

# Whitehill School Magazine.

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No. 17.

Summer, 1928.

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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

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## EDITORIAL.

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When Christopher Robin was asked to recite a poem, he always gave vent to a prolonged "ahem-m-m," to draw the attention of his audience to the fact that he was about to speak. We fully appreciate how tiresome and boring an editorial seems to be, but you must consider it the "ahem" which is to direct your attention to the recitations of the School, and so find patience to bear with us for a short time.

For many years past, the editors have exhorted the pupils to "pull together with a will" and to "play the game" more strenuously. Surely there is no one who could complain of any lack of enthusiasm among the scholars this year. We have surpassed all records in the number of our activities.

Frequent mention is made of "Black Fridays," but we are sure that Friday was not "black" on which our pupils adjourned to the Dennistoun Picture House. If one could judge by the continued applause, the programme proved much more attractive and entertaining than the ordinary school routine, and the musical accompaniment added greatly to our enjoyment; and the Necessitous Children's Fund benefited therefrom.

We have grown to look forward to the Concert in the City Halls as an annual event, but this in no way lessens our pleasure in it. The evening of February the 9th was a delightful one for all concerned, and we must thank Mr. MacGregor for his untiring devotion to the Choir. The School Dramatic Club is also in a thriving condition, and the performances in the Bellgrove Halls received a favourable reception.

It is now at least three years since the clarion call to "Support the Sports' Fund" first sounded through the School, but the pennies continue to flow in an unending stream. For many weeks pupils were seen staggering down Whitehill Street laden with mysterious parcels, and lady teachers passed up and down stairs hidden behind bouquets of flowers. The gratifying results of all these preparations were seen when pupils and parents flocked down to School, on Saturday, 5th May, and joined in all the fun of the fair. We hope that the pecuniary gain from the Bazaar has been sufficient to put an end to the demands for

funds for the Sports' Fields for some time to come, but, meanwhile, the classes are still doing their bit. The girls of I. G.b. have done exceedingly well, collecting £10. Now is the time for the older classes to show what they can do!

The Kelvin Hall was again the scene of an Exhibition of School Work, during the month of May. As usual, Whitehill was called upon for her share, and sent up her quota of artists, scientists, seemstresses and gymnasts. The Choir and the Dramatic Club took part in the opening concert, and even those who were not chosen to represent the School in any of the displays at least enjoyed the ensuing half-holidays. All the members of the School acquitted themselves creditably.

As will be seen in the notes, the Sports' Section has played up very well, the Football Team winning their way into the Final of the Shield, and being beaten by St. Mungo's Academy only in a re-play.

As in the playing-fields, so in the examination-room, the prestige of Whitehill is upheld, and being constantly increased. This year, Mr. John A. Mack, a former pupil of Whitehill School, carried off the Snell Exhibition in English Literature and Philosophy, at Glasgow University. Last year, we recorded the winning of the Snell Exhibition by Mr. Wm. E. Muir, also an ex-pupil of Whitehill. Thus we have had successes in two successive years, to bring our total of Snell Exhibitioners to five. Our first was Mr. David Browning, now on the staff of "The Glasgow Herald." Our second, Mr. John Young, was killed in the Great War. Mr. Christian Fordyce, the third, is now a Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. Mr. W. E. Muir and Mr. John A. Mack complete the list. This is surely a unique record, unequalled in the annals of any other school, and in the light of this it is easy to account for Whitehill's high repute and standing in the scholastic world.

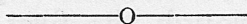
Even yet, the School functions have not all been held. The School Sports were to take place on the 9th of June, but were postponed for a week owing to bad weather. A much-longed for opportunity of demonstrating our powers in the field has now been offered us—let us make the most of the occasion.

All the dreaded examinations are now over—the inspectors have withdrawn for another year—and we can, one and all, look back on a session full of interest and activity. We have attempted much and accomplished some things at least, and in the doing of it have bound ourselves closer together in the furtherance of the School's aims. For those of us who are saying good-bye to the old School and spreading our wings for more adventurous flights, this is a sad season, but we would wish our successors an equally enjoyable and profitable session to the one which is now finishing.



We thank all our loyal supporters, and hope you will all find as much pleasure in reading the Magazine as we have experienced in compiling it.

As usual, we are indebted to the Art Department for excellent posters, and we must express our thanks to Mr. MacGregor whose camera has supplied all our photographic illustrations.



### Special Medals and Prizes.

#### Dux (Intermediate Course)—

DAVID BEAVIS.

Prox. Acc.—JAMES HAMILTON.

#### Crosthwaite Memorial Prize (Lower)—

DAVID BEAVIS.

Prox. Acc.—WILMA M'DONALD and JAMES HAMILTON.  
(equal).

#### James Henderson Memorial Medal—

VINCENT ROBERT PALING (Dux of the School).

#### War Memorial Prize (£10)—

JAMES JACKSON.

#### War Memorial Prize (£5)—

MARY M. FRAME.

#### Macfarlane-Gamble Memorial Prize—

MARY T. K. BROWNLEE.

#### Crosthwaite Memorial Prize (Higher)—

JAMES JACKSON.

Prox. Acc.—WILLIAM SCULLION.

#### War Memorial Medals—

English—JAMES JACKSON.

Mathematics—MARY M. FRAME.

Latin and French—WILLIAM SCULLION.

French and German—MARY STARK.

Science—JAMES MILLER.

Art—MARY STARK.

### Prestwick, 1928.

When I was asked to write down some of my experiences at the recent Amateur Championship, I would willingly have exchanged my pen for the mashie-niblick and the sheet of paper for the baked, undulating fairway of Prestwick, for, to write about one's own deeds imposes either a modest reticence or a vulgar ostentation. So I will try to steer my way right up the "pretty" and not be bunkered to right or left.

When I entered for the "Amateur," it was, as in the case of some 200 others, I suppose, "for the experience"—and with 200 others I said, "If I get through the first round I'll be satisfied," which was, of course, absurd, in a field of 220, but when you are young, possibilities and absurdities are shadowy substances.

Anyway, I arranged with a fellow-competitor to go down to Prestwick on the Thursday previous to the Championship, to put in two days' practice. He did not appear on the train and when I reached Prestwick, a horrible, lonely feeling suddenly assailed me. I saw many people whom I knew by sight, and who all seemed to know one another, but not one did I see whom I knew personally. I wandered about for an hour getting "miserabler and miserabler," although the sun was shining gloriously and the course looked "a treat." But I felt that I did not want to play, as like the little boy "I had nobody to play with." At last I saw a friend from Glasgow, playing, strangely enough, with a competitor whom I had played at Gailles last year, and who became, in the following week, *the* "Giant-Killer" of the Championship. At once I was at home and an hour later was enjoying my first practice game. I played just as badly as I wanted to play—for I never like to play good golf before a competition. But I do like to play my shots well—let the results come when they are needed. On Thursday evening I had the strange experience of playing with the man who, ten days later, was to become Champion. Mr. Perkins and I played 14 holes together, and at the end of the first half-dozen, I had already formed my opinion as to who would win the Championship. He impressed me as being the finest golfer I had ever seen, certainly the finest Amateur golfer, and one who played his irons better than many of the "pro's." One or two facts may interest my readers. For a tall man his clubs seemed ridiculously short. His "woods" are half-an-inch shorter than mine, which are as much shorter than the normal wooden clubs. And Mr. Perkins is 6 feet and more. The result, however, was wonderful control as well as giving more power. These facts should be remembered by young golfers. Comparatively short, light clubs give more control and power than long, heavy ones.

In my final practice game on the Monday night, I played so badly that I was sure I would win on the next day, as I am a firm believer in the saying that "a bad rehearsal makes a good concert." I *did* win, but only after a great struggle. My best



shot was the one which practically finished the match. Going to the 17th one up, I hit a very long drive slightly to the right and found a bunker which I did not know existed. Mercifully it was shallow, but I lay a couple of feet from the bank. From there I hit a "blind swipe," over the Alps and the huge bunker, to the green. That was the only time that I got on to the green in two shots, and yet I was, on every other occasion, right down the middle with my drive. Such, you see, is the luck of golf.

