

Whitehill School Magazine.

No. 21.

Summer, 1930.

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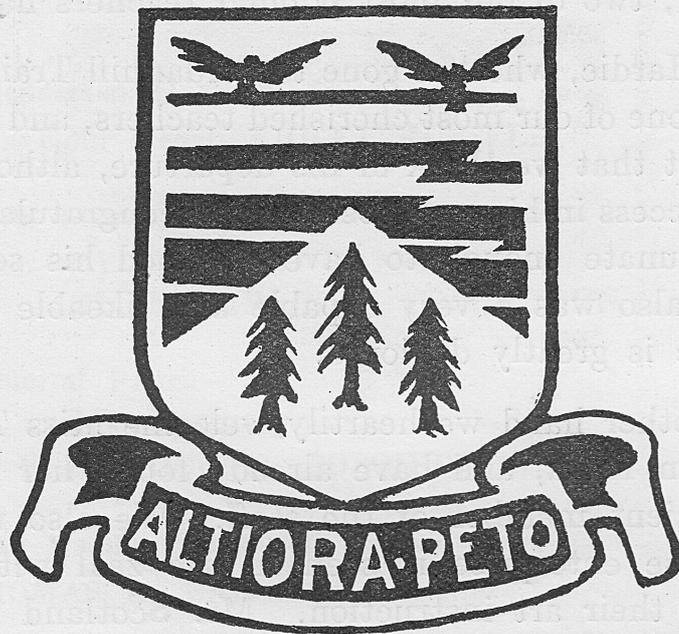
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ADVERTISERS.

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.



EDITORIAL.

No doubt the reading public, always a fickle entity, tends to weary of the editorial, but since it must be tolerated, one can only set one's teeth and struggle through it.

Perhaps the most widely spread interest in the school is sport, and that the labours done in this cause were not in vain was shown on our annual Sports Day. Seniors and juniors competed with equal enthusiasm, and this year the younger boys had a new incentive in the form of a Junior Championship Cup, which was very generously presented by Mr. Willis, the father of one of our pupils. Such a trophy had been long desired and the school owes gratitude to Mr. Willis for this handsome gift. W. Cameron has had the honour of being the first Junior Champion, and T. B. Froot very deservedly carried off the premier cup in face of great opposition.

We should also like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Foster for her years of generous service to the Swimming Club.

The Literary and Debating Society has changed for the summer months to a Rambling Club, and Mr. Lunam is very kindly instructing its members in the mysteries of botany. This has opened up yet another source of interest in the school, and we may shortly have botany introduced as a branch of science.

But amidst all this progress there are a few tears, since, unfortunately, two of our most popular teachers have left us.

In Mr. Hardie, who has gone to Jordanhill Training College, we have lost one of our most cherished teachers, and it is with the deepest regret that we think of his departure, although we wish him every success in his new position and congratulate the people who are fortunate enough to have obtained his services. Mr. MacFarlane also was a very capable and likeable teacher, and his departure is greatly deplored.

On the other hand we heartily welcome Miss Thomas from her sojourn in India, and have already found her to be a very fine and efficient member of the staff. We also welcome Mr. M'Kean whose enterprise is seen in the zeal with which his pupils tackle their art instruction. Mr. Scotland is also to be congratulated on his new degree (Ph.D.), and our only fear is that we may shortly lose another of our English staff.

This year a journey to Belgium has been arranged for the scholars, and the necessary preparations have been made by Miss Monaghan and Mr. Findlay, whom we thank in the name of the school.

For the other school news we recommend our readers to turn to later pages. The following information came too late to be included in the University Letter:—

Oxford University.—Wm. E. Muir, Chancellor's Prize for Latin Prose.

Glasgow University.—Mathematics (First Class Certificate)—H. S. Wylie, William Scullion; (Ordinary) Robert Campbell, Mary M. Frame. Engineering (First Class Certificate)—Vincent R. Paling. German (First Class Certificate)—Mary R. Stark. Latin (First Class Certificate) R. Rowland Eadie; (Ordinary First Class Certificate) Mary M. Frame, William Scullion, Alice W. Lawson.

We have just heard, as we go to press, the great success of a former pupil, Dr. Mary L. Gilchrist, who has just graduated M.D. on Wednesday, 18th June, after a distinguished career in Medicine.

In conclusion, we wish the Headmaster, staff and pupils a very enjoyable holiday.

University Letters.

THE UNIVERSITY,
May, 1930.

DEAR OLD SCHOOL,

The world is a lightsome place just now. Frocks and flannels, the airy garments of summer, have replaced the heavy wear of winter, and the gloom and burdens have been likewise removed. "And whitfurno?" as my friend M'Gonnigal habitually inquires. Are not our degrees almost a thing of the past? Is not the long vacation before us? Verily, it is good to be alive, to look forward to a leisurely summer and the excitement of a new term.

What a wonderful feeling it is to return to 'Varsity for a new session, to sit in the Union with a coffee before you, to meet the old friends, to swop yarns about the holidays and to look forward to the new session's work! It is an experience that renews the exhilarating influence of spring. And next year there will be an added attraction—the new Union. The membership fee is one guinea, but the return is not measurable in money. Those of you who will be coming up should make a point of joining. You will appreciate the reason in a year or two. It is the only club which, I think, should be joined by every student. Each of you will find his individual tastes well catered for by other clubs whose name is legion. They are all to be found in "The Handbook" which is given free to each student on matriculation.

This matriculation is a rather tedious, but nevertheless essential business. The best thing for a fresher to do is to find someone who has been through it before. But shun chance acquaintances—it is considered very funny to make a fool of a fresher. Above all, beware of the gentlemen you will invariably meet outside the matriculation hall. They will try to inveigle you into joining every club in the 'Varsity. Do not be afraid of lying indiscriminately. It is the only way of saving your body and your soul, not to mention your pocket money. There is just one other piece of advice I would like to give you. Go and see Dr. Thomson, the adviser of studies, before the term begins. He is much more amiable and discursive when there is not a queue from the quadrangles, three flights below, waiting to interview him. I should also like to warn you that the exams seem very far off in October, and there are many distractions for freshers in the way of free smokers and socials. Do not let these sweep you off your feet. Remember the School motto.

Whitehill has done very well in the classes this year and it is up to you to carry on the good work next year. John M. Brown was first in Higher Moral Philosophy, James G. Jackson, the old School captain, was first in Higher Latin, Rowland Eadie was second in Higher Greek, and Vincent Paling, James Miller, Robert Campbell, Harry Wylie, William Scullion,

Robert Stitt and Robert Murray, of whom I have no definite information, were all high up in their various classes. There may be others, too, of whom I have not heard. On the less scholastic side of 'Varsity life we have John B. Roy and John M. Brown. The former would have been editor of the G.U.M. this year but for his final medical exams. The latter has followed in Roy's footsteps as sub-editor of the G.U.M. and editor of "The Handbook." Sport is the only realm of 'Varsity life in which Whitehillians are not outstanding. Thus there are still fresh fields to be conquered and old ones to be retained. It is up to you freshers to do your bit.

And remember "Altiora Peto."

ADAM.

QUEEN MARGARET COLLEGE,
May, 1930.

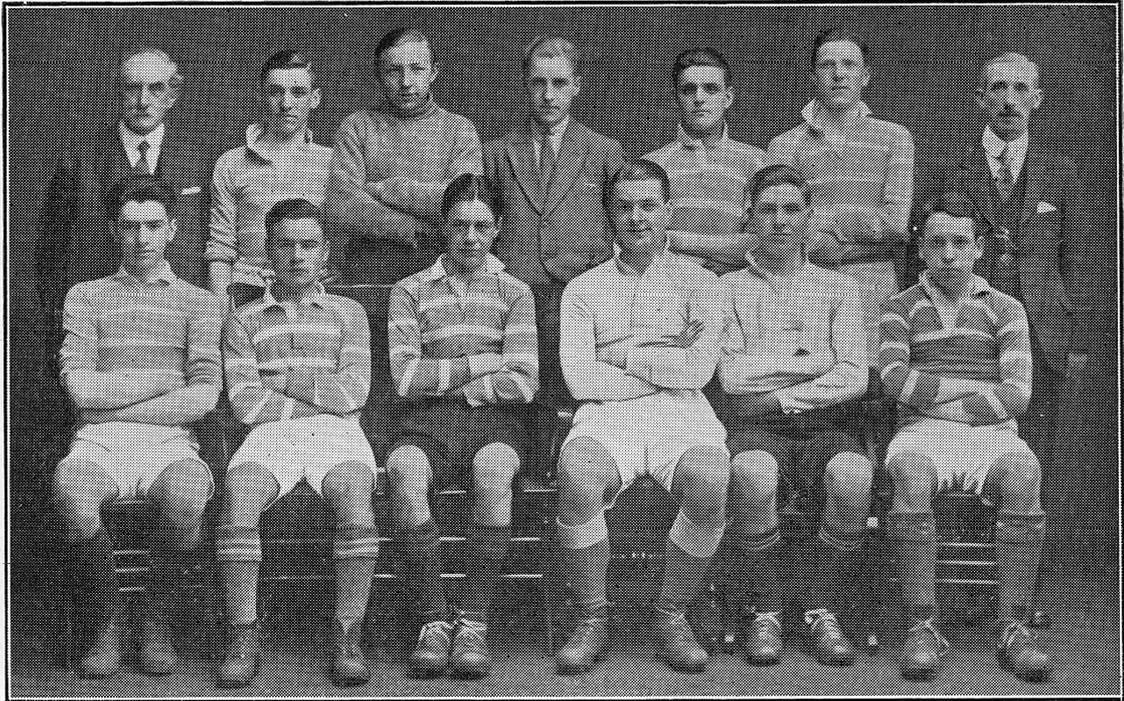
DEAR SCHOOL,

Some of the girls may be thinking of coming up to 'Varsity next term, so a word of advice to them specially may be helpful.

