

W HITEHILL  
SCHOOL  
MAGAZINE.



ALTIORA PATCO

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## Editorial.

"Creeping like snail unwillingly to school."—*Shakespeare.*

HUS the Bard of Avon, and generations of schoolboys have borne witness to the truth of the saying. Year after year it has been the same old story. It has become a habit to profess dislike for the school. Has there then been no change in the school-boy's daily life or environment? Assuredly there has. But the essentials still remain. There is the daily task to be accomplished, and, although the breaks in study are more frequent now, we shall probably have the "whining schoolboy" with us to the end of the chapter.

Yet throughout the years that have elapsed since Shakespeare's time, there has in no sphere been greater progress than in that of Education. It is no longer considered inevitable that the acquisition of knowledge should be a painful process. Books have been called "potted knowledge," but the eyes are only one of the gates to learning, and an outlet must be provided for the other activities of the hearty young animal.

Realization of this principle has been slow, but in very recent times advance has been extremely rapid, and since nowhere is that advance so marked as in our own school, we cannot too quickly appreciate the fact. While the educational part of the school is spreading to such an extent that new buildings have to be erected, we are also expanding in another direction. We are definitely promised a playing field for the school for next session. How sports will flourish then! Mr. White's whistle will fall into permanent disuse.

In running and swimming, also, though but lately begun, are we not rapidly assuming a leading place? Have we not just carried through the first School Swimming Gala ever held in Glasgow, and has it not been a huge success? Most emphatically—Yes! For football nothing need be said. It is keeping up its former standard to quite a marked degree. The golf and hockey, though fallen into a rather poor condition during the war, are again getting back to their old position. And have we not commenced a new game altogether for the school, viz. :—tennis? We have, and it is only to be hoped that it gets as much support as was accorded to its predecessors.

One school institution which could be brought back with sure success is the cycling club. Most of the senior pupils own a bicycle, and those who do not could easily borrow one. While this would provide many pleasureable outings, it could also be made a means of much instruction. Botany and Geology could be taken up on a small scale, and a camera club could be started. In this way the social life of the school could be greatly developed, and it could not fail to have an invigorating effect on the educational side.

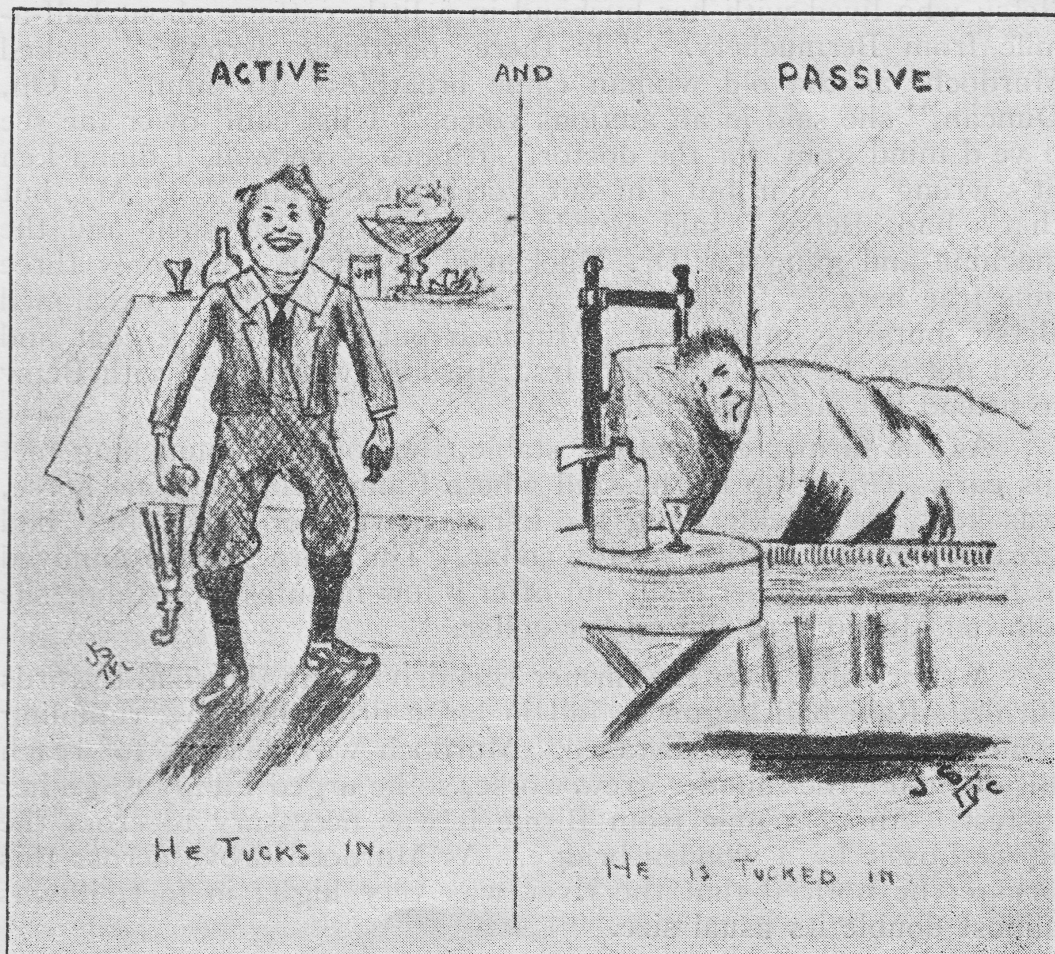
But all this cannot be done without work. Our path is not a primrose path, nor should we wish it to be so, but to-day the schoolboy is having a square deal and he should recognise it. "Mens sana in corpore sano" was an aspiration of the ancients, and it is the aim of the moderns. A cultured mind in an enfeebled body is a mind imprisoned, and a vigorous body without the guidance of an intelligent mind is apt to be an uncontrolled savage. The happy combination is

what is wanted, and the curriculum of our school should go a long way to produce it. Do we all take advantage of it? Our respected Chief and a trustworthy staff, do their share with inspired zeal, but do the scholars back them up sufficiently? Are all the school organisations supported as they should be? Do *you* personally do your share?

And that brings us to the business with which we are immediately concerned—the School Magazine. This issue is the second during the current year, and since the Magazine is the voice of the School, surely it is not speaking too often. Judging from the success of past issues, we look to the future with every confidence. It is rumoured that shortly our School will be dignified by the prefix High. Let it be worthy of it in deed as well as in name, and remember that the only way to attain it is by all realising that we are one body, and striving unitedly to reach a loftier standard.

Altiora (et Semper Altiora) Peto.

THE EDITORS.



### A Mare's Instinct.

"Hie, Jock! Come awa', Geordie man!" These words of encouragement to the horses were spoken by a tall, brawny man called Duncan Murdoch. The afternoon was almost spent, and Murdoch was at his last furrow. A number of sea gulls followed, uttering their shrill cries and looking for worms which the plough might expose. At last it was time to stop, and Murdoch looked with satisfaction on his day's work—row upon row of straight furrows. "Weel, loons, that's us feenished for anither day," he muttered as he unyoked the steaming horses from the plough.

Jumping on the back of one of the animals, the farmer made for home. The horses clattered up the narrow road that led to Bermuchety Farm, their ears cocked in expectation of the feed of bruised oats which awaited them in the stable.

Darkness had now fallen. All the animals were safely housed for the night, and Duncan Murdoch was sitting by the fire smoking his pipe and reading a copy of the "Northern Scot." His wife was knitting opposite him, listening to any interesting bit of local news which he happened to read aloud. "I see that Bob Doch——" he was saying when suddenly a knock came to the door. "I wonder fa that can be," exclaimed Mrs. Murdoch, rising. The door opened and in came an old woman known as Betsy who lived with her husband in a little cottage about half-a-mile from Bermuchety. "Is there onything wrong?" asked Murdoch, as the old woman came breathless to him. "Oh, Duncan," she said in an anxious voice, "I jist cam' ower tae see if ye'd mind goin' for the doctor. Jeames is very ill, I dinna ken fit's wrong wi' him, but I'm sair worried about him." "My, but that's bad, Betsy," said Murdoch, "I'll tak' the shelt and the machine and gang tae Dr. Mackenzie at Birnie. It's only three mile frae here." "God bless ye, Duncan Murdoch!" exclaimed Betsy, bursting into tears. Murdoch put on his thick coat and went out to the stable, while Mrs. Murdoch went away with Betsy to attend her sick husband.

As the farmer entered the stable, the sound of munching met his ears. Going up to the stall where Fanny, the machine horse, was kept, he quickly flung the harness over her back, but had great trouble in putting on the collar. The mare seemed annoyed at having to leave her stall, but after a few minutes' resistance she allowed Murdoch to slip on her collar.

