Whitehill School Magazine.

No. 20.

Christmas, 1929.

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EDITORIAL.

Every rose has a thorn and every magazine has an editorial. But as the thorn adds piquancy to the flower, so, we hope, the editorial has a like effect on the Magazine whose contents are brightened by contrast.

It is with the keenest pleasure that we remark a growing interest in sport in the lower school. To stress the importance of games to health would be superfluous. But in fostering that spirit without which a school is not a school, sports are invaluable. For a school is more than a stone building where classics and mathematics are taught. It is, or at least should be, an immensely personal creation, with an *esprit de corps* and a tradition which hall-mark each pupil and make its badge a stamp with a meaning.

Tradition is an intangible thing which needs concrete reminders to serve its purpose, for the memory is a fickle jade and one cannot, by word of mouth, recount to newcomers the achievements of old Whitehillians. Comparatively few of the junior school, we suppose, know that Whitehill has produced no less than five Snell Exhibitioners. It is never too late to mend, however, and at present a scheme is afoot for hanging in the hall the portraits of these celebrities and of our headmasters. Many will have noticed a tall panel in the hall. On it will be inscribed the names of those who have distinguished themselves in the school itself by winning the Henderson Memorial Medal. The list of names is being drawn up, meanwhile, and will be completed shortly.

Nor is the sports side being neglected, for it is possible we shall have the photographs of Whitehill's past and present sports teams gracing the corridors before long.

All the school organisations are in full swing. Among them has appeared a baby, the Debating and Literary Society, which has proved itself a youngster with a kick in it. The debates are of the liveliest and most cheerful nature, the teachers deriving just as much pleasure as the pupils themselves. Our compliments are due to the football team who drew with Hamilton Academy, the team which so severely defeated them a few weeks ago.

Mr. Macgregor is hard at work tuning up the choir who hope to give a concert in the spring. They will, as usual, give us a carolling send-off at the Christmas holidays. More members, especially boys from the IV. year, are invited to swell the numbers and noise.

We must congratulate James Hercus for graduating M.A. with 1st Class Honours in Mathematics, and S. L. MacKinlay with 1st Class Honours in English.

Unfortunately, anni fugaces labuntur, and the staff are constantly changing. Miss Muir has retired to enjoy a well-earned rest. She has left behind the most pleasant memories, and in wishing her long life to enjoy the fruits of a strenuous 16 years at Whitehill, we speak for all who came in contact with her, and who recognised her as a capable and respected teacher. Miss Reid and Miss Rankin, too, have left us to continue their cheerful mission in Hutchesons' Girls' Grammar School.

A more pleasant duty is to welcome new teachers to White-hill. Mr. Munro is keenly interested in the Rugby and Cricket, and Mr. Graham has immediately made his presence felt. He is working with a fourth year girls' choir, whom he intends to present at the Glasgow Festival. Good luck, we hope, will attend this new venture. To them and to Mr. Smellie we extend a hearty welcome to the school.

For many years the Magazine has shown considerable profit, and it is to the proceeds that we owe some of the new books in the school library. By this time, too, we have a gramophone and records to brighten school routine, bought with the proceeds of the Magazine.

We are indebted, as usual, to Mr. Alexander, to whom we owe the posters heralding the advent of the Magazine.

Perhaps the thorn is threatening to dominate the rose, so, hoping that all readers will find as much pleasure in the Magazine as we have had in preparing it, we wish all and sundry the heartiest compliments of this festive season.

University Letter.

THE UNIVERSITY, December, 1929.

DEAR OLD SCHOOL,

Let me congratulate you. That last issue of "the Mag." was, I think, one of the best that has ever been written. The articles were mostly above the level of school magazine contributions, and in "The Two Lachies" we had an excellent rendering of traditional Highland character and an intimate knowledge of Gaelic phraseology worthy of Neil Munro himself. In the section reports there was discernible that healthy spirit of playing the game for the game's sake, which rises above defeat or victory, and which brings out in us the excellent qualities of good fellowship and unselfishness.

I was very pleased to see that a Cricket section had been started and I am sure that, under the tutelage of Mr. Munro, a 'Varsity cricket blue and one of the best batsmen in the West of Scotland, the section will soon be both popular and successful. Another source of pleasure to me now is the advent of a much-needed Debating Society. It is when one leaves school to seek the higher things of university or business, that realisation of the need for expressing ideas and emotions in convincing fashion comes. To be a good speaker gives him self-confidence and impresses his views on his hearers. He can make any subject eminently more interesting or feasible. Now is the time for you to make yourselves good speakers. Your career at 'varsity or in business depends almost as much on clear and ordered statement as on good hard work.

Judging from the spirit of the Magazine, the school seems quite fit to uphold the old traditions in scholarship and student affairs. The last writer of this letter thought differently, but I remember we thought very little of the rugger team that was to succeed us, and yet it did equally as well, or badly, as we had done. It is all a matter of changing standards. We must remember, too, that the period from which we are emerging has been a very conspicuous one for Whitehillians. It is very seldom that one school produces in the same year the Snell Exhibitioner and the President of the Students' Representative Council, the greatest distinctions in scholarship and student affairs in the University.

This year has seen the graduation of another distinguished Whitehill scholar, Sam M'Kinlay. First class honours in English would in itself have brought him distinction, but when he is also one of Scotland's foremost amateur golfers, he becomes one of those ideals which inspire the youth of his school with the desire to accomplish great things. This leaves Whitehill with, as far as I know, only two persons of note in student

circles. J. B. Roy has been for several years a regular contributor to the University Magazine, and he was this year editor of the Students' Handbook. Then there is Bunty Smith, popular and efficient, who is secretary of the women's Hockey section as well as a regular player in the first XI. Among the younger school, Vincent Paling in engineering and Mary Frame in arts, are taking the top places and may safely be left to carry on the scholastic tradition of the school.

