filled with the same lively hope, that nothing may prevent the new school being built. In my dream I felt impelled to tell them—to tell you who are reading this, if you are still at school—that schools do not consist of rooms and laboratories, and gymnasia, and playing-fields, however fine these may be, but of masters and pupils and “old boys” and “old girls,” whose thoughts and activities are the real school which goes on for ever, and

would go on the same even if the buildings we all love, or those we hope soon to see, should be burned down or otherwise destroyed.

The “real” school, it seems to me, is revealed in several different ways. It is revealed, for example, by what are known as its “successes”—the number of passes pupils secure in the Leaving Certificate or Chamber of Commerce Examinations, or the number of bursaries they win to the universities. It is revealed by the matches won by present pupils and by the positions in industry or other spheres held by former pupils. But it is revealed also in what may at first sight appear a rather insignificant manner, and revealed by this particular means to an incalculably large number of people, some of them in far distant places: that is, by the quality of the writing, both verse and prose, in the school magazine.

IMPORTANCE OF SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

This is what none of us ought ever to forget. Schools all over the country exchange magazines with us, and boys (and masters) in other schools, and our own “old boys,” judge the D.H.S. as it now is largely by the contents of the magazine.

In my dream, when I reached this part of my speech, I heard a long-drawn-out “O—O—oh!” arise from my hearers; and I thought ruefully: That means that fewer people than ever will even try to write for the magazine, because they will be conscious all the time that writing for the magazine is a matter of such importance. But is that the right attitude to adopt in this matter? I hardly think so. If the school teams were constantly being defeated by other teams we would come to the conclusion that they were inferior to those teams, and we would set about improving our own. We would not stop playing in the teams. The trouble about the magazine is that most people do not recognise it for what it is—a *major* school activity. Consequently, even those who do contribute to it do not go into training (as it were) as contributors, so that the magazine may contain work of really high quality. Now and then there is good work in the magazine—usually

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by girls—and “old boys” and “old girls” feel a sudden flutter of excitement as they read it, and hope that a *new planet* is about to swim into their ken. But this excitement should be occasioned more frequently. Writing for the magazine should be a consciously chosen, deliberate, self-discipline, like training for running or swimming or shooting-practice.

To talk about the writing of prose is very difficult, and since in dreams one usually does only what one likes very much, I did not mention it. Instead, as I have already indicated, I went on to talk of “The Problems and Pleasures of Verse-Making.” Attentive readers of the magazine will probably accuse me of returning to an old theme. But the subject is one which each generation of pupils must face squarely for themselves. Games, athletics, cadet corps, girl guides, literary societies, private reading—these are all recognised as serious recreations. But verse-making! Who ever heard of such a thing?

PLEASURES OF VERSE-MAKING.

Yet, I venture to suggest that verse-making is perhaps the finest recreation of all, and it can be pursued the longest. Besides, as good prose is extremely difficult to write, verse is the most natural kind of contribution for those who are still at school to send to the magazine. In most English schools boys are required to write regularly both Latin and Greek verse. Are Scots boys, the successors of the Norse skalds, the Celtic bards, and the medieval *makars*, to prove too lazy or too timid to attempt to express themselves in at least one language—that which they customarily speak? I refuse to believe it. Let us consider, rather, what verse-making involves.

THEMES AND TO SPARE.

First, one must find a theme. This, it appears to me, is, for some unaccountable reason, a real difficulty to many would-be contributors to the magazine. Indeed, with the exception of a few girls, most would-be verse-makers seem unable to think of any but two rather threadbare themes—reflections on the Leaving Certificate Examination and echoes of the annual Cadet Corp Camp. (In my dream I remember distinctly saying: “The ‘old boys’ present their compliments

to their successors, and request them to allow these two themes to fall into at least temporary oblivion.” Perhaps that was too drastic?) But, surely, the world that presents itself to Dundee boys is not so limited that two themes have become their stock-in-trade! With the Sidlaws and Grampians both within sight of the city, with a noble river flowing alongside of it, with the docks filled with foreign shipping, the streets bustling with variegated traffic, is there any reasonable excuse for a lack of suitable topics upon which to write? Does no one any longer cross from Fife to Angus when the winter sunrise is a fiery rose at the mouth of the Tay? Are there no seals that leap iridescent from the river to bask lazily on the sandbanks through the long summer afternoons? Has it ceased to snow in Dundee, and are birdsong and the beauty of feather and fin phenomena outwith the province of examiners, outwith the experience also of the present generation of verse-makers? Is there no beauty in machines? Have the motor-car and the aeroplane become outmoded themes in poetry? I think not. Forget about examinations and camp and go out into the streets, where Wallace trod, and Knox and Wishart, and the three great Maries—the Queen of Scots, Mary Shelley and Mary Slessor—or, better still, into the country, and return flushed with the glow of living, and with pulses beating out the rhythms of the poem that can be sent to the magazine.

FROM THEMES TO ACROBATICS.

The choice of theme is the first thing in verse-making, but it ought to be an easy thing, and, above all, a glad, joyous, natural thing. Only so can any approximate success in verse-making be looked for. All of us when we are young like stirring narratives; and to boys and girls familiar with old ballads and such poems as “Lord Ullin’s Daughter”—sniff if you like, but better if you can—“The Last Buccaneer,” or “He Fell among Thieves,” it ought not to be difficult to invent a stirring verse-narrative. Even if the story is not very convincingly told it will not matter. One is not required to write the subsequent history of one’s heroes or heroines. The thrilling episode is all that is needed, and that can be found readily enough.

Take, for example, these stanzas, written

in rivalry with a friend who had produced a four-verse "thriller" :—

" Love, we must leap, for his hounds pursue us ;

Close on my heels is the first of the pack ;
Cling tightly. 'Twere naught if his henchmen
slew us :

But to take us living, and carry us back . . .

" See the red beard move at his words of railing,

Thy white body crushed, as one crushes a flower . . .

Throw they weight well back. If we fail, in failing

Still we triumph in loving, in spite of his power.

" How slimy the rocks ! I shall pause ere leaping ;

A moment—and then, on the other side,
We have baffled his rage and are out of his keeping.

Let him storm as he will, he is balked in his pride.

" I shall try farther up. There is time.
Though the river

Is wider by far, yet the rocks there are drier.
Ah ! the hound ! I forgot. I must leap now
or never . . . "

(He slips ; they fall into the water.)

He has failed . . . 'tis not we . . . we have gained our desire.

In a way, this is downright nonsense. No man in such a plight and seeking desperately for a good foothold from which to leap would have time (or breath) to talk thus. But the speed of the verse and the apparent completeness of the little episode carry it off more or less successfully. Afterwards one will come to realise the defects. But for the purposes of a school magazine, clarity of expression and some ability—some *agility* one might almost say—in managing the verse is what is of account.

It is not necessary, even, to invent an episode of any length or completeness. One can make a few vague suggestions and leave it to one's readers to guess at the story as a whole. Suppose one writes a poem entitled " Captives "—

I had not thought to see her walk
Amid the lances of my foes,
Nor hear the cowardly rabble talk :
" How proudly still she goes ! "

Nor, in my fever's wildest dream
Stood I beneath the hateful tree,
And heard upon the cruel beam
Those kisses meant for me.