A University training offers more than a degree. Intercourse with other students in classes, quadrangles, clubs, sports field, broadens one's outlook, gives one a new conception of life. If your only object is to obtain a degree, probably you will succeed, but you will have missed the most vital aspects of a University education. That does not mean, of course, that in pursuit of these other aspects the degree has to become a subsidiary matter. A true student, putting her ability, whether literary or athletic, at the disposal of the University, will find that doing so does not hamper her in her studies, but rather encourages her to fresh effort.

At Queen Margaret College when you matriculate and enrol in October, you will meet your first bombardment of women canvassers. Probably your first impulse will be to turn and run—I felt like that; but be brave, they are really quite harmless. You will be asked to join numberless clubs, but if you join those to which your fancy leads you, and politely but firmly decline the others, you will be released from pressure.

Clubs are important in University life. To those who live far from Gilmorehill and whose classes are scattered throughout the day, I should recommend the Union. The subscription is a matter of twenty-three shillings. Your own convictions, if any, will guide you as regards political clubs. Most strongly would I recommend the Athletic Club. If you are fond of outdoor games, such as hockey, or if you feel the need of fresh air, there is nothing like an afternoon on the sports field at Westerlands for brightening you up again. Come to Westerlands (at Anniesland Station) any Wednesday afternoon in September, and you will be made welcome.

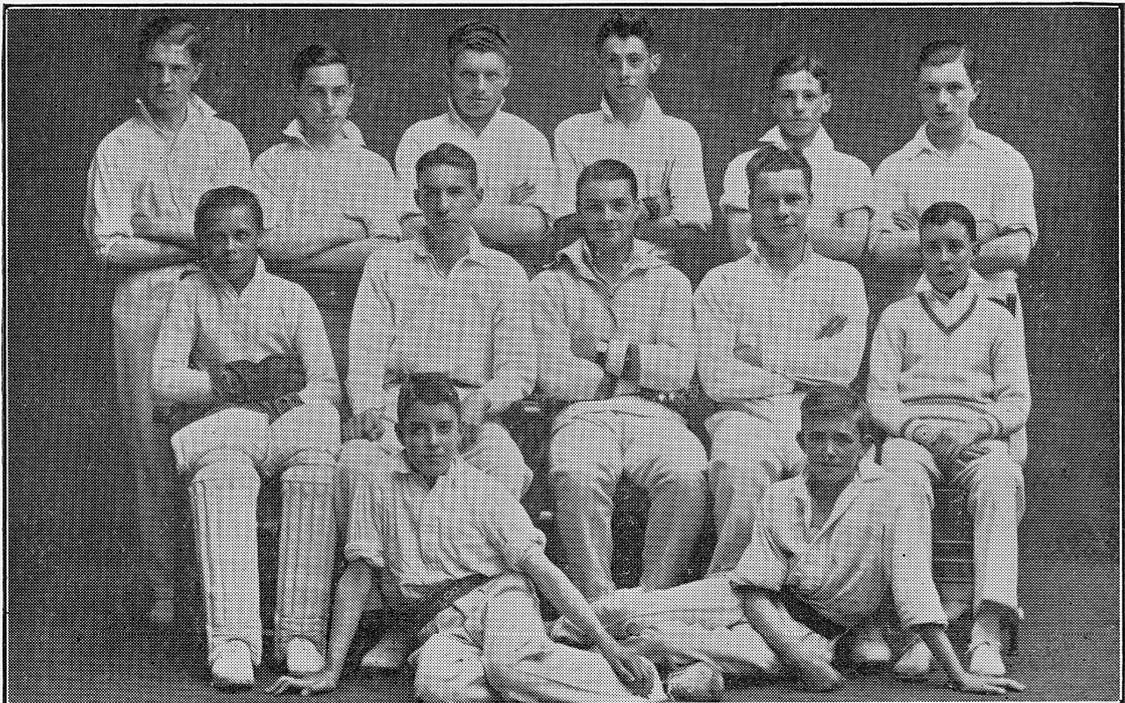


Mr. T. Nisbet, *Rector*.

Mr. R. S. M'Intosh.

J. Scott, I. M'Donald, T. Scott, W. Hill, B. Lumsden,
D. Lees, C. Halley, J. M'Laren, T. B. Frood, *Captain*, H. Smith, R. Moore.

1ST XI. FOOTBALL.



W. D. Newton, I. S. Munro, W. Black, M. M'Lean, A. M. Murray, J. Hutchison,
J. Marshall, G. Buchanan, T. B. Frood, *Captain*, T. A. Chisholm, R. Motherwell,
E. H. Motherwell, J. W. Anderson.

CRICKET XI.

THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION?



Geo. B. FB
April 1930.

A final word of advice. Classes will occupy two, or perhaps three hours a day, and it is natural for newcomers to regard the rest of the day as free. That is fatal! Keep up with class-work and reading. From practical experience, I assure you, it is impossible to do a year's work a fortnight or a week before an exam.

Best of luck to you all.

BIG SISTER.

A Telephone Tit-Bit.

Dear All,

The other day my wife burst into my study, where I was seated in the midst of papers and books, meditating deeply, with the request: "Do leave that awful rubbish for a minute and ring up Mrs. Brown for me. I must speak to her at once."

I regretfully pushed aside the musty volume I was studying and reached for the directory.

"Let me see,—Baker, Bartholomew—a page or two yet—Blair—Ah! here we are,—Brown. Abraham, Alexander, Algernon—what **is** the man's name? Obadiah! Obadiah! Of course, he would have a name like that!—Here it is at last! No. L—812."

"Hullo! L—812 please. No, I'm not telling you what L—ate. I said 'L—812.' Yes. Hullo! Hullo! Is that L—812? Yes. Hold on a minute, please. Here you are, Jean."

I leant back in my chair to listen to the conversation, as I knew I should get no peace till my wife had discovered whether Mrs. Obadiah Brown kept her oven at the heat mentioned in the cookery book or half a degree warmer when baking, or whatever else she wanted to know. This is what I heard:

"Hullo! Is that you, Mrs. Brown? Yes, it is, dear, little Jean speaking. I'm making strawberry jam. What's that? No, no, not spotted ham. I said, 'strawberry jam!' . . . What's that in pieces? Oh, I see, Obadiah's nieces! I usually roast mine, but last time I boiled them and served them with salad for lunch—don't forget plenty of pepper. Yes, I served in those W—'s dishes and they never knew . . . What's that? Whose sighs? Oh, yes, Mary's eyes. Yes, yes, I leave mine to soak all night in that washing soda mixture that you told me about. Yes, . . . It makes them as white as if they had been bleached. Yes, I always iron mine—it leaves them so fresh and smooth. No. Yes, certainly, come round to-night at 7 o'clock and we will have a long chat. I have so much to tell you, dear. Well, cheerio, just now. Cheerio."

(At the last piece of information I mentally determined to have an appointment with my old friend Smith at 6.30 p.m.)

Yours,

TIMOTHY T. (V.).

Our Annual Sports.

Our Sports were held on Saturday, 31st May, at Craigend, before a large attendance.

Hopes for a bright day were not very high in the morning, but the weather clerk relented and the events were contested in brilliant sunshine.

Race after race was lost and won amid the cheers of the happy crowd.

The greatest thrills were experienced by the crowd in the various championship (senior and junior) events. We must heartily congratulate T. B. Froot and W. Cameron on their brilliant victories in the senior and junior championships respectively.

A junior championship was possible this year, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Willis in presenting a handsome trophy.

All the competitors put their hearts into the races, and we must condole with those plucky runners who did not gain the coveted prizes.

The most amusing and popular feature of the day was the obstacle race. The youngsters threw themselves into the fray with gusto, and it is amazing how they wriggled through nets, bars, barrels, and sacks.

They were verily worthy winners, those giants who struggled home 'midst the cheers of the throng.

Nor did Eve allow herself to be forgotten. She showed that the fair sex are not to be despised. In fact, they are quite a power in the school, as one poor youth found when two of the gentler (?) sex crashed into him at the close of the three-legged race.

The staff were dotted conspicuously all over the field, and it was easily seen that the work of preparation for such a large gathering must have been great. Our thanks are due to Messrs. Higgins and Scotland.

And now, "after the race was over," our thoughts naturally turn to refreshments. The humble gentlemen who became all hot and bothered calculating the correct change at the lemonade stall are due a word of praise. The good things were served us in the house by the beauties of the upper school, smilingly supervised by Miss Monaghan. We must not forget those who worked "behind the scenes" washing dishes, getting competitors lined up, and those who were "generally useful."