There are, I think, four distinct classes of students at the 'Varsity—hooligans, corporate lifers, scholars, and those who do their work and share to some extent in the corporate life. The hooligans are mostly freshers rejoicing in the new-found freedom of the classroom. The second class of student is mostly composed of the idle rich who do not need to bother about classes or exams. and who, therefore, do not. Luckily, this class does not apply to Whitehill. The third class is the specialists. They concentrate on their books and wisdom. They either become brilliant mathematicians or absent-minded professors; they tend to lose touch with the world around them. The fourth class, I think, supplies the ideal student and the one who eventually takes most away from his University education. He does not usually take such a high place in the class exams. as the specialist, but he gains experience in the more practical business of the world; he forms friendships; he discusses all questions from religion to the modern woman; he realises that the other fellow has a totally different opinion from himself and that there is the possibility of the other fellow being right. He receives an all-round training that permits him to give a sane and balanced opinion, and that fits him more surely for the practical situations of real life.

I have pointed out these distinctions so that those of you who will soon be "coming up" will know what to expect. The University is more than a place for swotting. It is a glorious tradition; it is a place where you meet not only the best books, the latest theories and philosophies, but also the men and women who will, in the future, and with your aid, be forming character of this country and the world; it is a place to which you will look back in later years for happy memories for your grand-children. The course of action and study which you will take depends on your own personal temperament. I have tried to show what, from my own experience, I have found the best course to pursue, and I would quote Dr. Harry Miller in support He advised service to one's fellows as well as of my view. personal application to study as the best means of fitting oneself for the battle of life. Therefore, I put these views before you, and if I am again privileged to write you in the summer number I will endeavour to explain the nature of some of the organisations and clubs which you will perhaps find beneficial to you, and will try to prove a practical guide to those of you who will soon be undergrads. and Q. Emmas.

Writing thus again to the old "Mag." has been a great pleasure. It has brought back happy memories of school—it is aiways the happy memories that stick—the friendships formed. the adventures and scraps. Schooldays are great days. Make the most of them, for disappointment and regret are often the portion of after life.

ADAM.

The School at Christmas.

The old school now stands black and grim
Beneath the snow's soft pattering,
And silence broods o'er field and gym.;
No crowds, no shouts, no chattering.

And silence reigns in every room,

A key has turned in every gate,
The school stands silent as a tomb,
Depressing, cold, and desolate.

Each class-room where the pupils worked
Is filled with ghosts and shadows dark,
And in each corner might have lurked
A Christmas ghost out for a "lark."

And each boy leaves his work and toil, And goes to rest his weary brain; A feast he hopes to have right royal, His stomach he is sure to strain.

M. F. (III. B.b.).

Winter.

What do we do in winter,
What do we do in the snow?
What do we do in winter
When the wint'ry winds do blow?

We slide down the hills on sledges,
We skate on the ice with skates;
That's what we do in winter,
When the snow is on the slates.

It's a fine old time for poachers,
With a rabbit in a bag;
It's a fine old time for Whitehill boys,
Reading the Whitehill Mag.

J. R. (I. B.a.).

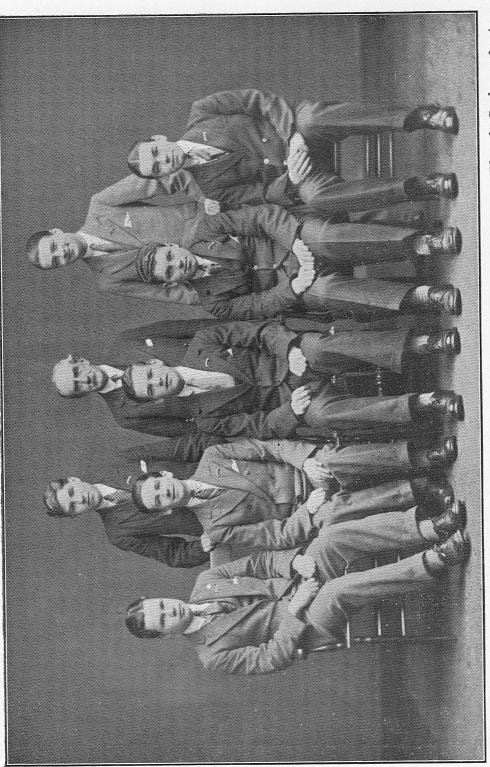


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PREFECTS

Below is reproduced a Sketch of a School Poster designed for this issue.



Take time by the forelock and prepare your contribution for the Summer Magazine

NOW

JUNIOR PAGES.

Lament.

(With apologies to Mr. Anonymous, the celebrated Ballad Poet.)

My love he bought me a bonny box,
And filled it a' wi' luscious chocs.,
A bonnier box ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he bought for me.

There came an aunt by middle day, Who spied her sport and went away, And brought my dad that very nicht, Who brought a stick and chased my knight.

He chased my knight, tae me sae dear, He chased my knight and boxed his ear, My servants a' for life did flee, And left me in extremitie.

I munched his chocs., making my mane,
I waited lang, myself alane,
I munched his chocs. baith nicht and day,
But nae mair chocs. did come my way.

I tuk my sorrow tae my heart,
And whiles I thought, and whiles I grat,
I laid his memory in my heart,
And drowned him wi' the tears sae saut.

Nae lovely chocs. I'll munch again,
Since that my lovely knight is gain,
Wi' the ribbon frae his chocolate box
I'll chain my heart for ever mair.

M. R. C. S. (I. G.b:)

Home Comforts.

There was a bad squire
Who sat by his fire,
And complained of the folks in the shire.
And when he did die,
Some said with a sigh,
"Well, he always will have a nice fire."

Description of a Motor-Bicycle.

A motor-bicycle is a machine fitted with two wheels, one fore and one aft. Amidships is an engine, the principal purpose of which is to hold up the rider. Another use it has is to make the back wheel go round.

All the "young bloods" invest in a "mo'bike," as it is familiarly called. They place a gollywog or other mascot in place of a lamp, and decorate the pillion with a luridly-dressed young

lady of the "flapper" type.

The two wheels are covered with rubber, which protects the rider from shocks and gives him practice in repair work. He generally gets plenty of repairs to do, for if a nail gets in the way of the tyre, it bursts like a few toy balloons with a pin in them. The rider then picks himself out of the ditch, or off the

hard road, which is worse.