Bring me a knife to cut these cords—
Though sword at need ye shall deny—
That I may teach these rebel lords
How lovers win or die.

What is this about ? At what period did the characters live ? It is not necessary for the poet to answer these questions. Indeed, for once he has the pleasure of setting other people questions which they may not find always easy to answer. (This is one of the joys of writing for school magazines : one can puzzle one's masters !)

Ballad and narrative verse will give practice in handling description and dialogue. One can be as matter of fact as one cares, or introduce allusions of a literary sort. But the power to recount an incident briefly and vividly is the chief thing to aim at.

As one grows older other considerations will come to occupy one's attention to an increasing extent. Provided one has a theme, however slight, the real joy of verse-making will begin to be found, not so much in *what* one says as in *how* one says it. There is nothing particular " said " in the following stanzas. They were written after I had seen a hay-field ruffled by a wind one evening late in May. The month takes its name from Maia, the mother of Hermes (or Mercury), whose fleet-footedness the wind suggested. The whole " point " of the verses is that this very slight chain of ideas is played with gently, so as to allow for the trans-position of key phrases in the different stanzas. It may not be a successful *tour de force*. I don't pretend that it is. But it is the kind of thing which is well worth trying, and one derives a tremendous amount of pleasure from the attempt :—

The May wind's in the clover—
Hermes, Maia's son

Running lightly over,
When the day is done.

Hermes, son of Maia,
Through the silver hay
Rushes from his mother
At the close of day.

Like the mortal children,
Star-born though he be,

Hermes, son of Maia
Far from sleep would flee.

So, amid the clover,
When the day is done,
See him running over—
Hermes, Maia's son!

(To be continued.)

W. FRASER MITCHELL.

Abegweit.

ABOUT four hundred years ago, a French explorer named Jacques Cartier set out from the little town of St. Malo in France. He kept on sailing ever westwards until one day he sighted land. This land he describes in his diary thus: "All the coast is low and flat and full of beautiful trees and meadows." This was Cartier's first view of Canada which received its name from "kanata," the Indian word for camp. After sailing around the coast, he discovered that this land was an island and he gave it the name of Isle St. Jean, and so it remained for the greater part of the French occupation.

Nothing more exciting happened to this little island until about two hundred years later, when settlers from the Old Country began to brave the dangers of unsettled wild territories. These hardy people went wherever the wind and waves carried them. Some, luckily, struck the small island and they marvelled at its very fertile soil. From the beginning of occupation come tales of heroism and hardship. That was the life of the pioneer. After the comforts of their own home country these people had to start all over again. It was necessary to clear the land, cultivate the ground, and build new homes.

It was not until after 1755, however, that permanent settlements began when Isle St. Jean was ceded to the English. The island retained the English version of the name, "St. John." Finally the name was changed in 1798 to Prince Edward in honour of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.

In 1859 most of the territory in the northern half of North America was absorbed by Canada, which was then made up of Ontario

and Quebec and then went by the names of Upper and Lower Canada respectively. The most easterly of the provinces, little Prince Edward Island, drew back in 1865. However, eight years later, after a time of hardships, she entered the confederacy and, exactly three hundred and thirty-seven years after the discovery of Cartier, P.E.I. signed the agreement in the confederation chambers at Charlottetown, the capital, on 1st July, 1873. From then on P.E.I. became known as the "Cradle of Confederation," and Canada dates its birth from that time.

The original inhabitants of the island are called the Micmacs and are a branch of the great Algonquin tribe of Indians who once inhabited the whole eastern part of Canada. The Micmacs called the island "Abegweit," which has the beautiful meaning of "Cradled on the Waves."

P.E.I. is beautiful low-rolling countryside and the coastline is of a deep red, a great contrast to the greyness of the cliffs of her neighbouring provinces. On travelling across the Northumberland Strait from Cape Tormentine, N.B., to Port Borden, P.E.I., one rubs one's eyes at the sight of red cliffs and begins to wonder if the island was not put there by mistake. The scenery is not startling at any time, but is gentle undulating land dotted with beautiful trees and green fields.

The island is the home of the silver fox industry. There are ranches throughout the length and breadth of the country and its pelts have been sent all over the world. It has exported a great number of live foxes, too many, in fact, as the silver foxes are quite numerous everywhere now and the prices

consequently have gone down and the fox ranches on the island are not getting the big prices they used to. Agriculture is the chief occupation and is carried on all over the country; so much so that the island has still another name, "The Million Acre Farm." There are no factories or big cities to spoil the tranquillity and beauty of the countryside. The island specialises in the growing of seed potatoes and is the leading province in this product. Fishing is carried on extensively along the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The climate is generally somewhat extreme. The summers sometimes are very warm and the winters are usually very cold with much snow. The drifts sometimes pile themselves up to a height of five or six feet; then all the people are busy digging themselves out of their doors. In the early morning the sidewalks are shovelled or should be. This always requires a large amount of energy, and, as you walk along the streets, or try to do so, you can always tell the lazy people by the unshovelled walks. For about five months

of the year Jack Frost reigns supreme; after that come terrible spring thaws when you plough along in about six inches of water. Winter sports are numerous. On the harbour at Charlottetown young people enjoy skating and farmers travel back and forth across the ice in horse-drawn sleighs. Connection between the island and the mainland is made by the train-car ferry which is the largest in the world. In winter the boats use ice-breakers while crossing the Strait. Before the advent of the car-ferry travel from the island to the mainland in winter was an exciting business. This required the pushing of a boat-like craft over the ice and then when coming to open water getting in and paddling it. This mode of travel was very often dangerous for the ice was often breaking away.

The Dominion Government now wants the island to have a national park, why I do not know. The whole island is a park and well deserves still yet another lovely name, "The Garden of the Gulf" by which it is most familiarly known. J. M'L.

Professor Percival P. Plunkit has a Close Shave.

INCIDENT ONE.

THE dew was glistening—the wind was whistling, and so was Professor Percival P. Plunkit as he gleefully stretched himself to his full five feet in his bare feet on the kitchen floor.

Everything was rosy, including his nose.

... And that reminded him, had his pimple gone away yet? And so he strode manfully across to the scullery mirror, and gaped into it—what did he see?—himself. But, horrors! Could it be true? No! But it was. Percival Plunkit's hair had disappeared!!!

Very thoughtfully and with characteristic absent-mindedness he searched through all his pockets. It was in vain.

"What *will* Elmetrude say?" muttered poor, bewildered, miserable wee Plunkit to himself.

INCIDENT TWO.

And so it is that we find ourselves in the private sitting-room of Benjamin Thistlethwait, retired detective.

He had newly finished breakfast when his housekeeper, Mrs Bustlebody, a buxom dame whose countenance betokened an expression of matronly wisdom akin to motherliness (many thanks, Mr W—bb), entered, a telegram in her hand.