A short time after the farmer was driving up the road towards Birnie. Rain had begun to fall in large drops and low rumbling could be heard in the distance. Murdoch was anxious to reach Birnie before the thunder grew worse, so he urged Fanny to go her fastest. About a mile from Birnie it was necessary to cross the River Lossie by a wooden bridge. As Murdoch drove across this bridge, he noticed that the river was very high; in fact, it was almost double its usual size.

In the morning, Betsy arrived at Bermuchety to say that James was quite well again. She thought he had taken some serious illness, but it had only been a passing sickness. Betsy brought other news as well. Doctor Mackenzie had been washed up at the Deanshaugh saw mills, and by aid of artificial respiration he was quite himself again. His two-seater motor car had been dashed to pieces on some rocks.

Mrs. Murdoch went out to the stable with her husband after breakfast to see how Fanny was faring after her last night's experiences. "Puir quinie," said Mrs. Murdoch, as she noticed the mark of the whip on the animal's flank. "Duncan, it wis a shame tae hit her like that," she continued. "I'm richt sorry for't," exclaimed the farmer, patting the creature's neck, "but I jist thocht she was thrawn. Noo, I see she kent there wis danger ahead." He gave her a piece of oil cake, a great favourite of hers. "Ye'll ha'e yer photograph in the papers, Fanny." Fanny turned towards her master and put her nose in his hand. "Sae we've made it up, ha'e we, quinie?" said Murdoch, and he gave her another piece of oil cake.

"EMESSE" (IV. A.).

### Hockey!

What is the game I most adore,  
 Regretting that I can't have more,  
 When tasks do irk and lessons bore?  
 Beloved Hockey!

Why is it that so few enjoy  
 The game that some of us employ  
 To make our path quite full of joy?  
 Delightful Hockey!

The ball is centred; off it goes;  
 See how we rush upon our foes!  
 Forgotten now are all our woes—  
 We're playing Hockey.

Do not refuse; give it a try;  
 Don't hesitate, just answer "Aye,"  
 And you will thank us by and bye—  
 For joining Hockey.

"PLAY UP" (IV. G.).

### The Stolen Essay.

Brown major was the pride of the school. There was no doubt about that. What with the fact that he was captain of the school and captain of the football and cricket teams, besides being their best swimmer and runner, he was a miracle of accomplishment in the eyes of the juniors, and it was considered one of the greatest honours that could be bestowed on one of them to be picked as his fag. Lorrimer, on the other hand, was exactly the opposite. He was a clumsy, ungainly fellow, of a bullying nature, who paid many a secret visit after lights out to the "Green Horn," a disreputable public house in the vicinity of the school. His fag, Jacob Peters, was of somewhat the same disposition as himself, toadying to and running errands on behalf of his master. Brown major, it was noticed, had been looking more depressed than usual for the last few days, and his fag, Joe Morgan, conveyed to the third form common-room the fact that he was "rattier" than he had ever been before, and when he (Joe Morgan) made any trivial mistake, such as breaking a few cups, he came down on him "like a ton of bricks." The third-form accordingly put their heads together to find out the cause of the trouble. Many were the wild guesses that were made. Brown minor even went the length of asking Brown major, but came back ruefully expressing that there was "nothing doing." The disclosing of the mystery fell to the lot of Jack Brude. He burst into the common-room brimful of excitement. "I say," he gasped, "Lewis sent me to his room, which is next door to Brown major's, for a book. While I was raking about in the bookcase I happened to hear Brown major talking to Carslake. He was saying that his essay was taken from his desk two days ago and he won't have time to rewrite it before the exam., and even if he had, he wouldn't be able to remember half his ideas." The secret was out. For a moment there was silence in the room, then Brown minor jumped on to the table, and suggested that they should try to find out something about it, and, for a start, search Brown major's study for clues. With one accord the third form surged out of the common-room and upstairs to the sixth form passage. They found the key hanging to Brown major's desk, so they opened the desk and searched it. It revealed nothing, and they were leaving the room in disgust when Brown minor cried, "Look what I've found. It's Lorrimer's coin that he lost two days ago. I found it lying under the desk."

"Why," said Morgan, "Lorrimer may have taken the essay."

"We'll ask him anyhow," chorused the others.

They soon found Lorrimer, and Brown minor, going up to him said, "What have you done with the essay?"

Taken completely by surprise, Lorrimer answered unthinkingly, "It's in my desk, but how did you know?" Then seeing his mistake he tried to bluster it out.

"That's enough," said Brown minor, "I'm going to the Head."

A few minutes later the page boy came up and said that the Headmaster would like to see Brown major and Lorrimer at once in his study. They went. We will draw a veil over what ensued in the study. Suffice to say that Brown major was easily first in the examination. Lorrimer was let off with a public caning as he was leaving at the end of the term. His plan had been to destroy the essay, when he would have won the examination, being next to Brown major in ability. Fortunately, as we have seen, his plan failed.

D. S. (1 Bb.).

### The Joys of Suburban Life.

I am living just now next door to the Grays,  
A family trained in most musical ways,  
Each member of which on some instrument plays,  
And practices full tilt on all working days.

The grandmother plays on an old-fashioned lute,  
The grandfather blows through a loud German flute,  
And the youngest of all, the baby so "cute,"  
Has a whistle from which she squeaks out a small toot.

Their father's own choice is a shrill clarionet,  
Twice as loud as their eldest son's big flageolet;  
But Annabel, strange to say, prefers the ket-  
Tle drum, though she's far from proficiency yet.

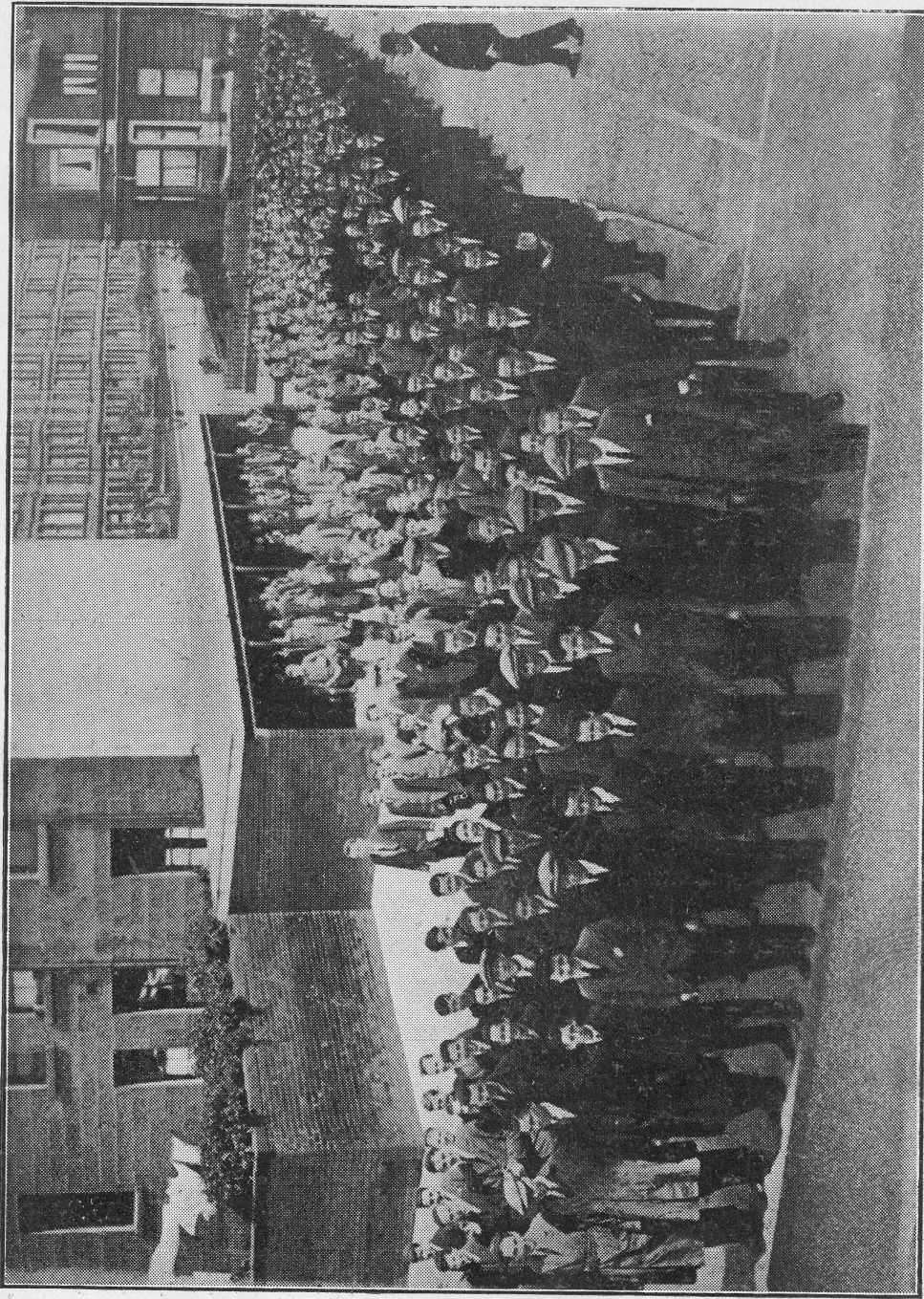
Jimmy, the second son, pumps the trombone,  
From which he extracts a lugubrious tone,  
That is something between a wild shriek and a groan,  
But it soon dies away in the mournfullest moan.