Every "mo'bike" enthusiast, sooner or later, starts to tune up his machine. This is done by taking the machine into its garage, which, when the inquest is held, is found to have very poor ventilation. It is then jacked up so that it won't run away, and started up. In time the owner is overcome by the fumes, and becomes a case for the coroner's jury. Or. if he escapes this fate, he is not daunted. He proceeds to take his machine to pieces. Of course, with the aid of a hammer, it is easy enough to dismantle a motor-bike. Then he finds that, like Humpty Dumpty, it won't go together again, and so he has to pay a few pounds for a garage man to come and re-assemble it for him.

So take my advice and have nothing to do with "mo'bikes."

Buy a motor-car, which is sometimes worse.

C. R. (III. B.b.)

The Grandfather Clock.

Tic-a-ti-toc, tic-a-ti-toc,
The solemn tones of the grandfather clock
Chimed out the hours of every moon,

In a fire-lit corner,

That seemed to be warmer
Than all the rest of the great gaunt room.

It has stood there for years, and years, and years, It has seen many smiles, and seen many tears,

And there it still stands, With its pointing hands,

Chiming the hours for the listening ears.

There it will stand for years to come,
Huge and silent, mute and dumb,
Except for its chiming notes so mellow;
And stand there it will till its face turns yellow,
Its body grown so old and sage,
Will rot away in wormeaten age. R. M'V. (I. B.d.).

Foiled.

Grimly he followed his prey. On, on through the crowded street went hunter and hunted. Little did the tall, prosperouslooking man realise that his footsteps were dogged so relentlessly by a miserable, desperate-looking fellow.

Suddenly the quarry turned into a quiet street, and the distance between the two men narrowed. Anyone who had seen the gleam in the second man's eyes would have stopped and

Then the first man stopped, raised his hand, and threw something down. With a gasp, the man who had dogged his steps so deliberately dashed forward.

Alas! Too late, too late! The tall man had carelessly put

his foot on the stump of cigar he had thrown away.

outhusiast, sooner of little stores to tune

R. W. (II. G.a.).

A Ballad Nightmare.

up his machine. This is done by taking the machine into its

na diri 4 don 1640 True Thomas lay on the Huntlie bank, Drinking the blue-red wine, When all at once he spied a deer, Lying beneath a clump of thyme.

He has ta'en up a meikle stane And wounded her on the side, And with his sharp hunting knife, Has ripped down her side.

> On he lap and awa he rade, Till he cam tae Carterhaugh; He lichted syne to bait his steid, And soon was carping in the ha'.

Blow up the fire, my maidens! Bring water from the well! For all my friends shall feast to-night, And ring the curfew bell.

J. M. S. (I. G.b.).

The Tragedy.

s seen many smiles, and seen many tears,"

He looked at the paper on which were such fine words in fine handwriting. He thought it was a shame that he had to part with them on the morrow. So much time he had spent diligently writing out these words. This youthful lamentor looked again on his paper and this was what he saw: "I must be in the playground by five " Is there any use writing these words? I think not. We all know them well.

M. P. (I. B.b.).

The Open Road.

(From Masefield's "Sea Fever.")

I must be out on the road again, to the dusty road and the moor;

And all I ask is a motor bike that starts off with a roar,

And the bees' drone, and the birds' song, and the scene that's ever changing,

And the gay flowers 'mid the green grass, in many colours ranging.

I must be out on the road again, for the lure of the mountain high

Is a weird call and a long call and a call that makes me sigh;
And all I ask is a clear brook and flying clouds till gloaming,
And the swish of the grass and the cool breeze when night puts
an end to roaming.

I must be out on the road again to breathe the air so pure, With the wind so soft and the lark aloft; for care this is the cure. And merry my heart if beside me be a laughing fellow-rover, Then quiet sleep in a sweet dream when the day's run is over.

C. W. (III. G.d.).

Song of the Dead.

O-OH!, oh!! I was free; something in me snapped. I opened my eyes. All around me was a mist, cold and damp. My temples throbbed. Slowly the haze cleared, and I saw on every side distorted bars of steel and rough, unhewn stones. "Poor devil, he's dead——!" Where had I heard these words?——where? Again the red-hot, searing pain shot through my head and again the mist closed round me. I sat down on the pallet of rough wood which stood beside me, and thought. "Poor devil, he's dead——!" Was this sympathy for me? Was I, in truth, dead? No! It could not be, for this could not be hades, and it certainly was not heaven. The mist is clearing. No, it gathers afresh. The distorted bars, which were straightening, are again writhing.

"Poor devil, he's dead—"? Ah! I have it now. "Poor devil, he's dead drunk. Here, officer, take him along to the station before he does any harm."

KIM (III. B.).

An Invitation.

My Dear Carnation,

The contemplation of the celebration of my vacation makes me in anxious expectation of the expiration of my absentation, and the anticipation of making a congratulation after so long a separation is pleasing.

The organisation and diversification of recreation for our consideration during the vacation will, without hesitation, meet your approbation and co-operation and be, I hope, a source of gratification.

A kind relation has promised to make a peregrination to the termination with an accommodation suitable to my station, in which, without degradation, I can make a perambulation to your habitation, which is my destination.

Though this communication may have the representation of mystification, yet believe my asseveration that it is the emanation of cogitation and due deliberation; and if your arbitration leads your inclination to acceptation of this complication without more solicitation, you will confer an obligation upon, without affectation or dissimulation,

Yours, with animation,

the work not a remaining sociateban and ai. J. M. D. (IV. G.). do

need and (Istuem bus leolay 4.4) — gib eachy knexhib to the key viegolis as one that your wind being my line to a be a being my line to a be a being my line to a being my line to a be a being my

Scene:—Backyard in the Gallowgate. Time:—Noon.

Mrs. Galosh: Hoo's yer man, Mrs. Flannel?

Mrs. Flannel: He's war. 'E wis at the doctor's ty see whit wis wrang wi' him, an' the doctor gied 'im a box an' telt 'im ty tak' ane efter every meal an' ty stey in 'is bed. Man, but 'e had a job gettin' that box ower.

Mrs. Galosh: Is 'is decease contagonous?

Mrs. Flannel: Na! Eh? O aye! o'course it's contagious. 'E 'as ta bide in 'is bed. There's a man cummin ta ha'e a look at 'im. A think they ca' 'im the insanitary 'specter.

