

Whitehill School Magazine

No. 34

Christmas, 1936

EDITORS.

JOHN RILLIE.

MAY MOFFAT.

COMMITTEE.

ALEXR. BUCHAN.

WINIFRED SOUTHERN.

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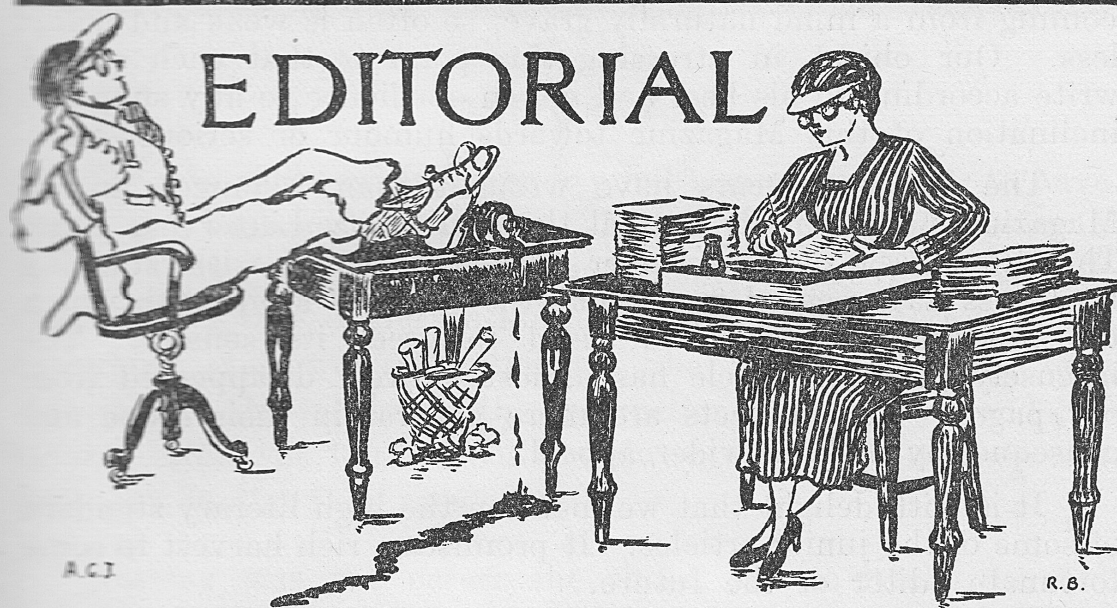
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A WORD IN SEASON.

It is the duty of every purchaser of the Magazine, and all connected with the School, to support as much as possible those Firms and Shop-owners who advertise in the Magazine.

Repay their confidence
in you and

SUPPORT YOUR ADVERTISERS



"Tempora labuntur

Et fugiunt freno, non remorante dies."—Ovid.

"THERE is no bridle can curb the flying days," says Ovid. It was only yesterday that we laughed over and discussed the Summer issue and to-day we have the Christmas number in our hands.

The School Dance and the publishing of this Magazine are two unerring signs of the imminence of Christmas. The sixpence which (we hope) you paid for this should serve as a grave warning that in the very near future your hand must dip many times into your pocket before your conscience can be bribed to stay quiet.

It is the eager, though perhaps vain hope of an editor that all may read and profit by the gallant little effusion which appears with unfailing regularity at the beginning of every magazine. Not so modest as some of our predecessors, we make no apology for asking you to read this. The misfortune is to those who don't do so. But, "to our onions," as they say in Spain.

As we reviewed the piles of articles which have been sent in during the last hectic fortnight before going to press, it became increasingly evident that the School is labouring under the delusion that articles, to secure success, must be treated humorously. We cannot emphasise enough the falseness of this point of view. Our magazine is **not** published in a pathetic effort to emulate "Punch" or "The Humorist." It is the one medium of expression of the School's mind. And there are serious-minded folk among us as well as the whimsical or farcical humorists.

Looking over past Magazines we can detect this movement towards the exclusion of anything which savours even slightly of seriousness. The humour moreover is not always of a high standard. Nor indeed could it be expected to be so, for wit

coming from a mind naturally grave, so often is weak and pointless. Our object in stressing this point is that each should write according to his best and not in obedience to any supposed inclination of this Magazine towards humour or seriousness.

The last few years have wrought many changes in our Magazine. That hardy annual the University Letter has gone. The Romances of the Upper School revealed with startling frankness have ceased to provoke the laugh of scorn with which the mocking Lower School used to greet its seniors. The intensely personal article has almost entirely disappeared from our pages. The subjects are more general in their scope and consequently make a wider appeal.

It is with delight that we mention the high literary standard of some of the junior articles. It promises a rich harvest to some fortunate editor of the future.

Two of our number have heard behind them, Time's iron gates close faintly. We shall miss them; but in the night of our sorrow at their passing we can hear with Longfellow "the leaves of memory making a mournful rustling in the dark."

To the authors of all contributions published and unpublished and to those who, by their help made this publication possible, we return our warmest thanks.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our readers!

THE EDITORS.

Mr. ARNOLD A. CANTOR, M.A., B.Sc.

By the promotion of Mr. A. A. Cantor to be Principal Teacher of Science in Provanside School, our own school loses one who, for twenty-nine years, gave loyal and devoted service to the many pupils who were privileged to come under his care.

An idealist in his outlook on education, he never allowed that idealism to over-ride the practical aspect of his work; and the success of his efforts was well apparent by the tributes to his ability as scholar and teacher, which so many of his former pupils took pleasure in acknowledging.

Only to his intimates did he discover the wide range of his scholarship. An innate reserve veiled a knowledge of literature, the classics and music, which the casual acquaintance was seldom, if ever, allowed to perceive.

But he was no mere pedant. Gifted with a fine sense of humour, he enjoyed retailing a story, and more especially if he himself was the victim of the incident.

And now that he is no longer a member of our staff, by his colleagues and pupils he will always be remembered as a scholarly, courteous gentleman, who gave of his best to the school, without ostentation and without stint.

OBITUARY.

To know Thelma Smith as a pupil was a pleasure; to have her as a friend was a privilege. In her comings and goings in Whitehill she was a tonic, always seeing things from a fresh angle, and giving of her enthusiastic best. Her interest in our swimming club was exceptional. She was one of our best swimmers; she helped in the instruction of beginners and life savers; after she left School she always came to our Gala and took part in the F.P. race.

Nursing was the career she chose, and to it she devoted herself wholeheartedly, both at Mearnskirk and Stobhill. At Stobhill she died. We go on, remembering her with joy and inspired by her example.

Kenneth Beaton, I. B.b. (1935-36), died during the Summer and left behind him in School many friends among pupils and teachers. He was a bright, promising little fellow, and though not long with us had already made a place for himself. There was but one opinion of him. We miss Kenneth.

AUTUMN.

When the blush of Summer's youth has disappeared,
When the trees that once were green have merged to gold,
When the birds—relentless Winter's blast have feared,
When the gaiety of bloom is worn and old,
When the sweet, shy smile of Summer chills,
And Autumn's cynicism sneers at joy,
When dried-up leaves the roadway fills,
And cold, chill winds the countryside destroy,
Then do we long for lovely Spring,
And to those memories of joy and life we fondly cling.

AD. SILVAS (IV. G.).



SCHOOL SUCCESSES.

M.A. Honours (2nd Class)—

History—Jean Blyth.

English—Donald M. Brander, Wilfred H. Cooke, Charles Hamilton,
John Moncrieff.

English and Latin—Stanley O. Stewart.

Divinity Bursary—Tom Lithgow.

James F. Hendry was placed seventh among 712 candidates for the inland Revenue and Ministry of Labour.

Stuart Clibborn has been appointed to an important engineering post in the Argentine.

Bridgeton Burns Club—

Gold Medal—Solo Singing—Alexander Sutherland, II. B.a.

Silver Medal—Recitation—Margaret Service, I. G.b.

Book Prize—Recitation—Rachel Scott, I. G.b.