Hildred's the singer, the worst of them all,  
Her voice is a yell which ends in a bawl,  
The cats for a mile will answer the call,  
And hasten to add to the general squall.

I learn this from neighbours from drives all round,  
I could not live here just next door, I'll be bound—  
Where racket and discord and uproar are found,  
If I were not so deaf that I can't hear a sound!

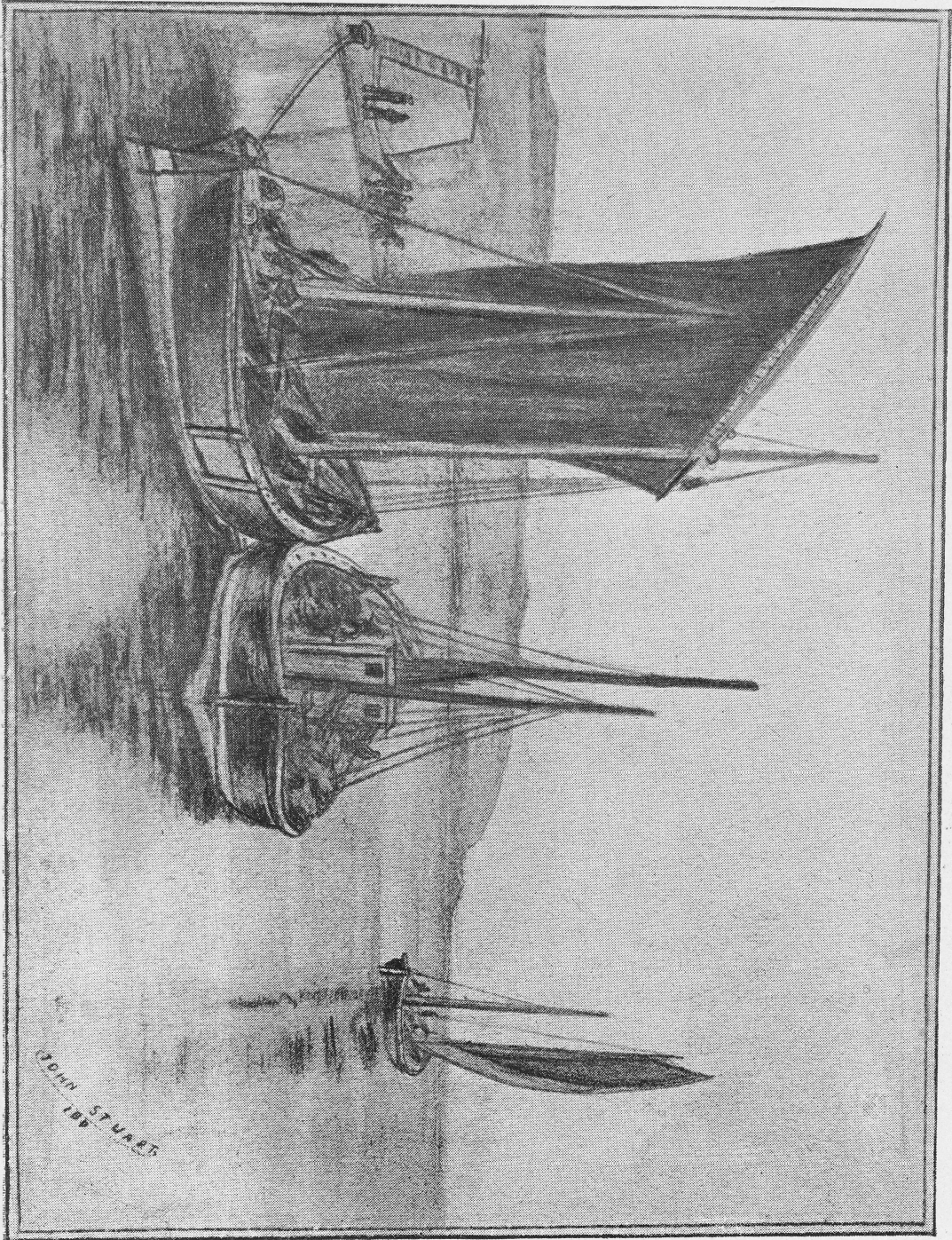
"AN OLD MAID OF SIXTEEN" (V. G.)





THE "FALL IN,"

PHOTO BY W.C.D., VI. B.



## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

## Act IV. Scene III. (Imaginary).

A room in Shylock's house. Enter Tubal and Shylock.

Tub.—Shylock, how fared it with thee and Antonio?

Shy.—Antonio! Tell not here that cursed name,

That name I would that I had never known.

A name that has brought ruin worse than death

To me and my house.

Tub.— How say you, Shylock?

Thy venture hath not lost, that was to bring

Our just revenge on those infernal Christians?

Shy.—Confound! It hath not lost—nay, worse than lost.

For, not content with losing, it hath ruined

Th' unfortunate you have standing here before you.

Tub.—Unfortunate! What mean you? Come, explain.

Shy.—I would explain, were not the telling of the business

More hard to bear than even to hear the sentence.

O Tubal, would thou had been there to hear

How fared it with me in that Court of Justice!

Of Justice, said I? Court of Gentile dogs

Of unbelievers and uncircumcised!

Justice for them, but not to us poor Jews!

However, though I find the telling of the wrong

Far harder to endure even than the wrong itself

I will go on. A learned doctor

By name Balthasar, pled Antonio's cause.

A doctor—why, but yet a beardless boy

(The sympathies of the Court for him were won

By that same beardlessness, I'd surely swear)

Who saved him by a quibble or a trick

In our sealed bond, whereby I must not spill

One drop of Christian blood (these were his words)

If Christians do have blood, on which subject

I have misgivings. I then would have the sum

Which they had offered me, three times our bond.

Tub.—Three times the bond! Marry, what a chance, Sir!

Shylock. Nothing to be confounding and wronging and

Cursing about, I'se warrant! Thou dost not know

Good luck, apparently when she stares you in the

Face! What, man?

Shy.—I know good luck full well, on meeting her

The which is seldom. But I tell you this,

If e'er the Devil did take human form

'Twas in the likeness of a doctor of laws.

For even when I reduced my claims

And asked but for my loan, the principal,

He would have none, but what's more, charged me with

Attempted murder of a citizen of Venice.

Tub.—Why, that by laws of Venice doth condemn

To the Duke's mercy the defendant, whiles

His goods are forfeit to the State and to his victim.

By Abraham, this was a serious charge!

How did'st combat it?

Shy.— Marry, combat it!

I could not. Whereon those revengeful Christians

Did sentence thus: that I should have my life—

Tub.—What! The Duke granting thee thy life? Truly I should not be

surprised to see him flying next. Ho! Shylock—I did not think thee

on such good terms with the Duke!

Shy.—Nor I, but yet he granted me my life—

I would he had not for mere loss of life

Is easier than the loss which I must bear.

For, for this favour (and he called it favour  
 In full knowledge of all that was to come!)  
 I must give half my goods unto the State,  
 The other half to fall on my decease  
 To that vile Gentile that espoused my daughter;  
 And, furthermore, that without loss of time  
 I do become a Christian. (Laughs hysterically).

Tub.— What, a Christian!  
 A Christian that doth mock our noble race,  
 That doth his venom vent on us poor Jews;  
 A Christian—thou would'st not become a Christian?

