

Whitehill School Magazine.

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Summer, 1934

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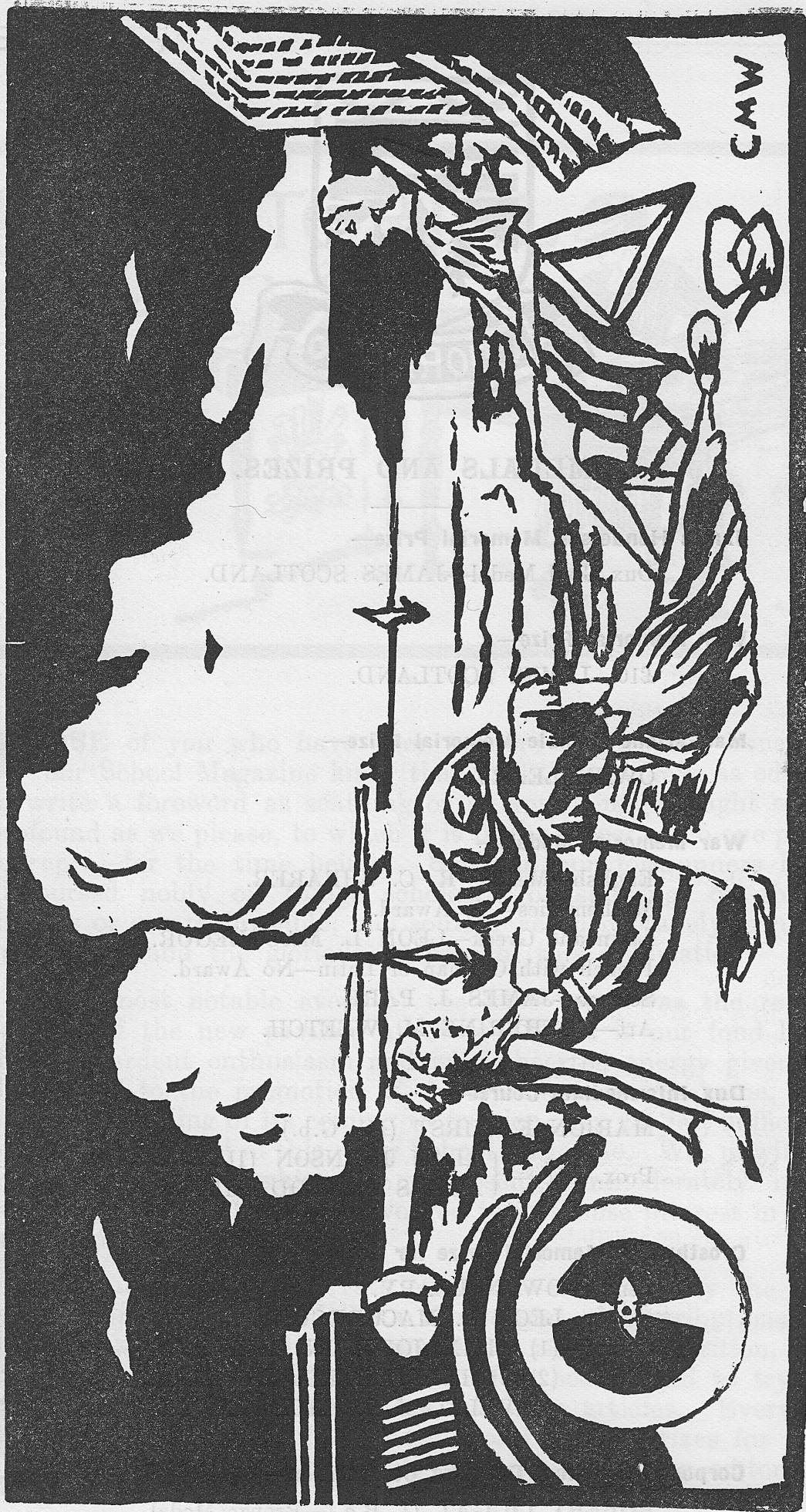
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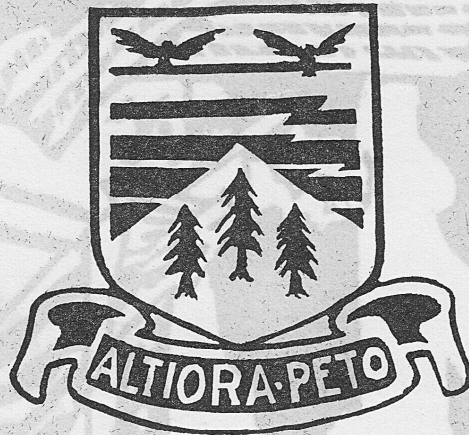
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SUMMER.

Lino-cut by Cathie Weetch (v.).



MEDALS AND PRIZES.

James Henderson Memorial Prize—

Dux Gold Medal—JAMES SCOTLAND.

War Memorial Prize—

£10—JAMES SCOTLAND.

MacFarlane Gamble Memorial Prize—

OWEN LEARY.

War Memorial Medals—

English—MARY R. C. SHEARER.

Mathematics—No Award.

Latin and Greek—LEON L. MACGREGOR.

French with German or Latin—No Award.

Science—JAMES J. PARK.

Art—CATHERINE M. WEETCH.

Dux Intermediate Course—

MARION E. HIRST (III. G.b.).

Prox. Acc.— { ALAN JOHNSON (III. B.a.).
AGNES A. KIDD (III. G.b.).

Crosthwaite Memorial Prize for Latin—

Senior—OWEN LEARY.

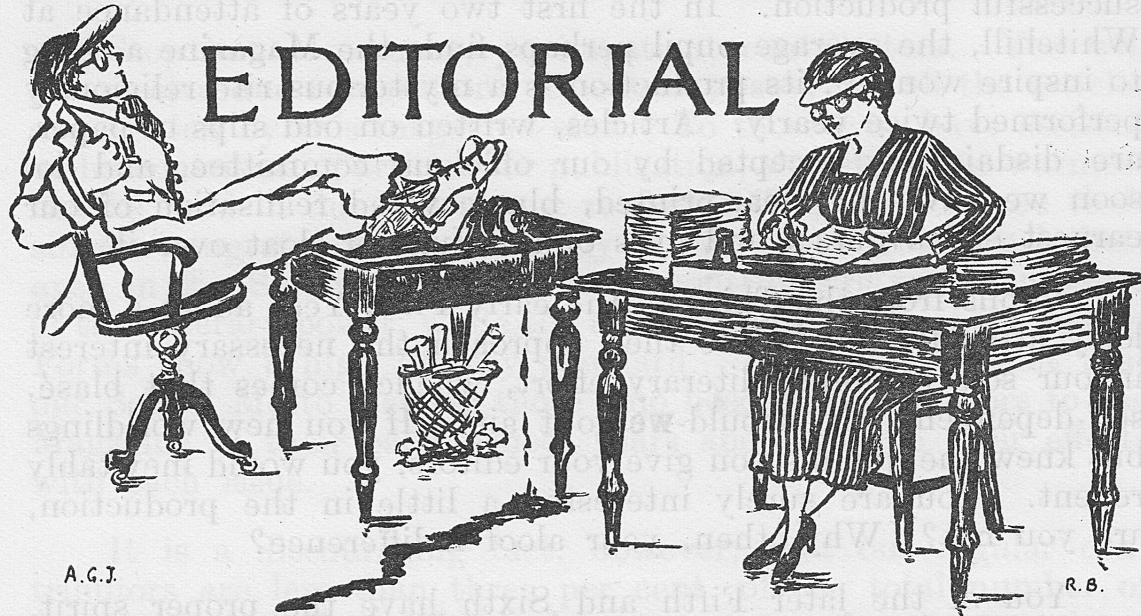
LEON L. MACGREGOR } Equal.

Junior—(1) ALAN JOHNSON (III. B.a.).

(2) JOHN A. M. RILLIE (III. B.a.).
WILLIAM L. THOMSON (III. B.a.). } Equal.

Corporation School Drawing Competition—

ROBERT LIGGAT (I. B.c.)—Bronze Medal.