Eastern Musical Festival—Girls' Choir.

Onslow Challenge Trophy for Post-Qualifying Classes.

Glasgow Orpheus Choir Challenge Shield—Open Class.

It is interesting to note that these two trophies have been won for the fourth year in succession. Congratulations to Mr. Kerr on his well-deserved success.

Did you know that the School Captain is First Violin in the School Orchestra this year?

Corporation Art Medals—

Gold Medal—John Shaw, 3rd Year.

Silver Medal—Hugh Rillie, 2nd Year.

Bronze Medal—John J. Buchanan, V.

These Art successes were inadvertently omitted from our Summer issue.

Prizes for Posters designed for the Alcohol and Civic Life Exhibition—

1st Prize (Class 17 to 18)—Nancy Sinclair.

1st Prize (Class 13)—Christine Carmichael.

3rd Prize (Class 13)—Hugh Rillie.

THE HUMORIST CALLING.

(With the permission of the K.O. Mag.)

How do, you knights? Here I is again.

Mr. H—— says his wife has divorced him all over a fur coat. She took him “fur better or fur worse,” eh!

A famous composer says the modern popular song makes him go hot and cold. There’s an idea for Craigend, save the sprays.

It seems that a stocking filled with sand is favoured by Glasgow gangster. I suppose it’ll be more deadly than “ye olde ‘sock’ on the jaw.”

“As a piece of furniture a piano often helps to fill a room” says ad. As a musical instrument it often helps to empty it!

“Where are most bachelors to be found in Glasgow?” asks Miss H. Gordon. Sorry, but we can’t give the game away like that.

An opera singer cancelled her contract because she received a threatening letter. Now, ye sufferers, there’s an idea.

And now to close, but let me remind you that you can read more of this rot in the Knock-Out Magazine.

Just one joke. Two Scotsmen were passing the time.

“Have you seen Jock lately?” asks one.

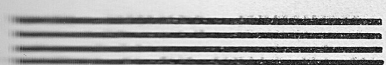
“He’s fed up.”

“Oh, why?”

“He walked ten miles to see a football match and when he got there he was too tired to climb the fence.”

Good-bye!

THE HUMORIST (II. B.a.).



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Art Leathers, Studs, Tools, Stains, etc.

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“THE CITY ART SHOP,”

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Open Saturdays till 8 p.m.

A SLIP—TOO MANY SLIPPERS.

To the 25th of December
 I always look forward with glee,
 To see what the fictitious old gentleman
 Has generously left for me.

Last year I asked for slippers,
 Preferably sheepskin, size three,
 Hoping my friends would take notice
 And grant this request to me.

On Christmas morn on waking
 I looked on my bed to see
 A pile of festive boxes,
 Apparently meant for me.

But just imagine my chagrin,
 When in box after box I did find
 Nothing but slippers! slippers!
 Of various sorts and kinds.

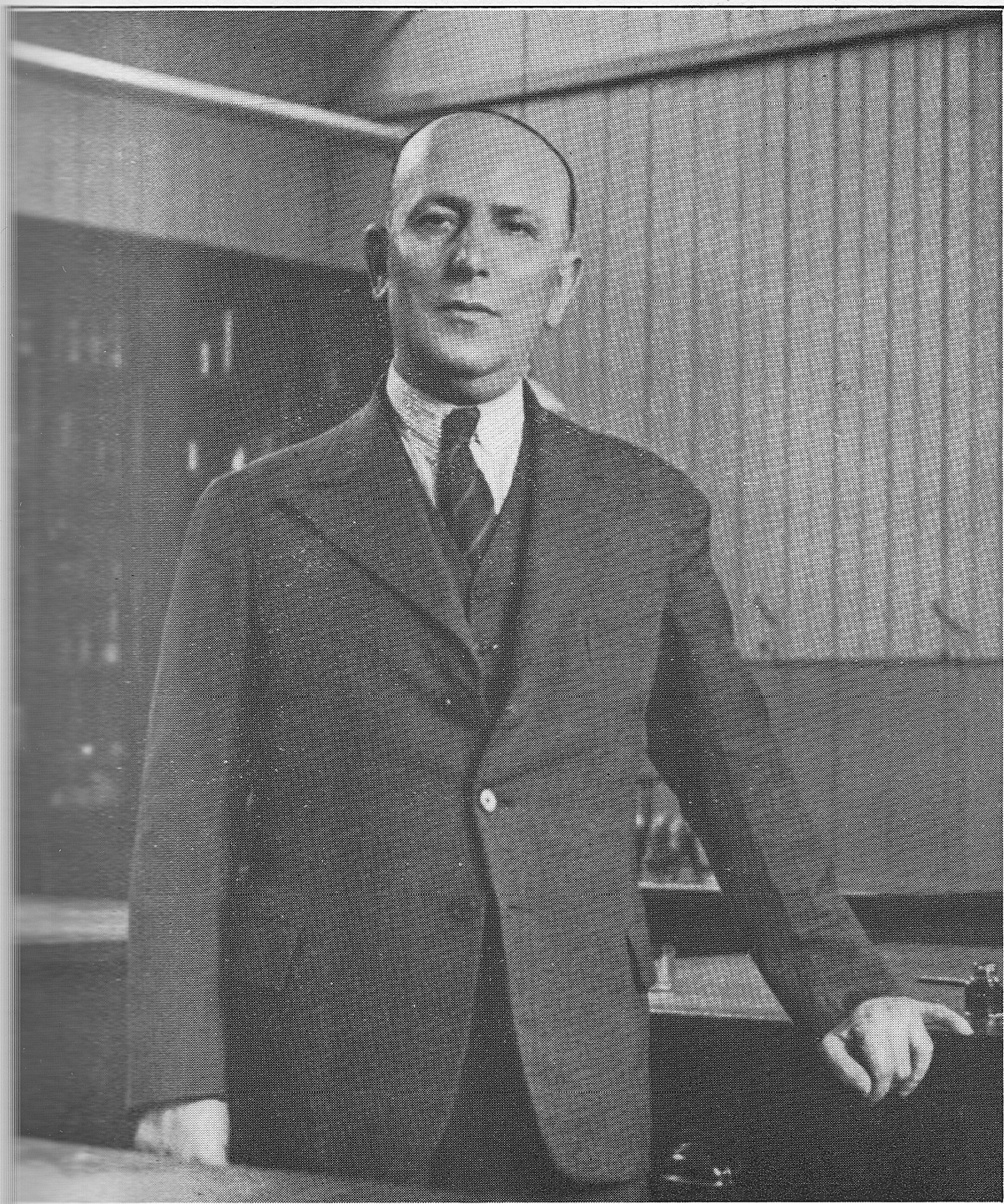
Oh faithful admirers, if any,
 This year I've new notions, and so
 At Whitehill School you'll find me—
 'Phone Bridgeton 2540.

A. C. (I. G.a.).

OCCUPANTS OF A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

Would I be in time? I dashed up the platform, pulled open the door of a compartment and flopped down into a seat between an angular lady and a small girl. I immediately procured a newspaper and proceeded to bury my hot and embarrassed face in its folds. When I ventured to raise my eyes I saw a queer assortment of human beings. I beheld firstly a very rotund person gazing raptly out of the window and indulging in a little refreshment. Beside him sat a very modern young lady, evidently bored, and staring at each person in turn as if hoping to see something amusing. At her side sat an elderly, distinguished-looking gentleman with white hair, looking as though he desired to speak to an equally learned-looking woman (evidently a school teacher) with horn-rimmed spectacles and an ivory-handled umbrella. I glanced covertly at my neighbours. On my left sat a very prim little girl with innocent blue eyes, pulling (surreptitiously) a little dog's tail. I happened to catch the eye of my other neighbour, who cut short my criticism with a withering glance. These were my fellow-travellers.

E. M. (II. G.a.).



Mr. A. A. CANTOR, M.A., B.Sc.



PREFECTS.

Back Row.—J. Young, J. A. M. Rillie, A. D. Buchan, J. Inglis.