Shy.—I would not be a Christian, yet I must;  
 And why has tribulation thus come on me?  
 Because I am a patriot—but a Jew;  
 'Tis well enough to be a patriot Christian,  
 But 'tis another thing to be a Jew. (Again hysterically).  
 For if I but object, as I have right,  
 Unto my daughter's marriage with a Gentile,  
 I bring the whole of Venice 'bout my ears.  
 I cannot seek my just revenge for wrongs  
 Heaped on me by this unrelenting Christian.  
 I cannot seek revenge for our great race  
 The race begun by Abraham and Joseph;  
 And this Hades-on-earth must now o'ertake me.

(A servant appears at door and beckons Tub. Exit Tubal.)

And I must now become a Christian  
 Or I must die. Hola! I may yet die!  
 To die were honour if compared to  
 The life disgraced I am now forced to lead.  
 And yet such an innate coward is man  
 That he fears death, however it may come.  
 But why, the hour is come—yes, I will die,  
 And by this poniard. (Seizes dagger).

Now comes the moment—but still, life is sweet,  
 And all the sweeter the more near to death. (Falters).  
 Which were it better now, to live—to die!  
 To live with both my name and fortune gone,  
 My only child wed to a Christian dog;  
 My only means of living ta'en from me,  
 My very roof which covers me another's;  
 To live thus in disgrace were shame indeed,  
 Therefore, I die! (Holding dagger).

But yet a moment hold;  
 To die like this were like a craven's death,  
 Fleeing the vengeance which must overtake him,  
 And mourned by no friend or son or daughter.  
 (The dagger falls from his hand).

But yet, am I a craven? May not I  
 Seek refuge in the bosom of my fathers? (Voices outside).  
 As many a good and just has done before me?  
 I am now persecuted, run to earth,  
 Because I, like my fathers, am a Jew;  
 From other men no different, only this  
 I am a Jew. In consequence of this  
 I may not seek redress for any wrong  
 Or e'en protest that I may uphold my rights,  
 And life is made a burden. I must needs  
 Be quit of it. (Noise of altercation in passage).

There are the Gentile curs  
 That come to rob me of my property—  
 To make my life a misery. They shall fail,  
 For now—Jehovah rest me! (Plunges dagger into heart).  
 (Tubal and Nerissa rush in as Shylock falls dead).

Tub.—My God! What has he done? Look, his life blood  
Is oozing from the self-inflicted wound. Dead!  
(To her)—Christian, behold your handiwork!

Ner.—This wretched creature made a mock of others,  
And when they suffered, he did mock at them.  
Now look at him—ha! ha! for when he suffers—

Tub.—Ay! when he suffers, whom now have we scoffing?  
He suffered more within your knavish hands  
Than ever he inflicted. He at least was just,  
Never demanding more than was his due;  
An upright, honest Hebrew. In revenge  
For wrongs heaped on him by you fiendish Christians,  
He and Antonio signed and sealed a bond,  
Both the contracting parties at their risk.  
And you—you cheated him. But at the last  
He has come even with you, robbed you of  
At least your churlish glee

Ner.—Marry, see we that  
Here lies he with the sneer upon his face  
At cheating us, as you are pleased to call it.  
Enough! There is but little now to be transacted.

Tub.—Into the hands  
Of that vile scum, his daughter, Jessica,  
Who, foolish girl, fled him for her undoing.

Ner.—Vile scum! Murrain on thee!

Tub.—Thou durst say no more, for what I say  
Is true, and thou dost know that this is so.  
Therefore, slut, get you gone about your errand,  
The devil with you. May you prosper so  
As Shylock prospered—Fiend of Hades! Go!

(Curtain).

W. B. (III. B.b.)

### Ode to —.

Could I compete with Homer,  
And strike the lyric strain  
As well as did that blind man,  
I'd try and try again.

Your lovely mass of golden hair,  
The dimples on your cheek,  
Just put me into ecstacy  
And send me off to sleep.

I'd praise your lovely lashes,  
And sing about your eyes,  
Could I compete with Homer  
An' could I tell such lies.

M. M. D. (III. G.d.)

## Schoolboy Heroes.

### CHAPTER I.

The train steamed into the little village of Westlyn. Usually it barely stopped, but to-day it came to a complete standstill, and a flood of passengers poured out. These were schoolboys with but few exceptions, and now they started up the road to the school, old friends forming themselves into groups as they went, and a few following alone.

That night, profound silence reigned throughout the school. It was then that many homesick boys gave vent to the feelings which they had suppressed during the day. Many were the boys who lay tossing about until the village clock struck twelve, when they fell asleep one by one. Next morning, the usual bustle took place. The boys went downstairs for breakfast, where the fresh men began to become acquainted with the old scholars.

Harl Gorgenoon, a young Swede, fair, with yellow hair, blue eyes and rosy cheeks, was the boon companion of Jack Lindsay, Captain of the Fourth Form. As the latter was dark, with a rather sallow complexion, it was strange that these two boys, so unlike, got on so well together.

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### CHAPTER II.

A few days later two boys, monitors of the fifth, when walking down a passage in the school, were attracted by a crowd at the door of the fourth form class-room. They soon discovered the cause of this crowd. A panel in the wall of the room had been slid back, leaving a space that a man could have passed through had he stooped. The boys gathered round told them that some of the fourth, carrying a lantern, had gone down the dark passage behind the panel.

The two seniors stepped through, and as soon as they saw the exploring party, ordered them back. If it had not been that they were monitors of the fifth, Selby and Woodruff, the explorers, would have refused to do this. As it was, their reluctance was obvious. Although the monitors tried to keep the event secret, the news spread like wildfire through the school. Jack Lindsay resented this interference of the monitors, and so he arranged for a secret expedition through the "Mysterious Passage," as it was called. At dead of night all the boys in the fourth stole to the class-room, where, after much searching, the panel was found and slid back. So dark and eerie did the passage seem that the majority drew back; but, holding the lamp high, Lindsay whispered "Now or never," and realising the truth of what he said, most of the boys followed him into the darkness.

A few of them retreated to their dormitory, but the majority pressed on. "Podgy" (as the fat boy of the class was dubbed) in trying to squeeze himself through the narrow opening, stuck fast, so that he was able neither to come back nor to pass on. Seeing that the others were leaving him behind, he gave vent to the most ear-splitting yells, and the others, coming speedily to the rescue, with their united forces managed to push him back. His yells, however, had awakened Selby, who tip-toed to Woodruff's bed, and when that worthy had awakened they together crept to the fourth form class-room. Here they were scared by seeing white-clad figures come flying towards them, and they rushed back to their dormitory, panic-stricken. Next morning the rumour that the building was haunted spread through the school.

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### CHAPTER III.

Mr. Caim, the second headmaster of St. Mark's, was acting as trustee for his family, to whom a large fortune had been bequeathed. He had decided to travel to the city that night after lessons were done, but discovered that the boys were in no mood for work, and, as a result, the detention room was fuller than usual. It was late therefore when he arrived at Westlyn Station, where he was informed that there were no more trains to the city that night; so, as the bank was shut, he had to house a large sum of money in the school.

On the same night the fourth started on an expedition still with the indomitable Podgy, who would not consent to be left behind. They had penetrated to the middle of the passage when they heard the sound of shuffling footsteps approaching them, and in a moment they stood face to face with four ruffians. Jack Lindsay thought furiously; suddenly he shouted "At them—quick," and rushed. The schoolboys were upon the robbers, for such they were, before they had time to recover from the shock. Harl Jorgenoon caught one by the legs and hurled him to the ground, while Podgy, seeing him thus laid low, promptly advanced and sat on him. Jack Lindsay and a companion threw themselves on a second robber, while the other two boys boldly attacked his accomplices. At last the boys, who had all had their share of both fighting and blows, stood victorious over the villains.

The whole school had been aroused by the scuffling, and now the boys stood greatly excited round the scene of combat. Mr. Caim hurried forward, and at a glance understood what had happened. The robbers in some way had got to know of the money, which they would certainly have got, had it not been for Jack and Co.

Mr. Caim explained everything to the boys, who carried the victors shoulder-high in triumph round the school.

### Disillusion.

My heart's delight, a lovely Grecian urn,  
The marvellous work of some old master hand.  
Or whence it came or how what Gods can tell?  
But I had found it and would guard it well  
From this vile world's defiling touch.  
Methought this wondrous vase was such  
As that wherein Prometheus brought the fire.  
Worthy it was of Homer's golden lyre  
For grace divine confined its stately form.  
A Phoenix bird with wing stretched for the storm  
Crowned the fair tapering neck that lower swelled  
To the full-breasted glory richly robed  
In heavy foliage and Elysian flowers;  
And coy nymphs peeped from out these shady bowers,  
As though they fain would see without but held  
Themselves in fear of what might lie beyond.  
Of alabaster it was carved and wrought  
Pure as the driven snow that tops the crag  
And gleaming white as chaste Diana's car  
When on midsummer night she rides afar  
In heaven's azure deep. So excellent  
Was this my treasure that its like I thought  
Might be in Eden but on Earth could not.