In my next two games I was hard pushed, after holding winning leads, and it was only a long drive to the last green that allowed me the right to play Andrew Jamieson in the fourth round on Thursday morning. After 10 months I was given the opportunity of again playing him. My feelings were not those of a man vehemently wanting a golfing revenge—I wanted, not so much to *beat* Andrew, as to win my way into another round. Such a feeling is difficult to explain—it was just, I suppose, a Scotsman's desire of "winning through." We had a fine friendly game, keen as a knife-edge, with victory depending, unfortunately, on a most cruel stymie, which favoured me, on the last green. I would much rather have holed the putt and so put the match to an end in a better way, than hold the cup of success to my opponent's lips and the next instant dash it away with a heaven, or, shall we say, a hell-sent stymie. One does not like to win a match in that way, even from an "enemy," far less from a very good friend like Andrew Jamieson.

In my game with Mr. Wethered, I had the pleasure of playing against a very good golfer and an even greater gentleman. He is a thorough sportsman and even, when I holed an impossible putt at the Himalayas, he took what must have been a great surprise and not a little disappointment, with a splendid smile and kind words of congratulation to me. I have no regrets at all at losing to such a fine gentleman, and while some people have been good enough, or perhaps partisan enough, to suggest that I was unlucky to lose, my reply has been, as it is now, that Mr. Wethered can play shots in golf that I have not yet learned, and there are none that *I* can play, which are not complementary to his array of strokes.

Nevertheless, I had a great week and to cap it all, the invitation which I received, to hold myself in readiness in case I were needed for the Walker Cup Team, came as a tremendous surprise. The only blot was that I had to come home and study for a degree examination, which strangely enough, drifted into the limbo of things forgotten when I had the sky for a roof instead of the study, and the crisp turf for a path instead of the scholar's carpet.

And yet we don't need a championship to lift the mind from other, more worrying things—just an ordinary game will put the heart at ease, provided the game's right. And even then, if we are playing badly, we are so worried about our game that the other worries are forgotten in any case. Yes, it is a great game.

S. L. MACKINLAY.

## University Letter.

THE UNION,  
THE UNIVERSITY, *June, 1928.*

DEAR SCHOOL,

You will notice from the address that work is now over and our only worry, if we are Arts students, is whether we have got through our "degrees." Of course, the "Medicals" are still in the throes of work, which, in these days of "summer ease," becomes a burden on shoulders already weighed down. Nevertheless, vacation is looming largely in the very near future, when the only sign that one is a 'Varsity student is a carefree air and a College tie. Gone are the sunken cheeks, the furrowed brow, the incipient stoop and all that books and tradition lend to the student.

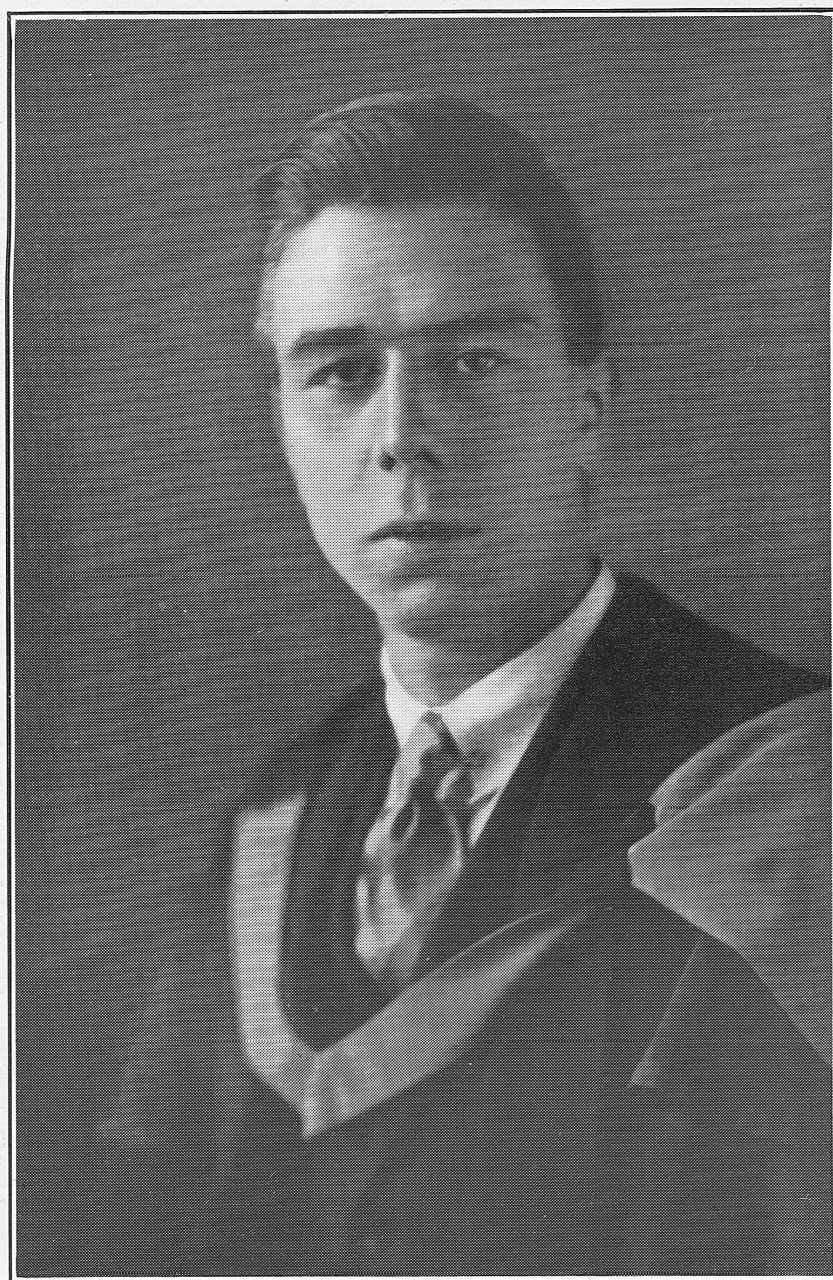
Since last writing to you, one or two outstanding events have happened at the little "city set on a hill." That which appeals most to the imagination and pride of present and future students is the success of Glasgow in the Inter-University Athletic meeting, held at Westerlands, in May. Unfortunately, Whitehill can claim no part in that performance, so long awaited and so gratifying, but there should be a stimulus offered to everyone with athletic aspirations, and Westerlands is admirable as a training field for those who seek fame there if not at Gilmorehill.

Whitehill pupils will have noticed, perhaps, that my prophecy has come true. Mr. A. F. MacLeod is the President of the Students' Representative Council, and none could be more worthy of the honour or fulfil his duties so conscientiously. He is a live man, with a ready voice in debate and a confident assertion of his ideas which has already borne fruit.

We have, however, gained an even greater honour—this time on the Academic side. Six months ago I had the pleasure of congratulating Mr. W. E. Muir on gaining the Snell exhibition in Classics. Now I have to congratulate Mr. John Mack, also of Whitehill, on winning the "Snell" in English Literature and Philosophy. To win two "Snells" in successive years is a great honour to any school, and Whitehill is proud and fortunate to possess ex-pupils of such ability as Mr. Mack and Mr. Muir.

