

# Whitehill School Magazine.

No. 15.

Summer, 1927.

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## ADVERTISERS.

It is the duty of every purchaser of the Magazine, and all connected with the School, to support as much as possible those Firms and Shop-owners who advertise in the Magazine.

Repay their confidence in you and

**SUPPORT YOUR ADVERTISERS.**

## EDITORIAL.

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may."—*R. Herrick.*

"Time, you old gipsy man

Will you not stay,

Put up your caravan

Just for one day."—*R. Hodgson.*

It has been truly said that a great deal of the pleasure derived from any event or situation is to be found in the anticipation of it, rather than in the event itself. It is also true that it is only afterwards that we realise what opportunities we have missed and what possibilities of enjoyment we have allowed to slip past unnoticed. This is caused either by ignorance or by blindness, the latter reason being the commoner.

It is found in all conditions of life; people are quite content to accept all that comes to them, but will not put themselves to seek for opportunities.

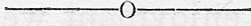
The life at school offers one long opportunity for enjoyment, so read and digest our first quotation. In a school of the size of Whitehill there are boundless methods of satisfying all our tastes, for the school clubs cover most branches of sport and art, and new members are ever welcome. It is only through these sources that full benefit can be derived from school.

A great many younger pupils are rather chary about joining the clubs, and put it off until they arrive at a more advanced stage. This is a great mistake, as the first thought that strikes them after they have joined the clubs is, "Why did I not do so before?" So, to all who are not yet members of all the clubs, we say, "Take time by the forelock."

The end of the season is now approaching, and is being greeted with mixed feelings. To the younger members of the School, it merely means the vision of happy hours spent in the sunshine of coast or country. To several of the older pupils, however, it means the closing of a chapter in the book of their career. Of course, there is still more to look forward to, but just as we often wish, after reading a good book, that we were yet in the middle of it, so do the older pupils regard their life at school. It is then that they realise that they have not done all that they might have, and wish that they had the opportunity again. Nevertheless, they cheerfully make up their minds to do the next best thing, and obtain as much benefit from the next part of their career as possible.

If, however, the pupil starts early to take part in the public life of the school, he will, when his time comes for leaving, enter into his new sphere better equipped to take up his appointed position. The School needs you and you need the School, so, "Go to it."

The closing term has brought about the inevitable changes in our staff. We regret the recent departure of Mr. Langlands, from the Art Department, but wish him every success in his new school. While dealing with the Art Department we would thank Mr. Jackson and his artists for their unfailing supply of bright posters throughout the year.



### School Prizes.

#### James Henderson Memorial Medal—

N. ALEXANDER (Dux of School).

#### War Memorial Prizes—

- (1) VINCENT R. PALING; (2) NEIL ALEXANDER.  
(3) JAMES JACKSON.

#### Crosthwaite Memorial Prize—

(Latin)—GEORGE INNES.

(Prox. Acc.)—NEIL ALEXANDER.

#### War Memorial Medals—

(English)—MARY T. K. BROWNLEE.

(Mathematics)—JOHN A. M'FADDEN

(Latin and French)—JAMES JACKSON.

(French and German)—MARGARET MONTGOMERIE.

(Science)—VINCENT R. PALING.

(Art)—

**A Daily Incident.**

The school gong clangs. The whistle blows,  
And every day you see  
A pupil running, for she knows  
She in her line should be.

And sometimes, if the Fates are kind  
She will get thro' the gate  
Before the cruel masters find  
That she has come in late.

But if the master has got out  
The wrong side of his bed,  
Or if the sun has given him  
A bad pain in the head,

Then woe betide the sinner who  
Dares to come in so late;  
There's no escape and she must be  
Resigned to meet her fate.

And then with questions she is plied,  
As to how far she's come,  
She missed the tram—but then she could  
Have got another one.

She daren't try to meet her doom  
With cheerful, smiling grin.  
"Stop grinning like an ape" she's told.  
And asked to "step within."

She steps within and then to her  
Is given a little card.  
On it she writes her name and class  
—That isn't very hard.

But she is given a harder task.  
If in future she is late,  
The keeper of the gate will ask  
For lines—then sad's her fate.

But she sits down quite cheerily  
And makes her best endeavour;  
She'll pay him back, and so she writes  
" 'Tis better late than never."

NEVER SAY DIE.

A. W. (III.—G.b.)

### The Three Mustardiers.

There were once three members of the Mustard Club, called respectively Bathos, Cosmos, and Amami, who held that playing with mustard was like playing with fire, in which they were right. The reason for their having such peculiar names was that they were so christened. They had a companion, "Dart" Onion, so nicknamed because he was a knife thrower. These three + one = four, these four lived in the reign of Looney XIV. who was totally subservient to his minister, a Chinaman called Loo, and since he was wealthy, "Rich" Loo. Now the king had a queen called Anovostria, who had a club foot and a lover called Buck. N. Hamn. The king gave Anovostria a pair of dancing-shoes which she wore out at the Charleston, and then gave to Buck for a keepsake?—No, I forgot to tell you he was also a cobbler. One day the king, at the instigation of "Rich" Loo, gave out that a ball was to be held, at which the queen was to be present, and wear her dancing slippers. Judge of her horror when the queen learned that the cobblers were out on strike! But our four heroes got together and sat down and thunked. What was to be done? What would you have done, reader? What did you say? Yes, that's the very thing they did, you guessed right.

When Loo, who was her deadly enemy, saw her enter the ballroom he said: "She cannot have her slippers because of the strike; the king will be displeased. Ha! Ha!" And he smiled a cynical laugh. But when he saw the shoes, he cursed, and going up to the queen, before the horrified onlookers, put out his tongue at her. The queen smiled, and said she had won; she knew he could not say "Abernethy Biscuits" without putting out his tongue.

Our heroes were made Gugnuncs, whence it was an easy step to Parliament and a seat on the council of the Frothblowers' Union.

Eliza Lott (V.—B.)

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### A Slight Mistake.

The street was thronged with holiday makers. All was bright and gay, and no one seemed to have a care in the world, except a solitary soul who walked slowly and sadly along the street, neither looking to right or left until he came to a churchyard. Entering, he sat down on one of the tombstones and gazed about, looking more melancholy than ever. A kindhearted minister passed along, and seeing the forlorn figure stopped to sympathise. He spoke to the man about his dear departed friend, and said that although his grief was great he should bear it like a man, and try to look more cheerful. To his amazement the reply came, "I've got a pair of new boots on, and they're pinching me like mad."

### The Wisdom of the Unlearned.

"Ninety-nine," "One hundred." The crowd of schoolboys becomes more excited, the player more anxious. There is a long pause; the crowd straining to see more clearly; and then an excited whisper, "One hundred and fifty." Silence now; is something going to be achieved, something new; a record broken?

A nice game this. A fault of judgment is fatal; mathematical precision, perfect nerves, perfect anticipation are necessary. A game of pure skill; a game in which you use only your head.

"Two hundred." Wonderful that one small head can achieve so much. And still the ball goes with monotonous precision from forehead to wall, wall to forehead.

"Two hundred and fifty," and then in gasps of admiration, scarcely audible, come "Sixty," "Seventy," "Eighty." Will he reach three hundred—yes—By jove, "Ninety." Now and again a whisper of encouragement, "Keep it up." Excitement at white heat; eyes straining; voices hushed; interest centred on one little figure; and then—the loud blast of a whistle.

Everything ceases; the player stuffs the ball into his pocket; wipes his dirty forehead; and enters the school to employ those unique brains of his in the study of mathematics.

A wonderful creature, man. A marvellous phenomenon, boy! A man can do geometry, algebra—"tests," he boasts, "of accuracy and concentration." A boy can play "headers"—a good game he admits. And more, the boy can imitate the man by doing, on an average, fifty per cent. of the problems given him. Can your most learned teacher imitate the boy? Can he keep a ball going against a wall five consecutive times?

Do mathematics require any more brains than "headers?" "Headers" is an art; a difficult art, hard to achieve, and requiring as much concentration as maths. ever did. They are both tests of mental power; and, moreover, the teacher is paid for teaching the boy, while the boy is sneered at for amusing the teacher. (The latter statement can be proved by watching the expression on Mr. Whistler's countenance.) The one achievement is called knowledge; the other dubbed nonsense.

We are told that mathematics is the language of the practical; never was there a bigger lie. Is it true, as in "Locke," that the faces of cliffs are always absolutely perpendicular, or that immediately a boy finds the string of his kite taut he runs home for his father to calculate the angle of elevation. Are there people so mathematically stringy that "they pay their bill in the following ratio; 3 : 5 : 9?" or was there ever anyone so desperately bankrupt as to have assets  $\frac{3}{4}$ d., and liabilities £1,000,000. All ridiculous and impracticable! "Headers" is profound wisdom along side of it.

What is knowledge? What is worth learning? Ought we to come to school at all? Do we become any wiser by going? Stop!—this way lies rebellion, along this road we may find truth—a dangerous sin.

