

# Whitehill School Magazine.

No. 30

Christmas, 1934

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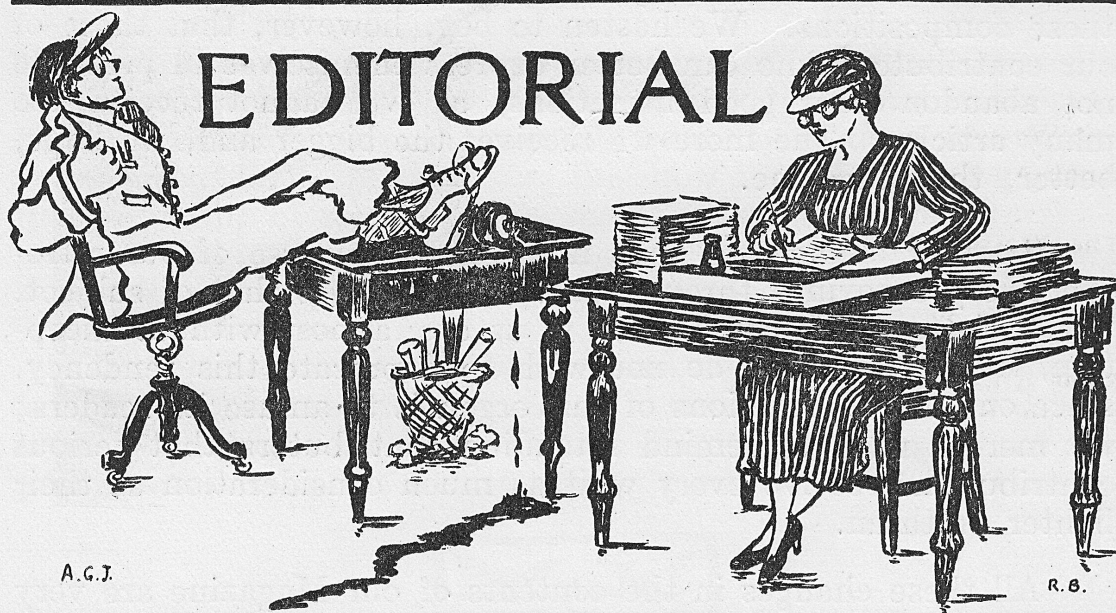
## ADVERTISERS

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THERE seems to be a general tendency in Whitehill to regard the Editors of the School Magazine as people with a “bee in their bonnets” with regard to writing articles, but who are, nevertheless, to be envied for the supposed number of classes they manage to evade in the course of their “duties.” We can assure all holders of such opinions that we would gladly exchange all our privileges in return for freedom from writing this epistle.

After having spent about six years in the precincts of Whitehill, we have found it interesting to compare the contents of the Magazines of our earlier days with those of more recent publications.

Those Editors of the Magazine which play so large a part in our earliest memories of School, are noteworthy for two reasons. Firstly, the place they occupied in keeping trace of our ever-fluctuating staff and former pupils. Secondly, for the comparatively large proportion of clever articles, written often around trivial subjects, which they contain. The first of these characteristics is still to the fore, though in a somewhat condensed form. The second, although retaining its cleverness, has changed its medium. Prose used to be the form favoured by our contributors, but now verse has almost ousted it from favour.

This last change is most interesting from an observer's point of view. We, as temporary representatives of the literary side of Whitehill, are very happy to note this poetic urge in the

present contributors to the Magazine. Such genuine efforts to produce worthy examples of the Muse tend to lead to her deeper and better appreciation by those writers. Apart from this, variety is lent to the Magazine by the welcome inclusion of these compositions. We hasten to beg, however, that those of our contributors who can better express themselves in prose do not abandon their good intentions, as we cannot receive too many articles. The more we receive, the bigger and, we hope, better, the Magazine.

Another change we have noted in the course of our retrospective journeyings through past Magazines is that of subject. The articles which are handed to us are, almost without exception, humorous. We do not wish to deprecate this tendency, since one of the functions of this organ is to amuse its readers; we merely wish to remind intending contributors that serious contributions receive every whit as much consideration as their lighter brethren.

All these changes in the contents of our Magazine are very gratifying. They prove that Whitehill pupils maintain a lively and personal interest in their Magazine, and, consequently, the subject-matter and the form in which it is treated are ever subject to the dictates of their individual inclinations. It is with the object of fostering these qualities that the Editors have done their humble best to remove any element of compulsion from writing for the Magazine, believing that, in so doing, we not only gain a higher literary standard, but maintain the Magazine as a free outlet for self-expression on the part of the School.

In the last sentence is expressed the main use of the Magazine. Together with its function as a record of all the School's doings, official and otherwise, the Magazine thus fills a very necessary niche in the School. In our opinion, to speak of the "aims" of the Magazine is erroneous. The Magazine has no existence apart from its creators, the pupils of the School, and, consequently, can have no aims of its own distinct from theirs. Its only effort is to please, and, on the rare occasions when it can feel that it has done so, rests satisfied until its next appearance.

In these remarks, we have tried to convey that we, the Editors, are not the creators of the School Magazine. We merely collect the material given to us by you. In saying that, we are not seeking to evade possible censure, but trying to show the pupils, particularly those of Forms I. and II. that the School Magazine is theirs, a common possession which is yet peculiarly their own. We have felt, rightly or otherwise, a growing feeling among the younger pupils that the Magazine, like many other pleasant things about the School, is reserved

for the Upper School. This is not the case. Every one of the pupils has an equal right to share in the enjoyment to be obtained from contributing to the Magazine. If the contents have not, in recent issues, been in accordance with this statement, it is from a lack of sufficient material from the Junior School, although that which has been submitted is of an exceptionally high literary standard. It was not always thus, and we appeal to the present Juniors to prove the quantity of their efforts can equal the quality. We are sure that now that they have a fuller understanding of their right to share in the Magazine, we shall receive a greater quantity of the good things we have been led to expect from the younger pupils.

On this optimistic note we will end this customary, although, in our opinion, quite unnecessary peroration, and give the traditional three knocks to signal the commencement of the performance.



### Mr. PHILLIPS.

It is with the greatest regret that we bid farewell in this number to Mr. Phillips, who has been associated with Whitehill for over 30 years. A noted member of the English Department, he gave his very best to the pupils, never sparing himself in his earnest anxiety for their efficient training and progress. Reserved and withdrawn in disposition, he preferred to go his way quietly, but he truly spent himself in the service to which he was devoted. No amount of labour or trouble was too much for him to ensure that the pupils had from him the very best service he could give. His place will be very difficult to fill.

He had double associations with us, for Mrs. Phillips herself, as Miss Blackwood, was, before her marriage, a prominent personality in Whitehill; and her interest and enthusiastic skill in looking after the Hockey elevens are not forgotten.

We wish both Mr. and Mrs. Phillips health and years to enjoy the leisure that has come; and we take this opportunity to assure them of our heartiest good will towards them and their family.

**SCHOOL NOTES.**

There are a number of changes in the staff to chronicle in this issue of the Magazine.

Mrs. Murray was transferred to Victoria Drive School at the end of June last.

Miss Frazer and Miss Leslie left us at the end of last session to get married.

Miss Dunbar was transferred to the Mathematical Staff of Hutchesons' Grammar (Girls') School.

Miss Shepherd left to teach in Biggart Memorial Home. We hope her health has benefited by the new conditions.

Mr. Phillips retired at the end of October after a splendid period of service to the School.

We wish them all every success in their new spheres of action.

Miss Fouldes has joined us in place of Miss Leslie.

Miss Hood now teaches in place of Miss Frazer.

Mr. Hollinsworth occupies the place of Mr. Phillips in the English Staff.

On behalf of the School, we extend a hearty welcome to the newcomers, who have already endeared themselves to all with whom they have come in contact.

. . . . .

We would like to congratulate the following Former Pupils on their success in their chosen careers:—

Dr. David Smith, M.D., F.R.P.S.G., has been appointed Physician to the Glasgow Royal Infirmary.

Miss Margaret Glass, B.Sc., M.B., Ch.B. (Glasgow), D.P.H. (Cambridge), has been appointed Assistant Medical Officer of Health to Preston.

