

Whitehill School Magazine.

No. 16.

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EDITORIAL.

Faintly as tolls the even chime,

Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.—*Canadian Boat Song.*

Profitable oarsmanship in a crew consists, not of brilliant individualism, but of the ability to adapt oneself to work in co-operation with others.

In the same way, if we wish to do our best for our School, we should cultivate the team spirit. We must eschew all selfish individualism, which tends to break up a school into separate atoms, and learn to keep that unity which goes by the name of team-spirit. There are two types which are undesirable; the clever pupil, who has no time for those inferior in knowledge to himself, and the boy who is too much taken up with matters outside of School, and who is content to leave things to the other fellow. To the first we would say: give others the benefit of your knowledge and ability; to the second, that School will have a better influence on you than any outside interests can ever have. It is your duty to stand by your School, and it should not be an irksome task.

Recently there have been signs that the team spirit is not wanting in Whitehill. Dormant for a while, it has awakened, and the clarion-call has been sounded by nothing more than the Sports Fund. Teachers, pupils, former pupils, are all busy seeking methods and means of raising money. The School has united for a common and worthy cause. Apart from the good material results which, it is hoped, will ensue, this co-operation augurs well for the future welfare of the School.

We have been playing on our grounds for almost three years, and the need for a pavilion is keenly felt. It is to provide this that many schemes are being mooted and carried out, and we hope that all our friends will give their help.

Many of the Junior Classes have done wonderfully well in raising money for the Sports Fund by displays, concerts, etc., and they all deserve our congratulations on their fine efforts. One class in particular, II.—B.d., are due special mention. The boys in this class have contributed £3 13s. 6d. towards the pavilion, chiefly from an excellent little concert they gave. We hope that other classes will be spurred on by this splendid example from a second year class. The Juniors have given the Seniors the lead in this matter at least.

The F.P. Athletic Club have very kindly taken over part of the Lyric Theatre for the nights of December 21st and 22nd, when "Hay Fever" is being presented by the Pantheon Players. Tickets may be had from Mr. M'Intosh. Rally round, School. Besides enjoying a good play, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are helping to swell the Sports Fund.

The School Dramatic Club will present "The Rivals" in the Bellgrove Halls on the 14th and 15th December. Those who have already seen the annual performance will testify to its excellence, and we trust that all others will make a point of supporting the Club.

On February 9th the Choir will give its Annual Concert. Further information will be available after the New Year. but it is certain that the Choir will not depart from their customary rule of providing a first-class entertainment.

This year again the Sports Section has maintained its high position. Though the Rugby team has met with but moderate success, the Football Section has preserved the good reputation won in the previous season, while the Swimming Section has surpassed itself at the recent gala, winning much glory for the School. The Hockey team, though in no league, is keeping up a steady, consistent practice. Altogether, Whitehill has much on which to be congratulated in the realms of sport, and we hope to score more success in the coming year.

Among our Whitehill former pupils who have recently distinguished themselves are Jessie Dagg and Jessie Dawson, who passed with First Class Honours in Latin and French, and William Muir, who gained First Class Honours in Classical Languages, and also won the Snell Exhibition Scholarship—all of whom we congratulate on the high honours they have obtained.

Each new issue of the Magazine seems to tell of the departure of still more of our popular teachers. This time the quota is again heavy. Mr. Montgomerie, for many years a well-liked, kenspeckle figure in Whitehill, has left us to take over the headmastership of Campbellfield Street School. Ever popular, his genial figure will be sadly missed from Room 37, whose walls have heard many tales, not in the first bloom of youth, but never failing to raise hearty laughter. We offer him our congratulations on gaining the position he now holds.

Miss Mitchell, another favourite teacher, is now absent from the room under the clock, and though we were loth to part with her, it had to be. To Miss Mitchell we extend our felicitations in her new post as Head Teacher of Modern Languages in Eastbank Academy.

We give our thanks to the Art Department for so kindly providing us with the usual well-executed posters.

And now, friends, we thank you for having borne with us a while through our Editorial, and we would wish you happiness and prosperity in this Christmas and the New Year.

Mr. Montgomerie.

“ Good humour and generosity carry the day with the popular heart all the world over.”—*Alex. Smith.*

Constant association brings endearment. This relates even to buildings; how much more is it so in the case of personal attachment? So it was with Mr. Montgomerie, for twenty years Principal Classical Master in Whitehill School. During that long period he saw many changes in the School. From a combined elementary and secondary it became wholly a secondary school. His deep interest in his pupils extended even beyond his professional position, and, ever since its inception, he took a keen interest in the Sports Club, and especially since the efforts were made to raise sufficient money to buy the playing fields at Ruchazie.

Mr. Montgomerie was widely known and highly esteemed. In everything he was a perfect gentleman. He had the gift of humour, and with his jokes, and more especially his manner of telling them, made even Latin interesting. With this gift he helped his pupils with an otherwise dry subject. Those who were fortunate enough to come under his care were encouraged in their efforts by his sympathetic interest in them. Entering Room 37 now, those to whom he has endeared himself will feel a sense of something amissing. A stranger will come and occupy his room and teach from his desk, but the genial personality will be wanting.

But, although absent in person, all those whom he has made his friends will have a kindly thought for his advancement, and wish him most sincerely every success and happiness in his new post as headmaster of Campbellfield Street School.

Miss Mitchell.

(By A SCALLYWAG.)

“ Eine Liebe hatt' ich, sic war mir lieber als Alles! Aber ich hab' sie nicht mehr! Schweig', und ertrag' den Verlust.”

It usually falls to the lot of an outstanding person to pay a tribute such as this, but perhaps it would be rather interesting to hear the point of view of a scallywag.

When I first came under Miss Mitchell's care I was about twelve years old. Think of me as a small, backward creature, facing Miss Mitchell for the first time, and trembling in my white socks and patent shoes. Looking back now, I can but marvel at the doggedness and thoroughness, which afterwards I learned to appreciate, with which I was taught French verbs.

Later on, Room 29a was the scene of further trials. We simply did not dare offer Miss Mitchell anything but our best work. Friday—German exercise day—might be Black Friday, but it did happen occasionally that one had that warm feeling inside that resulted from hearing our little mistress say “Well done!”

There were bright moments, too. Sometimes a drab lesson was relieved by vivid descriptions of Miss Mitchell’s travels in Germany and Austria, when, listening to her, we conjured up for ourselves strange and delightful people and scenes.

One can’t help wondering how the School will miss its health culture enthusiast. Up would go the window, and while, with her vivid imagination, Miss Mitchell sniffed the pure sea breezes, we submitted to rain, snow, hail and nice fat spots of soot.

However, speaking seriously, I should like Miss Mitchell to know that we all really appreciated the generous way she spent herself for us. We wish her every success in her well-earned promotion, and congratulate the school to which she has gone on its good luck.

The “Dumpling.”

They laughed at him and called him a—“dumpling.” He always miskicked at soccer and, of course, he passed it forward when he should pass it back at rugger. Everybody knew him. The smallest boy in the School could beat him at any game he liked to mention. They all shook their heads wisely and said he was “hopeless,” “poor chap, it’s a pity, a great pity,” and they smiled sadly.

Oh, yes, he really was an awful dumpling!

It happened that I met him one Saturday afternoon. As soon as he saw me he came over to me. His face was wreathed in smiles. “I say,” he burst out, “the old School did well this morning; both the First XI. and First XV. won.”

“Good!” I said; “were you up at Craigends?”

“Of course,” he replied; “I wouldn’t miss a match. You see, I can’t help the School by playing footer or rugger, but I try to help by going up to the park to support. I’m sorry that there’s not many that go, but I hope that before long more will come up to support. You know,” he added, “the old School has made a reputation for herself, and it’s up to us to keep the flag flying. Will you come up next Saturday?”

I thought. “Yes,” I ventured, “I’ll come.”

“Good man,” he said. He wrung both my hands and was gone.

What a chap! What a sport! What a spirit! I just wished we had more “dumplings” in the School. But, of course, they laughed at him and touched their heads significantly.

“Poor old chap! Wasn’t he an awful dumpling?”

(L.G.IV.)

University Letter.

The University, November, 1927.

To the School—

When I was asked to write this, the first University Letter to the School, my feelings of pride were mingled with those of self-pity at again being under the watchful eye of a harassed editor. My school days returned at once, and contrasted vividly with the atmosphere which now envelopes me.

The true address of this letter should be "The Union," as it is there that I am writing this letter to you—the Union, the home of all true students, of all University men as opposed to those who are merely students. The men of the Union become students of life, and theirs is a knowledge not acquired in lecture-rooms and libraries. This does not mean, of course, that every student should sit in the Union all day and "cut" classes. But to become a real student, not only of studies, but of men, one must frequent the Union. This recipe for passing through the University may seem strange to pupils of a school which has been for so long, largely, a school of learning, but it is proved by the fact that the most successful students are often those who know when and why an hour in the Union is a good thing for them.