Middle Row.—M. C. Moffat, J. E. Gavan, J. G. Goodfellow, E. S. Struthers, T. R. Montague, M. H. Logan.

Front Row.—M. C. Keter, C. T. McLeod (Girls' Captain), T. D. V. Lawrie (Boys' Captain), A. Reid.

THE GERMAN JOURNEY, 1936.

Whenever the executive of the Glasgow School Travel Association announced that the 1936 party would go to the Rhineland, the news was received with boundless enthusiasm. Some of us had been there before, and lost no time in recounting our experiences to our less fortunate comrades who had to be content with visions.

The country of the Rhineland fully justified all the thought which we poured out upon it, for it thrilled us to the depths of our souls by its beauty and romance. To any person from Scotland, there is something curiously homelike in the "foreign" territory of the Rhine. There is something strangely reminiscent of Scottish scenery in the steep banks of the river, which at times become almost precipitous, and in the lines of hills against the sky, superimposed one upon another like the cardboard scenes in a toy theatre.

The foreign note is struck when we see that the slopes are clothed, not with grain, but with vines, and mark the castles standing like sentinels, each commanding from its hill-top the whole surrounding countryside. The very buildings of Germany breathe out the spirit of romance, for here there are no mere grim, comfortless prison-houses, but creations that might have come straight from the pages of a fairy-book. These dainty, but invulnerable strongholds still perch giddily on high pinnacles of rock, but by the beauty of their turrets, watch-towers, and battlements, they conceal from our minds the bloody purpose for which they were constructed. Most of them were the dwellings of robber knights, but it was our privilege to visit one of the exceptions, the Marksburg, built as a rallying point for the defence of the province. It stands to-day in perfect preservation, for it has never been stormed. When we came near it, we could well understand why. We toiled up its winding and zig-zag approach till we passed through its five great gateways, and stood within a castle that did not seem to have altered one whit since medieval times. Though the modern world has done its best to ruin it by erecting a lead factory beside it, it stands unruffled, preserving all the dignity, the splendour, and the beauty of the past. It was most fitting that we should find, within one loophole of its mighty tower, a pair of nestling falcons, huddled from the wind.

So passed one of many fascinating excursions—up the Rhine to Rudesheim, through the Eifel Mountains to the Laacher See, or along the Valley of the Rhine to the glorious Gothic cathedral of Köln, the latter enhanced, rather than spoiled, by a magnificent thunderstorm. The fine curved spires stood starkly against the frowning sky, lit at frequent intervals by great jagged lightning sparks, while the mighty building seemed almost to

rock in the shattering crashes of the thunder. The rain streamed down in torrents, and went cascading down the well-worn steps from the porch to the gutters of the street below.

A short visit to Bonn allowed us to pay homage to the genius of Beethoven, and to realize the reverence, amounting almost to idolatry, in which music is held by the German nation. It is not, as with most of us here, a pleasant, but comparatively unimportant accompaniment to their daily routine. It is a part of their life, without which existence would be impossible, for there is no aspect of German life in which music does not play its part. It figures most largely in the merrymaking of the people, which is indulged in so thoroughly as to give the lie completely to the old accusation that the Germans are always serious, pompous, and entirely lacking in humour. No one who has spent an evening in the beautiful Weindorf (Wine Village) in Koblenz, who has danced to the strains of Strauss waltzes on its little dancing-floor, or joined in the singing under the weeping-willow trees, could deny that the whole place, with its musical background, is redolent of light-heartedness and friendliness.

This latter emotion is thoroughly characteristic of the whole nation, being most obviously shown by the young people, who mingled so easily and so freely with the Scottish pupils that many fine friendships were begun before the trip was two days old. But everyone in Germany is imbued with the same ideas of friendship and co-operation, which should culminate in peace. Let no long-distance critic sneer at this, and point triumphantly to "warlike" preparations and the multitude of uniforms in the German streets. The country is under a dictatorship, for whose smooth working a military system is necessary, in order to secure internal discipline. Those who have been there know how thoroughly genuine their desire for our friendship is. I trust, therefore, that I do not exaggerate if I hazard the statement that not the politicians, but the pupils who so light-heartedly took their holiday in the beautiful German Rhineland, are the real peacemakers of the world.

J. D.

THE LILY POND.

A clear glistening pool lies nestled in among heather-clad hills. Like a diamond it lies there, with the sun dancing playfully on top of its crystal-clear waters. The water lilies play hide-and-seek like some care-free children, and two beautifully-groomed swans glide silently to their nest. At each side of the pond lie fields of golden buttercups and daisies. It all looks like a dream, but it is real.

I. B. (I. G.c.).

IMPRESSIONS.

Right from the beginning of our holiday, the German people were as kind to us as they possibly could have been. When we arrived at Koblenz station, the band of the Hitler Youth Club was playing in our honour, but though most of us were too tired to appreciate this token of friendship at the time, we realized next day, when we were being shown round the town by German boys and girls of our own age, what a lot of trouble had been taken by these people, that we might enjoy ourselves.

We had quite a lot of free time in Koblenz, in which we discovered the bathing pools, the Weindorf, and innumerable cafés, the favourite being the "Pickel," where we bought the most delicious ice-cream. After the first few days the males of the company were flourishing Nazi knives with "Blut und Ehre" inscribed on them. The rest of us, who had not been behindhand in spending our money, were beginning to count our odd pfennigs, which at first we had treated with disdain, and were deciding that we had better buy our presents at once, while we had the wherewithal to buy them with.

A more beautiful or romantic district than the Rhineland could hardly have been chosen for our holiday. In olden days, the Rhine was the highway into Europe, so the hills on either side of the river are literally dotted with old robber castles, most of which are now in ruins. We visited the castles of Stolzenfels and Marksburg on the Rhine, and Kochem on the Moselle, all of which are in perfect preservation. There was a stiff climb up to these castles from the villages at the side of the river, where we left our conveyances, and we arrived at them in rather a "peching" condition, except at Stolzenfels, to which some of us mounted in state on donkeys.

Our longest excursion was to Cologne and Bonn, but we could not do justice to either town in the short time we spent in them. The principal places which we visited were the wonderful cathedral at Cologne, and Beethoven's birthplace at Bonn, though the teachers in the party were taken through an eau-de-Cologne factory, and flourished sample bottles of that famous perfume at us when they returned to the buses.

At Laachersee and Bad Ems, rowing and canoeing was permitted, and we were not slow to enjoy our privilege. At the last named place, a famous spa, we nobly drank a glass of mineral water, to keep away our catarrh this winter.

Nothing short of a detailed description can do justice to our holiday, but I hope I have made it quite clear that we had a simply marvellous time, and may I, in closing, pay a tribute to Messrs. McKim, McMinn, and Macpherson, who toiled so hard that the journey might be a success, and to our own Whitehill representative, Mr. Duncanson.

I. S. (IV.).

ROSE COTTAGE.

The artist's cottage was just like himself, old and quaint. It was a little, whitewashed house with roses rambling round the door and peeping in at the windows. On the roof of the house, a flag, which had been royal blue to begin with and was a faded purple shade now, fluttered merrily in the summer breeze. There was a piece of red circular cardboard stuck on the door to stop the baker's van as it passed, and outside the gate was a box with "Post Stop, Please!" written on it in huge letters. The little garden, which was surrounded by trees, was very beautiful. It was composed chiefly of roses, but at the back there was a still, glassy pool on which water-lilies were floating.

M. F. (II. G.a.).

SUSPENSE.

A deadly quiet hung o'er the room,
A silence ghostly as the tomb.
There was a swish; the belt descended.
The silence broke; the spell was ended.

C. M. (I.).

There is an antiquarian element in this—Ed.

THE MAN ON THE ROOF.

While staring out of the window during a grammar lesson, I saw a slater appearing bit by bit from the other side of the roof. I could not make out what it was at first, as I had been dreaming. When I eventually knew it was a slater I became interested. He stepped cautiously over to the side which was most plainly seen from where I was sitting. Then he began to walk with extreme care towards the eaves. Was he slipping? Yes! No!

