

Whitehill School Magazine.

No. 18.

Christmas, 1928.

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EDITORIAL.

THOSE of us who on occasions are loyal enough to follow the fortunes of our Rugger team must have heard that rallying cry: "Keep going, Whitehill; keep going." And for all things and on all occasions we could not find a more fitting motto, for a school of Whitehill's size is always in danger of losing its unity. Pupils in the lower school feel that they "are out of it"; they have little interest in the achievements of their School; they attend Whitehill, but they are not of Whitehill. To banish this sense of aloofness we must keep going together; giving a little of our time and energies to the School; joining its clubs, attending and supporting its functions; feeling proud of its traditions; and aware of what Whitehill pupils are doing even now.

It has been a quiet and uneventful term, the demands of the Sports' Fund apparently satiated for the time. Mr. MacGregor and his Choir will give their Annual Concert in the City Hall early in the spring, and, by the time the Magazine appears, the Annual School Dance will have been held, which is always the occasion of a pleasant social evening.

The Soccer Team is having a moderately successful season, but sympathy must be expressed towards the Rugger Section, which has suffered through loss of players, many leaving school, and a few injured. They are, however, carrying on pluckily.

The winning of the Snell Exhibition by Mr. William E. Muir was recorded in our Magazine a year ago. Mr. Muir, now attending Oxford, has added even a greater honour to his list. He has won the Ferguson Scholarship for Classics. The Ferguson Scholarship is the most important classical prize which the Scottish Universities offer. It is open to students of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and St. Andrews Universities. The winning of such a prize, open as it is to the best classical scholars of Scotland, is surely an achievement of which everyone connected with Whitehill should know and be proud.

We must also congratulate Mr. Matthew Buchanan on graduating B.Sc., and Miss Jane Y. Crawford, Mr. Robert Small, and Mr. William M. Brown, whom some of us remember as Editor of the Magazine, on graduating M.A. with Honours.

In the examinations held by the London Association of Accountants in June last, Mr. Alexander M'Connell and Mr. Jack Crichton, both former pupils, were successful. Particularly outstanding was the achievement of Mr. M'Connell, who gained first place for the whole of Britain, and the Association's Gold Medal. We congratulate Mr. M'Connell and Mr. Crichton.

All our honours, however, have not been gained by former pupils. The School must congratulate Mary Stark on winning the Glasgow Dickens Society Prize. The competition is open to schools all over Scotland, so that to be the first girl is no mean honour.

We now come to that sadder part of our duties. Again we must mention the departure of two of our most cherished teachers. Mr. Jackson, head of the Art Department, and Mr. MacMichael, head of the Science Department, have left us. Mr. Jackson has gone to Allan Glen's, and Mr. MacMichael to Scotstoun School. The loss of two such teachers is a severe blow to the School. Art students will remember Room 33 as a place of pleasant, yet conscientious work, and Mr. Jackson as a true friend as well as an excellent teacher. Everywhere about the School there are evidences of Mr. Jackson's friendship and help—the War Memorial, the School Cap, the cover of this Magazine—these are the work of Mr. Jackson. All who came in contact with Mr. MacMichael in Room 29 will tell you that he was a cheery and gentlemanly teacher, who had ever a kindly jest to lighten the dark places of Science.

We welcome to the School Mr. Alexander, the new head of the Art Department, and take the opportunity here of thanking him for the courteous and ready manner in which he came to our aid in the matter of posters for this Magazine. Mr. Middlemiss is no stranger to those of us who are in the Sixth, and he is welcome back after an absence of five years.

And now the tale is done; and, thanking heartily all loyal supporters of our Magazine, we wish everyone—pupils, former pupils, and teachers—the compliments of the season

University Letter.

THE UNIVERSITY,
November, 1928.

DEAR SCHOOL,

We have often thought that this letter should be written by one who is a " fresher " at Gilmorehill, since not only would he be more intimately connected with the School life he had just left, but he could also give a new man's impressions of a new existence. Not, of course, that this epistle is anything in the nature of a burden—far from it. It is, apart from the attendant honour and pleasure, a new experience, or rather the revival of an older way of living. We again clatter into the " new school," we of the lordly Sixth, and waste a pleasant half-hour looking over such magazine articles as this. But, if we put such memories behind us, and come to facts, University life for Whitehill Pupils is a life of its own, and should have a faithful recorder, both at Gilmorehill and Queen Margaret College. He need not have a card engraved " University Correspondent of the Whitehill School Magazine," but that, in effect, is what he would be. He could bring his individuality to bear on the life of the School and of the University, and give his impressions of a new sphere of life to the inhabitants of the old. The University letter would then be as the first letter from one who has been abroad, full of exciting experiences, new sensations, pleasures and disappointments—for this is an age of realism—all combining to give a chronicle of novelty.

After expressing this tentative scheme of reform—to quote any text-book of history—we must come to the real content of this article. We have had a glorious first term " up by," due, principally, to the Rectorial Election. Putting aside politics, or creeds, or bias, we had a great time. Never were meetings so lively or well attended; never, we make bold to say, was there a dance, or brawl, as some might describe it, like the one held in the Union by the Nationalists on the eve of the polling day; and never was there such a great surprise as in the result. Leading men, of course, have done no work this term, and cannot settle down till after the Charities Day in January.

Apart from the Election, things have been very quiet. We have had no celebrities to address us in the Union—we have almost forgotten what Tommy Lorne looks like—and academic life has proceeded at its usual leisurely pace. Of course, we had Mrs. Macpherson, and behaved towards her as " dear boys " should, but we are afraid her " hot gospel " has not resulted in an increase of divinity students.

Of Whitehillians " at the College," we have to fall back on our pet celebrities, Mr. W. E. Muir and Mr. A. F. MacLeod. These two are to the School Magazine what G. B. Shaw and

Winston Churchill are to the daily press—worth half a column any day. Mr. Muir, of course, is now at Oxford, but he toddled up recently, collected another scholarship—the Ferguson in Classics—popped it into his bag, and, putting another notch in his gun, sauntered back to the “playing fields of England.” This misquotation seems apt in Mr. Muir’s case, as he appears to have as much pleasure and skill in study as the finest athlete has in sport. Again we offer him our very heartiest congratulations.

Mr. MacLeod, by the time this reaches your editor’s hands, will also be at Oxford, and by the time the editor has expended his eyesight and his wrath, will be back again. For his fame lies in sport and administration of student affairs rather than in purely scholastic circles. The Rugby team and the S.R.C. are his pet hobbies, but so far he has not been offered £2,000 a year by any chemical combine to put his name on their balance-sheet. “Semper Audax in Adversis Rebus” is Mr. MacLeod’s motto—I believe he composed it himself—and long may he, and all Whitehill students, live up to it!

With all good wishes for success in sport and study,

We leave you as

YMBE.

Bowlers.

I have left School. I am a working man. I shall soon have a vote. In the meantime, I have a bowler hat.

When I went to get that bowler, I thought I had wandered into the Inferno. A very nice young gent. came up, and looked at me with a gloating eye. “Sir,” said I, in my lordly manner, “I will have a bowler.”

