

# Whitehill School Magazine.

No. 22.

Christmas, 1930.

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**EDITORIAL.**

*December, 1930.*

Friends!—once more comes the event of the year, the publication of Whitehill School Magazine. Custom has decreed that our joyous Magazine should be marred by an editorial which serves to lay bare the ignorance of its author. Would that this were an excuse for the attempt!

New ideas are constantly in demand, especially those which make the school brighter and more interesting, and dispel the gloom popularly associated with such an institution. There are two notable evidences of activity in this direction. An interesting and varied series of Medici prints, bought from the Magazine funds, has been arranged in the annex.

On 28th November, under the auspices of the F.P. Club, portraits of our two former headmasters, Mr. Henderson and Mr. Smith, were unveiled by Miss Henderson and Miss Smith. Mr. Campbell, as president of the F.P. Club, appropriately praised the headmasters under whom he had had the pleasure of being a pupil, and later, teacher. Mr. Nisbet, in the name of the school, thanked the F.P. Club for all their interest and activity in school affairs. The Club has placed in the hall and corridors, photographs of the five Whitehill Snell Exhibitioners and of past sports teams. A tall panel bears the names of the Dux Medallists of Whitehill. A short history of the school is given in our pages by Mr. Campbell.

It is hoped that this permanent record of Whitehill's tradition will incite scholars to maintain and add to the school's reputation.

Taking another viewpoint, we see that two Choirs are at work in the school under the leaderships of Mr. Macgregor and Mr. Graham. We have to congratulate Mr. Graham in securing for his choir second place in the open section of the May Musical Festival. We wish success to his venture in the Premier Class of the coming Festival. Mr. Macgregor will welcome all who can come to the practices on Friday, at 4 p.m., in room 12, especially those males who have a lutish quality (or even a skirl!) in their voice. Come and swell the numbers and the noise (if possible!).

From now on, the date, 19th February, should sound in the ears of all. The Annual School Concert will take place on that evening in the City Hall. All the school will be represented on the programme. The two school Choirs and the Dramatic Club

will take part. **19th February** will go down in the annals of Whitehill School. Flock in your hundreds and bring all your friends to this Grand Concert! Remember, you are engaged for 19th February!

In July, some of the pupils made a trip to Belgium, where, under the able supervision of Miss Monaghan and Mr. Finlay, they had a most enjoyable time. This excursion has proved such a signal success that there is a probability of Switzerland next year—with perhaps a peep at Paris en passant. Meanwhile we congratulate the treasurer on his wonderful balance; that 7/6 was a welcome stimulus to the jaded mid-term, mid-examination spirits of the helpers!

We congratulate William John Black on graduating M.A. with 2nd Class Honours in English. We note that a Whitehill boy, Ian H. Gibson, has secured first place in the Dickens' Essay Competition last June. It is no small success, for competitors enter from all parts of Scotland. N. J. Bates and Ethel R. F. Bell have secured Certificates of Merit. In the Corporation Examination last May, for Senior Clerkships in the Education Department, Whitehill girls took four of the five top places, N. Jean Bates, Mary F. Cassels, and Annie M. Donaldson being 1st, 2nd, and 3rd respectively, and Margaret H. Macalister, 5th. We congratulate all in thus maintaining Whitehill's standard.

Now comes unpleasant news. It is with deep regret that we announce the departure of Miss Thomas, who came in May to replace Mr. Hardy. Though her stay with us has been short, it has had a marked and helpful influence. We wish her every happiness in her new sphere. Mr. Smellie, one of our teachers of mathematics, has, unfortunately, also left us. We sincerely thank him for his services here. Miss Goldie and Miss Nicol have taken the places of Miss Thomas and Mr. Smellie respectively, and to them we extend, in the name of the school, a very hearty welcome.

A departure has been made this year in including a competition, open to all buyers of the Magazine. Let it never be said of Whitehill that a venture failed! Send in your solutions (as many as you like) and try your luck! Many of the improvements in the school come from the Magazine funds. Therefore, help yourself by helping the Magazine!

We thank Mr. Alexander for his help in heralding the coming of the Magazine, Mr. Finlay and his students, who have helped to prepare manuscripts for the press, and all others who have in any way aided us.

It is right that we remind all that it is their duty to support our loyal advertisers, who have done so much to make the publication of the Magazine possible.

In conclusion, we wish the Headmaster, Staff, pupils and all friends the heartiest compliments of this festive season and success in the year 1931.

### My Ideal Wife.

At the request of many electors of this ward I have been asked to come forward at this time to express my views on my ideal wife. Ladies and gentlemen, I am convinced it is impossible for me to find this ideal wife. I shall now try to describe her to you as she appears to me in my dreams. First of all, she is exceptionally pretty, a blonde (not peroxide), with blue eyes, and that schoolgirl complexion (without the aid of Woolworth's). She is just as high as my heart (loud sigh at this point),—gentlemen, never let them get above you or you'll live to regret it! She has small feet—big feet always get in my road, especially at a dance. She is content to receive one-third of my wages, giving me two-thirds for pocket-money. She is content with one new dress and one new hat every two years. She gives me my breakfast in bed every morning, and has my dinner and tea waiting for me when I come home. She allows me out each night and has supper ready for me when I come in. Moreover, she is a first-class cook and is not given to "taking things" out of Aunt Kate's Cookery Book. And last, but not least, her mother lives on the other side of the world. My dream is gone—and so is she!