THOSE of you who have been readers of previous issues of our School Magazine know that it is our privilege as editors to write a foreword as scathing or as approving, as light or as profound as we please, to which it is in the power of no one pupil to reply—for the time being. Some of our forerunners have discoursed nobly on things scholastic or sporting, on things literary or comprehensible, and some have tried bravely to make you understand the glorious purpose of this publication.

The most notable event of the 1934 term was the recent opening of the new pavilion at Craighend. It is our fond hope that the ardent enthusiasm and whole-hearted energy given by the School to the promotion of the "prodeegious" scheme, and to the celebrating of its coming to fruition, has yet left sufficient zest for the support of this, your School Magazine. We, unwilling to see literature, which we represent, immoderately overpowered by sport, have endeavoured to re-arouse interest in this production.

The attention of the retiring has been wooed by the box installed in the School Hall for the receipt of contributions for the Magazine; and, through our short story competition, the literary-inclined youth of our School has been urged to try its hand at higher things than mere magazine articles. Everyone must surely be aware of the Junior and Senior prizes for best entries, but you never can tell; notice boards, like editorials, being so obviously meant for serious perusal, too often meet with disdain.

For the last few days in our rambles round the School, we have been intrigued by the presence of architects and surveyors, who are measuring and taking levels. This, we presume, indicates something tangible in a long-overdue programme of reconstruction to meet the growing demands of a growing school. We may soon have a school building worthy of Craigend.

Saturday, 26th May, was indeed a red-letter day, when, in the presence of an inspiring assembly of pupils, parents, Former Pupils, and friends, including Sir Daniel M. Stevenson, the Chancellor of the University, Sir John Cargill declared open the newly-constructed Pavilion. The Pavilion is a lasting memorial to the loyalty, enthusiasm, and generosity of all connected with the School. We are looking forward with great expectation to the new session when our extended facilities for sport will be put to full use. We hope that the F.P.'s, to whose ceaseless activity in helping to complete the scheme we must bear testimony, will reap their merited reward in a large influx of new members.

There has been much new activity in a section of school-life rather less advertised than sport. The School Orchestra, an innovation this season, has been highly successful. Great praise is due to Mr. Kerr for his untiring efforts in the combination and tuition of the members.

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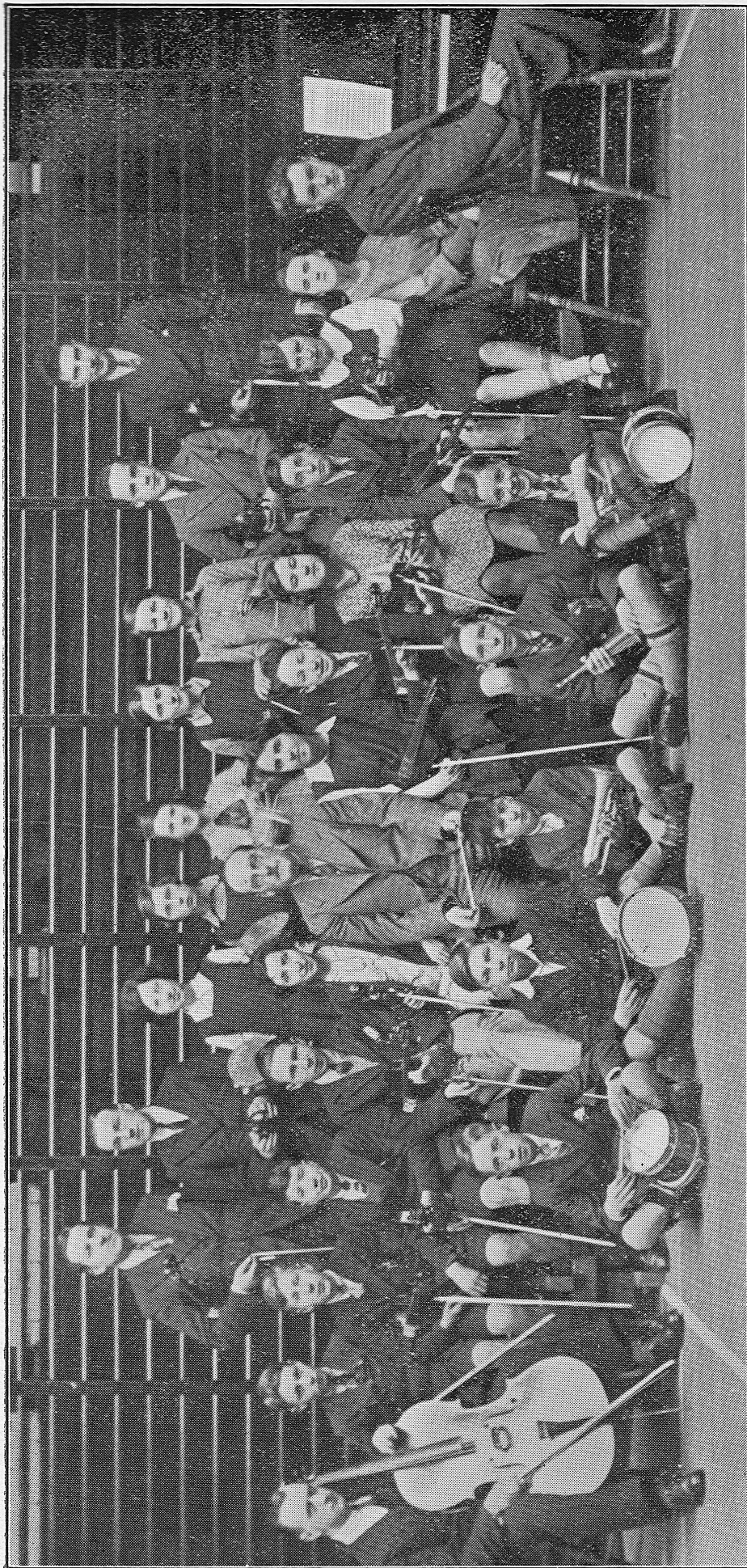
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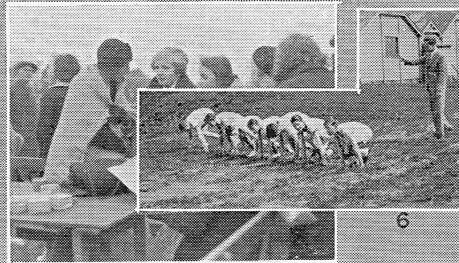
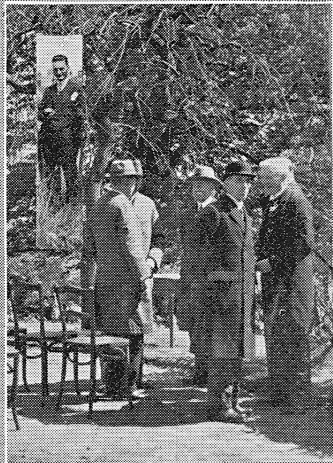
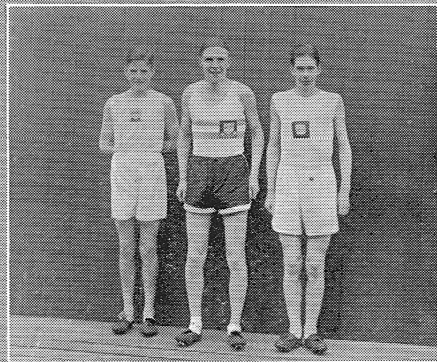
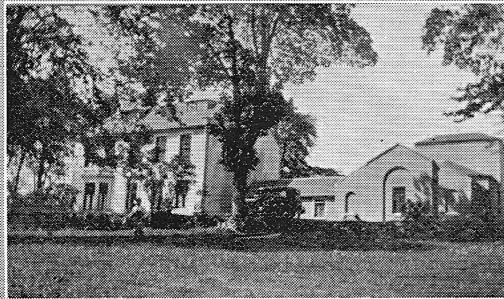
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SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

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CRAIGEND

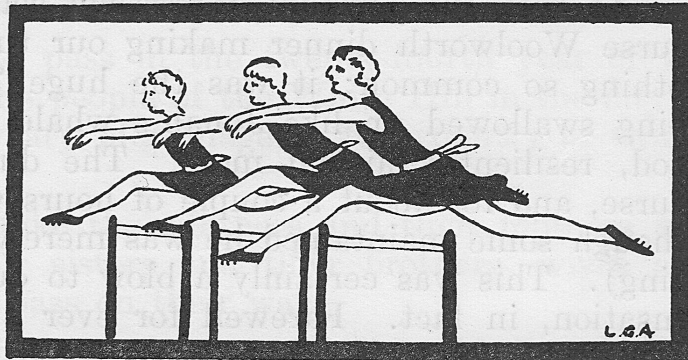
1934



- 1. The New Hoose.
- 2. Inter-scholastic Runners.
- 3. Men That Matter.
- 4. Miss Foster Gets the Sack.

