

# Whitehill School Magazine.

No. 33.

Summer, 1936.

## MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

NORMAN H. BUCHANAN, T. LITHGOW (Editors).

WINNIE SOUTHERN.

JOHN A. M. RILLIE.

MAY MOFFAT.

ALEXR. BUCHAN.

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## A WORD IN SEASON.

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

Repay their confidence  
in you and

**SUPPORT YOUR ADVERTISERS**



1. **Dux. James Henderson Memorial Medal and £10 War Memorial Prize—**  
JOSEPH DUNLOP.
2. **War Memorial Prize (£5)—**  
IAN G. C. KERR.
3. **Macfarlane Gamble Prize—**  
ARTHUR T. HENDRY.

**Crosthwaite Prize awarded to best pupil in Latin—**

- Senior—1. ARTHUR T. HENDRY.  
2. IAN G. C. KERR and JOHN A. M. RILLIE (Equal).
- Junior—1. ERIC J. G. DONOHOE (III. B.a.).  
2. JACK E. BRODIE (III. B.a.).

**War Memorial Prizes—**

- English—DAVID MUNRO.  
Mathematics—NORMAN H. BUCHANAN.  
Latin and Greek—JOHN A. M. RILLIE.  
French and German—IAN G. C. KERR.  
Art—MARY J. SUTHERLAND.

**Dux of Intermediate School—**

IRENE STARK (III. G.b.).

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**UNIVERSITY SUCCESSES.**

**English (Higher)**—Second, JAMES SCOTLAND.

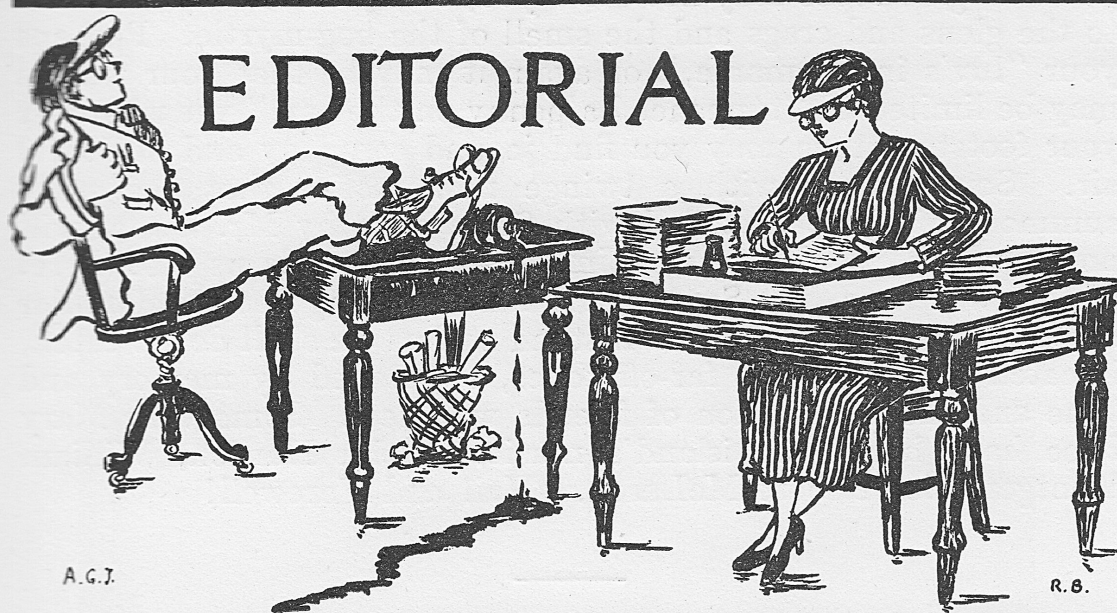
**English (Ordinary)**—Second, M. R. C. SHEARER.

**British History (for Hons. Eng.)** First, JAMES SCOTLAND.

**Mediæval History (Higher)** Fourth, OWEN LEARY.

**Constitutional Law and History (Ordinary)—**

First (Faculty of Procurators' Prize), JAMES SCOTLAND,  
Distinction—OWEN LEARY.



NOW, dear readers, those who are not quite so dear, the common or garden ones, and anyone else who desires to be included, once again comes the pleasure of emphatically and conclusively boring you. In other words, I am about to write the editorial, the joy of every editor, the epistle wherein he can have his revenge on all and sundry, in fact, the only thing for which an editor has to live.

First of all, I would like to thank those few who spent for us moments of their most valuable time in producing brilliant masterpieces. At the same time I sympathise with those others who, although their efforts were not printed, "kept the home fires burning" so to speak, and I sincerely hope that they will catch some future editor in a weak moment.

To the remainder who, for no sane reason at all, suddenly became terribly "swotty" when I appeared on the horizon with an appeal for articles, and decided there and then that they dare not take their minds off their examinations for a single second, I only say that I hope they will be editors themselves some day. Then their consciences, if they have any, will hit them an almighty wallop! I can only live and hope.

I would like to thank everyone who helped to produce this Magazine. Especially would I thank advertisers who have by their support made this publication possible, and I trust you will repay their confidence in us by giving them your whole-hearted support.

Now the spirit of holiday is upon us, and before us lies—for most of us at least—a vision of holiday and still more holiday and "dolce far niente" which, in the words of Guthrie, the artist, means "dulse fornenst ye." Perhaps the fine odour of

weed-tangled rocks may not draw you, and your faces are turned to the glens and crags and the smell of the bog-myrtle. Perhaps your "luv's in Germanie," or again it may be that your travels may be limited to "tuppence ha'penny on the car," yet wherever your footsteps turn may you find jocund company and healthful air. Some of us with a twinge now realise that the surly summons of the bell, tolled with Stoic calm by Mr. Swan, will no longer be heard by us. Time inexorably calls us elsewhere. Others will hear Mr. Swan's unfamiliar tolling become familiar and abhorred, till they in turn stand still as we shall do, to catch, if catch they may, its far-off tones, sweetened by memory and time and the recollection of friends we knew. Some with Mary Rose have heard the island's music. John Hanson, William Montgomerie, Robert McLaren. Hail and Farewell!

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### Mr. ANDREW WALKER, M.A., B.Sc.

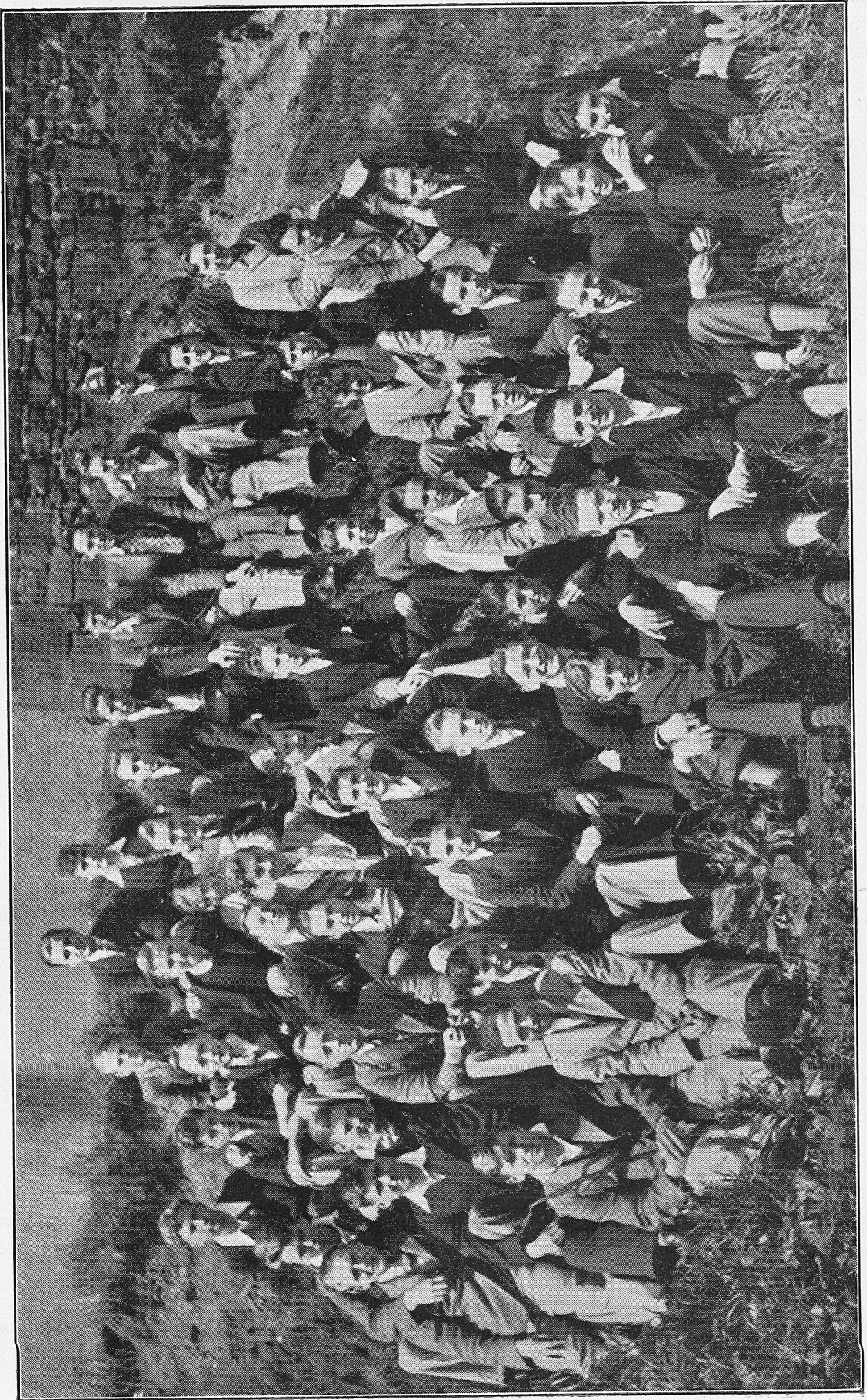
"The Moving Finger writes; and having writ, moves on."