That started it. He fitted on bowlers galore and took off bowlers galore, until the shop looked like a turnip heap. They said I had a remarkable head, and spouted about 18 by $1\frac{1}{2}$ by 7. At last came the instrument of torture. They brought a thing like a cross between a pin factory and a bloater, and jammed it on my head. I labelled myself “gone” immediately, but after feeling my bumps and pulling my hair just for fun, they presented me with a card supposed to represent my head. It looked like an outsize in goloshes. However, I took it for granted, and then they proceeded with my initiation. They lit a kind of bonfire, and stuck the bowler into it. Then they played tug-o’-war with it, and asked me to try it on. I smiled as the thing slapped on my top like a porridge poultice, and said it was better. That pleased the judges, and the bonfire was put out. Then, with a W. Churchill air, the executioner begged, “Fifteen shillings, sir, including box and initials.” I thought it was my funeral expenses, but no. It was my stuff.

FORE.

Gleann na Deoir.

("The Glen of Weeping.")

It was a fine fresh July morning. There had been heavy rain during the night, and the earth was smiling in the morning sunshine. The dew-drops on the flowers and the grass sparkled like diamonds. The gentle breeze wafted into the room the sweet scent peculiar to marigolds drenched with rain. The mist still lay heavy on the hills, but by eleven o'clock it had almost disappeared.

Half-an-hour later, we left Benderloch to visit Glencoe. By midday we had reached Loch Creran, and after an hour and a half's driving we passed through the village of Appin. We were travelling through wonderful scenery. The mountains rose on both sides, and rolled away into a blue haze in the distance. Leaving Duror in our rear, we at last reached Kentallen. The view across Loch Linnhe to the deep blue hills of Morven and Kingairloch was superb. As we skirted the woods of Lettermore we imagined we heard the shot, saw the red fox fall dead, and David Balfour running up the hillside. Passing through Ballachulish, we came to the little village of Glencoe, lying at the entrance to the gloomy glen. Just outside of the village we caught a glimpse of the monument commemorating the massacre.

Glencoe is wild and narrow. The mountains rise steeply on each side. Once we were fairly in the glen, the sun seemed to disappear, the sky to become overcast, and a gloom to descend upon us. The road is very rough and narrow, and in parts it disappears because of the rocks and stones brought down from the heights by the rains. As we passed the scene of the massacre the first large spots of rain fell. Since the glen is called the "weeping glen," we were not at all surprised at the sudden change of weather.

At last we reached "the study," which was to be our turning point. The panorama which we beheld as we looked around us was magnificent. To the left towered the "three sisters"—Faith, Hope and Charity. Between Hope and Charity is a very narrow glen, which, according to legend, was the place where the Macdonalds hid the stolen cattle when they returned from their forays. High up on Charity we saw the long, narrow gash in the rock known as "Ossian's Cave." To the right, the craggy heights seemed ready to fall on us. Looking away down the glen, we saw the road winding like a narrow ribbon. There, in the distance, lay Loch Triochatan, black and silent. Here and there, lonely little crofts dotted the valley.

As we gazed, spellbound, the wild grandeur seemed to sink into our very souls, and we began to dream. We peopled the glen with the Macdonald Clan. We seemed to see the smoke rising from the burning shielings, hear the shrieks and moans of the women and children, and see the few survivors escaping to the



Photo by Buchanan & Armour

| | | | | |
|------------|---------------|----------------------------------|--------------|---------|
| T. Barclay | J. MacDougall | Mr. T. Nisbet, <i>Rector.</i> | J. S. Mills | |
| | R. G. Stitt | J. A. M'Allister, <i>Captain</i> | F. Colquhoun | A. Jack |

PREFECTS.

A LA MODE.



With apologies to Tom Webster.

Mystery.

He does not sleep o' nights, is much distraught,
 And goes about as if the fates had put
 Some heavy burden on his feeble back.
 Why does he peer into the visages
 Of these, his fellow men, then sadly say,
 "No hope." Why with hot words doth he extort
 Great promises from men about the court,
 And plead and say, "Do not forget, my friends."
 Why doth he rush about as one gone mad,
 With desperate mien, and startled, frightened look,
 As if he wished the hands of time to stop.
 What can he do to soothe his fevered brain?

.
 Nay, prithee friend, I'll tell thee, here's the snag;
 He is the editor of Whitehill Mag.

(VI. B.)

Epitaph on Jack.

Jack put a stick of dynamite
 Inside the stove to heat,
 And when he went to bed that night
 His sleep was calm and sweet.
 Some of him slept upon the hill
 And some upon the dale,
 And some beside the little brook
 That ripples through the vale.

F. M. (III. B.b.)

Johnnie's Lament.

In the corner Johnnie's sittin'
 Lookin' unco dour,
 An' tae keep himsel' frae greetin'
 Tries wi' a' his pow'r.
 "Whit's the maitter wi' ye, Johnnie?
 Pu' yersel' thegither;
 Is it somethin' awfu' bad?
 Come noo, tell yer mither."
 He cam' an' cuddled up tae me,
 I kent fine whit was comin';
 He jist looked up an' blinkt a wee,
 And then begood the bummin'.
 "It's a' ma grannie's faut," he gret,
 "She's jist a richt auld fouter,
 She stapped me doon the road the noo,
 And jinked aff wi' ma scooter."

D. F. (II. B.a.)

The Lady in White.

Christmas Eve found me amongst a motley gathering of farmers, farm-labourers, and villagers, all clustered round the roaring Highland kitchen fire, engaged in their favourite pastime of relating gruesome, blood-curdling ghost stories. Seumas Gorm, the smith, told how Peggy Blag possessed the evil eye, and how Aonghas Mor got his nose broken at Black Neil's funeral.

"Them waas the days, lads!" Then, in more serious vein, they brought up the topic of Mairi Ban, a young woman of the island who had died a week or two previously. With the characteristic solemnity of the Gael they talked of Mairi Ban in their most soulful tones. "Ay, the loveliest lass that effer drewed breath in Argull, she waas." It was rumoured, however, that there was suspicious circumstances concerning her death. They talked now in hoarse, almost reverent, whispers. I was intensely interested and deeply moved—I had known Mairi well.

Through an oversight on the part of my uncle, the oil for the lamps had run short. I volunteered to leave the *ceilidh*, and go for oil to Toberonochy, a little village lying some five miles across a bleak, desolate moor. The ghost stories, although I did not *really* believe a word of them, had been told with such emotional sincerity and earnestness that they had an indefinable psychological effect on my highly-impressionable mind. It was with some trepidation, therefore, that I departed on my errand.

The weather had been extremely cold of late, and the ground was covered with a mantle of crisp, even snow. I reached Toberonochy as the old church steeple boomed midnight in its hollow tones. Old Baldy Dhu, from whom I purchased the oil, was very generously disposed that night and treated me to a cup of strong, smoky tea, and a mouldy bannock of uncertain age (which he had buttered with his thumb). After chatting with him for a few minutes, I set out on my homeward journey.

A light breeze had arisen and was swirling before it the soft, feathery flakes of snow. The towering, white-capped mountains stood out like gigantic bulwarks in bold relief against the dull, grey sky. Even the few trees seemed to appreciate the desolation of the scene, and to lean out towards each other, bleak and ominous in the darkness.