- 5. Relay Cross-over.
- 6. Get Set!
- 7. Sir John in Conference.
- 8. F.P. Beauty Chorus.

THE SPORTS.



ON Saturday, 26th May, a stranger to Glasgow might well have been forgiven for thinking that there was something remarkable afoot far beyond the city walls. Bus after bus he would have seen leaving for a mysterious and magical destination labelled "Craigend." And if he had cared to make the journey himself, he would have found himself one of a huge concourse of people ranged round a big rambling building set among green trees. His neighbours, he would have found further, were of all ages and drawn from all walks of life. Schoolboys and girls he would have found most abundantly, of course, but also many others; like dignified former pupils, teachers (past and present), unclaimed wives and sweethearts, unchained councillors and officials, architects, plasterers, and University Chancellors. No wonder, with them all, Craigend housed its biggest crowd for the season, and presented problems of control nearly as pressing as Prestwick's (I know I was too late for tea myself and had to make shift with a cold collation known as ice-cream).

But the end justified every one of the crowd. It was the final of one of the greatest championship "drives" on record—putting the cope-stone on the high endeavour of Greater Craigend. No wonder we fairly put it on, coming up the drive with our admiring relatives, especially when they wanted to know about the new water-tower. And inside, afterwards, it was nothing but: "See our plunge-baths, maw?" "How's this for a posh pavilion, Uncle Bill?" "Come on upstairs noo, great-grandma. You'll manage fine. . . ."

Naturally, the Sports were lost sight of for a bit amid the expectations raised by the old-new house of Craigend. But the company was good—better perhaps than most of us will have for a long time to come. Numerous speeches followed—Sir John Cargill, Sir D. M. Stevenson, Mr. Weir, Mr. Ross, Dr. Merry, Mr. Twaddell all waxing eloquent—but under the circumstances Craigend deserved it all. Still, whoopee! what a rush when it was time to descend to the playing fields themselves.

We started off in the best possible style, and were getting well through the events on the "straight" when, suddenly, everything was changed.

At first our personal impression was that it was our four-course Woolworth dinner making our tummy pay for it. But nothing so common: it was the huge "Bulletin" Radio Van being swallowed up like Jonah's whale, only this time by our good, resilient Craigend moss. The director went with it, of course, and for about a couple of hours was "reported missing" (though some maintained he was merely trying to "earth" the thing). This was certainly a blow to our arrangements, a real sensation, in fact. Farewell for ever our encouraging "jazz," farewell all our fond hopes of information about wee Jeanie's fate in the nineteenth heat of "the egg-and-spoon," farewell to an up-to-date service about the positions in the championships! However, no lives were lost, and the submerged van, while it lasted, gave entertainment to many hundreds—some competitors, I even heard, preferred twice round the van to once round the track.

As usual, the events for the four championships provided competition of the keenest kind. The seniors' cups found worthy holders in Andrew Murray and Betsy Roy, who amassed 14 and 17 points respectively. J. Morrison with 10 points and Greta Greig with 9, were runners-up. For the boys' junior championship there were actually two claimants, Ian Lauder and R. Robertson, who finished equal with 19 points each; their totals also being contributed to by every one of the six events. Injury prevented Norman Harris from taking part in the full test, or the rivalry would have been even keener than this. Among the junior girls, Peggy Hart singled herself out, and her 13 points gave her an ample margin over all comers. As she is already swimming champion, this represents fine versatility.

Of the other events the team races provided an especial interest. The First Year boys had a rare set-to in their shuttle relay, and though I. B.g. emerged victorious, they were hard pressed by I. B.b. Betsy Roy, Greta Greig, Margaret Sutherland and Bessie Moyes, however, made no mistake about winning the Inter-Year Relay for Form VI. In the Invitation Relay Race, Bellahouston gained a commanding lead at an early stage, and not all A. Murray's dash over the last "leg" could prevent a comfortable win. The smooth running of Murray and of his great rival, Lees of Eastbank, however, was greatly admired here. There was also good running displayed in the final of the race for F.P.'s, in which the Colquhouns figured prominently, taking first and third places, with J. Bicket sandwiched between.

We had not, of course, the much-anticipated Teachers' Race, nor the finals of Mr. McMurray's cunningly-devised "obstacles." But, possibly, we had quite enough excitement for one day. Next time, indeed, we open a new pavilion, we promise, it will have a full day all to itself.

ARCHAIC.

1. And it came to pass in the twenty-fourth year of the reign of George, that the people of the White Hill in the city of Dennis did make an weary pilgrimage to the country of Craig, that is on the wold.

2. And they did take their fathers and their mothers and their brothers and their sisters and their brothers' wives and their children, and did pass on their way.

3. Now some took the road that leadeth to Eden, and some took the way that is by the great sea of Hoggan, and some divers other ways.

4. And some of the people took the way that passeth the beauteous river that flows to Craig, and which some call Canal.

5. And they lingered there and did water their flocks.

6. Nevertheless the multitude did arrive in the land of Craig, that is in the waste, and hundreds did fall by the wayside.

7. And the Master of this great people was there before them, and his captains and his lieutenants, and there was great rejoicing.

8. And the children of the White Hill saw the great temple that the Master did build for them.

9. And they were amazed, for truly it was an wonderful temple, being 100 cubits in length and 60 cubits in height. The walls being cunning in the workmanship of beautiful rough-cast.

10. Now, on the wold, many warriors were gathered together and they were sightly to look upon.

11. And they did run and jump and perform many tricks, and the multitude were sore delighted and did roar their pleasure.

12. And many nations were gathered in the wold, and mostly the people of Ital did pitch their tents.

13. And the shekels did fall like manna on their doorsteps, for there was much guz and gab going on amongst the peoples.

14. Now the Master did call his children unto him and did bestow many tokens of reward on the mightiest warriors.

15. And the Master called the people up, yea, verily to the very foot of the great temple, which he had built for his children, and spake unto them, saying,

16. Verily, verily, I say unto you, is not this a wonderful temple I have built unto you?

17. And the people of one accord answered, Yea.

18. And the Master was much pleased, and did smile upon his children with a shining countenance. Amen.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

It's an old adage that necessity is the mother of invention and, to those in the know, Craigend, within the last few weeks, has been the birthplace of many a brain-wave. You see, there's such a lot to be done before an opening ceremony can be viewed with anything like equanimity, and when such a ceremony was the dedication to the youth of Whitehill of the finest Sports Pavilion in the West of Scotland, no pains had to be spared to make the place worthy of the occasion. Throughout the preparations the Former Pupils, to a man, were bricks—for nights—prior to the great day; they toiled with all the ability of, and with more enthusiasm than, Irish navvies: respectable C.A.'S and Law Clerks discarded black jackets and striped trousers and went at it with a will. Concrete steps, which had been but a dream, suddenly became an amazing reality; paths, green with age, blazed in red splendour, and dilapidated fencing was torn down with a lusty destructiveness. In all this work of reconstruction and renovation, the F.P.'s were aided by a band of sturdy volunteers of both sexes recruited from the present pupils, who dusted and scraped and scrubbed with an energy and enthusiasm that would have astonished their mothers. Permeating all this voluntary work were a gaiety and a jollity which somehow were infectious and which made even the most uncongenial toil a pleasure.

And now that it's all over and our best hopes have been realised, to those who gave of their time and energy so willingly and unstintingly we can only say, with all the sincerity at our command, "Thank you!"

PERSONALITIES.