It seems but yesterday that we extended the hand of welcome to Mr. Andrew Walker, M.A., B.Sc., of Jordanhill College School as our new principal teacher of Mathematics in Whitehill. Unfortunately for us, it appears (to use a soccer metaphor) that this good player was only given us on loan, for the powers that be have recalled him to captain the team from which he came to us. Whilst we feel justified in emphasising our own sense of personal loss, we must in fairness congratulate Jordanhill College School on their choice of Headmaster. During the comparatively short time (three and a half years) that Mr. Walker was with us he entered wholeheartedly into all forms of work and sport, and he brought to bear on each a mind replete with a sense of justice, and a personality which made him a universal favourite. It is no exaggeration to say that his chief aim in life was to keep Whitehill in the forefront of schools as far as mathematics was concerned, and perhaps the knowledge that success attended his efforts will be one of his most fragrant memories of the Old School. Even those of his colleagues who were not immediately associated with him in his Department will admit that, after his geniality, his mathematical precision was the chief element in his make-up, and few of us will forget his uncanny accountancy with the milk bawbees, or his tender solicitude for an antiquated but elusive copy of "Hall & Knight's Algebra," which he pursued with the assiduity of a shepherd in search of his lost sheep or a collector on the trail of a Kilmarnock "Burns."

Respected and admired by pupils and colleagues alike, Mr. Walker may assume his latest responsibility, fully confident that his many friends here wish him every success in the position he has been called to fill—a position which he cannot fail to dignify.



**Mr. ANDREW WALKER, M.A., B.Sc.**



SENIOR BOYS

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### The Late Mr. ROBERT McLAREN, M.A.

No issue of the Whitehill Magazine can be altogether complete which fails to record some departure from the staff through promotion; but rarely indeed has there been occasion to lament a severance by death. The School's immunity from such experiences was abruptly terminated by the passing of Mr. McLaren, and even the anxiety aroused by disquieting reports in his few brief days of illness did not have time enough to counteract the final shock of bereavement. Spontaneous tributes of sympathy from scholars and teachers alike bore witness to the all-prevailing sorrow, and on a beautiful May morning, when (ironically enough!) foliage and bird-song proclaimed Nature's glad tidings of reborn vitality, the Headmaster, together with representatives of staff and pupils, assembled at Linn Park Cemetery to pay the School's last token of respect.

Such was but the outward expression of the esteem and real affection which Mr. McLaren has won after a single year's service in Whitehill. Quiet and reserved, he did not court popularity; a first-rate classic and student of the arts, he made no parade of learning. Yet with growing acquaintance came increased affection, and a felicity of phrase which would catch the eye in his pupil's examination papers revealed the literary craftsmanship of his teaching.

An enthusiast in his leisure hours for travel and the theatre, his garden and his golf, he could enter into the social activities of the School with quiet enjoyment; he could also discharge the most depressing duties his days' work might bring him with uncomplaining serenity: for in the school of life he had learned the spirit of true philosophy, conducting himself as

"A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Had ta'en with equal thanks."

---

### The Late Mr. WILLIAM MONTGOMERIE, M.A.

It was a melancholy coincidence that at the same cemetery, just two months before, representatives of the School paid similar service to Mr. Montgomerie, Headmaster of Jordanhill Training School, who had died with tragic suddenness. Mr. Montgomerie was known to many generations of Whitehill scholars: for he had spent the best part of his teaching career as head of the Classical Department.

A man of infinite jest, he was unrivalled as an exponent of "Latin without tears"—unless, forsooth, they were tears of laughter. With quips and epigrams—some of them hardy annuals in the Magazine—he would unfold the meaning of those old Romans, interchanging grave and gay with such bewildering rapidity that slower wits were sometimes baffled; and when to an Inspector's question, "Why did the wolf flee from Horace unarmed?" a pupil replied on one occasion with solemn earnestness, "Because it heard him sing!" he himself for once was speechless.

Nor were the pupils the sole recipients—or butts!—of his lively wit. Colleagues, headmasters, inspectors, aye, even Education Authorities he could assail with audacious raillery—and get away with it!

It is little wonder, therefore, that after years of separation, colleagues and former pupils of Whitehill yet felt with especial keenness the tragedy of his death, and, though the man himself has passed beyond, will cherish lively recollections of that vivid personality.

---

### JOHN G. HANSON.

We regret the untimely death of Graham Hanson.

He left Form V. in 1934, having obtained a position in the service of Glasgow Corporation. He was deservedly popular among staff and pupils as a capable scholar and a good sportsman.

We remember with pleasure his fine bowling for the Cricket Eleven and his successes in the first School Tennis Team. But it is as a pupil who had become a friend that we shall remember him. To his parents we tender profound sympathy.

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### FLOWERS THAT DIE.

Our lives are like the seasons of the year,  
 And we are flowers that bloom and die therein.  
 Some are that only live to see the Spring,  
 While some survive to brave cold Winter drear.

If I by chance might choose my time to die,  
 there'd be no shadow in my mind of fear,  
 For I would gladly leave all earth behind,  
 If my last glance could see the sun on high.

M. McC. (G. G.).



### IMPRESSIONS.

THE old platitude about familiarity breeding contempt might well be applied to Whitehill pupils, for they treat their school too lightly. Its hallowed halls and annexed cloisters are not the havens of peace they should be. Its illustrious pedagogues and no less illustrious but less literate prefects are not held in reverence as they should be. Even knowledge and the love of learning, those high ideals, are not unsullied, for it has been reported that what should be a hive of industry, a classroom in which the mysteries of modern commerce should be unravelled to the busy accompaniment of modern typewriters, even such a classroom as this, very occasionally I grant, but occasionally nevertheless, is not all it should be. The situation is inexplicable; for the advantages, the positive advantages, to be gained by an attendance at this centre of learning are illimitable. They quickly spring to the stranger's mind, in all their abundance. And if that stranger be accustomed to the quiet life of a rustic school they are all the more evident.

The complaint has been heard that the lack of a general cloakroom is a disadvantage. This is surely not so. For, when one leaves school, one knows that one is cast into a cruel cold world, in which many dangers lurk; and, if one has been educated in such a manner that one is unable to discriminate between what is one's own property and what is not, then the cruel cold world is usually replaced by a crueller, colder cell. Now, at Whitehill one is taught to realise the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, by the simple expedient of being obliged to transport one's coat with one wherever one goes—a transport of delight.

But this is only one advantage. Here are some more. A sense of humour is cultivated in the pupils by painting on various classroom doors various humorous titles; for example, the VI. b. English class is labelled:

“Sewing Class Room.”

Now, although the humour is rather strained, this particular class being much too like a sewing class circle for a joke, the intention is undoubtedly good and undoubtedly advantageous. But not only are there advantages to be gained mentally, as I have tried to show, but also physically. Consider the advantages accruing from frequent rumination over a bottle of the lactic fluid.

And do all these advantages count for naught to the pupils of Whitehill? On second thought I believe not. The pupils show respect and enthusiasm in various ways. Both a gong and a bell have to be used to tear them away from their studies. This enthusiasm also brings them to school punctually for morning classes, while after the dinner break their avidity for instruction in the scriptures has to be seen to be believed.

On this note of optimism it is fitting to stop. Such have been my impressions. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*

AURORA BOREALIS (I. B.a.).

**THE MONKEY.**

Cooped behind bars  
Of iron grey,  
One day  
I saw what mars  
The race of man.  
His conduct towards  
The animal.  
Those two brown eyes  
Peer from a cage  
And sorrow fills the gaze,  
A longing irresistible,  
For home and all that's dear.  
A tear slips from  
My human eye  
And quietly  
Falls.  
That languishing look  
Is lost on most.  
They peer and joke and laugh  
At such captivity.  
O the monstrous  
Blindness in their look!  
They see,  
But yet their sight is gone.  
They do not understand.

A. P. E. (V.).

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**WANTED!**

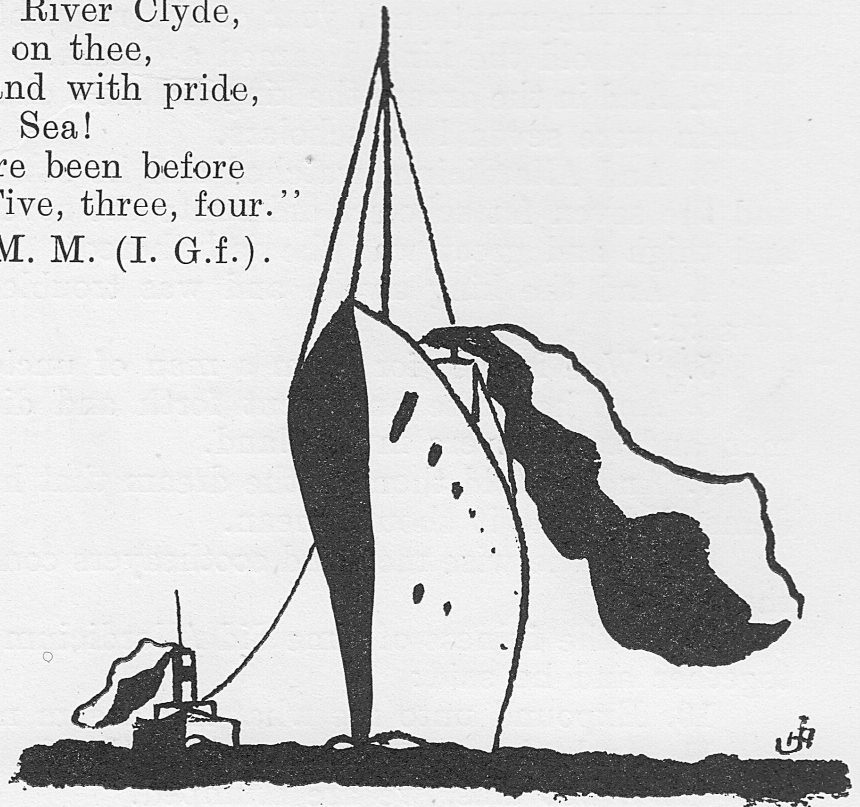
Recruits are urgently required for Colonel Pinkspeares' Regiment. Must be good shots with pea-shooters, have natural ability for alibis, and thorough experience with water guns. Intending applicants should apply to Sergeant Tiddleywinks in the Battalion Drill Hall (Room 40), where they will undergo a course in murder, kidnapping, grand larceny and safe-breaking. Pickpockets are doubly welcomed. Uniforms will be supplied from the proceeds of the last job. Tartan berets are compulsory. The Big Noise himself will supply the details.