As I passed the ancient cemetery, and the stone by the gate which threatened all the agonies of purgatory to him "who dare meddle with this stone or with the bodies beneath," the stories of Seumas rose afresh in my mind with an unpleasant vividness. I was not afraid, but everywhere was cast such an atmosphere of gloom and eeriness—Was that something moving in the *bothan*, the little stone shelter from which watch was kept over the graves? I moistened my parched lips, and was angry with myself for having to do so. The "something" gave a dismal screech and fluttered noisily on to John Macdonald's hundred-guinea headstone. I gave a weak, insipid smile—I was surely

not afraid of an owl. I bit my lip, furious at my own foolish imaginings. What would C—— or M—— think if they knew? I broke into a nervous run.

Suddenly, as I reached a bend in the path, I heard heavy breathing close behind me. I am not prepared to put forward how I arrived at the conclusion, but I knew it was not the breathing of a man, or of a boy. It was that of a woman—a young lady, I thought. I slackened pace till she should draw level. I could hear the short gasps for breath and the measured crunch of her feet in the snow. I also could hear the thumping of my heart against my ribs. I ventured to turn my head a very little, and there, directly behind me, was a most beautiful maiden clad in a long, flowing robe of spotless white. Mairi Ban! I felt my head reeling. A cold sweat stood out on my brow. Mairi was dead—dead, buried in her grave in Kilchattan, down there under the snow.

Bracing myself with an almost superhuman effort, I subjected her to another brief survey. Ugh! There she was, directly behind me, Mairi, as beautiful as she had been in life. She regarded me with a far-away yet pitiful gaze, and her large blue eyes seemed to stare at me, seemed to probe, and search the depths of my soul. I felt my reason completely desert me. Madly I sought for something to do. The snow had ceased and the awful stillness of the vast moor was as a drug to my senses. Anything to break the nervous tension! I ran; I hardly knew where. All I desired was to get away from this form of Mairi.

Fearfully, I looked behind. The white-clad form was still at the same little distance from my shoulder. No matter how I tried to evade her she kept at the same distance from me with annoying and frightsome persistency.

Breathless and exhausted, I sank down on a hillock by the roadside. I turned round. The lady in white was sitting behind me. I was sure I felt her arm round me. It was then that I observed a rather peculiar circumstance. Whenever I turned my head to see her she slid gracefully behind my back. Wildly, I called to mind the explanation by Seumas Gorm of this behaviour on the part of spirits. Mairi had been murdered! I now truly believed my hour had come. I felt I was in the grip of the lady in white. I was conscious of her power. Would I never see my uncle's house again? The terrible probability, now almost realisation, seemed to urge out of me a little spark of animation. The thought was so awful—so repugnant.

Then in a moment of justifiable exasperation, I screamed. The echo of that scream, as it reverberated in the valley, jarred my nerves so much that, with a bound, I leaped to my feet, and, in a sudden silence of utter paralysed horror, a huge lump of frozen snow fell from my shoulder with a dull thud to the ground.

“Mairi Ban” vanished!

C. N. M'K. (V. B.)

JUNIOR PAGES.

My Brother.

I have a little brother,
He's not quite three years old,
He's such a little darling,
And worth his weight in gold.

His hair is fair and curly,
His cheeks are rosy red,
His tongue is quite the quickest
That you have ever heard.

He runs about the livelong day,
And never seems to weary;
When we get home from school at night,
His prattle keeps us cheery.

He's mother's help throughout the day,
As busy as a bee;
He's father's when he comes from work,
I just wish you could see.

He watches dad take off his boots,
He knows he wants his slippers,
He runs to get them and succeeds,
This wonderful wee nipper.

The clock strikes seven, he's off to bed,
And well he's earned his rest:
His peaceful, smiling face us tells
His dreams are of the best.

R. H. (I. B.a.)

A Schoolboy's Essay on Kings.

The most unpopular king is Wor-king;
The laziest, Shir-king;
The wittiest, Jo-king;
The tireddest, Wal-king;
The quietest, Thin-king;
The thirstiest, Drin-king;
The noisiest, Tal-king;
The lowest, Sin-king.

W. C. (I. B.c.)

Christmas.

So now has come the joyful day,
 Let everyone be jolly.
 The children they come out to play
 With mistletoe and holly.

Then wherefore in these merry days
 Should we, I pray, be sad?
 Come, let us sing some roundels
 To make our hearts quite glad.

And now at night we go to bed,
 Feeling all the brighter,
 The children each with curly head,
 With hearts that couldn't be lighter.
 J. G. (II. G.e.)

Motoring Mathematics.

M Stands for "Motor," so speedy to-day,
 A Stands for "Ass" who gets in the way.
 T Stands for "Turn" you take to the right,
 H Stands for "Horn" you honk with delight.
 E Stands for "Engine," which often does stop,
 M Stands for "Mud" you splash on the "cop."
 A Stands for "Axle," of which you've a pair,
 T Stands for "Trouble," you have to get there.
 I Stands for "Insolent Pedestrians" who shout,
 C Stands for "Careless One" whom you "knock out."
 S Stands for "Summons" you get as a rule,
 But the whole stands for what we all hate in the school.
 M. B. (I. G.f.)

Wintry Nights.

The windows and doors are all shut fast
 While the wind is blowing past,
 The ivy shiv'ring in the snow,
 And the kettle's singing to and fro.
 Marjorie! Marjorie! make the tea,
 Singeth the kettle merrilie.
 A. G. (I. G.h.)

The girl sat at the hard, bare desk
 Whence all but she had fled.
 Her fingers they were stained with ink,
 And aching was her head.
 [N.B.—She had a couple of hundred lines to do.]
 M. S. (I. G.f.)

Jason.

There was a young princeling called Jason,
And he was the son of King Aeson,
A hero of Greece,
In quest of a Fleece;
That handsome young princeling named Jason.

He built a huge vessel called Argo,
And loaded her brimful of cargo,
Her bow was of wood,
Her sails stout and good;
That jolly old vessel called Argo.

He took to the sea, that great hero,
His courage sank almost to zero,
But the heroes of Greece
Won the great Golden Fleece
With Jason, that glorious hero.

In the Playground—1.45 p.m.

Left! Right! Left! Right!
Boys of Whitehill School!
Hi! that boy!—you're out of step!
Keep time, you silly fool!

See the laggard skip behind
The long-legged stride before—
Now the boys come flooding in
Through every open door!

It's wonderful to see the crowds
Of "bluecaps" standing there
Like some huge army, waiting tense,
Let the foe beware!

(I. G.b.)

In the dark and shady forest,
Where the bubbling brook runs by,
Little birds all twitter gaily,
And there haunt the deer so shy.

In a hole beneath an oak tree
Little rabbits wait for night,
Then they all will skip out bravely,
And the sweet herbs they will bite.

In the cool and peaceful woodlands
Rabbits, birds and deer are found,
And if you must really see them,
Remember, make no sound!

L. M'G. (II. G.e.)

MORE JUNIOR PAGES.