Mrs. Galosh: Whit is it that they ca' his illness?

Mrs. Flannel: Oh! A must tell ye aboot it. When John first went ta his bed, A went up ta the doctor and askt 'im whit wis wrang wi' oor John. A said A didna want any o' his fancy names but jist common Scots. He said it wis lazyness, so A askt 'im the fancy name, fir A didna like ta gang hame an' tell John 'e wis lazy. But A'll ha'e tae run in noo, Mrs. Galosh, ma totties are bilin' ower.

J. McN. (III. B.a.).

Bananas.

I used to love bananas. Erstwhile they were the yum-yum of my prosaic life. My heart would leap at the sight of their delicately-tinted coats. To me they were a quintessence, a joy ethereal, a something to be spoken of in whispers, a meet subject for Milton. I would write epics on them—or at least I tried, thus:—

Bananas, bananas, oh fair bananas,

Dug up by black niggers in white bandanas,

Praised by musicians in upright pianas,

And by screeching, high reaching, heart rending sopranos, etc.

I say "etc.," because you all know the masterpiece which goes on to 5 libri, 6 bucher and half a stanza. But my eyes were opened, or perhaps the banana was not yet ripe. Anyway, if you mention banana to me—well—just look out. I hate, loathe, abhor, and dislike them. Oranges can be Seville (ow!), pine-apples are bristling with good points, peaches lend themselves readily to personification, as do the raspberries, and cucumbers are conducive to flights of imagination on the part of the amateur gardener, but the banana—.

In its youth it is absolutely green. Moreover, it is a natural coward and maturity soon exposes its yellow heart. It goes about its "fell" work in an underfoot manner; for how often has that most crooked of fruits caused the downfall of otherwise upright citizens, whose dignity (physical and mental) has been most severely impaired. Yes, they truly are as slippery as an angry papa. To crown this catalogue of its virtues I would but mention its exceeding unhonestness. It is, without doubt, the most twisted of fruit (barring, of course, thick black). And I ask you very confidentially, did you ever see a straight banana?

dere willie,

we are flitting tomorrow, and great eggscitement reins in our house. My sister put a nail through his finger, while lifting the linoleum. While they were rolling it up, hisses and meows came from it; they had rolled the cat up with it. We are flitting down one stair, and we have most of the furniture down in the knew house. There is nothing wrong with the room, but the grate is to small, and there is a hole in the ceiling and in the wall. There are only three cracked window pains. The knew wallpaper is luvly, but I think the flowrs are growing down. My father says I am improving in writing and spelling.

your chum,

Jack.

CANARY.

N.B.—I have managed to write this leter without eny blots, at least there are not very meny.

J. C. (III. B.a.).

Those Men.

Joseph Merton was forty, shy, and single. He very much admired a charming widow, his best friend's sister. Did I say our Joe was shy? Well, he was. At last, however, he determined to write and, with the usual conceit of men, expected to be accepted, so he wrote to an elderly dame who wished to dispose of her house. His first letter to Mrs. Stout (the landlady):—

Madam,—I know you will be glad to accept the proposal I am about to make, and will not be unprepared for it. Before deciding I must ask the following questions, which I have put in other instances:—Firstly, is your roof sound? I should not like to find there is anything wrong with the upper story afterwards. Secondly, what quantity of wine and spirits can you stow away conveniently? Lastly, your exterior appears to be in good preservation, but I should like to know how often it is painted, and when last done. I shall call and make a careful inspection. On finding nothing wrong, I shall close with you for seven years certain, with the option of continuing. Yours truly,

Joseph Merton.

And then this passionate letter (obviously, girls, the first

he'd ever made) to his choice:-

My Dear Madam,—I have long adored you. Will you be mine? One little word, "yes," will make me happy for life.

Your devoted

JOE.

Our hero sealed and posted the epistles and awaited results. The young widow wrote to say that her roof was quite sound, that she never drank, and that she never painted. Moreover, Mr. Merton need not visit her again. And when Joe went to see Mrs. Stout, he was received enthusiastically, two podgy arms were thrown round his neck, and he was assured that his love had been long returned! ILAS (V.).

The Sea.

Guard ye well, ye seamen. Nought confide
In yon blue waters' dormant moon-wooed tide,
Whose slapping ripples now perplex the sea;
And out beyond yon haze-hid headland's lee
The lazy, sleek and sinuous ocean swell
Is grumbling endlessly. And, mark ye well,
How clammy Neptune's wrathy mood is writ
On's seven-fold tablets, and forthwith the bit
Is loosed, and white-toothed monsters, maw agape,
Strive in untimely night their prey to rape;
Or piling high in vainly foaming ire,
To quench the stab of Jove's eye-searing fire.

PROTEUS.

The Student Prisoner.

Burglary and other forms of robbery being now recognised throughout America as worthy professions, criminals are sent to prison to perfect themselves in their respective branches. Yet owing to an influx of undesirables, who would be honest if they could, the prisons all have a stiff preliminary examination.

The subjects are mathematics and American, with any one of French, German, or English. The candidate is asked to sign his name at the foot of the page, and the trap comes in the foreign language section. Some such passage is copied out, according to the language chosen, "Je suis innocent. Je n'ai rien volé," or—er—the same in German. Coupled with his name at the foot this makes an excellent confession, and the would-be prisoner is forcibly discharged with a brand on his character, which debars him from entering any State prison whatsoever.

The veteran, however, who has penal servitude for life as the goal of his ambition, contrives to make a mistake which renders the confession useless, and thus his goal is scored.

The Oxford of American prisons, however, is undoubtedly Sing-Sing, where the cream of the scum of U.S.A. gather. There the warders are continually running to the prisoners with cigarettes, matches, and soda (the criminals have the whisky); there a night bell is installed in each cell should the tenant wish anything at night, and the days are passed in opening safes, picking handkerchiefs from warders' pockets, or in gun practice, for which prizes are awarded at the end of each academic year by the governor. Sing-Sing is also the only prison in America with a male voice choir. Small wonder that it is the "gaol" of everyone's ambition.