(Signed) COLONEL PINKSPEARES,

### ODE TO THE "QUEEN MARY."

Great giant of the River Clyde,  
 With awe we look on thee,  
 With admiration and with pride,  
 Thou Ruler of the Sea!  
 Oh, never has there been before  
 An equal to the "Five, three, four."

M. M. (I. G.f.).



### BLANKETY BLANK VERSE.

We asked them for a nice new school,  
 But builders seldom seem to savvy;  
 They came to us with bricks and trowels  
 And only built a little—bicycle shed.

I said to them, with accents meek,  
 "You really seem to build quite well,  
 But couldn't you build us a school?"  
 The builders answered: "Go to your classrooms."

DEAH DEAH (V.).

### THE STORM.

The night was dark and drear, and only occasionally when the lightning lit up the sky were the pitiable figures of the fishermen's wives to be seen. Again and again the vivid streaks of lightning zigzagged across the sullen skies and our hearing was momentarily deafened by the peals of thunder, combined with the crashing of the waves. Out near the bar, the lifeboat could be seen being lashed about by the fury of the waves. It was going to the rescue of sailors in distress. All night long the storm raged, but in the morning a feeling of peace pervaded the storm. The storm was spent.

H. G. (I. G.b.).

**THE VISION OF ALLARDICIUM.**

1. In the umpteenth year of the reign of the king of Allardicum, behold the king dreamed a dream.

2. And in the dream the king did see a classroom, and behold, therein were seven lean scholars.

3. And Allardicum watched and he saw seven fat scholars, and the seven fat scholars did smite the seven lean scholars hip and thigh and great was the fall thereof.

4. And the king awoke and was troubled in his mind, for he said:

5. "Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean mind."

6. And he arose and went forth and did call all the wise men and soothsayers in the land.

7. And he told them of the dream that he had dreamed and demanded what it should mean.

8. And the wise men and soothsayers conferred much among themselves.

9. In the fulness of time did Allardicum the king call them together and he said:

10. Expound unto me what my dream may mean."

11. And the wise men said, "Lord, behold we sought diligently, but alas, we are stumped."

12. And the king was exceeding wroth, and he rose up in his wrath, and he commanded them that they should hop it, for he said:

13. "Get ye gone from out of my sight for ye are a fat lot of good unto me."

14. And that night the king Allardicum held a great feast. All the heid yins, from the greatest even unto the lowest were there, the Tribes of Have and Have Not, even they of low degree, also.

15. And lo! at the middle watch of the night a great cry arose from them that sat at meat.

16. Allardicum, the king, raised his eyes and looked and saw a hand that wrote upon the wall.

17. And the words that the hand wrote were: "Drink more Milk."

18. And the king stood up in the assembly of the Tribes of Have and Have Not, they of low degree, and prophesied, and spake with a loud voice and said:

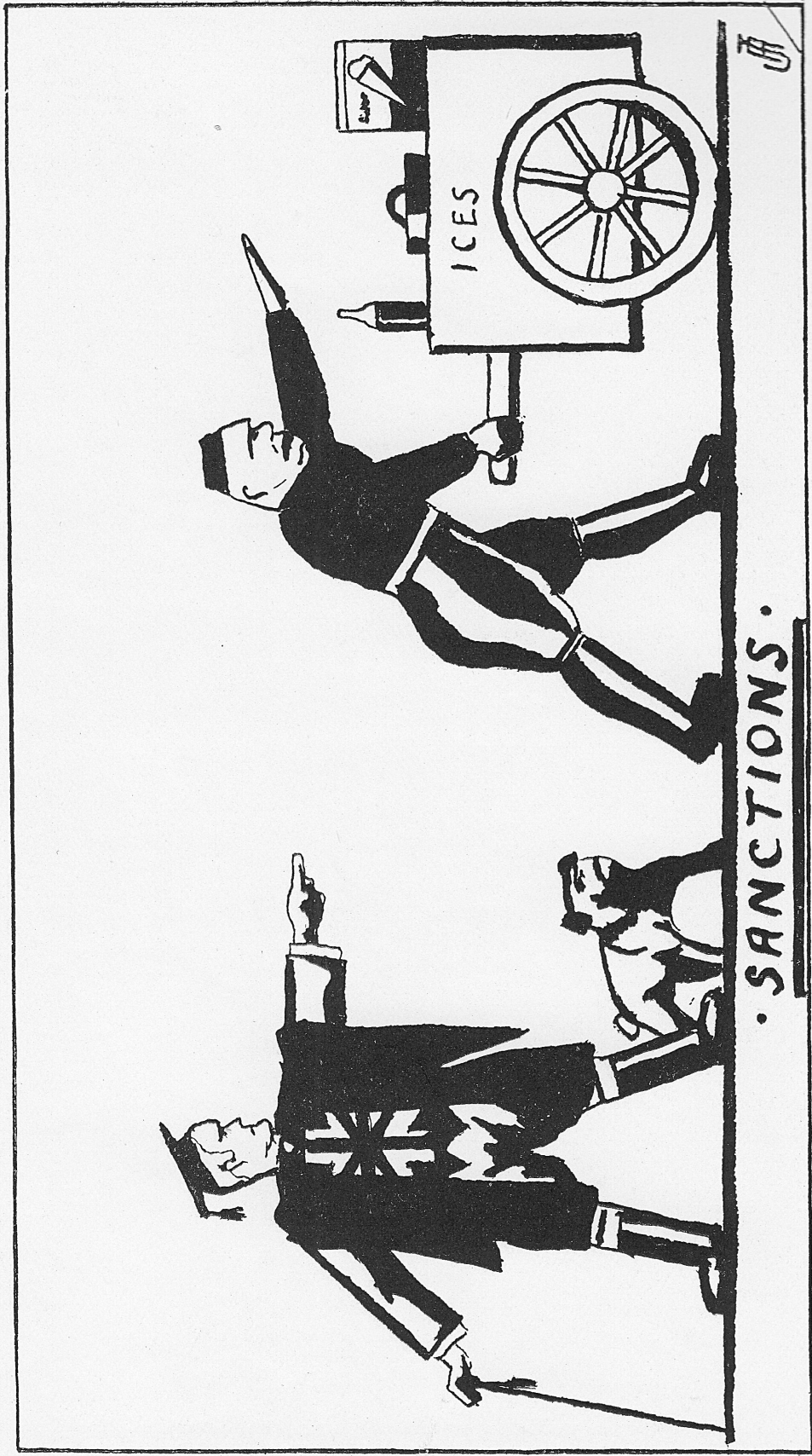
19. "Lo! from this day henceforward each scholar shall drink a third of a pint bottle of milk."

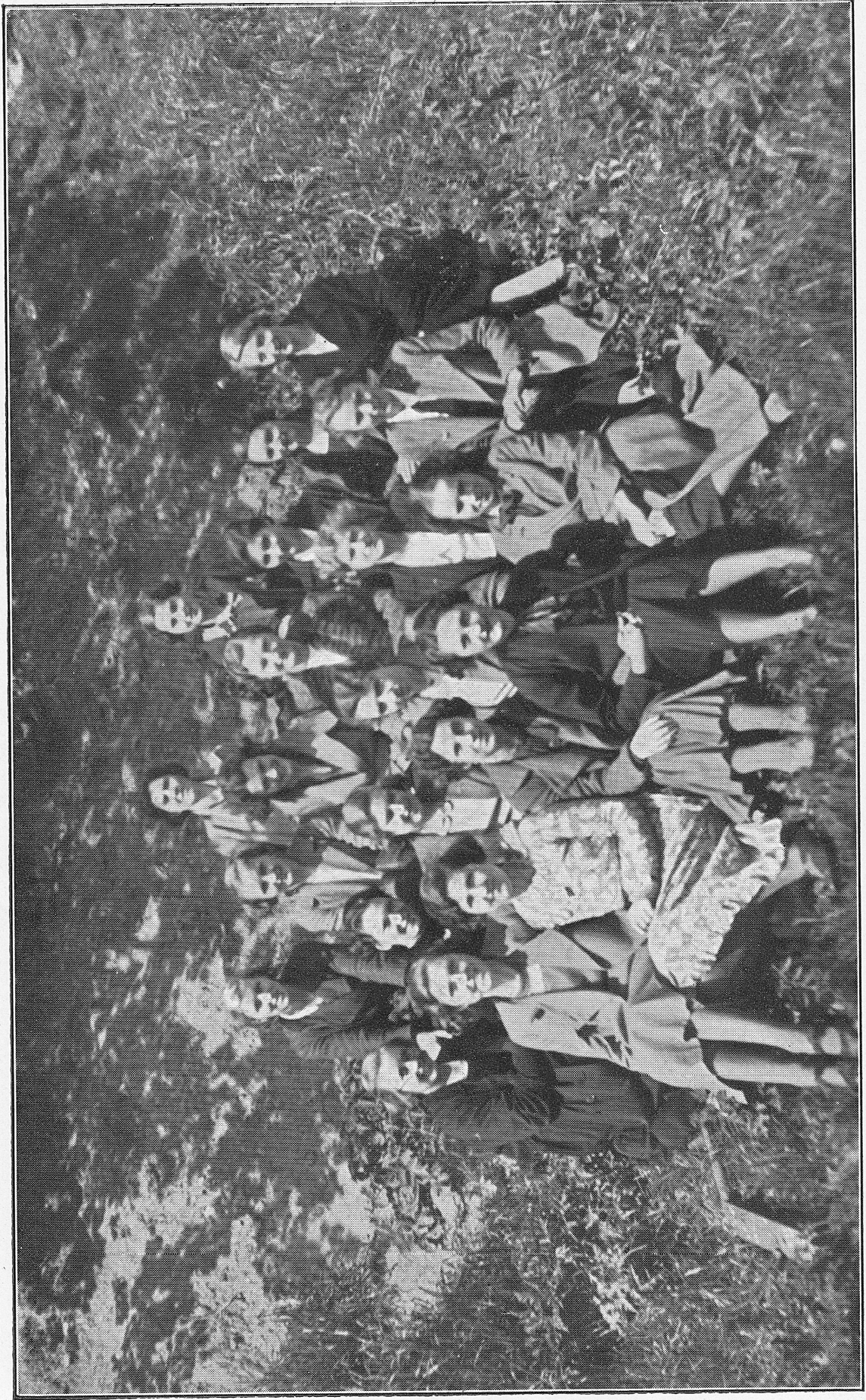
20. For the king saw and beheld the words and understood what the vision had meant; that his scholars were weak and very ill.