Benjamin snatched it and read: "Hair disappeared. Come immediately. Plunkit."

* * * *

With true cat-like tread our mighty sleuth stalked up to Plunkit's house, a massive bloodhound panting at his heels.

Inside a lunch of smoked trout and roasted lobster awaited him.

After completing their meal of fish, the two men retired to discuss the mystery.

"What do you make of it?" piped Plunkit.

Ben, glancing across at his bald friend, took a deep breath and beat his stomach three times, shouting: "There's something fishy here!"

So there was. Ebenezer had struck a clue!

INCIDENT THREE.

In the deep silence of the bedroom which he



Bei mir bist du schön ! (O yeah !)

Dundee High School
Magazine.

had been given, Benjamin pondered over the mystery which confronted him.

He had heard before of people losing violins.

He had even heard of people losing their heads.

But he had never before heard of anyone losing his hair.

In deep meditation he sat for hours. Then suddenly he leapt to his feet, a gleam of triumph on his face.

Pedro, his faithful bloodhound, would find the hair !

Striding towards the door he glanced at his watch—3.30 a.m. Tut ! tut ! Burning the midnight oil !

Stealthily he crept into the bathroom, from which he emerged a few moments later and made his way back to his room. In his hand he carried Percival Plunkit's shaving brush.

Now for Pedro ! And so he dragged that poor brute from the depths of sweet slumber, and holding in front of his nose the shaving brush, Ben patted his quivering hindquarters (Pedro's) and said : " Go to, old boy. Seek out ! "

For a few seconds he glared at it. Then giving a sudden spring, he snatched it from Ben's hand and devoured it greedily, promptly proceeding to beg for more.

Ben positively goggled. Then, flinging off his clothes, he shot into bed.

INCIDENT FOUR.

In a huge chair in front of a blazing fire sat Elmetrude Plunkit. On her knee was perched her husband, Percival Plunkit, pipe in mouth.

Suddenly the door opened—then it shut again.

A second time it opened, and in walked Benjamin. He stood and surveyed the scene through misty eyes. Then slowly, he began to speak : " I am going to get to the bottom of this." Then, " You must not funk it, Plunkit (sorry, unavoidable). Let's get down to brass tacks." So saying, he proceeded to sit down in one of the biggest chairs. Scarcely had he established contact with it when he gave vent to a piercing YELL, leapt ten feet into the air, and landed on the mantelpiece, where he stood dejectedly for some moments.

Finally, and with deliberate slowness, he withdrew from the seat of his trousers a bent, rusty drawing-pin—probably pinched from the Art Department.

Having regained his breath and his dignity, he began to speak once more : " Plunkit, you will have your new hair in four weeks," he said, handing him a large bottle marked : PRIZE CROP. MANUFACTURED BY WHISKER AND Y. B. BALD. " Meanwhile," he continued, " hand me your tobacco pouch."

A knowing smile flickering across his face, the detective opened the pouch and revealed inside—Plunkit's lost hair !

Plunkit, wearing a look of extreme terror, jumped up, opening his mouth as he did so. His pipe fell out. " Impossible," he snarled, shaking his fist, " you are deceiving me."

The detective rose to his feet : " On the contrary," he smirked. " It is the solution of the mystery in a nutshell—I beg your pardon, in a tobacco pouch." And, hat and gloves in hand, Benjamin threw him back the pouch and walked to the door, adding : " So you can put that in your pipe—and smoke it ! "

But, unfortunately, Percival P. Plunkit had already done so. . . .

L. G. D. S.

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



"QUARTERLY" QUOTATIONS.

CHAUCER'S PRIORESS :—

"She liked wine and swore very frequently."

"She spoke perfect French but with an Oxford accent."

"She was a finely built woman being almost a span broad, and her features were beautifully cut. Her colour was always very neatly fixed."

"According to Chaucer she was a great sport and goodly company and was rather fond of drinking port."

"She was a good eater and no meat ever fell on her dress. After a meal she would stretch very neatly."

A SENSE OF PROPORTION !

Class IV. boy, after working out sum concerning so many horses eating so much hay, obtains this surprising result :—

$$\text{Answer} = \frac{27}{2} \text{ horses} = "13 \text{ horses and one} \\ \text{fole."}$$

EUROPEAN INFLUENCE.

Jessie : "Linda, shut the door. It's always going bang, bang, bang—just like Mussolini's guns."

"The friars were lazy; they would just stay in their cells and lie on the floor which was strewn with rushes."

"The Graft Guild was a meeting of tradesmen."

"Brutus quarrelled with Cassius because Cassius had given brides to the men in the army."

"Tam o' Shanter saw dead people dancing strathspeys and Nanny, the nurse, among them dancing with the best."

"The ancient mariner was left alone without a breath of wind or a drop of drinking water."

"All human beings from elephants to flies require oxygen."

[What kind of insect are you ?]

"A stunted ascetic is an undergrown person who is suffering from acidity in his system."

Hautboy = chest of drawers.

"Without the compass many people who are put down in history as Empire builders, would probably never have ventured out into the world in a boat without a compass, because most of the boats which set sail for one land either never reached anywhere or landed somewhere else."

LOWER SCHOOL.

"The difficulties overcome in making the Panama Canal were blowing up a mountain and mosquitoes."

"Los Angeles has a suburb called Holyrood."

"The Treaty of Northampton said that Robert the Bruce's son had to marry Princess Juliana."

"The spinach, asparagus and celery fields are on the U.S.A. trams."

JUNIOR SECTION.

The Storm.

The chill wind whistles round the marsh,
The curlew gives his melancholy call,
The steel-dark waters glimmer deep,
And great dark clouds brood grimly over all.

The dark clouds gather in the north,
The first few drops announce the coming storm,
There comes a rumble, and a flash ;
The few scared birds fly round, wet and forlorn.

The lightning illuminates the bog
And fills the splashing pools with fire.
No man comes near this sad, deserted waste ;
The marsh gleams like a funeral pyre.

The lightning's glare now slowly fades away,
The thunder crashes fainter and fainter sound ;
The rain-lash lessens ; and o'er the marsh
The silence reigns again, deep and profound.
RONA M'LAY.

Swing Song.

Now swinging high, then swinging low,
Up in air, to and fro,
Watching the breeze
Flutter the leaves,
Then down I go.

High in the blue sky above me,
On the topmost branch of the tree,
Birds are singing,
Their sweet songs ringing
Down over the lea.

H. M. DAWSON.

The Shepherd.

A voice, a bark, what's this I hear ?
The shepherd and his flock appear ;
With crook held in his weathered hand,
To help him o'er the rugged land.

On lonely moor his cottage stands,
Kept neat and clean by gentle hands,
The little table set for tea
And children's laughter, full of glee.

This home to him is everything,
More than a palace to a king,

Contentment dwells in every breast,
This shepherd's home is truly blest.
CHRISTINA C. FLANDERS (Class V.).

When I Grow Up.

When I grow up what fun I mean to have !
I need not go to bed before it's dark,
No lessons, no tiresome school for me ;
Instead I'll climb for apples on the highest tree.