Mr. Robert Gilmour Forrest, B.L., was appointed on 12th November, Assistant District Officer for the Northern Area with Headquarters at Whitehaven, Cumberland, under the New Unemployment Assistance Board. Mr. Forrest was previously with the Glasgow Corporation Public Assistance Department.

Mr. Daniel MacPhie, C.A., has obtained an appointment with the British-American Tobacco Company as Auditor, travelling all over the world.

Mr. John McDougall completed his L.D.S. in June.

The parties for the First and Second Year pupils, inaugurated last year, were carried out this year in an atmosphere of merriment. These functions were undoubted successes, even the staff being infected by the Junior School's gaiety.

The Gala is over for another year, having been carried out as efficiently as in previous years. Everyone is agreed that Whitehill spent a most enjoyable evening in Whitevale Baths.

We would like to remind our readers of the Concert. 1935 still seems far distant, but it will not be long before Whitehill stages its Annual Concert in the City Hall. Remember the date, and bring all your friends and relatives to pass a happy evening.

We must not lose this opportunity of congratulating the School Choirs on their success in the Glasgow Eastern Festival.

Onslow Challenge Trophy—1st, Whitehill Secondary School.

Glasgow Orpheus Choir Challenge Shield—1st, Whitehill Secondary School.

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### POCKETS.

Have you ever thought of pockets?

I remember my first pocket. It was on the right-hand side of a pair of white shorts. I also had a lace collar, but it was torn when another little boy called me names. Up till then I had worn petticoats and the possession of this pocket made me feel very grown up.

I was a man, and, believe me, I did justice to that pocket. At teatime, somebody noticed that my pocket was overflowing, and Mother made me empty it. It contained a spinning top, some string, two stones, half an apple, two melted pieces of toffee, and eighteen cigarette pictures.

The trouble with pockets is that, as you grow older, you collect more and more of them all over you. You put things into them. You have to! You never take them out, and as time goes on you put in more and more things.

Eventually somebody has to empty those pockets before that suit of yours can be exchanged for a couple of balloons or something.

What does one find? In one pocket there are three or four pieces of pencil, and a penknife which is so rusty that if you try to open it you break your finger nails, and a box of matches stolen from the kitchen stove when nobody was looking. There is a foreign coin which, after trying to pass it off on several bus-conductors, I have decided to keep for luck. Every time you change your suit, you shift this conglomeration of rubbish into the new one.

I don't know who invented pockets, but they sometimes tempt people to acquire property and to stick to it. The cave man had no pockets. When he collected something, he ate it, or it ate him. But, as we have become civilised, everything seems to have pockets, even a billiard table, although, so far, I am not concerned with it. The average girl doesn't require a pocket; she carries a handbag in which are, among other things, lipstick, powder puff, and mirror, and a little silver pencil with no lead in it, which she generally leaves behind her wherever she goes. She doesn't need a pocket; not while the man always pays.

H. T. (II. B.a.).

**REFLECTIONS ON THE SCHOOL PARTIES.**

O give to me those nights again,  
Those nights of throngs and masses,  
When one arm 'circled two meringues,  
The other, three wee lasses.

O give to me those games and songs  
(That wild conducted yelling),  
And let me once more see the staff  
The mob parent'lly quelling.

Yes, give to me these nights of joy,  
Each game, each dance and ditty,  
And just to make my wish complete,  
Give me "bee-baw-babitty."

LONGFELLOW (V.).

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**MISTAKEN IDENTITY.**

The road was clear, the fresh moonlight  
Shone on the bungalow roofs so bright;  
I thought it sad to be coming home  
On such a night.

I crossed the shining street and stared,  
For, in a porch a figure stirred,  
And, on approaching, I could see  
It was a man.

He slowly turned, and, seeing me,  
Explained how he forgot his key;  
My "scouting" instinct beckoned me  
To lend a hand.

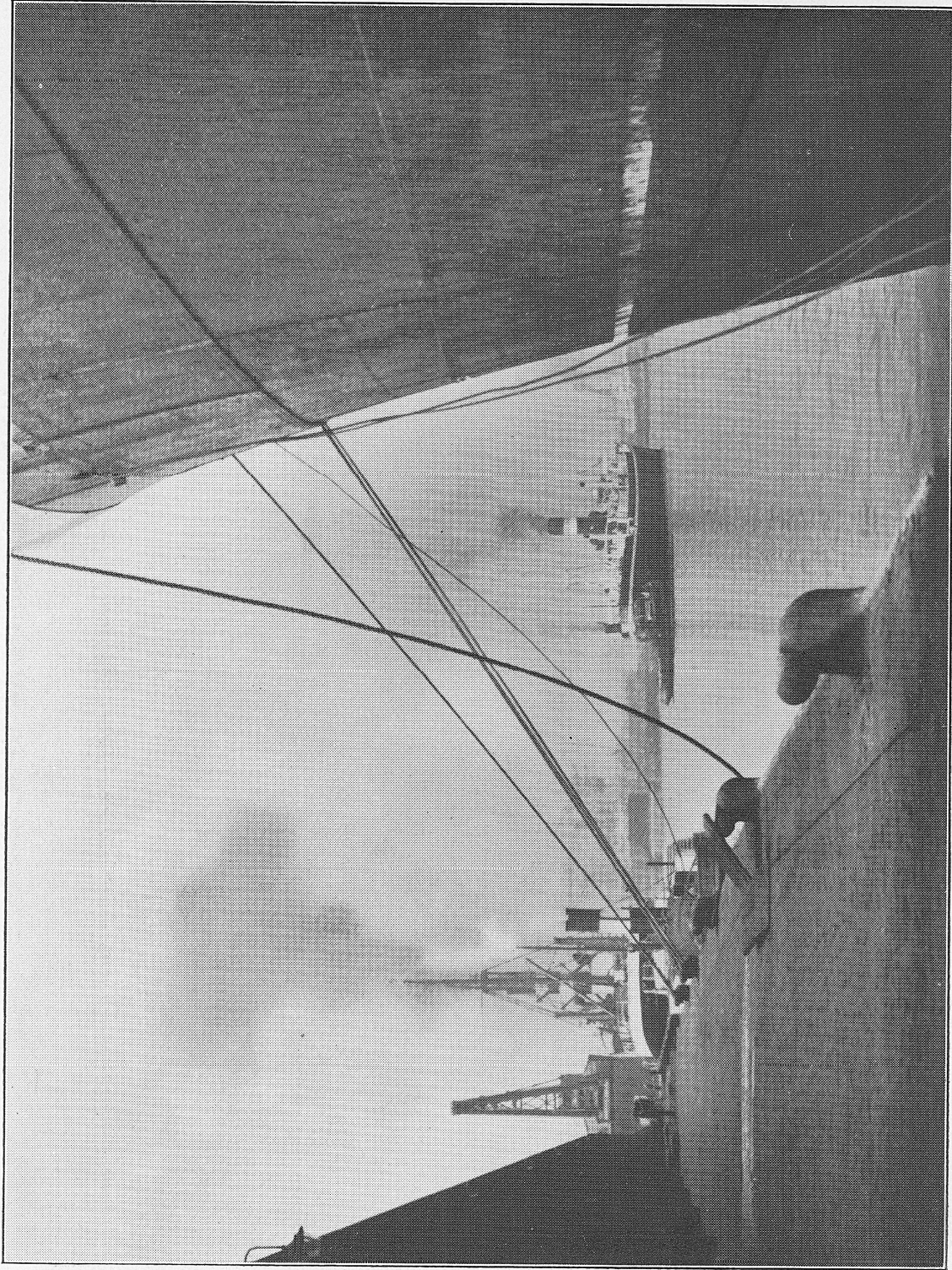
It struck my mind that just behind,  
A window open he should find.  
We both went round behind the house  
And found this so.

The window was high from the ground,  
He could not reach it, so he found,  
But with my willing help he soon  
Was on the sill.