Again my imagination had been at work. The teacher had caught sight of my eyes wandering and had spoken two or three times, but I had not heard. Her eyes had followed mine. She too had become interested, but her interest did not last as long as mine, and, with a sharp "Did you hear me!" I was called back to the dreary grammar lesson.

E. F. (I. G.c.).

The horse bit its master—
How came this to pass?
It heard the good pastor
Say all flesh is grass.

WILLIE (I.).

ANOTHER THRILLING INSTALMENT OF DERELICT THE DICK.

With a deft flick of his hand, Derelict Jones placed the the last counter in the cup and completed the game of Tiddly-winks in which he had earnestly engaged with Dr. John Dice, then with a triumphant smile he tore his coat from the peg, and jamming on his hat, he walked out of the house. Quickly he stepped down the stairs and picking himself up at the bottom, he went out into the cold, dark, silent, dull, black, cloudy night. Rolling his two glassy eyes malevolently, he staggered along the street till at the corner his bloodhound, Fido, for some unknown reason, halted. It was then he noticed a small, furtive stranger who in a minute had thrust into the hand of the great investigator a small piece of paper. Slightly agitated by the shock to which a weaker man would have succumbed, he grasped the nearby lamp-post, then seeing a door marked "Inn" his quick brain came to the conclusion that this must be an invitation to enter. A few minutes later he reappeared and again staggered along the street. He gazed at the paper. What could it mean? "2.30, Crown Jewels; 3.30, Column." With admirable promptitude he hailed a taxi which by chance was passing, and in five minutes he was in consultation with the Chief Inspector at the Yard over a glass of hot grog. Late that night the experts were still at work over the paper, trying every known code, while Jones and the Inspector were still in consultation over the hot grog. About half-past three in the morning Derelict's face lit up, and he proceeded to explain to the Inspector that it must mean that the Crown Jewels were to be stolen at 2.30 and deposited somewhere on Nelson's Column by 3.30. He must find them. Yes! he still had time. Conveniently disguising himself as a person intoxicated in order to avoid the police, he rushed to Trafalgar Square but could see nothing of the Jewels at the foot of the Column, or another similar erection which he saw close to it. He dashed to Croydon to hire an aeroplane and then drew from his wooden leg a collapsible parachute. (He had lost this leg in investigating a whirring sound which turned out to be coming from a circular saw.) Six times he dropped from the plane as it passed over the Square, and six times he missed, but at the seventh attempt luck was with him and he managed to cling to Nelson's neck. Untying the 'chute he cautiously gazed round, but again he was unable to find the Jewels. He then realised that he was stranded on top of Nelson's Column, over a hundred feet from the ground. He unwound 200 feet of stout rope from his waist, rolled it into a small ball and placed it on top of the statue. From his hip pocket he took a flask of methylated spirits which he carried and poured the contents over the rope. Then with three matches (he had been in the Girl Guides) he set the bundle alight in order to attract attention. A passing aeroplane was thus attracted to the column and, taking a running leap, Jones caught hold of the undercarriage and was soon in the cock-pit. Care-

fully he judged the distance to the earth and calculated the retardation before he landed from the formula $v^2 = u^2 - 2as$, but forgetting to change feet per second to miles per hour, he got the wrong answer, and the plane, therefore, with the world's greatest detective in it rushed headlong to the ground.

(What will happen? What does the strange note mean? Will Derelict Jones be killed or will he come out at Australia? Read next week's issue and find out.)

O. X. O.

THIS CHRISTMASTIDE.

Where is that Christmastide of ages past?
 What joy is there in slush and rain?
 Has Progress on this Christmas cast
 Her chill, sophisticated glance of arch disdain?
 Where are those carolers of old?
 Where is the joyous, festive cheer?
 Why is that story not re-told
 That we those wondrous happenings may hear?
 Surely these simple, harmless joys
 Are not destined from view of man to fade,
 And in their place come hustle, fog, and noise,
 The mem'ry of that sacred eve decayed.

W. A. D. (IV. G.).

MY BONNIE.

Tune: "My Bonnie lies over the Ocean."
 My Bonnie went out in his motor,
 The Banks o' Loch Lomond to see;
 He ran over fifteen policemen,
 And then tried to climb up a tree.

Chorus:

Bring back, bring back,
 Oh bring back his body to me, to me,
 Bring back, bring back,
 Oh, bring back his body to me!

My Bonnie went out to Daytona
 To try for the record, you see,
 His motor ran into the ocean,
 And came out on the beach at Southsea.

Chorus:

My Bonnie went out to Chicago,
 "To be a tough ganster," said he,
 But when he tried to bump off a flattie,
 The Verdict was felo de se.

W. R. (I. Bd.).



INFORMATION BUREAU

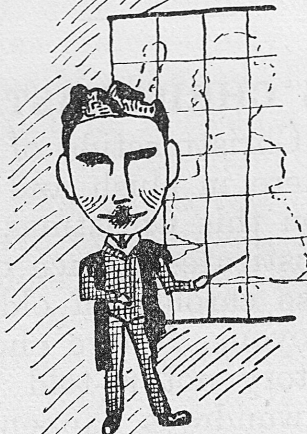
A FEW
WHITE HILL
PERSONALITIES.



ALTIORA PETIT



T.N.T.



"PIPE DOWN!"



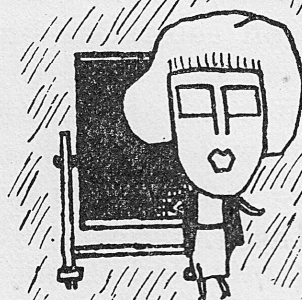
ENTERTAINMENTS



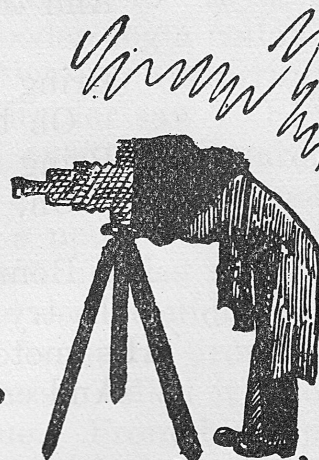
"ON WITH THE DANCE!"



"TRADUISEZ EN ANGLAIS"



"BYDAND"



AND
THE
PHOTOGRAPHER—MY ?

Wm BOWER 1966

THE CREEPS.

One evening during October as I was taking a short-cut home along the river-bank, I was startled out of my wits to hear a shrill "Whoo-oo!" which seemed to come from directly behind me. With a convulsive jerk, I swung round and peered into the darkness, which seemed to envelope me. On the branch of a tree nearby I espied two gleaming orbs, which held me firmly rooted to the spot, while a peculiar little feeling scampered up and down my spine in a most irritating manner. I stood fascinated, unable to run, as I most certainly would have done had I been so empowered. Even as I stood, the creature moved slightly, and I could discern the shape of a bird. I scorned my former fears which now appeared to be ridiculous, as the bird was only a brown barn-owl.

J. J. C. McL.

A LOCHAN.

One night, as I was climbing among the hills in the north of Scotland, I stumbled upon a tiny lochan tucked away between the massive hills that rose on either side of it. It was so beautiful that it held me spellbound, for it did not seem to be real, it was so like a fairy lake where the fairies come to bathe by moonlight. Altogether it was so fascinating that I'm sure I stood for almost ten minutes before I had taken stock of everything. The surface of the lochan was as clear and smooth as glass, and in the centre of it was a tiny island bathed in moonlight, while upon the surface of the water there was cast the reflection of the hills, the sky and the moon. The hills, too, were beautiful. They were blue and purple and grey with heather. Between the hills and the lochan a most beautiful picture was made.

L. B. (I. G.d.).

A RUFFIAN.