21. And so it was done, and the name of Allardicum was heard throughout the land.

22. The rest of the Acts of Allardicum, behold are they not written in the Minutes of the Corporation of Glasgow?

LAC. (V. B.).





**SENIOR GIRLS.**

*[Photo by W. H. M.]*

**A SUMMER MORNING.**

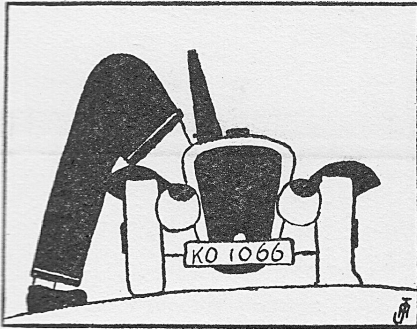
The grass was covered with sparkling dew,  
 Of birds there were but a few,  
 The mist in faint little tendrils hung,  
 The summer morning had just begun.

The sun swung clear from his rosy bed,  
 The drooping flower held aloft its head  
 To behold the golden gleam of the sun;  
 The night was gone and the dawn had come.

A little bird twittering in the trees,  
 Was rocked to and fro by a gentle breeze;  
 With a full-throated burst it launched into song,  
 Which lasted the whole summer morning long.  
 M. B. (I. G.b.).

**WHO'S WHO IN RHYTHM.**

- J. B. (VI. G.)—  
 "I'd Rather Listen To Your Eyes."  
 C. M. (IV. G.)—  
 "Blossom Time."  
 A. B. W. (VI. G.)—  
 "Living In A Great Big Way."  
 R. McC. (VI. G.)—  
 "Keep Young And Beautiful."  
 A. McL. (VI. B.)—  
 "What Is This Thing?"  
 J. S. (VI. B.)—  
 "Hobo In Park Avenue."  
 J. P. Y. (V. B.)—  
 "I Don't Understand Why You Don't Understand Me."  
 I. K. (VI. B.)—  
 "Hold That Tiger."  
 J. D. (V. B.)—  
 "Ill Wind."  
 L. B. (V. B.)—  
 "I'm Nuts On Screwy Music."  
 G. F. (V. B.)—  
 "His Majesty The Baby."  
 A. W. (VI. B.)—  
 "I Laughed So Hard I Nearly Died."  
 A. S. (VI. B.)—  
 "I'd Rather Be A Savage."  
 The Staff Hockey Team—  
 "Eleven men went to mow,  
 Went to mow a meadow."



### A "QUID PRO QUO."

"Bother it!" said Ginger.

"You took the words right out of my mouth," said Ian.

I was speechless.

The car, an Austin, date of birth uncertain, but undoubtedly remote, had breathed what seemed its last, half-way up a Highland road. Ginger

had promptly dived head-first into the works of the car, and had spent the last three-quarters of an hour in that position. At last he disentangled himself from the engine fan, removed a bolt from between his teeth, and straightened himself.

"If ever I go motoring again . . ." he began, but what might have happened in that contingency will never be known to posterity, for a low, black sports car swept round the bend so suddenly that Ginger, to keep body and soul together, leapt into the hedge.

The car swept past, then stopped. Ginger scrambled back to the road, full of strange oaths, then stopped suddenly. Two girls, one an aluminium blonde and the other an oxidised brunette, approached. We looked and gasped, and felt most awkward. The girls had come, had seen, and had conquered.

"Excuse me," said the blonde, apparently the ringleader, "but can we help you at all?"

Ian, the masculine, scorning women, embarked on an indignant denial that we were in trouble. Ginger, skilled in diplomacy, accidentally dropped a spanner on Ian's toe, which occupied Ian's attention for some time.

"Er—as a matter of fact, we are having—er—a spot of bother," Ginger murmured, looking as tall and handsome as he could. At least, as tall.

The blonde one smiled angelically and, floating over to the car, glanced at the dash-board for a moment. Then she turned round apologetically.

"I'm afraid you've run out of petrol," she said.

\* \* \* \*

Relations during the next hour or so were somewhat strained. Like Cain, Ginger felt that his punishment was greater than he could bear. Anyway, it was our fault from the beginning. How could he drive a car and watch a petrol gauge? Ian added fuel to the fire by venturing to doubt the suggestion that Ginger ever could drive. I tried in vain to co-operate with both parties with a view to peaceful settlement, but negotiations fell through.

Ian and I had walked three miles to a garage and three miles back to buy some petrol, so that we were at least able to start again.

Highland roads are an abomination in the sight of every good motorist. A Highland road proceeds in an orderly fashion for two or three hundred yards, then it suddenly turns left, then it changes its mind and swings right. After reflection, it decides



to shake itself, produces a hairpin bend and then, acting on an inspiration, it tries to climb a precipice.

The road we were on was upholding the glorious traditions of Highland roads by being unable to decide whether to go East, West, North or South.

Ginger at the wheel, we were circumnavigating a double hairpin when suddenly, round a corner, loomed up a low, black sports car, drawn up at the side of the road. We swerved violently, and were trying to get our bearings, when Ian let out a howl.

"Full speed astern, Ginger, there's the babes in the wood in trouble."

Ginger, ever a man of action, applied the brakes without questioning who the Babes in the Wood might be. We tumbled out of the car, and lo and behold! there were the blonde and the brunette, half inside their Napier-Railton.

A look of unholy joy illuminated Ginger's features. Revenge was nigh. He would show these mere women how a car should be repaired . . .

"Excuse me, but—er—can I be of any assistance?" He was suspiciously polite.

The blonde backed out of the bonnet and surveyed Ginger with a Medusa-like stare. But politeness triumphed.

"Oh well, if you can do anything you're welcome to try."

Trying to look efficient, Ginger stepped up to the car, and gave a preliminary glance at the dashboard. Then he beamed.

"I'm afraid you've run out of petrol!" he said.

ROAD HOG (V.b.).

### RHAPSODY IN BLUE.

The Highers came and went and left their trace

In many a whitened hair and haggard face,

And when the last dread paper had been done,

And mental battles had been lost and won,

We threw aside our pens, and cares, and sought

The easeful rest we had so dearly bought.

Oh, hopeful dream! Oh, sad delusion vain!

What deep abyss of woe, what depth of pain

We fell to, when with vile and loathsome smirk

Our teachers told us we would have to **work!**

"But," we cried out, with doleful voices weak,

"Have we not earned the sweet repose we seek?

Have we not laboured, burnt the midnight oil,

And studied books with unremitting toil?

Must we still rack our poor, tormented brains?

Is there no rest on earth for all our pains?"

We searched the faces of that black-robed throng.

They leered at us, and sniggered loud and long;

They said, "You haven't nearly finished yet,

It seems as if the **Orals** you forget."

A. J. (V.).

Then came the ringing of the bell,  
 Joe raised a sobbing cheer.  
 Then round the corner of the wall  
 Doc's aureoled head did peer.

And soon there was a rush of feet  
 Up through the Annexe door.  
 Eleven-ten by Greenwich time,  
 The interval was o'er.

### Epilogue.

Joe goes like one that has been stunned,  
 And is of sense forlorn.  
 A sadder and a wiser man  
 He'll rise the morrow morn.

VICTIM (III. B.d.).

### "THE HUMORIST CALLING."

(With the permission of the "Knockout Mag.")

Hullo, you 'hillers,

This is the Humorist speaking. To begin with, there's no fun riding a mule. Maybe that's right, but some people get a kick out of it.

A goat interrupted a football match the other day by running on to the field. It just butted in.

Headline: "Dog bites woman in dress-making salon." He needed muslin.

**Thirty days hath September, April, June and Tommy Lithgow for "scorching" up Cumbernauld Road!!!**

"It is only human to want your own back," says a famous sportsman. Unless you've lumbago.

"Practising the scales while in your bath helps the singer's execution," states an elocutionist. Or at least it should hasten it.

Many a schoolmaster who blows his own trumpet in school has to play second fiddle at home.

"Aeroplanes cheaper than before," states an evening newspaper. The price of going up is coming down.

It is claimed that a certain make of car can draw up in a yard. The question is, whose yard???