“Fabian.”

### Oor Wee Fitba' Team.

The other nicht a bunch o' boys  
Cam' up the stair like steam,  
They chappit at my door and said:  
“Please help oor fitba' team.

We hae the men, oor team's complete,  
But hinna got a ba',  
We're needin' jerseys, breeks, an' buits,  
A man tae train us a'.”

A curly-heided callan winked,  
An' offered me a sheet;  
Says he, “Oh mister help us noo,  
Tae pit us on oor feet.”

I kent their faces—no' their names,  
Wha widna help the lot?  
I was the same when but a boy,  
I likit ba's tae stot.

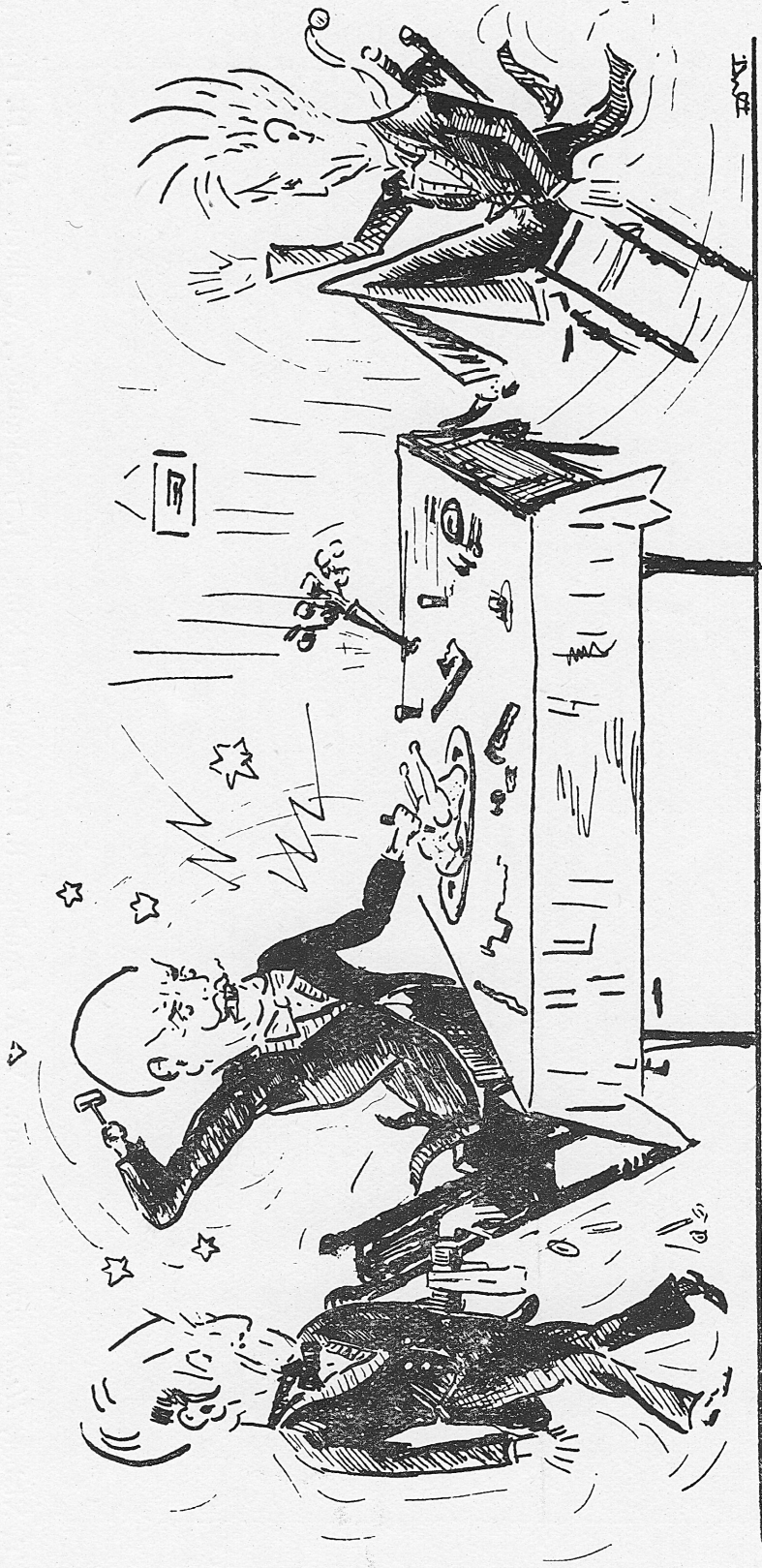
The team it didna' last a week,  
They played a game or twa,  
The captain kickit up a row  
An' burst the bloomin' ba'.

A meetin' o' the team was held,  
An' words were braw an' hot,  
The chairman had tae bolt an' rin  
Withoot his hat an' coat.

I hear it whispered in the close  
Wi' a' their jinks an' freaks  
They canna get the wantit sum  
For jerseys, buits, an' breeks.

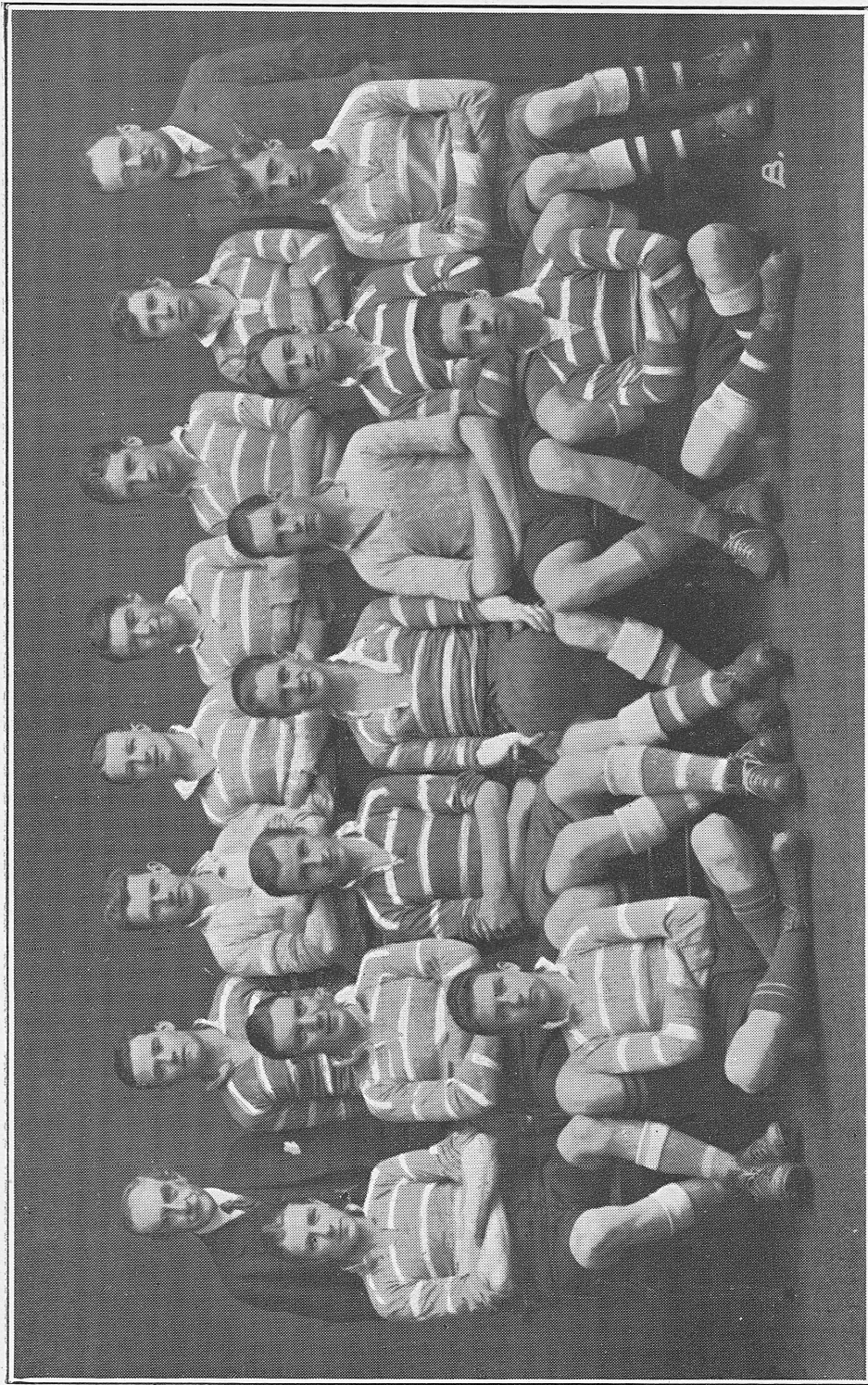
They'll mair than likely meet again  
In some wee sweetie shop,  
Anither team tae gether up—  
The “Bairnies' League” tae top.