Whitehill Mag.

Now you who love a jolly book
To keep away that Christmas spook,
Buy Whitehill Mag.—I'll guarantee
A better mag. there cannot be.

The pupils ask and rave for it;
The sixth year work and slave for it.
Don't wait another minute, please,
But seek it on your bended knees.

For in this book weird tales are told
Of how the scholars, kind and bold,
Endure, and with a brave heart bear
The teacher's tongue and haughty stare.

Now, comrades dear, I do advise:
Come, buy this book if you be wise.
And please do not your duty shun,
In reading it you'll get some fun.

A. W. (II. G.)

Nature.

Nature is beautiful to me
With all her glorious scene,
Far out on hills and dales you see
She wears a radiant green.

Who does not love this land of hers,
Besprinkled with sweet flowers;
Who does not love the song of birds
Through every season's hours.

Oh, weary, dreary is the world
When all the birds have fled;
Their notes are gay in other spheres,
And leave our land as dead.

Oh, friends who dwell in wooded glen,
Where paths wind 'mongst the trees,
Do listen to the choirs of birds
That chant in bowers of leaves.

Here in the city days are dull,
The lark we never see;
The cuckoo's voice is never heard,
But sparrows chirp to me.

J. N. (II. G.e.)

Nobrane Again !

The Mystery of the Muckton Manor Murder.

It was twelve o'clock! The ancient manor of Mud Muckton was plunged in darkness. Suddenly a light was switched on in the library by Lord Lozenge who had just tottered into the room. Tottered, because the ancient gentleman having lately celebrated his ninetieth birthday was rather past the bounding, Kruschen stage. He stood at the writing-table. Suddenly out clicked the light. A shuffle and a low moan, reminiscent of the "lowing herds" whose custom it was to wind slowly o'er the lea, were heard and also a thud as the last of the line of Lozenges fell to the floor with his head under a chair and his left leg in the waste-paper basket. A small dagger hilt protruded slightly from his left breast just below the spot where the well-dressed man-about-town's handkerchief peeps coyly from his pocket. Lord Lozenge was dead.

A few seconds elapsed and the library door was again opened and the light switched on by the young lady who entered the room. This was the old lord's grand-daughter, Lorna Lozenge. She was dressed in a soft-toned evening frock of pillar-box red and lamp-post green, while a string of cairngorms which matched her complexion swung from her neck and clattered musically as she walked. While she had been passing by the library door she seemed to have sensed, with her woman's intuition, that something was amiss. Either that or she had heard the dull thud with which the poor old gentleman had met the Axminster carpet.

The fair young society beauty emitted a low moan (the reader will be getting quite used to low moans—this is the second low moan within twenty lines), half sob, half hiccup, for the young lady was not altogether free from the cocktail habit. Regardless of the knees of her expensive art. silk stockings she threw herself down beside her grandfather and pillowed his head on her lap. Then she espied the hilt of the dagger and her belief that the old gentleman had had "one over for luck" was shattered. She recoiled against the desk and for the second time in five minutes Lord Lozenge's head came in contact with the floor of his ancestral home.

A few seconds, however, and the brave girl was herself again. Rising to her feet she picked up the telephone from the desk and rang the transmitter.

"Hullo Is that Mr. Nobrane?—Grandpa's just been murdered in the library. I wish you'd come up and see about it. —You won't be twenty minutes?—So good of you."

As nothing more could be done in the meantime, Lorna rang for the butler and ordered a whisky and soda. No trace of emotion was visible on the well-trained servant's face, even when he happened to trip over his master's body.

A bare six hours elapsed and morning was dawning when a car drew up in front of the manor and Nobrane emerged from it. The great detective was clad in his favourite purple dressing-gown and hunting boots, while his magnifying glass and handcuffs, which swung from his waist, clattered as he strode up to the front door. Pushing aside the servant who answered his knock, he marched along the hall and entered the library.

Lorna, who had been reclining on the sofa awaiting his arrival, sprang to meet him, but he repulsed her with a cold stare as he drew from his pocket his little tartan-covered book called "Hints for Detectives." He turned over a page and muttered, "Ask intelligent questions regarding victim's private life. Valuable clues are often obtained in this way."

"How often has your grandfather and when?" he barked.

Lorna was completely taken aback by the subtle question and could only stand and stare at the great man.

Now throwing off his dressing-gown (the fair sex need not be alarmed; he wore his ordinary clothes under it) he got to work in the approved manner. Going down on his hands and knees he romped about the carpet, hitting his head on all available sharp corners and knocking down a shelf of books and two chairs. At last, straightening up, he turned to Lorna and said:

"The murderer has three fingers of the left hand missing, false teeth and a dislike for animals. He is tall, dark, has two left feet and a pleasant manner. I have now only to find out his name and address and the mystery is solved."

It was not Nobrane's custom to explain the steps by which he arrived at his marvellous deductions and he did not depart from it now.

"Bring in the butler and we will have the body removed," he said.

In a few minutes this individual entered the room in answer to the summons. He went up to Nobrane and respectfully bowing said:

"There's something I would like to say to you, sir. I was out in the garden last night and, happening to glance through the library window when the light was switched on, I saw the old master stab himself under the heart. Then the light went out. I suppose he switched it off when falling. The switch is on the writing-table."

Lorna looked at Nobrane in amazement. "I thought," she cried, "you said that—"

"Ah-ha," broke in Nobrane, "that was merely a trick to mislead you and I succeeded admirably. Ah-ha."

Needless to say the matter was hushed up and the old lord was buried without anyone being any the wiser as to how he died. Nobrane counts this as one of his greatest triumphs and often reflects with pride on the manner in which he brought this complicated affair to a successful conclusion.

A. M. (VI. B.)

WHITEHILL NOTES.

Whitehill F. P. Athletic Club.

The "man in the street" is often too apt to judge of the merits or demerits of a club on the basis of actual results, forgetting as he does that "the game is the thing" and that a club, which is providing physical exercise and enjoyment for its members, must certainly be an enormous success, irrespective of whether its teams may be losing or winning.

We flatter ourselves that our club comes under the above-mentioned category.

To be quite frank, however, at this early stage of the season, the results of the various sections, i.e., Hockey, Rugger and Soccer have not been up to the standard that we usually associate with Whitehill sport. There have been exceptional reasons for this, in the fact that both the Hockey and Soccer sections have had difficulty in fielding two elevens each Saturday, while the Rugger section has had more than its share of misfortunes in the way of accidents and the call of examinations. We feel certain, however, that the latter half of the season will show greatly improved results.

In connection with the Rugger section, it gives us great pleasure to mention that our captain, James Thomson, had the honour of being selected to play for Glasgow against Edinburgh in the trial game at Murrayfield on 17th November. Although Glasgow was defeated by 6 points to 4, we are very proud to be able to state that Glasgow's four points accrued from a very fine dropped goal from the boot of our captain. We congratulate him on his display and express the hope that next year we may be represented by more than one player in this game.

In conclusion, we extend a very hearty welcome to all of you to come and join us when you leave school, in fact we would be delighted if you would come and support us before you leave.