HUMORIST (I. B.a.).

[Note.—For the benefit of those who have not seen our contemporary and spirited rival, the "Knockout Magazine," we wish to state that it is written, roneod and published by the gallant members of I. B.a. It achieved a phenomenally large sale on its first appearance. It was sold out to private subscribers and, despite a large issue, never reached the general public. Collectors of scarce first editions are keeping a watchful eye on Christie's and Quaritche's for the first appearance of its delicately tinted covers with their spirited design. Ask Holly!—The Editor.]

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Headline: "Dog bites woman in dress-making salon." He needed muslin.

**Thirty days hath September, April, June and Tommy Lithgow for "scorching" up Cumbernauld Road!!!**

"It is only human to want your own back," says a famous sportsman. Unless you've lumbago.

"Practising the scales while in your bath helps the singer's execution," states an elocutionist. Or at least it should hasten it.

Many a schoolmaster who blows his own trumpet in school has to play second fiddle at home.

"Aeroplanes cheaper than before," states an evening newspaper. The price of going up is coming down.

It is claimed that a certain make of car can draw up in a yard. The question is, whose yard???

HUMORIST (I. B.a.).

[Note.—For the benefit of those who have not seen our contemporary and spirited rival, the "Knockout Magazine," we wish to state that it is written, roneod and published by the gallant members of I. B.a. It achieved a phenomenally large sale on its first appearance. It was sold out to private subscribers and, despite a large issue, never reached the general public. Collectors of scarce first editions are keeping a watchful eye on Christie's and Quaritche's for the first appearance of its delicately tinted covers with their spirited design. Ask Holly!—The Editor.]



## The Cockle Gatherers.

I dal a du vil  
I dal a du horo  
I dal a du vil  
As I gather cockles here.

## A VISION.

PERHAPS it was that I had been sitting for hours with a wet towel round my head, or that I had had cheese at supper that night, or, perhaps, it was a mixture of both. But whatever the cause, that night before the exam. I had a most amazing dream.

I had been walking in what appeared to be Mathematics Land, because there were indices instead of leaves upon the trees, and vulgar fractions gaped at me from the fields; cosines, sines and tangents gambolled merrily about the hills called Difficult, playing at that entrancing game known as equations, a game in which the problem is to see how many you can get wrong without the teacher noticing.

In passing, let me say, I met no teachers.

In a field I stopped to watch men working, digging a trench 4 feet by 3 metres by 400 yards. I stopped to talk and discovered that they were those famous, I had almost said legendary people, A, B, C and D. Mr. A was a big, husky figure of a man who wielded spade and pick like an expert, as indeed he was. B was cast in the same mould, but slightly, only slightly smaller than A. Similarly, C was smaller than B. D was a small, decrepit old man who, A told me, was only called in on special occasions. He was very jealous of the other three and had once or twice tried to injure them by sawing through trees on which they were observing ships at sea.

Beside them lay their equipment. There were telescopes (for observing ships and towers), ladders (for climbing the above towers), barrows (for selling oranges at two for a penny, making a profit of 20 per cent.), oars (for rowing with and against the stream), spare spades and picks, bricks and mortar (for building walls).

A, B and C, owing to their strenuous life, looked very fit. I asked them about conditions in their country, and they said they were well satisfied except for two things; they were considering going on strike for an  $m$  hour day, not because it would lessen their work, but because it would make the problems harder; and secondly, they were demanding that a man should be paid five times a boy and three-and-three-quarters times a woman for the same reason.

They asked me to warn newcomers to Computania that, as they moved from province to province of the empire, they went under a variety of cognomens. In mysterious labyrinthian country of Algebra they were known as  $x$ ,  $y$ ,  $z$  and  $m$ , whilst among the snowy peaks of Trigonometry they were respectfully addressed in Classical Greek as Alpha, Beta, Gamma and Theta.

I left, wishing them health and strength to confound future generations of mathematicians, and stepping backwards sweeping the ground with my wide-brimmed Stetson, I fell into the newly-dug trench and found I was a-coming to myself.

W. P. (V.).

**THE MYSTERIES OF WIRELESS UNREVEALED.**

**D**ISENTANGLING myself from the wires of my latest effort in constructing a wireless (?) receiver, I fixed the last nut, at least the last I possessed, and stood back to see if it looked any better from a distance. It did (but it had to be an enormous distance). I had wire entangled round my neck, a valve or two in my belt, a couple of screwdrivers behind my ears, a jemmy in my hip pocket (just to complicate matters), and my mouth full of wander plugs. And thus it was that I answered the door, complete with all accessories. I opened it, and there stood my friend—next instant he was at the gate, and there he remained until I assured him that I was quite harmless, whereupon he cautiously entered.

“Like to see my new wireless set? I’ve just finished it,” I enquired jubilantly.

“Where?” he asked.

“There,” I answered.

“What! That pile of junk, does it work?”

“Of course it does,” I replied, swelling so much with pride that the wires round my neck nearly choked me. “I’ll let you hear it.”

“Must you?” he said dubiously, backing to the other end of the room as I approached the mass of wires. It did contain some other odds and ends, but it consisted mainly of wires—

long wires, short wires, bare wires, covered wires,

brown wires, black wires, and still I discovered wires.

I took another look, then closed my eyes and groped about in the conglomeration—something happened—I jagged my finger!!!

“You’re doing splendidly so far,” chimed a voice from the far corner.

“Oh, wait till the valves heat up,” I said airily, then looked to see if there were any. After rummaging about for a while, however, I thought I saw the outlines of some through the maze, so I assumed I must have put in a few, and started again.

“We’ll soon get results now,” I assured my friend.

“I leave for London in a month,” came the rejoinder.

Once again I boldly delved in, and this time I found a switch. I shoved it home and waited.

Bo-o-o-o-m!!!

The screwdrivers flew from behind my ears. I swallowed the remainder of the wander plugs. The jemmy shot from my hip pocket and clouted me on the back of the head, and the wire round my neck was replaced by an oil painting of Aunt Agatha, which had suddenly left its peaceful state of suspension above the set. When the dust cleared away, I looked round for my friend and grew quite concerned to find that he had disappeared. I was quickly inspecting the ceiling for any possible large openings when a small voice from beneath the sofa said, "What happened?"

"Oh, the valves must have blown," I said, as professionally as I could, at the same time relieved to find he had not passed beyond, and, regaining my self-composure, boldly approached the "set." There were three neat holes where I had suspected the valves to be, and three corresponding holes, every bit as neat, in the ceiling, where I presume they made their hurried exit.

"I'll soon have this fixed," I said confidently, without actually feeling that way. "It's nothing to worry about; it could have been much worse!"

"Oh, could it" replied my friend, grabbing his hat. "Well, I'm not taking any chances, I'm going!" He was at the door before I could disentangle myself from Aunt Agatha, and I distinctly heard it bang!!!

\* \* \* \*

"Oh, ho! So you've fallen asleep listening to that wretched set, have you?" chimed in a voice, and as I collected my senses, a white apparition appeared before my blurred vision, but there was no mistaking my mother's decisive tone: "I've been in bed for over an hour, and you still sit on with that crazy dance music booming all over the place!" It was then I became suddenly aware of a deep voice at my side.

"That is the end of the dance music and the end of the National Programme for to-night. Goodnight, everybody, good-night."

I looked, rubbed my eyes, and looked again—beside me was a wireless set, a COMMERCIAL model.

SUPERHET (VI.).

**INSPIRATION.**

Written after perusal of the well-known lines:

“I was only a boy at the time, sir,  
With scarcely a hair to my chin,  
And every time one came out, sir,  
My mother kept pushing it in.”

—Milton: “Paradise Lost.”

O come, O come, youse Muses to the aid of a friend in need,  
For if you don't, there'll be the devil to pay with J. J. Reid.  
It happened on the fifth of May, if my memory fails me not,  
That our old English master up on his hind legs got.  
A great big lusty carl is he, a tough and no mistake.  
With an evil grin he ope'd his mouth, and thro' clenched teeth  
he spake:

“By the little green eyes of the little yellow god,  
By the bones of my sainted aunt,  
To-night you'll all write poems. I'll flay you if you can't.”  
Thrice he cracked his stockwhip, and thrice he rolled his eyes.  
O come, O come, youse Muses, or to-morrow your old friend dies.

P. NUTS.

**Post Scriptum.**

My little poem I have wrote, and I'm going to hand it in,  
It doesn't scan, it's very short, in parts it's rather thin,  
But nevertheless the chances are it's going to save my skin.

P. N.

**LIFE.**

Man has endless bounty for his own,  
Man is a reaper who has never sown.  
He takes the sumptuous gifts from Nature's hand,  
The mountain rills, the flowers, the coral strand.  
He draws from wells of everlasting wealth,  
Sometimes drinks deep and sometimes sips by stealth.  
On Nature's lap his destiny lies bare.  
With equal hand she gives him joy and care.  
When woes abound he murmurs at his fate,  
And curses Nature till his woes abate.  
But when the lamp of joy with genial glow  
Casts blessings everywhere his footsteps go,  
He, glorying in a new-found life of bliss,  
Forgets his rescuer from the great abyss.  
From birth to death, he on his journey hies,  
Man, born a traveller, as a vagrant dies.  
Pursuing each mirage o'er trackless sand,  
A helpless soul marooned on desert land.  
And still this haughty soul rejects the Guide  
Who keeps the spinning regions at His side,  
The One, whose fingers wrought the path of life,  
Can thither lead from ways of death and strife.