- Jack's the Boy!—J. H. (VI.).
- Call her Savage—Miss M——.
- Red-headed Woman—A. McK. T. (V.).
- Blonde Venus—H. B. (V.).
- Unashamed—Form V. B.
- Sitting Pretty—5th after 28th June.
- Daddy-Long-Legs—M. McK. (V.).
- Mädchen in Uniform—Members of gym. display.
- Tarzan, the Ape-Man—J.S. (VI.).
- Little Cæsar—W. McL. (IV.).
- Animal Kingdom—1st Year Party.
- Amateur Daddy—Any Form Master.
- Too Much Harmony—School Orchestra.
- A **Chance** at Heaven—Craigend.
- Song of Songs—Altiora Petimus.
- Bed of Roses—Whitehill S. School.
- Going Wild—Staff v. 1st Eleven hockey match.

FROM PARNASSUS HILL.

"There I stood in a dreamy mood, and rubbed my eyes as if I were not wholly awake, and my heart swelled with joy as I thought of all the beautiful grey villages, from the river to the plain and the plain to the uplands, which I could picture to myself so well, all peopled now with this happy and lovely folk, who had cast away riches and attained to wealth."

—"News from Nowhere"—William Morris.

I. LIVING NIGHTMARE.**James Thomson.**

As I came through the valley, thus it was
 As I came through the valley: Eyes of flame
 Peered forth from depths of solitude and shame,
 And terrors numberless in dread array
 Crept silently from shades beside the way
 To compass me about with arms of stone.
 I felt their cold breath as I walked alone.
 But still I could not fly;
 Such dreams must fade and die.

As I came through the valley, thus it was
 As I came through the valley: All was dark,
 Save where from endless night a tiny spark
 Appeared and grew to waves of amber light,
 And glowed in waving rings, and died from sight;
 And breathless darkness, falling in a trice,
 Possessed my soul with clammy hands of ice,
 And still I could not fly;
 Such dreams must fade and die,
 But I, what then am I?

II. THE CHANGE.**G. K. Chesterton.**

Grey mists rising from the silence of the fields,
 Swirling round the bloodless sword that Desolation wields;
 Earth is full of fantasies and fraught with nameless fears,
 And the devils of destruction watch the crumbling-time of years.

Faint moans throbbing from the throats of stricken men;
 Glimmerings and murmurings in wilderness and fen.
 There is dull rebellion swelling to the frenzy of despair;
 It is quivering with menace, it is pulsing through the air;
 It is shattering the mountains round the dwelling-place of fear,
 Till the long-awaited echoes reach the palace of Wahir.

He is coming, red and roaring, in the purple and the gold;
 He is rolling back the shadows as his flaring robes unfold;
 And the gods of darkness shudder in unfathomable hells;
 And a thousand trembling princes mutter weird and jumbled
 spells.

He calls a million demons that have slept a million years—
 He calls them, and they smash the place of wickedness and tears.
 It is vanished from the mountain to the kingdom of the dust,
 And a vanquished army flees before a single, piercing thrust.

Deep drums booming forth the anthem of the free,
 From the palace on the mountain and its crimson majesty.
 Gone the sable tyrants and the nymphs and naiads cold;
 The world is for the apple-tree, the singing and the gold.
 The world is young and blossoming, and small and very dear,
 And a smile of sweet contentment curls the glad lips of Wahir.

III. THE DAWN.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

Beside the peaceful river stray
 The children, weary of their play,
 And through the evening of the day
 They proudly point the hallowed way
 That leads from Home to Paradise.
 And, safe from tumults and alarms,
 The last remaining knight-at-arms
 Looks down in love on all its charms,
 The Kingdom of the Skies.

Forgotten all the Ancient woes.
 Where myrtle fair and ivy grows
 The desert blossoms as the rose;
 And high above the river flows
 And sings its way to Paradise.
 A mist of golden slumber creeps
 Softly from blue, forgotten deeps;
 In tranquil rest and calmness sleeps
 The Kingdom of the Skies.

IV. RENASCENCE.

Francis Thompson.

Whence thy splendour,
 O Kingdom of Beauty?
 What creature has wrought thee
 So tenderly, surely,
 Till, bounden by duty,
 The waste must surrender?
 "Calmly and purely
 From realms of the morning,
 Despising and scorning
 The earth and its beauty,
 He brought me and wrought me,
 As princes have planned,
 From star-dust and rainbows,
 From dews of the dawning,
 From mists of the sunrise,
 From darkness and light.

By the gleam of the fireflies
 He travailed and wrought me
 So tenderly, purely,
 So daintily, surely,
 And saw with delight
 This Elysian land."

V. AFTERMATH.**Ernest Dowson.**

Long ere the dawn of time, from some exalted life,
 I saw his shadow darkening the mountainside,
 But he was heavy with years and weary of strife,
 And lo! he fell asleep, and died in the heart of the lilies,
 Yea, there he fell, and bowed his head, and died.
 The world is hushed at the song of a swan among the flowers.

His work was done; amid the gently-swaying reeds
 There moved a water-nymph, and wondered, open-eyed,
 At hill-slopes blossoming and flowering meads,
 But lo! he fell asleep, and died in the heart of the lilies;
 Yea, there he fell, and bowed his head, and died.
 The world is hushed at the song of a swan among the flowers.

J. (VI.).

THE RECKONING.

'Twas nine o'clock an' Jean was late,
 The bells were long sin' stoppit,
 She wondered what would be her fate,
 So she stopt, stood still, and keekit.
 Aye, there he was in awe an' state,
 The awfu' keeper o' the gate.
 Now, our puir Jean, as luck would have it,
 Leant just a wee bit too far furrit,
 An' owre she went wi' sic a clatter,
 Her heart loup't up an' nearly left her.
 Oh aye, puir lass, ye weel may trem'le,
 But what in the world made ye to tum'le,
 For here he comes, that awfu' terror,
 To catch ye now ye've made that error,
 And make ye pay for being late,
 An' keekin' roun' about the gate,
 By forcin' ye to spend your leisure
 Writin' lines, but no for pleasure.
 An' now, my lass, I hope you've learnt
 A lesson that was dearly earnt,
 And always try to keep in mind—
 The schoolgates shut exact at nine.

R. W. H. (IV. G.).



GARDENS.

I know a kingly garden where the June roses blow,
 Where carnations and fluffy chrysanthemums grow.
 Five stout gardeners tend it night and day.
 There are three huge hothouses where Winter holds no sway,
 There are manures and fertilisers and a thousand different things,
 There are canopies and deck chairs fit for kings,
 There's a great wide lawn where no daisy dare be seen,
 And no one is allowed to even dance upon the green.

I know a cottage garden by a tumble-down wall,
 Where carnations and chrysanthemums grow not at all,
 But wild thyme edges its crazy-paved ways,
 And the scent of sweet Scotch roses fills the summer days.
 There's a green, full of daisies, where fairies play at night.
 There's an old, old sundial, from whose brass face bright
 The stiff-ruffed dames of long ago have sought to know the hour;
 And arches, made of roses, like a dream from Eden's bower.
 There are orchards where in Autumn the ripe apples fall,
 And the cool, luscious grass spreads over all.

I know another garden that is nature's very own,
 That with heather sweet and bluebells and buttercups is sown,
 Where the tall elms wave, and the birches sway,
 And the rain clouds water it by night and day,
 And the dew falls soft there, and warm shines the sun.
 The World is all a garden that belongs to Everyone.

SNATCHES.

A certain bright young thing suggested that it must have been leap year when Miranda proposed to Ferdinand. The teacher leapt all right.

Just what did Miss B—— mean when she said, "Hush! Mr. —— is **trying** to teach next door"?

Can we **really** believe that "prefect" was derived from "perfect"?

Walpole strongly advocated pease.

Presbyterians were the same as Puritans, but not so much.

Charles I. had the same money as Elizabeth, but he had a family to keep while she had not.

When Prospero came to the island he taught Caliban to swear.

The papers are too full of marriages, suicides, births, and other trivial crimes.

A bishop is a little smaller than an archbishop.

Wanted.—A young man to look after garden, and two pigs who can sing in choir.

Cerberus sat at the entrance to the Underground.

Prospero "retires to his duckdom."

Teutonic element in English is seen in names of household articles such as hearth, door, and husband.

Wycliffe was burned for disagreeing with his religion.

The white man's grave is in S. America where the white man cannot stay for more than three years without coming home every two years.

One night, from the castle window, the lady saw a bright star in the West: she was mistaken, for it was a beacon burning on a hill summoning all the border clans to meat.

DIANA.