After this little lecture from the seats of the mighty, it may appear that when one becomes a student, as do many Whitehill pupils now, one is at liberty to behave in an eccentric manner. We students are remarkably rational, and are not, as many a "fresher" fears, nay almost hopes, creatures of weird and wonderful habits. It is this spirit of rationalism which must be imbibed by each new student, be he of Whitehill or not. Let him take part in the administration of student organisations as well as attend his lectures, and the University will become a real Alma Mater, almost as sympathetic as one's school.

This year, as in years before, Whitehill students are to be met everywhere in the University, both in its life and in its precincts. There must be few classes which have not some old scholar in them, and it is a pleasing note to see how many of the School products attend the Latin and English classes with marked success. We had the great satisfaction of winning the Snell Scholarship last year by the brilliance of W. E. Muir, and this year the only "first" in English Literature and Philosophy was John Mack, another Whitehill pupil. Equally brilliant was the achievement of John Y. Eadie in securing a first-class honours in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, together with the degree of B.Sc. I learnt that Eadie was second in the honours examination, a really great achievement in these days of keen competition. Added to these, we have our lesser lights, who secure creditable "seconds" and occa-

sional prizes, and the honour of the School is being worthily upheld on the scholastic side.

Not so satisfactory is the state of affairs in what may be termed the social life of the University. We have no "big men" in the Dialectic Society, or, I believe, the Mermaid Club. We are represented in the Alexandrian Society, but our record here requires some polishing. We have, however, one claim to greatness, for A. F. MacLeod, M.A., the Secretary of the Students' Representative Council, is in a fair way to becoming the President of that body, and therefore a personage to whom all Whitehill students may look for guidance. MacLeod also performs for the 1st XV., and is a useful forward. He is, therefore, a "man o' pairts," and a credit both to the School and the University.

By the time this letter is in print we will be very near the Christmas vacation, but before that we have to go through the "exams." of dark November, and the last hectic days before "daft" Friday, the last day of the term.

I will, therefore, close, wishing the Magazine a prosperous issue.

YMBE.

Mist on the Islands.

We walked along the seashore in the evening, after a day of incessant rain; and now everything was wet and grey and desolate—sky, sea and land.

A mad wind raved along the sea coast and moaned in the rocks and in ruined cells. An angry tide was coming up, and white fingers of the foam clutched frenziedly at the clinging seaweed, seeking to tear it off, and then trailed despairingly back to a grey and choppy sea. The grasses and the reeds, becoming scantier and thinner as they neared the sand, rustled sadly in the wind, and the field behind was sodden and laid low by the rain. Then, behind and beyond the fields, rose the dark green hills, with their summits clad in ever-changing mist; but no life anywhere. Across the narrow channel of water there was a great bleak island, scantily covered with a poor, thin grass, but in places nothing but black, barren rock. A shifting mist was hovering about its sides, and leaden clouds laboured on its desolate peaks, but no sign of life; not even the white wing of a sea-bird rose and fell against the dark sides of the islands, and the moanings of the fretful sea were unbroken by the shriek of a single sea-gull as it wheeled down to rest in the trough of the waves.

S. (V.B.)



WILLIAM E. MUIR
Snell Exhibitioner.

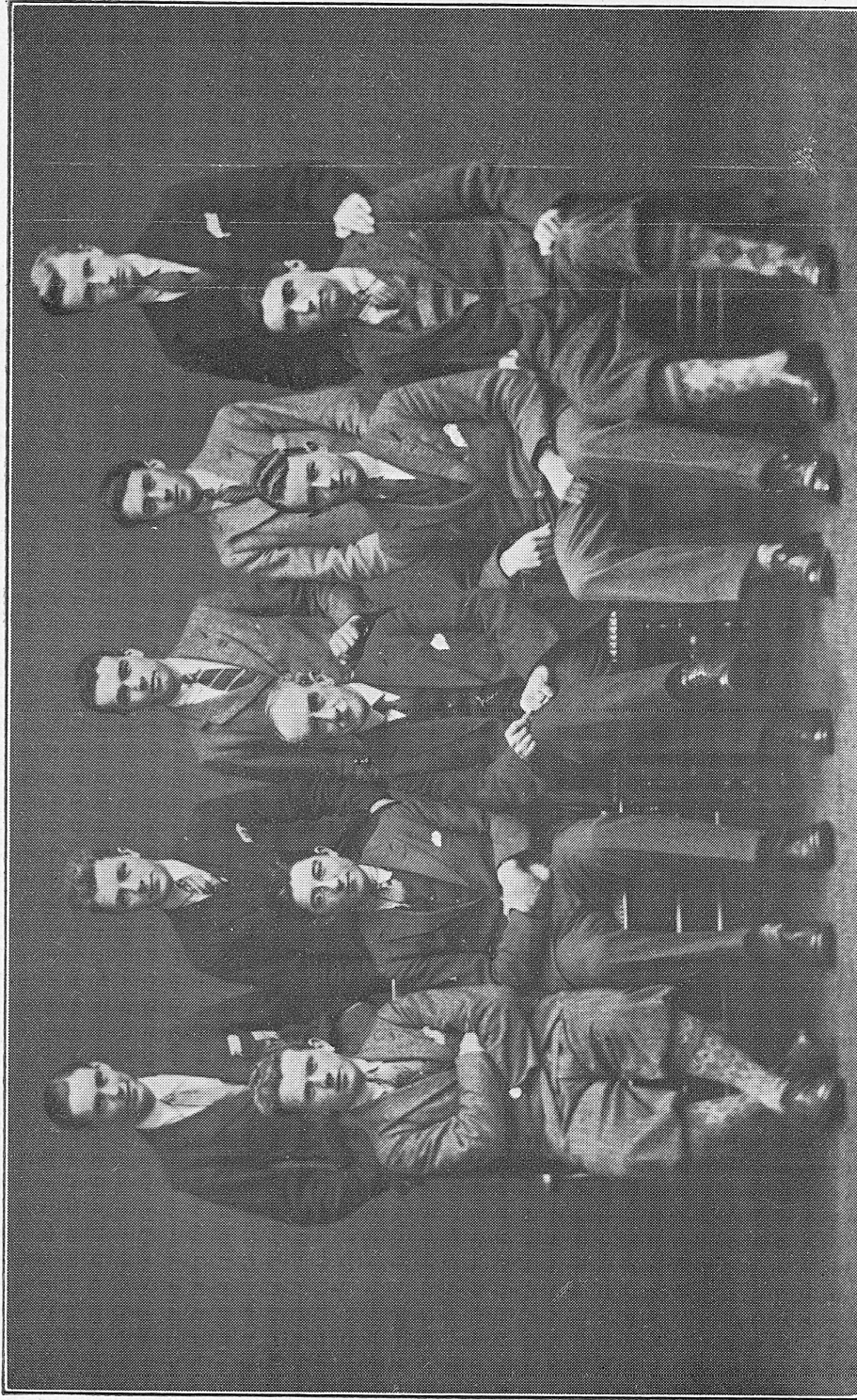


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PREFECTS.

Such Is Life.

I have, or rather HAD, a friend who was inclined to be musical (so was I; as a matter of fact, until I heard him!). On the other hand, I take not a little interest in the internal organs of wireless sets. When my friend first informed me of his passion for music, I expressed my sorrow and sympathy for him as best I could, although he did not appear to appreciate it at the time. Well, I decided to try and convert him into a wireless, instead of a musical, enthusiast, deeming it best to choose what was, in my opinion, the lesser of the two evils.

I accordingly asked him to come and listen-in one night when a musical programme was being broadcast, thinking that this might serve to rouse his interest in the science. I got him comfortably settled in a large easy-chair, whose fat, contented-looking face and sides radiated warmth and rest, and switched on my set. The programme had not yet commenced, so I left the room for a short time to get a "Radio Times" and some refreshments, mentioning, as I was leaving the room, that I thought it was a naval programme that was to be broadcast.

When I came back into the room, having been absent for about ten minutes, my friend was sitting with a rapt, exultant look on his face.

"Oh, man!" he gasped breathlessly, "it was wonderful! Glorious!! The orchestra has just played a piece which, I think, represented some sea-battle, for it struck me like this. I seemed to be standing on the bridge of a large man-o'-war, with the salt spray powdering my face; there was a fine tingle in my blood, and I felt the joy of living! I could see the enemy ships, at first mere specks on the horizon, gradually become larger as they bore down on us. The guns boomed on all sides, and when our own guns were fired my body shook and my bones rattled with the force of the discharge! And then it happened——!"

"There was suddenly a tremendous crash, a sound as of a spear going through a taut drum-skin, the ship reeled like an iceberg just before it topples into the sea, there was a blurred impression of the deck rushing up to meet me, mountainous seas rushing in on me—and then silence! It was marvellous! Superb!!"

I stood for a moment, dumb with amazement at this frenzied outburst, then I glanced at the clock, and started. Was it possible? Ah, yes! The programme had not yet begun, and how was he to know, poor simple soul, unacquainted with the trials of wireless, that we had been having so much trouble with oscillation at that time! What a pity to disillusion him! His "tremendous crash," etc., no longer such, but a mere freak of nature that has been dubbed "oscillation" by man!

Such is life!

Oscillation. (V.B.)

Innocents Abroad.