And now Mrs. Macrae advances gracefully to present the prizes. A mighty cheer is heard, and T. B. is carried shoulder-high to receive his cup. Cameron is also gently (?) raised on high.

Yet no hearts beat more proudly than those of the first year as they stepped forward to receive their awards.

The homeward journey was a cheery one. Everyone was talking, laughing and congratulating, and all dull thoughts were banished as the day's events and times were discussed.

I. H. G. (V. B.).

JUNIOR PAGES.

A City of the Past.

The most interesting place that I ever visited was the Roman Uriconium. This is the remains of a city of the past, and is situated a few miles from Norton, a small village on the border of Wales.

It was just about mid-day when we arrived at the city, and a guide who was standing nearby, ushered us through the main gate into a small courtyard, which was walled in. The walls were old and broken down, the ground sodden and marshy—not at all a pleasant introduction to this place of historical fame. We viewed the city from the outside, saw the remains of narrow alleys, of town squares, and market places. Then we entered the museum and saw the utensils, weapons, jewellery, and garb used by those famous people. In one corner we saw the swords that only the strongest warriors could wield, or a gaily plumed helmet that some soldier had worn to war. A table was set out with the jewels that had perhaps, in days of old, adorned the most beautiful woman of the city. On other shelves, desks, and tables we saw the utensils for cooking, the implements for tilling the ground, and the huge battle-axes that had been used in so many great battles.

Once, while I was standing alone against the walls, I closed my eyes and imagined myself back in the Roman times. I fancied I heard the sound of the trumpeter, saw the huge gates open and a noble army enter. Their flags were flying in the breeze, their spears glistening in the sun, and cheers were rising from the crowds of onlookers.

M. C. (II.).

Suspense.

There was a breathless silence, and the huge multitude swayed with barely-suppressed excitement. Somewhere in the crowd a miserable fellow coughed, and was immediately reprimanded by hundreds of cold, angry glances. This diversion, however, was soon forgotten in the tense atmosphere of the momentous happenings in front. They had been waiting for many seconds now, but not a foot stirred in impatience. Their eyes were hungrily riveted on the figure now lying flat on the ground. A pin could have been heard dropping. At last! The steel implement was brought slowly back, and a slight click followed.

Alas for false hopes! Their favourite had missed a two-foot putt on the last green.

A. S. (II. B.a.).

Pot Pourri.

Things Money Can't Buy.

A sheet for the bed of a river.
 Clothes to hang on the Hook of Holland.
 A man to set a sky-scraper in motion.
 A monocle for the eye of a needle.
 A band to lead the March of Progress.

Collected by J. S. (II. B.c.).

Beauty Hint.

To one packet of Hall's Distemper, any colour will do, add some H.P. Sauce. Mix well, then add two tea-cupfuls of treacle. Scent with the juices of lemon and onion and heat over a slow fire. Apply this every evening for one week and at the end of the week you won't know your own face when you see it in the mirror.

Some Books to Read.

"The Doctor," by Iva Paine.
 "The Channel Swimmer," by Francis Neare.
 "The Feast," by Leva Bunn.
 "The Lamplighter," by B. A. Leary.
 "The Talker," by Sed Much.
 "Hanging by a Thread," by Willit Snap.
 "Poor Men," by Nora Bean.

Collected by T. PRINGLE (II. B.c.).

The Night-Watchman.

It must be very exciting to be a night-watchman.

First, you could have nice, grubby, horny hands. Also, there would be the glowing basket of fire to look at, or, if you felt hot, there would be the moon.

Secondly, there would be strange tea to make, in a tin over the fire, and you would unearth half a loaf with inches of cheese, wrapped up in yesterday's newspaper.

If it snowed, your box, with its tarpaulin cover all printed over with the address of the local Gas Offices, would shelter you.

Even supposing your four sons were all sailors and married, and your wife dead, you wouldn't mind, you would be so busy thinking. You would have a jolly, weather-beaten face, and your arms, tattooed with blue anchors, would not be so brawny as they were in the good old days at the Front.

("Fine fellow, that bobby! Blenheim win the Derby, eh?"
 Puff, puff. Sno-o-o-o-re.) P. M. (II. G.b.).

Intemperance.

There was a wee boyie called Johnnie M'Gee,
 Who simply delighted in cuppies of tea,
 He brewed a cuppie,
 And drank it all uppie,
 And said he, "Oh, mother, make morie for me."

I. M'A. (I. G.f.).

(One of the editors, a tea-fiend, applauds the sentiment, if not the verse, and insists on this going in.)

Saved.

Matilda, bathing on the beach,
 Ventured out beyond her reach,
 A shark, attracted by the sound,
 Saved the poor girl from being drowned.

POET (I. B.c.).

An Ideal Holiday.

Sometimes when on holiday, you will find yourself with nothing to do. I've a great suggestion to make. Rob your next-door neighbour. Borrow your son's water pistol (it looks just like the real thing) and walk quietly in.

Hold up the occupants of the house, demand their money, walk out and hire a taxi to take you to the nearest liner going abroad. When on the liner, wire the money back, signing yourself as the Red Shadow to give a touch of the sinister.

Three of my pals have tried this. They all wrote to me from prison saying that they'd settle with me when they came out. I wonder what they mean? They don't owe me anything.

W. N. S. (I. B.x.).

There was an old fellow named Mopper,
 Who rode on a bike called a Hopper;
 One sun-shining day
 The bike ran away,
 And Mopper came down such a cropper.

N. W. (I. B.x.).

Wanted—A Song.

A short time ago a commission was appointed to examine thoroughly, and make a report on, the institutions and organisations of Whitehill School. The report has now been published. The findings of the commission have been fully digested. It appears that there is in existence a "Lit.," where all topics from Shintoism to social evenings are discussed with like equanimity; that we have a gramophone with an automatic stop: that we have—but it is not my purpose to discuss what we have. My intention is to point out that we have not—mark the words—a song. Do you catch the full significance of that statement? Is the appalling truth at once apparent to you? Whitehill is *unsung*.

Now, something must be done. Why should the scholars of Whitehill School depend on Irving Berlin and Leslie Tarony for their songs? Why be content with "Happy Days" and "Chum-song," when with a little effort they could have their own School Anthem? Say, can't you see the possibility (alarming possibilities) of this idea, if you care to develop it? It's quite simple.

Of course, we couldn't be expected to compose our own tunes—at least, not till we were more experienced. However, there are so many tunes extant that we can borrow them and make our own words. And once started, should we rest on our oars? Eton has quite as many songs as 100% all-singing Movie-tone. What Eton has done, Whitehill can undo.

Of course, the Sports Club presents a difficulty. You see, to a Whitehill team, a game has always an element of surprise. They might win. So it wouldn't do to sound too cocksure. Something that could be sung once the result was known would suit. Again, by way of example, someone might fit a new set of words to "Here we go gathering nuts in May." It **would** be gratifying to hear the members of the Rambling Club liting this as they searched diligently for the skittish dandelion. Even the masters could try their hands at this. Already they have made attempts, I believe, to parody, "Malice, where art thou?"; "Oh, what can little hands do?" So be it. It's for a good cause.

And now you realise what's wanted, go to it! Don't stop at wearing the school colours—say it with songs! Make the welkin ring with Whitehill music.

In any case it's you for it. I'll have left the school before any harm's done.

ANON.

That Young Sister of Mine.

She is at that time of life when one seems to expand in every direction. Her legs and arms are so long that they annoy her. Her eyes continually dance with mischief, and her nose is not unlike mine—just a little more comical. But one outstanding feature is her hair. It is like a mop. However, she does not

allow the floor to come into contact with it. Her Christian name is Jean, but she has been nicknamed "Fizzy."

Fizzy resembles her eyes. She is full and brimming over with enjoyment of life. She annoys the household in general. My solar plexus is a favourite mark. However, I am more than her equal because she puts her whole strength into our "rough and tumbles," whilst I use a little ingenuity to escape from her attacks and am ready to pounce on her at the first opportunity.

As Jean is industrious at play, so she is lazy where work is concerned in any shape or form. Her Latin, Maths, and French dare not be mentioned. Since she is accustomed to talk to anyone and everyone about anything and everything, she makes a good show at English, especially when she is given great scope.

I have not yet touched upon her other failings; there isn't time.

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

A Crying Need.

It's an age of great invention,
 But I wish the folk with brains
 Would devote their best attention,
 And a mighty lot of pains,
 To a very vital question,
 Which can stand a bright suggestion.

Cost of living, League of Nations—
 These fill up each clever head;
 While the folks who love sensations
 Simply go where they are led;
 All instead of making money
 While the sun shines—which seems funny,

How the market wanes and waxes
 Occupies the people's thought;
 How to dodge the Income Taxes
 (They'll regret it when they're caught);
 While this thing has money in it,
 If they'd only think a minute.

When the summer suns are broiling,
 All the tortures of the rack
 Can't compare with that slow coiling
 Of one's linen up one's back.
 Can't some intellect be bent to
 Make a shirt stay where it's meant to?

W. J. M.

Girls' Championship Cup.

It is the intention of Mr. George MacBryer, one of the judges at the Sports and a Former Pupil at this school, to present a Championship Cup to the girls.