I did but catch a glimpse of her,
When, like a startled fawn, she stood
With head thrown back and eyes aglow—
Nymph of the wood.

I did but catch a glimpse of her,
Of floating raiment, softly green,
Of dusky hair and cherry lips—
Of woodland queen.

I did but catch a glimpse of her,
Ere, with her elfin laughter sweet,
She sprang away with faery speed,
A dryad fleet.

VESPERA (III. M.).

A SUMMER'S DAY.

Picture a cornfield,
 Birds sweetly singing;
 A church in the corner,
 Bells softly ringing.
 List to the shepherd
 Blowing his horn,
 Heralding in
 The bright summer morn.

Now, o'er that cornfield,
 Bright stars are peeping;
 Over the churchyard
 Shadows are creeping.
 The shepherd is wending
 His weary way home,
 Not till the morrow
 Again will he roam.

B. M. (II. G.e.).

Return, O return, for the voice of the wild woods
 Calls with a wild call, a sweet call, a clear call.
 Return to the haven where bird on her nest broods,
 Where sunlight fails not, and leaves never fall.

Return, O return, to the land of the mountains,
 Where clear flows the streamlet and wild run the deer.
 Return to the home where swift falling bright fountains
 Sparkle and leap in the mountain air clear.

OUR BRILLIANT STAFF.

Mr. _____

My first is in Marcus but not in té,
 My second's in opus but not in mé,
 My third is in Balbus but not in meus,
 My fourth is in bonus but not in equus.
 Who is it?

Mr. _____

My first is in verb but not in now,
 My second's in walk but not in plough,
 My third is in scream but not in shout,
 My fourth is in sun but not in about.
 Who is it?

CÆSAR AND CEDRIC (I. B.a.).



Lino-cut by Fanny Ferguson (V.).

AUTUMN.

GLASGOW "KEEP-FIT" MOVEMENT.

HAVE YOU HEARD that the Scottish League for Physical Education (Women) and the Glasgow Y.W.C.A. (Y.W.C.A. of Great Britain) have united forces in order to promote the "Keep-Fit" Movement throughout Glasgow next Winter?

An experienced Organiser in Physical Education has been appointed to train girls of education to lead "Keep-Fit" groups and to organise groups for women and girls of all types.

You may be leaving school this term and feel you would like to undertake some service for others, but are not quite sure what service you can give. Here is an excellent opportunity for you to stand in and help, in this great and tremendously worth-while venture.

Please hand your name and address to your Gymnastic Teacher, stating that you are prepared to train as a "Keep-Fit" Leader, or that you wish to join a "Keep-Fit" group in September and the Y.W.C.A. will provide you with the appropriate enrolment form.

Members of the Old Girls' Clubs are specially asked to consider the "Keep-Fit" Movement and can receive all information from the Secretary, Y.W.C.A., 80 Bath Street, C.2.

GLASGOW CAREERS COUNCIL FOR SECONDARY SCHOLARS.

I WONDER how many students are aware that there is, in the School, a Careers Committee which takes in hand to advise and assist pupils in selecting and finding a position, which will enable them to make a success of their lives, in the sense of having a happy life, and to obtain, as much as possible, a good share of the financial formality attached to the reward of labour.

This Careers Committee is part—the School part—of a "Glasgow Careers Council for Secondary Scholars" which was formed in the later part of last year. The Council consists of two persons appointed from each of the 23 Secondary Schools under the Corporation; the Council, at their first meeting in September, appointed a Committee and a Chairman to carry on the work of the Council. Associated with the Council is the Ministry of Labour, who have appointed a whole-time Secretary, and provided the necessary office accommodation and the funds to meet the expenses incurred in the work. Each Secondary Scholar who has reached the fourth year is dealt with separately by the Careers Council, and assisted to a position which will provide scope for advancement according to his ability. Note that ability to fill the post is essential to the success of a career.

The Council can only assist; in the long run, it is the pupil who makes his or her career.

The Council has been very successful in its first year of work. Already over 400 pupils have been placed in satisfactory positions, and demands for applicants are coming in in increasing numbers. The Council wish to get the names of boys and girls of good type, earnest, willing, courteous, and obliging, with a good School record, so that they may be put in touch with prospective employers. The procedure is to get a form of application for registration from Mr. Scoular (Room 32), fill it up and return it to him. A confidential report is made by the Headmaster, and the form is then sent to the Ministry of Labour, so that the Secretary may have it by him when required.

The Careers Council have had some meetings of pupils at which speakers have put before them the requirements of the different careers and the prospects of success. The boys have been addressed on careers in Dentistry, Agriculture, Veterinary Surgery, and Technical Careers, while the girls have had addresses on Nursing, Domestic Science, Massage, Civil Service for Girls, and Commerce.

The Secondary Schools Headmasters Committee have published a booklet, "Careers for Boys and Girls"; copies of this booklet, price 3d., may be obtained from the Schools Committee, or from Mr. Weir. It contains summarised particulars of a large number of careers open for boys or girls.

In addition to the work of the Council, the Careers Committee in the School (which, by the bye, consists of Miss Mitchell, Miss Goldie, Mr. Munro, and the Secretary, Mr. Scoular) takes in hand with the placing in positions of pupils from the lower forms. During the past year 30 pupils from the lower forms have been placed in positions direct from the School, while a large number from the upper forms have been placed through the work of the Careers Council, working from Waterloo Street.

Among the firms who have applied to the School direct are the following:—William Beattie, Ltd.; John Horn, Ltd. (three girls and two boys); Macfarlane, Lang & Co., Ltd.; Ferguson & Shaw (two boys); J. Templeton & Sons, Ltd.; D. & J. Anderson, Ltd. (one girl and two boys); Mavor & Coulson, Ltd.; John Fisher & Co., Ltd., and many others. The fact that these firms come back to the School for additional people is an indication that we are providing the right type of worker for them.

As a final remark, note that the Headmaster supplies a confidential report of a pupil's work and conduct to each prospective employer, so remember that your work in School is helping you to a position in life, while your lack of work may be hindering you. Has enough been said?

ARITHMETIC IN THE "GOOD OLD DAYS."

ONE does not usually associate arithmetic with humour, but I came across an old book published about 100 years ago, which gave me a great deal of amusement. The author seems to have taken himself very seriously, and the humour is quite unconscious. In his preface he says of the book, "By contributing in bringing to light and extending an eminently useful art and science, the subscribers (to whose help he was indebted for being able to publish the book) are conferring a singular benefit on their fellow-creatures over the whole globe." To use a Scots expression—he wasna blate.

Where he meant to say that he had put forward new methods of counting, his actual words are: "As Columbus discovered a new world on the globe, so the Author apprehends that he has discovered a new world of concise computation of the prices of merchandise which was not previously." So that's that!

He has 96 pages of Tables, of which I append one:—

Table XI.—Old Scotch Money.

- 2 Pennies=1 Bodle.
- 2 Bodles=1 Plack.
- 3 Placks=1 Shilling.
- 13 Shillings and 4 Pennies=1 Leak Scotch.
- 18 Leaks Scotch=1 Pound Sterling.

In some of his calculations he has interesting comments to make. He mentions that one man in 1,000 attains the age of one hundred—but not a single bachelor. Evidently a bachelor is not a man at all!

Mahommed (he says) in his famous nocturnal journey to heaven mentions that the Tutelar Angel of the Seventh Heaven had 70,000 heads, each head had 70,000 faces, each face had 70,000 mouths, each mouth had 70,000 tongues, each tongue spoke 70,000 languages. How many languages could this angel speak? We may leave this to Form I. as a holiday task!

This was his general rule for division—to be got by memory—

First seek how oft, then multiply,
 Subtract, bring down a new supply.
 Repeat the work unto the end
 Till all the dividend you spend.

He tells us how a teacher was chosen out of a number because he was the only one who could tell how to multiply £19, 19s. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. by £19, 19s. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. One wonders how many schools would have no teachers if the same test were applied.

In the chapter on proportion he gives many interesting problems, of which I quote one:—

“If a cardinal can pray a soul out of purgatory by himself in an hour, a bishop in three hours, a priest in five hours, and a friar in seven hours, in what time can they pray three souls out of purgatory when they all pray together?”