There are, of course, criminals who are a menace to society. These are confined in a penitentiary until they repent of trying

to go straight, and are called "penitents."

The sorrow of every "gaol-bird" comes when he has to leave his cosy nest and earn his daily beer in the gloomy confines of a great city. If he is a life member, of course, he weeps more when leaving. Gone are the days when a poor student-prisoner received from the State only his meals, a hair-cut and a new suit! VI.

Pure Nonsense.

My father was a weaver On board the Sunday boat, He carried twenty ton o' coal To feed his nanny-goat.

His nanny-goat died yesterday,
And was buried the day before,
And I think that's all I can tell you now
'Cause my head is getting sore.

A. C. (I. G.b.)

Unemployment.

Mr. Steyn B. Fixte has often chided me for not staying long in one post. The fact is I have been very unlucky.

My worthy parents were at a loss as to what profession I should follow. As I had magnificent wavy locks, they decided I should either be a Communist or a musician. They compromised by making me a salesman in a shop for gramophones, which, as you know, are partly revolutionary, partly musical, in character. Sheer jealousy drove me from this position. I started breaking records and the boss gave me the receptacle.

Thus disappointed, I thought I would be a great "draw" in the dentist line. My boss was called Mustapha Gnuzett, a Paynim by extraction, but he was lazy and made me pull more than my weight; so, realising it was a hand-to-mouth business, I retired.

Soon after, I enlisted. I was going great guns and had already fallen in with the soldiers when I fell out with the colonel. He was a real man o' war, with his piercing eyes, bullet head, "bombous" manner, and clarion voice. Well, it fell about in this wise. I was "tossing for ha-pennies" with farthings and, of course, I had to be rooked. Unfortunately (for the Army), some big general, with a P.O. at the end of his name, came to inspect our share of the Army. Behind him rode the colonel, as proud as could be. All I did was to leave the ranks and ask the old lad, civil like, to "shell" out a fiver. He came down from his high horse and exploded (the report was in the evening papers). I graduated in the guard-room with the 3rd degree—C.B. with dishonours.

I pondered. How could I best serve the community? I thought on being a road mender, who is useful for at least three things:—(1) For the total disruption of the traffic; (2) For providing entertainment free of cost; (3) For providing decent sepulture for the blade which nobody wants, poor thing.

I found I had to spit on my hands, an idea which is particularly abhorrent to me who have never washed yet. Serve my country in the Navy or the Air-Force? No! The life of the former is too full of ups and downs, and I am not flighty enough for the latter. Not applausible enough for an actor, nor deep enough for a diver; not acquainted enough with machinery to be a doctor, nor beery enough for an undertaker. To what, then, was I to turn my hand? For the last week my days were gloomy. But joy! I see light ahead. Ah! thanks, Labour Government, for thy promise of increased dole to condole with me in my present dole-less and doleful state.

A Tale of a Ford.

Down in the street a noise is heard,

Down in the street someone has stirred;

Down in the street an auto snorts,

And vents asthmatical reports.

Upon this bus there hangs a card, which reads, "Excuse our Dust."

And on the bonnet there's a slogan, "John o' Groat's—or bust."

A year has passed—down in the street another noise is heard; Down in the street a sound proclaims that someone else has stirred;

Down in the street resounds the cough of autocar in pain, And—never! Gee, but so it is—that same old Ford again! It must have suffered sadly, it is thick with mud encrusted, But on its bonnet you can read: "Got John o' Groat's—and busted."

V. H. C.

Comrades Departed.

They are gone! No longer shall we ruin their sculptured faces. They no longer adorn our classrooms; they, who helped us to pass many a tedious period by allowing us to engrave our names on them. Alas! they are gone. They felt the knifecuts of many a generation of schoolboys. The upstarts who try to fill their places are iron-bound and varnished. They hold only two, while those who have gone before held five or six. They passed away in a day, and in that day many annals of our school's history were destroyed. Perhaps a coming Isaac Newton or Bernard Shaw has engraved them also. If so, the "New School' would be thronged with visitors all wishing to see the marvels of their heroes' pen(knife) manship. Woe is me, they are gone.

A new song has broken out in the school. It is called,

"The Desks of the 'New School' are a' wede awa'."

MISPRINT (V.).

A Fair Exchange.

He writes:

Last night I left my heart with you,
Conquered by your winning grace;
I know you've one that's kind and true,
Pray send me yours to take its place.

She answers:—

You say you've left your heart with me,
I cannot say that I regret it;
And as for mine—just let me see!—
Call round yourself to-night and get it.

ILAS (V.).

Tripe.

I was standing on the poop-deck of the S.S. "Fleury-Meng." Twas eight bells and up to now all had been well. Some may ask what I was doing on the poop-deck of the S.S. "Fleury-Meng" at the above-stated time. List ye! and I will pour into your ears the true cause of my standing on the poop-deck of the S.S. "Fleury-Meng" at eight bells.

'Way down in the depths of the ship in a tiny cabin, three young maidens lay in their respective berths, each emitting loud glottal groans, which awoke in me a sympathetic feeling to do

likewise. Hence my position on deck.

Having thus satiated your curiosity, we can revert to the moment of my standing on the poop-deck of the . . . I stood there on one leg, clutching the rail with my left hand, while my right was tucking my other leg into my reefer jacket pocket, as it was beginning to feel cold; but scarcely had I performed this act of kindness when to my sensitive ear came the sound of rippling water. The next moment a large slithery object slid over the rail. I opened my mouth to scream, but my tonsils got stuck in a traffic jam behind my uvula, thereby rendering me speechless. With the fright I received, my now warm leg fell out of my pocket and landed with a thud on the deck. sudden noise alarmed the nocturnal visitor who sprang three feet into the night and vanished down a voluminous ventilator. P.C. Larynx having by now gained full control of the traffic blockade, my vocal organs were tuned to perfection, my tonsils flapping merrily in the breeze.

"Come out, you're spied," I called, threateningly. At that a head popped up the ventilator. My eyes popped simultaneously out of my head at the sight I beheld. The man, if man it was, resembled nothing more than a jellyfish, wrinkled and hoary with age! While I stood transfixed with awe, the thing came right out of the ventilator and I saw that its body and limbs were also completely covered with this corrugated fungoid growth.