This generous gift is one which will commend itself to the school. The girls have always done well in athletics, and it seemed rather unfortunate that there was not a girl's championship. With the institution of the cup, however, this state of affairs is at an end.

We desire to draw attention to the fact that Mr. MacBryer is a Former Pupil of the school. At present he is residing in England, yet he made the long journey into Scotland to judge at the sports. That alone is sufficient to show his affection for the old school, but the presentation of the cup indicates that he is a true friend. We trust that when the present pupils become Former Pupils they will be of a like mind towards Whitehill, and we would further suggest that other F.P.'s might be induced to follow his generous example.

On behalf of the school we tender our sincerest thanks to Mr. MacBryer for his cup.

Junior Boys' Championship.

Through the generosity of Mr. Willis, the father of one of the pupils in the school, a Championship Cup has been presented for competition among the junior boys.

The lack of such a trophy was felt very severely, for it was inevitable that the junior boys could not compete successfully with the seniors for the School Championship Cup. Now that this want has been satisfied, it will be possible for a boy to win the Junior Cup and then, after a year or two, go on to lift the premier trophy.

The thanks of the whole school are due to Mr. Willis for the thoughtful and magnificent gift.

The School Library.

The bookcases have recently been removed from the Hall to Room 35. The change provides a small compact room which may hereafter come to be known as the Library. The present arrangements for distribution of books will hold good; the Junior Classes will be provided by their English teachers with a selection of books suited to their needs, and the Post-Intermediate Classes will continue to have free access to the shelves at stated times.

The Library has been greatly added to and has now many volumes representative of modern writers. Among recent additions have been:—

"Athletics of To-day"—F. A. M. Webster.

"English Costume"—D. C. Calthrop.

"Raiders of the Deep"—Lowell Thomas.

"The Plays of J. M. Barrie."

"Great Modern British Plays."

"The Short Stories of H. G. Wells."

"Reynard the Fox"—John Masefield.

"Everyman at War."

"The Secret Battle"—A. P. Herbert.

"History of England"—G. M. Trevelyan.

"The Comic Muse"—J. C. Squire.

"Good Companions"—J. B. Priestley.

"Father and Son"—Edmund Gosse.

"The Making of Scotland"—Robert S. Rait.

Other modern authors already well represented are G. B. Shaw, Arnold Bennett, Lytton Strachey, and J. Galsworthy.

Musical Notes.

Knowing the classical taste of the pupils in our beloved school, we may be able to help them to behave properly at a Concert when listening to different composers.

Beethoven.—Bow your head, and knit your brows. Murmur tragically, "Stupendous! Gigantic!! Immense!!!" Keep time like the cuckoo on an old-fashioned clock, but don't speak.

Berlioz.—Use some drastic adjectives: "How bold, how droll, how extraordinary!" Rest your head on your hand and go to sleep—if you can.

Chopin.—You **must** admire him. Whisper, "How sweet, how poetic!" Smile or weep gently, or even gasp as loudly as possible for breath.

Horatio Nicols.—You can go on reading your paper here. In fact, you may suck a caramel quite noisily.

Gounod.—It is absolutely necessary to show enthusiasm. Do not dare to speak! But everyone will say you are musical if you stare at the ceiling.

Liszt.—He isn't often heard because a pianist requires at least 16 fingers to play his stuff. Clench your teeth, and strum gently with the fingers.

Mozart.—Rapture! Don't yawn, or stretch yourself, or pick your teeth, or you'll be taken for the Shah of Persia—or some other savage creature.

JAZZ (V.).

Overheard.

Mother: "I say, Johnny, who is that gentleman over there?"

Johnny: "Hush, Mother! That's not a gentleman. That's a teacher."

WHITEHILL NOTES.

Whitehill School Club.

“To be or not to be” is often the burning question when the average ex-pupil has a mind to join our club and considers the cost thereof. Pray rest assured—we provide the best value for cash that is to be obtained in any of the clubs connected with the school.

Our meetings, held fortnightly throughout the winter months, are interesting, bright, and cheery, with subjects varied as much as possible to cater for all tastes. “An impossibility,” you might say, but we flatter ourselves that a very great measure of success attends our efforts.

Three dances are run each year, the first being held in the gymnasium at the beginning of the season, the Christmas Dance held outside the school (usually in the Plaza), and a third again in the gymnasium in March. The attendance at these dances proves their popularity.

Last winter the Regent Players kindly gave a performance of “Nothing but the Truth” in their church hall for the benefit of club members. This was a distinct change from arrangements in previous years, and one which we hope to repeat again through the courtesy and kindness of the Regent Players. Another possible change may be the introduction of a theatre night.

Nor are our activities confined to mere social entertainment. The panel in the hall commemorating Dux medallists and Henderson Memorial prize-winners has been erected through the offices of this club. Moreover, when the school re-opens after the summer vacation, there will be hung on the walls photographs of the five Snell Exhibitioners who were pupils at Whitehill, along with several photographs of past teams from each of the sports sections—Hockey, Rugger, and Soccer, there to be added to, year by year. In short, we have at heart the vital interests of the school.

On the occasion of the prize-giving at the end of June, you will have the opportunity of seeing and hearing our worthy president, Mr. Frank V. Mackay (other members also work but are not exhibited in public), who will explain at further length what we stand for.

It has been said that “the individual is the nation.” In other words, it is you, dear reader, to whom we look to carry on the good work when our heads have become hoary and grey (or bald). Therefore, ye budding captains of industry, financiers, and makers of history, who are about to venture out upon life’s stormy seas, we recommend you to our most excellent institution. The subscription is not prohibitive—one half-dollar (British currency, two and a bender).

In any case, we invite you to our first meeting in October (no obligation to become a member) to sample our fare. The dance, which you will naturally want to attend, takes place one week later.

We thank the Editors for their courtesy in allowing us space in which to bring the club to your notice—to our mutual advantages.

FRANK V. MACKAY, President.

D. S. CLIBBORN, Secretary,
46 Whitehill St., Glasgow, E.1.

Former Pupils' Athletic Club.

The Athletic Club continues to improve. Results are improving that everyone is enthusiastic. The membership is higher than ever, although it is still ridiculously small for a school like Whitehill. The Committee take this opportunity of asking all pupils leaving school to keep in touch with school affairs through the medium of the Athletic Club.

W. H. WILKIE, Hon. Secy.

Former Pupils' Athletic Club (Football Section).

Trial games in connection with above will be held during the month of August at Craighend, Millerston. All boys interested are invited to participate, and should communicate, as early as possible, with the Secretary, G. Thomson, 24 Whitehill Street, E.1.

Rugby.

These summer days we have forgotten the very existence of Rugby, but a word on next season. All boys should play some winter game. Those who prefer Soccer—well, they are entitled to their own opinion, but the more energetic of you **play Rugby**. We had four teams this season. Can we have a fifth? Play the game by yourself and the school.

We had a successful second half of the season. Early deprived of two players, we received a beating from 3rd Academy. We defeated 2nd Keil and 2nd Allan Glen's each by 3 points to 0; Albert Road 6 points to 3. Our other fixtures were cancelled through adverse weather conditions.

F. D. C.

Football.

After a bad start the 1st XI. pulled together a strong but young team, and as results proved they were, in the end, a really first-class side.

All the elevens had a successful season; the Intermediate and the Elementary finished second in their respective leagues.

It is pleasing to note the success of the new Elementary XI. There was only one teacher to look after the two junior teams, and, with their success in mind, the zeal and energy (not to mention the time and expense) of Mr. Twaddell cannot be too highly praised. It is hoped that there will be one teacher for each team next year and even greater results are anticipated.

Juniors! Watch the notice-boards at the beginning of next season and hand in your names to the teachers in charge.

As far as honours are concerned, Whitehill has had its share. Three of the First were "capped." W. Hill played against the Rest of Scotland and had the honour of scoring both of Glasgow's goals. B. Lumsden helped Glasgow to defeat the B.B., and T. B. Frood captained Glasgow to victory at Bradford.

F. Y. M'K. (Secy.).

Cricket.

When this season opened we were faced with the problem of finding players to fill several vacancies. Fortunately these players came forward, with the result that we have been able to build up a fairly good all-round team.

In our first match v. Allan Glen's School, we were unfortunate to be without the services of our captain and our vice-captain, and in consequence the team received a heavy defeat. At Hamilton, however, with the same team as was beaten by Allan Glen's we recorded our first victory. Against Dalziel High School we won fairly comfortably after the result had hung in the balance for some time. Versus Albert Road Academy, Queen's Park School, and Hutcheson's Grammar School, we were unlucky enough to be beaten by three runs, one run, and eight runs respectively. Versus Jordanhill School, stumps were drawn when Whitehill was in a strong position.