It was a cold, moonless, frosty night in the middle of January. I was walking down one of the main streets in a big city when I came upon a man standing under a street lamp. As I passed he turned his head in my direction and I saw a picture which is imprinted in my memory and which shall, I am sure, remain with me to the end of my life. He was a tall, uncouth, round-shouldered fellow, with a scar on his face that ran from his left ear to the left corner of his lips. In his eyes there was a peculiar, shifty, one might say furtive look, as if he was in constant fear of some unknown menace. In place of a collar and tie he had a knotted handkerchief round his throat. His clothes were very threadbare, and as he turned away again, I noticed a slit right down the back of his jacket, as if something had been passed deliberately down it, something very sharp—a knife perhaps?

A. J. (II. G.a.).

THAT LEAVING CERTIFICATE AGAIN!

I am sure all boys and girls will have heard on numerous occasions all about the importance and value of the Group or Higher Leaving Certificate and will, when they see the above heading, conjure visions of the "old, old story."

Please disillusion yourself at once! With all due respect to those at school this is **not** the hardy annual.

In reiterating for your Magazine what I have had the privilege of saying to hundreds of boys and girls during my visits to secondary schools in Glasgow, I want you to realise that I am **not** thinking of this question from the school aspect.

My views on this subject are based on experience. Surely the most convincing of arguments, when it is explained that the experience has been gained through contacts with employers during the last three years, which have resulted in over 2,000 secondary school pupils having been placed in employment.

Every boy and girl who is visualising a University career knows that it is essential to have a Group Leaving Certificate acceptable to the Scottish Universities Entrance Board. Similarly, those who are planning to enter a profession, such as Accountancy, Civil Engineering, Law, Surveying, etc., know that the Leaving Certificate is the "open sesame" to the professional examinations. But how many are aware of the recognition being given to this academic qualification by most business houses? Not only are commercial concerns, large and small, insisting on the "Highers"—this is applicable equally to boys and girls—but many are even specifying that the "group" should contain so many passes, or conform to a particular standard.

I don't want anyone to get the impression from this article that there are not good posts for scholars without this certificate, but it is desired to emphasise to those who are getting the chance of completing the full Secondary School Course that the significance of the Group Leaving Certificate cannot be overestimated. Remember, the possibility of adopting the career of your choice may be dependent on your success in the certificate examinations. Therefore, let no opportunity slip of applying yourself diligently to your studies with a view to obtaining that Hallmark of Secondary School education, the Group Leaving Certificate.

LESLIE MITCHELL, Secretary,
Glasgow Careers Council.

MY "DEFINITE ARTICLE."

I sat in my darkening bedroom
 Toiling with paper and pen,
 I could not think of a suitable verse,
 Though I'd tried again and again.

"Oh hurry up, there!" my mother cried,
 "It's getting late, you know!"
 But still I pondered, head on hand,
 My spirits—very low.

At last! an inspiration came
 (Though writing, now a fag),
 I sat and wrote out, with a will,
 My poem for the "Mag."

And now my task is nearly o'er,
 I sing now as I write,
 So if my poem in print appears,
 'Twill fill me with delight.

C. H. (I. G.d.).

DAWNING.

The hallowed night pronounced
 Her benediction on
 The works of mortal man.
 Her myriad watchful eyes
 Gazed down unwinkingly.
 Her garrisons of light
 Guarded the wide-wayed earth.
 The fixed lull of heaven's wide canopy
 Enthralled earth's surface in timeless silence.
 Time's pulse-beat in this terrestrial sphere
 Seemed stopped, arrested
 In cosmic amplitude.
 The wheels of heaven's machinery
 Were halted sudden,
 And all the stars stood still
 In muted ecstasy and tribute to
 Interminable night.
 Then Dawn came up, and with
 Her rosy fingers touched
 The curtain of the dark
 And gently pulled its edge.
 A crimson hue suffused
 The sky, outfrom the east,
 And all the heavens blazed forth
 In joyous matin gay,
 And sleeping Nature woke
 To herald in the day.

Mr. SIMPSON'S LUCKY DAY.

"I've got a horse," yelled the burly tipster. "Walk up, folks, for the best tip o' the year. Only a bob. Your fortune is made if yuh bet on my horses. This way for the best o' the year."

The crowd surged round Handsome Harry, as he was called by his rivals. Why he was called this nobody knew. Although his tips did not frequently come off, he made quite a profitable income by his confident manner and roaring voice. The coins chinked as they dropped into the tipster's bag. Men and women, rich and poor, came with their money and departed with their sealed envelopes.

Nearby stood a forlorn-looking man. He, too, carried a bag and he was vainly trying to shout against the fog-horn voice of Harry that he had the best tips for five shillings each. A few people stood round him dubiously, but when they heard his price they turned to his more fortunate neighbour.

A big broad-shouldered, powerful-looking man with a battered face strode through the crowd. He wore a tweed sports suit, while on his head was a cloth cap. He swung easily among the motley crowd, making towards Handsome.

"Here you are, sir!" shouted Handsome eagerly. "Sure winner for a bob."

"Are you sure he'll win?" asked the man doubtfully. By this time he had come up close to the tipster who, when he saw that battered face, halted and said:

"Well, you never know, sir, but mebbe Mr. Simpson here has something up his sleeve."

Eager to make some money, Simpson pressed forward holding out an envelope. "A dead cert for five shillings, sir," he breathed.

"A bit dear," mused the other, "but I suppose it must be all right since it's so dear. O.K., I'll take it." Taking the envelope, he disappeared among the hurrying race-goers.

Soon the race would be starting, so gradually the tipsters moved away. As he did so Harry said sneeringly, "Know who that was? That was Arthur Jones, the ex-heavyweight champion of Britain. I wouldn't like to be in your shoes if your tip doesn't win."

He drifted away, and after a while Simpson went off too, absently putting his hand into his inside pocket. He drew out an envelope. Wondering what it was he opened it and drew out a sheet of paper. But it was what he saw there that gave him a nasty shock. For in block capitals was printed the name

"Chinese Mandarin," the tip he should have given to the boxer. Suddenly he remembered that the envelope he had given to the ex-champion contained a photograph. A dull realisation of his mistake dawned on him as he hurried off in the direction Jones had taken. Anxiously he shouldered his way through the crowd, and finally, by dint of much pushing and swearing, reached the barrier panting and flustered. He looked all round, but seeing no sign of the man he sought, he decided to ensure his escape by taking up his position on the edge of the crowd.

The horses cantered up to the starting point. Absently he noticed how springy and green the turf looked. Crack! They were off! Slowly they strung out until Chinese Mandarin was leading. But who was this slowly creeping up? Would the Mandarin hold his lead over Number Six? Neck and neck they flashed round the bend. With a last gallant effort Number Six forged ahead into the lead. The Mandarin's jockey had lost control of the reins and the horse was slewing across the track. The race was over.

Simpson stood still, deep in his sad thoughts. His last twenty pounds staked on Mandarin was gone. He was ruined! He had now nothing much to live for. The shouting of the crowd roused him from his reverie, and looking up he saw the boxer running towards him. Thoroughly scared, he frantically hacked his way through the rabble. Looking back he saw that Jones was gaining on him. Unable to run any more he stopped, and as Arthur Jones padded up he panted, "It was all a mistake. Honest! I didn't——" He stopped, for a look of utter bewilderment had crossed the other's face.

"I don't know what you're talking about," said he, scratching his head, "but I know this that it was through your tip that I won five hundred pounds. Put five pounds on at a hundred to one, I did. You know, I thought at first I had been cheated, then I saw your idea. Jolly smart idea to do it that way. Did it to keep your rivals from pinchin' your tips I suppose? Not everybody would have seen it, though. It's lucky for you I saw through it. Here, take this," he concluded, slipping a bundle of notes into Simpson's hand. He hurried away into the crowd. and as the bewildered Simpson looked down at his programme he got his second shock that day. Opposite number six was the name Photograph!

THE MYSTERY MAN (III.).

OUR SCHOOL.

(Tune: "Annie Laurie.")

We grumble at the signal
 That calls us every day
 To sit us down on benches hard,
 And swot our lives away.
 We grumble in the classroom,
 We grumble on the stair,
 But if someone else miscalls our school,
 He'll have to have a care.