Come and give us your vocal support and watch how our teams improve as a result of it. All will be welcome.

DAVID SMITH, M.D., President.

THOMAS A. HOGARTH, Secretary.

Whitehill School Club.

We are very pleased at the fine response given by the School to our request for new members, and we hope you who are "leaving" this year will show your loyalty to the old School by giving us your support too.

That we are trying to establish closer contact between the School and ourselves is shown by our having included in our Syllabus a "School Night"—on which members of the School Choir and Dramatic Club will provide our entertainment.

Although at the time of writing the "School Night" is yet to come, when this article is in print you will know how great a success the "Night" has been.

To those about to leave, one word more. Don't hesitate to join because you are afraid you won't know anyone. Come along to our meetings, and if you didn't know anyone when you came in, you'll know someone when you go out!

R. G. GILLIES, M.A., President.

FRANK MACKAY, Secretary and Treasurer,
8 Fernleigh Road, Merrylee, Glasgow.

Rugby.

We are now halfway through our fixtures for the season, and although we have not done brilliantly so far, we hope to have a better measure of success in the future.

Our 1st XV. has been very unfortunate as it has not once played at full strength. It won both its opening matches, defeating Greenock and Shawlands Academies by 10 and 20 points respectively to nil. It was beaten by Spiers School who gained the odd try of the match, and by Glasgow High School 2nd XV. who gained 8 points. It also lost to Glasgow Academy 3rd XV. by the same number of points. It sustained defeats from Hutcheson's Grammar School, Allan Glen's School, Kilmarnock Academy, and Glasgow University "B" XV.

Our 2nd XV. has been quite successful in winning four matches out of seven, defeating Greenock Academy 2nd XV., Shawlands Academy 2nd XV., Hutcheson's Grammar School 3rd XV., and Bellahouston Academy 1st XV.

Our 3rd XV. has not altogether been without success for it has won three matches and lost the same number.

A great disadvantage is that boys only start to play rugby when they reach the senior school. Now that there is a Junior Rugby Section every boy should give his name to Mr. Chatfield and he will be allowed to play in practice matches.

In conclusion I may add that we **do** wish more support at our home games.

A. J., Secy.

Football Club.

In our first match of the League Competition we were beaten by Hamilton Academy by 3 goals to 1. Our next match was with Greenock High—a draw. Next, we played Bellahouston whom we beat 4-1. Our important fixture with Queen's Park was postponed on account of bad weather. The return game with Hamilton Academy was played at Millerston, and we had a very fine win by beating them by 3-0, thus avenging our 3-1 defeat at the beginning of the season. As we have still to play Queen's Park, the unbeaten leaders, at home and away, we have a fairly good chance of winning the League.

In the Shield Competition we expect to go one better than last year. We met Rothesay Academy in the first round and beat them 5-0. In the next round we play Irvine Royal Academy whom we beat 3-1 last year.

The 2nd XI. have not met with much success, but hope to do better after the holidays.

We were pleased to see two former Whitehill pupils, W. S. King and D. Blair, representing Scotland in the match with Wales. It says a great deal for Whitehill's football to have two of its old pupils playing for their country in the one day.

R. A. M'L., Secy.

Golf Section.

The Golf Club is still flourishing although the junior school does not seem to be taking as much interest in it as usual. We have only three members from the 1st year and four from the 2nd year. Surely there are more than seven golfers among so many boys. Well, come to the committee and join the club. There is no need to be afraid of us for although some of us may look big and fierce we are all quite tame and we do not bite.

The first Medal Competition of the session was played on Saturday, 17th November, and was won by H. Hill (V.) with a net score of 87.

The Club Championship and Allan Shield Competitions will be held this year as usual, and boys should remember that a team must be picked to represent Whitehill in the inter-school matches which come on in the spring.

H. S. W., Secretary.

Hockey Notes.

This year our Hockey Club has had an exceptionally large and enthusiastic membership, so much so that we have been able to organise three elevens. We are pleased to see that the younger members are coming forward in great numbers. Our season has begun well with a win as we beat John Street 4-0. This gives great promise of future achievements.

M. D. C., Secy.

Whitehill School Dramatic Club.

The Club is at present engaged in the preparation of three plays:—Scenes from “Henry IV.,” part I., “The Masterful Man,” and “Rory Aforesaid.” Possibly, it will be remembered that we performed the last-named play in the summer of 1926. A short play was given at the Former Pupils’ Club “School Night” on 30th November.

We intend presenting them at our annual concert, to be held in Bellgrove Halls on 16th and 17th January. The proceeds are to be devoted to the Necessitous Children’s Fund and to the Dramatic Club. We trust the school will give its customary support.

We should like some of the young ladies of the school to join us. As yet, we have very few of them in the Club. Mr. Williamson is always pleased to receive new members. Those interested are invited to come along to Room 12 on Wednesdays at 4 o’clock.

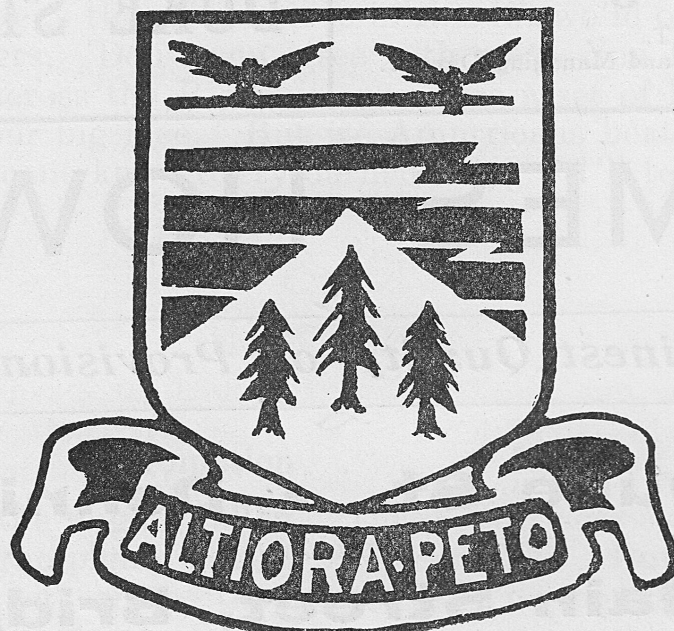
C. N. M’K., Secy.

The Choir

The Choir is once more at work preparing a selection of fine music to be rendered at a concert, which will take place in the spring of next year. There is an excellent attendance of girls, but the boys are usually outnumbered by about four to one. Boys, we need your assistance. The possessors of bass voices will be heartily welcomed, and tenors will be received with great rejoicings.

A section of the Choir, along with members of the Dramatic Club, will visit the School Club on 30th November to provide part of the programme and to strengthen the bonds between the School and the Club. We are as enthusiastic as ever, and hope to keep up our reputation.

R.C.



The Latest Craze.