Or make mud pies, or paddle in the burn,
Besides, of course, I'll have a golden purse,
So I can buy such lovely sweets and toys ;
And nobody can check me if I make a terrible noise.

Now I'm grown up. But somehow things are changed,
It's not much fun to sit up half the night.
I miss the dear old school and teachers too !
Mud-pies have lost the joy that I once knew.

Now I can eat green apples when I like,
But now, alas ! they do not taste so sweet.
And strange, I would not give a single coin
For all the toy-shops in the busy street.
BETTY GREIG (Class V.M.).

The Violet.

The violet in her dainty frock
Conceals her bashful eye
Behind an ancient rugged rock
As the cold wind hurries by.

This dainty flower with scent so sweet
Minds me of joyous hours ;
She stands, the cool grass at her feet,
Withstanding April showers.

She is so shy, this little flower,
As she smiles at the warm Spring sun
Who shines into the leafy bower
Where the violets first did come.
BETTY ELDER.

I am Proud to be of Scotland.

I am proud to be of Scotland,
Of its mountains, and its rills,
Of its battles, and its victories,
Of its strength of Scottish wills,

We have won our power by courage,
 And our strength lies in our pride,
 How I love to read or listen,
 To the tales of men who died,
 Of the clans who won our freedom,
 Who flung death risks to the wind,
 Who won and flew our banner,
 In the days long left behind.
 ANNETTA LEE (Class V.M.).

Rondeau.

(*With apologies to Leigh Hunt.*)

"Jenny kissed me when we met,
 Sneezing from the chair she sat in;
 Time, you thief, who love to get
 Ills into your list, put that in!
 Now I'm coughing, now I'm sad,
 For the present, health has missed me,
 Now I have a horrid cold, for
 Jenny kissed me."

Panacea.

If you wish to save war
 And keep nations quiet,
 Be sure it is often
 A question of diet.
 When food disagrees
 All folks are in riot,
 And nations get cross
 And want something to shy at.
 So every one's quarrels
 And everyone's ills
 Would soon cease
 If we all would take Liver Pills.
 M. T. (Class V.).



London.

Oh, to be in London now,
 Where traffic is so dense,
 Where people are not fussy,
 And the dogs have commonsense.

The tourists come and gape at things
 And think them quite bewildering,
 When really it is just a part
 Of a demolished building.

The fog comes down in blankets,
 And you grope your way about;
 It really is unfortunate
 If you hit someone who's stout.

Our policemen are so famous
 For their kindly pleasant ways;
 You soon know what they're really like,
 When you've been there for days.

And though it sounds so very bad,
 It still remains to me
 The grandest place in all the world
 That possibly could be.

E. M. (Class VII.).

Thought.

When sitting alone in an effort to swot,
 One's mind slips into the realms of Thought.
 Our thoughts are varied and unrelated.
 We may think of exams. to which we are fated,
 Our minds then jump to another theme
 And we drift off into a fitful dream.
 We lie and dream of some Milton sonnet
 Then stifle a groan and mutter, "Plague on
 it."

Our thoughts now fill with the vice of Macbeth,
 The air turns sordid with sudden Death,
 "Will Neptune's ocean wash this blood?"—
 Our ruminations are nipped in the bud,
 For we wake with a start and once more get
 busy

And puzzle at Hamlet until we are dizzy.

"Is it nobler in the mind to suffer?"

The weather outside is growing rougher,
 The wind laments the mournful Dane
 Who's tears distil into pattering rain.

We study the problem with concentration
 And work it out with morbid elation.

We draw close into the red fire's heat,
 The hearth ornamented with our feet.

Burning the midnight oil, forsooth,
 "Tempus fugit," and that's the truth.

"How Time slips underneath our Feet,"

That Time whom mortals cannot cheat,

We may try, but under years we bend,

"Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—
 sans End.

W. G. W.

The Love Call.

My lessons were finished, or so I said,
 I was far too restless to go to bed.
 The night was cold and windy and wet,
 There was nothing doing on the wireless set.
 My feelings reflected the dull night's gloom;
 As I paced up and down the well-lit room
 I thought of Saul, of Bible days,



Back Row—Wm. G. Walker. R. K. Burns. N. G. Melrose. I. M. Troup. J. S. Nicoll. W. M. Osler.

Middle Row—R. F. Hunter. D. S. Dryden. D. M. Caird. J. M. Hutton. C. T. Cathro. H. T. Smith.

In Front—W. V. Doe. J. W. Cree. (*Absent*, D. Dewar, Capt.).

**Rugby Club, 2nd XV.,
Session 1937-38.**

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

Who was soothed by David's roundelays.
 Oh, music hath charms, or so we are told,
 So I seized my fiddle, the music unrolled,
 Thais, and Czardas, and After the Ball,
 Songs Without Words, and the Indian Love
 Call,

But the answer I got to my call to Fate,
 Was the cry of the Tomcat making a date.
 CATHERINE WRIGHT (Class VII.)

Robin in the City.

I.

Hallo ! you little sad messenger
 Reminder of unalterable woes,
 Trespasser, your dress is inappropriate—
 A Spring bud red to blossom in snows.
 Here only are steel springs, the ayes and noes
 Of dry merchants with demand notes
 Short circuited by multiple stores.
 Go take your hints of country habitation
 Where the farm boy snores.

II.

That sharp wisdom in your eyes
 Proclaims the hunger of centuries,
 Slips in upon even the remote heart
 Here held in city maladies.
 Your pertinent call reminds the too cajoled
 mind

That territories of Europe
 Frozen in their boundaries
 Hold beneath the skin
 The semblances of men.
 Blood runs in veins concealed.

But you had better return
 To your country house,
 Your bright breast burns
 With a far radiance.

G.B.

Spring.

The breezes waft the cuckoo's gentle note,
 On budding tree and hedge the throstles
 sing.
 The birds proclaim with happy eager throat
 Their welcome to the new-awakened Spring.

The fields take on their livery of green,
 As free from winter's grip the fresh grass
 grows ;
 The young lambs frisk beneath the skies
 serene,
 And in the glades a bluebell-carpet glows.

The May tree shows the whiteness of its bough,
 For spring has flung her beauty far and near;
 Oh, spread the news that spring is with us now,
 No more the winter, fell and cruel, we fear.
 WINIBELLE FARQUHARSON.

The Braw Lad's Gathering.

IN the Border country in Scotland each little town holds a special festival every summer. In the olden days when England and Scotland were constantly at war, these towns would be as much in the hands of the English as of the Scots, and charters were being continually granted to the inhabitants. These festivals are really held to celebrate the granting of these charters or of some liberty given to the people. The most picturesque of these celebrations is the Braw Lad's Gathering at Galashiels.