We grumble at our teachers,
 And the way they make us work;
 And we grumble at the canings
 They give us when we shirk.
 But it is no picnic
 For them to work with us,
 With our clatter and our fidgets,
 Our laziness and fuss.

We do a lot of grumbling,
 When there isn't any call,
 For ours ain't such a bad place,
 Now is it, after all?
 And teachers ain't such bad coves,
 When all is said and done;
 Then here's to our good old school, boys,
 And the teachers, ev'ry one!

D. McL. (I.).

ON DEATH.

They told me I must die: I was, at first,
 Surprised, but not afraid: it was so sudden.
 They told me I must die, and then I thought
 Of Her, Her perfect lips, Her quiet eyes,
 And sweet serenity.
 O God, we were so young, with all our lives,
 And I must die, and never see her more.
 And lies before me that eternal vow
 Without Her. God, how can I bless Thee now?

They told me I must die: and then I thought
 Of hill slopes in the sun, the sky-fringed trees,
 Of dappled burns, and swirling salmon pools,
 The glittering sea, the silent, sweeping shore,
 The murmuring wind among the sighing wheat.
 All beauty I have lived for to be gone?
 How could it be? God will be just, and spare.
 Or yet . . . He will not.

A. T. (VI. B.).

AMBITIOUS ANSWERS FOR AVERAGE AMATEURS.

Being an examination guide with likely questions for those for whom history is still a mystery.

Well-known Figures.

WALPOLE. First came to power when the South Sea Bubble burst and was found to have contained several prominent Whigs. It is rumoured that he remarked, "Take away that bubble," but he was allowed to live to a ripe old age in peace, perfect peace.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND. A good king who died in a bad way. While at Perth he was attacked by Graham (Claverhouse) and other nobles, but brave Kath. Douglas, crying "The bar is gone," thrust her arm into the stables. James, shouting "No, it is not so," fled to the cellar. While waiting on James, the nobles, playing tennis, smote a ball into the cellar and killed the king. The tragic feature of it all was that James had ordered a bricklayer to block this exit, but the wretch, without consulting his union, refused to do so, unless he was paid dirty money (O tempora, O mores), which just shows you.

NELL GWYNN. ——— oranges ——— Charles ——— actress ——— Pepys ——— Charles jr. ——— ——— apoplexy.

N.B.—Original after mutilation and censorship of Editing Staff.

QUESTIONS.

1. Distinguish between Congress of Vienna and Viennese Nights.

Ans.—The difference is negligible.

2. Mary Queen of Scots was born in 1542. What happened 19 years later?

Ans.—She celebrated her nineteenth birthday.

3. Name any song about Prince Charlie.

Ans.—"Here comes Charlie."

4. Why did Henry VIII. **not** marry Lady Zane Grey?

Ans.—England was already at war.

5. Who was the first Communist?

Ans.—Rufus the Red.

6. Who said that since he had not advised the course which had not, on the other hand, been taken yet, notwithstanding, he felt it his duty to point out that no such state of affairs would have arisen as he, for his own part, could not but deprecate this action which had resulted in a disaster which . . . ?

Ans.—Gladstone in '88.

PA. RAZONE.

AN HONEST ENDEAVOUR TO PURCHASE A CAMERA.

I AM firmly convinced that I know all there is to be known about photography, at least I can put a film in a camera and take it out again, but my younger brother has a very annoying habit of trying to convince himself (and me) that he knows more about the subject than I do—which is simply ridiculous!!!

A few days ago, in a weak moment, I promised him for no earthly reason, or any other species for that matter, that I would buy him a camera, any kind he wanted—within the scope of my financial possibilities, of course. This didn't leave him much choice, but he hadn't enough sense to realise this so he commenced to rhyme off enthusiastically all the numerous contrivances the camera must have. Personally, I never knew there were so many queer things in existence in connection with photography (and I know a great deal about the subject), but he assured me they were quite the thing and standard contraptions, adding as an afterthought—if you cared to pay sufficient. I certainly didn't like the tone of this last remark and I was beginning to have some misgivings as to the wisdom of the escapade, but there was no way out, so I decided to go through with it to the bitter end—even the best of us do make mistakes.

I entered the shop next morning, however, full of confidence, although my head was buzzing with vague memories of the enormous vocabulary my dear young brother had conjured up in his fluent description of the numerous essentials of this proposed purchase. I realise now that I should not have trusted to my memory, but written the chief points to be remembered. On the other hand, of course, had I done that my thoughtful relation (that's-my brother) might have imagined I didn't know much about the subject (he's always getting fantastic ideas into his head), and that would probably have led to a very embarrassing situation, or more likely a fight. In any case, once in the shop, I had to say something, and yet I had a curious feeling that as soon as I opened my mouth I would put my foot in it. On second thoughts, however, I didn't see how I could possibly get it up high enough, so I was somewhat reassured.

"And what can I do for you to-day?" said the dynamic young salesman, at least I think he was, not that I know much about dynamics.

"Oh, er, well," I replied, collecting my thoughts, and a few leaflets from the counter, "you see—I mean—well, I want a camera."

"Yes, sir, any special kind?"

"Certainly, one that takes pictures, of course."

Yes, sir, well, what kind of pictures?"

"Hang it all, man, I'm not particular, er—some of the kind, er, what kind have you got?"

"What I mean sir," he seemed to gurgle, "is, do you want to take ordinary snapshot or cin  —"

"Of course, it's for sonny," I butted in, whereupon he staggered over to the other end of the shop to collect a pile of cameras.

"Here's one at 22 guineas," he said cheerfully, on returning. Unfortunately, my knees by a pure coincidence chose that exact moment to go off duty, and the result was about as alarming as the price.

"Well, haven't you got anything slightly cheaper?" I suggested, on regaining a state of stable equilibrium.

"Yes, certainly, here's one at £2," he said, rummaging about in the pile. I gripped the counter firmly this time as a precaution against my knees letting me down again, but strangely enough they held!

"This one has an astigmat lense," he continued.

"What did you say the sticky mat was for?" I asked, wondering what this had to do with cameras.

"I didn't," he replied, between funny little gurgles and coughs, "I was talking about the lense."

"But I haven't got any hens and I don't want any," I retorted, becoming rather annoyed, "I wish to buy a camera."

The young man seemed to have some difficulty in replying; perhaps, of course, he had a stutter!

"And also this has a good range finder on it," he went on, between gasps and gurgles and other queer noises.

"Yes, of course, he'll want one of these, he's always losing things, but are you sure it'll find them all right?" I asked.

The young man seemed to be getting worse and worse and spluttered and coughed for nearly a full minute before he spoke again.

"Oh, yes," he assured, "it'll find all he'll want it to."

"Oh, he'll like that. I'll take that one," I said, deciding that I'd been long enough in that shop. "£2, did you say?" I asked, again gripping the counter as a precaution, but nothing happened.

Money and camera changed hands and I thanked him very much. I walked towards the door and just as I reached the street a great guffaw of laughter floated out after me—someone must have cracked a joke!

MURIEL.

A BUSINESS CAREER

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WHITEHILL NOTES.

WHITEHILL SCHOOL CLUB.

ONCE again, we must congratulate you on the increased interest that you are continuing to show in the School Club, as demonstrated by the large numbers of last year's pupils who have joined us this year.

But we feel sure that there must be many who for various reasons have not been gathered into the fold, and we would ask you to act as ambassadors for the Club within your own circle of friends. If you have any brothers or sisters who are Former Pupils but not members of the Club, let them know that such a Club exists, and that they will be very heartily welcomed and probably will meet old school friends with whom they have lost touch.

We have every confidence in stating that our syllabus is interesting and attractive, and covers as wide a field of divergent tastes as is possible. We hope that you will take an opportunity of forming your own opinion in this matter by attending our Annual Joint Meeting with your Literary and Debating Society on Friday, 18th December. We are to have an address by Mr. S. L. McKinlay, M.A., a former Dux of the School and well-known amateur golfer and British Walker Cup player, and we feel sure that his experiences of the sporting world will be of absorbing interest.