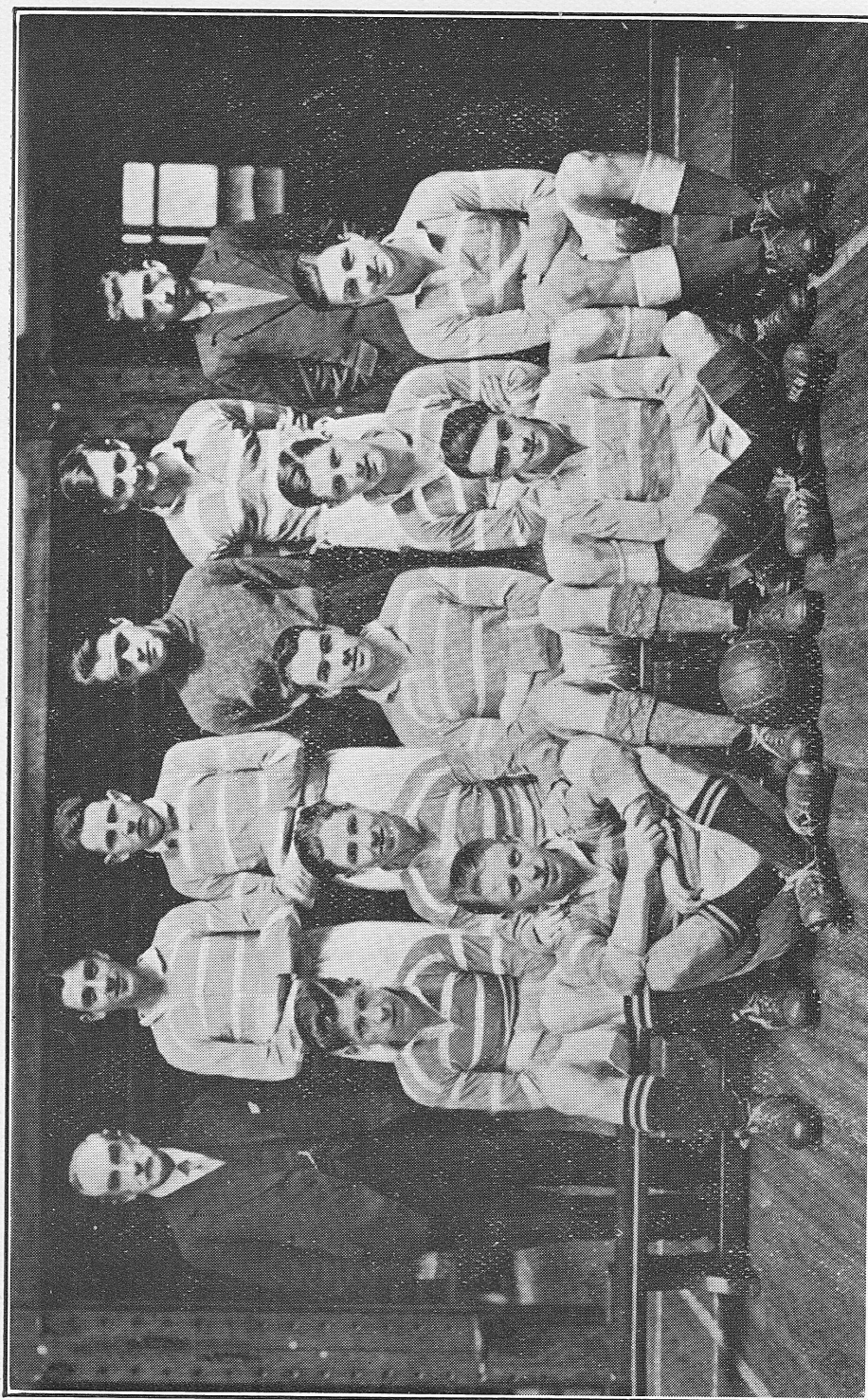
Other important events at the University, in which Whitehill pupils took part, were, of course, Charities' Day which was, if you will remember, a "swimming" success. Whitehill former pupils now at the 'Varsity "did" Dennistoun, so you may be passing, every day, some ordinary student, who on that chill January day, pleased, bored or annoyed you, whatever were your inclinations, with his rattling box and his grotesque array.





**JOHN A. MACK**  
Snell Exhibitioner.





Mr. Nisbet, *Rector*. J. Laing M. Morrison R. Weir A. Smith W. Aitken  
 J. MacDougall H. Smith J. Jackson, *Captain* J. Mills T. Frood  
 R. MacLeod A. Graham

## FOOTBALL 1ST XI., 1927-28.

Runners-up in Scottish Secondary Schools Shield Competition.



We also had a visit from our Lord Rector this year, and all that the School did to share in his welcome was that Mr. MacLeod met him at the station, and was, of course, photographed along with the rest of the welcoming party, which raises the eternal question, "Why are famous men always photographed at railway stations?" That we will leave for future students to solve.

To those of you who are coming "up by" next October, it would be folly to offer advice—you would not accept it. But, perhaps, we may offer you a hearty welcome and an earnest appeal to preserve the School motto in all things and not lie quiescent on the bosom of your Alma Mater for the next few years.

Wishing you all a good vacation before the sterner realities of next October.

Yours sincerely,

YMBE.

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### **Some Famous People who were Ex-Pupils of Whitehill.**

**ROBERT THE WALLACE:** It was while watching the Rugby XV. being beaten that he spoke the famous words, "Try, try, try again," which meant 9 points.

**CHARLES PEACE:** Was a model pupil at Whitehill. He won so many prizes that when he left he still had a mania for prizes, so he turned highwayman. Later, when he was hanging from the gallows, his last words were:—"This suspense is killing me."

**Sir HARRY CAWDER:** He is famed for one thing which he did at school. When asked once why he was late he replied "that it is nice to get up in the mornin' but it's better to lie in yer bed." His excuse was considered insufficient, and he was given fifty lines.

**ADMIRAL SEA-SHANTY:** It was at Whitehill that he uttered his famous words, when, as a prefect, he said "The janitor expects every boy to do his duty, and put waste-paper in the rubbish-box."

**MARY TUDOR:** It was after a quarterly exam. in the 3rd year that she was heard to say, on emerging after maths., "The name of Pythagoras is written in my heart."

**Mr. B. G. SHAW:** When I was at Whitehill, there was one pupil whom I always admired. He was very clever and witty, and, another good point, did not like games. Even though I have long been away from school, I still admire that boy. His name was B. G. Shaw,

(III.)

### Nursery Rhymes Up-to-Date.

In our opinion, children of the present day are reading "penny dreadfuls" for want of better literature, because the classical children's stories are out of date. We would suggest a few changes, such as the following re-written stories:—

Mary had a little lamb  
That loved its mistress. 'Pon my Sam  
It followed her o'er hill and dale  
And into many a Bargain Sale.  
And like a sleuth from Scotland Yard,  
Or Willie Shakespeare's spotted pard,  
It padded softly in her wake.  
Its faithfulness sure takes the cake.  
  
Yet that lamb was a silly fool,  
It followed Mary into school.

---

Or take this one, which will amuse the children, and at the same time, teach them not to use their fingers at table.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner—  
This is an example for all little boys  
To follow, don't greedily swallow or bawl "Oh!"  
Just sit down and don't make a noise.

But Jack soon forgot all Mother had taught  
About how to behave at the table.  
For he put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,  
Although to use both knife and fork he was able.

"A good boy am I," aloud he did cry,  
But Mother in anger then said,  
"I think on reflection, you need some correction  
So put down your plum-pie and go off to bed."

This is a great opportunity for people interested in children.  
What about it, Mr. Editor of "Rainbow"?

GOLDYLOCKS.

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### A Fairy Story

(With neither Moral nor Sense).

Once upon a time a little boy forgot to do his Latin Exercise on Ablative Absolutes. He told his teacher he hadn't it done. The teacher said "Well, I admire your pluck. Let's forget it."

The next day the boy took up a neat exercise on Ablative Absolutes with the news: "Please sir, I've brought my exercise and—and I—I'm sorry I forgot it yesterday."

The End.

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



## JUNIOR PAGES.

### Dauvit and Goliath.

When Dauvit was playing at marbles,  
His pater called him ben,  
To take some grub to his brothers,  
Who were fighting for Saul in a glen.

A big tyke whose name was Goliath,  
Had challenged the Israelites;  
But they were all so white hearted,  
He looked with scorn on their knights.

When Dauvit had given his brothers,  
The meat and the toast and the cheese,  
He looked with contempt on Goliath,  
And said "I could kill him with ease."

He picked up his sling and his satchel,  
And gathered a few little stones;  
And walked down and slew big Goliath,  
And said "he would rot in his bones."

When the Philistines saw what had happened,  
They could not be seen for the stour;  
And Dauvit stood up on Goliath,  
And cut off his head to make sure.

H. C. C. (II. B.d.)

? ? ?

If the plural of ox is oxen,  
Why is the plural of box not "boxen?"  
And since the plural of mouse is mice,  
Why is the plural of house not "hice?"  
The plural of radius is radii,  
So why is the plural of omnibus not "omnibi?"  
And, since the plural of year is years,  
Why is the plural of deer not "deers?"  
If the plural of cow is kyne,  
Why is the plural of row not "ryne?"  
And if the plural of man is men,  
Why is the plural of can not "cen?"

J. L. (II. G.c.)

**An Irishman's Letter to a Friend.**

Parish of Ballywacking, 14/3/18.

Dear Paddy,

I haven't sent ye a letther since the last time I wrote to ye, because we have moved from our former place of livin' and I didn't know where a letther would find ye; but I now wid pleasure tak up my pin to inform ye of the death of yer own livin' Uncle Kilpatrick, who died very suddenly last wake, after a lingering sickness of six wakes. The poor man was in violent convulsions the whole time of his illness, lying perfectly still all the time, spachless intirely talkin' incoherently, and crying for wather. I had no opportunity of informin' you by the last post which went two days before his death, and then you'd had the postage to pay. I'm at a great loss to tell what his death was occasioned by, but I fear it was by his last sickness. He never was well tin days together during the whole time of his confinement; but bay that as it will, as soon as he braythed his last the doctor gave up hope of his recovery.