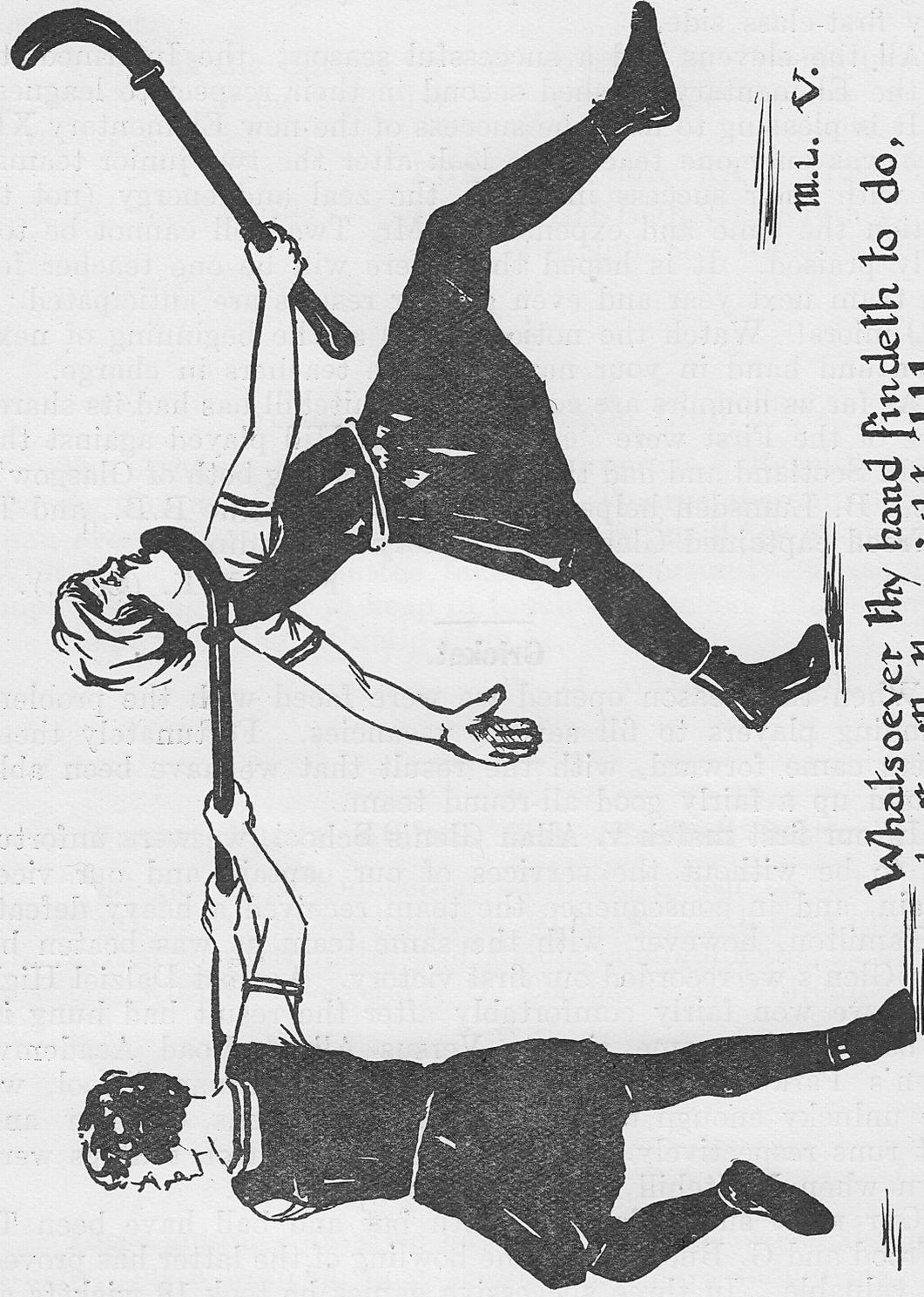
Our most successful men with bat and ball have been T. B. Frood and G. Buchanan. The bowling of the latter has proved very valuable. In three successive games he took 18 wickets at an average cost of three runs each. This is very good considering the condition of the wicket at this time of the year. The wicket-keeping of J. Marshall has been very satisfactory.

Though our record may not make such good reading as that of last season, one must remember that we are playing in a better class of cricket than formerly. A steady improvement is now in evidence, and a better measure of success is to be looked for in the latter half of the season.

Golfhill Schoolboys' XI., for the most part composed of Whitehill boys, have had a very successful season,

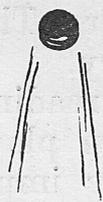
Football.

After a bad start the 1st XI pulled together a strong but young team and the results proved they were in the end a really formidable side.



M.L. V.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,
do it with thy might !!!



Though our record may not make this year as good as that of last season, one must remember that we are playing in a better class of rivals than formerly. A steady improvement is now in evidence, and a better measure of success is to be looked for in the latter half of the season.

The 1st XI for the most part composed of Wittentill boys have had a very successful season.

Golf.

We are right in the middle of the golf season. The Americans are here, great matches are being played, and the winter's rust has been removed from our clubs. Golf, we are pleased to state, is flourishing in Whitehill. The Allan Shield ties are being stubbornly fought to a finish, while the medals played for each month are a welcome change. Two golf matches have been played against other schools and the results have been satisfactory. We had a good victory over Shawlands Academy, but in the next game were narrowly defeated by Hillhead High School.

An increased membership of the lower school is necessary if the reputation of Whitehill is to be maintained next season, so young "Whitehillians," it's up to you. Start practising the "royal and ancient" game now, and next season Whitehill Golf Club will hold its own with the best.

The golf team spent an enjoyable afternoon at Bonnyton Moor Golf Course as the guests of the staff on 21st May. Exceptionally fine golf was witnessed and the teachers ran out winners by $6\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$, which is the closest result recorded in these games. It was indeed a splendid afternoon's sport, and was enjoyed equally by both teachers and pupils.

W. R. G. (Captain).

Hockey Notes.

The year has been one full of pleasant and exciting games, and though we have not been so successful as could have been wished, we showed our worth, and indeed our 2nd XI. defeated John Street 1st XI., a victory which has made us very proud of our team. The season ended as usual in a seven-a-side tournament, when the fourth year team were the victors. There was also a match between the 1st and 2nd XI., and it was only after a very severe tussle that the 2nd XI. were beaten 1-0. No 3rd XI. was formed this year, but if the juniors support us next year, matches will be arranged.

The annual meeting was held and the following were elected office-bearers of the club:—

Captain,	Sylva Wood.
Vice-Captain,	Janet Revie.
Secretary,	Jean Martin.

We wish the continuing Hockey Club every success in the coming season.

A. N. (Secy.)

Whitehill School Savings Association.

This Association continues to make progress. The membership is well over 100, but there is still room for many more. Since its inception about three years ago, over 1,000 Savings Certificates have been purchased. Full information may be obtained by applying to Mr. Orr in Room 62.

Swimming Notes (Girls' Section).

Under the competent tuition of Miss Foster there has been the usual crop of successes this year. The four who have gained the Bronze Medallion are to be congratulated on their achievement. Four have also won the Proficiency Certificates, and 21 the Elementary Certificates, all of which gives due credit to Miss Foster's generous service and endeavour.

A. M. D.

The Sports Committee thanks all parents and friends for the generous response to appeal for funds for sports prizes.

Jokes of the Yth.

Esau was a man who wrote fables, and who sold his copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash.

Oxygen is a thing with eight sides.

A female hare is called a harem.

A refugee is a man who keeps order at a football match.

The Lays of Ancient Rome is of a very intricate pattern; it was worn by Julius Caesar's wife on her wedding gown.

A vet is a married man who leads a cat and dog life.

According to a magistrate the law gives a man the power to choose his wife's apparel, but not the courage.

T. B. F.

Just Left School.

Eyes he has for every maiden
As he walks along the street,
With the tailor's fancies laden,
Giving all the girls a treat.

Shirt and collar, tie and laces—
He's complete in every part,
Even the pattern on his braces
Is a perfect work of art.

Lovely in the parks on Sunday,
Or along Great Western Road:
Just as spruce is he on Monday,
Bearing all the city's load.

Then at night the talkie dramas
Thrill his brilliant oily head;
Finally, in jazz pyjamas,
He betakes himself to bed.

W. J. M.

[We strongly suspect that this article has been written by one of the worst boys in the school who refuses to wash his face.]

Gardening Ways.

The ways in which different people tackle a garden are as varied as the people themselves. The man who has no experience begins by making beds of fantastic shapes, placing ornaments in every vacant space, and being particular about everything except the flowers. The man of experience abhors these shaped pieces of ground, except in a garden of great size. He knows that the garden which will display taste is very simple in design, depending entirely on the blending of plants for its beauty. The inexperienced, who paid so much attention to the shaping of the ground, will have little idea as to what he is going to plant. He will buy a few things and place them anywhere at all, without considering the other things to be planted. The man of long standing on the other hand, has it all clearly mapped out in his mind, if not on paper. He knows exactly where each thing is going to be planted, having taken into account the height of his plant, and a colour scheme of perfect harmony. These few differences make the contrast between a beautiful garden and one which will be an eye-sore to all who view it.

In the housing scheme of ———, some of the would-be gardeners seem to have taken their ideas from some old church-yard or ruined Roman town. One man has earth raised up to look like graves. Many seem to have heard of the beauty of a rockery. Next to the graves, one sees slabs of stone like tombstones, so much alike to a church-yard that one expects to see, "Here lies——," on these stones. Another has masonry scattered about in such a manner that one would be excused for thinking it was Jericho, after the walls had fallen to allow the Israelites to pass in. Quite near to these wonders in modern gardening is one where the vegetable and flower seeds have been mixed. Bordering the carnations are lettuces and carrots.