Before the great week of rejoicing an election is held where a Braw Lass and Lad are chosen together with eight attendants. The chosen few are presented with beautiful riding habits, the Braw Lass's being pure white. A whole week is set apart for it and the great day comes at the end on the Saturday. During the week dances and concerts are held

and these are honoured by the Braw Lass and Lad. They visit the schools and grant the scholars a holiday, and are cheered everywhere they go. The town is decorated with bunting and each house vies with its neighbour in decoration. (It has been said that last year Galashiels had scarcely any decorations for the Coronation, but they excelled in the Braw Lad's Gathering decorations.)

Saturday as usual dawns bright and glorious for it has not rained on Gala Day for a great many years. The first item is that of riding the marches. The procession sets out early in the morning. They visit the Radestane Haugh where a sod of turf is cut and borne by one of the attendants on a velvet cushion. Abbotsford is then visited where a large stone is taken out of the Tweed.

The most beautiful scene then takes place—the fording of the Tweed. The Braw Lass looks

very beautiful on her horse, dressed in white and riding beside the Braw Lad who wears black and white shepherd tartan and bears a blue banner with the Galashiels coat of arms on it. Behind them ride the attendants, all gaily dressed, and then follow such prominent citizens as the mayor and councillors. After the fording the procession makes its way to the market cross where a very picturesque scene takes place.

The cross is covered with beautiful flowers and a platform is erected beside it. The mayor and town crier and other prominent men take their places and then, amidst great cheering, the Braw Lass and Lad come up. After a long screed is read by the crier, the rites of the ceremony are performed. A bouquet of red roses and one of white roses are handed to the Braw Lass. These represent the houses of Lancaster and York. She then intertwines

them to represent the union of the two houses and lays them on the cross. The Braw Lad then raises his sword aloft and places it also on the cross. After that the sod and the stone are laid on and that part of the ceremony is over.

The procession then adjourns to the War Memorial. This is said to be the most beautiful one in Scotland. It is a bronze statue of a Border reiver spurring on his horse with his lance in his hand and a look in his eyes which suggests a great longing to be away on a raid. Behind the statue is an angel floodlit by a never-dying light. The Braw Lad lowers his flag in salute and two minutes' silence is observed.

During the afternoon games are held, and the week's celebrations are brought to a triumphant close.

D. J. S. (Class VIII.).

The Good Old Days.

SOME people talk about the "good old days." To such grumblers should be given the pleasure of being carried back through the ages and left stranded, suffering from toothache, at some date in the past.

Remedies for this painful affliction, toothache, have varied greatly, and perhaps a small list of cures used in former times by the equivalents of our dentists would satisfy any grumbler that the present is a superior age so far as dentistry is concerned.

The first reason given for toothache was that the sufferer had been stricken by divine wrath. This was a job for the priest and a sinecure, for if the patient was not cured the priest maintained that that person was not worthy.

After this, some intelligent attempts to cure toothache were made as well as a large number of unintelligent ones. The Egyptians made pastes like the following: Seps-grains, 1 part; dough, 1 part; honey, 1 part; oil, 1 part; which were to be made into a plaster and applied to the tooth. The Chinese thought that the pain was caused by worms inside the tooth and to cure this they made arsenic into

pills which they placed near the tooth or in the ear opposite. Another favourite Chinese prescription was like this: Roast a bit of garlic and crush it between the teeth; mix with some chopped horse-radish or saltpetre, make it into a paste with milk; form pills and introduce one into the nostril opposite to where the pain is felt.

Hippocrates was the first important Greek dentist. His main remedies were extraction and cauterization. If the tooth was loose he took it out with a pair of forceps, and if the tooth ached but wasn't loose he cauterized it.

In conclusion, I should like to tell one of the ways used to take out teeth. The instrument used was called a pelican. Of all the ghastly instruments of torture devised by man I think this must have been the worst. Essentially it was a metal rod bent into a hook at one end and with a handle at the other end. The hook was hooked on to the tooth which was pulled out laterally.

I think any grumbler submitted to the pleasure of having a tooth pulled out by this method would change his opinion about the "good old days."

D.A.E.D.

'PHONE
4751

MELDRUM'S

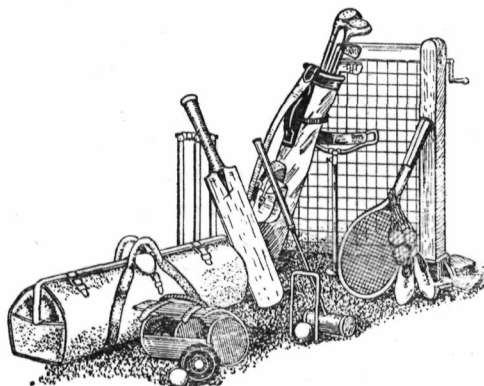
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useful and satisfactory.

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Incidents Somewhat Musical.

ONE cold winter morning about two years ago, when I was returning from an errand to the local chemist, I was hailed by a labourer working in a trench by the roadside.

"Hey! missy! will you help us?" he asked. "It's just a matter of music. I know you know music, 'cos I've heard you play. My mate an' me are having an argument about some music we heard over the wireless last night. He ses it's one thing an' I says it's another!"

Turning to his companion he said, "Jest whistle it for her, Sandy."

With a face the colour of a beetroot, I stood beside the two men, hoping that no one would see me and that the earth would swallow me up. The man began to whistle with a flawless purity of a clever exponent of the flute. The piece was easy to recognise, one of these pot-pourri arrangements so often played over the wireless. When the whistling ceased, both men looked expectantly at me.

"Oh! that's Handel's 'Largo,' and——"

I was interrupted by a jubilant, "What did I tell you, Sandy?"

"——and," I continued, "the later part in Mendelssohn's 'Andante.'"

"I kent I was right," uproariously shouted Sandy, while Bill's mouth displayed undisguised astonishment which fast melted into keen disappointment.

"Well, I'll be ——, yes, I will," but he did not swear.

I walked away amused and a little thoughtful.

Imagine it!

Two labourers arguing about Mendelssohn and Handel in a roadside trench on a cold

winter's morning! What about the depraved taste for music of the present generation?

But some of you will say, "What about the jazz craze?"

I know we dance to jazz and like it, but jazz is only rhythmic sound played to further emphasise the exaggerated movement which is demanded by the modern dances. Rhythmic tapping would produce the same effect and be less discordant, but the sound would not carry. Personally, I think jazz is suitable for the rush and turmoil of the present day.

Good music demands thought and appreciation. Jazz demands neither. To laugh and gossip while jazz is being played is no insult to the musicians or the composer.

The wild weird shrieks of dissonant sound produce a false carefree abandon, which is not exactly civilised, or perhaps, I had better say cultured—that is it is somewhat barbaric. Nevertheless, it breaks the tension of our hectic lives. Personally, I think that jazz will soon cease to raise the fierce antagonism of the cultured musician. They will tolerate it as rhythmic sound and not as music.

Talking about appreciation of music, what do you think of this?

Three summers ago, while touring the West of Scotland, I saw a far prettier sight. A lady visiting Loch Sunnart took her harpsichord to the water's edge. To the gentle accompaniment of the lap-lap of the waves she commenced to play and sing. She was a Londoner and her astonishment knew no bounds when she noticed two seals gamboling and playing near her. They even ventured on to the shingle to listen. Immediately she ceased to play and sing, they barked and disappeared.