Did you see in the "Daily Lyre" a week or two ago that the latest craze in Hollywood was talking films, and that all the big stars were rushing to have lessons on "English as it is spoken"? Well, now, I suppose our ideals will come tumbling about our ears. Our heavenly, adorable Sheik will become a gibbering Italian; our masculine, handsome sportsman a slangy American; our angel-like, cream-and-white complexioned heroine a high-pitched Cockney. I wonder if these actors will speak thus—

CAPTAIN MACKINTOSH, our own most handsome, most superb Scottish actor, the Pride of Scotland, etc.—

"Mon! Mon! Whit ga'ed wrang wi' ye? Canna ye speak tae a wheen crowd o' lassies without stammerin'? Ye ken, wi' thae new-fangled ideas about talkin' on the films, ye must watch whit ye're sayin'. But mind, there's aye ae guid thing. Ye can blush—but ye manna stammer like a silly gomerel."•

ADOLPHE MENJOU, the greatest of villains, with a heart of gold, the great actor of "Merry Widow" fame, etc.—

"There ees to me, mademoiselles et monsieurs, the most greet hapeeness to speak to you—but especially to ze mademoiselles of England, ze incomparable, ze très folies mademoiselles. Oui, but I love you all! You are so—what shall I say—so—so—so—oui! Posh! I tink that ees your word. Bonjour, all ze posh mademoiselles."

RICHARD DIX, the only he-man among them, etc.—

"This sure is the niftiest idee in this li'l wo'ld of ours, these talkin' flickers. Don't you 'gree with me? You English guys over there across the Big Spit sure were a set of big dumbells not to see our big idee. But we Amurricans beat you hollow. The Amurricans know every darned thing. I'll tell the world. Yep Siree."

Gadabout.

Promotion . . . ?

How are the mighty fallen! Three sixth year stalwarts have taken part in the pigmy battles of the 3rd XV. But, to do them justice, we must confess they have been promoted. They are now in the ranks of the 2nd XV.

A Recent Find.

The following was found during recent excavations in the region of Dennistoun and may be of interest to readers:—

“And it came to pass in the beginning of the eleventh month that the team of a certain School did play against the team from an Academy which is called Kil Marnock, that is to say, the land of cheese and cakes. And it befel that, when the two teams were met upon the field of battle in the country of Craig End, a land flowing with mud and water, the leader of the team which was come from the certain School did harangue his men and say,

“‘O, ye generation of spineless beetles, ye must get the ball back, or we cannot win this day.’ And that leader was called by the name of An Gus.

“Then, when all were assembled, the referee, whose eyes did seem to have gone astray, did blow upon his pipe and the players did move and occasionally did the ball move also. And the boys of the certain School were afraid, and did tremble; and the Kils did see, and were exceeding glad. But it fell that the School was without a player and a genius, Mul Len, which is translated, ‘the swiper.’ And it came to pass, the appointed time being spent, that the barbarians of Kil Marnock did lead by 11 points to 3, the which try was scored by a gallant youth of small stature who was called Al Lah, which translated is ‘the swift.’ Which tidings being brought to the leader of the band, when his men did pull him from the mud, he did fall upon his knees, and weep, and cover his head with sackcloth, and the team from the Academy did lift up their voices and sing ‘Amen.’”

“SCRIBE.” (VI.)

[Note.—The Editor thinks that the game referred to in the above passage may have been a kind of Rugby football.]

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My First and Only Love.

My Phyllis is a beauty
Of a most ethereal kind;
But alas, 'tis my sad duty,
Though I love her, to seem blind.

She's the prettiest of creatures
With her glancing, roving eye,
With her glowing, clear-cut features
And her spirits, quick and high.

With her pouting, sun-kist lips,
And her wand'ring, vagrant curls,
With her tiny finger tips,
She's the most divine of girls.

But despite her wondrous beauty
And her manner, frank and free,
To pretend, it is my duty,
For you see, she's only three.

M. M.

**Review of some of the Red-Cold Dances we did not see
at the School Ball.**

MATHEMATIC BLUES (An old favourite which revives each year) to the tune, "My Desperation is You," by Pythagoras.

GYMNASTIC TROT (There is a peculiar flagging and falling away rhythm towards the end of this one. Vth year men would have picked this one up easily). The dance number is "Only Another Mile to Go, You Lions," by le Gaspar.

FRENCH TANGLE (You are liable to get mixed up with this one if you have not overcome the first steps). The music is "It A'int Tray Bong on the Continong" by Fitz-gill.

WALTZ OF THE GERUNDS (Only experts can master this intricacy although they say there's nothing in it). The melody, "Requiring to be Loved by You," is considered to be Virgil's second number which has taken America by storm.

The old go-ahead DOG TROT to the snappy spelling chorus, "C-A-R-N-T-Y-N-E," by Dachshund.

Lastly, the latest latecomer, the AFTER NINE-STEP (This dance is not very popular, the time beng slow, and I think ought to be abolished). The tune, "Say, Kid, What's Your Excuse To-day, Eh?" has an 100-line chorus, which becomes tiresome, and is by Rex.

THE CHARLSTON BABY.