Within this casket bright as summer dawn,  
The incense of the soul I thought to store;  
Bright pearls gleaned from Wisdom's lonely shore,  
And flowers from Men's great garden newly drawn,  
Pale thought's sad lilies born of reverie,  
Life's sweetest essences of love and joy  
Encased within such beauty I was sure  
Their own delights would flourish yet more pure,  
Enriched in that sweet fragrance nought can cloy,  
Calm musing's pleasant dreams, a mind care-free.  
So there I left my treasure. Many a day,  
I knew, might pass ere back I bent my way.

But I returned to see my wondrous vase  
For much I longed to view it once again,  
To feast my eyes upon its silv'ry light  
And to dispel the dismal cloud of night  
That on my soul descended  
As through the world I wended  
My way that ever seemed to end in gloom.  
And so I came, but even there that doom,  
That ever dogged me, followed like a shade.  
No lustrous sheen saw I and as I laid  
My hand upon the carven bird it fell



In powdery dust. In horror then I gazed  
 Within, and saw—and knew not what.  
 So awful was it eyes had not yet taught  
 My frenzied mind the meaning of the sight.  
 My lilies lay deep down within the urn.  
 Their bloom was dead and on their tender leaves  
 Vile canker worms and loathesome creatures lay  
 Fouling their beauty. All was wreck and waste.  
 Beastly the thing that once had been so chaste.  
 Then as I turned in sorrow and despair  
 I saw the lovely shape distorted grow  
 And leering satyrs mocked my pain and woe.

Ta'en by a dreadful rage I seized the thing  
 And crushed with eager foot, reviled and spurned  
 My treasure now so vile. The poignant sting  
 Of shattered hope had set a light that burned  
 With mocking in mine eyes. A satyr's leer  
 I too now wore, I lived to scorn and sneer.

J. F. (IV. B.)

### "The Song of the Tuck."

With fingers sticky and plump,  
 With gleaming and bulging eyes,  
 A junior sat in the school tuck shop,  
 Scoffing off tarts and pies.

Munch! munch! munch!  
 "I'll sample another for luck!"  
 And still in a voice all muffled and queer,  
 She sang the Song of the Tuck.

"I'll tackle the currant cake,  
 And a couple of rock buns too!  
 I'll wolf in a trice that strawberry ice,  
 Hurry up! My friend, please do!"

Munch! munch! munch!  
 It's a wonder her jaws never stuck!  
 And still in a voice all muffled and queer,  
 She sang the Song of the Tuck!

Groan! Groan!! Groan!!!  
 She writhed on the mat and was stuck!  
 But before she burst she sadly rehearsed  
 The sorrowful Song of the Tuck.

"SPUNK" (III, Gd.).

### An Up-To-Date Yarn.

There was a buzz of talk in the fourth form dormitory at Bellsfield School when Smith minor said: "Here, you fellows, I saw a light moving about in the house in the headland last night." "Away, you duffer, you've been here long enough to know that the house in the headland's empty," said some of the boys. Before Smith could protest at being called a duffer, the form captain mused, "I think we ought to go there to-night, after lights out, and see for ourselves." Later that night about half a dozen boys could be seen making their way towards the empty house, and, much to their astonishment, they saw a light coming from one of the windows. As they entered the light died away and the boys searched every possible nook and cranny of the old house, but failed to discover the origin of the light. All the boys (giving it up as a bad job) returned to the school, but Smith and his chum, Rogers, determined to come back about midnight and see what the mysterious light meant.

"Rogers, if you don't wake up I'll just go myself." Rogers wakened with some difficulty, but when Smith reminded him of the empty house he eagerly got his things on, and before long they were searching the house again. "Hark!" said Smith, "I think I heard a clanking noise." "No, it is like someone hammering," answered Rogers. Just then the two chums heard it again, and went in the direction from which the sounds came. Reaching a part where two passages met, they suddenly heard footsteps coming up one passage, so they ran into the other as the footsteps and a light passed the end of the passage. The chums were on the point of exploring further, but they heard the footsteps return, so they stood still. Then they followed as the light receded down the passage. The light and a figure suddenly disappeared down a flight of stairs, so they had to go cautiously having nothing to guide them. Going on a few more yards Rogers very nearly fell down some stairs; he quickly whispered a warning to Smith, and together they descended to a small passage below. This passage seemed to be running with water, and they constantly heard the drip, drip of water falling from the ceiling. They saw the light again, which appeared to be shining round a bend in the passage. Smith and Rogers were shaking with excitement as they peered round the corner, and they beheld a queer sight. It appeared to be a big cellar with two lamps hanging in the centre of the ceiling, and out of a hole in the floor they saw a shovel occasionally appearing, bringing with it large lumps of—Coal. They entered the room, and the man must have heard them, for he suddenly jumped out of the hole and came angrily towards them. Rogers was going to run away, but Smith held him back. The man told them they were to keep quiet about what they had discovered. He appeared to be a miner from a neighbouring village, and he said that his son, when working with the old master of the house, had

discovered the coal in the cellar and had told nobody but his father. The miner had forgotten all about it until the time of the coal strike, and he thought it would pay him to dig it out.

When the chums returned to school they were glad the boys in their dormitory were sound asleep. They also decided to say nothing about it, but between themselves they thought it the best adventure they had had.

J. B. M. M. (I G.f.)

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### On The Joys of Travelling to School.

Those unfortunate beings who are obliged to travel to school every morning rarely find a sympathetic ear into which to pour their grievances. On the contrary, instead of being pitied, they are generally envied. It is the most irritating thing in the world when those people who can afford to rise at 8.30 come and tell them "how lucky they are," and "how fine it must be to come in a train every morning," etc. If they only knew what endless worry and discomfort this so-called "privilege" entails, they would be anything but envious.

I must confess that I am a sluggard in the morning. I linger curled up in bed till the last possible minute, and then follows a heart-breaking scramble. At 8.18 precisely the train steams into the station. At 8.15 precisely I grab up my case and make for the door, which is thrown open in readiness. A passage is instantly cleared before me. Unseen hands place gloves in my pocket as I pass. There is a fervent ejaculation, "Thank goodness, there's that girl out at last!" The front door bangs and opens again almost instantly, and a voice cries, "Have you got your season?"

Breathless I tear down the road. My hat is somewhere on the back of my head, my coat is held together by one solitary button, and about half of my breakfast is in my mouth. No matter; these are mere details. Now down the station steps, three at a time. The porter, who knows me of old, draws the gate closer, and steps forward with an officious "Tickets, please." Fuming inwardly I produce my season and make a dash for the train. It is a very busy one, especially so in those days of the strike when there is scarcely standing room. On opening a door I receive a blank scowl from the lady standing at the window, and with a very bad grace she moves along. Breathless but triumphant I heave in somehow, and off we go. The great morning feat is accomplished—I have caught the train, and only await the friendly darkness of a tunnel to arrange various little odds and ends about my person.

Experience has taught me never to put up the window if it happens to be down. It is far, far better to stand the discomfort of untidy hair and a strong draught down the back of one's neck than to offend the deities who have come from a station further on. They look down with lordly contempt on "short distance" travellers, and woe betide the unlucky being who attempts to cut off their fresh air supply. And so I stand meekly enduring, till at last we pull up at the Central.

A quick walk on leaving the train usually degenerates into an undignified scramble to reach the ticket gates. Regardless of the scowls of those who "were there first" I slink in at the side of the crowd, and so through. Thank goodness, I have finished with trains for one morning.

All, however, is not yet over. After the usual run I board the car which I generally catch every morning. The conductor of this car is a most unpleasant individual. When he comes for fares I sink down on the seat and try to make myself two inches smaller. Then, mustering up my courage, I hold out a coupon.

"Half fare, please."

He fixes me with a stony stare.

"Whit age are ye?"

At this I begin to shake, but, having put my hand to the plough—"Fourteen."

"Aye, I ken ye fine. Ye were fourteen about a year ago when I asked ye whit age ye were, an' I suppose ye'll still be fourteen if I ask ye a year after this."

All protestations are useless, and I am reluctantly forced to come off at Bellgrove Street.

When at last, weary and panting, I reach the school and hurry to pass in before the door shuts, I am greeted with:

"Well, if you will get up at a quarter to nine in the morning how on earth ——?"

A quarter to nine! What paradise!

J. D. (IV. G.)

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### "The Stuff to Give 'em."