J. H. (I.—B.c.)



At the oral examinations the candidates were startled on hearing that tools were used at dinner tables. The inspector was, no doubt, thinking of the occasion when 'father carved the duck.'





Mr. T. Nisbet, *Headmaster*. I. Gibson. W. A. Linning. R. H. Scott. J. King. J. Blackadder. A. Black. Mr. H. Higgins.  
 A. J. McAllister. R. Chisholm. W. M. Bigham. A. L. Houston, *Capt.* M. McLeod. W. B. Inglis. W. Campbell.  
 T. R. Blackadder. H. B. Campbell.

**RUGBY 1ST XV.**

### A Tragic Story.

There was a blaring of trumpets, a clashing of hoofs, a baying of hounds, and a rattling of chains, as Sir Philip Goldwyn and his retinue arrived at the drawbridge of Puddington Castle, after a strenuous day's hunting. "Make haste, ye slovenly varlets," quoth Sir Philip, as the drawbridge descended slowly, and a few minutes later the calvacade drove into the cobbled castle grounds.

Sir Philip and his retinue then entered the dining-hall, leaving their horses to be stabled and groomed, and the hounds to be kennelled.

The dining-hall presented a festive scene, being lit up with torches, whilst a large log fire cast a pleasant glow over all. Sir Philip's seat was on the dais, while at each side of him sat two large hounds. There was a rattling of dishes, and a quaffing of wine, whilst the servants quarrelled lustily over the food which had been passed down to them from the dais. Above the din could be heard Sir Philip's bloodthirsty oaths.

"Where is Bathrome?" quoth he. "Summon the knave."

Bathrome, his chief attendant, appeared.

"Bring in Sir Marmaduke and Margaret Fruitcake, knave."

Bathrome blanched, but said nothing.

"What ails thee knave? Hast thou the stomach-ache, or hast thou been pilfering from the meat-tables? Perdition seize thee!"

Still Bathrome was silent.

"Begone scurvy knave, be thyself, bring in thy charges, else I'll lash thee."

"Sire!" said Bathrome in a thin, trembling voice, "I—— they——"

"What! Would'st thou disobey me? Begone scullion, else I'll have thee drawn and quartered."

Another servant then stepped up to Sir Philip.

"Sire," he said, "Sir Marmaduke and Margaret Fruitcake were pilfering from thy meat tables, when——"

"What! Would'st accuse my bedmates of pilfering? By my Halidome, I'll scourge thee, wretch."

"They were eating from thy table," quoth the servant, cringing before his furious master, "when Bathrome struck them with his truncheon, and now, Sir Marmaduke is dead, and Margaret Fruitcake lies dying."

On hearing this, Sir Philip burst into mournful wails. "Oh the poor creatures," he said. "Away with him! Hang him! Put him in irons! By my Halidome, he shall suffer! Gadsooks! I'll teach him to kill my pet cats."

There was a bloody scene in Puddington Castle that night, and the ghost of Bathrome haunts it till this very day.

### Whispers.

Does a certain gentleman of the staff fancy that he exercises "civil" as well as "state" rights over us? If so, he is mistaken, and he must learn that one minute after school hours, and one inch outside School precincts, his jurisdiction is a fancy "light as air."

What's the harm in boys strolling up the road singing, "You've got the cutest little baby-face?"

Is the colour ban spreading? Why the dislike to Italian ice-cream vendors, who are veritable "ministering angels" to the mentally exhausted pupils of Whitehill?

Ought prefectships be given in the fourth? It has gone to the head of one bumptious youth. As Burns says "A bletherin', blusterin' blellum."

Are these two statements compatible? Monday—"Facts we want; good, stodgy facts!" Thursday—"You've got the facts. Use your imagination!"

Is the wild west influence spreading? A formerly sedate gentleman has now donned a stetson; it only requires a gun to change his nationality; from the proverbial Paddy he would become a wild-west hero.

Oh the inconsistencies of human nature! Popular comedian said to have turned scientist! Will Fyffe experimenting on the relative values of red and blue bathing-costumes for sun-baths.

We used to think that teachers had no "savoir-faire." What about the postponement of the Fourth year dynamics examination?

Again the inconsistencies of human nature! Two small boys are said to have been birched during scripture lesson.

Originality is the salt of wit. Would Whitehill's scientific-singer please realize that to be "down among the dead men" fifty-two times per year is not salty.

"Soviet" (IV.)

### "What am I?"

My first is in awe, but not in fear,  
 My second in cheap, but not in dear,  
 My third is in fire, but not in coal,  
 My fourth is in football, but not in goal,  
 My fifth is in see, but not in look,  
 My sixth is in hag, but not in spook,  
 My seventh is in sigh, but not in moan,  
 My eighth is in wail, but not in groan,  
 My last is in silly, but not in sense,  
 My whole you'll guess, unless you're dense.

J. M. T.

For Solution, see page 17.

### “Music Hath Charms . . .”

Can you finish the above quotation? If you can, do you believe it? If you don't believe it, read the following.

Failing to attain proficiency as a pianist, Miss X., the young lady next door, without warning, started Voice Culture. First steps in this process, when heard through the walls of a Mossspark mansion, are interesting, in a dull sort of way; but interest, in my case at least, changed to a mild annoyance when scales were reached, and I tried, in vain, to coax father to have another layer of wallpaper put on to deaden the sound. Hoping against hope, I awaited the time when songs would displace scales, and give me a really musical accompaniment which should miraculously transform the drudgery of home lessons to a pleasure. Vain hope! Bad gave place to worse: songs were murdered, and the continual screeching seemed to indicate excruciating pain. Cotton wool stuffed in my ears failed to keep out the unearthly noises, but a sudden inspiration certainly helped.

An interesting, but troublesome deduction in geometry had well-nigh driven me crazy, when my failing nerves were suddenly shattered by an onset more vigorous than usual. 5.S.C. on a five-valve set could not have been more deadly! Miss X. opened the proceedings with a few scales; the station orchestra—consisting evidently of a banjo, a tin-whistle, and a set of bag-pipes—tried to fit in an accompaniment, but apparently they had secured the wrong score. Miss X. won that “round,” and the orchestra retired from the competition. Now for the inspiration. I determined to try my skill against her in the next “round,” and before she had properly recovered her breath, I entered the “ring.” Then, for the first time, I was really glad that the extra wallpaper had not been put on. My voice penetrated the layer of lath and plaster, when I treated my opponent to a few songs from the Students' Song Book. And, if you have ever heard my voice, you will understand that Miss X. soon left me undefeated. It was a cruel trick, but you know “Music hath charms to rouse the savage breast.” The last named was mine.

E. H. (V.—G.)

### May.

Greeting! Loveliest month of Spring.  
O, what a message of hope you bring.  
Laden with promise of fruit and flowers,  
Of golden days, and sunny hours.

Ever welcome month of May,  
Nothing can your joys allay,  
If the world be sad and weary,  
You come singing, bright and cheery.

I. F. (III.—G.b.)

### In a Tram-Car.

A great many people, when travelling, pass the time in reading, but often I feel quite content to interest myself in studying the various people around me. Although I am often on the tramcars travelling to and from school, I always find a certain uniformity in the mingling of the different types of people.

At the top of the car sit some young school boys, making a great noise, while one is trying to tell them something. This story is accompanied by many digs and kicks until an open fight ensues. Books are tossed here and there, hats are thrown about, and there is a general commotion, much to the amusement of the other passengers.

Behind them sits a crusty old gentleman, however, who is vainly trying to study his evening paper, in spite of the noise in front. Occasionally he mutters something (of not too complimentary a nature) under his breath, and looks grimly over his spectacles at the lads, who are not in the least perturbed.

Two girls, or I suppose they are at the age to be called "young ladies," enter, and, after some fuss about the fares, they settle down to a tête-à-tête which they broadcast throughout the car. With many whispers and giggles they discuss some recent dance, and many of their friends come in for a severe criticism. Confidences are exchanged, gossip circulated, but the whole conversation is drowned in giggles. They also receive their share of glares from the crusty, old gentleman, and disapproving looks from other passengers, but they cheekily give stare for stare and continue their chatter.

Across the passage sits a workman in his dirty clothes, but, as he prepares the tobacco for his pipe, a smile lurks around his mouth, as if he were well satisfied with himself. How carefully and methodically he prepares for that smoke! First he cuts his tobacco and in a peculiar way grinds it between his finger and thumb. Now he gives his attention to his pipe, meanwhile carefully holding the tobacco in his other hand. He is not satisfied until he has scraped every morsel of used tobacco from the bowl, and then, turning the latter upside down, he knocks it against the heel of his boot. Now he is almost ready, for, with a silent enjoyment, he stuffs the tobacco into the pipe and settles down to enjoy his smoke.

At the foot of the car, a baby is giving great amusement to those sitting near. It bestows most innocent and winning smiles on those opposite, while the mother looks on in fond admiration, often raising her head to add her smiles to those of her child. The little thing plays with a green car ticket, which she seems determined to eat in spite of her mother.