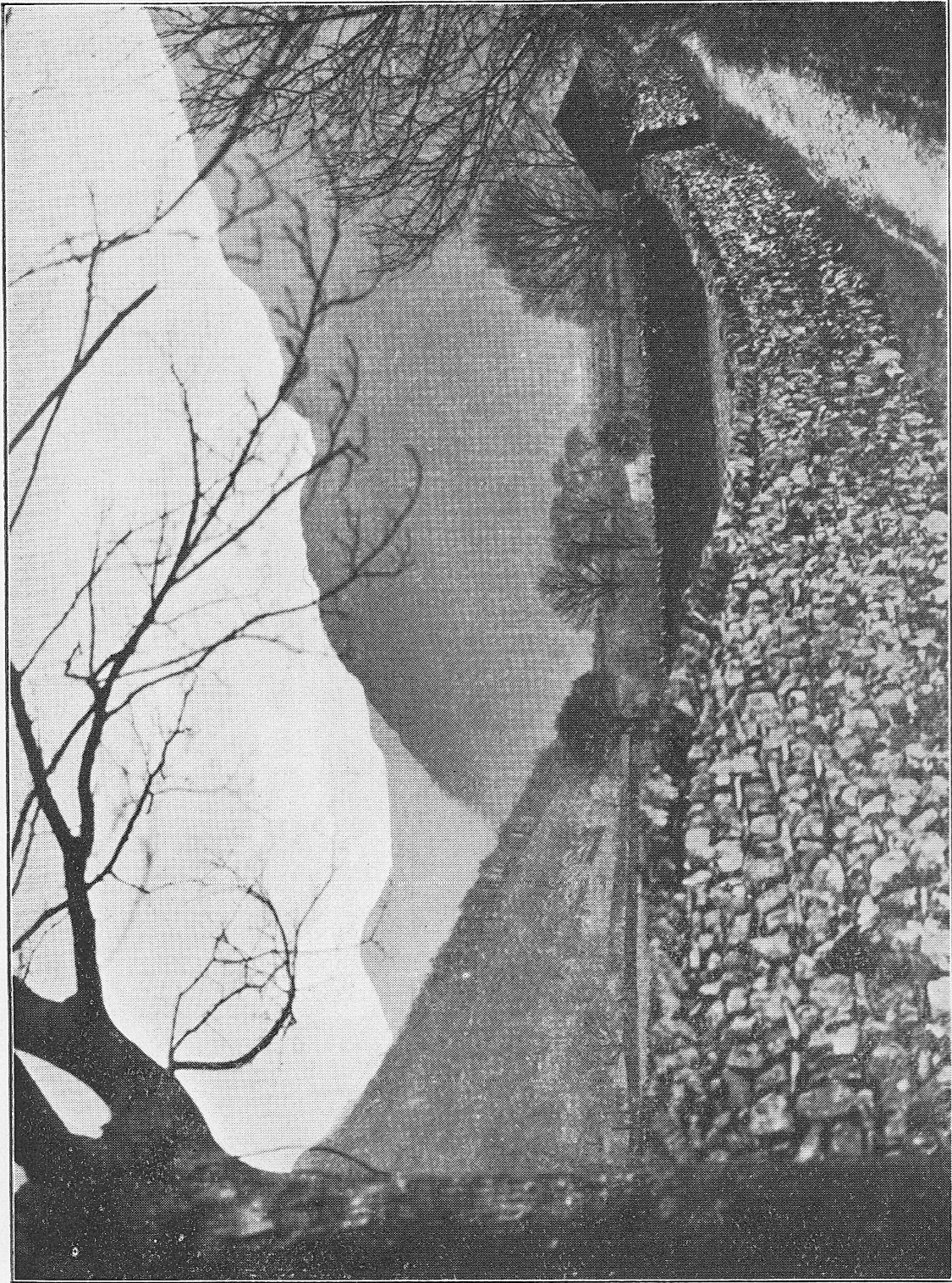
A twist, a turn, and he was through;  
He said I'd been a friend real true,  
But I could see from anxious looks  
He wished me gone.

The constable I came across,  
I showed him where a burglar was;  
Surprised he was, I had the key—  
The house was mine.

R. G. (VI.).



THE HARBOUR.



WINTER IN THE LAKE COUNTRY.

### THE DOUBLE GAME.

Mr. Edmund Haines was the picture of honesty, and the Mug was the picture of simplicity, which was how the game began. The Mug was strolling along, swinging his gold-topped cane, gazing benignly through a monocle at the world in general, and, in short, looking thoroughly imbecilic. Mr. Haines sighted him in the distance, and marked him down for slaughter.

The Mug, ambling along, suddenly found himself confronted by a huge, red-faced, affable-looking man, who seized, and vigorously shook, his unprotesting hand.

"My dear fellow," boomed Mr. Haines, "fancy meeting you in London, when I thought you were in Scotland for the season."

"B-b-but I say——" spluttered the Mug ineffectually.

"Come right along with me," said Mr. Haines, taking his victim affectionately by the arm and ushering him along the street into a private house. "Allow me to show you my rooms here. We must celebrate this happy meeting."

The Mug, bewildered, tried to protest, but his words were drowned in the never-ceasing flow of oratory from the lips of Mr. Haines. He was hurried into a room, and, before he had quite recovered his senses, such as they were, he found himself installed in an armchair listening to this strange man. At last he got a word in.

"But I'm not the Honourable Eustace Hollytree!" he managed to gasp.

Mr. Haines was astounded. What, not the Honourable Eustace? Well, talk of doubles, must be like as two split peas. And what a pity he was not the Honourable Eustace, for Mr. Haines had a very nice little piece of business to transact with that gentleman. The Mug was very sorry to disappoint, and could he do anything? Well, no, not exactly **do** anything, but——. Mr. Haines had taken a liking for this young fellow. Tell you what, he would let him in on as nice a bit of easy money as ever had been devised. It was like this.

It appeared that Mr. Haines had an intimate friend who worked in the Mint. This friend had been ordered to destroy two of the plates for printing one pound notes, but he had only destroyed one. With the other he had made himself thousands of notes which were absolutely identical with the genuine article. Becoming a little scared, he had turned over the whole caboodle to Mr. Haines. Now Mr. Haines was already a rich man, and did not need the notes, so, being a philanthropist, he had decided that needier men than himself should have the money. And at the present moment he was prepared to sell these notes at five a pound, this charge being merely to defray the cost of printing and the trouble involved. What about it?

The Mug looked ready to bite, so Mr. Haines, opening a cupboard, took therefrom one of a large number of little packets, and opened it. It contained fifty perfectly genuine Mint-made notes.

"These are the notes," explained Mr. Haines, sinning his soul once more. He peeled one from the bundle. "Examine it, and I'll wager you a million you don't find a flaw."

His million was quite safe. The Mug was incapable of finding a flaw if there had been one. He was quite enthusiastic about it.

"I say," he gurgled happily, "Will you really sell me as many of these as I want?"

"As many as you can carry, if you like," replied Mr. Haines gravely.

An arrangement was fixed. The Mug was to return in the afternoon, after thinking it over, and to buy what he wanted. With that the Mug departed, and Mr. Haines sank back into his chair, well pleased with life.

Mr. Haines' line of business, or "graft," as he called it, was known as the "Green goods game." It was beautifully simple, provided that the victim's mind was in a similar state. He first of all laid in a large stock of money, which was comparatively easy with so many Mugs hanging around. Then he paid for respectable rooms, waited for a Mug to happen, and told him the tale. He was always anxious to buy as much of Mr. Haines' money as he could afford. Mr. Haines had quite a number of packets of fifty, genuine money, which could be broken open and revealed to sceptical Mugs. When, however, he wrapped up these packets for a Mug, he resorted to a little sleight of hand, which resulted in the Mug's carrying away a perfectly worthless parcel of brown paper. No Mug, when he found he had been swindled, could either find the elusive Mr. Haines, or complain to the police.

"It's a double game," explained Mr. Haines to his conscience, whenever it became active, which was not often. "The mugs mean to swindle the Bank of England, and I swindle them. Poetic justice, that's what it is! Serves 'em right."

The Mug returned after lunch. In spite of Mr. Haines cautioning him not to breathe a word of it to a soul, he had to tell a friend during the interval. The friend had said he would believe the story when he saw the notes, and the Mug wondered if Mr. Haines would sell him one packet of fifty to convince his friend. If he found they could be passed safely, he would buy a thousand of the notes.

Mr. Haines did some lightning calculation. If he sold the Mug fifty genuine pounds for ten, it would mean a loss of forty pounds; but when the Mug bought a thousand bits of brown paper for two hundred pounds, it would spell a clear gain of hundred and sixty pounds, which would be perfectly satisfactory.

"O.K.," he said, and the Mug received his fifty pounds, for which he handed over ten. The Mug had been gone ten minutes when Mr. Haines discovered that the ten were forgeries. On the back of each was printed the legend: "NOT SO GREEN."