(A Description of the recent Eclipse of the Sun)

The sun broke forth with unusual brilliance on the eventful morn. About 9 a.m. King Pluto began to cast a film of darkness over Apollo's radiant countenance. This continued till 10 a.m., when mighty Apollo's face was almost enshrouded in the gloom and darkness of Pluto's ebony-hued cloak. The Frost King, taking advantage of this, stole from his icy cavern in the Polar Regions. Stretching his fingers out, he clutched all who were near him, and held them in his icy grasp.

A CANDIDATE IN THE RECENT ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.

### Adventures with a Wig.

Old Sam Brown was specimen hunting in the backwoods of America, when, happening to light upon a dense covert, there sprang out upon him, not a panther, but, with terrible whoop and yell, a wild Indian. Sam's gun was mastered in a twinkling, himself stretched on the earth, and the barbarous knife, destined to take his scalp, leaped eagerly from its sheath.

Conceive the horrible weapon making the preliminary flourishes and circumgyrations; the savage features made savager by paint and ruddle, working themselves up to a demoniacal crisis of triumphant wickedness; his red right hand clutching the shearing-knife; his left, Sam's frizzled wig; and then, the artificial scalp coming off in the Mohawk grasp.

The Indian was, for some moments, motionless with surprise. Recovering at last he dragged his captive along through the jungle to the encampment. A peculiar whoop soon brought the horde to the spot. The Indian addressed them with vehement gestures, in the course of which Sam was again thrown down; the knife again performed its circuits, and the whole transaction was pantomimically described. The assembly made every demonstration of wonder, and the wig was fitted on, rightly and askew, and hind part before, by a hundred pair of red hands. From the men it passed to the squaws; and from them down to the least of the urchins; Sam's head, in the meantime, fried in a midsummer sun. At length the phenomenon returned into the hands of the chief—a venerable greybeard. He examined it afresh, very attentively, and, after a long deliberation, made a speech in his own tongue, which procured for the anxious trembling captive very unexpected honours. In fact, the whole tribe of women and warriors danced round him with such marks of homage that even Old Sam comprehended that he was not intended for sacrifice. He was then carried in triumph to their wigwams, his body daubed with colours, and made to understand that he might choose any of their maidens for his squaw. Availing himself of the privilege, and so becoming more proficient in their language, he learned the reason of this extraordinary respect. It was considered that he had been a great warrior and had, by mischance of war, been overcome and tufted; and that, either by valour or stratagem, he had recovered his liberty and his scalp.

As long as Sam kept his own counsel he was safe; but trusting his Indian Delilah with the secret of his "locks," it soon got wind amongst the squaws, and from them the warriors and chiefs were soon apprised. A solemn sitting was held at mid-night to consider the propriety of knocking the poor wig-owner on the head, but Sam Brown had received a timely hint of their intention, and when the tomahawks sought after him he was far on his way, with his "Life-preserver," towards a land of safety.

(VI. B.)

### A Golfë Tale.

Bifel that on a sunny day in May,  
 To Collis Ater we did wende oure waye,  
 Ready to sterte with ful devout corage,  
 But sothly for to tellen you the rage,  
 And swiche a camuaignie of angrë looke  
 That eek had wrote ther name upon a booke,  
 When that the houres were ful wellë spent  
 We gan unto the tee with good intent,  
 And so bifel by adventure or cas  
 The ballë strayed among the longë grasse,  
 Until a gentil knight in jacket rede  
 Espied the balle far down upon the mede;  
 And to the ladies he restored again  
 The loste balle, and for his gretë paine  
 We did him thanke with sweetë smilës,  
 And there and then we "clicked" him with oure wilës,  
 And for the nones a thickë wood appearëd,  
 But it by pious eares should not be herëd;  
 But shortly for to speken of this thinge  
 At the lastë holë we na more did singe;  
 For of ech balle the skinne was rentë,  
 Some clubbes broken and the restë bentë,  
 And thus did end a very parfit day,  
 For sothely ther is na more to say.

J. A. M.

### The Song of the North Wind.

Now is Winter the king  
     In his palace of snow;  
 And the queenly Spring  
     Is buried below  
 The snowy shroud that the Winds have made,  
 And beside her, her daughters, the flowers are laid;  
     And the North Wind, I,  
     As I rush on high,  
 Fill the sky with my song till the snow too fade.

### Should Ladies Play Golf ?

The great Shakespeare once asked, "What's in a name," and I am prepared to say in reply—"A great deal." In any case I am certain that the title of this effusion will excite the inherent curiosity of the "gentle" sex, and will no doubt attract a few of the males.

We all know what golf is and how it should be played, but if you ask any person the main points of golf, he is almost sure to omit the essential—a good vocabulary. By a good vocabulary I do not infer that the player should be able to write a first-class 30,000 word serial, but there is a golf vocabulary, all the words of which are not to be found in Chambers' Etymological Dictionary. We all know what even the minister said when he missed a foot putt and lost the match.

But, with this introduction, I must now come to my subject. The ignorant are by this time aware that some of the language in golf matches is not at all parliamentary, and the problem is, "Are ladies entitled to freedom of speech on a public or private golf course?" But, you say, can a lady not play the "royal and ancient" game without indulging in flowery and expressive epithets. I solemnly make haste to answer in the negative. She can play golf of a kind—but she would never progress.

I have taken pains to state that a "golf vocabulary" is a very important essential to all golfers. Only the other day I was told that the aforesaid divine was, after six months, a "plus 4" man, but I knew he would make a golfer, from what he said after that putt. And I make bold to say that anyone who, after failing at a 2 foot putt in a big match, only says "Bless my soul!" ought to sell his or her clubs and take to dominoes.

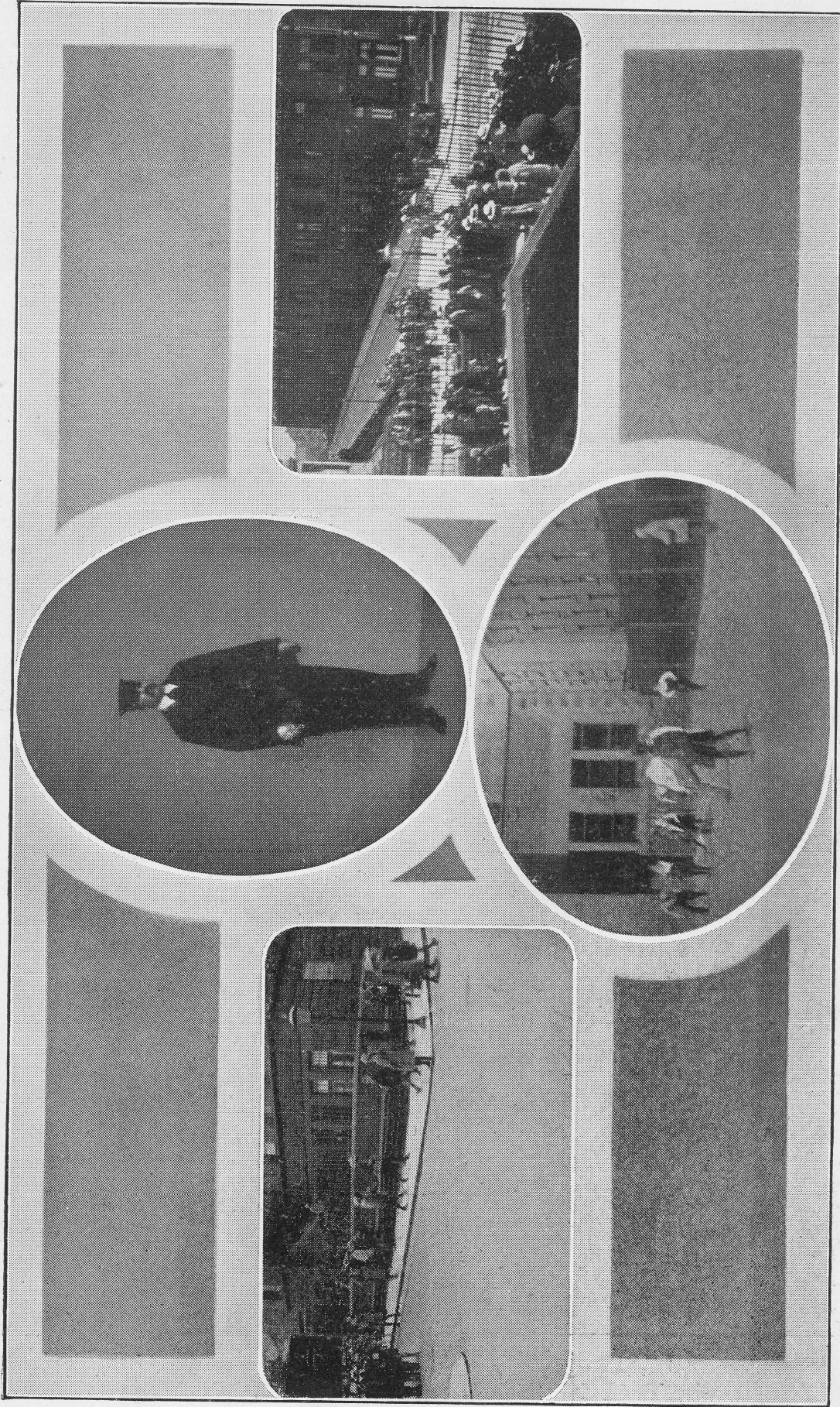
So you see, dear reader, how burning the question is, and having stated my case I am now going to leave you to answer it for yourself—if you can. I can't! At least, I daren't!!