She wonders if another instrument would appeal to them. One day, I intend to try it.

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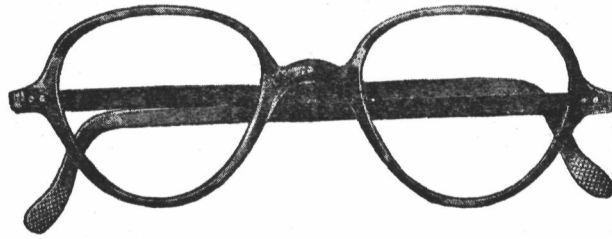
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more, and to see more.—*Woods*



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“Foiled Again!”

A TALE OF THE SCARLET CAMEL.

I.

THE scene is Paris.

The year is the Year Two of the Republic; the month, the month of Cuspidor; the day, the 16th.

All day the tumbrils have rumbled through the Rues and Boulevards bearing grim cargoes to Madame la Guillotine.

In a sombre room in the Hotel de Ville, two men sit at a window. The man in black is Citizen Camembert, French Envoy to the Court of St. James: a sinister figure, and to quote English public opinion of the time, “A nasty bit of goods as ever was.” He in green is, needless to say, the celebrated Sea-green Indestructible Citizen Robespierre.

This latter looks at his watch and laughs ghoulishly. “An hour ago,” he leers, “the Duc de Nullepart was arrested. By this time to-morrow his head will be in the basket—unless the Scarlet Caramel takes a hand!”

“Bah!” grates Camembert. “The Scarlet Caramel will never see him! Trust your little Camembert!”

At these words the sentry outside the door removes his ear from the keyhole with a start, an expression of consternation spread across his face. Hastily he scribbles on a piece of paper, mysteriously produces a pigeon from the depths of his shako, and, attaching the note, heaves the bird out of the window. Then, with the air of one who has done all in his power, he clamps his ear once more against the keyhole.

* * * *

The moon shines serenely upon the English countryside, bathing the superb gardens of Baloney Hall in a silver glow. From within comes the sound of music: all the *haut monde* and *noblesse oblige* of Old England are treading a minuet in those stately halls.

Down the marble steps into the rose garden strolls the tall form of Sir Percy Baloney, the the Best Dressed Cad in Europe.

As he rambles among the roses, there comes the rustle of wings. A pigeon materialises from out of the darkness and alights on his brocaded shoulder. Frowning a little, Sir Percy un-

winds the scroll from the bird's leg, reads it at a glance, then, clearing the rose-beds with one leap, he dashes for the stables. Ten minutes later he is thundering, full throttle, down the Dover Road.

In the middle of a gavotte, his beautiful wife, Lady Margarine Baloney, hears the beat of his drumming hooves and almost swallows her chewing gum. “Things is movin' some!” she murmurs.

(We must not forget that Lady Baloney was formerly Margarine St. Scourge, the noted stage star.)

II.

The sun is descending redly behind the twin towers of Notre Dame de Paris, as a lone horseman pulls up his panting steed at the Barrière du Nord. The Citizen Sergeant examines his papers: they bear the name of Signor Ippolito Baloni, sausage manufacturer, Bologna, Italy.

“*Entrez, citoyen*,” says the Citizen Sarge. “*Vive la Republique!*”

“*Vesti la giubba! Largo al factotum!!*” cries the stranger, and gallops on . . .

In a cloud of dust he arrives at the Hotel de Ville and is admitted to Camembert's room.

“Well, Signor Baloni?” says the Jacobin.

“I have seen this,” quoth the other, pointing to a placard advertising a reward for the capture of the elusive Caramel. “The Scarlet Caramel is the Duc de Nullepart! Here is my proof.” And he throws over a sheaf of papers.

Camembert skims through them, rings a bell. “Bring the ci-devant Duc de Nullepart,” he barks at the sentinel.

In a few minutes the Duc stands before them. Baloni notes with satisfaction that he has grown a long grey beard.

As the door closes behind the soldiers the Italian socks Camembert vigorously on the jaw: down goes the Frenchman like a log.

“Lose no time!” hisses Baloni to the mystified Duc. And producing a pair of scissors and a make-up box, he starts on the nobleman's beard. Ten minutes later his

own neat black goatee adorns the Duc's face, while the grey whiskers are glued fast on to Camembert, and the "Italian" has become a passable imitation of the latter.

"This cad goes to the old guillotine, what?" remarks Baloni (as we may now call him).

"But he will talk!" objects the Count. Sir Percy stoops, and, removing the unconscious man's false teeth, grinds them to dust beneath his heel. "Not now he won't," he observes, and rings the bell. The guards re-enter. Sir Percy indicates the huddled form.

"*Voici le Caramel Ecarlate,*" he cried in ringing tones. "*A la guillotine! Liberté! Egalité! Fraternité!*"

* * * *

As Baloni and his companion ride along the

Rue de Réforme on their way to freedom, a string of tumbrils rattles past. In one of them, a grey-bearded man appears threatened with apoplexy. Turning to the guards he splutters "Reslush! wllsh keswosh!! Shlush plush swoshle!!"

"No spik Anglais," retorts the soldier. "*Tais-toi, cochon!*"

And the tumbril rolls on.

* * * *

Just about the time that Camembert's head plopped into the basket, two horsemen are cantering briskly down the Calais road.

"But if he pulls off his—my—the beard?" says one, anxiously.

"He'll never think of that," is the answer. "Psychology, my dear Duc. . . . psychology." G.

Paul.

THE hospital ward was white and clean and smelled of carbolic soap. It was grey outside and a bird was singing in the tree whose dark bare branches leaned across the window.

Paul felt sore all over and there was a throbbing in his head. The bird's song seemed jarring yet vaguely exhilarating. Suddenly he noticed a ring of quiet grave faces round his bed. He smiled. There was something dimly familiar about them and he tried hard to think who they might be.

The effort of thinking caused him more pain and so he gave it up. He was beginning to feel sleepy and very restful, but he wished that these people would go away and let him sleep. Why did they stand there looking at him so miserably as if there was something wrong with him? He began to wonder if there was, and felt worried.

A wave of sleep came over him and he shut his eyes. He did not see the sudden consternation among the onlookers. What did it matter anyway—if only they didn't look so familiar! This was worrying Paul. He

opened his eyes again for another look. The faces bent down pityingly. He blinked at them for a little, then gave it up. The restful feeling had come again, and a very pleasant sensation of being gently wafted down and down.

All he wanted was to keep quiet and go on sinking. He sighed. The sinking feeling stopped abruptly and then went on again. Paul decided not to sigh again lest the pleasant feeling should stop for ever.

Soon he became conscious that the scene in the hospital ward was becoming smaller and smaller as it does, sometimes, at the end of a cinematograph film. At last all that remained was a tiny spot of light and Paul found himself floating in a grey mist that smelled like the air on a summer's evening.