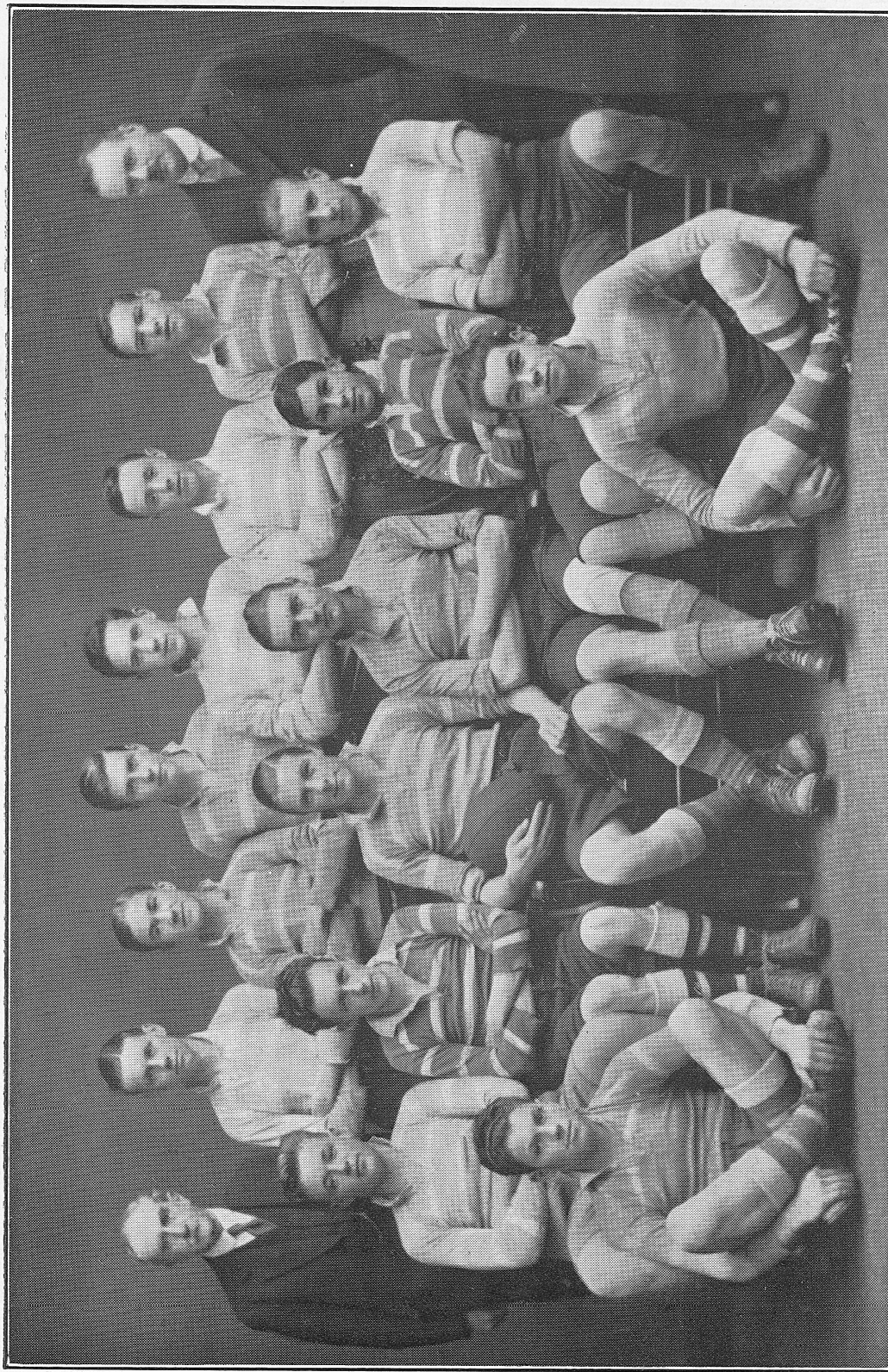


Photo by Buchanan & Armour

Mr. T. Nisbet, *Rector*. D. A. Brownlee D. M'Gowan J. F. Brown G. D. Banks D. Ayton T. Barclay Mr. Higgins
 A. R. Blackadder (absent) W. Jones W. P. Allan J. A. M'Allister A. Jack J. G. Roberts A. Morrow
 W. Black P. Martin

RUGBY 1ST XV.

"The Singing and the Gold."

The rain came over the lonely fields, out of the mist, and beat in the face of Youth. And he, alone on the road, quickened his eager stride, exulting, proud of his moving body, full of the joy of flesh, his cheeks aglow, his heart singing within him. The silent rain ceased. The wind arose. It seemed to be in every corner of the world, crashing among the trees, whispering in unseen places in the fields. The road began to lift, and the wind, fresh and cold, the pure breath of Spring, wrestled with climbing Youth until he gasped, and his white teeth glinted from between red lips. The roaring of the mighty wind was in the trees. The sky was riven, the grey clouds breaking, fleeing, and blue patches burned for a second through the monotony of grey, and then were hidden by the flying rack. The whole world was moving, changing, bursting into colour, into life. The green trees were moving, living, shouting. The blue sky was full of white clouds, sailing with a splendid, noble rhythm. And Youth laughed, and held out his arms to the great sun in the sky, and he ran to the top of the hill and looked at the world. Eagerly he looked over green fields, dancing, smiling in the sun, over moving woods, over brown, ploughed fields, at the great hills, all darkened with the shadows of giant clouds, moving in a mad, ecstatic race. And then he turned and faced his new road. And as he walked down the hill with quick steps, a lark was singing. The heart of Youth said within him, "Life is good, life is full of singing and of gold." The frantic passion of the lark ceased. The wind and the rain were over and gone, and the noon of day was calm.

PAN.

As It Was in the Beginning.

The school-girl in the cave-man age
Wore beads and a little smile,
Then one-piece frocks became the rage,
And lasted for a while.

Then came the bustle and long skirts,
The slim waist and the figure,
Then dress reducing by the flirts
Till legs seemed ever bigger.

And nowadays our modern Eve
(Of course she blames the heat)
Is so reduced that now she leaves
Nothing for moths to eat.

So that in fifty years' time hence
'Midst joy, and light, and singing,
You're bound to see, by common sense,
We'll reach the great beginning.

B. (VI.)

Extract from the Press.

The Court was again crowded to-day at the continuance of the inquest on the body of the seventeen-year-old schoolboy who was found in his bedroom on Friday night, done to death by his own hand. Seldom has a more interesting case come before the public. What could have caused a young man, a scholar at one of our most noted schools, to end his chances of learning Solid Geometry and Virgil, by taking his own life in a painful and sanguinary manner? He had been preparing for a night's dancing, and when neighbours burst in his door next morning they found—but we refer you to the illustrations in the "Police Gazette."

The judge, in a touching and dignified speech, referred to the misguided lives of what he called "dancy" boys, and added that this young man, instead of preparing for a wild night, should have been preparing his Latin exercise, and, instead of fixing his bow-tie, should have been fixing his Ablative Absolutes.

He went on to draw a touching picture of this beardless boy surrounded by reckless and unfit companions, and said that the tragedy of modern times was the hectic life of our "dancy boys." "How much better," said his Lordship, "if the poor, dear, misguided child had been safely tucked up in bed by ten o'clock, his little blue eyes tired out by honest labours at Virgil, Book II.; instead of which—ah, I shudder to retell the tale," said his Lordship in a soul-thrilling voice.

The deceased boy's companions were evidently deeply moved by these remarks, and one of them, hastily brushing away a tear which had filled his young and innocent eye, drew from his pocket a little blue book and applied himself earnestly therein. It was "Cæsar's Gallic Wars, Liber II."

His Lordship, continuing, said that dancing, orgies of ice-cream, and late hours were undoubtedly a poor substitute for indirect speech, cum clauses, and bed by nine o'clock, and exhorted all boys in the fifth and sixth years earnestly to get back to the innocent days of their childhood, and to ask Santa Claus, in all hope and earnestness, for a new North and Hillard. "A civilisation which is built on ice-cream and hot-peas, and wastes hours dancing to the infernal noise of a jazz-band, is," said his Lordship, "is—well, I have a feeling it's not just doing its best." His Lordship concluded a noble speech by saying that the tragedy was all the greater, as, by this rash act, the youth had cut himself off from the most noble and necessary occupation of life. He was to sit the Highers in March.

The jury retired. Half-an-hour elapsed. They returned. The verdict was "Accidental death due to shaving in a hurry for the school dance."

Proceedings closed very quietly by his Lordship asking the hushed and stricken court "to stand and come along."

Journalist (VI.)

A Story.

Willie Pass was not a genius. Why, then, did he enter for a bursary competition? Merely for experience. [Being an only child Willie could twist his mother round his little finger, and, of course, she would do likewise with father.] The first thing necessary was a form to be filled up, so Willie took his father to the offices where they were to be obtained. Father went unwillingly until his son explained that no charge was made for a form. The clerk in the offices asked quite irrelevantly of Father what was his son's name. "Willie Pass," said Mr. Pass. "I hope he does," answered the clerk heartily, "but what's his name?" And Willie, seizing a form, led out his father, who was beginning to think one of his lower limbs was being pulled.