J. H. (IV.).



Is Marriage a Failure?

I.

The Wedding Day! The bride is here.
 Their lips meet; he does not know
 To-morrow she'll have him by the ear.
 Such is love, from Cupid's bow.

She's indisposed; he makes her breakfast,
 He washes dishes, with love as his fee.
 He never is paid; no wonder he's downcast,
 The dishes are broken, and so is he.

To pay for her clothes he works (when in mood);
 The bills are big, their dates are near,
 The money is short, she gives him less food
 To make up the rest— the **dear** little **deer!**

What is life without a wife?
 Life is all but one thing—strife.
 What is life with ~~out~~ a wife?
 Life is all but one thing—life.

Wherefore, ye Bachelor Youth, take heed.
 Experience long has shown to marry—
 A fool's deed—will make a broken reed,
 The wisest men are sure to tarry.

J. H. (V.).

II.

When a fellow's married to a skilful little wife,
 If that fellow wants to lead a comfortable life,
 Surely he should notice when she keeps his homestead trim,
 All the big and little things she daily does for him.

If he takes for granted that she sews and cleans and cooks,
 If he never notices her dresses or her looks,
 If he lets her carry coals or heavy laden trays,
 He is courting trouble, and'll get it several ways.

When a girl is married and attentive to her mate,
 Oh, the chap is "for it" if he don't reciprocate;
 Inattentive hubby will receive some little shocks—
 Garments left unmended and "potatoes" in his socks.

Marriage is a partnership, a fifty-fifty pact;
 When a fellow's married he should recollect the fact,
 And when the girl looks after him the chap should not be
 slow
 To notice it, and love her, and to tell the darling so.

IV. B.

A Glimpse of School Life in Madras.

“How does teaching in this country compare with teaching in Madras?” How often have we been asked this question! Now the magazine committee are determined to be told—either from the altruistic motive of desiring to improve the general education of their readers, or merely in desperation to augment the number of contributions in their publication. Maybe a passing glimpse of school-life there without any actual comparison will answer the question.

The subjects taught in our school in Madras are much the same as those taught here, and the Secondary School Leaving Certificate, a pass which admits students to the University of Madras, is on much the same lines as our Higher Leaving Certificate exam, except that much more of the work is definitely prescribed especially in English. All study, whether in Mathematics or Science, Botany or Hygiene, Physiology, History or Geography, is done in English—the *lingua franca* of the South where there are so many tongues. In our school of about 250 scholars there are four distinct languages represented. But the whole background of school life is quite different, and though the school is at a town of well over half a million people, we are much affected by natural surroundings. On the night in which I arrived at Madras, many scholars feared to sleep because they sincerely believed that a cyclone, then raging in the Bay of Bengal, would sweep the school into the sea! The recent earthquake in Rangoon must have caused much alarm over daily attendance at school. When the heavens are opened and the monsoon rains descend, day scholars dare not venture to school. During the first two weeks of my stay there the rain poured incessantly, the compound became a sort of lake with trees growing in the midst, and when all was calm again, the mosquitoes had copious supplies of water in which to lay their larvæ—another source of annoyance. Teaching may then be a competition between a teacher and a hundred frogs making a joyful noise, the cicadas playing the accompaniment.

Still noisier competitors are the black-gowned crows. Their raucous cry as they alight on the neighbouring veranda steps or on the desk, often supplies a humorous anti-climax. To the moving rhetorical question, “O Death, where is thy sting?” may come the answer, “Caw! Caw!” whereupon a girl, always appointed for the task, jumps up, seizes a stick lying ready, and chases off the intruder. As all doors stand open he may return at will, bringing any of his friends as may be interested in the subject on hand. At the mid-day meal he will be in attendance with his hundreds of relatives, “fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,” all swooping down for curry and rice. Nor does he fear the supreme penalty, for no Indian will take life—and any-

way, the spirits of the great-great-grandmothers, or any other relative of the diners may be inhabiting the thieves, so we must take no risks.

Then there is Mr. Squirrel, with his thin wiry body, and three stripes down his back (he got those from a god as a reward). He just loves books, maps, pianos, organs, tennis rackets, nets, etc.—but all for **eating**. The school piano had to be carefully guarded during the holidays for fear he would help himself to its inside.

Other enemies of the organ are cockroaches, spiders, and other insects. Usually 10 notes of our organ were dumb as they had been played upon from within. In the month of July especially, millions of flies prefer to devour well-cooked food—the piles of curry and rice that the crows are also after. As for the neglected and diseased pariah dogs and stray cats, only the “cruel” European will, in pity, have them destroyed. But the scholars are really downcast when the quiet bullock or buffalo, donkey or cow, calmly devours the little plants in the school garden. The hope for flowers for their hair or tomatoes for their chutney have provided dainty morsels for the watchers by the open gate. Jackals do not harm us but they howl by night. Yet the incessant beating of tom-toms in the neighbouring Hindu temple is more disturbing still. I have not seen a monkey in a Madras school, but in a neighbouring Holy City one school was closed for a fortnight because a fierce monkey kept chasing the scholars away and even bit one. The Hindu authorities dared not destroy this holy animal, but a Eurasian policeman, who cared not for the gods of the Hindu, at last dispatched it quietly, and the classes were resumed. I wonder if any reader will introduce an understanding monkey to Whitehill as soon as possible—one not too fierce.

But we did have several snakes! Indeed, the gardener’s son died of snake-bite, and one of the scholars saw one watching her weeding. So we hired a snake-charmer and he and his assistant beat all the ground with sticks. Before an hour a five foot Russel’s viper provided an impromptu nature knowledge lesson for the assembled school. The viper had been coming over the wall of a neighbouring garden, but nobody had asked them to “come into the garden.”

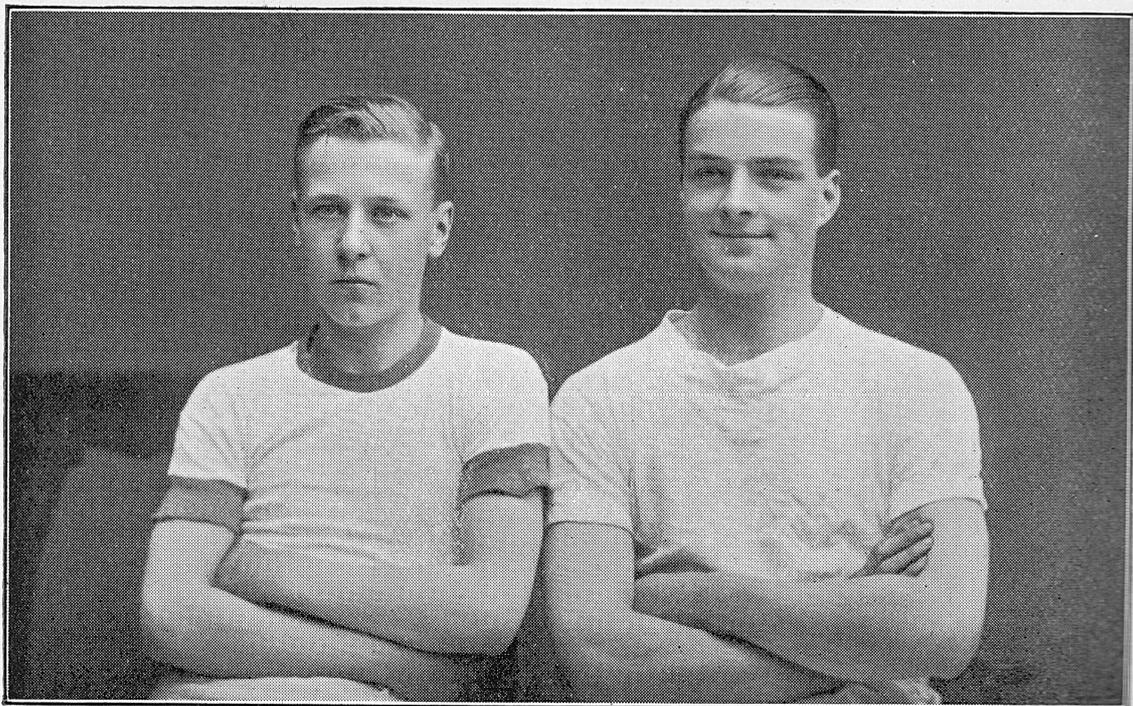
No scholar likes to be sent for the maps on a roll or picture, for lurking within it may be a scorpion which gives a bite that causes terrible pain, and bare feet are tempting to a scorpion disturbed in studying a map.

But I think I have said enough to show you that, unlike scholars in Whitehill, we do not need a wee harmless mouse to cause excitement in the class-room, or even a sad and lost caterpillar placed on a teacher’s desk.



Mr. T. Nisbet, *Rector*.
 C. Fitzpatrick, V. Russell, J. Revie, F. Ferguson, A. Donaldson, C. Miller,
 M. Anderson, A. Notman, G. Scotland, *Captain*, I. Scotland, F. Clibborn,
 M. Cooper, S. Wood.

1ST XI. HOCKEY.