J. R. (V. B.),



### THE RENDEZ-VOUS.

Prince Charlie was rowed in a barge up the long sea-loch of Loch Shiel late in the afternoon of the 19th August, 1745. He had with him only a small party of a few gentlemen, and three small companies of Clanranald's men. The dull weather of the day had received an added gloom from the darkness and austerity of the scene. The head of Loch Shiel is in the heart of a natural amphitheatre of high and very rugged hills, broken by three steep and narrow glens which form the only approaches to the rendezvous. The sun was sinking when the little party disembarked on that patch of damp and boggy grass where stands the monument now, and waited anxiously in the silence and the shadows for Lochiel and his men. But when the sun had quite gone and the hills and hope had darkened, a new light broke far up the glen, with the sounding of pipes. First appeared three men, then another three, and then came the Camerons, two columns of three abreast winding their way down the wooded paths. In a short time the men were around the Prince, Tullibardine had hoisted the Royal Standard, and the '45 had begun.

### AFTER WORDSWORTH.

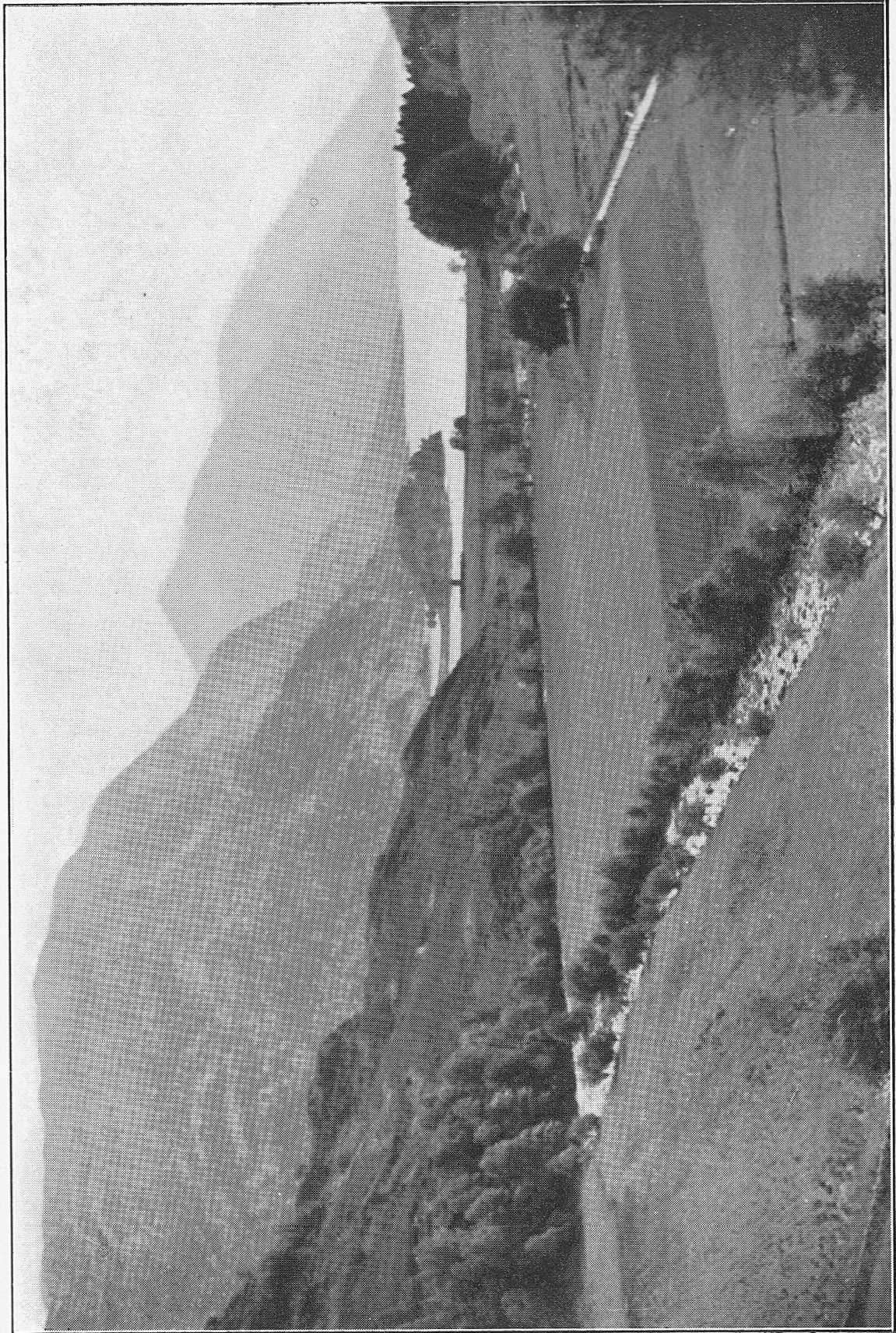
I blundered lonely as a cow  
That gambols over vale and hill,  
When all at once I heard a row—  
A noise like seamen being ill.  
Beside the Gymn.—O, gory sight—  
Two boys were joining in a fight.

Continuous as the kids that crowd,  
And rush, and cram in Room 9a,  
Supporters thronged, and shouted loud.  
Like choir boys carolling as they may,  
Ten dozen saw I at a glance,  
Rushing, as at the Third Year dance.

Spectators aided in the fray,  
And made a truly wondrous fight;  
A Prefect could not but be gay  
To see so many ears to smite.  
I plunged into the milling throng:  
The combat lasted loud and long.

I reached the centre of the fight:  
The combatants could fight no more.  
The eye of one was black as night,  
The other bled from every pore.  
I said, "Well, have you really done?"  
They said, "Please sir, 'twas just in fun."

A. J. (V. B.).



**UPPER END OF LOCH SHIEL (seen from the lower end of Glen Finnan).**

*[Photo by J. A. Garrick.]*



**CRICKET 1st XI.**

*Back Row:* Headmaster, H. Carson, J. Sharp, W. R. Pringle, J. Walker, D. McKenzie, R. Barrie.

*Middle Row:* W. Barrie, A. C. Gunnee, J. S. Thomson, J. Young, J. Simpson.

*Front:* T. Rutherford, H. Milne.



**HOCKEY 1st XI.**

*Back Row:* Headmaster, E. Turner, M. Moffat, M. Logan, M. Keter, M. Somerville, I. Clark.

*Front Row:* A. Nitt, A. B. Weir, C. Macleod (Capt.), N. Reid, I. Govan.

# WHITEHILL NOTES

## WHITEHILL SCHOOL CLUB.

ONCE again another season has drawn to a close and it is our pleasant privilege to give you a brief review of the Club's ever increasing and varied activities.

Our Syllabus is always arranged in an attempt to cater for all tastes, and that our plan is successful, is borne out by the attendances at our meetings, the average of which last season was the highest in our history. We know that some people might contend that it is impossible to arrange a Syllabus that will have some appeal for everyone, but when we tell you that last season we had several Lectures from notable personalities, a Musical Evening, Hallowe'en Party, "Radio Whitehill," Military Whist Drive, two Dances in the gymnasium and one in the Ca'doro on Christmas Eve, etc., we think you will agree we do our best.

Our Athletic Sections have also had a notable season. The Rugby Section, after a season handicapped by the severe weather conditions, finished up in a blaze of glory by winning the Cartha seven-a-side tournament. The "Soccer" Section also accomplished a very meritorious feat in winning the Reserve Flag competition. The first team started the season very shakily, but improved so rapidly and steadily that they finished up in a very high position in the league. If they continue next season in the same form as they left off, they should finish at the top. The Hockey Section were unfortunate at the start of the season in that they lost a number of their old players without recruiting sufficient new members. Later on, however, this was remedied and they also finished on a very bright note.

Now, we would like to appeal to you to join us when you leave School. You are our life blood, and without your support a Club such as ours would inevitably die out. A point we always stress is that one of our main objects is to maintain and strengthen the friendships formed at School. These can be numbered among the truest and most valuable you can have. Our annual subscription is two shillings and sixpence, which nobody could find excessive or prohibitive.

In conclusion, we would thank the Editors for their courtesy in again granting us this space in which to bring ourselves to your notice.

LESLIE W. BLACK, President.

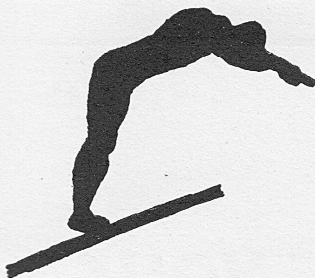
T. K. BARCLAY, Hon. Secretary,  
585 Alexandra Parade, Glasgow, E.1.

**GOLF.**

The Golf Club is now in full swing, and up to date three monthly medals have been played. The first of these resulted in a tie between R. Rae (II.) and A. Bond (IV.). The second was won by A. Dunlop (V.), and the third by T. Greenshields (IV.). The annual match with teachers was over at Cathkin Braes and, as usual, the boys were defeated. Compensation was offered, however, in the shape of a splendid tea, so the outing was enjoyed by all. The results of the Allan Shield Competition and the Club Championship are not known at the time of writing, but probably will be before this appears in print. When these competitions are over, there are school matches to take their place, and though we are not so strong as usual this term, we hope to have quite a successful season.



I. M. L.

**SWIMMING (GIRLS).**

To all those girls, whose enthusiasm created temperatures during our cold spell, we would give something more useful than crowns of glory. Some of them have collected as a result Elementary and Proficiency Certificates in Life Saving—pleasant things to have framed and hung over their little beds!

A pity, in this Age of Gold, our two Bronze Medallions weren't of **finer** metal! Sincere thanks are due to Margaret Logan, our worthy Lieutenant, and to Muriel McCulloch, our crawl instructor this term.

**SWIMMING SECTION (BOYS).**

Since the last issue of the Magazine there has been a comparative lull in the activities of the above Section. James Burt gained second place in the Western District Gala, and a few boys have been awarded the Olympic Swimming Badge.