I needn't tell ye about his age, for ye well know that in May nixt he would have been twenty-five years old, lackin' tin months; and had he lived till that time he thin would have been six months dead. His property is very considerable; it developed upon his nixt kin, who is dead some time since, so that I expect it will be equilly divided betwane us—and thin, me dear Paddy, ye'll git two-thirds of the whole, and ye know he had a fine estate, which was sowld to pay his debts, and the remainder was lost in the Derby. But it was one opinion of all the ladies present that he would have won the race if that horse he ran against hadn't been too fast for him—bad luck to the baste! But, poor sowl, he'll niver ate nor drink anymore, and now, Paddy, ye haven't a livin' relation in the world except myself and yer two cozens that was kilt in the last war.

But I can't dwell upon such a mournful subject any longer, but will sale the letther with black saleing wax and put on your uncles' coat of arms. So I beg ye not to brake the sale when ye open the letther, until two or three days after ye resave it; by that time ye will be betther prepared for the mournful tidings.

When the bearer of this arrives in Hamilton ax him for this letther, and if he doesn't know which one it is, tell him it's the one that spakes of your uncle's death and saled in black.

Judy o'Halligan.

J. M'N. (I. B.b.)

**A Dog's Tale.**

The sausage was a snatched one.

The outside was of skin.

The inside was a little dog.

They called him little Jim.

J. M. (I. B.a.)



## The Composition of a 1st Year Pupil

(By One-who knows).

"You ar sakked" rored the master of the house, "Taik yer books." Weery Willum maid his way to the door with a scoul that wood hav dun justis to a Whitehill teecher. The next moment he felt himselluf whizzing thru the air and then fall inter the hoss troff. "I'll get eevin wiv him," sed Willum and he set off on the quite countrie road too look fer wurk. After he had walked many miles he decided to hav forty winks by the roadside. Suddenlie ther wos a screem and Willum saw a bad man clime up a tree wiv a laidy's bag in his hand. Before you could say "Disestablistmentarianism," Willum was up that there tree and Had took the Bag off him. At this jiffy a laidy came running up all panting and out-o'-breath and to Willum's delight it was his old mistres. "You can cum bak to yer old job," she sed. But alas, at this here point Willum woke up and found hissself lying on the road side whair he had gon ter slepe twelfe ours preevious.

H. C. (I. B.a.)

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### The Fair.

Down at Rothesay by the sea,  
You're as happy as can be;  
When you're sitting on the sand,  
Or listening to a bright jazz-band.

Merry trippers here and there,  
Full of fun, without a care;  
Then as it is getting late  
Stretch themselves, an' tak' the gate.

Rothesay bound, the bus rolls on,  
While the crowd is full of song,  
Hullo! what's that! a spot of rain,  
Our summer weather back again.

D. F. (I. B.b.)

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### A Calamity.

In a seat occupied by just two,  
And I wager this story is true,  
Two frivolous girlies named Betty and Jean,  
Sat nibbling a product of "Peakie and Freat,"  
When all of a sudden—I think it a shame,  
The seat gave a lurch, and it left them quite lame,  
For bumpety, bumpety, bumpety, bump,  
Those two little girlies came down with a thump.

M. H. (I. G.b.)

### A Visit to the Cinema.

Forth they went into the pictures,  
 Forth into the cosy stalls,  
 Saw the pictures bright and cheerful,  
 Heard the music rise and falling.  
 Saw the hero, tall and handsome,  
 Wrestle with the villain reckless,  
 And the heroine stood watching,  
 Pale and sick with sudden terror,  
 As she saw her hero falling,  
 Falling like the stars in heaven.  
 As the arrow from the air falls,  
 So her hero to the ground fell,  
 Fell near by the great wide river,  
 By the dark and silent river.  
 But the audience no more trembles,  
 As the hero to his feet jumps,  
 Deals a blow unto the villain,  
 Sends him staggering ever backwards,  
 Backwards to the silent river.  
 And the hero and the heroine  
 Happy live for ever after.

J. W. R. (I. G.c.)

### A Tale of Three Cats.

On the wall of a garden there sat three cats,  
 Nessie and Cissie and Jean;  
 Nessie set up a continuous wail,  
 Cissie was grooming her long furry tail,  
 While Jean sat purring between.

Then a pailful of water was thrown at the cats,  
 Nessie captured the lot—what a scene!  
 Cissie snapped at her tail and fell down to the ground,  
 Nessie already was there—half-drowned;  
 Alone on the wall purred Jean.

N. W. (I. Ga.)

### Some "Howlers."

The chief imports into this country for consumption, are cod liver oil and emulsion.

A hippopotamus can live on land and water, and is therefore ambiguous.

Wolsey is a man who makes underwear.

The plural of "ox" is "oxo."

Dough is not a luxury, because it is always being kneaded.

The feminine of "Jack" is "Jackass."



### Recent Excitements.

Cis Dearest,

We have had a really exciting time recently at Whitehill. Not at all like the old days, darling, when we sat throughout May and June *too* utterly bored for anything.

First there came along the School Bazaar and the weather was *too* positively *divine* although just a trifle dusty. Most of the senior girls were in the tea-room and, my dear, you *ought* to have seen us. Some one at headquarters had a brainwave that we would look just *too* adorable in little aprons, as if that was necessary, but, darling, worse was to follow when little *caps* to match were presented, and, well you know Cis how meek and gentle we really are, so at first we just donned the uncomfortable little things and looked *too* barbaric for words, but after that the darling little affairs disappeared—my dear, *too* obliging!

Meanwhile, in the pitch behind the School,—you know, darling, that place with the positively *too* great a superabundance of ashes, there were side-shows, breaking up happy homes, etc., and you really ought to have seen our gentlemen teachers. Why, darling, it was *topping* fun for them, and they *did* so enjoy themselves, the dears! I saw one of them stealing around in *too* positively *furtive* a manner, and, well Cis you know how devoted I am to Edgar W. so I just followed him around, but really I was *too* awfully disappointed to find that it was merely a *camera* and not a horrible old bomb he was fondling—*too* mortifying.

Meanwhile our lady teachers were head over heels in work trying to dispose of cakes, flowers, soap, and, *let me whisper*, cigarettes—*too* naughty don't you think, but really you ought to have seen the boys. Well, to be absolutely truthful, you could hardly see them. No darling, they were *not* trying to escape raffle tickets, but were almost hidden by the piles of books they were trying to sell. Do you like second-hand books, darling?—*too* romantic I think. Ah, Cis, that was a *great* day,—*too* positively *thrilling* for words!

Well, my dear, as Esau or was it Aesop, do forgive my utter lack of knowledge, used to say, "it never rains but it positively pours," darling, we had scarcely recovered from the strain of wearing paper aprons and calculating how much our customers had eaten, you know darling, I think that a waitress has to be *too* utterly like a policeman or a hawk or an examination official, but, as I was saying, we had scarcely recovered from our Bazaar when a school exhibition was opened in Kelvin Hall—my dear, *too* *exciting*.

And d'you know, darling, for weeks previous we used to miss all sorts of things to go out to practice in the playground, and there we would arm stretch or finger wiggle in our rather diminutive tunics, in full view of a positive *battery* of windows. But then, dearest, after all this running about with *too* pliant ropes pretending they were benches and giving free performances to

passers-by, the great day came. My dear, I do feel so excited before "great days" and I almost gassed myself when energetically sponging my tunic with a mixture of petrol and ammonia—*too* powerful, but as I was saying, darling, the great day came and we just romped along these benches like sweet little rabbits with the whitest of tails.

What is more, darling, we also held a slogan competition this year—*too* exhausting—when you were sure to see some Whitehill youngster lurking around a group of posters. And then, there was our Annual School Concert when the boys came in "lounge suits"—my dear *too* obvious—and the teachers could scarcely recognise the girls, they were *too* entrancing. Oh yes, darling, is has all been *too* divine!

Your devoted little Mariette.

(VI. G.)

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### The "And Under" Club.