I should like to think that he wrote that with a twinkle in his eye, but I am afraid he meant it as a serious arithmetical problem, as the answer is given as 1 hour, 47 minutes, 23 $\frac{2}{11}$ seconds.

The conclusion is a masterpiece, but I can only quote from it. After saying that the man who buys his book, even if he does not read it himself, will be blessed by some grandchild or great-grandchild who may fall heir to it and will say, “I rever that venerable name: I value this book more than if he had left me a hundred pounds in gold.” And here is the inimitable close:—“As an encouragement for young people to persevere in the study of Arithmetic, the Author may notice that some of his pupils are now ministers of the gospel (established and dissenting), doctors, lawyers, and some others have acquired large fortunes and are now independent gentlemen. Other pupils are doing business for themselves as merchants, etc. Such are the benefits to be derived from a knowledge of Arithmetic. If we except religion, perhaps no science is superior to the study of Arithmetic.

Sole Deo Gloria.”

X. Y. Z.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

By “Eye.”

SHINY NOSE. Don't worry about your complaint. After all, you attend Whitehill School to attain a certain amount of polish.

CURIOUS. Yes. The Annual Concert is held once a year.

FILM FAN. Yours is a sad case. You say that your mother has threatened to leave you unless you stop going to the movies six times a week. Hard luck, you will miss her so.

ETIQUETTE. The swelling will soon disappear. In future, I would advise you to take the spoon out of your cup before taking tea; this should prevent the spoon from hurting your eye.

BLISTERED HANDS. Do your homework in future, then the teacher will not use his strap.

ANXIOUS. No. The Loch Ness Monster has never been seen in the Annexe. It was probably one of the teachers you saw.

E. T. (III. M.).



WHITEHILL NOTES.

WHITEHILL SCHOOL CLUB.

AN OPEN LETTER.

May, 1934.

After a session of marked progress we have again the privilege of addressing you through your Magazine. All our activities have been supported enthusiastically and we are able to record a gratifying increase in membership.

Still we are far from being satisfied. The membership of the Club is altogether too small in proportion to the numbers leaving School year by year. "I can attend neither the Social nor the Athletic meetings, so why should I join?" is an extremely common excuse made to us—an apology which is very difficult to understand. Is not membership of the Whitehill School Club in itself our privilege?

Our Club meetings are of a varied and attractive nature, but with the expectation of your assistance and support we are confident that next season's activities will be more enjoyable than ever.

You have assisted in providing the School and Former Pupils with one of the finest playing fields in the country. Why lose the fruits of your labours by breaking off all associations with the School, when full use may be made of Craighend by joining the School Club?

A real welcome awaits new members.

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT LUMSDEN, President.

PETER S. CHISHOLM, Secretary.

P. S. CHISHOLM, Secretary,
17 Craighielea Street,
Glasgow, E.1.

J. D. ANDERSON, Treasurer,
265 Golfhill Drive,
Glasgow, E.1.

RAMBLING CLUB.

Yet again do I take my pen in hand——.

On second thoughts, I shall lay aside the vitriol, and discontentedly subside, to an accompaniment of gnashing teeth and—alas!—bridled rage. “Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour”—and not only Milton, but, preferably, Swift, Butler, Dryden, and Pope.

But I must be calm.

For the benefit of the School in general, and the Upper School in particular, I should like to make it positively known that the Rambling Club, despite many dastardly attacks, IS NOT YET DEAD!

Dash it! you meant to go to that thing. Of course you did. Quite probably you made some New Year resolutions.

Might I point out that your absence leaves these rambles at sixes and sevens. We cannot survive very much longer without help; it is on you that we depend. This is

“THE RAMBLING CLUB WITH A PURPOSE,”
and we want **you** in.

Bless you, my children!

J. S. (Convener).

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

“They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love and desire and hate.

I think they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate.”

Not to mention the fact that:

“The old order changeth, giving place to new.”

It is sad, is it not, my friends, to record that the Rambling Club bids fair to have a rival? The Literary and Debating Society, now hibernating—me miserum! how wild is my metaphor!—has presented, in the session gone by, a chronicle of steadily decreasing attendances. The Balance Sheet does, I believe, show a comfortable amount on the credit side, but many of us are tempted to ascribe this fact to the Wizard of the Treasury. The fact remains that our attendances are worthy of those seen at several of our cricket matches.

It will not do, my well-beloved. This Society, you must know, is, in theory, formed from the intellectual material of the Upper School. Our later meetings may have been warm, but it was the warmth of a cosy fireside—applause from the Janitor!—not that of a happy, hearty, healthy, heckling host. Not a word more will you hear from me (save, perhaps, an earnest exhortation to turn out to hear the debates, which really are quite good, and the speakers, who really are surprisingly good).

In 1934-35, Mr. William Marshall (VI.) as Secretary and Miss Mary Shearer (VI.) as Treasurer will take good care of you enthusiastic pupils and of us prying First Year F.P.'s.

J. S. (Hon. Secy.).

THE LIBRARY.

Here is a list of important additions for senior scholars:—

1. "The Golden Fleece." A history of the wool trade.
 2. "Builders of Empire." A readable book on great explorers, colonisers and administrators from Cabot to Kitchener.
 3. "The Oxford Companion to English Literature." A large and excellent reference volume which you must get to know.
 4. "Josephus" (by Leon Feuchtwanger). A most engrossing novel about the fall of Jerusalem, and the personalities that loomed large in A.D. 70.
 5. "They Were Defeated" (Rose Macaulay). Historical novel. Central figure, Herrick, the poet.
 6. "The House Under the Water" (Brett Young).
 7. "England, Their England" (A. G. Macdonnell). Quizzical survey of the English.
 8. "The Downfall" (Zola). Historical novel of Sedan.
- And several others.

The Juniors will find some good reading in the following list:—

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. "The Long Trail" (Exploration). | 9. "Swiss Family Robinson." |
| 2. "Famous Greek Myths." | 10. "Children of the New Forest." |
| 3. "Stories from the Odyssey." | 11. "Jack Faithful." |
| 4. "Stories of Old Rome." | 12. "Alice in Wonderland." |
| 5. "Told by the Northmen." | 13. "What Katy Did." |
| 6. "Adventures of King Arthur." | 14. "Three Guides Adventuring." |
| 7. "Oxenham Omnibus." | 15. "Powder Monkey to Admiral." |
| 8. "Henty Omnibus." | 16. "Chancellor's Spy." |

And others.

W. H. M.

FIRST YEAR PERSONALITIES.

There is a young fellow named Dillon,
And he is a bit of a villain;

When he comes into school,
He starts playing the fool—

That talkative fellow called Dillon.

R. B. (I. B.b.).

There was a young fellow called Cook,
Who fished with his line in a brook.

He got a great shock,
When out popped a "croc,"

And swallowed him, sinker and hook.

J. D. (I. B.b.).

SPORT.

ATHLETICS.

It seems early yet to report on our athletic activities; the season being just at its commencement. Already, however, we can claim it as our best for a dozen seasons; not since the halcyon days of the flying Jimmie Crawford, indeed, have we done so well. It was at this year's Scottish Inter-Scholastic Sports that we came out of our shell with a vengeance. On that day—a wet, disagreeable one at that—we scored two championship successes—a distinction claimed by only two of the 45 schools engaged. These, as a photograph elsewhere indicates, were the Open Hundred Yards bay, gained by Andrew Murray, and the Three Hundred Yards (under 14), which Norman Harris won in decisive fashion. In this latter event we actually looked like providing a “double,” for Ian Lauder was also interested in the final round and was only baulked of a place by inches in a desperate finish. The winner, too, but for his previous exertions, might well have triumphed in the Junior “Hundred,” but did well even to reach the final. Undoubtedly, both his and Andrew Murray's victories will be an inspiration to our growing band of athletes.

In team events we ought also to have a thoroughly successful season. At any rate, we have more contests in which to take part than ever before—including relays at the meetings of Hyndland, Bellahouston, Eastbank, John Street, Queen's Park, Hermitage (Helensburgh), as well as the defence of the handsome Glasgow Police Trophy from a field of 13 rivals. Time—or “The Evening Times”—will tell . . .

One last point—a club depends for success largely on consistent track training, and since Easter this has been carried on at Celtic Park. Again, we must thank Mr. William Maley for the facilities granted there. These have been taken advantage of by an increased number, but it is still open for anyone who can show a clean pair of spike-shoes to come along and join our budding Atalantas and Achilles'.