It was early on a Sunday morning when we arrived at the famous môle of Zeebrugge. We had not had too rough a passage, but the boat was packed, and now we stood on the rain-washed decks trying to look as if we had had a pleasant night, and wishing the boat could go a little faster and rock a little less. But, even in spite of hunger and want of sleep, we could not help rising above the gloom of our surroundings as we gazed on the new country that lay before us. In this land another tongue was spoken; a people of different customs and ideas lived here.

Before our departure for foreign shores we had been told the old yarns about frogs and the strange concoctions we would have to attempt to eat at meal times. The food question was, from the first, most forcibly brought under our notice. There we were, just newly off the boat, where food had held no attraction for us, and simply longing for a good substantial meal. As we sat round the table we gazed at one another with pleasantly expectant faces, and we could almost smell the coveted ham and eggs. At last our waitress appeared with our breakfast. All eyes were turned towards the girl and her tray, but, one glance at its contents was enough to take all bright looks from our faces. No hunger-satisfying meal was there, but only a huge pot, which we afterwards found contained coffee, a huge plate of what we call Vienna rolls, and another dish with little pats of butter. That was the breakfast presented to our starving company, but we had just to make the best of it.

At the later meals of the day we were always on the lookout for these notorious frogs, and we were all a trifle disappointed when we did not meet them in any recognisable form. The most novel thing we had to eat of which we knew was shrimps, and when we shut our eyes tightly and expelled all repulsive ideas on the subject from our minds, we found them quite nice to eat. We were, of course, presented with some awkward dishes. None of us was quite sure what to do with a plate of roasted chicken and stewed peaches, and our first encounter with vermicelli soup was also rather trying.

As soon as we left our hotel there was the difficulty about the foreign language and the money. Some of us were Whitehill scholars, but all the French we thought we had learnt from Moore and Donaldson seemed to escape and leave our minds absolutely blank. We were all rather anxious to hear French spoken à la française, but, when it was spoken to us it was a desperate matter. Our hearts sank to our feet, we went hot and cold alternately, and a look of blank amazement came over our faces as we stammered out a vague "Oui, monsieur."

As for the money question, I am sure it must have made us appear like hopeless idiots. We all went forth armed with a hundred franc note. My first move, as a dutiful daughter, was to go off in search of a post card for my parents. I still blush

with shame when I think of what happened. I offered my hundred franc note, worth about twelve and sixpence, for one silly little post card. Madame, of course, gave me a look of surprise, and let loose a whole flood of numbers. Now, I do not know anything more annoying and confusing than to be assailed by a host of French numbers. They overcame me, and I do not distinctly remember anything that followed until I found myself outside the shop, clutching that wretched post card in one hand and a bunch of paper notes in the other.

Everything was new to us, even the adventure of crossing the street. We did that at the risk of our lives. As we stood on one side of the street gazing at what appeared to us a general mix-up of traffic, we tried to remember whether or not we were insured, and to brace ourselves up for our attempt to reach the far distant side. After a hasty farewell to all near and dear to us, we made a great dash in front of the oncoming traffic until we reached the middle of the street. Vague cries of "Attention" reached us, but all unheeded, for when we turned to look in the other direction we saw a host of cars and bicycles bearing down upon us. It was life or death, now, to reach the pavement, and with another anxious prayer we set off on the second episode of our adventure.

After a few days, however, we felt more at home. Our French returned to help us in our difficulty, and before long we were quite expert—at least in the matter of ordering drinks or ices. Our attacks on vermicelli soup were distinguished by our brilliant strategy. No longer had the waiter to demand his ten per cent.; we knew what exactly was due to him as his tip. We were quite able to sit face up to our daily allowance of beer or light wine, and at the end of our holiday we returned home complete with shrug and nasal intonation.

M. B. (VI.G.)

Acrostic.

When the holidays appear,
One's half over, two's quite near.

1. Do not fall through into these,
For you'll bleed and scratch your knees.
2. If you are a "blue" you're dead,
As this company is "red."
3. During Whitsun EVE Run fast,
If not, you won't gain at last.
4. If you want to be unwell
Just you try this to misspell.
5. All the poets—excepting me—
Like to miss out even a "V."
6. Here's a word suggesting bag,
Not so far removed from rag.

D. C. (III.B.b.)

The Burial and Saving of a Man and Boy Respectively.

1.

Not a sum had he right,
Of that he was sure,
As the teacher his papers did gather.
And he dreaded the night
When, try as he might,
He would have to square things with his
father.

2.

All that week he did brood
O'er that dark night of dread,
Till at last his Report Card he got;
And the noughts he found there
Would turn anyone's hair—
'Twas no wonder he'd soon get it "hot."

3.

Then at a slow rate
He pursued the home trail,
With the Card hid deep in his case;
And his heart, leaden weight,
He leaned on the gate,
And walked up the path at snail's pace.

4.

His mother was wailing
And weeping inside,
And she seemed in a terrible flurry:
"Your father is dead"
Were the words that she said—
"He was crossing the street in a hurry."

5.

Then the poor boy did heave
A sigh of relief,
Tho' his mother mistook it for sorrow.
So she patted his hair,
And with voice full of care,
Said: "My boy, he'll be buried to-morrow."

J. C. (III.B.a.)

Solution to Acrostic.

W H I N S
I L P
N E V E R
T R I
E V E N
R U G

A Highland Foray.

"The Campbells aren't y-cummings."—*Chaucer.*

The Highland express drew into the Central Station, and there disembarked a gigantic Highlander, by name Dugald M'Donald, of Belnapeffer. Now, as Dugald was accustomed to travel on the local between Inverpeffer and Strathcuddin, he stepped off before the train had stopped, and immediately described a perfect somersault on the platform. Undismayed, he arose, and strode down the platform. With each step the flagstones quivered and leaped into the air, as Dugald clumped on his way. Next day, it was found that he had burst one gas and two water mains several feet under the surface, while the flagstones had to be replaced by new ones. By the time Dugald had brought his hobnailed boots, size fifteen, outside the station, the platform looked as if it had been passed over by a train leaving the permanent way and trying to get out to Gordon Street. He accosted a porter, and said—"Can you tell me where my pruther Chames iss? He is a policeman."

Quoth the porter—"Is he like yourself?"

"Chuss," replied Dugald, "we were taken for twins."

"Then you'll find him in Gartnavel," said the porter, grinning.

"Gartnavel," said Dugald gravely; "would you please spell it?"

But the porter had moved away, muttering something about Highlanders with no blooming sense.

Dugald, however, boarded a tram. The conductor asked him for his fare. Dugald gave him twopence, and learned that his ticket would take him all the way. So he sat on till the car went to Airdrie, then to Paisley, and then he changed into another car, thinking that his ticket gave him the freedom of the city. It was only after he had covered two-thirds of the tramway system that an inspector came on and asked him for his ticket. Dugald told him dourly to buy one for himself. However, he surrendered the ticket; the inspector took it, looked at it, and asked Dugald for his name and address. Now, Dugald had been asked once before for the same information, and the occasion was after he had broken a window, and the questioner was a policeman, so he came to the conclusion that this man was not wanting his address to send him a Christmas present.

Dugald said—"My name is Tugald M'Tonal', of Belnapeffer, I am 21, six feet four, and take size fifteen in shirts. My——"

At this point the car lurched, the inspector toppled to the floor, and Dugald, taking advantage, left the car. As he afterwards remarked, "The chentleman appeared to be fashed apout something, and I thought it expedient to peat a retreat."

Shortly afterwards he came to Jamaica Bridge, and saw his brother directing the traffic, although Dugald did not know this. He saw his brother waving his arms, apparently in welcome, and immediately rushed over to him, taking an Austin

Seven in his stride. He reached him, and thumped him on the back, bringing James' helmet down over his eyes. Dugald kept on thumping his brother, whose arms waved wildly in the air. By the time the latter had got his breath back, the traffic was jammed. Far away towards the horizon were two lines of Mac-kinnons; all the motors in Glasgow seemed to have come to Jamaica Bridge; two motor bikes had fled up the light standards for safety. Everywhere there were cars, all in one entangled mass. But when James the policeman did address Dugald, he said a mouthful. He mingled the oaths he had learnt since coming to Glasgow with the curses of his native Highlands, loud and clear, like the call of the philabeg to its young. He kept it up for five minutes. By the end of that time the ten nearest cars had shrivelled up, two more had exploded, the boats at the Broomielaw had broken from their moorings, while the seismograph at Paisley Observatory was put out of order.

But now the pangs of hunger were beginning to assail him, and he had nothing save his return ticket and a few coppers. However, he went into a restaurant, making his entry coincide with the halting of a motor car beside the shop. After eating a splendid dinner, he told the waiter that he had left his money in the car, and the waiter, unsuspectingly, let him go to fetch it. Dugald, although strictly truthful, had omitted to say that the car was a tram, and that his money was the twopence he had given the conductor. No one could accuse him of telling lies.