The ladies' section of the above club, which has been in existence for some years, held its A.G.M., in the Upper Gym., on 8th June, 1928. Members were admitted on showing their Report Cards with 25 per cent. *and under*, duly attested by parent or guardian, and many an admiring eye was cast upon some of the young ladies of Form I. who had far surpassed the remotest dreams of the founders of the club in their interpretation of the words "and under." Amidst tumultuous applause, the President opened proceedings by referring in grandiloquent terms to the encouragement given the society by its youngest members, many of whom in specific subjects had practically touched zero. Proud as she was of those individual achievements, she felt still prouder of the team spirit which animated those young dears, who seemed intent on breaking all class minimum records. The usual regret was expressed that once more Drawing had upset the calculations of some prospective members who were sure and worthy "and unders" in all other subjects, and the only adequate suggestion which had been received for laying this bogey was to make Greek compulsory in the 1st Year and thereby minimise the chances of a pupil including Art in her Curriculum.

The Secretary then proceeded to outline the programme for next session, the most important item being the subsidising of Teachers of Qualifying Classes from the funds of the Club, so that in a year or two it would be almost impossible for a pupil in a Secondary School to be outwith the scope of the Club. (Prolonged cheers). A proposal to adopt as a Club motto "Zero petamus," was seconded and carried unanimously by the enthusiastic assembly, which later in the evening adjourned to a banquet of Minnows and Golden Wonders.

CYNTHIA.



**Round the School.**—By Punch & Co.**DOES ANYONE KNOW—**

The names of the persons who were drowned at Craigends, on Saturday afternoon?

Which of the Pharaohs' Tombs yielded up the cookies for the demonstrators at Kelvin Hall?

Who the gallant supporter was who kindly applauded the efforts of the Choir at the Exhibition?

How many of the gentlemen of the Mighty Sixth had the courage to use their Car Tokens, or Tea Tickets?

Who was the gentleman who innocently inquired what the Fourth Year girls do in their Lunch-room in the morning?

Who is responsible for the "powdered chalk" scattered profusely in that room?

Who christened the Sewing-room "No Man's Land?"

How many of the Tennis Club are competing at Wimbledon this year?

From a 3rd Year paper:—"Agincourt was a French general in the Napoleonic Wars. When the army was quartered, he received a third of it."

**Things I Didn't Tell You.**

lunch room, friday.

Dear Miss —,

I want to write this letter, but of course I won't post it. I never told you why I gigled the day you gave a great roar. I'm sorry I made you mad. You thought I was being cheeky. I really like you fine often but you had a big tuft of hair sticking up at the back and you looked awful funny.

I never told you the real reason why I didn't finish the exercise about what I would do with a hundred pounds. It was quiet true I had a headache so would you if you had cried for hours if your mother hadn't given you the money for the pictures. I couldn't help breaking the milk jug and I know it was Mary's turn to do the dishes.

I'm sorry I put Carlyle in the sea at the geography exam. I didn't think it was there but the map looked awful empty. I don't think I'll get into the second year anyway as I've only got 25 per cent. My daddy wants me to be a teacher.

I will now close though I have lots more to say. Would you mind giving me back the green pen I lent you a month ago you can keep the rubber.

and oblige,

I.G.z.

P.S. Bill helped me with the spelling. I'm sorry for the blots.

# WHITEHILL NOTES.

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## Whitehill School Club.

When you have left the old School it's only natural that you will want to meet your chums again, and where is there a more fitting place than in the very rooms in which you indulged in paper fights in the 2nd, or sweated through your Highers in the 5th? You will want to hear how they're getting on in their new jobs or all about their adventures in the 'Varsity, and they'll be just as keen to listen to your yarns.

Of course, our meetings themselves are worth coming to. There are many original features in this year's Syllabus, and we have not forgotten to include dancing for the dancers, music for the musicians, and even an "election" for the politicians. Also, for those interested in the School, and that applies to us all, we have an evening of which the School has the running and, of which, more hereafter.

And for all this the subscription is only 2s. 6d. a year, or £1, 1s. for life!

Our first meeting is in October, and we're sure you'll enjoy it.

R. G. GILLIES, President.

FRANK V. MACKAY, Secy. and Treas.,  
8 Fernleigh Road, Merrylee.

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## Former Pupils' Athletic Club.

It seems fitting at this season of the year, when so many Whitehill pupils are contemplating leaving the School, that a word should be said about their athletic future. Many have a keen interest in sport, which for lack of proper stimulus, dies when the atmosphere of school is left behind.

The Former Pupils' Athletic Club exists for the purpose of maintaining and encouraging this interest. It would hardly seem necessary to mention this fact, and yet in view of the very half-hearted, and in some cases, non-existent support which is given to the Association by the former pupils, it is necessary not only to mention, but to stress its existence, and to emphasize the need there is for fresh enthusiasm and fresh endeavour.

For the past season the membership totalled 104, an increase of 8 on the previous season. Does this represent the number of pupils who left Whitehill during session 1926-27?

The records of the three sections—Rugby, Hockey and Association—during the past winter show that decided progress has been made. We want, however, to do even better, in the coming seasons. We have now excellent facilities at our new grounds at Craighend, which are within easy access.



The Club has been during the past very much indebted to Mr. Chatfield, who has devoted Wednesday evenings during the winter to the training of what we may hope will be an even more flourishing Club in the future. But remember that much depends on you who are leaving school, and who are, it may be hoped, going to join us.

DAVID SMITH, M.D., President.

THOMAS A. HOGARTH, Secy. and Treas.,  
March Hill, Riddrie.

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### Football Club.

Moderate success attended our efforts in the League Competition, and we finished up in the middle of the league table with one point per game.

In the Shield Competition, we reached the final. En route we beat Girvan Academy, 5—0; Dumbarton Academy, 2—1; Irvine Academy, 2—1; and Cumnock Academy, 5—0, at Kilmarnock. Our opponents in the final were our near rivals, St. Mungo's Academy, who had already beaten us in the League. Nevertheless, we went forward to the final, at Celtic Park, confident and undaunted. The game, which was keenly contested, resulted in a draw, 1—1. In the re-play, we were beaten 4—1, a score which exaggerates the superiority of our opponents, since the issue was open up till the last fifteen minutes of the second period. We were greatly disappointed, although even to reach the final was in itself no mean achievement. However, we hope to be successful next year, as of this year's 1st XI., eight are returning to School next year.

The 2nd XI. had a not unsuccessful season, and we hope to retain this training-ground for the 1st XI. next year also.

As usual, Whitehill has sent players to the representative matches. A. Graham played for Glasgow against Bradford, at Bradford, and T. Frood and J. MacDougall for Glasgow against London, at Cathkin Park. We hope to be represented in the Glasgow side against the Rest of Scotland.

Altogether, season 1927-28 has been highly successful, and it is gratifying to see that Association Football has still a strong following in Whitehill.

R. W., Secy.

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### Rugby.

This season the Rugby Section can at least boast of having a successful finish. Both the 1st and 2nd XV.'s showed great signs of improvement.

But let results speak for themselves. Since the last issue of

the Magazine the 1st XV. has played 6 matches, 3 of which were won, 1 drawn, and 2 lost. The most meritorious of our victories were achieved over Spiers School, by 19 points to 3, and over Glasgow University C. XV., by 14 points to 9. Our other win was against Allan Glen's 2nd XV., by 6 points to nil. We were unfortunate only to draw with Kilmarnock Academy, but that, of course, is only our opinion. We received our defeats against Glasgow Academy 3rd XV., by 11—0, and against Hutcheson's Grammar School by 3—0.

The 2nd XV's record was 5 games played, 2 won, and 3 lost, which is not at all bad. They did well to beat Bellahouston Academy 1st XV. by 17—3, and Greenock Academy 2nd XV. by 6—0. None of their defeats was at all serious. They played a really plucky game against Glasgow High School 5th XV., at Old Anniesland, and were beaten only by 19—6, a decided improvement on the game at Millerston (39—3). They were only beaten by 3—0 by Glasgow Academy 5th XV.

Fixtures have been arranged for a 3rd XV. for next season. It is up to the younger boys who are coming back next session to support the School by supporting its Rugby Section.

J. A. M'A., Secy.

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### The Golf Club.

In our first match, with Shawlands, we came off victors by six matches to two. In our second match, with Albert Road Academy, although playing with a greatly weakened team, we yet managed to force a draw of four matches each. In our third match, with Hyndland, we were unfortunate in forfeiting one match through one of the team failing to turn up. Despite this, we again won by six matches to two. We have thus an unbeaten record which we intend to keep till end of the season.