It spoke in a curiously throaty and inhuman voice: "Don't be afraid, I won't hurt you. I was once human like you. I am famished. If you will give me some food I will unfold to you surely the greatest tragedy that ever befell man." Curiosity replacing fear, I put my hand into one of my pockets and brought out half a bar of treacle toffee and some de-cocoanutted macaroon bar. Offering the first-named sweetmeat, I begged him to tell me his story, and the remainder of the macaroon was his when he had finished.

"From my earliest days," he began, "I had a predilection for that much ridiculed, but natheless delightful dish—tripe! When still at school I never spent my Saturday penny as did my playmates, but I saved them until I had sufficient money to treat myself to a tripe supper at a near-by restaurant. This unnatural craving never left me, and even when I grew to man's

estate and acquired considerable wealth, it was still my favourite dish. My menu never varied. Tripe was always the most important item. For breakfast I had it fried and served on toast; for lunch it was stewed with onions and served with mashed potatoes; for afternoon tea, cold and in sandwiches; and for dinner it was made into cutlets. Finally, my medical advisers warned me that this inordinate use of my favourite food must cease. Even this did not intimidate me.

"Then one morning, about three years ago, I first made my terrible discovery! Feeling a slight roughness on the ball of my left thumb, I examined it and discovered it to be a soft wart-like growth! In vain I endeavoured to remove it. Day by day it increased in size until at last it now covers all my limbs and body. As it grew, the peculiar formation and now to me offensive odour made me realise only too well the penalty I was paying

for my gluttony. It was indeed poetic justice!

"Taking a large stock of provisions, I fled at last from my fellow men. In earlier years I had discovered while yachting a little island off Sark, the existence of which is not generally known. There I have lived ever since; but I misjudged either the extent of my appetite or the duration of my life, for my food supply is done. For the last few weeks I have been living on shellfish and the few edible fruits growing on the island. Seeing the lights of your ship, I determined to take a risk and make an attempt to get food at any price. Unfortunately for my purpose, you discovered me in the act. Give me my macaroon bar." And with this the strange castaway broke off with a sob. When handing over the delicacy my hand came into contact with his. So cold, fishy, and slimy did it feel that I was unable to suppress a shriek of horror. In a second the tripe man slid over the rails with a "plop," strangely reminiscent of a wet sponge falling into a bath full of water.

Gossip and Grumbles

"Why do the teachers rage?" Exams. have been suggested. My experience has been otherwise. They take a fiendish delight in disfiguring the face of my exam. paper and of myself.

Lines and raging teachers annoy me but lazy pupils do more. We do have to suffer much nowadays! Only yesterday we of 2 B.d. asked a "first year kid" to stop "loafing" about like that. We asked him quite civilly and with no ill-feeling, and were little prepared for his answer. "I can't help 'loafing' about because I'm so well-'bread'—the flour of my mother's heart and I don't get 'crusty' like you, anyhow." And this is not all! The impudence of first year kids would do all but knock one flat. We called this kid a "lout," with very great condescension. Judge our consternation when the cheeky little rascal told us we were not 'a lout' to say that. Would capital punishment or lines as an alternative not be a most suitable punishment for such a grave offence?

W. S. (II. B.d.).

Ici, on parle Limerick.

The Hockey team's resting pro tem.,
No spate of defeats must **they** stem,
With their dash and their pluck,
And a pinch of good luck,
They may win all their games—both of them.

There was a young Greek named Caralleses, His mother thought he had paralysis, But the doctor soon said With a shake of his head, "It's only a knot in his galaces."

When to Room 48 we're deploying,
The odour is simply annoying,
The maids of the 6th
Have been up to their tricks—
Cheap powders and perfumes employing.

There was an old wife of Tyree, Who ate dynamite for her tea, She sat by the fire, And now she is higher Than any bright star you can see.

Our football team's famous, we know,
But Hamilton's team brought it low;
Oh! Great was the dule
When this prop of the school
Gave a heart-breaking, im"prop"er show.

There was a young scientist called Carrs,
Who wanted to go up to Mars;
He made a large rocket—
All started to mock it.
When lit, he saw nothing but stars!

If when passing the New School one day.

A body comes flying your way,

Don't take any heed,

There's really no need,

It's only the 6th year at play.

Full Precautions.

Young Smith a paper bag had kept, And so his master said, "That is the climax. Now I must Report you to the Head."

The summons came. With beating heart, A copy book Smith bent About his—well—unmentioned part, To catch the punishment.

The Head looked grave, both stern and slow. He spoke: "Your conduct's bad, This morning you have had your show, 'Tis my turn now, my lad.''

"I know, sir," then young Smith replied, As with expression sweet, "For your performance now," he cried, "Please, sir—I've booked my seat."

She Was Cross.

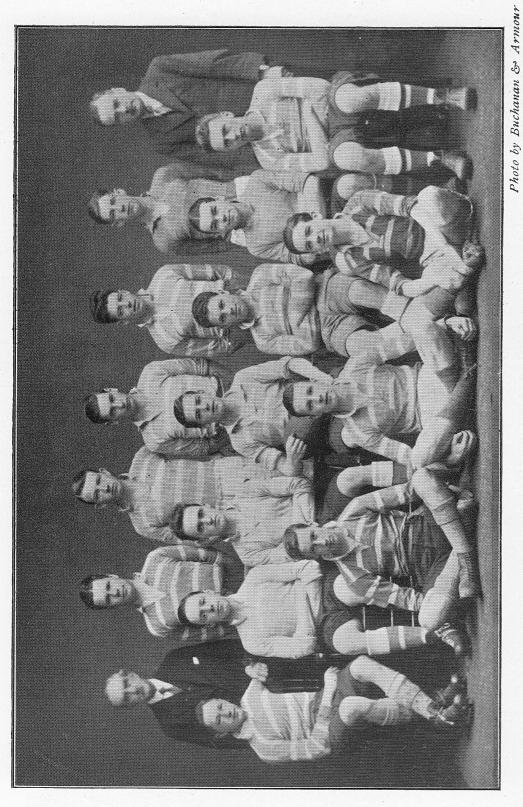
A dainty, fluffy vision she, With eyes of speedwell blue; A tall, good-looking fellow he, Sun-tanned and cheery, too.