He realised that, if he wished, he could rise up again toward the light and awake once more in the clean white ward surrounded by the doleful people. But then the pain, which had been disappearing, would return. No! Paule turned his head and the last spot of light vanished.

M. E. F. (Class VII.).



Back Row—M. Thompson. F. Ritchie. L. Weir. E. Steel. C. Wallace.

In Front—D. Kidney. M. Plant. J. Donald. M. Purvis (Capt.). E. Russell. M. Wilson.

Girls' Hockey Club, 1st XI.,
Session 1937-38.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

Science Applied to History.

WE all learn, or are supposed to learn, history at school. But what is History? Why did Boadicea fight the Romans with such fury? Why did England win the Napoleonic wars? How can the Japanese exist on such a small barren island? No doubt a historian could give dozens of economic and political reasons but he is content with superficial explanations. When we get down to the bare bones it can be proved that the element which is predominant in its influence on world history is—food.

It has been shown by an American scientist, Sir Robert M'Carrison of the Indian Medical Service, that food can alter the whole character of nations. He took twelve families of rats of the same parentage and fed them on the foods of different nations. The rats fed on the English diet of boiled beef, boiled vegetables, tea and white bread and jam were ferocious-looking creatures "ready to fight at the drop of a hat"—rat versions of the sea-dogs of Devon. The French-fed rats, after eating rich meats and oily salads, were short and fat with oily hair and whiskers curled to a fine point. Rats fed on potatoes were friendly to strangers but quarrelled violently amongst themselves—real Irishmen at heart. Who knows what may happen to the Germans if Hitler continues to stop all imports and to feed his countrymen on oils extracted from wood? The map would be quite different if rice could be grown in the Scottish Highlands or oats in the Ganges valley.

No wonder the English colonists were all supreme—the result of age-long feeding on good beef and good bread. Was the Scotsman fleeing from his stodgy "parritch" when he

emigrated in such numbers from his beloved homeland? The Frenchman's love for the softer side of life spelled his doom in Canada and India. And what of India itself? Why do the Mohammedans grow to six feet of healthy manhood, while the Buddhists are creeping, cringing, servile creatures? Again, it has been proved that this is not a difference brought about by religion but one brought by food. The Mohammedans eat wheat, meat and milk, while the Hindus eat rice and dried fish. Would it be possible to solve the Indian question by feeding them all alike? I wonder?

B. J. M.



Car Cargoes.

(With apologies to Masefield.)

Limousine of luxury from gilded Mayfair,
Sweeping up superbly with polished silver
gleam,

With a cargo of soap-kings

And scent and ear-rings,

Llama-rugs, jewellery, and French face-creams.

Stately lofty landaulette rolling from the
counties,

Drawing up majestically with well-worn
brakes,

With a cargo of footmen,

And earls and countesses,

Grandpapas, grandmamas, and firm hand-
shakes.

Racing-model eyesore, coloured like a sweet-
meat,

Flashing down the High Street, spitting sharp
short roars,

With a cargo of goggles

And scarves and greatcoats,

Felt hats, fog-horns, and loud plus-fours.

M. H. L. (Class VI.).

The Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

WE very much regret to report the death of one of our older members, Rev. John Caesar, D.D., 1877-1880, Panbride Manse, Carnoustie. Dr. Caesar was one of our regular attenders at the Annual Dinner and was always very interested in High School affairs.

Arrangements will shortly be put in hand for our summer programme, and full details will be circulated later.

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, C.A., 11 Panmure Street, Dundee.

The Membership of the Club now stands as follows :—

Ordinary Members	..	361
Life Members	..	139
Honorary Member	..	1
		—
		501

Reports.

Rugby Club.

Another rugger season has almost gone the teams have completed their fixtures, only the "sevens" remain.

The season has been very successful from the point of view of enthusiasm if not through the results obtained. The younger boys have shown great keenness in all their matches. Classes IV., V. and VI. have all fielded teams regularly both in inter-class games and in matches with other schools. The results of these games have been quite good; "school" having won as many matches as they have lost. This enthusiasm is very encouraging as it is from the ranks of these classes that the backbone of future 1st XV.s has to be found.

The senior teams have also done very well and deserve high praise for the wholehearted way which they have gone into all their games. The 1st XV. commenced the season shakily, losing their first two matches heavily to Aberdeen teams. However, with experience and an increasing knowledge of each other's play, before Christmas the results began to improve. The backs were fast and their combined play was good, while the forwards got through a lot of hard work. Much of the side's success must be credited to the half-backs, Philip and Kidd. Kidd's spoiling was very effective and saved the side time and again. Philip captained the team very well and his leadership has had much to do with the fine spirit which has prevailed in the fifteen during the season.

Considering the number of changes which had to be made owing to the needs of the "first," the 2nd XV. have put up a very good show. There are a number of

young players in the side and they should do well next season in the 1st XV. Our congratulations must be extended to Airlie House for carrying off the House Cup.

I should like, on behalf of the respective XV.s to take this opportunity of thanking Mr M'Laren, Mr Wardlaw and the Masters who have helped to make this season a success.

Results : The first XV. have played 16 matches, won 6 and lost 10. The 2nd XV. have won 7 matches and lost 7.

Easter Term results :—

			For	Agst.
Jan. 15—v. Morrison's Academy	Match cancelled.			
„ 22—v. Bell-Baxter School	..	30	0	
„ 26—v. Morgan Academy ..	..	4	3	
„ 29—v. Harris Academy ..	..	20	0	
Feb. 16—v. Morgan Academy ..	..	6	8	
„ 19—v. Harris Academy ..	..	9	5	
„ 26—v. George Watson's XV.	..	7	14	
Mar. 5—v. Madras College ..	..	0	8	
				J. A. R. L.

Hockey Club.

This month brings us to the close of another hockey season, and although it did not open very successfully, our results have shown a marked improvement since Christmas.

1ST XI.

			For	Agst.
Jan. 8—Madras College	..	A. 2	3	
„ 15—Morgan Academy	..	H. Off.		
„ 22—Perth Academy	..	A. 2	7	
Feb. 12—Harris Academy	..	H. 2	1	
Mar. 5—Madras College	..	H. 2	2	
„ 12—Morrison's ..	..	H. 5	5	

TO PARENTS.

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

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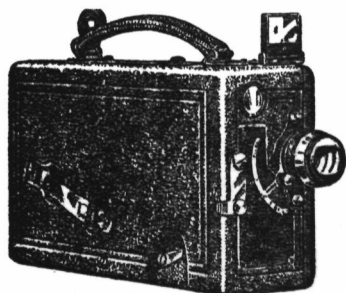
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2ND XI.

For Agst.

Jan.	8—Madras College 2nd XI.	..	H.	0	1
„	15—Morgan Academy 2nd XI.	..	A.		Off.
„	22—D.H.S. F.P.'s "B"	..	H.		Off.
Feb.	12—Harris Academy	..	H.	0	1
Mar.	5—Madras College 2nd XI.	..	A.	3	1
„	12—Seymour Lodge 1st	..	A.	2	3

We have been very fortunate this term in being able to see such excellent hockey as was played by the "pick" of Scotland in the International Trials staged at our grounds. Also two Midlands games have been played at the grounds, one against the Ladies' XI., in which the Juniors were defeated, and another against the Aberdeen and District, from which they emerged victorious. Unfortunately the school team did not manage to retain the Hockey Cup this year, which we have held for so long. However it was not from lack of encouragement from our coach or lack of determination on the part of our younger players.