Behind me sits a schoolgirl like myself, only more studious, for she is attempting to learn some poetry. For a while she gazes fixedly at the page, then, turning to look out of the window, endeavours to say it to herself. But something attracts her

attention on the street, and all thoughts of lessons slowly fade from her mind as a far-a-way look comes into her eyes.

Suddenly. I myself jump, for here I am at my destination! Hurriedly I grab my case; and, squeezing down the narrow passage, rush down stairs to jump off, just as the car is starting again.

M. B. (V.—G.).

### The Daily Round.

With Scripture the day's work begins,  
And the serious think of perdition;  
But for those who have moderate sins  
It's a matter of vain repetition.

Now, for the best part of an hour  
With suppressed execrations we wangle,  
The height of the top of a tower  
Or the sides of the pedal triangle.

There are oaths in "The Three Musketeers"  
Which the maidens consider too daring;  
But their "embarras" soon disappears,  
For the master translates all the swearing.

In a sweating half-hour in the gym.  
We're reduced to a feeble condition.  
Mr. C. says it keeps you in trim,  
But it feels like some curs'd Inquisition.

Now after our physical jerks,  
We read about boozing and Bacchus,—  
The facts to be found in the works  
Of Quintus Horatius Flaccus.

The all of a starved inner man  
Now claims our most earnest attention;  
But an hour sees the whole blessed clan  
Engaged on Lock's fiendish inventions.

At English our "pomes" are returned  
With remarks of an endless variety,  
These comments are not to be spurned,  
They're an asset to any society.

But at last the expected bell rings;  
Now we're nearing the end of our tether,  
And we go to the room where one sings—  
"Right then, chaps—"The More We're Together!" "

"Puer."

### “Almost a Tragedy.”

They were falling and he could not stop them! At first they had descended slowly but they soon gathered incredible speed, and now, with fear in his heart, he knew that the terrible thing must happen.

Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead as he vainly attempted to stop the downward movement. He pictured, in his mind, the scene of the crash. Women would scream and faint, men would rush to his assistance. He seemed to see them, lying in a crumpled, twisted heap, on the pavement. He seemed to feel the terrible shame. For it was through his carelessness that it had happened.

With his white face set grimly, he braced himself for the shock. Then suddenly, he saw something which made his heart leap for joy, and his face shine radiantly, something which cleared his terror-stricken brain. It was a welcome sign, “Braces! Best Material!! Only 6d. per pair.”

W. R. (I.—B.a.)

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### Reverie.

The shadows played upon the walls  
Of the old ancestral halls.  
And I dreamed as I sat there  
Of goodly knights and ladies fair.

In they came, a stately band,  
Each knight did hold his lady's hand.  
And all were there, both lord and page,  
The spirits of a bygone age.

The firelight glinted on jewels rare,  
On shimmering robes, and faces fair,  
On clanking armour, and plumes that bent  
O'er helmets showing many a dent.

The fitful flame sank low—and lower,  
Until at last I saw no more.  
Fearful I woke, I was alone,  
Alone—with the night wind's eerie moan.

### Our Dog.

'We have a dog, a very pretty dog, and a nice little dog is he.' Nemo (as he was stylishly christened, nobody knows why) is a mongrel and uncommonly like a waiter, having a black coat, a white vest, and white spats on his hind feet, and being neatly finished off with white whiskers, and three white hairs at the extreme tip of his black tail (excuse me, I had forgotten for the moment that waiters don't generally possess tails). For a long time I prided myself on having discovered this striking resemblance, until a chance acquaintance pronounced Nemo to be a lady-dog, and the poor darling was degraded to the rank of a waitress.

Like many other dogs, she is passionately fond of children. "Many a time and oft" have I appreciated this quality when mother appointed me guardian of my baby brother, and Nemo kindly fulfilled my duties till I had procured chocolates and a magazine to while the time away. Alas! every asset has its corresponding drawback, and I can remember innumerable Sunday mornings when Nemo's frenzied barking has awakened mother to the fact that her youngest daughter is bent on foraging expeditions in the pantry, and I have been condemned to make the breakfast as a punishment.

Nemo is very intelligent (like the rest of our household!). When she sees me donning coat and hat she vents her joy in short, explosive barks, and Charlestons to the door; but when I whisper "I'm going on the car, Nemo," she puts her tail between her legs and sadly retraces her steps. Parks, where inquisitive little dogs are not welcomed, are happy hunting grounds to Nemo, and she is an adept at evading keepers. One morning she followed father to church, and actually pattered down the gallery, but the succeeding interview with an irate beadle persuaded her of the folly of such a proceeding, and she has never repeated that indiscretion.

Though handicapped by her smallness (she is barely eighteen inches long and about 12 inches high), Nemo is a dandy wee fighter, and she invariably chooses her foes from dogs three or four times larger than herself. On one historic occasion she found her way on to a football field, just before the commencement of a game, and yelped impudently at a dignified grey whippet until it cast its dignity to the winds and rushed at its diminutive tormentor. The sight of the tiny black puppy, doubling backwards and forwards, while its pursuer raced impotently past, unable to check its maddened forward rush, afforded amusement to a vast crowd of spectators until the rival teams took the field and put an end to the pantomime.

I must confess that Nemo has a very ungovernable temper and never forgets an injury, threatening to remove a portion of the leg of any coalman who dares to cross our threshold, because



one of the brotherhood kicked her once upon a time; but she has done me many good turns, not the least of which is that of providing me with an article for the Mag.

(V.—G.)

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### The Golf Battle.

And so, eleven knights were from each side picked out,  
Who should in mortal combat strive  
To win the victory.  
But on one side were knights  
Who greater were by far.  
Howbeit on the appointed day, forth they did ride  
To settle their disputes in lordly fight.  
Now on the greens of Killermont  
The course was to be run,  
So thither they did wend in fine array.  
But lo, the day was wet.  
The elements did aid the heavy bulk  
Of those great knights, who formed the once fierce band,  
The fight was all unequal; yet  
The little ones did battle with the giants.

With mighty swings their weapons they did wield.  
Right merrily they played, all through the soaking rain,  
But soon the giants had gained the upper hand,  
And, having pity on their little foes,  
They took them to an house.  
There food and shelter were afforded them.  
And soon the haughty silence was dispersed.  
With quips and jest, one giant regaled  
The rivals, now to comrades turned.  
And so, when all were filled,  
They hied them forth again.  
And now, the rain being ceased,  
They played them more in friendly wise.  
And lo, it was now clearly seen,  
The little ones did fight with greater zest,  
And did all but encompass  
The downfall of the giants.

But soon once more, with striving they were tired quite,  
And so they did betake them home,  
With naught but love between them evermore.

A Little One of IV.—B.

# WHITEHILL NOTES.

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## Former Pupils' Athletic Club.

On past occasions, when the Editor has granted us the privilege of bringing our Club to the notice of present pupils of the School, we have given a fairly detailed result of the season's work. This time, however, we will content ourselves with just a word or two on that aspect.

Except for the Rugby Section we did not make much of a splash in the world of Athletics. We did not expect to. Being in the infant stage, as a Club, we must walk before we can run, and we are satisfied that our progress is normal.

Our main object, in this issue of the Magazine, is to ask all who have any interest in games—as players or otherwise—not to forget that there is such a Club as ours. We can only take our place in Athletics with your support. Whether we like it or not the day comes when the flesh is weaker than the spirit, when the older must give way to the younger. The School is our only source of supply, and we need all the recruits we can get. As soon as your time to leave School comes, get in touch with the Club. The older you grow, the more will you value your Whitehill connections, so don't let them lapse even for a year. Make your "birthday" as a Former Pupil, also your "birthday" as a member of the Athletic Club.

These sentiments apply to players and non-players alike. A Club such as ours requires organisers as well as players. The more non-playing members we get on our executive the better we will be pleased. We have room and to spare for all.

The Secretary will be pleased to supply any information regarding the Club, and to help and welcome all prospective members.

GEORGE H. FLETCHER, C.A., President.

JAMES WALKER, Secretary,

53 Ardlui Street, Shettleston.

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## Whitehill School Club.

We are glad to have the chance again of bringing ourselves to the notice of the readers of the Magazine, particularly of the senior pupils. We remember that when we were part of that important order of creation (and the days are still very recent), we regarded the Club as some sort of inanimate body vaguely connected with Prize-giving Day, a beneficent institution

supported by the decrepit, rather than as a live organisation of people very like ourselves. We were likely enough to be disillusioned, and we believe that we can best use the space now put at our disposal by trying to prevent the rise of such unfortunate ideas in the minds of readers of the Magazine and potential members of the Club.