In spite of our abnormal winter weather, the playing sections, Hockey, "Rugger," and "Soccer," are carrying on their activities with their usual enthusiasm and success. The former have received more members than usual from the School, and as a result are more enthusiastic than ever and are maintaining an almost unbroken run of successes. The Soccer also this year is a very strong section, running three teams regularly, and they are looking forward to a very successful season. The Rugger section have been rather handicapped by the weather, but in spite of this are keeping up their usual standard. They had the honour of having two of their players, Mr. F. D. Colquhoun and Mr. J. C. Law, selected for the Western Districts Trial and the latter secured a place in the team for the Junior Inter-City game. Although you as yet cannot join these sections, you can still come out on Saturday afternoons and fill the equally important rôle of spectator. We need your vocal support.

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.

LESLIE W. BLACK, President.

THOMAS K. BARCLAY, Secretary,

585 Alexandra Parade, Glasgow, E.1.

CRAIGEND FUND.

From time to time the blackboard at the North end of the School Hall is illuminated with certain names and figures under the heading "Craigend Fund." But chalk, even when brightly coloured, is a perishable medium in which to record these gifts. In addition, we think that the School on its own account should thank all these donors for helping us to a full possession of Craigend and all its amenities.

We desire now to thank the following gentlemen, many of them are former pupils, for the undernoted gifts. So, too, we thank all previous donors.

W. B. Stewart,	£2	0	0
A Friend,	5	0	0
D. B. Miller,	2	0	0
R. Eadie,	2	0	0
A. Frood,	5	5	0
J. P. Wood,	5	0	0
R. Curwen,	1	0	0
R. Frood,	2	0	0
Dr. J. Boyd Adams,	1	0	0
Francis Beattie,	100	0	0
Gym. Concert,	1	11	3

A special debt of gratitude must be acknowledged. Mr. Beattie has been ungrudgingly ready to help his old School in all ways within his power. In a time of urgency his loan of £1000 free of interest was a material help. He has now placed us further in his debt by changing the loan to a gift.

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HOCKEY.

So far the Hockey teams have been fairly successful, both the 1st and 2nd XI.s winning two matches out of four. It is to be hoped that, despite the drastic changes in the 1st XI., this improved playing will continue, bringing with it many more victories.

M. C. M. (Secy.).

SWIMMING SECTION (GIRLS).

Despite the cold weather we have not suffered from lack of members or enthusiasm. Our support is largely, if not entirely due to our Junior School, whose entries for the Gala are very encouraging. To them we look for the future of our Club and hope they will go on to success.

Several prizes came to Whitehill from the Inter-schools Gala: Ada Pearston, 3rd (Junior School Champion); Wilma Jones, 3rd (25 Yards Free Style).

M. H. L. (Secy.).

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

A gratifying increase in attendances has made the present session especially notable. The meetings have been lively and the discussion, if not intellectual, has at least been interesting.

The speakers, however, have been a very select coterie, and I urge that others should drop their reserve and take an active part in the meetings.

Finally, I would thank the staff for the unstinting support they have given us during the session. It is to be hoped that their influence will draw out the latent genius of our gathering.

J. A. M. R. (Hon. Secy.).

The New Game—MONOPOLY

The Game which overran America—Millions now playing it.

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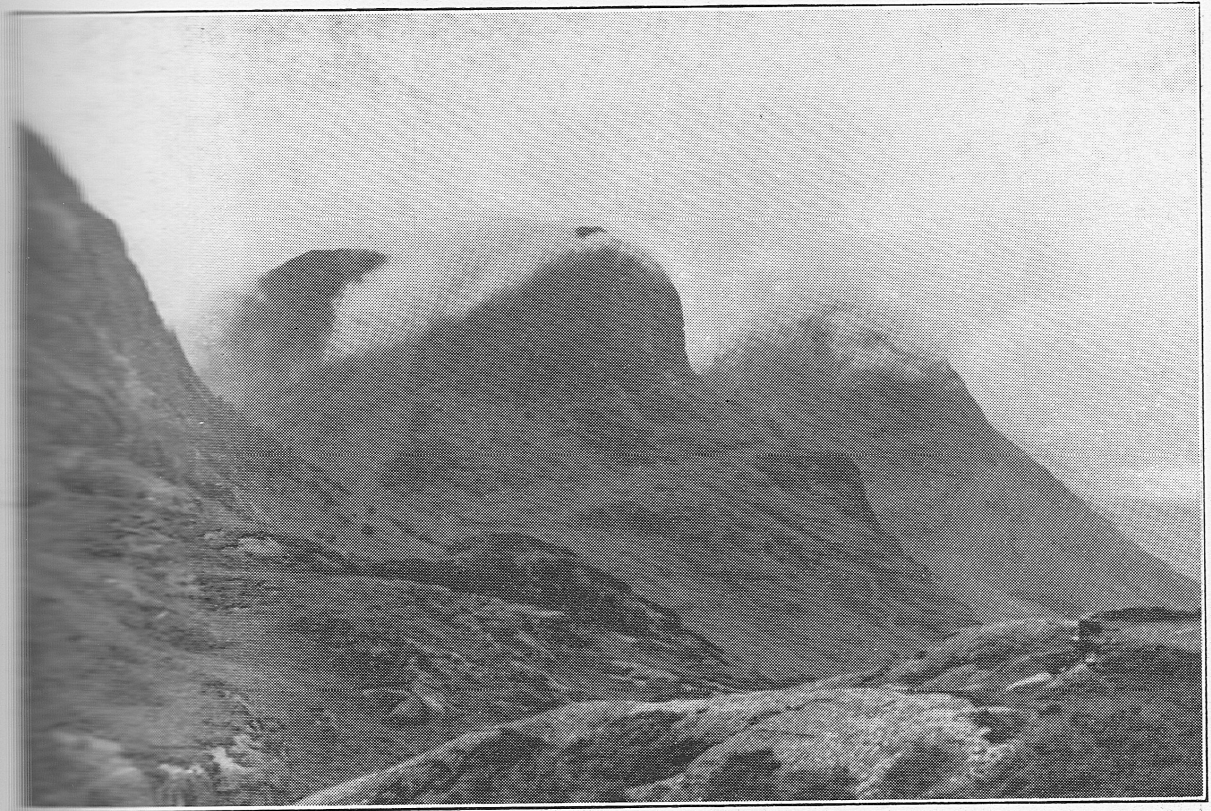
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THE THREE SISTERS, GLENCOE.

From the old road we look up to the Three Sisters veiled in the mist, the bare glaciated grey rocks are in the foreground, and the river is almost silenced in its deep recesses just below us. The atmosphere is a fitting one for plaintive highland story.



VIEW FROM ABOVE GLENCOE.

From the top of Beinn Fhada in the Glencoe Massif we look north. The ridge of the central Sister is in the foreground, hiding Glencoe. In the middle distance a cloud-shadow floats across the Notched Ridge. Far over, in the background, is the Ben Nevis group against a blue sky of summer.

GOLF.

A meeting was held on 6th October at which the following office-bearers were elected:—Captain, R. Rae; Secretary, J. Inglis; Committee, Wm. Hill and T. Greenshields.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather it has been impossible to play any competitions yet. After January the Medal Competitions will be held on the first Saturday of each month. We hope to have a large response.

J. I. (Hon. Secy.).

FOOTBALL.

Owing to the departure of all last year's 1st XI., the form of the present 1st XI. has not been up to the usual standard, but there are signs that it will reach the high level attained by former teams as the season goes on. Good wins were recorded against Q.P. in the first of the Shield, and also against Camphill; but we were unfortunate in losing to Rutherglen in the 2nd round of the Shield.

The 3rd XI. has maintained the standard set up by its predecessor, and a great deal is expected of it this season. It has yet to be beaten in either League or Shield games. The form of the 4th XI. has been disappointing, but we are optimists!

RUGBY.