Dugald, after a while, came to a stop at a corner. After he had stood there some time he was told to move on. This he refused to do, with Scottish independence and obstinacy, whereupon the policeman laid hands on him. But at that Dugald's blood fired. He cried—"Ochone, ochee; hoots, toots, mon. My name is Tugal' M'Tonal' of Belnapaffer. Jist you gang easy." With that he dealt the policeman a terrible buffet and laid him low. But more and more came; soon he was fighting the whole force, which had been drafted in. Dugald kept felling them. The Fire Brigade were called in, and the Salvage Corps to remove the dead bodies. The Riot Act was read, and the military called in. Finally, Dugald was overpowered.

The next day, after having spent a night in the cells, he was brought up. The court was packed. Witness after witness stepped up to say nasty things about Dugald, each in worse repair than the other, wrapt in bandages. The whole police force seemed to be there, with the exception of those who were confined to bed. When the jury found Dugald guilty of committing a breach of the peace, the Judge looked longingly at the black cap, but put it aside with an effort. So Dugald went back to his native Highlands, via Peterhead, where he studied geology, and the composition of granite, with a pickaxe, under the auspices of H.M. Government.

(VI.B.)

Past and Present.

We remember, we remember,
The school where we were taught;
The great gaunt building where we learnt
That one from one was nought;
We never came too freely,
And we never came too soon;
But now we see the folly
That made us pine for June.

We remember, we remember,
The noses, red and white,
The gentlemen and ladies
Who taught us in the right.
We did not listen to them,
Either morn or afternoon;
But now we see the folly
That made us pine for June.

We remember, we remember,
How we used to dream of leisure;
How we used to sit and muse
On wandering and pleasure,
Where no monitors would scold us,
No eye see but the moon;
But now we see the folly
That made us pine for June.

We remember, we remember,
That grim examination,
And we often now repent us
In fits of contemplation;
For now we see our folly,
And we only crave one boon—
That the days will linger slowly
Till that fateful month of June.

A. Longfellow.

The Mighty Sixth.

Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans prize, sans bursary, sans certificate,
Sans everything.

(IV.G.)

Round the School.

By "PUNCH & CO."

We would like to know:

Are the entrants for the next golf competition ready with their clubs, tanner and vocabulary?

Why the ink in the desks seems to be made after a formula unknown to man? Is it merely a coincidence that the worst solutions are in the lunch-rooms?

If the fact that the tuck-shop in Whitehill Street sold an unusual amount of pies last week accounts for the shortage of dogs in Dennistoun?

Who are the followers of Orpheus who emit ghastly wails every Tuesday afternoon? Either the singing must be reformed, or the singers chloroformed.

Is the roof of the lower gym. safe? There seems to be a miniature typhoon in progress in the upper gym. when "slim femininity" takes hygienic exercise. Would a complaint to the Ministry of Works not be advisable?

If the teacher who said that chewing-gum was excellent for mounting eggs had made the experiment?

If those male teachers who say "Take your finger out of your mouth, girl," are conscious that they are repeating the first line of a well-known ditty, and if so, why do not they render the next line also, namely, "I want a kiss from you"?

Who translated "ignis fatuus" as "the fat is in the fire"? What brain translated "a hat to match" as "un chapeau à allumette"? Or "the town was bombarded with shells" as "la ville était bombardée de coquilles"?

Is Mrs. Malaprop at Whitehill? In a VIth year class-room someone was heard speaking about a science student who was taking his "B.B.C."

Is consumption spreading? One bright spark in V.—B. recently voiced the opinion that V.—G. were a tribe of "consumptive females"! This seems a case for the Health Officer.

Can any assist a distressed knight of the upper school who lost one of his ivory castles in the recent Rugby battle? Donations of one tooth upwards will be gratefully received from sympathisers, and surplus will go to the Sports Fund.

One or two howlers heard lately:

Parallel lines are always the same distance apart unless you bend them.

Dick Turpin was a man who robbed people so as to get money to drink a famous beverage, which was afterwards called Turpentine.

Custody is a yellow fluid poured sometimes on a Christmas pudding.

The Picts were wild men who painted pictures on themselves before they fought. That is how cinemas are sometimes called Picters.

WHITEHILL NOTES.

F.P. Athletic Club.

In past issues of the Magazine we have informed readers that the Club was showing very distinct promise in all its activities. As the Association section is the only one engaged in actual competitive sport, it is difficult to gauge progress very accurately. We, therefore, find it again sufficient to say that both from a playing and a social aspect the Club continues to advance.

A number of the games played by the Rugby Section are tabled under what is called the Western Union, and in this League our first fifteen occupies a prominent place, having won two of the three games played and drawn the other.

The first eleven Soccer team is showing splendid results. In the Former Pupils' League, five games have been played, three were won, one was drawn, and the other lost. This team is now in the third round of the Scottish Amateur Cup and in the second round of the West of Scotland Cup. The second eleven has played four League games, winning two, losing one, and drawing one.

Although lacking the competitive element as a spur, the Hockey teams are also showing improved results, and all sections are distinctly upholding the name of Whitehill.

On the social side of Club matters progress can also be recorded.

On November 4th the Rugby Section held a very successful Dance in the Gymnasium. On the 25th, the first Annual Dance of the Athletic Club was held, also in the Gymnasium. Any profit made was devoted to the Pavilion Fund.

Once again we thank the Editor for this opportunity of bringing our Club to the notice of Present Pupils.

GEORGE FLETCHER, C.A., President.

JAMES WALKER, Secretary.

A GOOD SHOW.

As I have no desire to enter the columns of this Magazine under false pretences, I will tell you right away that what I have to say is propaganda, pure and simple, or whatever you like to call it.

In the "good old days," not so very far away, Christmas was not Christmas without a Pantomime. This year it looks as if Glasgow must survive without that form of entertainment. But do not give up hope! While I cannot guarantee actual pantomime, I can show you the way to something almost as good.

On December 21st and 22nd the Pantheon Club will give, in the Lyric Theatre, performances of "Hay Fever," by Noel Coward. This Club has generously sold part of the accommodation on these nights to the F.P. Athletic Club. It ought to be an easy matter for us to sell sufficient tickets to ensure a handsome donation to the Pavilion Fund. And you can help. A number of tickets (1s. and 2s. each) has been apportioned to the School. Tell your parents that here is a chance to make up for the loss of a Panto.; tell them that if they don't laugh at this play I will give them their money back with interest, and will even pay handsomely to find out how they kept themselves from laughing.

Remember the dates in December—21st and 22nd.

The Artistes are good, the Show is good, the Cause is good.

JAMES WALKER, Secretary.

Whitehill School Club.

It is not easy to take proper advantage of the courtesy which the Magazine extends by putting this space at our disposal. We feel that for the benefit of potential members we ought to present something like a prospectus, but attempts to carry out this design have always failed. We can show what the Club sets out to do: that it tries to serve as a meeting ground for Former Pupils, to keep them in touch with what is best in the School, and by so doing to add to the name and foster the spirit of Whitehill. Or we can outline, for the benefit of these potential members and of members abroad, how the Club tries to do this by arranging a syllabus of meetings intended to be of wide interest. But what makes a good prospectus impossible is that the Club is a bigger thing than its meetings or its syllabus. If the reader wants to know what it is like, he must come and see for himself.

We meet in the School on alternate Fridays, and our first meeting in the New Year is on January 20th. Before that, however, we have our usual Christmas Dance—this year in the Plaza, on Wednesday, 21st December. Tickets for this, and any information, may be had from Club members or from the undersigned. To those who are shortly to be leaving the School, we recommend earnestly that they should get into touch with the Club as early as they can.

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

WILLIAM M. BROWN, Secretary,

9 Wood Street, Dennistoun.

Association Football (1st XI.).

So far this has been quite a successful season. We have suffered defeat only once, and this at the hands of Hamilton Academy at Millerston. Our game with St. Aloysius' ended in a draw of 1-1, and we have won all our other League games. In the Secondary Shield, we were at home to Girvan Academy,

whom we overcame by 5-0. We await with confidence our second round ties in this competition with Dumbarton Academy at Dumbarton.

This year we are running a 2nd XI., a reserve and training school for the 1st XI. They have had little success, with the exception of a victory over Bearsden Academy, and this is due to the lack of boys eager to play, though there is talent enough in the School. We hope that more boys will come forward.

R. W., Secy.

Rugby.

Our 1st XV. started the season well by beating Greenock Academy by 8 points to 6. This good fortune was shortlived, and we have lost most of our other games by a very narrow margin. Kilmarnock Academy beat us by 6 points to 3, Glasgow Academy 3rd by 8 points to 3, and Hutchesons' Grammar School by 3 points to nil. One can see from these results that our 1st XV. have been by no means disgraced.

Our 2nd XV. have not been able to bring about any great victories, but they did well to draw 0-0 with Hutchesons' Grammar School.

We have dropped the 3rd and 4th XV.'s this season, but hope to start them again very soon.

Games of Rugby are held every Saturday morning at Millerston, and everyone is heartily welcome to come and take part. A little more vocal support would be appreciated from the non-playing section of the School.

G. A. M'A., Secretary.

Golf Section.

We are not so strong numerically as last year because of lack of interest among members. The Committee would like a big entry for the Medal competitions, as these are the scores we go upon when picking a team to represent the School.

This year we have a Girls' Section, from whom we would like to have more support.