We have had our usual pleasant year of debates, papers, musical evenings, and dances, and we are again indebted to two members of the Staff, this time to Mr. A. C. Somerville, M.A., and Mr. A. M'Intyre, M.A., who bore the chief part in two very enjoyable evenings. We look forward to a similar session, in which there will be one or two innovations, and which we hope will be equally successful. We believe also that the Club is adequately performing its social functions: its avowed object is to provide an opportunity for those who appreciated the School keenly enough to wish to remain in touch with it and to keep alive the social contacts which they formed as members of it. Inquiries are welcomed.

ALEXANDER R. ROBERTSON, M.A., President.

WILLIAM M. BROWN, Secretary,  
9 Wood Street, Dennistoun.

### Association Football (1st XI.).

We have had quite a successful season, and have finished up second top in the League with the following record:—

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	Pts.
12	9	2	1	38	17	19

Two of our members, R. Weir and J. Mills, were chosen to play for Glasgow against London (at London), and they acquitted themselves very well.

Another of our players, A. M'Gowan, played in the Glasgow versus Bradford game, and has also been picked to represent Glasgow in the Glasgow versus the Rest of Scotland match.

In the Clydebank High School Sports we came out on top, after a keen struggle, in the five-a-side, defeating Govan High in the final by 2 corners to 1.

Players will be wanted for 1st XI. and Intermediate XI. next season, and all who wish to have a trial should hand in their names early in the season.

D. M. T., Secy.

### Intermediate XI.

The Intermediate XI. had a fairly successful and enjoyable season. The League record, although we do not stand very high on the table, is good. In the Intermediate Shield Competition we were defeated by Wishaw High, in the third round.

All interested in this section should send in their names for the trials, early next season.

A. L., Secy.

### Rugby.

The football season has again come to an end, and our leisure hours are given to other amusements and recreations. However, in the Rugby section of the Sports Club success has not been wholly lacking during the latter half of the season. Our 1st XV. defeated Lenzie Academy by 19 points to nil, and did well to defeat Hillhead High School by a similar score. The final game of the season was against Allan Glen's, who beat us by the narrow margin of 9 points to 8. Our 2nd XV. have also had a moderately successful season. They did well against Allan Glen's 3rd XV., and also against Hillhead High School 3rd XV.

It is hoped that the keen enthusiasm among the junior boys, which has greatly increased since the beginning of the season, will be kept up in the future. Those who are leaving School this year look to the younger boys to carry on the game, and we can give them our wholehearted assurance that they will not be lacking in support from those who supervise in this section of the Sports Club.

W. M. B., Secy. (V.—B.)

### Golf.

Owing to the enthusiasm shown in this sport, we have been enabled to issue challenges to other schools.

In our first match against Shawlands Academy, over Deacon's Bank Golf Course, on 28th May, we were narrowly defeated by a point, the result being, Shawlands Academy, 4½ points; Whitehill, 3½ points.

Perhaps a more interesting and enjoyable game was the yearly contest against the Masters, over Killermont course. As usual, we were defeated—this time by 8—3. For this delightful outing we are indebted to Mr. Montgomerie, who was instrumental in obtaining for us the Killermont Golf Course, and to the members of that course for kindly granting us permission to play there.

At present there are several competitions in progress, and we hope before long to publish the winners.

W. P.

### Swimming (Boys).

The most important achievement of the Swimming Section was the winning of the Invitation Schools' Relay Race (scratch), which the School Team (D. W. Jackson, Ross Blackadder, J. T. Blackadder, D. L. Burns) won in the grand time of 1 min. 52 secs., from the High School and Hillhead High School, who dead-heated for second place. This time is admitted to be a record for the School.

The Junior Team is also practising hard for the Sladen Trophy Race, to take place in June. The School does not lack talent in the Junior Section.

We were narrowly defeated in a polo match with the High School by 3 goals to 2. This was very good indeed considering that the Captain, D. W. Jackson, was absent.

The attendance at the Baths of late has been pretty fair, but could be improved. Let the warm weather(?) induce you to come down.

D. L. B., Secy. (IV.—B.)

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### Athletics.

The running season has now commenced. On Saturday, 4th June, at the Sports of Bellahouston Academy and of Hutchesons' Grammar School, our teams gained third place. Several other invitations have been extended to Whitehill and, in the near future, her runners will take part in various other schools' sports.

But Whitehill cannot return these invitations. For several years no sports have been held, and the athletics of the School have thereby suffered a set-back which is primarily due to a lack of interest. Only the few directly concerned show the slightest enthusiasm. Why should this be the case? There is a sufficiency of talent in the School at present to restore all the old glory of Whitehill, and this should be the aim and aspiration of all its pupils.

A sports ground was lately obtained at great expense, but it lies practically unused all summer. This ground should be used as a training field, where future champions could be reared by the dozen. I am loth to think that laziness is preventing the pupils of Whitehill from making most use of their opportunities. That may be applicable to lessons, but surely not to sport.

Perhaps, if a committee were formed or if the prefects were made to act in the matter, there would be much more enthusiasm shown. It is certainly necessary that more enthusiasm should be shown, and that a sports meeting should be instituted which will help to raise the prestige of the School in the world of sport.

It is, undoubtedly, an unhappy state of affairs when a school is unable to return the invitations of other schools, and, especially so, when that school boasts the possession of a Scottish Champion among its former pupils.

“Get To Your Marks.”

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### **Radio and Photographic Club.**

The Club has now closed down after a quite successful season, although, latterly, attendance might have been much better. We are now in possession of a three-valve set, made by members, which has given excellent results.

In the Photographic Section of the Club very good lectures have been given by Mr. M'Michael, on the Magic Lantern; Mr. A. Reid, on Lantern Slide Making; and by Mr. W. M'Gregor, on some of the Tricks of the Camera. At subsequent meetings, Mr. Twaddell and Mr. A. M'Kenzie, discussed various topics leading up to Television. One pleasing aspect has appeared this session, the interest taken by junior members in the Club, and it is hoped this will not abate on their return next year.

J. E. G., Secy.

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### **The School Dramatic Club.**

From the Entertainment of December last the Club was able to contribute the sum of over £10 to the Fund for the Holiday Camps.

For this summer term, a short play, by Dr. C. Stewart Black, is to be given on Tuesday, 14th June, in the School Gymnasium, at 4 p.m. It is entitled “The Guinea's Stamp,” a gentle satire on Glasgow society.

Among those leaving School this term are some of the original members of the Club. We thank them for their services, and give them our best wishes as they make their exit.

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### **Playing Fields.**

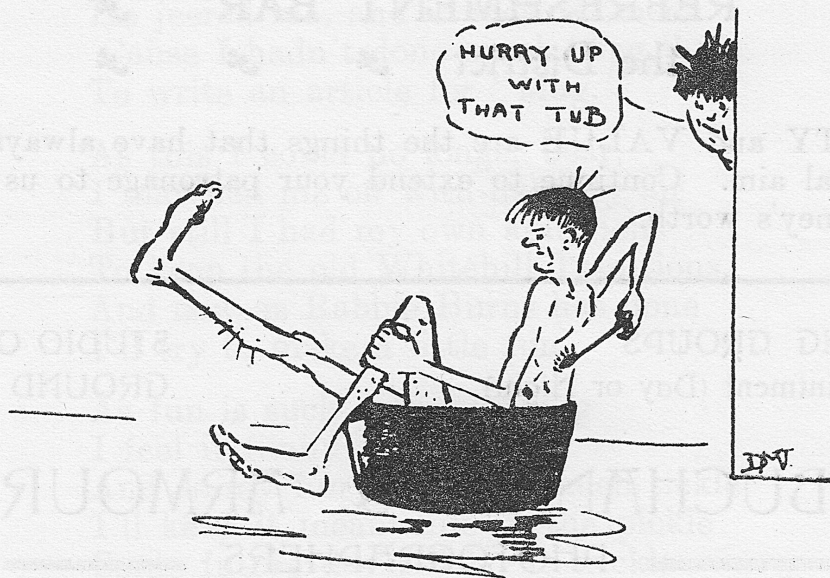
About two years ago a splendid effort was made by the School to raise funds for the purchase of playing fields at Millerston. This was successfully accomplished, and we are now playing on our own ground.

The dressing accommodation, however, was very limited, and it was necessary to have this defect remedied as soon as possible. It was therefore decided to erect a pavilion, and plans were being pushed forward when it became known that the former proprietor of the ground was willing to sell his dwelling-house if suitable terms could be arranged. Negotiations were therefore begun, and have proceeded so far that the house will probably be at our disposal when the new season opens.

But the purchase of the building and its conversion into a suitable Club House will cost money. During the coming session an appeal will be made to all who have the welfare of the School at heart, to put the Sports Committee in a sound financial position, so that the purchase money may be provided and the necessary repairs carried out.

The Sports Committee would like to make the various School Clubs as comfortable as possible. The primitive conditions for washing and dressing, at present provided, are detrimental not only to the successful working of the various School Clubs, but also to the good name of the School.

The Committee, therefore, intend to issue an appeal to all pupils, past and present, to teachers, to parents, and to all well-wishers, to help in providing a Club House of which the School will not be ashamed.