We are now looking forward eagerly to the last two items on our fixture list—the annual Little Tournament and the Staff Match.

I would now ask Miss Whytock and Miss Fernie to accept our sincere thanks for the time which they have given to coaching and inspiring the XI.s, and also for the great encouragement which they have given us.

C. M. W.

Cadet Report.

Since the last issue of the Magazine cadets have paraded as usual. During the past month uniform and equipment have been issued in readiness for dressed parades next term. For financial reasons the senior boys who are not attending camp this year have not been equipped, but rather more than 140 cadets will be able to parade in uniform.

The Company has made two visits to Broughty Castle this term. On the first occasion cadets were shown the organisation and manipulation of a battery of artillery. On the second visit they saw films of inter-arm co-operation, air raid precautions, and methods of concealment from air and from the ground. We are indebted to Capt.-Adj. M'Gibbon for permitting our visits, and to Lt. Scott for the time and trouble he expended to make our visits interesting and instructive.

The annual cadet dinner is to be held in school on Thursday, 31st March. On this occasion Lt. M'Laren will receive at the hands of Mr. Halley Brown, Cadet Convener, the badge for long and meritorious service to the cadet movement.

The annual camp at Cortachy will occupy the first fourteen days of the summer holiday. We con-

fidently expect a record attendance this year, and would emphasise again to all cadets the enormous value of camp. Every cadet should regard the opportunity to go to camp as a privilege, and a change of helping his corps, his school and himself.

The spring promotions, as from 19th March, 1938, are as follows:—

C.Q.M.S. Lawson to be C.S.M.
Sgt. L. J. Millar to be C.Q.M.S.
L/Sgt. Grant to be Sergeant.
Cpl. Caird to be Sergeant.
Cpl. Hutton to be Sergeant.
Cpl. Pearson to be Sergeant.

W. L. M.

Guide Report.

We are now nearing the end of another successful and enjoyable term, and the younger Guides are well on the way to becoming 2nd Class Guides.

There has been one change in Patrol Leaders this term as the Nightingale P.L., Pat Yule, has left school. She has been succeeded by Helen Norrie.

The Inter-Patrol Shield is now in possession of the Bluetit Patrol, but competition between the Patrols is keen and the marks this term should be very close.

Our officers have been as helpful and hard-working as ever and lately they have taught us several new games and dances which they learned at a Guider's Training. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking them for their untiring service to the Company.

M. S. P.

Boys' Literary Society.

The Society's meetings since the beginning of the session have been marked by the enthusiasm of the members, even the lower classes taking a keen part in debating. A large part of the success of the meetings, likewise, can be attributed to the very able presidency of Mr. Laird.

The session began with an illustrated address by G. H. Philip, Esq., on the subject "A Cruise on the West Coast." "Extracts from Literature," a "Hat Night," Classes VI. and VII. papers, a debate and an open "Hat Night" followed, and although attendances were not very large the programmes were entertaining. Another illustrated lecture, given by C. L. Clarke, Esq., A.R.P.S., followed, and the humorous nature of Mr. Clarke's address combined with the fineness of the slides shown made the meeting thoroughly enjoyable.

Owing to snow and bad conditions there was no meeting the week following, and the next meeting was the Musical Evening. This was unusually successful,

and our thanks are due to the entertainers who had to put in much hard work beforehand.

The first meeting of the new term was a favourite—a display of Cine Films by Norman Brown and Company; and this was followed by another illustrated lecture by H. H. Robertson, Esq., on “Mediterranean Cruising.” The remaining meetings were rearranged, the programmes being a “Hat Night,” Class IX. papers, Class VIII. papers, and a very interesting address by George Burnett, Esq., on “Broadcasting and Culture.”

Only one meeting now remains to be held.

Girls' Literary Society.

The Girls' Literary Society has once more come to an end, after a very successful and enjoyable session under the presidency of Miss Fernie.

The first meeting of the new year was our Musical Evening, which is always very well attended. On the 21st of January we held a Hat Night when several interesting and some very amusing questions were discussed. At our next meeting we were entertained by Class VIII. and enjoyed a delightfully varied programme.

The following week on 4th February a debate was hotly contested on the question whether a new school should be built, or the present one reconstructed.

After some very warm arguments the vote was taken and found to be a draw.

We had a novel lecture when Miss Ritchie of the V.A.D. visited the Society on 11th February. We were told of the work and aims of the V.A.D. and were very interested in the different kinds of gas-masks Miss Ritchie had brought with her. We were very amused when we were allowed to put them on.

We discovered quite a lot of talent when Class VI. entertained us on 18th February. They seem to be a promising class.

In place of the Staff Night on the 25th February we chose another Hat Night, which seems to be a popular form of entertainment with the Society this year.

Mr. G. Burnett, of the B.B.C., gave us a very interesting lecture on the 4th March, dealing with many of the programmes we hear broadcast. We were allowed to ask any questions we wanted at the end of the lecture, and quite a few people took advantage of this offer.

Our last meeting was on Monday, 7th March, when the Staff presented the play “Alice—Sit-by-the-Fire,”

by Barrie. It was splendidly acted and we all feel very grateful to the Staff for taking so much trouble to present such a polished performance.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Fernie and Miss M'Naughton for their unfailing interest in the Society and for their help so willingly given at all times.

M. A. P.

F.P. Tennis Club.

The last season was somewhat marred by the weather, there being too much rain and too little sun for a successful tennis season. However we always feel sure that the weather will be better next year and therefore this season should be fine and warm.

The ladies' team are expected to remain in the First and Second Divisions and the men just failed to secure a general promotion, the first team being third and the second team second in the third and fourth division respectively. We are hoping for a more decided success this year.

The winners of the Club Championships were as follows :—

Ladies' Singles Cup—Miss B. W. Low.

Gent.'s Singles Cup—A. M'Call.

Mixed Doubles Handicap—Miss Lindsay and E. R. Winton.

The Club Dance was as usual a big social success, and all present had a very jolly evening; but the financial result was a rather heavy loss, and it would appear that some other form of winter re-union will require to be considered.

We would remind those present pupils who are about to leave this year that the Club subscription in such cases is 10s., and a very hearty welcome will be extended to them. To those intending members, P.P. or F.P., who are more interested in the match side of tennis we would suggest that an early appearance at the courts is important for the match season starts very promptly, and while every member is considered for the teams, those who turn out early have an advantage. We are always wanting recruits to replace those who become aged and infirm, so roll up in April to swell our talent.

A very enjoyable match was played between a team of the more aged team members and a team of Old Boys. The Old Boys scored a substantial victory, so that it would appear that after a period of decline tennis players improve with age.

A. T. MILLER.

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