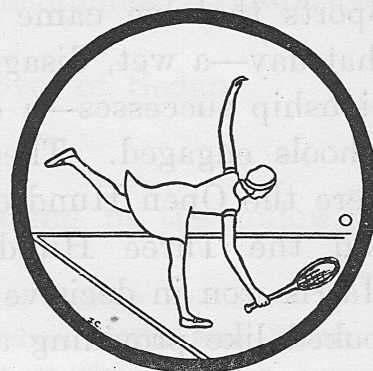
J. A. R.

TENNIS.

From the School, go along the drive opposite the Boys' Gate, turn to your left and continue for a little way: on the right-hand side of the road you will see the Dennistoun Wimbledon. Here, the Fred Perrys and Helen Wills Moodys of the future are in training. From 4 p.m. till 6 p.m. on Monday till Friday you will find them eager, laughing, happy, in this game of games. Here the ever-eager First Form and the enthusiastic Sixth find a common ground of enjoyment.

Last year, the School team carried all before it, winning six out of seven matches. This year, however, things are not going quite so well, and, so far, two matches have been lost and two won. The team earnestly hopes that, when the season finishes, they will still have lost only two matches. The following are the remaining fixtures:—

June	4	Hyndland ...	H. (Girls).
„	6	Jordanhill ...	H. (Girls).
„	8	Staff.	
„	12	Clydebank ...	A.
„	14	Govan ...	H.
„	15	Jordanhill ...	A. (Girls).
„	18	Hillhead ...	H.
„	20	Hyndland ...	A. (Girls).
„	26	Clydebank ...	H.
„	28	Shawlands ...	A.

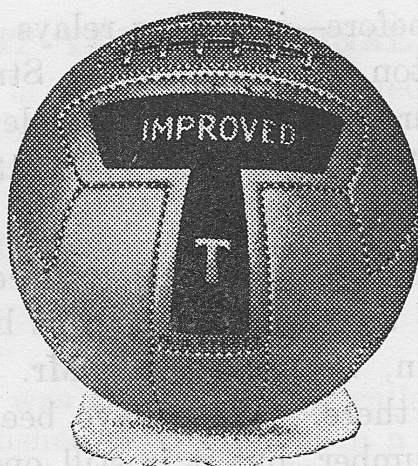


We trust that the School will continue giving the team their enthusiastic support at the matches.

In conclusion, we would like to thank the members of the Staff and of the Sixth Form, who help to make tennis the success that it obviously is in Whitehill School. (Secretary).

The SPORTSMAN'S EMPORIUM, Ltd.

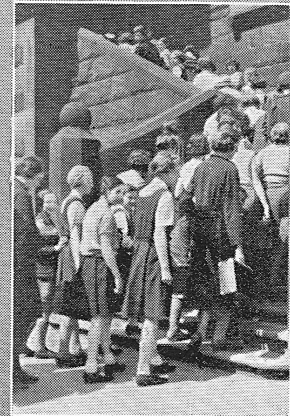
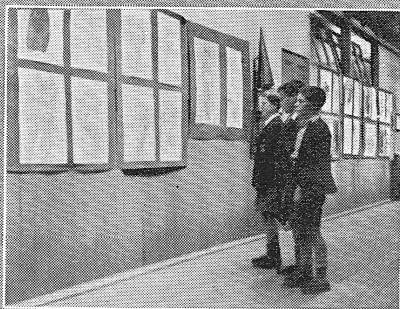
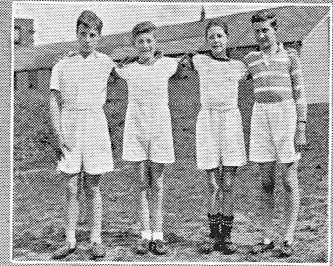
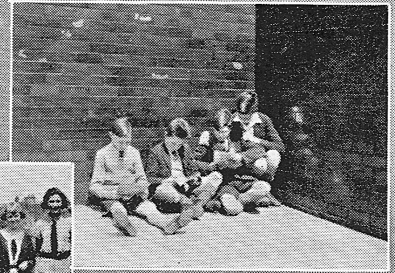
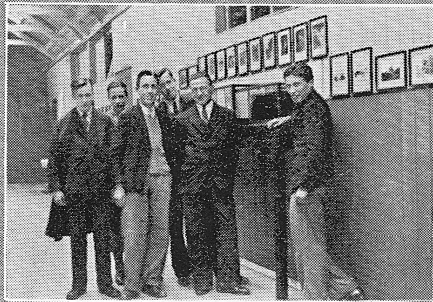
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GOLF, TENNIS, CRICKET, FOOTBALL

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SCHOOL ROUND-ABOUT

- 1. Early Birds.
- 2. Every Man in His Humour.
- 3. A Fishy Affair.
- 4. We're Happy.
- 5. Lilies of the Valley.
- 6. The Cosy Corner.
- 7. Sunflowers.
- 8. Connoisseurs.
- 9. The Old Firm.
- 10. Relay Team.
- 11. Altiora Petunt.



[Photograph by Buchanan & Armour]

HOCKEY 1ST XI.

Ruby Watt. Mary R. C. Shearer. Cath. Paterson. Greta Greig. Cath. McLeod.
 Mary McKellar. Bessie Moyes. May Millar (Capt.). Betsy Roy. Annie Weir.
 Barbara Glencross. Nessie Turnbull.



[Photograph by Buchanan & Armour]

CRICKET 1ST XI.

Colin Boal. Wm. Macdonald. Robt. Stewart. D. M. Drummond. J. G. Hanson.
 Ian Thomson. James Scotland. A. R. Guthrie (Capt.). G. Easton. K. Veal.
 John Drummond. Alex. Wilkinson.

CRICKET.

The First Eleven has been very successful up to date, having played ten games, won seven and lost three. Our victories were recorded against Albert Road Academy, St. Mungo's, Uddingston Grammar, Dalziel High School, Keil School, Clydesdale Juniors and Dumbarton Academy, while we were defeated by Jordanhill College School, Paisley Grammar and Hamilton Academy. Only two fixtures had to be postponed, those against Ayr Academy and Albert Road Academy.

The batting and bowling averages are at present headed by G. Easton and J. Hanson respectively, and, although the attack will be considerably weakened by the absence of the latter during the month of June, we expect to have twice as many victories to our credit by the end of the season.

The Second Eleven has quite a good record considering that the majority of the team are new members. They have played six games, of which three have been won and three lost.



A. R. G. (Capt.).

HOCKEY.

The Hockey Club states:

That the Hockey session, 1933-34, finished on the 24th March, 1934.

That the three elevens have not had a very successful session.

That, although the matches were not victories for Whitehill, they were none the less enjoyable.

That, as usual, the matches with the Staff and Former Pupils were the outstanding events of the season.

That it would like to thank both teams for two very delightful games.

That the Annual Hockey Meeting took place on Friday, 1st June, when Miss Fisher presided.

That Catherine McLeod (V.) and Mary McKellar (V.) were elected as Captain and Secretary for session 1934-35.

That the retiring Committee wish the new Captain and Secretary and their teams the best of luck during next session.

That it requests any girl who has not already started to play hockey to begin next session.

That its members give three hearty cheers to Miss Fisher and Miss Shand, who have spent so many Saturday mornings coaching at Craighend.

That it wishes to thank everyone responsible for the delightful rooms which it now possesses at Craighend, and hopes that its members will live up to the School Motto: "Altiora peto."

E. G. M. (Secy.).

RUGBY.

This season has been one of our most unfortunate owing to cancelled games and injuries. In the latter half we were only able to carry out three fixtures because of inclement weather and other schools being unable to raise teams. Although more games were lost than won, one has only to look at the points for and against to see that our wins were much more substantial than our defeats.

1st XV.				Points.	
Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	For.	Against.
15	5	8	2	97	87

Our 2nd XV. were undefeated in the second half of the season, recording good wins against Kilmarnock, Bellahouston, and Shawlands.

The 3rd XV. were not up to last year's standard, but they did quite well considering their lack of weight.

The Junior XV. were a very plucky team, and they beat Paisley Grammar and earned a draw against High School, an excellent result.