But everyone cannot be in the team, especially when there are over sixty members in the Club. These, however, are well catered for by such competitions as the "Allan Shield" and the Monthly Medals, which have now been almost completed. There is still, however, the new Class Competition, for which any class with two members in the Club, can enter; the Club Championship, the Final of the Monthly Medals, and the Competition for Golf Balls, presented by certain of our teachers. Notice about these will duly appear on the Notice Boards.

Besides the Class Competition, there has also been introduced this year, a Girls' Section. This is not an innovation for there is record of mixed foresomes in bygone days.

The old traditions of the Club have been enhanced by the brilliant performance, in this year's Amateur Championship, of Mr. S. L. MacKinlay, an ex-captain and "Allan Shield" winner, whom we heartily congratulate, and of whom we are very proud.

M. M'L., Secy.



### Hockey Notes.

In spite of the bad weather, we had a most enjoyable season. We won the majority of our matches, and we finished the season by a most exciting seven-a-side knock-out tournament. Eight teams played, and the results were:—

M. Frame v. V. Russell. 1—0.

J. Hamilton v. I. Scotland. 1 goal 2 cor.—1 goal.

N. M'Kenzie v. K. Cotter. 2—0.

L. Docherty v. N. Crombie. 2 corners—0.

Semi-Final:—

J. Hamilton v. M. Frame. 3—2.

L. Docherty v. N. M'Kenzie. 1—0.

Final:—

J. Hamilton v. L. Docherty. 1—1.

After extra time the score stood 2—2, when we were forced to stop because of the condition of the field and players.

The following people have been elected for next year:—  
Captain, M. Frame; Secretary, N. Clibborn. I hope that they will be well supported by the girls in the coming season.

L. B. D.

—o—

### The City-Dweller's Prayer.

Lay me not near the dreary fen,  
Far from the crowded haunts of men,  
Where the melancholy curlews cry  
And herons go flying by.

Nor lay me near the rocky steep  
Beside the ever rolling deep,  
With naught but the music of the sea—  
That ever-saddening melody.

Nor by the lake so deep  
Lay me in my long last sleep,  
Nor in the shadow of the wood  
Where I would lie in solitude.

But lay me down on the hill  
Where all below is house and mill,  
So that my sightless gaze would be  
Ever on that hive of Industry.

Oh let these limbs be ever near  
The hundred thousand things that cheer,  
The busy streets, the hurrying feet, the lights  
And all the city's wondrous sights.  
All, all, that makes Metropolis.

BUNCX.

### On Bores.

We are told by the great Mort that a bore is a species of geyser which ejects a column of boiling water at regular intervals. However, intentionally or otherwise, his definition is applicable to bores both geographical and human; for the club room bore earns his notoriety by his spouting powers alone.

The most common of all Bori tribes are the Feminæ, the Fisheri, and the Gowferi, of which the Feminæ is the most aggressive, though the smallest. Again, the Feminæ are easily distinguished from the other families because of the obnoxious practise of employing warpaint of all hues. Truly a very advanced state of civilisation for an insect, yet scarcely surpassed by the range of expressions used by the Gowferi. In fact, showers of sand and a hail of expletives often heralds the approach of a Gowferus before he is visible. However, much as the three families differ, they have one habit in common. All "angle" a means of livelihood, though the ear of the Saftie or the Ignoramus is considered a delicacy.

When a Saftie enters a Bore's haunt for the first time, jubilation is great. Hands are rubbed, dry lips are licked by octopus tongues, and a rush is made. At length Saftie is charmed, and a cross-examination follows fast. "What d'ye play?" "Gowf?" "Fish?" "Ah well, I remember—" That pompous "remember" proclaims to all and sundry that poor Saftie, after nibbling, is hooked. The Fisheri and Co. will have drink in plenty for a month to come.

Thus are atrocities being executed under the eyes of authority every day, every minute, every hour. Therefore, when accosted by a Borus, take a piece of friendly advice, and SWAT THE BRUTE.

PICKWICK (III. B.a.)

### Grinding for an Exam.

With shoulders weary and bent,  
Unflaggingly striving to cram,  
A small boy sat at the school-room desk,  
Preparing for his Exam.

Cram! Cram! Cram!  
Till the head is beginning to ache,  
And Cram! Cram! Cram!  
When the child its play should take.

It's oh, for the good old days  
When a boy from school could stop,  
And hunt for nests, and bat and ball,  
Or play with his dear old top.

NAMELESS (IV. G.)



**Jones versus Ford.**

Upon one sunny afternoon,  
Jones went out to borrow  
A motor car, which he'd return,  
Upon the coming morrow.

And lo! that very afternoon,  
Amidst the traffic's flow,  
He pushed and hauled and kicked the car,  
'Twas a Ford—it would not go.

He swore he would subdue the thing,  
He kicked it fore and aft,  
He scowled at every passer-by,  
Who scowled at him—or laughed.

And when he started up the car,  
His brakes would not avail,  
The "Lizzie" spent the week in pawn,  
Jones spent the night in jail.

T. F. F. (III. B.b.)

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**Friends Indeed.**

They were a strange three—Al, Joe, and Mat. I first met them when in the first year, and they occupied a good part of my time.

Al was very precise, Joe very angular, and Mat a mixture of the two.

Our friendship was a strange one indeed. There were many problems which those friends presented, but I usually managed to overcome them—sometimes a very hard task indeed.

The three tried to trip me up for every little slip I made, and no doubt this did me good, but—well my friendship was sometimes very near to hatred.

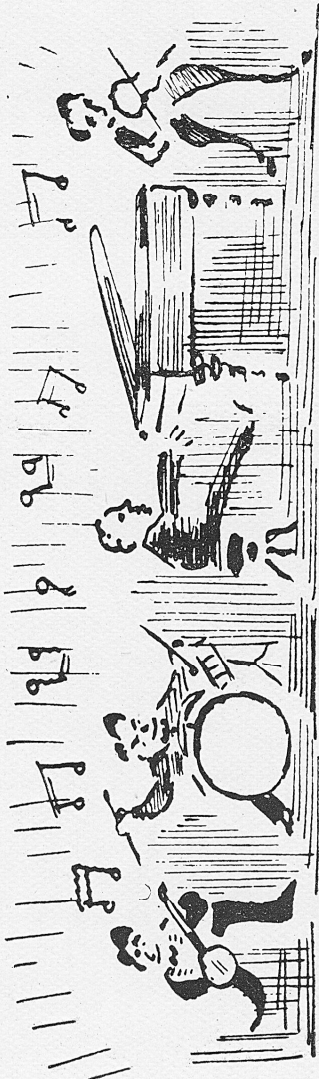
But we stuck together.

Then the May exam. came, and I had very good reason to thank Al, Joe, and Mat.

They did a lot to bring up my average. But now—when I am about to leave school, I feel a little sad when I think that I will never meet again my old friends—Al Gebra, Joe Metry and Mat Matics.

S. H. H. (III. B.a.)

WE GOT MANY SURPRISES AT OUR RECENT BAZAAR.

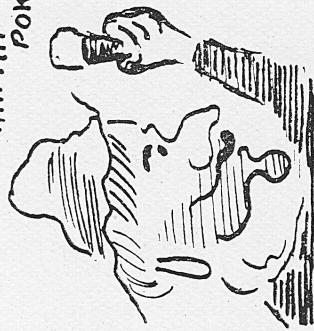


WE DID NOT KNOW ABOUT

THE "WHITEHILL ORPHEANS"

OR THAT WE  
HAD EFFICIENT (?)  
ICE CREAM VENDORS  
IN THE SCHOOL

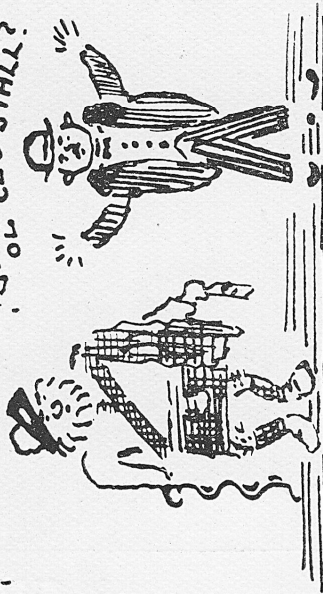
"HAIPNA  
POKA"



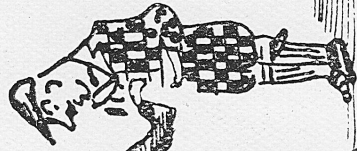
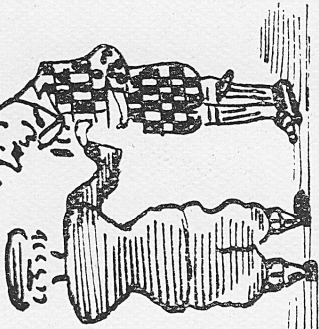
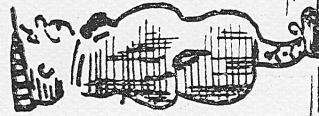
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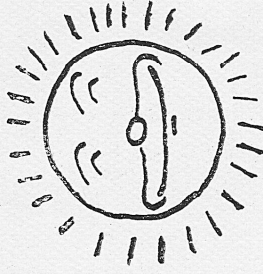
YOUR CLO' STALL?