The Junior School must remember that the Club is for them as well as for the Upper School.

This year the Club Championship and Allan Shield competitions will be held as usual, and, of course, there will be a Medal competition every month.

J. K.

Hockey Notes.

In spite of the fact that we have lost many of last year's members, the Hockey Club is carrying on with enthusiasm. A large proportion of the girls have joined the Club, and, so far, we have been practising with a view to re-forming the teams. In the match on Saturday, 19th November, against Shawlands Academy we were beaten by 5 goals to 0. This was our first match of the season, and, in fairness to ourselves, these figures do not truly represent our standard of play.

If the keenness of the members continues as it has begun, we hope to give a good account of ourselves by the next issue of the Magazine.

L. B. D., Captain.

Swimming (Boys).

At the Glasgow Schools' Swimming Association Annual Gala we were very successful, our swimmers gaining places in the following events:—150 Yards Championship of Glasgow (boys any age)—Rowan Cup, gold and silver medals, presented by Rowan & Co., Ltd.—1st, A. R. Blackadder; 2nd, S. T. Blackadder; 3rd, D. L. Burns. Team Championship of Glasgow—Four at 50 yds. (boys under 14)—“ Citizen ” Cup, presented by the proprietors of the “ Glasgow Evening Citizen ”—1st, Whitehill Secondary School (J. R. Rowan (captain), J. F. Rowan, H. Irvine, W. Greenlees). 75 Yards Schools' Championship of Glasgow (boys under 14)—Corporation Cup—3rd, J. R. Rowan. 25 Yards Race (boys under 13)—Breast Stroke—2nd, W. Greenlees. 50 Yards Juniors' Race (boys under 13)—Free Style—3rd, W. Greenlees.

Diving.—An excellent display was given by the Brothers W. and J. F. Rowan, both of Whitehill Secondary School.

Swimming Facilities.—Every Monday, at 4 p.m., in the Lower Gymnasium. Beginners' Class (for members of the Sports Club only) every Thursday in Whitevale Baths from 4 p.m. to 5 p.m. This is the School practice night. All boys are invited. Friday, in Whitevale Baths, at 4 p.m. This is a special night for members of the Sports Club. The boys who attend Whitevale Public Swimming Baths desire to thank Mr. Ferguson, the Superintendent, and staff for their kindness and privileges granted them.

SHALLOW END.

Swimming Club (Girls).

Do you want to learn to swim? If so, why not join our Swimming Club? Remember, there is no time like the present. The Club meets every Thursday at four o'clock in Whitevale Baths. There are over eighty members in the Club, among whom are some very promising swimmers.

At the Inter-Schools' Gala some of our members excelled themselves.

Jean Blackadder won the 50 Yards Championship under fourteen years, also the 25 Yards Race (Free Style), and she came in third in the 25 Yards Race (Back Stroke). Helen Gibson came in third in the 25 Yards Breast Stroke, and Nettie Burns took third place in the Schools' Championship. It is the third time that our team has carried off the Primrose Bowl. This year the team was Jean Blackadder, Helen Gibson, Chrissie M'Curdie, and Isobel Anderson. You join our Club, and perhaps next year you will be gaining honour for the School as well.

N. BURNS, Secretary.

Dramatic Club.

The Dramatic Club has increased greatly in numbers lately, while the Junior Club is healthily carried on. Those who enjoyed previous plays will be glad to learn that the Society will present "The Rivals" in the Bellgrove Halls on 14th and 15th December. Tickets are 1s. each. The proceeds go to the Holiday Camp Fund for Necessitous Children and the School Sports Fund. It is up to everyone to attend this concert for these reasons. The juniors will shortly perform "Julius Cæsar." Many of our "old hands" have left school, so we eagerly await newcomers to our ranks.

C. N. M'K., Secretary.

The Choir.

The Choir is now in full swing, preparing for the concert to be held in the City Hall on the 9th of February, 1928. The music is interesting, and the rendering good, as far as the girls are concerned, but how can we do full justice to four-part songs, with only a dozen boys against thirty girls?

Come, boys, each of you has a voice of some kind. Bring it along to Room 12 for an hour on Friday nights, and do your bit in making the Choir a real success, as it always has been in the past.

E. H.

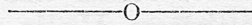
School Library.

Within the past year the distribution of books from the School Library has been completely altered. In the Intermediate School all classes have been supplied from the central library with some twenty or thirty books. These may be changed at any time, so that a class has always a fresh supply. In the Post-Intermediate School arrangements have been made for pupils to have free access to the shelves on Mondays at 4 p.m.

All scholars are, without payment, entitled to have books on loan. There are altogether about fourteen hundred books on the shelves, and these are being added to constantly. With a large circulation there is much wear and tear, and each year many favourites have to be replaced. For the upkeep it is obvious that funds are required. The Library Committee is much indebted to the staff for its generous contributions, and also to the School Magazine Committee for monetary assistance in the past, and for the promise that this assistance will be continued. So, scholars, if you value your library, and wish to increase its usefulness, support your Magazine, and see that your class-mates and friends support it too.

Here are the names of the authors of some of the books that have been recently added:—History—G. M. Trevelyan, M. Quennel, Eileen Power; Poetry and Drama—Walter de la Mare, John Galsworthy; Literature and Criticism—G. K. Chesterton, H. Belloc, Quiller-Couch; Fiction—Thomas Hardy, R. Kipling, Joseph Conrad, H. G. Wells, Herbert Strang, G. A. Henty.

JUNIOR PAGES.



There was a young girl named Janet,
Whose head was as dense as grey granite.
When given hard sums
She but twiddled her thumbs,
And said to the teacher, "I cannot."

There was also a young girl named Kate,
Who went into her class very late.
When the teacher asked "Why?"
She made bold to reply:
"I was caught in the queue at the gate."

F. C. (I.G.b.)

Swotting.

The first year kid is trying so much
To learn up history,
But some of it is just like Dutch,
And one great mystery.

The great exams. loom right ahead,
And that's the reason why
At half-past ten she's not in bed,
Though for it she does sigh.

From Julius Cæsar, who of old
Did come to our great land;
To Robert Bruce, the warrior bold,
Who ruled with kindly hand.

She must know all that history,
And also every date,
Or else there'll be no mystery
Regarding that girl's fate.

But when the great exams. are o'er,
She finds she's done quite well,
And though her marks might have been more,
Her friends she does excel.

So, cheer up, little first year girl!
But learn your lessons when
In class, and then you'll find you won't
Be up till half-past ten.

A. W. (I.G.f.)

Elsie Camlachie's First Day at School.

"I'm no' gaun tae schule," said Elsie, as she was being dragged along by a persistent mother. "Ye'll jist dae as ye're tell't, ma lass," came the angry voice of her parent.

It was really very amusing to hear the howls of Elsie drowned by angry protestations of her mother. In a few seconds they reached the portals of the school, where an obliging janitor ushered her into the presence of the head master. Elsie's wails were loud and long, but alas! her struggles were all in vain. She was trapped. After asking the usual particulars, the head master dismissed the mother, and took Elsie down to the infant class, where the long-suffering infant teacher added another infant prodigy to her collection. Elsie dried her tears to look round and take stock of what was going on. The teacher interrupted her survey by telling her to sit down and fold her arms. The child, who had never heard the remark before, exclaimed in the doric: "Aw, ye're trying to cod me. I'll scoot hame and tell ma mither." Poor Miss M'Pherson gazed wildly about her, and then, thinking it best to humour the child, presented her with some sweets. "Ye're no' a bad auld scone," was Elsie's amazing thanks. Miss M'Pherson groped blindly for a chair, and feebly wiped her forehead. "Ha'e ye a pain in your heid, Miss M'Pherson, or is your broo jist kittly?" inquired the tender-hearted child. Fortunately for the poor distracted mistress the gong sounded just then for lunch. Elsie's mother was waiting at the school-gate for her to hear how she had spent her first morning in school.

"The teacher's nae comic," said Elsie, "but she gied me a hanfu' o' sweeties."

Elsie's schooldays had thus begun.

N. M'N. (I.G.b.)

That Baby.

A baby lived next door to us,
It cried and yelled all day;
The din it was so very loud,
'Twas heard from miles away.

That baby's now a grown-up man,
He sits and writes all day;
And now the scraping of his pen
Is heard from miles away.

M. M. (II.G.c.)

A Riddle.

I am a word of five letters:
Behead me and you have what you do when you leave School;
Curtail me and I am a part of your face.
What is my name?

"Oor Ain Wee Team."

Roon our back green, we've got a team,
It's marvellous on the whole.

O' fitba' players, we have the cream,
Applaud them heart and soul.

We've a' the chaps, up tae the mark,
Tho' nane are just too ta';

We'll mebbe soon acquire a park
(The "mebbe's" rather sma').

Ye ought tae see us dodge the Law,
It surely is a scream;

The nearest player grabs the ba'
In oor ain wee sturdy team.

Sometimes ye get an awfu' dunt
That lands ye in the bin;

Oor centre's got tae bear the brunt
O' many a hackit shin.

Perhaps in later years ye'll find
We're better than we seem,

And many a player has started as sma'
That's noo in a First League team.