N.B.—My esteemed friend, the Editor, has emphatically declared that he cannot, under any circumstance, enter into any correspondence with regard to the above subject. So that's that!

"SILVER KING."

### Convalescence.

Convalescence! How dear that name is to us! While we are ill, how eagerly we look forward to the time when those forbidden dainties will be denied us no more, when we shall no longer envy the others, when we shall be called "convalescent." After our recovery, how longingly we look back on our era of



FAMILIAR SIGHTS.

PHOTOS BY W.C.D., V.I.B.



Spirit of the Night.

E. H. IV 18



convalescence, during which the whole household strove its utmost to cheer us with music, with new novels, and with surprise packets.

Who will come forward and describe our peace, our comfort, our joy in that blissful period? With what feelings of contempt for the poor mortals condemned to spend long hours at trig. and dynamics do we compare our own good fortune with theirs; do we prop up the cushions behind us and read one more chapter of "Vanity Fair."

To our friends in school, waiting eagerly for the sounding of the gong, the hours drag wearily on; but to us the days are only too short, and we mend too quickly. What intrigues we use to make the "home folks" believe that we are still unable to attend school! How we feign toothache, headache, anything in fact that will prolong this happy time!

Then when we have exhausted all our complaints, how reluctantly do we step towards school and work to pester our teachers for the following fortnight with the well-worn excuse, "Oh! please, sir, I was absent."

RECOVERED (V. G.)

### The Modern Pilgrim.

And last of all ther was a worthi wight;  
 In all the world ther nas ne noon that might  
 Si moch of Maths. and Trigonom' trie knowe,  
 And eek Algébrë when the book he saw.  
 Of all his pupil's trickës he was wys,  
 And of shoutyng bar utterly the prys;  
 So ful wroth was he if that he did see  
 A wight who had his lessouns oublé;  
 Says he, "By my chalkë that is reedë,  
 I will you smack," and so indeed he wouldë.  
 His heed was bald, and therto square and largë,  
 Queer was his gown, but wel y-made of sergë,  
 But for to speken of his caractere,  
 He was so amyable and so dere,  
 That all, ful hertily his messagës did doon,  
 Especially his scholars when at Trig. they weren.  
 Blythe was he at the monthës endë,  
 When someone suddenly for him would sendë;  
 And eek all teachers alway are the samë,  
 When at that time they too do here their namë.  
 Wel coulde our noble friendë teche withallë  
 But sooth to seyn, I not what men him callë.

INCOGNITUS (IV. B.)

### Our Holiday Camp.

Our holiday camp was situated far up one of the Ross-shire hills. The campers numbered four, my father, brother, cousin, and myself. Our tent was a fairly large one of the "bell" variety. It was divided into two, the inner and smaller part being my allotted share. The entrance of the tent faced south-west. To the right of the entrance we built a small fireplace with stones. This was because we did not wish smoke to blow into the tent should the flap be open. The floor inside was strewn with cut heather. Three camp beds stood in the outer part, along with a wooden box which held provisions, and which did duty for a table. In my section there was a camp bed, a pic-nic hamper, and four wooden boxes which we used for chairs, and which held our private property.

As I was the only female I did the cooking. The boys took turns of rising and lighting the fire. Their shouts awakened me, and, while I prepared the breakfast, they brushed the boots and brought water in an old tub from a mountain cataract to the camp. Father always descended to a little croft on the hillside where he got a supply of milk. When he returned we all sat down to our breakfast of porridge and milk. After breakfast we made our beds, threw some green twigs on the fire, and left the camp. Sometimes we helped the farmers with their hay; at other times we walked to the nearest railway station, five miles distant, to see the mail train come in and get any letters. If there were any for the villagers, we delivered them. As a reward, we used to receive a pat of butter or a comb of honey. Our dinner consisted of eggs or fish, and sometimes a rabbit or a partridge, if father had gone out shooting. In the afternoon we stayed near the camp and had fine fun.

One afternoon the boys said they would take their turn at washing the clothes. Armed with large pieces of soap they went to the burn. If the clothes were fastened firmly to the bank and allowed to hang into the water, they were often cleaned by the rushing of the water, and did not need much rubbing. The boys, however, had not fastened them very firmly, and when they went back to finish the washing they found that a pair of socks and a collar had disappeared. You may imagine their mortification.

On the whole, we had a very enjoyable holiday, and returned much better, stronger, and healthier, than when we had set out.

R. S. (III. G.d.)

### Fourth Year Gossip.

The last quarterly examinations passed off smoothly with the exception of Dynamics, which proved, as usual, to be almost a complete massacre. We fail entirely to see where the girls derive amusement from this statement; nevertheless it is only too true that they seem to think it highly entertaining. The general impression abroad among the boys is that they could make a better job at sewing than they do at Dynamics. We doubt it ourselves.

While on the subject of examinations, we wonder who it was whose percentage for Geometry was five. Rumour has it that the said individual does not know the value of  $\pi$ . We advise him not to worry unduly over this, however, as we are not quite at one on that point either.

We of the IVth Year are beginning to think that our teachers are, after all, human. In the last two examinations we have had the option of an essay on "The Cinema." Some people think that "Impressions of the International," or "Prospects of this Cricket Season," would have been a pleasant variation.

Our pet mathematician has discovered that the person who predicted that Britain's coal supplies would last for 2,000 years will be thrown out by some weeks on account of the miners' strike. If it is any consolation, we may assure the prophet that at least he will not be alive to witness his own discomfiture,—that is, unless the monkey gland treatment becomes suddenly popular.

We have it on reliable authority that a certain girl in the IVth Year staggered her French teacher by translating "une journée memorable" as "a memorial journey." We know of one teacher in Whitehill who characterises all such efforts as "quite ingenious, but not altogether successful."

Some of the members of the IVth Year who come from the suburbs demonstrate their fondness for peace and solitude by frequenting during the dinner hour the lanes adjoining the school. Of course it is entirely a matter of taste, and we must admit having caught a whiff of country air on more than one occasion. Although we do not claim great horticultural knowledge, we certainly caught the unmistakable odour of the Wild Woodbine.

Since the tennis court has been painted out in the playground, Whitehillians, young and old, seem to have become very enthusiastic about that game. If this enthusiasm continues, who knows but that in the playing fields of the Whitehill of the future, instead of sonorous shouts of "Buck up 'Hill," we shall hear the more refined and aristocratic "Thanks for one, number three."

A certain class in the IVth Year held a debate recently. The subject chosen was "Women," but the females had a strong rival in "Should Blind Men Pay for Stair Gas?" No doubt the person who suggested the latter meant well, but we cannot help feeling that if his subject had been chosen, the debaters would have been working in the dark.

TITTLE-TATTLE.

## Whitehill Notes.

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### Mr. J. Muir Mathieson—An Appreciation.

Surprise, mingled with regret, was felt by teachers and pupils on 17th May, when it was learned that the genial Mr. Mathieson of our Art Department had been promoted to Battlefield and Cathcart district.

For fifteen years he served the School faithfully and well, and pupils and staff join in wishing him every good luck and prosperity in his new sphere.

An artist of great gifts, he excelled in the painting of landscapes, miniature and pen work; and his repeated successes as an Exhibitor have added to his professional reputation. As a caricaturist and cartoonist he is known to quite a wide circle, and among his prized possessions is his portfolio of sketches of colleagues and friends, its chief merit being the happy knack he generally displays in hitting off the characteristic attitudes of his victims.

Mr. Mathieson's services to the School were legion, and as our Advertising Medium, whether on behalf of Sports, School Functions, War Fund Appeals, or in keeping the Roll of Whitehill Service Men, he was ever ready and willing to give of his best.

His annual appeal on behalf of Pearson's Fresh Air Fund never failed to evoke a generous response.