WE WERE NOT AWARE THAT  
THERE WERE EXCURSIONS  
FROM ABERDEEN AND GORBAL

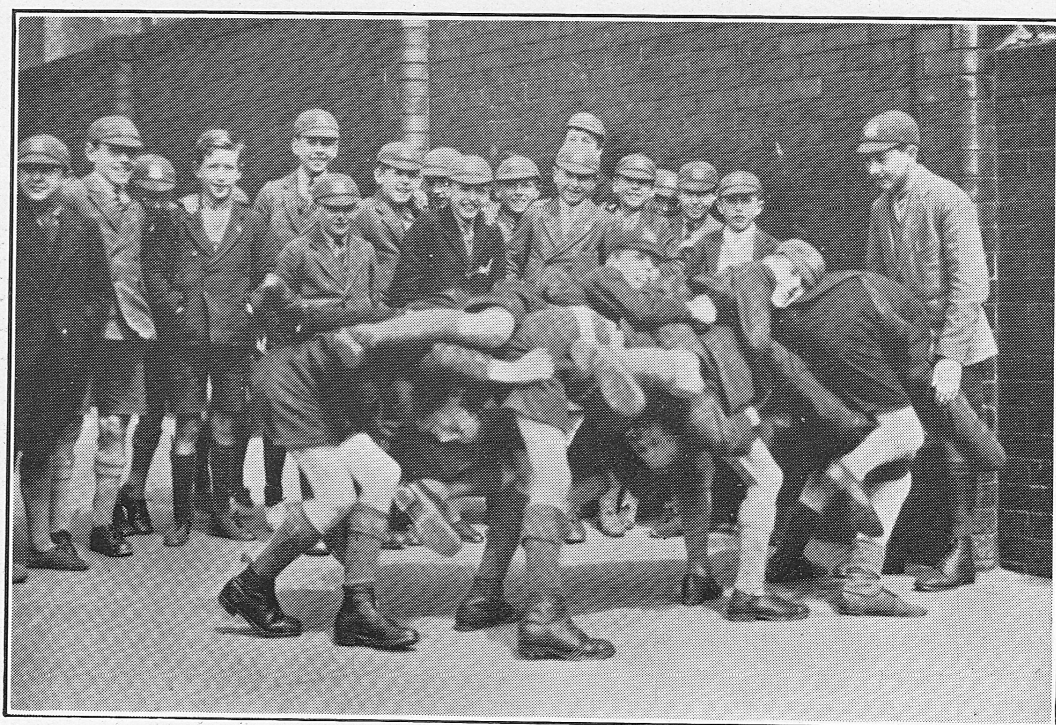


OR THAT EVEN  
TEACHERS WORE  
PLUS FOURS



BUT OUR  
GREATEST  
SURPRISE WAS  
THAT IT DIDN'T  
RAIN. "ANTHRACITE"





CAUGHT BENDING.



A COSY CORNER.

**Blue Bonnets out of Order.**

The day was very warm,  
And the boys were feeling bored,  
And the teacher even felt the awful strain;  
So the boys in III.—B.a.,  
Consid'ring it was May,  
Determined then to rest their tired brain.

When at length the lesson stopped,  
And the teacher went away,  
Then the boys began to dance with wild delight;  
But a fellow in the back,  
Received an awful smack,  
And there and then began to squeal and fight.

At last a leader rose,  
And he quelled the noisy din,  
Then in voice which shook with ire began to speak;  
"Fellow class-mates," he began,  
"We must stop right to a man,  
In the past we've been a dashed sight far too meek."

At this the boys did cheer,  
And the leader flushed with pride,  
So he started once again, in voice severe:  
"We must never be like slaves,  
For Britannia rules the waves,  
And, being Britons, what have we to fear?"

The noise which greeted this,  
Was enough to raise the dead  
And caps of blue were thrown with fiendish glee;  
But the teacher entered here,  
So the chief did disappear,  
And wore a look which said: "It wasn't me."

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

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**Evil Rewarded.**

The sun was shining so merrily above, that I decided to "plunge" and forthwith expended 1d. on a wafer. Off I strolled in bliss. But alas! "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley," and the "birl" of the bell rudely shattered my reverie. With my treasure hidden close in my hand, I hurried to my place. To my misfortune, I found myself pushed to the end of the line. Surreptitiously, I lifted the delicacy to my mouth. But out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mr. K— turn



in my direction. Hastily, I crammed half of the ice cream into my mouth. Ah, reader, if you are told that stolen delights are sweeter, be enlightened, disillusioned. Hideous icy tremors ran down my aching teeth. The nerves groaned under the unaccustomed torture. I could stand the Arctic agony no longer. I swallowed the ice cream. Again I was put on the rack. I started to choke, splutter and cough in an alarming manner. Nor was my punishment complete. For anxious teachers came hurrying from all directions, and I felt the remains of my "feast" melt and slip slowly from my sticky hand. The teachers were nearly at me. They could not but see my forbidden luxury. In the agony of my mind I let it drop, crushed it with my foot, and wiped my hand hastily on my unoffending trousers. My cherubic countenance passed muster and finally, after many words of advice and tender solicitation, the teachers withdrew. In the class I brooded over my misfortune. After abstruse calculations, and after taking into consideration the one or two licks I had at my ice cream, I found that I had lost at least eight-fifteenths of my penny. And so—

Never, never, never  
Under no pretext whatever  
In the playground eat a wafer,  
Just think of me.  
I, the poor and wretched silly,  
Lost my ice cream willy nilly,  
With my wretched teeth still chilly  
So let it be.

(IV. B.)

### Failed'n Everything.

I must go back to the school again to the English class and Maths.  
And all I ask—To get out again and rush to the Public Baths;  
Where the hot spray and the cold spray can wash me free from  
the taint  
Of teachers' wrath and merry jokes and leave me fresh as paint.

I must go back to the school again, for teachers in their pride  
Are wild men and bad men and may not be denied;  
And all I hear is strong men's wrath and hundred lines a-flying,  
And "Into your line you silly fool," and first-year kids a-crying.

I must go back to the school again, to the care-free scholarly life,  
Where boys are boys and girls are—What? and sarcasm cuts like  
a knife;  
And all I ask is those Higher Things we seek with all our heart—  
Higher English, Latin, French, and Maths., if I'm lucky—  
Lower Art.

ARTAXERXES (V. B.)

### Of Certain Things that Befell Me.

In the course of my wanderings, I came unto Dennis Town. And lo! there was a mighty edifice whose walls did bear the legend "Whitehill Scule Bizar today." Whereat, in my idleness, I entered therein, having paid toll to the keeper of the door, a mighty man withal. Of a certain pale youth, I did enquire the whereabouts of Jim Nasium, and did make my way to his abode, a vast red edifice, whence there came forth much noise. With fear and trembling did I cross the threshold, and beheld an wondrous sight. On every side gorgeous boothies did confront me, with money-changers and like children of Mammon. Many scholars did encompass me round, beseeching me to partake in a game of chance, to divine the weight of a loaf of unleavened bread, or to take a token, on payment of a groat, which might procure for me a picture. Wearied with much importuning, I did consent and was mulcted of much goodly coin. And withal, many preceptors, sage and learned, did assist the scholars to procure money. Methought it was a shame that such wise professors should descend to common bargaining, yea, trading, for lucre. "Woe is me," I did say, "how have the mighty fallen." After much buying, I essayed to escape, while yet a little of money remained in my satchel, but erring in my way, I entered into a chamber set with many tables, where immediately I was much beset and encompassed round by beauteous damsels. Lovely were they, as the rose which doth surpass all flowers in excellence. Strange was their raiment, and many hued, as the rainbow whose colours no man can tell, for they stay not, but are gone ere the twinkling of an eye. Upon their heads, they wore a cap of white and blue. An apron draped them, and in their hands each one bore a tray which sounded like a tinkling cymbal. With these wondrous maidens, I was as clay in the potter's hands, as a sheep that is led to the slaughter. Anon, being seated, I was given a card upon the which there was inscribed the names of divers foods, and the prices thereof. I did request a pitcher of tea, and a morsel of bread, and anon, many hours having elapsed in the meantime, a handmaiden approached, and gave me nourishment. The tea did seem like the water that is left after the dishes have been washed therein, and its savour was like the water of a stagnant pool. Perforce I did leave it unconsumed, along with the bread, which, methought, was hard as the heart of woman. I arose, and shouldered my burden and took my staff, and went to the money changer, who despoiled me of my few remaining shekels. So, foot weary and by divers byways I escaped from the Den of Thieves and Robbers, the house of Ann Ex.