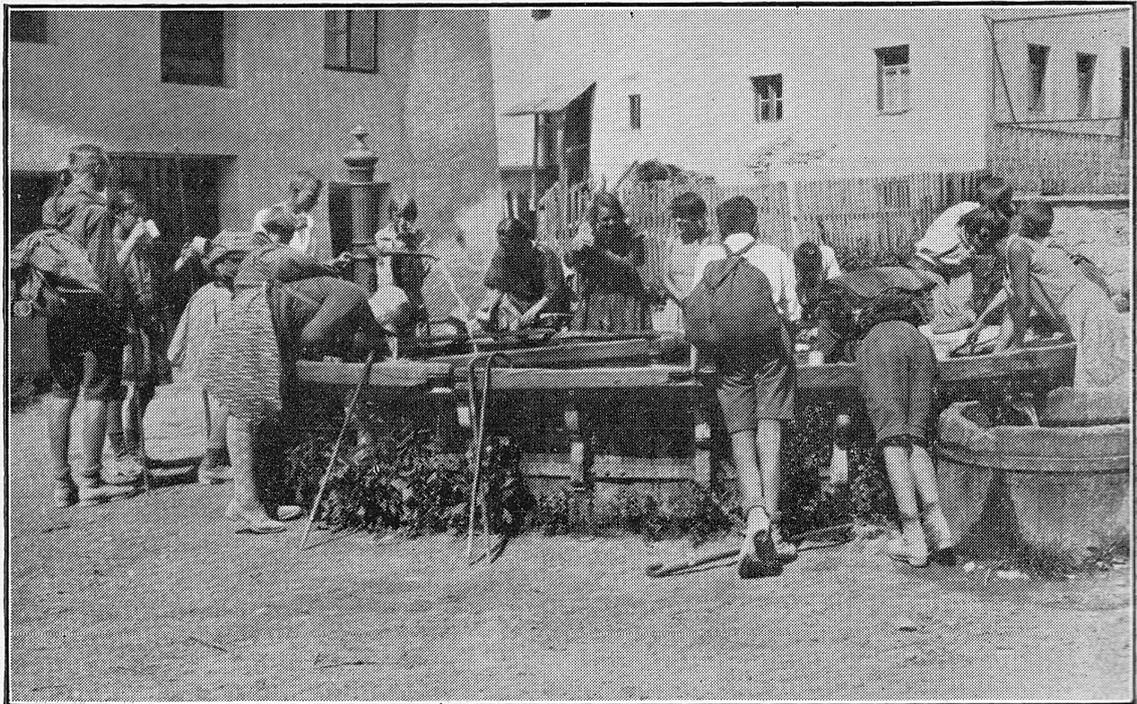
Junior—W. Cameron. Senior—T. B. Frood.

SCHOOL CHAMPIONS, 1930.



GUARDA, in the Engadine.

Zu Schlaffen.



A BLAZING DAY.

A Welcome Fountain.

HOLIDAY NOTES.

NEXT YEAR.?

Off to Belgium? Too bad! Just too bad! Then what about next year? Watch those others when they return with the wander-lust in their eyes. It's a disease easy to catch and hard to cure. But, eh sirs, a grand disease!

Another Suggestion.

Let us go together not as tourists, but sharing the ordinary holiday life of Continental boys and girls. Though I speak of Germans, and lay the scene in the Vorarlberg of Austria, the same kind of holiday life is possible among the Danes, the French, and the Swiss. These countries all have a Youth Movement which ensures a magnificent holiday even for the poorest. Not many of you can expect to tramp for days by "Shiel water where the track is to the west," and see the mystery of the Coolins in a morning after rain. The German boy may not know the glories of our moist climate, but he has the forests and the Alpine valleys for his playground. He can stand in odorous hay-fields when the bat is abroad, and see the moon shine peacefully above the snowy peaks. What is interesting to us is that they want us to come and share with them all the advantages of their scheme.

Procedure.

Months ahead you send a membership fee of about 5/- to a centre called a Jugendheim or Home of Youth. About the same time, certainly well ahead, you fix your date of arrival. The interval is spent probably over maps with names like Heimspitze, Fluchthorn, Jamtal Hutte, and Zeinisse. The Jugendheim is usually a fine log or wooden house, typical of the district, and perched on the edge of the forest, or on some Alpine slope. The life is that of a big family. The food is frugal, often vegetarian, but sufficient. Hikes or climbs are led by the host or hostess, who probably speaks excellent English. Assistance is also given by teachers who accompany the scholars. A day is allowed for resting before the next expedition, and towards the end of the fortnight, when everyone is seasoned, opportunity is given for a prolonged tramp of several days' duration. On such a venture the nights are spent sometimes in Alpine Huts (swell affairs) and sometimes in hay-lofts. If you get your choice, choose a straw bed. The hay may be hot off the field and you will be cooked. All supplies are carried in your ruck sack and a waterproof is essential.

Some Impressions.

The centre is at Gortipohl in the beautiful Montafon Valley in the Vorarlberg of Austria. You step down from the powerful post auto whose driver speaks German with a Forfar accent. He points you out the "House in the Shadows" far up yonder on the forest side. Off you go along the foot-path, plodding and grunting under the weight of your over-stocked ruck-sack, past

the sawmill and over the springy plank bridge above the rushing grey-green, icy River Ill; up the slope, shrill with the myriad grasshoppers and crickets, glad when now and then you get the shadow of a wooden farm house, or a laden cherry tree, until at last the black collie barks and Luise calls cheerily, "Gruss Gott!" Luise is the cook, and everyone else in the house is asleep. In the hot time of the day each one mutters, "Schlaff!" and sleep he does, be it house or hillside. And so will you.

Kushkowitz is roused and comes down "toosy as a tyke," speaking German which you are too slow to follow, and laughing in Gaelic which everybody can understand. You like him at once, and you'll be surprised how much more you'll like him before you go home again. Luise gives you a meal, and tries, with wild squeals of laughter, the five English words she still remembers from her schooldays.

In the evening the crowd, who have "made a small walk" on the hills, have come home tired, thirsty, and ravenous to a meal of vegetarian soup, potatoes and salad, and then—hold yo' breff!—a tasty bowl of sugared blaeberries or of wild strawberries. Go as you please. Milk, real milk is there, too; lashings of it.

Next day you go for a picnic with a few friends who have taken you under their wing, or if you are young and destructive you tear the river bed to pieces, and build a swimming pond in a shingle bank, or sun-bathe.

Up the Heimspitz.

On the following morning breakfast is over by 5.30, and off you go with ruck-sacks full of bread, dried fruits, tins of butter and jam, lemons and waterproofs. Your shoes are heavily nailed and you carry a spiked stick. That day you climb the Heimspitz, 9,435 feet. For two hours you climb slanting up the valley among the larches, until you emerge on high pasture land where the men spend the summer with the herds. You hear them calling from slope to slope, and hear the tinkle of the many cow-bells. The path leads through the summer village of huts, where cheese-making is in progress.

Soon you are in the land of Alpen-roses, and of arnica, good for bruises. Next, you rise to a snow patch with a stream below. On the edge of this are delicate lilac flowers which have pierced the hard snow with their beauty. Now you are in the region of shattered rock with, here and there, a heap of gravel gilded by saxifrages. The way to the top is strenuous even on grassy slopes, and you must go warily. Even here the girls cannot pass the stemless gentian. Kushkowitz, too, has spoken of a secret patch of eidelweiss. A cloud is down and you must halloo to keep together. It is cold. Br-r-r. Soon you emerge and the finish is easy, along a narrow ridge to the shattered peak. You gaze at the wonder of hundreds of miles of mountain. A wind is blowing and now we shelter in the hollow of a hill to eat and

soon "Zum Schlaffen." A marmot calls to wake you. You take a different valley downwards, sample a glissade on a safe slope of snow, drink lemonade made on the spot. The boys show their paces. The girls load themselves with bunches of Alpen-roses, forget-me-nots and globe flower. If I have not mentioned Frau Kushkowitz, it is shameful, for she led much of the way, or in the rear shepherded the stragglers. Now you know the road home. She leaves you in quest of her beloved flowers, and soon throws herself down the mountain in goat-like jumps. In minutes she is far below, and is home hours before you.

She will meet you at table and say in her musical voice, that loveliest of greetings, "Gruss Gott"—the Grace of God.

Homewards.

Before you leave you buy your stock of postcards, get a "Stocknage," with the name of the village, to nail on your walking stick, you pay your bill, and collect autographs and addresses. You leave with a corner of your heart cram full of new affections.

Do you fancy it?

WALTER H. MACGREGOR.

Abroad, and Tongue-Tied.

Meditating on the approaching journey of 70 Whitehillians to Belgium, I am tempted to ask what their sensations will be on their first trip into a foreign land. I wonder if the experiences of another novice may be of interest, though it was Heidelberg, not Bruges, that I was visiting.

My first feelings were, "How strange everything is—light and colour, speech and gesture! and yet how fascinating!" The sight of a real German talking copiously so surprised me, I forgot I ought to be taking an intelligent part in the conversation, as he seemed to be addressing me. What a shock. All my carefully learned phrases deserted me, and I stammered and stuttered painfully, "Bitte . . . Bitte . . . Sprechen Sie langsam!" and yet his four-year-old daughter babbled on without any effort—and I, a student on my way to live in a Professor's household—I could not find a word to say.