The next great step was the filling up of the momentous form. Of course, such an undertaking must be conducted by Mrs. Pass. "Name of applicant," she read out, and forthwith wrote down: "William Pass no middle name."—"Name of parent or guardian." The name of Mrs. Pass was written down (note absence of Mr. Pass). Applicant's birthday?" She wrote down: "William was born of September 12th." After giving father's size in collars, his salary, and what he liked at dinner, Mrs. Pass sealed and posted the form.

Three days later information was given to Willie regarding the place and date of the mental struggle. On that date William Pass, no middle name, sallied forth to battle, whistling "Tipperary."

"First paper, mathematics," said the teacher in charge. At this dread word "maths.," Willie's hair stood on end, but he pluckily perused the first sum. "A man is twice as old as his wife was before she was twenty, and she is now as old as he would be if he were her age. Find their respective ages." Willie gulped, and passed on.

"Two men do a piece of work in 6 days. How long will 6 men take?" Willie made hieroglyphics on the blotting-paper, then flashed out suddenly: "Six men take 18 days."

Doubtless the examiners, at history, were astounded to learn from Willie that Shakespeare was the great poet who swam the Bosphorus, and that Wellington died in the retreat from Moscow. Indeed, the only question which stupified Willie was: "In what year did William the Conqueror land in England in 1066?"

After lunch there were English papers. Willie resolutely refused to discuss Milton, on the ground that it was a dental concern, not English. In correcting sentences, he stated that "Our maths. teacher am in sight" ought to be "Our maths. teacher am a sight," and also that "The jury was unanimous in its verdict" ought to be "The jury was not unanimous in its verdict." He then drew two double lines.

When it came to French Willie translated "Il m'a tant frappé" as "He struck my aunt," and "Un grand garçon à lunettes" as "A big lunatic boy."

After declaring "Alma Redemptoris" to mean "Salvation Army," he went home to dinner; his mother and father were eagerly awaiting him. "I did not bad," said Willie, modestly, "but I don't expect to get anything. Those bursaries are only held to get ignorant fellows to write down howlers." Who are the ignorant fellows? Was Willie one?

MATHEMATICIAN (V.).

The Absent-Minded Clerk.

He sat upon the carpet with his feet upon the chair,
Put Brilliantine upon his boots, and blacking on his hair;

He tied his "hankie" round his neck,
His nose wiped with his tie;
He hung his wife upon his arm
And kissed his stick good-bye.

He tried to write with briar pipe,
He smoked his fountain pen;
He wrote some letters to himself
Addressed to other men.

He wiped his feet upon the bell,
And tried to ring the mat;
He hung himself upon the hook
Which should have held his hat.

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

The Night Watchman.

He sleeps all night and snores with might
In a hut so warm and cosy;
He spends the day in drinking his pay
And makes his nose quite rosy.

By the light of the moon he reads the "Noon"
To find the two o'clock winner;
And gives a shout when he first finds out
The cat has stolen his dinner.

B. C. (11. B.d.)

Requiescat in Pace !

The day was one of the gloriously, incontinently wet species with an accompaniment of howling wind. Round two coals and one flame in Room 48 several members of the Sixth Year discussed the last morsels of lunch and the latest outrage of the maths. staff. Of those who had finished their lunch, one powdered her nose before two square inches of mirror, regardless of the fact that some public benefactor had bestowed upon the Lunch Room a miniature "cheval." A second distracted maiden, with a ruler in lieu of a sword, was dramatically asking:

"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The whips and scorns of outrageous teachers,
Or to take arms against a sea of sarcasms
And, by opposing, end them?"

Two others were reading with equal edification Gilbert Frankau's article on "Safeguarding" and "Home Notes." There was a silence of expectation in the room, broken only at irregular intervals by the parodist's smothered yells of exhortation as she "did" her "maths. eccy."

Suddenly there was a sound of hurrying footsteps on the landing outside, the door was violently burst open and a dripping figure appeared which, when it had peeled off its waterproof, proved to be an honoured member of the Sixth. At her entry there was a general outcry which was stilled only by mysterious supplies with which the new-comer was laden. The messenger bewailed to a deaf, unsympathetic audience her splashed stockings and benumbed feet, for that audience was eating its daily chocolate. In spite of dark hints from pessimists that it is fattening, the Sixth continues to eat chocolate, doughnuts being now "Mid-Victorian" and chips "positively vulgar."

Silence had fallen again upon the room, unbroken even by the parodist who was adding two and two. Then **she** entered. At first there was no stir, for the Sixth, being modern, do not deal in "premonitions." As she joined the group at the "fire" there was nothing in her face to show the criminal mind behind it; but, when she produced six and a half chestnuts, a horrid suspicion crossed our minds. Had she . . .? Yes, it was too true. We saw her in imagination in all the dignity of the Sixth walking up to a greasy chestnut vendor, with no less greasy appurtenances, and **buying one penny's worth** of roasted chestnuts to the delight and admiration of the first year male children generally to be found at that corner.

All stood aghast. Someone murmured, the parodist it is believed, "Oh, gloutonnerie! que des crimes on comment en ton nom!"

There was only one thing to be done and we did it. The judge sat upon **the** desk, the jury on the forms, and on the admission of "Guilty" by the now conscience-stricken prisoner, the jury, without adjourning, returned a verdict of "Guilty" with

a "recommendation to mercy as the accused had been swotting for a maths. exam." With fitting solemnity the judge put on the Black Cap (the effect of which was somewhat spoiled by the presence of a Whitehill band) and pronounced sentence: "To be drowned at Craigends, Millerston, without further ado." This was greeted by the disapprobation of the jury, who protested that that was a death for heroines, not criminals. The judge frowned and opened her mouth to speak, but at that moment the door crashed open and an irate teacher demanded: "How often have I to tell you girls to get out of here before the classes come up?" We fled.

At four o'clock we assembled again in 48, **her** body in the midst. She had expired during the afternoon from conflicting emotions; from her great grief at her crime and the too suddenly communicated joy that she had managed, by some herculean effort, to gain 30 per cent. in her Latin test.

SEXTA.

Round the School.

We sympathise with the ailing English staff. When the guardians of the sixth-year English were both absent our romantic young man suggested an elopement.

Gym. instructors are said to be erratic. At least, a lot of them come and go.

A new badge is being designed for our prefects this year. They are an enterprising lot, and a quite invisible lot when anything must be done in the playground.

Room 48 after lunch is a harrowing sight. Chairs are scattered over the floor. Everywhere are strewn remains of the feast, crumbs, dregs, broken cups. The maidens, so coy and cleanly, of VI. (G), have dined.

Why do the monarchs of Whitehill insist on a passage through room 5?

Is it true that the Sheiks of VI. (B.) blacken their eyebrows from the dust in the new school bunker?

Who are the sixth year bullies who endeavour to make the new school exclusive by keeping that place free from little boys of the fifth and fourth?

It is amazing what even a maths. teacher can say when he is really moved. "I've told you all I know, and you know nothing yet." "Watch this board carefully, I'm going through it again."

The record of our Rugby 1st fifteen is awe-inspiring. But, "hope springs eternal in the human breast."

We regret to say the Mag. is a frame-up.

A pupil, asked to give a sentence with "annual," said: "She took a annual bath every week."

R. A. J.