The attendances on Fridays at 4 p.m. have been decreasing. However, it is hoped that with the advent of a new session there will be a greater support. Meanwhile we are still training to bring home the Sladen Trophy next year,

### CRICKET SECTION.



This season has commenced in promising fashion. The 1st XI. has defeated Paisley Grammar, St. Mungo's, Uddingston Grammar and Albert Road Academy. Very narrow defeats were sustained at the hands of Hamilton Academy and Dalziel High School.

The 2nd XI. has won three games and lost two.

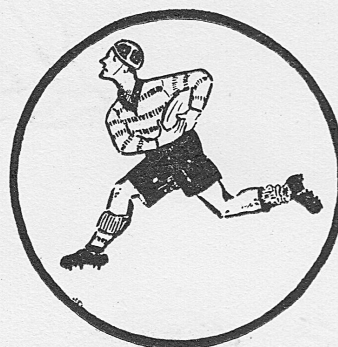
Unfortunately, the services of Gordon Easton, as captain, will now be lost to the School. Ian Thomson has been appointed in his place.

The officials of the Section desire to thank Mr. Gamble for his continued interest in their activities.

T. R. (Hon. Secy.).

### RUGBY.

The 1st and 2nd XI.s fared rather badly this season, having had only a few victories, but the 3rd and Junior XV.s managed to hold their heads above water. Next season we hope to do better in spite of the loss of D. and G. MacLachlan, who aided our 1st XV. greatly this season. We hope that the Rugby team will have a larger membership than it has formerly had.



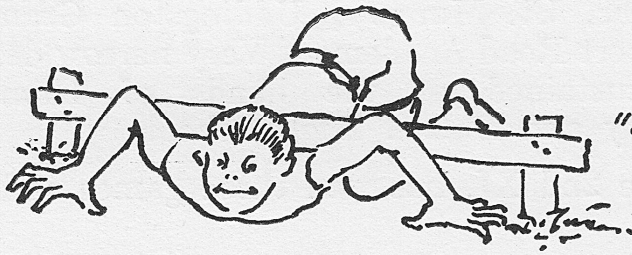
J. Y. (Hon. Secy.).

### LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

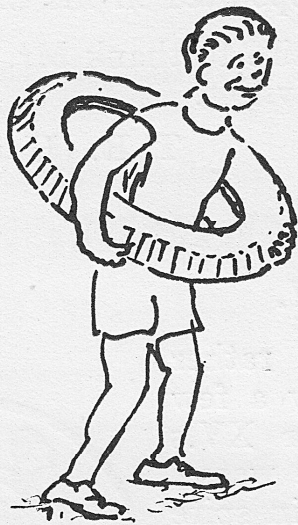
And yet another season has come to an end. Everyone is delighted with the great success that it has been. The large attendances have been maintained and there was a welcomed increase in the number of members who took part in the discussions. The Hat Night proved as great a success as usual. The sincere thanks of the Society are due to all members of the staff for their continued interest throughout the session.

Next year we hope the Society will maintain its strength under Mr. Williamson, President; Miss Helen Gordon and Mr. Somerville, Vice-Presidents; Mr. Jack Rillie, Secretary; and Miss Catherine Millar, Treasurer.

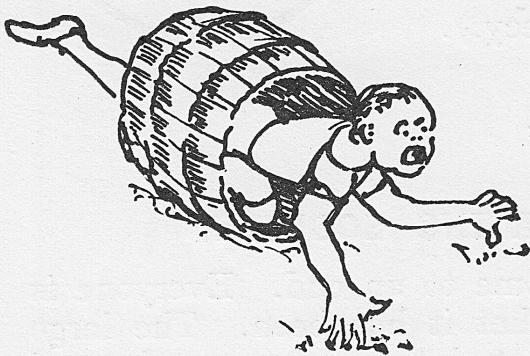
T. L. (Hon. Secy.).



"THE GRASSHOPPER"



"THE CONTORTIONIST"



"THE TURTLE"



HAVE YOU SEEN THEM AT THE SPORTS ?

### THE SPORTS.

For our Sports this year we were favoured with most of the essentials for success—good weather, an enthusiastic company of spectators, and keen competition. There were also no lengthy delays—annoying both to pupils and watchers alike—the various events being carried through with commendable slickness. Lack of variety is almost inseparable from school games—with the succession of heats demanded by all the “standard” items. This year, however, hurdling was introduced into the programme, and proved one of the “hits” of the day. An interval was also arranged for a display of Scottish Country Dancing, and this added a greatly appreciated element of pageantry. The various Championships were decided as follows:—

Senior Boys—Gordon Easton.

Senior Girls—Margaret Somerville.

Junior Boys—W. Marshall and A. McDougall (joint holders).

Junior Girls—Isobel Hopkin.

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### TENNIS.

To date, the Tennis Team has had a very successful season. The Mixed Team has played and won three matches, and the Girls' Team is still pulling its weight. The enthusiasm for Tennis is as strong as formerly, which augers well for the future.

A. W. D. (Hon. Secy.).

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### RAMBLING CLUB.

Three times has the Rambling Club rambled, and this year the Committee has not been allowed to go alone! Believe it or not, the average number at each outing was well into double figures, or roughly, equivalent to the total number of points secured by the 1st Rugby. Also contrary to usual, the destination was reached each time, sooner or later (usually the latter). Although attendances have been good, we would like if even more would take part, so roll up in your thousands and help us, like London, to carry on.

I. M. L.

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### HOCKEY NOTES.

The Hockey Club has had a most successful season, and the 1st XI. have tasted once again the fruits of victory. The great number of new members has been very gratifying.

We announce with pride the success of Helen Murdoch, a former Whitehill goalkeeper, who was chosen to play in that position for all three Internationals.

A. B. W. (Secy.).



### THE LIBRARY.

A good deal has been heard lately about libraries in schools and the need for more ample provision. We certainly have a library, though accommodation and general facilities are far from what we would wish. As regards the books, however, we can boast a surprisingly large and varied collection. The more battered volumes we hope soon to be in a position to replace. It is also hoped that, before next session, a more up-to-date system of classification will have been established. This year the chief accessions have been "regional" novels and works of travel interest. These additions include:—

T. B. Young—"Jim Redlake" and "The Black Diamond."

E. Childers—"The Riddle of the Sands."

"The Châteaux Country," "Spain," "Holland," "Norway," "Kashmir," "Canada," "Palestine," in the "Things Seen" series.

"Tschiffely's Ride."

W. Power's "Scotland and the Scots" and "My Scotland."

Seton Gordon—"Highways and Byways in the West Highlands."

Batsford—"The Beauty of Britain."

J. A. R.

### THE SHELL.

Palely it gleamed from the dust and grime,  
'Midst curious things from a far-off land;  
A shell, rose-pink, ageless as time,  
A tiny shell from some foreign strand.

It lay now far from the ocean's moan—  
The sails were furled and the sailor home.

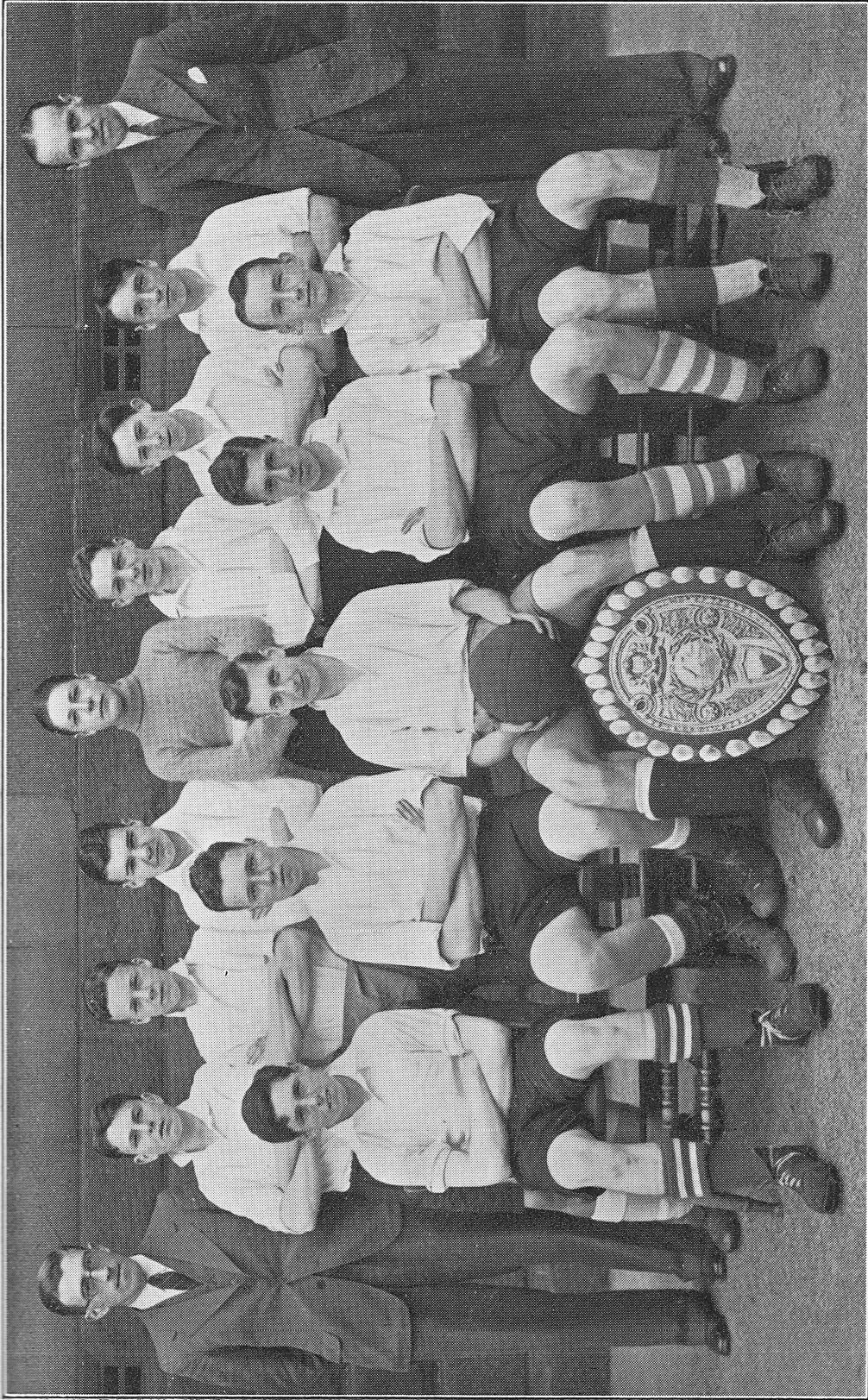
Idly I pressed it close to my ear,  
And from its pale depths heard the boom  
Of seas that beat on grey cliffs sere,  
And I saw no more the dusty room.