J. S. (II.B.a.)

A Surprise Attack.

Listen, children, while I tell you
What befell our Hiawatha,
Most unfortunate of puppies,
Sauntering to his tub one morning.
Crouched within (ah, had he known it!)
Lay the black cat, old Nokomis;
She, the house thief, the supplanter,
And she shot a sudden paw out
As his shadow fell upon her;
Dealt him one, to his amazement,
Right on top of his proboscis;
Sent him reeling in the gutter,
Where he lay and howled in anguish
While the stables rocked with laughter;
Very sore was Hiawatha
At our merriment unseemly;
Gazed reproachfully upon us,
Rose and slunk off to the kitchen.
There the cook, the gitche gumee
(Indian name for Mrs. Smithers),
Mollified his wound with ointment,
Coaxed and flattered and consoled him,
Till his self-respect she won back,
Till he felt himself a hero!

Compliments to Mother.

(1)

One morning, while on holiday,
We motored thro' the air,
When all the glorious sunshine
Seemed hidden in your hair;
I thought that you, in velvet,
With ribbons thereupon,
Made quite the loveliest picture
That one could gaze upon.

(2)

At evening when you sang to me,
Dear Mother, with that voice,
You seemed so sweet with happiness,
You made my heart rejoice;
That, sitting there, so proud and neat,
In pale blue crepe de chine,
I thought you looked—well, prettier
Than you had ever been.

(3)

But Mother, when I think of it,
And see you sitting there,
I think you are just wonderful,
No matter what you wear.

J. W. (Class I.G.f.)

A Bit of a Ballad.

II.G.c. sat in room fifty-one,
Doing their lessons fine.
Oh! who will I get to do this sum,
This algebra sum of mine?

M. R. (II.G.c.)

Solution to a Riddle.

Answer—Learn.

N. S. (II.G.c.)

Concerning Essay-Writing.

I am not usually given to boasting, but I must confess that I consider myself to be a genius. (I may add that I have ample grounds for such belief, but this is not the place to bring them forward.) In common with most other genii—I should say geniuses—I have difficulty in lowering my mind to the performance of the ordinary, humdrum duties of our daily life. Such a duty is the writing of essays.

It is our custom to undergo this particular form of torture once a fortnight; not very frequently, I admit, but the thoughts of that awful half-hour are more than sufficient to give me bad dreams all week. As the teacher announces the subject of our efforts, an evil smirk may be observed to creep over his face as he sees our prostration. Let us suppose that the subject is to be "Tripe." There are two obvious methods of considering this subject: namely, æsthetically and anonymously. I start to consider which point of view I shall take, but as I am not very clear as to the distinction between them, I gradually subside into a sort of semi-stupor. My reverie is abruptly interrupted by a solicitous enquiry from the teacher as to whether inspiration has yet come to me. I reply in the negative in a tone which is intended to convey that I consider these sarcastic remarks to be in very bad taste, but that, conscious of the latent genius within me (no connection with "latent heat"), I can assure him that these remarks pass in one ear and out of the other, like water off a duck's back.

Nevertheless, the interruption reminds me that I have wasted half the time and only written the title. Then I have a brain-wave; I decide to start by defining my subject. "Tripe consists of——"; here my ignorance of geography pulls me up short, and after some thought I conclude rather lamely with "the internal organs of animals prepared for eating." I have now ten minutes left; I make a mental effort that will probably give me a headache for a week, and manage to scribble a page.

A week later the essays are due to be returned; I know from previous experience that it is impossible to hide under the desk, and I am forced to sit quaking in the corner of the seat while sentence is pronounced. "This is simply awful! You say nothing whatever about the subject, and to read your essay is like coming downstairs when the bottom step is missing!"

It really is disheartening. I think that fellow Carlyle about hit the mark when he said: "It is not always the highest excellence that men are most forward to recognise."

A. G. Knious. (VI.B.)

Moon-Madness.

It was a garden very wide and spacious, full of gnarled trees and elfin hawthorn, yet strangely beautiful; clear, the moon rose and shone palely on fallen blossoms, shone on shimmering leaves, shone—and suddenly I sensed and knew—that I was not alone. Brighter shone the moon, and the garden was slowly being peopled, yet I saw no one, no shape, no form, but heard—voices, softly, sweetly murmurous. Subdued to whispers they sighed across the moonlit lawns, and mocked from the leafy mysteries of the trees. There was witchery in the moonbeams, there was a loneliness in the air—strange, fearful, horrible. Fear, suspicion, then bravado seized me—I would penetrate those shadows; but always nothing, nothing, nothing. Then fear came, and brought all its countless terrors. I laughed at my own folly; that laugh died on my lips, for what was that, that strange shadow, that which moved slowly, intently in the darkness; those eyes glowing, gleaming, glittering? I crouched upon the ground, maddened with horror, and then—it touched me. I cried out in horror and sped away, away through bushes which clutched and tore, lashed by dangling creepers, tripped by grass and trailing roots, stumbling round the holes of trees till I saw the wall with its promise of safety. I sprang, my fingers clutched the top, tore and finally held. Then I slipped into the road—the road, cool and safe and dimly lighted. (VI.B.)

The Last of the Dishwaters.

It was early closing day and Sir Basil had just settled down for forty winks. Suddenly, someone honked a horn, and into the courtyard came a knight. Sir Basil had only to look at the number-plate of the knight's Ford to know it was his deadly enemy, de Baron Dishwater.

Panic seized Sir Basil, but the Diehard spirit of his class rose in him, and he calmly buckled on his six-shooter and awaited the arrival of the Baron.

He did not wait long, for suddenly the door was thrust open and in came the Baron who, when he saw Sir Basil, grated his false teeth and hissed: "Gadsooks varlet; at last we are alone," and he drew his razor and advanced on Sir Basil.

Sir Basil did not move till the Baron was within a foot of him, then he suddenly drew his six-gun and cried: "Back, thou knave, lest I cleave thee to the brisket." The Baron paled and retreated a step, then with a sudden bound he jumped on Sir Basil, and with one big bite took off his left ear.

Sir Basil sank slowly to the floor, but when he realised that he would soon be tickling the roots of the daisies and that he would miss the cup final, his rage overcame him and he jumped to his feet, drew his tie-pin, and plunged it into the Baron's heart.

Thus died the last of the Dishwaters. A. J. (IV.B.)

Avë Atque Valë.

Lament in rhyme, lament in prose,
 Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;
 Our teachers a' are turned our foes,
 And gaun awa'.
 To ither schools they noo propose
 To turn them a'.

It's no the thought o' former scornin'
 That makes us go aboot in mournin',
 But just to think they're no' for tholin',
 Our ain auld school.
 It's just to think they're a' for soarin'
 That gies us dool.

Through a' the School we've trotted by them,
 A lang way aff we could descry them;
 Wi' kindly grin' we'd rin nearby them,
 When we were caught;
 And ne'er so faithfu' by anither
 Will we be taught.

I wat they a' were fouk o' sense,
 And kent fine how to teach the dense,
 And show them when to use the tense
 That troubled a'.
 But dowie shall we a' be hence
 When they're awa'.

M. P. (VI.G.)

Toujours La Politesse.

Our manners are improving, and our language is removing
 From the *naivete* and obloquy to which we used to sink.
 With euphemism's aid, we avoid the word that's *laide*.
 And now no longer do we bluntly state just what we think.

If you listen to some women, a little gossip spinning,
 As they on the faults of someone's figure rant.
 They never call her fat, or just say skinny, flat,
 But call her just too *svelte* or *embonpoint*.

And if a man's retiring, unto obscurity aspiring,
 Then "inferiority complex" is his complaint. We
 Don't apply to one that's hazy the epithet of "lazy,"
 But refer unto his passion for a *dolce far niente*.

'Tis not charity, I fear, that we are betraying here,
 When pressing into service all these *mots*;
 But 'tis a common *trait*, which can be noticed every day—
 We love to put our eruditeness, *savoir-faire*, on show.