W. N. S. (V.).

### A TIMELY WARNING.

One Christmas evening at a party,  
Appetite was hale and hearty,  
Peter Joshua McKey,  
Obviously on a spree,  
Said he'd not take any bread,  
Wanted fancy things instead.  
Peter J. (not oft so rude),  
Overdid the plump plum pud.,  
Said the turkey was a treat;  
Had too much of it to eat.  
Gobbled up mince pies galore,  
Cakes and biscuits by the score.  
Lemonade he quaffed in quarts,  
Ginger beer and other sorts  
Of sparkling aërated water;  
Drank more than he really oughter.  
When retiring that night, cried,  
"My appetite is satisfied!"  
Jumped into bed, pulled up the clothes,  
And settled to a night's repose.  
But P. J.'s digestive organs now their master did not like.  
At their own Trade Union meeting they resolved to go on strike.  
'Twas eleven *post meridiem*, according to the rules,  
When the doughty little demons all agreed to down their tools.  
Now there really is no question  
That acutest indigestion  
As a sleep-producing factor is all bosh,  
And there's not a hope of drowsing  
When your innards are carousing,  
Or at least so it appeared to Peter Josh.,  
So he tossed and he twisted and tumbled and turned,  
And he lurched and he listed, and still his head burned;  
Then he wriggled and writhed, he revolved and he raked  
At the pillows and bedclothes, and still his head ached;  
He contorted, distorted himself, had begun  
To slide under the blankets, and still his head spun;  
And he rolled and rotated and tottered and twirled,  
With his hands round the bedpost, and still his head whirled.  
And it spun and gyrated for hours without number,  
Till finally Peter fell into a slumber.  
What peace there was in it but lasted a minute, for two hornèd  
devils arrived in pink tights,  
Each carried a dagger, an excellent jagger, with which they  
jagged Peter, for such was their rights.  
When the jagers had jagged and their energy flagged, Peter  
fled—to the arms of Hore-Belisha,  
Who said, "Only this morn you've been tooting your horn, I'm  
surprised, and I truly don't relish ya."

With that he gave Peter a brand new two-seater and told him  
 to drive to the jail,  
 And he there was to shiver and shudder and quiver and weep  
 and be mournful and wail.  
 But our Peter said no he would rather not go, and drove off,  
 with a smile, in the flivver.  
 He hadn't gone far when he found that the car had developed  
 a cold in its liver.  
 A pig flying by said that he'd have a try at repairing the bus  
 for a tanner.  
 From a nearby hip pocket he drew forth, to sock it, a solid gold  
 all-silver spanner.  
 By this time, of course, the two-seater, perforce, had trans-  
 formed itself into a pirate,  
 Who said, through his nose, "From your head to your toes I  
 will cleave you, for I'm very irate."  
 But the pig, with a sigh, said, "Now I wouldn't try, it would  
 not be as easy as toffee, sir."  
 Producing his gun, which was not made for fun, was revealed  
 as a Customs House Officer.  
 The cannon balls smashed, and the bullets, too, crashed as they  
 dashed and they bashed past poor Peter,  
 When there came hurtling down a completely built town, with  
 its fog and its mud and gas meter.  
 This wouldn't have mattered, as down it all pattered, but Peter,  
 you see, was right under,  
 And while he was choking and peering and poking 'midst ruins,  
 celestial thunder  
 Which pealed from afar made him wake with a jar,  
 And his head was still sore, and the clothes on the floor,  
 And his brains were a-fire, feet than head were much higher.  
 He was icily cold, felt a hundred years old,  
 And his pillow was gone, 'twas the floor it lay on.  
 Beads of sweat on his brow; in his brain was a row.  
 Feathers tickled his chin, and he thought that the din  
 In his head was just swell, and felt like it as well.

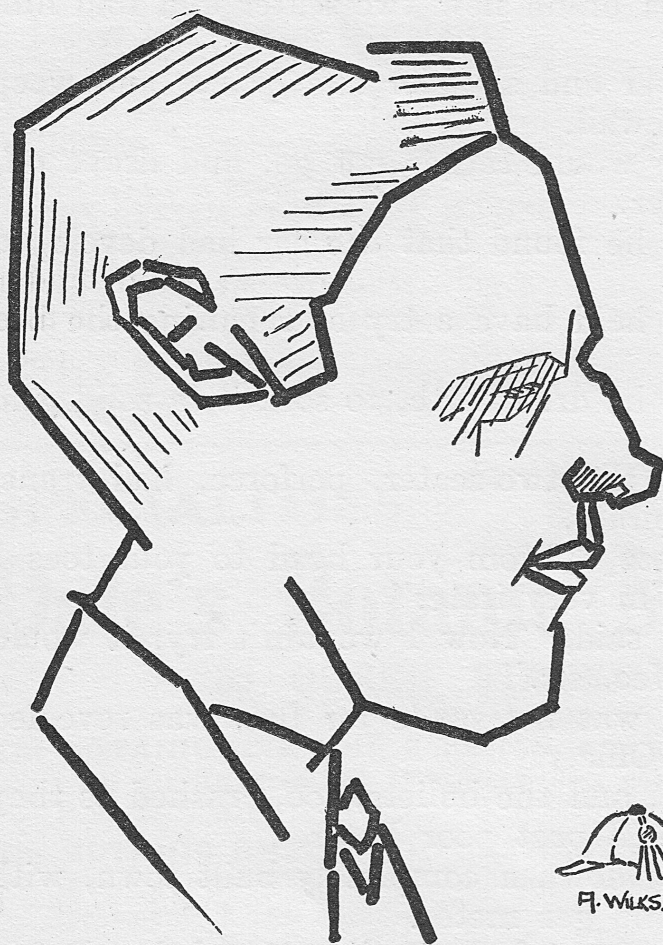
Peter J. has had a pill, and Peter J. feels very ill.  
 Please don't laugh, it isn't fun, and with that my story's done.

R. I. P.

### FIRST VISIT TO CITY.

Old man (to gent. wearing white gaiters): "Excuse me, sir,  
 your shirt sleeves are slipping down."

D. MacI. (I. B.e.).



F. WILKS. VI.



ACORR.

### UNDER THE SCHOOL PORCH.

"Get out!" said the voice.

I looked round bewildered, the porch seemed deserted, nobody on the basins, nobody on the window-ledges, nobody up the stair, nobody . . .

"Get out!" said the voice again, this time having moved about an octave up the scale, and resembling a child drawing slate pencil over a slate. This time the voice came from under the girls' stair. When I looked in, I saw an old man, in a white shirt, with a white beard, carrying a scythe and an hour glass.

"Oh, it's you," he said, "what are you here for?"

"Looking for inspiration."

"How about this?" and he handed me a sheet of paper.

#### To the Captain.

I stood within the porch this morn,  
Not so much hindering thee,  
Hoping 'gainst hope, for once, I might unnoticed be,  
But you soon proved my hopes were forlorn,  
And glared a glare at me.  
Since when I stand and shiver and swear,  
Out in the cold, at you!

"Some cheeky young fag of the first or second year, I suppose, but the opinion is not shared by——"

"Oh yeah, look at this from the third year."

#### To a Prefect.

The Prefect came down on the crowd with a rush,  
And elbowed his way right through the crush.  
The First and Second stood back dismayed,  
Their hopes of tablet diminish and fade.

But then he placed them right in a line,  
Their faces brighten, the outlook is fine;  
But still in their minds a sole regret rankles,  
We didn't kick that Prefect's shins and ankles.

"All right, that's the third's opinion; has the fourth any views on the matter?"

"Aye, here they are!"

Oh, to be a Prefect, now that the snow is here,  
To feel that you are the target of the Tells of every year,  
To duck and dodge and twist and turn,  
And feel that Prefects were made to mourn;  
Oh, it must be great in Whitehill School.

"Well, what about the élite of the School, the fifth and sixth?"

"Oh, they make no attacks on the Captain or Prefects, they are too worried about the exams,"

**With apologies to Keats.**

O what can ail you, weary scholar,  
 So troubled and so bleary-eyed?  
 The examination's just begun,  
 Yet you say you've done.

O what can ail you, weary scholar,  
 So troubled and so woe-begone?  
 Though not a stroke of work begun,  
 Yet you say you're done.