This looks like being a very successful season for our Rugby XV.s Although smaller than usual, all our players are very enthusiastic and are working well together.

An authority on the subject has stated that the 1st XV. is shaping nicely and should win most of its games from now on.

The 2nd XV. has been playing good Rugby and has won the majority of its games.

Although the 3rd and 4th XV.s have been smaller than most of their opponents, they have been quite successful to date.

We will be glad to hear from anyone desiring to take up the game.

A. S. R. (Hon. Secy.).



THE JAWS OF DEATH.

The scream of a shell, the rumbling explosion, a column of mud hurled into the air . . .

"Another like that and we're for it," remarked Private McLean to his mate, as they lay sprawled in the mud of a front-line trench, watching the German attempts to find the range.

"I'm tellin' ye, pal," said his friend, "we're done for. That plane up there is spottin' for the Bosch; once he——"

"Here's the next!" screamed someone.

With a loud crump a shell burst on the parapet. McLean was hurled aside while stones, earth and fragments of shell rained down on him.

The tumult over, he staggered to his feet. With the vague thought that his friend might be buried by the subsidence of the trench, he stumbled towards the ruins. The numb, dazed look on his face gave way to one of growing horror. His chum lay there dead, but by some ghastly chance a sliver of shell had sheared every fragment of flesh from the lower part of his jaw, leaving the bare bones and teeth.

* * * *

"Thirty seconds more, then over the top and at them," hissed the sergeant.

Ten seconds—five—the men were fumbling restlessly at their belts—two—. The whistle shrilled and the line of khaki-clad men scrambled over the sand-bags. McLean pounded on through muddy pools, swerving round water-filled shell-holes, while the German machine-guns kept up their incessant rattle.

Quite unexpectedly, he felt the sharp pain of a bullet in his leg. He dropped, rolling over in agony with a shattered thigh-bone. One or two vain attempts he made to drag himself back to the British trenches, but his strength was ebbing fast and the pain in his leg blinded him. There was no help for it. He would have to endure the hours of intense pain till the attack ended, when he would be picked up on the return.

Above the crash of shells and the rattle of bullets, he heard the drone of an aeroplane engine. He looked up. Half-a-dozen Fokkers were coming over. As he watched, they swooped lower to spray No Man's Land with bullets. It was all up with him.

It was then he became aware of a tall khaki-clad figure quietly standing beside him. Too miserable to be surprised, he groaned, "Give us a hand, pal."

Without a word the figure stooped and, effortlessly lifting him, strode back to the British lines. It was as he was being laid in a stretcher in the trench that McLean noticed the face bending over him. A convulsive shudder shook him. A sliver of shell had sheared all the flesh from the jaw, leaving bare the bones and teeth . . .

SOL, LUNA STELLAEQUE, FRATER.

(For no reason whatever.)

Dramatis Personæ: Chorus, Shieldsgreen, Craig, Finnie, Mac, Teachers, Class, etc.**Enter Chorus:** Hear ye the dastardly doings of one Thomas Shieldsgreen, who, when the world was still young, did, without any just cause, make a wager or bet that he would grow a fungus on his upper lip. Hold your seats, hats, coats, everything! We're off! (Exit Chorus, singing and dancing.)**Prologue.**

Pete Craig, Thomas Shieldsgreen, Moray Finnie, and others are seen to be sitting on converted orange-boxes. The room is in a general state of chaos and collapse.

P. Craig: Hullo!**M. Finnie:** Hullo!**T. Shieldsgreen:** Hullo!

(Enter Chorus.)

Chorus: Hullo. (Exit.)**P. C.:** Yu forgot to shave this mornin', Greenie.**M. F.:** A'll say.**T. S.:** You're tellin' me.**P. C.:** Bet ye a tanner you're scared to grow a 'stache for to-morrow.**M. F.:** I'll pay next week's milk for you, if you do.**T. S.:** O.K. boys.**Omnes:** Wheesht! Here's Mac.**Mac.:** Hillo! (Confusion in desks.)

End of Prologue.

Sound of orchestra playing "Knock, Knock" off stage.

(Enter Chorus) Kee Bo! (Exit Chorus.)

Act I., Scene 1. Time: To-morrow.**Enter Shieldsgreen** into a crowded classroom. He has a scarf round his mouth. Sits down on a form. There is a crack and he moves to another seat. Class gazes with interest, also teacher.**Teacher:** A cold, Thomas?**T. S.:** Naw—eh, no sir!**T.:** Take off your, er, muffler. (Muffler is removed and class holds its breath.)**T.:** Hoi!**Class:** Hoi! (Lets go its breath.)**T.:** Cut out the Flannigan and Allan stuff! What's that on your upper lip, Shieldsgreen?**T. S.:** A—moustache (sheepishly).**T.:** What? D—— it, boy, it simply isn't done. I mean to say, you * ! ! !

(Bell rings and exeunt omnes.)

Enter Chorus: Hullo, still there? (Exit Chorus.)

Act I., Scene 2.

Time: Still to-morrow, but a bit later on.

Another dilapidated room replete with class, desks, blackboard, and Latin Teacher, Miss Rembrandt.

Miss R.: Vita est dulcis, frater—What's that on your lip, Thomas? Not the Black Plague, I hope?

T. S.: A moustache, miss (sheepishly).

Miss R.: Whoooh! (faints).

(Exeunt omnes carrying Miss Rembrandt.)

Enter Chorus: See the rotter's trick? Dashed caddish or something, what?

Act II.

Time: Still to-morrow, but a little later than Act I.

Another dilapidated room, plus class plus desks plus blackboard plus Maths Teacher, Mr. C. Amble, plus draughts, minus coat pegs minus heat.

Mr. C. A.: $2 \sin A \cos A = \sin 2A$, I hope, Shieldsgreen—what's that on your lip?

T. S.: A moustache, sir (sheepishly).

Mr. C. A.: Here's a tanner. Go and buy a razor! (Clashing of cymbals as Shieldsgreen goes to buy razor.)

Enter Chorus: Hullo, still there? (to audience).

(Exit Chorus, followed by a cow dressed in a Celtic jersey.)

J. P. (V.).

FANTASY.

One day, when sad I wandered
Through antique realms of Poesy,
In flowering fields I walked,
By crystal streams of which,
Athirst, I drank deep.
Of honey pots in balmy meads
I supped, and was intoxicated;
I dreamt of sights and sounds divine,
As those which company the opiate dregs.

Methought I was received by those
Who use their lives in giving man
A glimpse of truth sublime,
Whose days are spent
Before the massy web
Of that which is eternal.
And so by skill of finger and of brain,
They tease out strand by strand
These flimsy threads.
Again I looked and found them gone;
Their nimble fingers now no more
The web disturbed.

And I was left alone before its spread.

A daring thought pierced my reeling brain,
But yet I feared to hearken to the urge,
Till pride surged forth and I obeyed its call.

I caught and clutched a thread

Hung from that web,

A single gossamer strand,
Whose end unravelled, was
Suspended from the whole.

In foolish exultation

Of the warp within my grasp,

I was intent upon the hope

That now at last I had

At my disposal, all

The limitless unknown,

To unweave the intricacies

Of tapestry, of light, of shade.

I, even I had but to pull

At that great texture,

And so it would unfold itself

Through me to all mankind,

And all the world would leap

And shout for joy at my discovery.

But, tired of contemplating thus,

I thought I would appropriate my fate.

I gave a gentle pull, but oh! it broke.

It broke, and left me plunged in gloom.

I stood forlorn and disillusioned.

I wished the Stygian flood would o'er me roll.

My soul was soured, perverted,

Because of my own folly,

My stupid arrogance.

To think that mine should be the hand

Which would tease out

The secrets of eternity.

But I had felt the rapture

Of the unknown nigh me

In frenzied burst of joy delirious.

I had moved, if only slightly,

The surface of that vast structure,

Which seems internally to be for ever hid

From finite mortal mind.

The soul of man alone, in highest flights,

Can touch its fringe

And taste of bliss unspeakable.