He was a favourite with all, and his colleagues and old pupils will watch his further career with the deepest interest.

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## SPORTS.

### Football.

In a school with such a large staff as Whitehill has, changes in the personnel of the establishment tend to pass almost unnoticed. Mr. Thomas Scott's appointment as second in command in Bluevale School, however, is of special interest to the boys, football players and athletes, and in congratulating him on his promotion they must feel how great is their loss and how hard it will be to fill his place. He expended an inconceivable amount of energy and sacrificed a very large portion of his spare time in

building up, training and coaching the teams that took part in Elementary competitions, and when the football season was over and it might be thought he would take a well earned rest, he turned his attention to running, and last season his labours were rewarded by the numerous successes of Whitehill School teams. His enthusiasm was unbounded; no boy rejoiced more heartily in a victory or took a defeat more to heart than did Mr. Scott.

The Elementary boys have done very well indeed. They are Champions of the Camlachie League, with the possible number of points. It is true that they got no further than the semi-final stages of the two Elementary Shield Competitions, but their conquerors proved ultimate Shield winners. Similarly, Mount Florida, who put us out of the Glasgow Cup Competition, are now the Cup holders. Really, we have done quite well as Elementaries, and have nothing to regret in the upper regions.

Most of our non-success in Secondary competitions has been due to an excess of modesty—vulgarly known as “a lack of ginger.”

In the First Division of the League our losses about balance our gains; in the Scottish Secondary Shield competition we reached the semi-final stage, and we were equal in cleverness if not in weight to our conquerors. The only representative Secondary match this season was at Edinburgh, where a Whitehill boy, H. M'Vean, scored the winning goal for Glasgow.

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### Running.

Under the auspices of the S.A.A.A. the Inter-Scholastic Sports were held at Edinburgh on Saturday, 21st May. In the open 100 yards J. Crawford (Whitehill) won his heat easily by 4 yards. G. MacKenzie (Whitehill) also qualified for the final as fastest loser. The final of this event was won by J. Crawford in 11 seconds.

The open high jump was won by Watt of Dollar Academy with a leap of 5ft. 7in. (a record), G. MacKenzie being second with a jump of 5ft. 4½in.

Owing to the fact that Whitehill's first runner was spiked, the Relay Team for those under 14 experienced bad luck, as the other boys were called upon to make up a leeway that was caused by the first boy having to hobble the last part of his distance.

On Saturday, 28th May, Whitehill have a relay team competing at Hutcheson Grammar's Sports in the quarter mile invitation. The following boys will represent the 'Hill:—J. Crawford, T. Johnstone, A. Wilson, G. MacKenzie.

### Golf.

During the latter part of this session many interesting events have occurred in the Golf Club which are well worth publishing in "Our Own Magazine." The membership for the Club is very good, and the only complaint the Committee can make is that very few take out cards for the Monthly Medals. Some of those who do not take out cards are disappointed when they reach the course, and little wonder too, for there are generally some thirty or forty couples waiting to play off, when the Whitehill boys arrive, usually fifteen minutes late. The crowds can be justified by the present unemployment, but if the Whitehill lads could set their alarm clocks for half an hour earlier on the Friday evenings, then the whole Club would be able to play off together.

The Club has been greatly disappointed in the High School game which was arranged for 12th March. Everything was sailing along beautifully, and Whitehill had picked out a good team, when the Secretary received word that the match was off. Last session, too, the game was spoken of, but came to nothing, and all chosen to play were keenly disappointed. However, we have a better game to look forward to, and that is the one with our own teachers. Thanks to the enthusiasm of Mr. Colquhoun and Mr. King the game has been arranged for Wednesday, 25th May, over Lethamhill Course. The lads chosen to play anticipate a good game, and desire to make a fine show before our own masters. Let's wish the boys every success. Here they are:—John Riddell, J. B. Scott, Alex. Neil, A. Donaldson, Jas. Burt, John Gilbert, Geo. Hastings, Fred. W. Bennett, Donald Sutherland.

Much interest has been excited in the "Allan Shield" this year, and we have already reached the Final. From the first round it was evident that the Captain would have every chance of reaching the coveted place. Luck favoured him, and now his name flourishes beside that of the Secretary, who just managed to secure his place after a very close game in the Semi-final. Those lads in the Semi-final, Alex. Neil and A. Donaldson, are to be complimented on their success in reaching that round, and we all hope that they will go further next session and reach the Final.

On Friday, 26th May, a mixed foursome was played over Blackhill. Last year Miss Fisher very generously gave prize money for mixed foursomes competitions, to stimulate interest in the girls' section. Both sections decided upon a competition this session, and arrangements were then made. The Winners were (1) C. Prentice and J. B. Scott; (2) N. Best and Alex. Neil.

The "Chatfield" Medal is the next interesting event. In our last issue we explained that the winners of the Monthly Medals would play off in a knock-out competition. As soon as the June Medal is played, the Committee will make arrangements for the competition.

The Secretary asks that all Higher Grade pupils who take up golf might practise during the summer vacation, so that when the school club re-opens there will be a huge list of names for the Club, and this will keep up the reputation of the School.

### Swimming Club.

The Swimming Club is in a flourishing condition this session. With a membership of over 300 it was decided to hold a Gala, which took place on the 12th May in Whitevale Baths before a large and appreciative company.

#### Results of Events—

25 Yards Race, Learners (Boys)—(1) J. Mowatt; (2) A. M'Donald.

25 Yards Race, Learners (Girls)—(1) I. Lauder; (2) M. M'Donald.

50 Yards Handicap (Boys)—(1) J. Robertson; (2) A. M'Alpine; (3), W. Brown.

25 Yards Handicap (Girls)—(1), B. Maxwell; (2) K. Glen-cross; (3) B. Soutter.

Back Stroke Race—(1) N. Catchpole; (2) J. Ogilvie.

100 Yards Championship (Boys)—(1) K. Scott; (2) J. Stirling.

50 Yards Championship (Girls)—(1) B. Soutter; (2) E. Mackay.

Schools' Team Race—(1) Queen's Park; (2) Whitehill.

Novelty Race (Boys)—(1) A. M'Alpine; (2) A. Christie.

Novelty Race (Girls)—(1) B. Soutter; (2) E. Mackay.

Water Polo Match—The High School, 5 goals; Whitehill, 1 goal.

300 Yards Display by Mr. Greenlees, Thistle A.S.C., Scottish Champion.

Invitation 50 Yards Handicap by F.P.'s—(1) M'Lean; (2) Borland; (3) Gibson; (4) Ness.

An examination for Life-Saving Certificates was held, when the following gained the undermentioned:—

Hon. Instructor's Certificate—N. Catchpole.

Bronze Medallions—T. Gibson, J. Stirling, Wm. Dalgoutte, J. Ogilvie, T. Muir, G. Cuthbertson, J. Robertson (III.b.), D. Lind.

Proficiency Certificates—T. Gibson, J. Stirling, W. Dalgoutte, J. Ogilvie, T. Muir, G. Cuthbertson, D. Lind, J. Robertson III. B.), W. Brown, W. Stephen, D. Chisholm, J. Allan, A. Christie, J. Robertson (I. B.). Mr. T. Armstrong, Royal Life Saving Society, was the Examiner.

Another examination will be held during this month, when 6 will be presented for Hon. Instructor's Certificates, 10 for Bronze Medallions, and 15 for Proficiency Certificates.



### The School Club.

The School Club has now completed another very successful session. The formidable task of maintaining the unprecedented position to which the Club attained in session 1919-20 has been successfully carried out by the President, Mr. Archibald Neil, M.A.; the Secretary, Mr. Howard Garvan, M.A., and the Committee. Two most encouraging features of the meetings throughout the session were the increased attendance and the readiness displayed by many more members to take part in the debates.

The number of members during the session has been increased by 100, thus creating a record membership for the Club, and making the total 400. In this connection it is pleasing to state that 28 of the School Staff have become members.

We have to record a gratifying increase in our life-membership, thus making more sure the success of our Reserve Fund, the income from which is annually devoted to the School for the purchase of the Whitehill School Club Prize or Prizes.

We desire to take this opportunity of extending a very hearty invitation to all pupils who leave the School this month to become members of the School Club next session. In so doing they will help to maintain the *esprit de corps* of the School among the former pupils and perpetuate the high traditions of the Club. A very attractive syllabus has been arranged for session 1921-22, including social meetings, debates, and musical evenings. Therefore, on the 14th October, 1921 (our first meeting), we hope to have an excellent response to our cordial invitation.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, M.A., B.Sc., President.

WILLIAM SIMPSON, Secretary.