I see a pencil in your hand,  
 With sharpened point and end well-chewed,  
 And behind your ear a pen is stuck,  
 Whose ink is dry.

I met a teacher in the class,  
 To mathematics did he belong.  
 His voice was loud, his logic sound,  
 But his class were deaf.

He taught us Indices, Logs, and Surds,  
 Remainder Theorem and Coefficients;  
 He gave us formulæ, useful, no doubt,  
 But we missed them out.

And this is why I sit down here,  
 So troubled and so woe-begone.  
 And since not a stroke of work I've done,  
 I'm up the pole.

I looked up from the manuscript to thank my old friend for  
 the great help he had given me, but, like the boy in the famous  
 Indian Rope Trick, he had disappeared into thin air.

W. L. T. (VI.).

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## RIMING CHRONICLE OF TWA GYMNS.

---

Sing a song of pastry and lemonade galore,  
Nigh two hundred "First Years" seated on the floor.  
When the feast was over the crowd began to sing:  
"Bonny o'er the ocean"; bodies all aswing.

Enter Mr. Somerville, a groggy old marine,  
Surely such a dainty beard never yet was seen!  
What was in his little can, no one there could see;  
Of Bristol Town a song he sang, and of gallant young Billee.

Then all began to caper and march them up and down.  
They caught the tails of "the Galbraith," and "marched him  
out of town,"  
His paper hat a-dancing upon his noble head,  
That ludicrous, most curious, mercurious biped.

A gentleman ventriloqual came talking to his doll,  
And then he waved a magic wand, and charmed them one and all  
With funny bits of paper, and little fancy ties,  
And playing-cards that vanished to their infinite surprise.

The prefects strong next marched along with apples by the  
score,  
Yet all preferred that game absurd, which little girls adore  
When Mr. Reid is in the ring. What would his mother say?  
"How green you are! How green you are! My boy, you must  
not play!"

On Saturday, oh weladay! the "Second Years" did throng  
To fill the top and nether gymns with rioting and song.  
They beed, and bawed, and babitied, and smashed a pile of  
plates.  
The neighbourhood was kept awake till all had left the gates.

Now here's to Mr. Wilson, and Mrs. Wilson, too;  
And here's to the Committee; and here's to me and you;  
And here's to Mr. Weir. We want another party soon.  
You enjoyed it, Herr Pankoke? Ja wohl! Ach danke schön!

CISSIE FUSS.

It was a howling success!

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**COURT CIRCULAR.**

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**Grundy v. Whitehill.**

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**A**T yesterday's Sheriff Court there were sensational developments arising out of events reported in the press of 17th November. At the instance of Mrs. Grundy, a Dennistoun residenter, the members of the Whitehill Party Committee were charged with conducting a riotous assembly in the School Gymnasium on the nights of Friday and Saturday, the 16th and 17th November, which assembly constituted a breach of the peace, and a menace to the safety of His Majesty's lieges. Sheriff Howmadoin was on the bench, and the case for the Crown was conducted by the Procurator-Fiscal.

The accused, Messrs. Johnston, Foster, Bremner, Duncanson, Ewan and Reid, entered a plea of Not Guilty, and were defended by Mr. Roland Butter, K.C., L.M.S., S.C.W.S., O.X.O.

The Fiscal, presenting the case for the prosecution, said he would lead evidence to show that on the above nights there had actually occurred incidents so grave as to warrant conviction.

Mrs. MacSiccar (86), residing at Millerston, testified to the insane revelry which filled the air, completely obliterating the broadcast music by Roy Fox and his Cubs.

The Rev. Ezekiel Peabody, of Gorbals, said that on the nights in question he had actually complained to the police about the clamour emanating from the East End, and in round terms denounced the lack of vigilance on the part of the civic authorities for allowing pagan ceremonies to take place in our city. This was all the evidence for the prosecution.

For the defence, Mr. Butter intimated that he proposed to call 399 witnesses. The first witness, Mr. A. G. Twaddell, insisted that in comparison with a Cambuslang Rangers home game there was a Sabbath calm over the whole affair.

Another, Mr. A. Galbraith, who appeared in rather a dishevelled state, maintained that there were only a few quiet parlour games and a hand-round tea. Master Tommy Tucker, a schoolboy, tearfully proclaimed that he could remember nothing after the third bottle of lemonade. Dr. Merry deponed to instructing 43 young ladies in the intricacies of that old-world pastime, the eightsome reel; while Mr. J. Kerr, a music-teacher, admitted conducting a crooning contest, but on oath maintained that the voices never rose above a whisper. Mr. A. C. Somerville acknowledged winning the contest.

Further evidence was led pointing out the colossal amount of food and drink consumed, an operation which, in these parts,

is usually accompanied by an almost unholy silence. The games programme was submitted, and, without exception, the witnesses drew attention to the solemn nature of the proceedings and emphasised the complete absence of what the prosecution called "insane revelry."

There was a sensational scene in Court when the last witness for the defence was called. Mr. J. J. Reid, President of S.B.B.B.A., and an official of the Airdrieonian Brake Club, protested against this outrageous interference with the liberties of the individual; and asserted that it would effect a tremendous improvement in our civic and national life if there were more of these get-together meetings. On being called to order by the Sheriff, he retorted, "It's a Frame-up! It's a Frame-up!" and had to be removed from the box, struggling violently.

The jury, without retiring, brought in a verdict of "Under Great Provocation, Not Guilty," and in discharging accused, the Sheriff said that they went from that court without a stain on their character, but both in their own interests and in those of the community, he strongly recommended disaffiliation from the Scottish Bee-Baw-Babbity Association.

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### A LEGEND.

Now, in the land of Al-bion there were two powerful tribes, one called Sy-klist and the other Mot-rist. And the two tribes, instead of living together in peace, did mock each other, and those of the tribe of Mot-rist did fill the men of Sy-klist with a great fear by the trick known as the Kut-in. And they said, "Pay taxes even as we do and we will welcome you as brothers." And yet more said, "Let the red eye of Reer-lite shine behind you and the evil spirits will pass you by." But to these false counsels the men of Sy-klist answered, "Nix," whereat the men of Mot-rist grew wroth and said, "Let us administer unto these stubborn mules the Bump-off." But the numbers of the tribe of Sy-klist multiplied in spite of the tribe of Mot-rist. Then there came to Al-bion a great prophet who wrote on slabs of stone: "Bow down to Beeconz before you venture into the perilous way of Streetz and ye shall suffer no harm." And he did paint magic signs on the roadway so that the evils of Traffick should not trouble the tribe of Pedes-trian, who were people of little intellect. Now as the people of Al-bion believed in magic, their roads had many magic signs at the Kros-rodcs, and the priests of Kops charmed away devils with strange and mystic signs. But the hospitals of Al-bion were always full because the tribe of Mot-rist believed in Hur-ri rather than in Saf-ti and the prophet was unable to teach the unwise ones how to change their ways.

R. C. (III. B.a.).

**"THE INVISIBLE MAN" or "BEER IS BEST."**

A Xmas Drama in 37 different acts.

Scene:—The Bundalow, Parade, Harlem, N.Y. The Sultan of Turkey's Palace.

Time:—Any old time.

D.P.—Adolphus Erasmic Meningitis; King Kong; The Sultan (later the Sultana); 999 Witches and Ogles (usually known as Templeton's Young Ladies).

**ACT I.**

Scene:—A Glasgow Chip-shop. Enter Adolphus.

"Aha!" (scratching a day's growth) "Aha! 'tis a bright and frosty night." (Exeunt Adolphus.)

**ACT II.**

Scene:—The forest of Ardens. On the far horizon Little Bo-Peep is counting her sheep. Enter King Kong with a couple of — (Censored).

(Ruminating):

"Hey-ho, to the noits in May."

(Circumlocuting):

"Gee, if ain't Lil' Bo-P'p up thar."

(Authorizing):

"Hey, baby, howm'a doin'?"

(Cue for song and dance by Chorus. Enter any number of witches.)

"Hey, nonny, nonny an' a hotcha 'cha!"

By this time B.P. (not Ethyl) has reached K.K.

K.K. (Dramatising):

"Say honey, hazabaza lil' whoopee, to-night? Me an' you, jus' a wee date, huh?"

He gives B.P. a playful prod. B.P. picks herself up five leagues away with her tail bet . . . (sorry, I mean her sheep).