How would this strange family receive me? All I knew was, "My wife will meet you and will carry a bunch of red roses." This seemed a kindly thought and my reception set my fears at rest, indeed they were most compassionate of my helplessness. But that first week was terrible. These dreadful boys, ages 12, 14, and 15, must have had great sport over my feeble efforts, though they did not admit it till much later. My only comfort was the baby, who, not speaking at all, seemed to understand the same baby language as Scots babies do. Gradually, however, my ears became accustomed to the sounds of many fast and furious tongues, and after a week I knew when the Herr Professor

was asking a question and when he was merely making a statement for my edification, and my German progressed rapidly because of my refusal to be left out of any conversation.

The home life was very simple, but it seemed quite different somehow. Breakfast (coffee and rolls) on the terrace in the glorious sunshine seemed wonderful, but how the boys hated having to go to school at 8 a.m. in all that heat! I had been given awful warnings about German sausages and other concoctions, but I enjoyed everything, especially the fruits from the garden, and the wonderful ices. The boys took turns of choosing their favourite kind, chocolate, a peach, or orange or caramel.

The university classes were most interesting, but more still the wandering through old Heidelberg. How peculiar the students looked in their bright coloured caps and jackets. Perhaps the thing that most impressed me was a wonderful open-air performance of "A Midsummer's Night's Dream" (in German), which would have delighted the hearts of our Whitehill players. In the cool sweet-scented dusk it was played by torchlight on the sward of the old castle courtyard. It was a thing of faery and orgie. The fairies came fluttering down through the trees and Puck up through a hole in the ground—I awakened regretfully to find I was not in fairyland.

Our classes over, off we went to swim and sun-bathe in the river, and there we met the whole family, the boys from school and the Herr Professor from his classes. Then back to lunch, after which the heat compelled all of us to rest in the garden till tea-time. We lay about mostly in bathing costume (the baby not even so encumbered), and the very correct professional family next door were scandalised to see our Professor so attired.

So my feeling of strangeness soon wore off and on our Sunday excursions, hiking through the forest or motoring to the Rhine, we got to know something of each other, and I returned home, fully determined to see as much of other countries and other peoples as I could.

A GERMAN STUDENT.

Ascending Hills.

The faiths of my childhood have long since departed. Time was when I was quite rapid in my defence of such a doctrine as Free Will. Not now. When someone glibly asks me why I climb, I just feel like saying "Because" in a childish way, tense with idiom, replete with finality. Frankly, I don't know why I climb. In some way a desire, as deep as a buttercup root in an untended garden, has implanted itself in my nature. I am in no way responsible for it.

And before I go any further, let me humbly apologise for a title that sounds roundaboutish and clumsy. I am afraid to

use the word "climbing," because technically it involves talking about ropes, ice-axes, step-cutting, and all the sensational and gymnastic side of this great pursuit. The "steeple-jacks" of the business, I know, would call me a hill-walker, so please remember throughout that I use the word "climbing" in its lowliest sense.

To justify climbing as an obsession would be impossible; the best one can do for it is to find one or two analysable elements of sanity in it as a pastime. Nobody will deny that it is good to be out all day with the sun and the wind for company, to lie relaxed in the heather when the air is all a-quiver with noontide heat, to have a transient bathe in an icy lochan, and to be on terms of respectful though unreciprocal intimacy with deer, grouse, buzzards and all the denizens of earth's high and quiet places.

One develops strange affections and new loyalties in this way. Very precious unto me, for instance, are my Bartholomews. Feebleness of intellect is responsible for the insipid interest I take in colourless Ordnance Surveys. The blueness of a Bartholomew exterior is always cheering, but, inside, the browns and deeper browns of luring heights are of magical significance.

Very precious unto me also is my knapsack. How often has it been swollen out with the soft complement of necessary "woollies" for the exposed ridges! Stuffed with heather, it has even served as a pillow for sleeping out. Among its varying functions it ranks foremost as a food carrier. Many a "jammy piece" has been housed within its pockets. Fringed by unconventional hors d'oeuvres in the nature of preserved ginger, and supplemented by succulent oranges, such a course is a king among meals.

Not a jot less precious unto me are my climbing boots, massive though they be, and seething with bulging clinkers and gripping tricounis. The toes, almost kicked out, and the nails, no longer safely anchored, are my truest recorders of joy.

I am sorry to say my compass is no more. Having a poor sense of direction, I must speedily buy another. On a fine day you can follow well-defined landmarks identified from the map—a lochan, a shepherd's cottage, a stream—but should you enter mists, you feel fortified with a compass, even though you regard it merely as a talisman.

One cannot help finding untold refreshment in it all. The hill may be bouldery and heather-bound in parts, involving tedious and careful negotiation; it may be pluggy and laborious; it may have scree slopes and frowning buttresses; it may have âretés and chimneys. All are simply aspects of climbing, some difficult, some easy, but all of them, because they are parts of a mountain, extremely lovable things.

ALTIOIRA PETO.

Extract from the "Adventures of a 'Modern Gulliver' from Mars."

Translated by "Discipulus."

"Furthermore, in this wonderful city called "Glasgow," I was amazed to see signs of a degraded civilisation in regard to the treatment extended to the youth of the city. Dotted here and there among the crowded abodes of the people, I perceived sundry solemn and repulsive-looking edifices of stone, which the people called "Secondary Schools," constructed, so it seemed to me, as places of detention and punishment for the children of the inhabitants. The interiors of these buildings, as I saw them through the windows, were no less obnoxious to the artistic eye than the exteriors. The walls, floors, and ceilings were extremely bare and colourless and the furnishings consisted of only several low, hard wooden desks and benches, variously carved according to the artistic tastes of their occupants—in fact, the whole aspect of the place resembled that of a prison more than anything else.

Early in the mornings I used to see crowds of dejected-looking children wending their weary way to these accursed schools, to undergo their undeserved punishment, and carrying cases full of books of various kinds which, I was given to understand, they themselves had to supply to add even more to the variety of the punishment inflicted upon them by several cruel, hard-hearted members of the community whom they called "teachers." They are then assembled in various rooms, without protection and at the mercy of all in command over them.

As I peered with curiosity through the windows I used to see some of these "teachers" working themselves into a passion and gestulating wildly in front of blackboards whereon were drawn weird and wonderful lines, all entangled in such a way as to bewilder the poor children or "pupils" seated on the uncomfortable benches. Consternation was written across the features of more than one pupil when subjected to a vigorous cross-examination by the "teacher" concerning these seemingly meaningless figures, and, what filled me with even greater horror, further punishment was frequently inflicted on the poor innocent creatures by means of hard leather thongs or "straps," administered with all the force the master could muster on various parts of the human body, generally on the hands or some equally vulnerable spot.

In other classes the poor downtrodden and over-worked "scholars" were forced to learn foreign languages, which, I understand, were then quite obsolete in the planet, and also they were obliged to commit to memory the history of their forefathers long since dead and gone. Besides these, several other equally ridiculous subjects were enforced upon the pupils under the pretext of preparing them for their journey through life, but

only resulting in the complete and ultimate ruin of their minds and bodies due to these drastic measures used in the "schools."

Yet their affliction did not end here for, as I perceived by following the movements of some of these "pupils," when they arrived home at night, utterly exhausted with their heavy mental exertions, they had to spend their time in writing and learning large pieces of "home-work" or "preparation" similar to that done in school, the punishment in the case of defaulters being extremely severe, as I have been told by several of the criminals themselves.

They had two days of freedom per week, but on one of these days many of the male sex betook themselves to special parks or "grounds" owned by the school, where they endeavoured to hurt each other whilst supposedly chasing an oval piece of inflated leather called a "rugby ball." This was a most barbarous game, and served to weaken still further the health of the participants because of its extremely rough nature and the eager way in which they did leap upon each other and did throw their opponents prostrate on the ground, only to fall over the ball when past a certain marked line—a deed which never failed to produce great enthusiasm among the ranks of the spectators. The fair sex did also participate in an equally ludicrous game—that of "hockey"—in which they made use of curved sticks with which they did hit violently at each other's ankles, and sometimes at a small ball which seemingly formed an important part of the equipment. This means of recreation they called "sport."

IV. B.

The Gate-Crasher.

There was great excitement in Room 37 last week. We had been very quiet since the Easter holidays. No cups had been broken, no sugar or tea had been spilled, the water outside had not been left running. This state of peace was not to last for long.

One of the girls opened the cupboard door and, after gasping for a second or two, she emitted a shriek, "Oh, oh, lo-o-o-ok!" Everyone rushed to the cupboard, but no one could see anything extraordinary in it. Cries of "What is it?" "Where?" "I don't see anything," ensued.

"There was a mouse in the cupboard," was the answer. "It was sitting on the top of your lunch, Jean." (Despite this fact, however, Jean enjoyed her repast, the pangs of hunger overcoming all horror at such an idea.)

After everyone was quite assured that no harm had been done, we settled down to take our mid-day meal in peace. As the mouse has not been seen since, there is now some doubt as to whether it ever paid us this rather alarming visit.

E. M. (IV.).