He thought: "That's just the girl for me, If ever I get mated." The thought-wave reached her instantly, She quite reciprocated.

He smiled. She blushed, and dimpled, too (They'd got as far as this), As he drew near, just by the pier, He threw the girl a kiss.

Her chin went up, she looked away, He quickly reached her side, Calling himself a fool, a jay, To set it right he tried.

"Please say you're not offended, just Because a kiss I threw." She shook her head, "But 'twas," she said, "A lazy thing to do."



Mr. Nisbet, Rector. T. H. Chisholm G. Alexander M. Donaldson J. Fisher J. G. Forrest Mr. Higgins R. H. Stevens D. Ayton H. A. Mullen T. K. Barclay, Captain W. Black P. Martin J. E. Struthers W. R. Glencross A. Duncan F. D. Colquhoun

RUGBY 1ST XV.



THROUGH

March, without benefiting thereby. Musical evenings are WHITEHILL NOTES.

F.P. Athletic Club.

There are many changes in the Club this season. We have lost a large number of old members, several having received appointments abroad, but we are most gratified at the large number of new members who have filled the gaps and have given new life and vitality to the Club.

The Soccer section at the commencement of the season had an abundance of players, but during the team building a number dropped off, with an unfortunate bearing on results. They have

now two steady teams and success seems assured.

The Hockey section have lost several members, and we are sorry to state have only been joined by two players from the school. This is not good enough! Now girls, don't let the boys beat you. Next season we hope you will emulate them and make our Hockey teams the equals of the best. Owing to the deficiency in players, they have not met with great success so far, but as there are prospects of new players joining them, they hope for better results from now on.

We are pleased to state that the Rugby section is in a very flourishing condition, and for the first time in their history have been able to field a 3rd XV. This is partly due to the support given them by last year's pupils, and if those of you who are leaving at the end of the present session follow their example, they hope to run a 4th XV. next season. The results have been quite satisfactory, and the prospects for the remainder of the

season are very bright.

We have noted an increase in our support from the school and our teams have been greatly encouraged by your vocal efforts. Keep it up!

In conclusion, we extend a very hearty invitation to all of

you to come and join us when you leave school.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, M.A., B.Sc., President. PETER S. CHISHOLM, Secretary. game, against Coven High at Millerston, eiter having most the game, we only drow. Liv covan, in the replay, we w

Whitehill School Club. The Magazine is no place for begging notices of any description, and it is not the intention of the F.P. Clubs Committee to plead with members of the school, and staff, to take an interest in the Clubs for reasons purely sentimental, or because "it should be done." Rather is this appeal to the commonsense of everyone in the school to take an interest in the Clubs as they do in the school Dramatic or Athletic Clubs. These latter give pleasure to the participants in their activities, and no one can attend the meetings, held every alternate Friday from October to March, without benefiting thereby. Musical evenings are abolished in favour of Entertainment Parties, papers are burnt, and talks have their place. Discussion, especially when conducted on the free-and-easy lines which prevail in the Club, is encouraged, and is always a source of amusement, however unconscious. In short, the Club is really good fun, if the members care to make it such. That, of course, depends on the influx of members each year. They bring, or should bring, that effervescence of youthful spirit which refreshes any assembly.

Another line of persuasion might be that the school should be interested in the Club, because the Club is interested in the school. The honours board now erected in the hall and shortly to be filled, the photographs which will, in the near future, adorn the walls, are both products of this interest which the former

pupils take in school activities.

Chiefly, however, we would ask you all to come to the meetings, now and always, because we know that you will enjoy them. They are not stodgy, stale, and frightfully highbrow. The tone of each meeting depends on the members, and to you all this is at once an invitation and a clarion-call to make a bright institution even brighter, to do something that will give pleasure to yourself and others; to do something of lasting service to the school.

S. L. M'KINLAY, Hon. Pres.

JAS. W. BROWN, Hon. Secy.

Football.

leaving at the end of the present classion follow their example, they hope to ann a 4th XV, next season. The results have been

The Football season is now in full swing. The 1st XI. have played four friendly games in which we were not once defeated. Out of four league games we have won three. These victories were against Greenock High, Queen's Park (last year's champions), and Coatbridge. We were defeated at Hamilton by Hamilton Academy. These results leave us second top of the league, Hamilton being top.

In the Shield we have been very unfortunate. In the first game against Govan High at Millerston, after having most of the game, we only drew. At Govan, in the replay, we were leading by three goals to one when the game was abandoned ten minutes from time. By the time the Magazine is published

the result of the third game will be known.

The Intermediate XI. are undefeated in their league game and are top of the league. In the Shield they were defeated by eight goals to two against Greenock High.

A new team has been introduced into the school in the Elementary XI. They are top of their division of the league. We hope they will continue winning their future games.

F. Y. M'K., Secy.

Rugby.

The Rugger team has had the usual ups and downs, and have been somewhat unlucky in several of the matches, but are fighting pluckily. A greater measure of success is promised in the latter half of the season.

In our first match we conquered Greenock Academy, and following this success we sustained rather a severe defeat from II. High School. We were victorious over III. Academy, and then were narrowly beaten by Hutchesons' Grammar, Allan Glen's, and Speirs'.

The 2nd XV. has been fairly successful, sustaining four defeats in eight matches. The 3rd XV. has been five times

defeated, but "hope springs eternal."

For the first time, we suppose, we have fielded a 4th XV. whose victories have been 100 per cent. This is a pleasant sign of spring in Whitehill Rugby, and may the summer fulfil these excellent promises. F. D. C., Hon. Seav.

Cricket.

Though November fogs and frosts drive all thought of cricketing, flannels, and open-neck shirts from our minds, it does not seem out of place to set forth the deeds of the newlyformed Cricket section—the baby, but an extremely flourishing and active baby, of Whitehill sport. The Cricket Club was formed through the energies of Mr. Munro. The difficulties of obtaining a ground and equipment were overcome by the generosity of Golfhill C.C., who placed their ground at our disposal on Friday evenings for matches and every afternoon after

school hours for practice.