Off stage, thunder rumbles, and the Big Bad Wolf disguised as Hitler, disguised as Carnera, disguised as Mae West, disguised as a milk bottle (without a straw), disguised as the Big Bad Wolf, enters:

"Oho villain, art thou not cognaisant of the fact that yon fair damsel is my betrothed?" he jabbers.

He draws his pistol to stab K.K. and . . .

**Author's Apology.**

Dearest and kindest patrons, thrilling, wasn't it? Just working up to a climax, what? Well, I'm sorry, but as my fountain pen has dried up and the nearest post office is closed, I am unable to continue this moving mellerdramer in the meantime, in the same way, in any other way, in fact, at all. So if you, do not mistake me, my d, and k. patrons, wish to find out how the Sultan married his bride, communicate with me, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope at the

B. and R. Holiday Resort, Near Lenzie.

(No pass-out checks required.)

O. G. A.

## MURDER.

Young Smith wandered through the fields in the outskirts of the city. Nothing worth while seemed ever to happen to him. He was a mere cipher, a crawling insect. But suddenly his meditation came to an abrupt end, his hair bristled and he felt weak about the knees. Several men had crossed the field. They were carrying something bulky. Smith was not sure what it was until they rudely threw it on the ground. It was a human body.

Smith shuddered. His brain teemed with surging thoughts. Should he run for help and the police? Was the inert body dead or merely wounded? Perhaps the man was only unconscious, and the delay, while he fetched help, would be fatal. He resolved to stay. It was the noble thing, he thought, to effect a rescue single-handed. Now was his chance to throw off the cloak of obscurity and blaze forth in news' headlines as a hero.

He was alert and clear-headed as he waited for the men to retreat from the body. They did, and Smith dashed up, grabbed the body, hoisted it on to his shoulders, and ran, ran as fast as his legs could carry him, even faster, he thought. With a howl of rage the men pursued. They were fat and ungainly, and lopped along slowly. Smith was slim and agile. His strong young legs soon outdistanced his pursuers, but he still kept running. The burden was light, rather light, he thought, for a man; but his strength by this time was super-human; he could have lifted any weight easily.

Now he was drawing near the city. Now people were passing, or being passed, people who gazed horrified and tongue-tied at his burden. Women fainted. Children screamed. Strong men and policemen attempted to stop him. He dodged them all. No use explaining things, he thought; they would not understand.

At last, he came to the police station. A large crowd now followed him. He dashed inside and placed the body before the gaze of an astonished inspector. A breathless and incoherent account of how he came to possess the body followed. The inspector licked his pencil thoughtfully and lifted the hand of the body. It was stiff and cold, and no pulse beat.

Suddenly, the door burst open and in rushed three men. Smith recognised them at once as the murderers.

"Arrest them!" he shouted, throwing out a quivering arm in the newcomers' direction. Smith felt elated; this was drama; this was life. The inspector was immobile, as the three men glared witheringly at Smith. Then the tallest of the three men spoke in an even, oily tone.

"Inspector," he said, "there appears to be a slight, very slight, misunderstanding. We were arranging a scene for our new film, 'Murder,' when this——" he paused and indicated

Smith, "this young man grabbed one of our props, which I see you have here, and made off. We——"

But Smith heard no more. The drama was ruined. Life was rotten. Nothing, except misfortune, ever happened to him.

M. (VI.).

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### A GUESS.

I'm very excited,  
Got a surprise.  
Do you want to know why?  
I've won a prize!

Was it for English?  
You're asking me;  
I'm happy to say  
No "English" for me!

It was not for Latin—  
You needn't guess that;  
There was no booby prize,  
Or I might have sat.

For maths. did you ask?  
No, they're beyond me,  
With X, Y or Z,  
I'm always at sea.

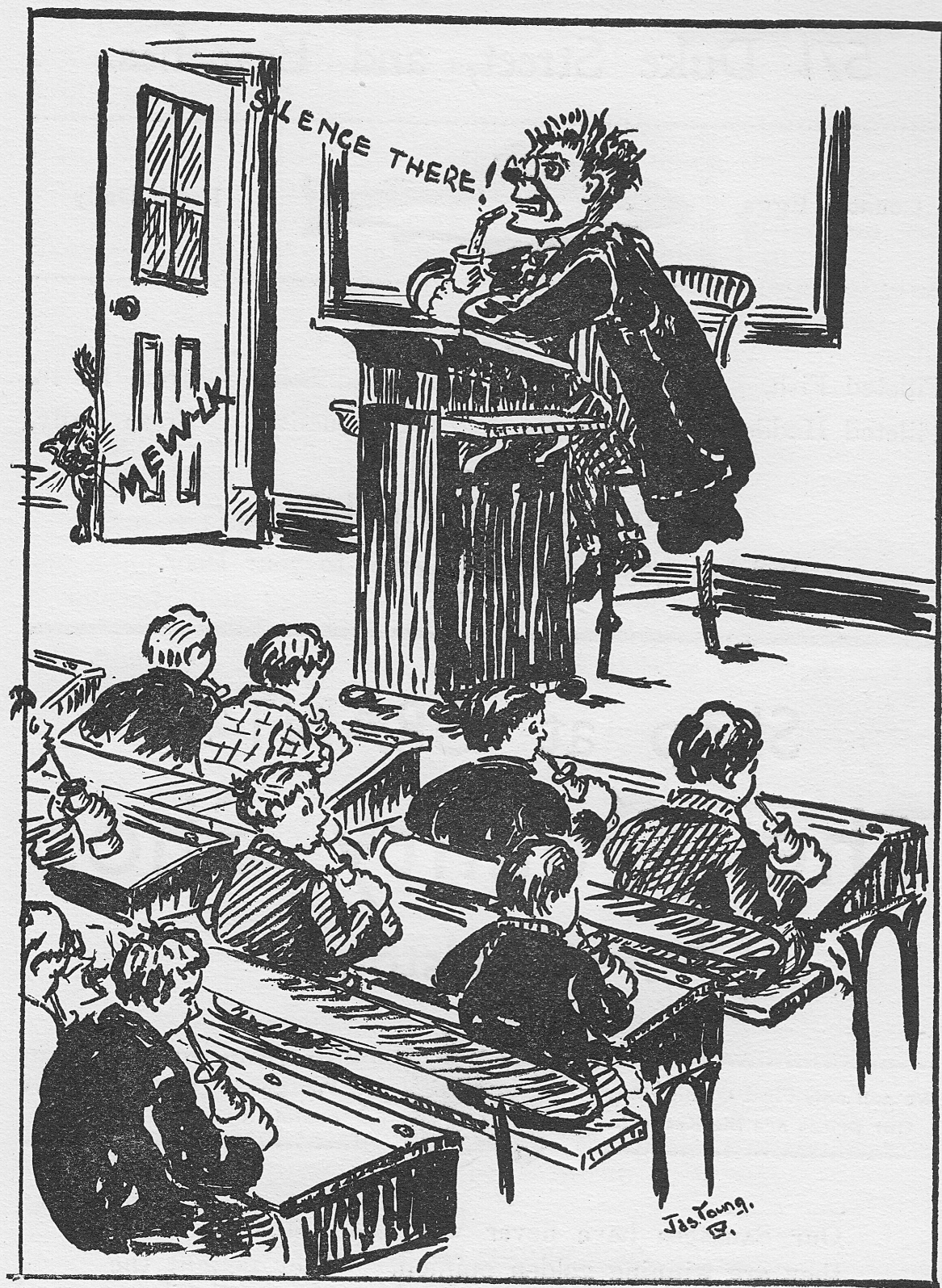
At Science, you think,  
You might venture a try;  
But it couldn't be that,  
For I give it a bye.

Will you now give it up?  
For I see you're not wise  
At trying to guess  
How I won this prize.

For all I have said,  
You might think I'm a mutt,  
But truly the prize was  
For using my nut.

The secret I'll tell you,  
As sure as you're born:  
I made up the "Jig-Saw"  
Of Lauder and Lorne.

M. L. D. (VI.).



### MAKING THE BEST OF A BAD JOB.

The following is a little story which has been sent to us by a reader in Canada. If there is a moral in it, surely it is the wisdom of supervision in a case like this.

Recently I had twelve bottles of home distilled whisky in my cellar and my wife made me empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink.