One of our lanky rugby players was heard to complain about the washing accommodation at our playing-fields. No doubt he was wishing that he was a "blinkin'" canary in order to get a decent wash.

### Fire !

As I stood watching, the flames suddenly seemed to obtain a better hold, and soon the structure became a roaring furnace. Gradually they spread along until the whole interior was ablaze. Now the yellow tongues of fire stabbed high into the darkness—darkness all the more intense because of the huge light that gleamed over that fated place. Nothing could save it now. It was irremediably doomed. At last that which I had expected happened. The top of another structure, separated from the first by only a very short distance, caught on, and the fire, like some huge dragon vomiting flames, devoured it as I watched.

Still the fire continued even fiercer than before, if that were possible. The Walls, first of the one, and then of the other, fell, shattered by the all-conquering flames, in a shapeless mass, exposing their blazing contents to view.

And now everything was burned. The flames, almost as quickly as they had leapt up at first, died down, leaving nothing but charred and smouldering wreckage strewn on the blackened surroundings.

I then lifted the poker, and knocked the remains of the two boxes of rubbish I had been burning into the ash-pan, and, as it was quite dark, proceeded to light the gas.

M. E. (IV.—B.)

### A Poem.

While out walking one fine day,  
I met my cousin, H. B. Ray.  
After much delightful talk  
He jeered me, and in fact did mock  
'Cause I hadn't done much "fag,"  
To write an article for "Mag."

As this I could no longer bear,  
I marched me off with haughty air  
But still I had my own ambitions  
To keep the old Whitehill Traditions.  
And now as Rabbie Burns has done  
I'll try to make a little fun.

As fun is such a funny thing  
I feel it funny to begin  
And as my fun might too much tickle  
I'll keep it meanwhile in the pickle  
Some future day I'll let it trickle  
Into the "Mag."

So after many anxious thoughts  
I've done just what I jolly well ought.

"Billy the Silent" (IV.—B.)



### His First Visit.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."—Pope.

Johnny was miserable!

Now to anyone acquainted with this remarkable Third Former, such a depression of spirits in him was inconceivable. Nevertheless, Johnny *was* miserable, and no matter how we argued it out we could not gainsay that fact.

His affliction, the well-known malady of toothache, had come for the first time in his experience, and so he could not be expected to be cheerful. For days he had suffered, his features altering to such an extent, that, at a glance, we should have designated him Darwin's "Missing Link." As he had never before been to a dentist's it was some time before he could be induced to go; but anything was better than suffering these "pains of Hades" (Johnny was always polite), and, accordingly, we find him after a short interval seated in the dentist's parlour regarding the attractive furnishings, but not at all interested in such books as "Punch," "The Humorist," "The Passing Show," etc., which lay littered about the room.

"Well my boy, what's the matter?"

The speaker was a small, dapper man, who had suddenly entered the room, with spectacles perched at the end of his nose. It was the dentist, and as he spoke a smile rippled over his face.

"Toothache!" answered Johnny disconsolately, striving to return the smile, but failing miserably in the attempt.

"Never mind it!—come away into the consulting room and we'll put it right."

Johnny, giving a glance round the room, now rose and left.

"Open wide!" said the dentist as Johnny sat on what seemed to him as the electrocution chair.

"Wider!" commanded the dentist, and on hearing the crackling sound of the patient's jawbones he was satisfied.

"Now which is it?—the black one at the back?"

Johnny nodded assent.

"I'm afraid, it'll have to come out."

Here our hero's resolution showed itself—"Go ahead!"

The dentist prepared his instruments and in the meanwhile kept talking.

"Go in for sport?"

"Yes."

"What's your favourite game?"

"Golf—that is (suddenly recalling a certain corner of his bedroom where a few broken shafts were) that is—if I'm on my game."

"Ah yes, a good game—(pause)—especially for testing ministers."

"Open wide again!"

Johnny submitted to the injection like a true hero and felt much braver, although he had a vague feeling that the dentist had something up his sleeve.

The dentist now left him, but soon returned.

Placing his spectacles upon a desk he crossed over to the chair and once more Johnny "opened wide!" For a few seconds a struggle took place and loud cries were heard, after which the dentist, who, by this time was very red in the face, relaxed his hold, regarding with keen interest Johnny holding his jaw in his hands and performing some dancing steps hitherto unknown. Johnny, however, paid no attention to him; he had evidently sunk in his estimation.

"Wharrer marrer?" (this is not Scots) spluttered the dentist as he scrambled up from the floor.

"Wrong tooth!!"

The dancing steps over, the patient, all trembling, resumed his place upon the chair.

"I'm very sorry—I've made a slight mistake," the dentist informed him.

Once more he applied himself, and this time to the right tooth which was withdrawn in silence, broken only by "A-a-ach," from Johnny.

"There you are, my little man," declared the dentist, "it won't bother you any more."

"I hope not," our hero replied in a peevish tone of voice, as he made for the door.

The villain opened it, and they parted with mutual pleasure; the dentist to another victim, Johnny to a school-boy's only comfort in this hard, hard world—his home and a feed.

This short story has been entitled "His First Visit," but it might quite as well have been entitled "His Last Visit."

W. C. N. (VI.—B.)

### A Parody.

Bonnie Charlie's noo awa'  
He's workin' doon at the Broomielaw,  
He got a job at hurlin' clay  
But got the sack and ne'er a pay.

Aye he trusted in his men,  
They trusted him an a' ye ken,  
They did'na ken what they were daein'  
When they took him back again.

And aye ye hear him singin' a sang  
Wi' ae sweet note baith wild and lang,  
Just like a ukelele twang,  
Will ye no' come back again.

"Prince Charlie."

### The School Spy.

Time, the most fatal factor of our lives, increasing centuries as it flies past, seems a most interesting subject. Big clocks and little clocks busy working and thinking. Yes, thinking!

The large eight-day clock seems to say, "Take your time," while the sharp alarm endeavours to hurry on mankind to stronger efforts. Take that school clock of ours. What a story it could tell!

The holidays are over. Hefty citizens with pails and brooms proceed to freshen up these rooms of study (—?) After his florid countenance has been washed, and a fog of cob-webs cleared from his active brain, our sonorous ticker beams from his perch anew.

Night. He stares fixedly and waits.

First, a cat howls dismally; then the rumble of a milk-cart; now one of our bright and healthy professors, freckled and energetic, bustles in.

A quarter to nine, and "A-l-l-'s well."

Clang! Tramp, tramp, tramp! Unhappy brown faces raise their eyes from the hall below.

Recommencement of studies? Our friend the clock's grin broadens.

One minute past nine and "A-l-l-'s not well."

Far below an indignant minister-of-inflicting-punishments appears. Slowly behind him stream a line of doleful culprits. A sharp interrogation begins. Eighties and hundreds are scattered about with terrible ferocity. One by one doors bang behind these unfortunates, and there is a comparative silence, broken occasionally by alarming sounds from exasperated mathematicians.

At the end of the first period the processions start again. "Of course it's a lovely day, after pouring yesterday. I am absolutely fed——" ('Tis well known). The clock eyes two damsels pityingly.

And so it goes on throughout the life-long day, until that glorious hour, four o'clock, arrives.