Yet it lay now far from the ocean's moan—  
The sails were furled and the sailor home.

On wings of the wind I followed free  
The ships that sailed through the sunset gleam,  
While the breeze at the mast-head sang with glee,  
And the sea was gold in the sun's last beam.

Yet I stood now far from the ocean's moan—  
The sails were furled and the sailor home.

L. McD. (V. G.).

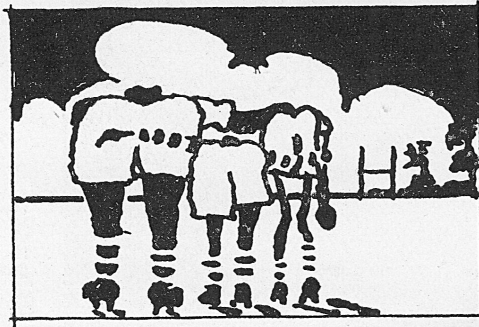


**INTERMEDIATE TEAM—Shield Winners.**

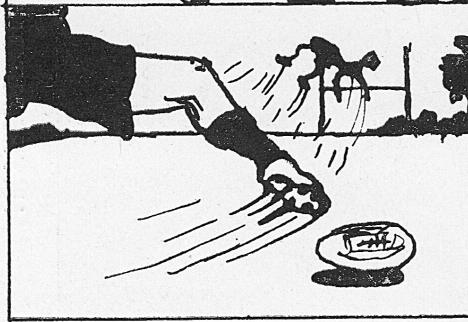
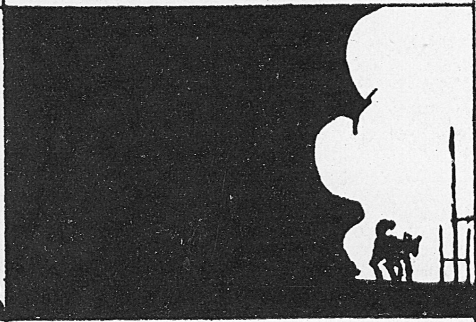
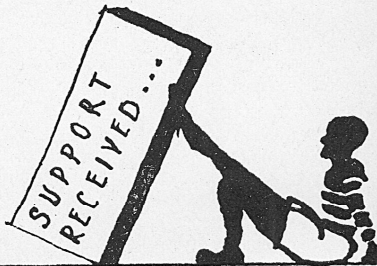
*Back Row:* Mr. Gillespie, H. Milne, G. Ford, J. McGregor, J. Holborn, T. V. Lawrie, J. Hendry, T. Rutherford, Mr. Reid.

*Front Row:* J. Sharp, H. Swan, J. Wilmot, J. Leslie, G. Crawford.

A FEW THINGS WHICH HELPED  
TO MAKE LAST SEASON A  
MEMORABLE ONE FOR THE  
RUGGER SECTION !!!



A WELL-BALANCED  
SCRUM, AND...

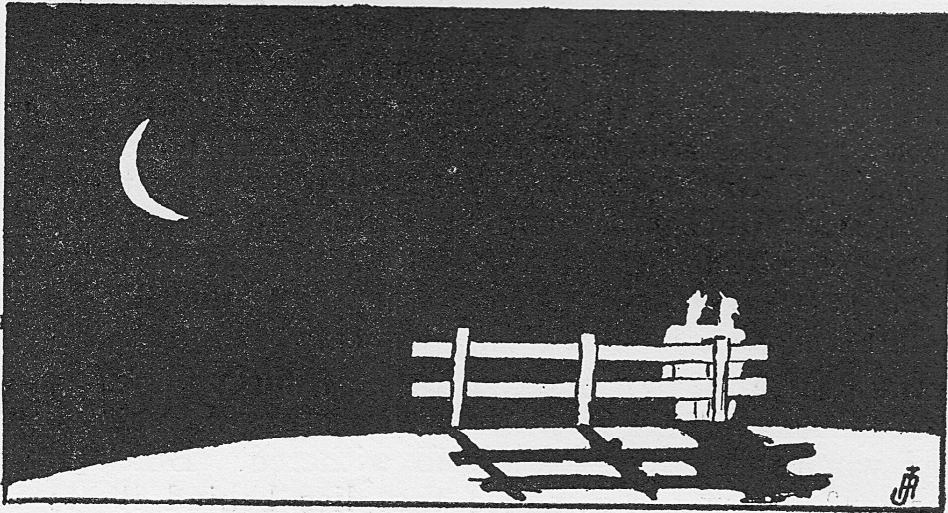


**THE GIRL WHO WAS LATE.**

As to the school she made her way,  
 Some pretty flowers spied little May.  
 She stooped to pick some, could you wonder?  
 Their petals she did pluck asunder.  
 "He loves me not, he loves me so,"  
 The rhyme which all the girls do know.  
 Our little May began to sing,  
 And then she heard the school bell ring.  
 She ran, but ere she reached the gate,  
 The school was in and she was late.  
 The master gave a punishment;  
 His heart of stone did not relent.  
 The moral for each little fool  
 That dallies on the way to school:  
 "Not by the heart must you be led,  
 But by your little head instead!"

**REFLECTIONS.****On Leaving.**

"They have their exits and their entrances."  
 I liked the English of Dr. Merry  
 Verry;  
 And language, as taught by Miss Mitchell,  
 Was free from superfluous ritchell.  
 I found the instruction of Campbell  
 Exceedingly ampbell,  
 While Maths., as expounded by Walker,  
 Were quite as important as salker.  
 If I hadn't had German from Shepherd,  
 I might have been khepherd.  
 And after a year of McLeod  
 My Latin was almost alloed.  
 The gentle goodwill of McNicol  
 Will teach you far more than a sticol;  
 And since I forsook Mr. Chisholm  
 I misholm.  
 These rhymes—I blush to whisper it—  
 Are disper it;  
 But when I write an idyll,  
 It stops in the midyll:  
 One can't subordinate the tongue  
 When one is younge.



### SONNET.

My love's not very pleasing to the eye,  
 Her hair has not the colour of ripe corn,  
 Her eyes are not as blue as summer sky,  
 Her cheeks have not the blush of early dawn.

I am her true, her one and only swain,  
 Few other men desire to be her lover—  
 The green-eyed monster never gives me pain.  
 If she lost me, she'd never find another.

And when we walk together down the street,  
 But few who pass us turn her to admire.  
 Few stop to stare and say, "Is she not sweet?"  
 Nor look at us with envious desire.

On sands of fame her beauty leaves no mark—  
 But O! my love is lovely in the dark.

A. J. (V. B.).

There is a damsel in Form IV.  
 Whose charm is just a dream;  
 Such beauty ne'er was seen before—  
 But oh!—her colour scheme!

ADONUT.

### MY VERY OWN GARDEN.

Few can realise how much gardening means to me. Each year I plant in my window-box a mixture of bird seed, orange pips and ants' eggs, and I eagerly peruse "The Home Gardener" for improved methods in planting (I would refer those interested to the local library or railway bookstalls). Three times daily I water my miniature garden and tear out the weeds, so numerous that I am at a total loss to know where they come from. It is suggested that the birds' seed is the cause of this, but I assure you that I am most careful in my choice.

I must tell you, too, of my little rose bush. I keep it in a little red pot and tend it with the greatest of care. It was withered when I got it—it is still withered. But what does that matter? It is the romance that lies behind it—to think that it may have come to maturity on some lone hillside under a restless Highland sky, beside the trickling brook always visited by the sun, overlooking the sea near some cottage overhung with honeysuckle and luscious woodbine. So, so romantic! Each morn I breathe its divine odour (slightly reminiscent of tripe and onions) and I am compelled to write these lines:

Ah! my flower, my weary flower,  
 Ah! my sadly withered rose,  
 Whene'er I breathe your fragrant sweetness  
 Your thorny spines do prick my nose.

Ah yes! (Might I here quote that other great poet, Wordsworth.) "Nature is all in all to me." Sometimes I even delay the pleasure of Mathematics and Latin by gazing at the Primroses and Tooth-worts and Wort-nots in the Hall.

My bulbs have been very disappointing. I planted them early last year and kept them in the dark as instructed. Each day I have gone to the cupboard and peeped in, but I can only sense a rather unpleasant smell of onions. I am afraid there has been some mistake. There is no sign of growth except in the smell. It is steadily growing worse.

Might I offer you a few more of my stately Miltonic lines:

Oh, window box! Each time I look  
 For flowers that I ought to see,  
 I feel that I have been forsook.

Ah me! Ah me! Ah me! Ah me!

(The repetition in the last line is entirely for effect.)

Oh, window box! One thing I fear,  
 Of this alone I am afraid,  
 That stormy winds may blow you o'er  
 To fall upon some passer's head.

(A slight Kelvinside accent makes considerable improvement in the rhyme scheme.)

It is when I write these lines that I realise how great an influence Nature must have had on Wordsworth.

J. G. G. (V.).