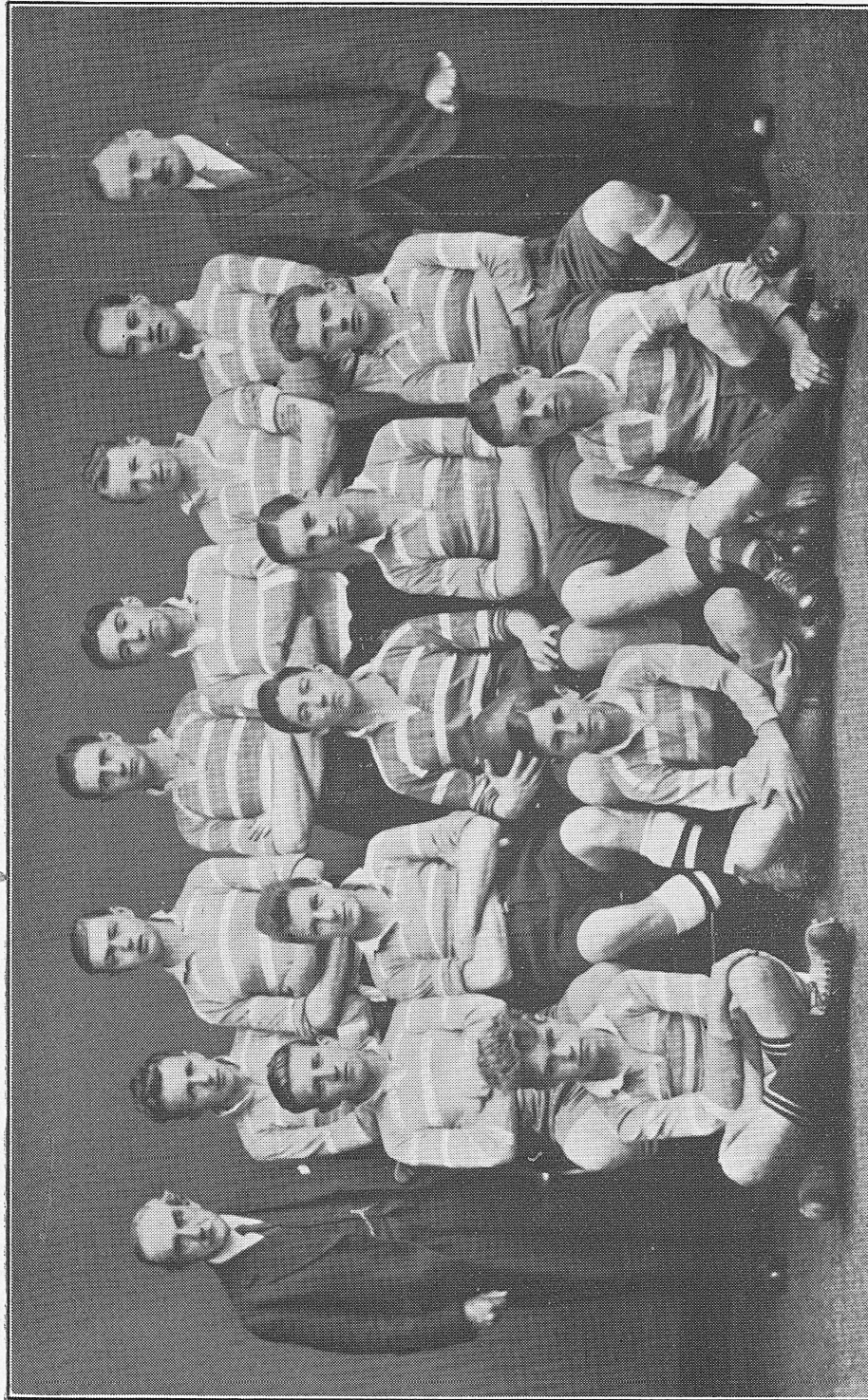


Photo by Buchanan & Armour.

Mr. T. Nisbet, <i>Rector</i>	W. P. Allan	A. Jack	J. Ross	J. W. King	R. H. Scott	C. F. Miller	Mr. H. Higgins
A. Morrow	J. A. M'Allister	D. L. Burns	M. M'Leod	W. A. Linning	R. E. Rankin (absent)		
A. Paton			J. G. Roberts		D. Brownlee		

RUGBY 1ST XV.

The Further Adventures of the Sleuth Nobrane.

THE LOCHNAGAR MYSTERY.

The time was evening. The place, the sanctum of the sleuth Nobrane. The great man himself, arrayed in his favourite purple dressing gown, with a bowl of absinthe at his elbow and a violin at his feet, reclined before the fire.

Suddenly the door was flung open, and into the room burst a small, portly gentleman. He was arrayed in crimson tweeds, with a sky-blue bowler to set them off. Before, however, he could utter a sound, Nobrane rose to his feet, and after one rapid glance over his person, said: "Sit down, Lord Lochnagar. You have come about the loss of your collar stud. Please give me the details."

With a dazed expression the visitor did so, gasping out: "How—how did you know my name?"

"He, he," growled Nobrane; "that is my trade. At what time did you discover your loss?"

By this time the visitor had gained his breath, and he immediately burst into a long, rambling story, of which the substance is this. He had arisen that day about three o'clock as usual, and on going over to his dressing table for a decanter of whisky, had immediately noticed the absence of his most treasured possession, a collar stud, a presentation from the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Glow Worms," of which he was president. Nearly frantic with grief, he had fallen down in a swoon, from which he had only been brought round by frequent internal applications of whisky by his valet. He had immediately come round to Nobrane's, relying on his amazing powers in the detection of crime to help him in his great loss.

Without wasting any time, Nobrane donned his outdoor clothes, consisting of a red and yellow cricket blazer and heliotrope "bags," and accompanied Lochnagar round to his rooms. On entering the bedroom he drew out his magnifying glass and commenced to crawl round the room. After five minutes had elapsed he rose to his feet and placed a number of objects on the table. Eagerly Lord Lochnagar craned forward. The articles were—

- (1) A glass eye.
- (2) A cigarette card.
- (3) A button.

Nobrane placed his finger on the cigarette card. "Our robber," said he, "smoked Craven A." Lord Lochnagar fell back in amazement, lost in admiration of this wonderful man. "And this," continued the detective, "is a button from his coat." Lord Lochnagar was less surprised now, for one could expect anything from this wonderful man. Then Nobrane collected the articles together, pitched them in the fire, and strode out of the room.

A few minutes after this he arrived at his own chambers, and, going over to his bookshelf, he took down a ponderous volume, inscribed "Criminals I have known." He turned up a page and read as follows:—

"One-eyed Archibald," alias "Blinkeyes," alias "Polyphe-mus," a well-known English criminal.

Specialities—Bank robbery, baby-snatching, and dominoes.

Record—Has twice held the "European Criminal Cup." Twice holder of the "Sherlock Holmes Trophy" for safe-breaking.

Place of Residence—No. 113 Grosvenor Square.

Peculiarities—Plays Rugby. Has one eye, and mania for collecting collar studs.

Nobrane shut the book with a snap, and, dashing out of the room, he fell down the stairs. Picking himself up, he went outside and hailed a passing taxi.

He alighted at the corner of Grosvenor Square, and walked stealthily along the pavement until he came to a halt in front of No. 113. After a moment's hesitation, he ran up the stairs and rang the bell.

The door was opened by a man in the uniform of the "Amalgamated Criminals' League," who, on seeing Nobrane, grew pale with fear.

Pushing this man roughly aside, Nobrane strode down the hall until he came to the library door. Low fiendish chuckles issued from within. Pushing open the door, Nobrane strode in, or rather would have strode in, but was prevented by the fact that, at the moment he crossed the doorstep, some two gallons of water, together with a bucket, descended upon his head.

When he picked himself up he looked round him and espied the master criminal himself leaning back in a chair rocking with demoniacal laughter. A curious picture this man made. He was dressed in ordinary fashion, except for the fact that he wore a pale-green jacket and trousers, together with a cream-coloured waistcoat and orange tie. But it was his face that arrested one. He had only one eye, one ear, and one nose, and this was rather inclined to give his face a lop-sided appearance. Nobrane, however, in his rage, did not notice this. "Ha, ha!" he growled.

"Hee, hee," tittered One-eyed Archibald.

"Give up the stolen collar stud, you heartless fiend," hissed Nobrane, "or dire will be the consequences."

"Never," cried Archibald; "rather would I beg my bread in the gutter; aye, rather would I sell tablet outside schools and be hunted by police, janitors, and teachers, shouted after by boys, an outcast, than relinquish possession of my object when once attained."

Quite taken aback by this flow of eloquence, Nobrane hissed out: "A fitting occupation for you, dastard. Now shall be seen to what extent brute force and cavemen tactics will avail."

The famous criminologist leapt across the floor and bit Archibald behind the left ear. Then, sitting astride his body, Nobrane hammered his head on the floor for the next fifteen minutes.

Little more remains to tell. Archibald was taken care of by a kind and beneficent Government. Lord Lochnagar recovered his priceless collar stud, and Nobrane covered himself with glory.

(There will be another exploit of this famous criminal investigator in the next issue of the Magazine—Editor permitting.)

It has no doubt struck the reader that the writer has missed out some explanations here and there during the course of the story, but as those are for the most part tedious, and, as all good mystery story writers do this, he hopes that the reader may regard this with a lenient eye.

A. M. (V.B.)

Only This and Nothing More.

O reader, I entreat you,
If this woeful tale should meet you,
Please profit by my sad experience:
Ne'er read of ghosts and ghouls
Or of such departed souls,
And please, my gentle reader, do have sense.

One night in late October,
As I wandered (yes, quite sober)
With a book beneath my arm by E. A. Poe,
I turned me down a lane,
To seek shelter from the rain,
Ah me! I wonder now what made me go.

I thought of death-trap rooms,
And of spirit-haunted tombs.
To dwell on that night's happening makes me pale,
For a creature there did loom
From without the enshrouding gloom,
Which carried in its hand a horse's tail.

It resembled nought on earth,
Its eye-balls rolled with mirth,
It approached me with a strange and frightening mien,
Then a voice of hollow tone,
Which was not unlike a moan,
Demanded of me, "Please, ma Hallowe'en."