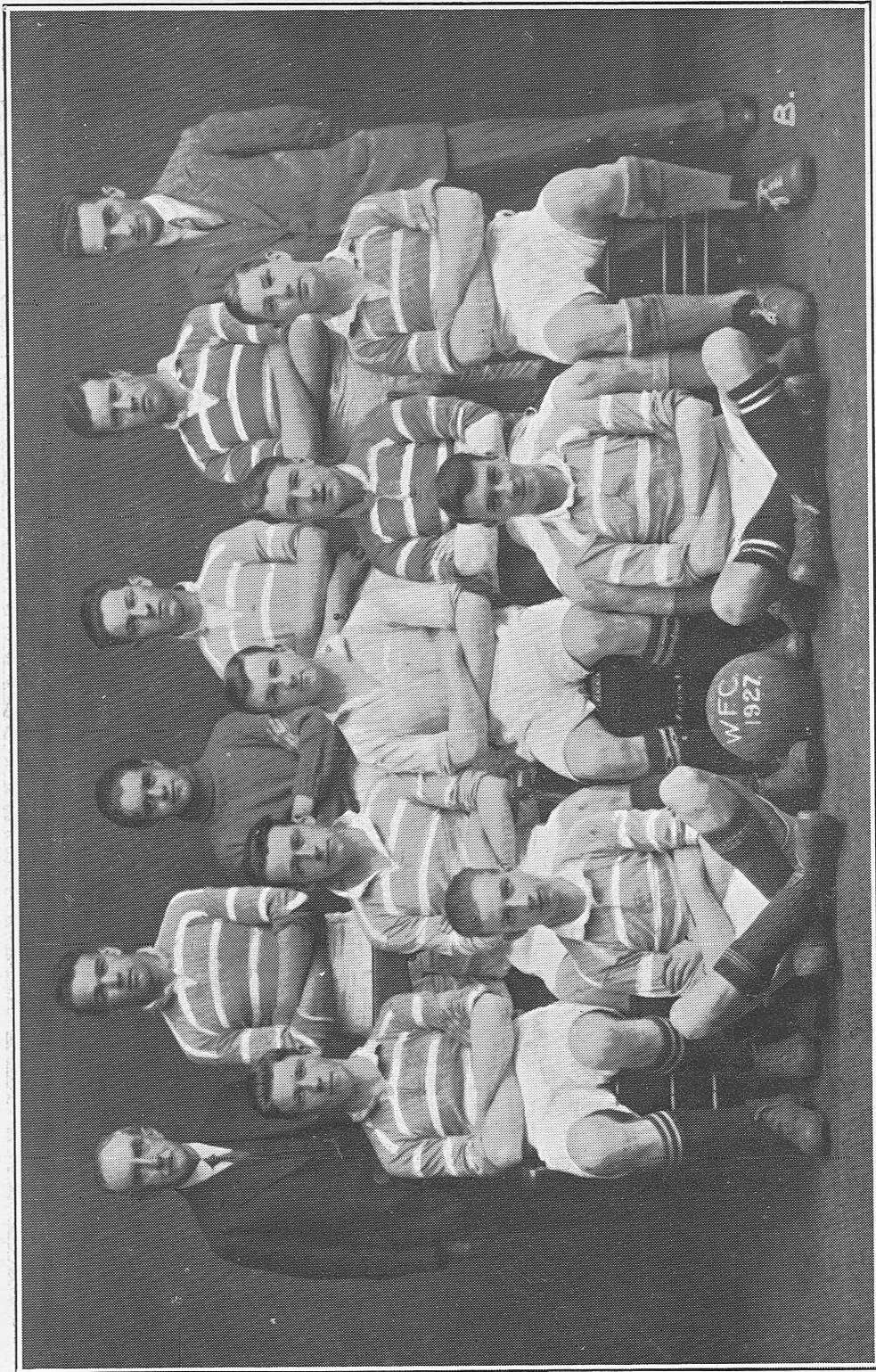
Our friend grins, shuts his eyes, and——thinks, a habit long acquired, which will continue long after a new generation has grown to take our places.

M. C. (III.—G.b.)

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### Desperadoes.

I put aside a most exciting detective novel and went out to try to bring my mind back to everyday happenings. As I walked along a rather quiet road, I became attracted by the strange actions of two suspicious-looking men a few yards in front of me, so I determined to investigate the matter. As I listened to their conversation I became certain that my suspicions were correct.



Mr. T. Nisbet, *Headmaster*. J. G. Jackson. R. Weir. J. W. C. Muir. D. M. Williamson. Mr. A. Twaddell.  
 W. S. MacKenzie. D. M. Thomson. A. McGowan, *Capt.* J. S. Muir. J. S. Mills.  
 J. B. Howat. A. S. Graham.

**ASSOCIATION 1ST XI.**

“Bill’s a marked man,” said one of them. “As soon as he gets it they’ll be on him. Nobody’ll think of you.”

On hearing this I determined to follow them and get to the bottom of their dirty work. As I thought of what I was doing, I already began to see my name in the evening newspapers. Spurred on with this hope of fame, I strained my ears to hear the rest of their talk.

“As soon as you get it from Bill,” the same one of the two rascals was saying, “rush off with it. They’ll be after you, but Bill will back you up. If anyone comes to attack you, shoot at once!”

At this, my heart beat faster. These men were desperate. I retired a little to follow at a safer distance. Suddenly my hopes were shattered. My two “desperadoes” had entered the players’ gate of a football ground.

A. M’A. (IV.—B.)

### On Forgetting Things.

On Monday I forgot my book,  
 ’Twas Shakespeare’s play “Twelfth Night.”  
 On Tuesday I forgot to look  
 To see if all was right.  
 And so I trotted up to school  
 Alas! just to discover  
 That I’d forgot, just like a fool,  
 My pencil, pen, and rubber.

Next day, while hanging to a strap  
 In the usual crowded car,  
 I ’membered I’d forgot my map,  
 Mais hélas! I’d come too far  
 To turn around. I’d be too late;  
 So what was I to do?  
 Just give myself up to my fate,  
 Sheer luck might pull me thro’.

My luck,—I’ll ne’er trust in it more,—  
 Deserted me this day;  
 And now I’m feeling very sore,  
 For prompt, with no delay,  
 I’ve had to write this bit of verse,  
 And not forget about it,  
 For I’ll get more to write, that’s worse!  
 If I turn up without it.

“A Budding Poet” (III.—G.b.)

**“Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oorsel’s as ithers see us.”**

- VI. G.—Seek not to enhance the brightness of thine eyes with pigment, for to woman nature gave no half-completed beauty, forcing her to call on art in aid of her complexion.
- VI. B.—A gallant band in number few,  
In spirit resolute to dare.
- V. G.—Swans sing before they die.—’Twere no sad thing  
Should certain persons die before they sing.
- V. B.—“You are young,” said the sage, “but you cling to the view, that the whole of the world must be yours.”
- IV. G.—. . . such a hubbub as you hear,  
In o’erstocked rookeries at Whitsuntide,  
When young birds are harried in their haunts.
- IV. B.—While you are lusty, young, and full of blood,  
You ought to toil and labour for a fortune.
- M.M’L. (IV. B.)—His legs were scant a shathmont’s length.
- W.C.N. (VI. B.)—O why the deuce should I repine  
An’ be an ill foreboder?  
I’m seventeen, and five feet nine,  
I’ll go and be a sodger.
- H.M.B. (VI. G.)—Silence in woman is like speech in man.
- H.B. (VI. G.)—Curling hair on a man’s head is an annoyance to me, and a woman’s moustache is hard to bear; but an infant that talketh like a greybeard distresseth me beyond all measure.
- A.W. (VI. G.)—A mer-baby, all pale and dead,  
Left stranded by the ebbing tides.
- D.L.B. (IV. B.)—“You are young,” said the Sage, “and your legs are not what one would call fully grown.”
- R.J.G.H. (VI. B.)—But ah! those youthful sportive hours are fled, those scenes of jocund mirth are now no more.
- J.M. (VI. G.)—Your rosy cheeks are turned sae wan,  
Ye’re greener than the grass, lassie;  
Your curls are shorter by a span  
Yet ne’er an inch the less, lassie.
- D.W.J. (V. B.)—Sailing with supreme dominion  
Thro’ the azure deep.
- G.C.G.L. (V. B.)—With lockes cruelle as they were ley’d in presse.

N.M'C.A. (VI. B.)—Latin prose will be a game to him, at two  
 he'll take a prize in it,  
 With no end of Ciceronian turns and lots of  
*quippe quis* in it.

W.M.B. (V. B.)—And I was more than six feet high,  
 And fortunate and wise;  
 And I had a voice of melody  
 And beautiful black eyes.

A.G.M. (VI. B.)—Ful wel knowe ye that wyemen bee  
 But febyl for to fight.

H.H. (V. B.)—My son enter not into flirtation with the next-  
 door damsel, lest when the time cometh, thou canst not flee  
 from her.

W.A.L. (V. B.)—What a beard of general's cut!

A.N.C. (VI. B.)—Do not laugh much or often or unrestrainedly.

V.R.P. (V. B.)—There is no legal obligation to perform impossi-  
 bilities.

1st. XV.—May some avenger from your ashes rise.

### By Instalments.

Walking along the road the other day, I noticed a great number of shops displaying the notice "Instalments Taken." This made me ponder over this method of business. I then thought of applying the scheme to school subjects—Mathematics, for instance. I will, therefore, give an example of the preliminary article to a modern course of Mathematics.

Teachers and pupils will be overjoyed to hear that Mathematics is now going to be a subject which one can enjoy. It can be broken up into four branches:—Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, and Trigonometry.

Arithmetic deals with numbers of things, bushels of wheat, bottles of whisky, and so on, even marbles and doughnuts. It enables us to count our wages, pocket money, and Derby winnings. To begin this subject, the learner should study the tables on the outside cover of his Shorter Catechism, and memorise the facts that two times two are five, and that twelve times nothing cancels out. They explain themselves.

Algebra is Arithmetic with "x's" and "y's" instead of numbers. "Y" this should be, nobody can "X"plain. In this branch most people are "at sixes and sevens," but I will unfold it like a fairy tale in my following numbers.

In Geometry we study points, congruent lines, and parallel segments whose areas are one to another as the squares on homologous angles. This may be Greek to you, as it is to me, but I will endeavour to look it up before my next issue.

Trigonometry teaches us all about signs and ex-signs, which are ratios of the square roots of the sides of a right-angled triangle, with respect to the magnitude of the angles. This appears to be rather complicated, but after a few of my papers, you will understand the matter thoroughly.