The fixture list for next season is one of the most attractive which has ever been compiled and includes two games with Jordanhill, Bellahouston, High School, and Greenock. We expect to receive a great deal better support from the Senior School than we did this season to carry out this programme. In conclusion, we must thank Dr. Russell and Mr. McMurray for the interest which they took in the various teams throughout the year.



A. M. McK. (V.).

FOOTBALL.

It was perhaps too much to hope that our First XI. could retain their hold on the Scottish Shield so brilliantly won the previous season. We suffered the usual loss of players, of course, and were perhaps a little discomfited at times by the building operations at Craighend throughout the year.

But by another season we will have gained greatly in experience and, additionally, will possess a pavilion offering as fine an antidote in warm baths and general comfort as even the bleakest winter day may demand. These two factors, undoubtedly, should make for a distinct revival of enthusiasm and enable us to field the very best at our command.

Of our various XI.'s, the Fourth could claim greatest success, but all wrought hard to maintain the prestige of the School. No bad criterion of ability is surely the fact that three members of the First gained representative honours. These players were Gordon Easton, Alfred Souter, and our Captain, James Weir. What more encouragement could any boy want? R. G. (Secy.).

GOLF.

The School Golf Club is now at the height of its activities and all the competitions are fast nearing completion. Although the weather has up till now been somewhat inclement, we have managed to carry through four monthly medals. These were won by A. M. McKey, R. S. Shanks, J. Pattison, and J. Moncrieff, with net scores of 77, 85, 84, and 72, respectively. The qualifying round of the Club championship has also been played, the qualifiers being W. E. Scott, A. M. McKey, J. Lewis, J. Pattison, and A. Jenkins. The Allan Shield, our chief competition, has now reached the ultimate stage. The finalists are J. King and A. M. McKey.



Up till now we have played fewer inter-school matches than last year and we have unfortunately enjoyed very little success. Our two fixtures have been with Ayr Academy, who defeated us by 6 matches to 2, and Hillhead High School, who won 5 matches to 3. However, now that the football and rugby season is over, we hope for a greater measure of success in our ensuing fixtures.

W. E. S. (Secy.).

SWIMMING (BOYS).

The Swimming Section (Boys) is still in a flourishing and enthusiastic condition. In the past year they have gained no less than 23 Elementary Life Saving Certificates.

Next season's Sladen Trophy Team are training hard for their attempt to retain the Trophy for the School.

All boys interested in swimming are invited to the Club meetings in Whitevale Baths on Fridays at 4 p.m.

SWIMMING (GIRLS).

The baths on Thursdays are still a happy rendezvous for those who crawl, dive, splash, splutter and choke, and the display of exotic costume is worthy of the Lido. We are grateful to all those who are interested in us, and include in our thanks as well as the Whitevale officials, Miss Bremner and Miss Dunbar, who resuscitated us at a time when our respiration was weak.

A. M. F.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

Both Senior and Junior Sections have had a most successful session and have distinguished themselves at the Christmas and School Concerts. Just before the end of the Summer term it is hoped to arrange a Concert under their joint auspices in the Gymnasium, but more of that anon.

FIVE ACES.

In the darkest haunts of Soho where police patrol in threes,
Where collects depraved humanity from all the seven seas,
Stands the "Jelly Pot," 'midst scenes of crime, starvation, vice
and dearth.

You can bet your bottom dollar it's the toughest joint on earth.
In the "Jelly Pot" mortality is at its very worst—

Teachers, drug fiends, crooners, gamblers, men with everlasting
thirst;

And the women—but, as Shakespeare has it, "Them as knows
just knows."

There are secrets in that place which even I dare not disclose.

In a peaceful little corner, far away from all the jostling of the
crowd,

Well apart from drinking, laughing men enjoying every moment
of their time,

There sat seven souls in moody mood with gloomy gloom upon
them like a shroud,

As I'm trying to explain in this unorthodox and most peculiar
rhyme.

At last spoke one of the seven souls, a gangster from Chicago
called Bill Crumps,

Who said, "Say, guys, in this here mitt I hold a pack of coids
complete with joker.

Now why let the gosh-darned fact this place is out of whisky
put you in the dumps?

Get out your dough, come on, and settle down to have a quiet
game of poker."

It was no sooner said than done.

Soon heavy betting had begun.

Then people came upon the run

And gathered round to see the fun.

The players dropped out one by one,

And left Bill Crumps and Danny Bunne.

When the show down came along, Dan, with his face

quite

red,

Laid his cards upon the table and with that

he

said,

"I'm a Dutchman if you didn't think you'd knocked

me

flat.

I've four aces and the joker, and you can't

beat

that."

Billy ground his teeth in anger and then he
 declared,
 "You doggonned cheat! I didn't think you would
 have
 dared.
 I just guess you kinda reckoned you had knocked
 me
 flat.
 I've the Ten, Jack, Queen, King, **Ace** of hearts—can you
 beat
 that?"

Whole five aces,
 In a single pack!
 Whole five aces,
 Two of which were black!

"Unprecedented!"
 Some have repeated.
 All have commented,
 "Someone has cheated!"

Bill glared at Dan and said, "I guess no more you're gonna
 roam."

But on reaching for his hip he found he'd left his gats at home.
 "No one 'cuses me of cheating!" Dan said, growling like a bear.
 When he tried to grab his cutlass he found out it wasn't there.
 Dan said, "Please don't get mad.

It is so sad
 Your temper's bad."

Bill said, "You're for it now,
 There'll be a row,
 Sez me, and how."

Dan biffed Bill and Bill biffed Dan,
 Then Dan took fright and away he ran,
 He ran so fast that he simply couldn't stop,
 And eventually landed in a neighbouring cop shop.

Hard on his heels came Billy Crumps,
 Yelling, "Yaller-livered skunk, I'll break you into little lumps."
 The Sergeant of Police declared, "No fighting must be done."
 Our Billy blacked his eye so he took sides with Danny Bunne.

Then came along a pal of Bill's, a constable named Sydney,
 And he waded in, socked Sergy one, and sunk his floating kidney.
 Then Bill rushed in and started giving poor old Danny beans.
 Danny, knowing he was losing, shouted, "Rescue the Marines."
 Sydney tried to shut the window, but as you have heard before,
 Just as soon as it was closed they started coming through the
 door.

The Navy sat on Syd, then Billy yelled till he was hoarse,
 "We are hopelessly outnumbered, to our rescue come, Air Force,"

The aeroplanes arrived as Bill was feeling destitute,
 Then the Army came along to try and settle the dispute.
 Navy, Army, Air, Police Force with each other were rampaging.
 Mr. Public joined, so Civil War throughout the land was raging.

The moral of this story is as plain as white is white.
 In fact, I'll even say it is as plain as black is black,
 Unless you want to start a fearful, fiendish, frantic fight,
 Under no consideration keep Five aces in the pack.

W. N. S. (IV. B.b.).

THE MODERN PIED PIPER.

Not "Into the street the Piper stept," in the words of the old song, but "Round the corner the Piper swept" is the modern version, for the Pied Piper is no longer a human being, but the most up-to-date radio-bus.

The old lure still persists, although its medium is changed. When the radio-bus comes down the street, children desert their toys and follow it in a dancing, chattering procession. Hand in hand, faces all aglow, and shrill young voices picking out the rhythm of the music, they care not where they may wander. Wherever the Piper leads they will follow.

"Big sisters," themselves babes still, dance along, carrying younger brothers and sisters whose weight they could barely sustain were it not for the influence of the music. Conversation is forgotten. No single note of this wonderful music must be missed. Childish arguments are broken off—swept away by the magic spell.

The procession grows longer, never shorter. Soon it is so long that all the force of the Piper's lungs is needed to carry the magic strains to the end of it. Louder and louder, faster and faster plays the Piper—faster and faster twinkle the tiny feet—louder and louder the song of the childish voices.

Suddenly the spell is broken—the music is silent. Gradually the children lose the beauty born of ecstasy that was theirs. They stand about a little, awkward and silent, and then a little boy starts to sob loudly, when he discovers how far he has wandered. The children scatter. The street is empty.

The Piper has betrayed their confidence. Not yet have they found the Promised Land. Yet, were he to return within the hour, they would follow as before, displaying that utter confidence which only children know.

TEMPUS FUGIT (V. G.).