R. H. S. (III.B.b.)

My First Golfing Experience.

I was walking along — Street when I saw a set of golf clubs in the window of Mr. —'s pawnshop. I entered the shop and purchased them for the sum of three and sixpence. At this price I thought they ought to be fairly decent. As far as I can remember they consisted of a biffer, a jabber, a bashie and a butter. I also bought a repainted golf ball for threepence. The clubs looked all right, although two of the shafts described parabolas, and another resembled a switch-back track. The ball perhaps had a suggestion of the shape of the egg, but this may have only been imagination.

After having waited for three hours at the local golf course, I stood on the first tee ready to smite the sphere well on the way to the little red flag, which waved among the trees. I swung my biffer as Samson must have swung the ass's jaw-bone. Behold! By some unaccountable accident I missed. I felt conscious of suppressed laughter from the gallery in front of the clubhouse. However, I steeled myself to my fate and took up my stance once more. This time I went more cautiously and succeeded in knocking the elusive orb off the tee.

Yes, you laugh! But I tell you I was very pleased to have hit it. I then brought forth my jabber and jabbed the ball. In fact, I jabbed the sphere into a bunker, which materialised in front of me, at the same time jabbing the head off my club. After having renewed the days of my childhood in the sand, my bashie succumbed. By this time I had acquired a really good vocabulary; with this I consoled myself, saying: "All good golfers swear." With my thirty-sixth stroke the ball landed on the green. The road to the hole looked perfectly flat, but on butting it with my butter (several buts aren't there), it performed an evolution, which I thought was restricted to tanks only. On performing my jubilee stroke the ball toppled in the hole. I may add that I have not yet ventured forth on the course again.

D. B. (III.B.a.)

Sad Solemnity.

The sky is grey and the earth is sodden,
And the far-off hills are a formless mist.
The wind is hushed, scant light from heaven,
Breathless and silent, misty, drear.

There is no stir among the trees,
And listless leaves are sadly drooping.
Sadness and quiet are everywhere,
And only small birds sing.

Slowly the greyness of evening darkens,
And the dreariness of earth and the greyness of heaven
Die, and fly to the bosom of night.
And darkness profound coldly descends
On the sad world.

ME.

If——

I I could only write, and if I could only spell,
 If I could only add without mistake.
 If I was fond of work and if I would never tire,
 Then think of all the money I could make.
 If you haven't any patience, and are feeling very tired,
 Then please don't throw these lines into the " bin ";
 But if you can read this nonsense without feeling any pain,
 Your a better man than I am—Gunga Din.

J. C. (III.B.a.)

A Street Corner Drama.

The rain swept down mercilessly in blinding sheets, the wind howled dismally down the water-logged slope of Renfield Street. All was miserable.

Standing on the pavement, conspicuous among the gaily-clad throng which passed on each side of him, was a poor, bedraggled little figure. His face, lean and gaunt, cried the one word, "Hunger." The cruel wind pierced his tattered clothing, making him shrink altogether. As a delicious odour of unheard of delicacies floated to him from a nearby restaurant, his eyes filled, and he wistfully licked his lips. Suddenly, a lean little fist went up to a watery eye, and he was shaken by heart-rending sobs.

A sober-faced matron knelt and patted him reassuringly. "Don't cry, sonny," she crooned, "tell me what's wrong." For a time the lad sobbed, then: "A'm lost, and—and A come frae Sturlin', an' A've lost ma siller, an' A'm awfu' hungry. On——" By this time a large crowd had collected, and a sympathetic murmur went up. "Never say die, my lad," said a genial old gentleman, patting his waistcoat comfortably. "I remember——" "If you would help the lad you'd do a sight more good," fired the old lady. "Wot I says is, why shouldn't we pays the lad's fare home, an' give 'im a dinner? Here, I'll start." So saying, she pressed a shilling in the boy's hand. The effect was miraculous. Coppers and silver showered into the boy's ragged hat, till it could hold no more. At length the crowd melted away, the matron being left in charge of the boy to take him to the station.

When the pair rounded a corner a wonderful thing happened. The lad turned to the old matron: "Not bad, mother. Where next?"

C. E. (III.B.a.)

Triplet.

When I go out a-dancing,
 I fearfully adorn the wall,
 And watch the others prancing.
 When I go out a-dancing
 I shun the maids' coy glancing,
 For mother told me not to fall.
 When I go out a-dancing,
 I flee the beauties of the ball.

No!

Solomon and Bunyan and Thackeray are dead, and a thousand other moralists lie in forgotten graves. Are we sorry? Are we downhearted? No! Vanity Fair still flourishes, with its noise and its glitter and its shams. And we are glad! The voices of the great and of the good come to us through the ages like reproachful whispers that we do not want to hear; while the boastful trumpets of Vanity Fair are screaming in our ears, drowning these calmer, quieter voices, telling us "to eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we may die."

And Whitehill, our Whitehill, is quite a considerable booth in Vanity Fair. We have our Worldly Wisemen, our Rawdons and our Beckies, playing their little parts; but the Amelias and the Dobbins are as rare as they are in the novel, for which, let us admit it, we are devoutly thankful unto heaven.

It is highly interesting and instructive, and, above all, refreshingly amusing and laughable, to hear the conversations which daily take place during the lunch hour among our gallant, Rudolph-like, young men; to hear them going from subject to subject with gay abandon, discussing it in the depth of their profound wisdom, and then dismissing it lightly with the easy grace of men of wide experience, sages accustomed to the world and to its wiles, students of life and letters, sheikhs steeped in love and laughter.

"Have you seen this big picture that's in town? It's class; beats all ever I've seen. Oh, by the by, that's some exercise we have for to-morrow. The man's inhuman. By Jove, I really don't think we should do it. What, you've got it done?" He takes a sip at his tea, and bites off a crumb from the end of a sick-looking doughnut. "Have you noticed that Florence Mills is dead? A bit sad, a brilliant career cut short, the instability of human glory, and all that sort of thing." And the conversationalist, having pronounced these pathetic sentiments, takes a poetical bite at his doughnut and a sentimental sip of his tea. "What's that? Oh, had I a good week-end? Fine; I met that girl I told you about. Took 'er to the pictures, and generally gave 'er a good time. It made rather a hole in my pocket. What? She's a gold digger? I don't think so. Anyhow, there's always a certain honour in being a generous gold mine. Only, I hope the old man isn't tempted to draw in his hand." There is a shrug of the shoulder. "We'll trust to luck. Coming out for a walk?"

The heads of the company are soaked with water, the hair smoothed and combed till it glistens like patent leather, and then out they sally, a winning smile on each of their handsome faces, and a sigh on their lips for new worlds to conquer. For a quarter of an hour they parade, up and down, passing sharp young ladies who, like a whiff of lavender, go floating past, and then passing witty remarks, witty more or less, just as Crawley passed remarks. The only difference is that his legs

were encased in something different from a pair of billowy plus-fours or a swelling pair of Oxford bags. Till at last the bell rings. But it is impossible for such important gentlemen to be so undignified as to run, to show that they are frightened for any confounded teacher. Yet, somehow or other, the wriggling within the bags becomes more lively, and, somehow or other, the rovers reach their lines in time, slightly breathless, but with their dignity fully preserved, and confide to their neighbours—"We heard the bell all right, but, dash it all, catch us running!"

It is all very funny, very amusing, very enjoyable; very enlightening to see each one of us running about, anxiously pursuing our own business. And all this becomes disagreeable at times. But then let us laugh. The world is silly, shallow, dark enough. Laugh at its silliness and its shallowness. Laugh in its dark places, till the sound of your voice echoes and re-echoes, and the shadows are dispelled. A smile is better than sighing, and joy is healthier than sorrow. Make the philosophy of life laughter. Laugh—and the world laughs with you.

ME.

Letters to the Editor.

Sir,—With regard to your request for an article by Doctor Sheared, M.A., on the subject of "School Magazines: Their Use," I am to inform you that Doctor Sheared is unable to comply with your request, as he has tennis elbow in his right forefinger. He also wishes me to say that his views on such a subject would be unsuitable, as he knows that un inflammable paper is not yet invented. But he also admits that they are useful for wrapping fish in, and that they are a very effective argument and proof to the ratepayers that there is a need for more schools for Mentally Defectives.—Pro. Doctor Sheared, Herbert Lickstamp, Secy.

Dear Sir,—In reply to "Pro Bono Publico," I take up my pen to say that my Frank opinion is that classical eddication is not necessary at scule. I do not think that nowledge of the feets of men like Bacchus and Venus conspires you to a higher depreciation of life, or improoves your English. But I never got Greek or Latin neither and just look at my English? All I know about Latin is $\overline{\text{II}}$ means $3\frac{1}{7}$, and "hoi polloi" means the polis. But wot, sez I, is the use of that? Greek is no use unless for swearing at the boss so as he'll not understand you. Do away with classical books, and give 'em new wuns like "How to Bet," with instructions how to put your shirt on. A horse. If you got to teach an other lanwidge what about the grammer "Obscenity and Profanity" by Dammell? I think that Latin is no good. What do youse think?—I am, etc., One of Them.