Concluding, the terms for my course can be found by consulting the leading newspapers and magazines. Certain Maths. teachers will be glad to learn that they will no longer need to work, but just read my attractive articles.

RAB (IV.).

### Leaving.

Leaving! It's a bad job, leaving,  
A sore, sore wrench for some,  
But you've got to be leaving sometime,  
Can't stay on for ever, by gum!

There's the chums one leaves behind one,  
And the others that disappear,  
And soon one has naught but memories  
Of the days that one holds dear.

Soon no more of the playing-fields  
Where our pals all fought so well,  
Where the pulse beat freer and faster  
At the sound of the old school yell.

No more of the corridor scrambles,  
Of the good old clatter and din,  
To-morrow they'll be but visions  
Of the days that once have been.

But, say, don't look down-hearted,  
And go off with a tear in your eye,  
School's behind, but life's in front,  
Lie down and they'll let you lie.

And whenever you feel like dropping,  
Just set your teeth, stick in;  
Imagine your chums are around you  
Yelling you on to win.

And, then, when at last your through, man,  
Done with the toil and grind,  
Be sure there are plenty proud of you,  
In the school you've left behind.

D. W. (VI.—B.)



### Yth Year Notes.

It is June. "The time of the singing of birds is come;" and the Highers are over, or nearly so. Not to mention that hectic week in March, we have been face to face with the foe on several occasions. We have heard long drawn out descriptions of etymological research; we have been bored for an hour and a half in a maths. class; we have been asked the awe-inspiring question, "Qu'est-ce que vous avez appris par cœur?" and we are living in daily dread of that well-known battle-cry, "Good mornin', children!" And yet some bloated optimists have not yet had enough of examinations, and are bold enough to drag themselves up to Room 48 for three solid hours of mathematical torture. Well, well!—

"Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise  
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

Not that we of the Fifth are of the swot, swotty. We too have our days of pleasure. For example, there was that delightful Friday, at Killermont, when twenty-two gallant individuals, at considerable risk of rheumatism, pneumonia, and tonsillitis, soaked themselves in cold water for two hours. Not content with that, our golf enthusiasts must fix up more matches. The next venture was favoured with better weather. In the words of Cicero—*Testis est Deaconsbank*—and we had those wonderful last green finishes; but we could recommend a course of Phospherine for some of the team. And while we're on the subject, there are one or two things we want to know:—

Who is the member of the Fifth, who, though equipped with bag, bags, clubs, golf-balls, and vocabulary, has failed to find his place in the chosen eight?

Is it as necessary for our tennis enthusiasts to forget their racquets as it is for a plumber to forget his tool-bag, or a mathematician his log tables?

Did the inhabitants of the back seats in Room 37 ever translate Horace?

Is the popularity of the south side of the Annex with art students in any way connected with the music(?) from the band in the Palladium across the way?

Is it because the damsels of Whitehill realise the superiority of the male sex that they are trying to imitate them in their style of hairdressing?

Is a certain maths. teacher merely indulging a playful sense of humour, when, after covering three black-boards, he says, "No'ice how easy it comes out?"

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And the gentleman who backed Sickle and Adam's Apple wants to know why it was called the "Glorious 1st of June."

### Autumn.

A calm and pensive aspect spreads over nature at this season of the year—the season deemed by many the most melancholy of them all. The trees and flowers are shorn of their summer glory, and seem to breathe the very death of Nature. What could be more beautiful than a country landscape as it appears in all its strangeness and glamour at this season of the year? It is a sight which, once witnessed, can never be forgotten.

It chanced one lovely afternoon in Autumn, that I had occasion to wander forth into the fresh air and sunshine of the country which surrounded my home in a little village, situated far from the centres of human activity. Something had been troubling me that day, and I had been rapt in thought for many hours. The day, however, was suited for such musing. There was a balmy freshness in the air, in the cloudless expanse of azure stretching above and around me, and a warmth and glow in the sun, such as I had never before experienced. Thus musing, as I wandered my way among the bushes of blackthorn and furze, I had unknowingly entered a long narrow valley, the upper end of which was suddenly lost to view by an abrupt bend of the hillsides. These hills were completely covered with huge pine and fir trees, which stood like sentinels, ever watchful, over the valley beneath. At last, a little wearied, I sat down on a mossy bank to ponder over those wonders and extraordinary beauties that are to be found in Nature alone at this particular season. My eyes wandered slowly along the pine-clad hillsides, finally alighting on the tall trees that lifted up their graceful heads to the circling sky; every branch and every spray clearly defined against the clear blue of the sky: so still, so motionless, they looked like pencil sketches of exquisite delicacy and softness. Often in beautiful relief, started up a gigantic holly, every leaf green and glossy as in the richness of summer.

Still further down into the valley my gaze rested upon the little green meadows, that stretched far up the hollow, fresh and glittering from the late rains. At the further extremity of the valley, bold crags projected from the hillsides, frowning like grim shadows in the sunshine, but tending only to heighten, by contrast, the beauty all around.

Occasionally, sweet sounds broke the stillness of the air, but they were in unison with the scenes around me. Now and again, I was able to make out the call-note of the thrush or blackbird; sometimes I heard the sweet notes of the skylark and other moorland dwellers, not in full chorus of melody, as in the warmth and luxury of summer, but one or two together, answered by others as they floated to and fro in the field of azure, or paused a moment on the quivering spray.

Then at a hollow part of the hillside, my glance caught the twinkling gush of a silvery stream, pouring down the slope and seeming, by its blithesome voice, to rejoice in its increase of waters from previous heavy rains.

While I thus sat meditating and dreaming of things past, which at that time appeared more vividly before me, I was suddenly aroused by a sound of a far more mournful note—the solemn toll of a bell, distinct though distant, but it roused me and made me conscious that darkness was fast settling down over the valley.

I set out on my return home, pondering over many things, but with an earnest conviction that there was something in the whole aspect of Nature during the fall of the year, so calm and cheerful, bereft as she was of flower and leaf, that was well worth the few hours I had spent in the valley.

SCORCHER (V.—B.)

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### Farewell!

Goodbye, my dear little pal. It is a long time since we two met, but I am afraid we will have to part. You remember the day we first met don't you, the day I fell in love with you. It was in that old man's shop where I saw you. You were dressed in your most beautiful clothes, all in white. You wore your charming white dress, and your smartest white stockings adorned your legs, with your feet encased in the daintiest of pink shoes.

Now, when you are leaving, is the time which brings back memories of the happy days we had together, when I introduced you to all my friends, who admired you so much. You remember too the lovely times we had yachting, and you will not forget that evening when we ran into a storm and you became drenched with the salt water.

Alas! It is just when we are parting that I realize how I shall miss you. No more shall I see you looking eagerly for me each night when I come home. You will be happy in your new home; but it is nearly time for your departure. The gentleman who is accompanying you is waiting for you, not a little impatiently. Farewell my dear friend.

Slowly and sadly I put the little white mouse into its box and gave it to the buyer, who went away hurriedly, muttering something about "loosened tiles," and I concluded that he was referring to some recent windy weather.

I. B. J. (IV.—B.)

**A Scene in the City Court.**

Judge: "Officer, bring in the first case. What is the charge?"

Officer: "Sticken cheating, my lord."

Judge: "Yes, that is a grave charge, and one which is a growing menace to the wealth and dignity of the nation. Capital punishment is the only way to put it down. (Pointing to prisoner.) There is a rogue at the end of my stick."

Prisoner: "At which end, my lord?"

Judge: "None of that nonsense or else I will convict you without a hearing. You are accused of sticken chca—er, chicken stealing."

Foreman of Jury: "One of our number wishes to know if the proceedings may be adjourned, as he has promised to take his grandmother to the pictures."

Judge: "Gentlemen, as this is a very reasonable excuse I see no reason why ——"

Lawyer: "My lord, I appeal to you on behalf of my client, as he is charged with a very serious crime. He must be allowed to defend himself."

Judge: "Prisoner, you are permitted to speak for yourself."

Prisoner: "Well, my lord, you will remember that Summer was on a Wednesday this year. It was very hot. I had the luck to find a sovereign, which I had seen fall from a lady's bag, and I bought some eggs to take home to the 'old woman.' It was so very hot that they must have hatched in my pocket, for just as I was turning in at my own door the policeman came and arrested me, so that when I was searched he found the chickens."

Lawyer: "You see, my lord, that my client was able to give a perfectly reasonable and very probable explanation about the presence of the chickens in his pocket. I appeal to your wonderful and excellent knowledge of justice for the acquittal of my honourable client."

Judge: "Gentlemen of the jury, I ask you to consider carefully the facts of this most extraordinary case before us, and to come to a speedy and true verdict, that the prisoner is guilty—or not, as you may think."

Foreman of Jury: "We have come to a unanimous verdict of 'Not guilty.'"

Judge: "I must have prisoner's name."

Officer: "Charles Gunn."

Judge: "Gunn, you are discharged. Next case."