Laden with my booty, I returned home, where my faithful spouse awaited me in great wrath, which was increased manifold when she beheld my sorry aspect. Having learned the strange adventures that befell me, she smiled, and, greatly to my



astonishment, did confess that she had gone and done likewise. Whereat, we were much amused, and talked together of our curious experiences and of our purchases. My spouse had paid many shekels for certain garments of female apparel, whose names and descriptions I know not. Moreover, she had gotten me a scarf to adorn my neck. Bright it was, and fearful and dazzling to gaze upon, as the sun at noontide. Meekly, notwithstanding, I yielded and took the scarf although in my heart I knew that never would it grace, nay rather disgrace, my manly neck. Thereafter, I did give her all that I had purchased, laces and frankincense and myrrh in costly jars, whereat her simple heart rejoiced, and instead of smiting me, as was her wont, she enfolded me in a chaste embrace. And when we had partaken of some nourishment, of which I was sore in need, we held discourse on the wondrous things we had seen at the Whitehill Scule Bizar.

CALAMUS (VI. B.)

### Adventure (with a Purpose).

I sometimes rise up in the night  
And go exploring.  
At Daddy's door I get a fright  
(That's lions roaring).  
They sound quite near as on I go,  
Right through the forest.  
And on the way I stub my toe,  
(The chairs are sorest).

At last I'm safely thro' the wood,  
Then comes the ocean,  
I steer my ship in happy mood,  
For I've a notion  
That when I cross the waxcloth cold,  
I'll reach a country  
Containing piles of hidden gold  
(Jam in the pantry).

Some night I know (when jam is stale)  
I'll seek a wide hoard  
And southwards I shall set all sail  
(Make for the sideboard).  
There lies a costly varied store  
(Of cake and biscuit),  
And though it is a creaky floor,  
I think I'll risk it,

PUER (II.)

**A Tragedy, in Two Acts.**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Stern Pa, ..... Judge.  
 Stern Pa, ..... Jury.  
 Mild Ma, ..... For the Defence.  
 Tommy, ..... Accused.  
 Man Next Door, ..... Complainer.

Curtain rises. Accused is discovered panic-stricken. Rest of Court in appropriate attitudes.

Complainer: Yes, and after breaking a hot bed which contains very rare orchidaceae, coleoptera and pleurothallis, he tore a branch from my wonderful arocaria. That is my case. (He sits down.)

Pleader for Defence: But remember, my dear, boys will be boys (here plaintiff interrupts with an impatient "stuff") and maybe he didn't know. (Sits down.)

Judge: He was seen by complainer in act of ruining some rare Broccoli (he coughs in confusion and proceeds). There is no evidence in his favour.

Jury (without retiring): Guilty, but with recommendation to leniency.

Judge: Pocket money stopped till further notice. The prisoner will adjourn to the kitchen with me for a few minutes. [Exeunt].

## ACT II.—The Kitchen.

[Apology: Delicacy forbids me relating the events which took place in the "Room of Correction." But permit me to add that it was a very chastened Thomas who crawled, supperless, to bed.]

(IV. B.)

**Re-Incarnation.**

Somewhere, long years ago, just you and I,  
 Perhaps in Babylon, beneath a sky  
 Of orient blue, have lived and laughed and sung  
 Low love songs; while the might of kings  
 Rolled past us, crumbled into things  
 Of clay, while Priest and Chaldee skilled in lore  
 Of Zoroaster, kept alight the fires  
 Of life, but for a lifetime, and no more.

But still the self-same waters that did pour  
 Their sunlit sleepy floods the gardens through  
 Of Xerxes and of Cyrus, ever flow:  
 Methinks our very souls, our love, below  
 Those quiet waters of Euphrates stream has sped  
 And live, yea live, when all the rest has fled.

ICHIE (V. B.)



### The Crime.

Slowly, stealthily the hardened criminal crept up the richly carpeted stair. Scarcely a sound came from his well-shod feet. Then, a few steps from the top, he missed his footing and half stumbled. Instinctively he seized hold of the banister, and, stifling an exclamation, proceeded to the landing with greater care than ever. Down-stairs a door banged. He jumped. Silence followed, and he concluded that it must have been the wind. Then, his courage fully recovered, he decided upon his plan of action, and, noiselessly turning the well-oiled handle of the door immediately in front of him, entered.

Down-stairs a woman was seated in an arm-chair, reading. Suddenly, she sat bolt upright. She listened, and then the truth dawned upon her. Some one was going up-stairs, slowly, stealthily, noiselessly. She rose and left the room. Scarcely breathing, she stood stock still and listened for the guilty movements to begin again. For a few minutes she remained where she was, and then followed up-stairs.

When she reached the top she again stopped, undecided. Several minutes passed, and then, with mind prepared for the coming scene, she advanced, and threw open the door that had so recently been closed by that guilty hand. A horrible spectacle met her eyes. The room was filled with smoke, and beside the wash-hand stand stood the criminal, trying to remove some stains from his fingers—stains that had been incurred while he was perpetrating the ghastly deed.

Taken in the act, he jumped, and turning, gazed with wide staring eyes upon the imposing figure in the door-way. For several seconds there was silence, and neither moved an inch. Then the woman's shrill voice broke the silence—"John! You've been smoking again!"

R. R. (V.)

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### Life as the Press Tells it.

Sir Humphrey Noodle was interviewed by our representative to-day. When asked for his life story he said: "I came of humble but hardworking stock. As a boy, I worked for 1/6 a week, and slept beneath the counter after working fifteen hours a day. In my spare time I attended classes, where I carried off every prize. My master was strict, and for my breakfast I had dog biscuits and water. At fifteen I ran away from him, entered an office, and by dint of sheer grit, hard work, and personality rose to the position of managing-director in the firm of Noodle & Son, the famous soap manufacturers."—Extract from "The Clarion."

Now if the editor of "The Clarion" were George Washington, and if he published only the truth, he would cause a panic in Hollywood.

QUAINT (V. B.)

### The Daily Round.

With Latin the day's work begins,  
When we sweat at Macmillan and Caesar.  
And the dunces are sitting on pins,  
For they hear that new strap's quite a beezer.

The next on the list of the tortures  
Is Parley-vous-Francais et Greek.  
Where we toil under grave supervision,  
And think on the end of the week.

Then comes English, oh horror of horrors,  
Where all grind themselves quite away.  
And hark to a lecture on Byron,  
And long for the next item—play.

After play cometh staid mathematics,  
The bane of respectable boy.  
Where we mutter dire threats against Euclid,  
And hear "Thet there square ain't a toy."

Then we writhe in the throes of Beethoven,  
Supervised by a threat of the cane.  
And we exercise giblets and tonsils,  
Till the rafters and walls shrink in pain.

Then the wee inner man claims attention,  
And we go ourselves well to regale.  
We're then ready, my hearties, aye ready,  
To battle with things dry and stale.

The first of the fights we engage in,  
Is with Pythy. and tangents and such,  
We bravely fill pages and pages,  
Rewarded with "Ach, yer Maw's mutch."

To Geogy. we make our departure,  
To learn of monsoons and rains.  
When the restless start flinging a duster,  
And are quickly sat on for their pains.

Then to gym. we depart, none too slowly,  
And contort to "suspend, drop, suspend,"  
Till we crawl home to tea and—and—lessons,  
Feeling jolly well near to—THE END.

PICKWICK (III.—B.a.)