I proceeded to do as my wife desired and withdrew the cork from the first bottle, poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I then withdrew the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I extracted the cork from the third bottle, emptied the good old booze down the bottle, except a glass which I devoured.

I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it, then drew the rest from the glass.

I pulled the sink out of the next corked and poured the bottle down my neck. I pulled the next bottle out of my throat and poured the sink down the bottle and drank the cork.

Well, I had them all emptied and I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles which were twenty four, so I counted them again when they came round again and I had seventy four, and as the house came round I counted them again; and finally I had all the houses and bottles counted and I proceeded to wash the bottles.

I couldn't get the brush in the bottles so I turned the house inside out, and washed and wiped them all, and went upstairs and told my other half about what I did. And Oh! Boy! I've got the wifest little nice in the world.

JUNIUS (VI.).

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### OUR MUSICAL SCHOOL?

Sung by members of the staff to overworked pupils:

"Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day."

Dirge of a would-be "Mag." contributor:

"I bought myself a Bottle of Ink, I bought myself a Pen."

Song of a repentant teacher after giving a pupil "six of the best":

"Oh, I hate myself for being so mean to you."

Song of above-mentioned pupil:

"I saw stars; I heard the birdies sing."

Boys will be boys:

"Two Cigarettes in the Dark."

Sung by members of Vth Year after the Leaving Certificate Examination:

"I never had a Chance."

JAZZ (VI.).

## WHITEHILL NOTES.

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### WHITEHILL SCHOOL CLUB.

I am afraid that, in the past, we have, perhaps, appeared rather doleful by continually harping on the lack of support we receive from the majority of pupils when they leave school. This season, however, we are very glad to say, the increase in our membership has been most gratifying, although it is not yet what it should be for a school such as Whitehill.

We have every confidence in stating that our Syllabus is most attractive, and our meetings so far by the enthusiasm and attendance of our members have fully served to confirm this.

The playing sections, Hockey, "Rugger," and "Soccer," are all showing an improvement on last year's results and the latter are now in a position to emulate the "Rugger" by running three teams. To what extent this improvement can be traced to the reconstructed pavilion at Craigend is difficult to estimate, but that it has had a strong influence is undeniable.

Now, we are not given to self-praise, but we would like to state that we take an intense and practical interest in the School and we would feel more than grateful if you would reciprocate by taking an interest in us. If you have any brothers or sisters, former pupils of the School but not members of our Club, please remind them that there is such a Club in existence and assure them that they will receive a hearty welcome and probably have the pleasure of meeting old School pals if they attend our meetings, which are held practically every second Friday evening in the School. Please tell them also that our Athletic Sections, if they cannot have their practical assistance, would greatly appreciate their moral and local support on Saturday afternoons, and that there are always lady members in attendance in the Club House to provide tea to revive any overtaxed "tonsils." With your persuasive powers we are sure you will be able to rekindle the "Old School" spirit in their hearts.

Our annual subscription remains the same—two shillings and sixpence for ordinary membership, and one guinea for life membership.

In case some of you do not know of it, we would remind you that there is a standing invitation to the senior pupils, and members of the staff to attend our meetings, and we would be delighted to see you taking advantage of it.

We thank the Editors for again giving us the opportunity of bringing ourselves to your notice.

ROBERT LUMSDEN, President.

PETER S. CHISHOLM, Secretary,

17 Craigielea Street, Glasgow, E.1.



### SCHOOL PREFECTS.

*Back Row:* A. B. Weir, J. J. Park, I. Lamont.

*Middle Row:* L. L. McGregor, M. M. Brown, J. F. Moncrieff, C. T. McLeod, W. R. Y. Marshall,  
A. M. McKey.

*Seated:* R. McK. Watt, R. Gardiner (Capt.), The Rector, M. R. C. Shearer (Capt.), W. L. Taylor,  
J. B. Sutherland.



**SCHOOL SWIMMING CHAMPIONS.**

Muriel McCulloch (IV.).

James Young (IV.).

### CRICKET SECTION.

The Whitehill First Eleven of 1934 did not fulfil the promise of its early performances. At the commencement of the season it possessed a formidable array of bowlers—mostly fast, but they soon displayed a preference for mere pace over the more essential virtues of length and direction. They were fearsome in aspect and, indeed, they were often dangerous, as might be testified by an unfortunate umpire who narrowly escaped death at their hands. In spite of these shortcomings, however, and of rather uneven batting, more matches were won than lost. Creditable victories were achieved over Keil School and Uddingston Grammar School, and stout opposition was offered to Greenock and Hamilton Academies, but the heavy defeat sustained at Motherwell tarnished the record badly. The principal averages were:—

G. H. Easton, 194 runs, average 14.1; K. Veal, 139 runs, average 9.9; A. R. Guthrie, 126 runs, average 8.4.

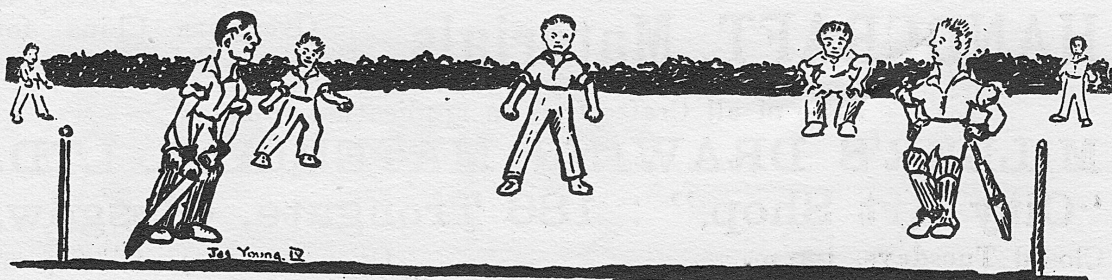
J. Hanson, 30 wickets, average 4.5; D. Drummond, 27 wickets, average 6.9; A. R. Guthrie, 37 wickets, average 7.3; C. Boal, 27 wickets, average 7.5.

The Second Eleven excited pity on account of its extreme youth. It was recruited largely from the 1st and 2nd Year classes, yet despite the smallness of stature of its members it contrived to win seven games out of eleven. Herbert Milne headed both the bowling and the batting averages.

A very successful tournament was held among the 1st and 2nd Year classes. The 2nd Year section was won easily by II. B.c. (Capt., T. Rutherford) and the 1st Year section by I. B.b. (Capt., J. Dillon) after a tie—and a dispute!

Plans are at present under consideration for increasing the existing facilities for playing matches and new members will be welcomed. Assistance is requested from the present 4th Year, as it is not strongly represented—numerically, at least.

K. V. (Hon. Secy.).



### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Despite the traditional and glorious uncertainty of the game, all the teams in this section can be congratulated on most meritorious performances. The First Eleven shares top position in the League Table with Camphill, both having lost one point, while at the expense of old rivals from Dumfries, the second round of the Scottish Secondary Shield was entered. In this round, Whitehill drew with St. Aloysius, 1-1, the replay being fixed for 15th December at Craigend.

The Intermediate Eleven was defeated by Clydebank in the Shield, but has sustained only one defeat in the League.

The Elementary Team in A Section has carried all before it, winning all its games, and scoring 36 goals to its opponents' 5.

The Team in B Section, while not so successful as the others, is of the stuff of which sportsmen and footballers are made.

Incidentally, we are pleased to note that three former schoolboy-footballers, now playing with the Former Pupils, had their ability recognised by being awarded their places in the F.P. League Select against the West of Scotland Amateur League.

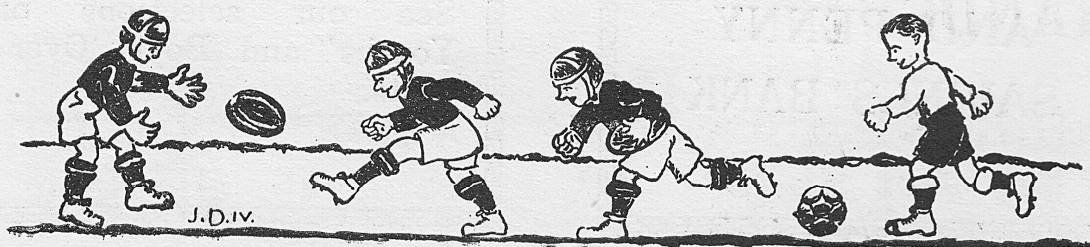
And in conclusion, might we appeal for a little more generous support at all our games? When we know and hear that we've got you fellows behind us, there are no heights to which we cannot rise.