For a newly-formed club the record of Whitehill School is one of which every boy in the school should be proud. During the season ten games were played, of which eight were won, one lost, and the other abandoned. The game which may be best remembered is the one versus Hyndland School, which we won by the narrow margin of five runs. This victory was mainly due to the determined batting of the younger members of the team who stuck to their guns manfully. The Masters' XI., under the captaincy of Mr. Munro, was beaten after a hard struggle by 33 runs. Mr. Galbraith and Mr. Hardie distinguished themselves, the former by scoring 20 not out, and the latter by taking 5 wickets for 24 runs. It is to be hoped that this match will become an annual fixture.

During the season the best averages were:—Batting—T. Frood, with an average of 34.8 runs per completed innings; Bowling-M. M'Lean, who took 32 wickets at a total cost of 4.34 runs each. Although few players left at the summer holidays, a good number of capable players will be required to fill up vacancies in the 1st XI., and also to help in the forming Therefore, forward all ye J. B. Hobbs and of a 2nd XI. W. B., Secy.

Maurice Tates.

Golf.

The Golf Club has once more started its activities and two Medals have already been played for. The October one was won by W. H. Cook (V.) with a net score of 81, and the November one by G. Alexander (VI.) with a score of 78. Though the Medals were won by two boys from the senior school, the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd year boys should not be discouraged, for everyone has an equal chance of success because handicaps are given to all members. There are very few players from the lower school, but it is expected that more boys will play when the Rugby and Football season finishes. It should be remembered that inter-school matches take place during the summer months.

M. M'K., Secy

Hockey Notes.

We have begun our Hockey season very successfully this year with a big number of very promising beginners. Indeed, we have managed to have three elevens. There is a fine friendly spirit among the girls, and if you come out to give us your support at our matches, which we hope you will do, you will certainly be made welcome.

A. N., Secy.

Swimming—Boys' Section.

Glasgow Schools' Swimming Association held their Annual Gala in Calder Street Public Baths on Wednesday, 2nd October. James Thomson really excelled himself in winning the 25 yards Back Stroke race—under 14 years of age.

RESULTS.

75 Yards Race, Corporation Cup and Gold Medal—2nd Prize and Standard Time Certificate, James Rowan.

25 Yards Back Stroke (under 14)—1st Prize and Standard

Time Certificate, James Thomson.

150 Yards Race, Rowan Cup and Gold Medal—3rd Prize and Standard Time Certificate, John Rowan.

Pairs Life Saving Competition (4 Methods)—2nd Prize,

Gavin Whitton and William M'Phie.

Team Race, Citizen Cup—2nd Prize, James Rowan, James Thomson, Arthur Anderson, William M'Phie, Gavin Whitton.

Royal Life Saving Society.

The following awards have been gained by Whitehill

Secondary School boys:—

October, 1929.—Elementary Certificate and Season Tickets, **29 Boys;** Proficiency Certificates, A. Anderson and J. H. Robertson; Medallions, W. Barr, W. B. Macmillan, and W. J. M'Kinlay; Medallion and Proficiency, D. M'Phie.

Awards since November, 1928.—Elementary Certificates, 78; Proficiency Certificates, 17; Medallions, 6; Total, 101.

The awards of D. M'Phie are not included.

Home Truths.

Why they bought the charming little place.

It was just big enough for the two of them;

The Mr. and Mrs. next door were such charming people;

It was sort of out of the way, and very, very, quiet;

There were no cheap modern conveniences, just quaint, old-fashioned simplicity;

The lawn gave such a luxuriant crop of grass that it could

be mown twice a week;

It was only a stone's throw from the station; and

They could just meet the monthly instalments with strict economy.

Why they sold the darned old thing.

It was just big enough for the two of them;

The Mr. and Mrs. next door were such charming people;

It was sort of out of the way, and very, very quiet;

There were no cheap modern conveniences, just quaint, old-fashioned simplicity;

The lawn gave such a luxuriant crop of grass that it could

be mown twice a week;

It was only a stone's throw from the station; and

They could just meet the monthly instalments with strict economy.

C. V.

English Examinations (as we should like them).

N.B.—Don't bother about writing neatly.

1. Write a frank composition of about four lines on any one of the following:—

d (a) Sugar candy. It springs him a side condition

(b) A description of a teacher.

(c) A walk in the dark.

2. Read the following passage carefully, and then answer the questions that follow it:—

Jack Sprat could eat no fatt,

His wife could eat no lean,

And so betwix they both agreed,

And licked the platter clean.

(a) Is Jack a proper noun?

(b) Was Jack or his wife a vegetarian?

(c) Point out two errors in spelling.

3. (a) Who was Cinderella, and did she marry a prince?
(b) What was it that Peter Pan gave to Wendy to enable her to fly?

History.

- 1. How many legs had the spider which Bruce saw in the
- 2. How many real eyes had Nelson and how many glass ones?

Topical Budget.

Why don't the Government stop the importation into this country of depressions from Iceland?

Baby-cars are to be built with sliding roofs. Presumably to allow the children to empty out their pennies.

Criminals in America are learning Morse. But they could always "dot and dash" in this country.

At the last "Highers" exam. a candidate had 97 for Science, 98 for French, 99 for English—but 100 for Maths. woke him up!

Why is it that when the B.B.C. predicts "local showers" we know that means S.-W. Scotland?

Definition of "a boy of a retiring disposition": one who leaves school at fourteen to receive the "dole."

The greatest slur ever was heard in the school the other day. "It is people like you who should be Carnera's sparring partners."

Many boys have a wide knowledge of English Literature. Obviously they read more than "Punch."

A certain cure for brain-fag, of interest to all students. Stop smoking!

Irishmen, it is said, spring from no race on earth. No, they spring at them.

VI.

Some Howlers.

Wolsey saved his life by dying on the way from York to London.

Polonius is a mythical sausage.

A connoisseur is a man who stands outside a picture house.

Ambiguity means telling the truth when you don't want to.

The whole world except the United States lies in the Temperance Zone.

The sun never sets on the British Empire, because the British Empire is in the East, and the sun sets in the West.

JOSEPHUS (III. B.a.)