### RUGBY NOTES.

Great deeds were looked for when, in the second game of the season, the 1st XV. defeated 2nd Glasgow High School by 11 points to 6. This is only the second time in the School's career that this has been accomplished, but, unfortunately, we have since lost many of our leading members. To date, the table reads:—

Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Points.	
				For.	Against.
9	2	1	7	46	81

However, the team is showing distinct signs of improvement, having lost only one of the last three games.



The 2nd XV. are coming away well after a shaky start, and we are looking for a few more wins. As usual, the 3rd XV. are putting up some very fine shows, most notable being the 21-3 win against Bellahouston.

Under the expert tuition of Mr. McMurray, our Juniors have been putting in some good practice, and we hope to see them having a very successful season.

We also wish to take this opportunity of thanking Dr. Russell and Mr. Munro for services rendered.

A. M. McK. (Capt.).

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### LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

This session has been, so far, very successful. The average attendance is unusually high, and a record crowd of 66 members turned out to hear Mr. Kerr on "Spiritualism." Yet, we hope for even better support at the remaining attractive items on the Syllabus, which include two debates with Dumbarton Academy and a talk by Miss Foster.

Membership costs only one shilling, and we invite, encourage, and even entreat pupils of the Upper School and members of the staff to come along to our meetings, forget their shyness and modesty, and talk.

W. R. Y. M. (Hon. Secy.).

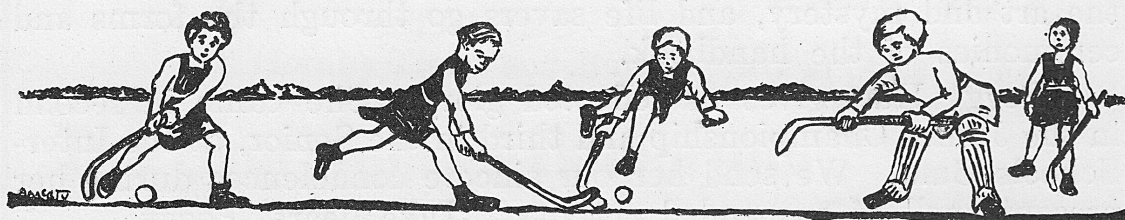
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### HOCKEY.

The membership of the Hockey Club this year is greater than ever. The pitch is greatly improved, and we are now looking forward to the time when we shall have another.

Perhaps it is because we have only one pitch to accommodate so many players that our matches, so far, have not been very successful. It was rather unfortunate that our first game of the season was cancelled, but we are hoping to prove ourselves worthy of Whitehill before many more matches are played.

M. McK. (Secy.).



### SWIMMING (BOYS).

The Boys' Swimming Club meets on Thursday and Friday afternoons at 4 o'clock in Whitevale Baths. The attendance has not come up to expectations.

The Club has had its usual successful season. The following Trophies have been won by W. Blackadder: Brooke's "Toc H." Cup (the School has now held this cup for five successive years); Glasgow Schools' Junior Championship (this has been in the possession of the School for the last three years); Western Counties Schoolboys' Championship (this is the third year out of the last four in which Whitehill has held this cup).

The School lost the Sladen Trophy in the District Final to Dumbarton Academy, who were the ultimate winners. We hope to regain the Trophy next year.

The following places were obtained by Whitehill boys in the Glasgow Inter-Schools' Gala:—

150 Yards Championship of Glasgow—2nd, J. Young; 3rd, A. Paterson.

75 Yards Junior Championship of Glasgow—1st, W. Blackadder.

50 Yards Junior Race (under 13)—2nd, W. Robertson; 3rd, H. Carson.

Back Stroke—1st, W. Blackadder.

Breast Stroke—2nd, W. Robertson.

Team Championship of Glasgow—2nd, Whitehill.

Life Saving Championship—2nd, Whitehill.

Although beaten by the Boys' High School in the Team Championship at the Inter-Schools' Gala, we managed to obtain our revenge the following week at Western Baths Gala.

The young swimmers are particularly good this season, and their number augurs well for the future.

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### SWIMMING (GIRLS).

This is more or less a certificate of the Club's continued existence. Pleasant, enjoyable, friendly hours down at the baths are our main aim and object. Beginners are still learning the art and mystery, and life savers go through the forms and ceremonies of the handbook.

Peggy Hart gives us reflected glory. She came in second in the Junior Championship and third in the Senior, at the Inter-Schools Gala. We send her our sincere condolences during her present spell of suspended activity. Take heart, Peggy!

## THE GALA.

Why were you not at the Gala?

But I was!

Well, I didn't see you; where was you?

In the swim, silly!

Sounds cheap, O ye men of the Sixth, but the First are responsible and they are right. Miss Foster and Mr. McMurray have inspired the Lower School with a wonderful enthusiasm and affection before it would be possible to get such a sporting lot as appeared in the 25 Yards Free Style for boys under 14 and the 25 Yards Breast Stroke for girls of like age. Then, too, what sweet chiding from the gallery. Who was the girl that shrieked for Symers?

The Corporation was represented by Bailie John Biggar, our Chairman, and Councillors Armstrong and Taylor.

Mrs. Biggar graciously presented the prizes.

It was pleasant to have Mr. Falconer with us as usual. We are constantly in his debt because of his interest in the Gala, and especially for his gift of the prizes for the Invitation Team Race for boys. The School won this creditably against teams from Queen's Park and Pollokshields.

A similar victory fell to the girls against Hillhead and Queen's Park.

In the opinion of all an outstanding feature of the evening was the beautiful display of diving by James Stevenson, James Young and Leon McGregor.

The 100 Yards Championship for Senior Boys was won in fine style by James Young, with A. Paterson second.

The Senior Girls' Championship (75 Yards) was won by Muriel McCulloch. with E. Turner second. This year we had the pleasure of seeing the new cup for this event, which Mr. and Mrs. McNaughton generously promised last year. It is a most handsome fulfilment of a promise.

At the close there was an exhibition of polo by Whitehill "A" versus Whitehill "B," which resulted in a grand game.

### New Games for Christmas.

MOST POPULAR OF ALL

## Corinthian Bagatelle

10/-, 15/-, 21/- (Silent). Cheaper Models, 5/- and 7/6

MECCANO DEPOT.

All Hornby Trains and Building Sets in Stock.

1s. BOOK of  
different Rules  
FREE with  
CORINTHIAN  
BOARDS.

**The Sportsman's Emporium** 103 St. Vincent St.  
Glasgow.

**PERSONALITIES.**

Mr. R. M. W.—

"In a fatherly kind of way  
I govern each tribe and sect,  
All cheerfully own my sway."—Gilbert.

Mr. A. W.—

"About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news—  
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypo-  
tenuse."—Gilbert.

Mr. T. D. S.—

"And many folks considered him  
The stoutest man in town."—Hood.

Mr. J. D.—

"Who's that calls 'Silence!' with such leathern lungs?"  
—Smith.

Mr. J. E.—

"He of the mighty limb."—Holmes.

Miss Hood—

"Of all the girls that are so smart."—Carey.

M. R. C. S. (VI. G.)—

"Who may praise her?"—Swinburne.

A. W. (V. G.)—

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid."—Scott.

R. McK. W.—

"She wept and she sighed, and she bitterly cried,  
I wish once again in the north I could be."  
—English Ballad.

A. M. McK. (VI. B.)—

"When I go out of door,  
Of damozels a score  
Will follow me as before."—Gilbert.

Staff at 1st Year Party—

"They were so queer, so very queer,  
I laughed as I would die."—Holmes.

I. K. (V.B.)—

"And ever wistfully he gazed  
Into his master's face."—Macaulay.

School Orchestra—

"We are the music makers."—O'Shaughnessy.

R. G. (VI. B.)—

"A red-haired youth."—Smith.

R. McC. (V. G.)—

"Tripping here, and tripping thither,  
Nobody knows why or whither."—Gilbert.

IV G.—

"Filled to the brim with girlish glee."—Gilbert.

J. Y. (IV. B.)—

"My dear young friend, whose shining wit  
Sets all the room ablaze,"—Saxe,