G. H. NAI. (VI. b.).

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### The Old, Old Story.

Oft, in stately olden times,  
Lovers sang in gilded rhymes  
Of the love of lady fair,  
And the wonders of her hair.  
The enchantment of her eyes  
Never failed to draw deep sighs.

Men must bow before her still  
As she sways their very will,  
Turns them from their evil ways;  
Leads them on to happy days;  
To enjoy a blissful life  
With an angel for a wife.

Of the future we know nought,  
But, like others, will be caught.  
We shall tell the same old lies  
Of the beauty of her eyes;  
We shall laud her lovely hair,  
Captured in the same old snare.

ALAS (VI.).

## University Letter.

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THE UNIVERSITY,  
*November, 1930.*

DEAR SCHOOL,

A distinguished writer of the University Letter once suggested "that this letter should be written by a 'fresher' at Gilmorehill." Although this suggestion does not find its fulfilment in our own case, we hasten to assure you that we are not yet blasé members of the University; that we have lost the arrogance which belonged to us when we were members, which belongs to all members, of Whitehill's proud sixth year; that we have not completely recovered from the amazement roused in us by the tremendously varied activities of University life. And so the writing of this letter, an honour and a pleasure as it is, is difficult, because we cannot speak to you with the voice of complete authority. But we take heart when we reflect that he who would talk to you dogmatically about Gilmorehill can be but a fool.

We believe that "freshers" from Whitehill need not suffer long from that inferiority complex which almost inevitably attacks the schoolboy placed among the vast indifference and hurried activities of the University. "Whitehill's "freshers" have only to examine the lists of prize-winners in the University Calendar to find names which represent for them, as Whitehillians, "kent figures." Let them examine the list of members of the Students' Representative Council; let them glance through the programme of "College Pudding"; let them look at the names of office-bearers in the Membership Card of G.U.A.C.—nowhere is there an absence of Whitehill names. The quadrangles are full of figures which used to lounge, and laugh, and bully, in the "New School." At Westerlands you will find some of the men and women whom you used to see at Craighend. Go to a smoker and you will hear the laugh which used to amuse you in the English Class. The people who amused you in the School Dramatic Club play their part in "College Pudding."

In short, whether in the realm of study, of sport, of social activity, Whitehill plays its part. The people whom Whitehill has sent to the University are not content to "lie quiescent in the bosom of their Alma Mater." Their school motto is their 'Varsity motto. When you become a 'Varsity man, don't forget that you are a Whitehill man.

The first term is passing quietly. But the seeker after social pleasures need not despair. There is not a week, scarcely a day, when it is not possible to attend a dance, a debate, a jolly and noisy gathering of some sort. Countess Dohna has been howled down. C. B. Cochran has been howled down. Professor Bowman, speaking on "Christianity and War," has been listened

to eagerly and respectfully. Jessie Mathews and Sonnie Hale, with C. B.'s Young Ladies, have danced in the Union. The new Union becomes more perfect and more beautiful day by day. The old Union still shelters its members; not yet will men cease to discuss there, to smoke there, and to make merry there.

We look forward to Charities Day in January, regretting that before that one crowded day of glorious life we have exams to sit, for which, if we have our eyes on first-class certificates, we must expend time and work.

But we delay you from the perusal, or re-perusal, of the more interesting parts of the Mag., from your studies, from your sports, or from your Christmas party. But before we leave you, we must again say that 'Varsity life is more free, more varied, more unrestricted than life at school. No one will honour you up here by a warning, a stern reproof, a jolly good "slating." Remember—when you come up here—that, though "Gaudeamus itigur, juvenes dum sumus" is a good motto, you have a motto of your own, a motto printed upon the cover of this Mag. above the words, "Christmas, 1930."

And now, having said our pedantic say, we leave you as

S. S. R.

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QUEEN MARGARET COLLEGE,  
*November, 1930.*

DEAR GIRLS,

Only five weeks of our first term have passed and there has been nothing very exciting for me to tell you. So I shall try to give you some idea of how things are up here.

If you come up with the idea of finding a seat of learning and culture, where every student is a philosopher, you will be disappointed. Jostling with 500 students on the Chapel building stairs is not conducive to a philosophic temper. You will find that ruffians exist here as elsewhere, and that people come to scribble lectures and go away again.

If, however, you have been reared on the Corporate Life stuff and have decided to enter this so intriguing life, you will recklessly and needlessly spend your money and energies dashing around to club meetings, cutting classes, and altogether leading "the jolliest life out." But at the end of the session you will realise that "Degree" exams really do exist, and that being a decidedly "Unapathetic Civis" does not entitle you to a pass.

All this sounds very cynical, but it is the truth, and we are too apt to follow the conventions and talk at large and untruthfully about the glory of Alma Mater and the Corporate Life.

But University life has its compensations and, no matter what the cynics say, the University will grip you and you will be sorry when your time for leaving comes.

This letter is not for the professor in embryo or the Corporate Lifer. It is for the normal Q.M. student who comes up determined to work and get the best out of her academic life. She will not spend all her spare hours swotting in the Reading Room, finding no time for her fellow-students. She will carefully choose the clubs she wishes to join. The number of these must be relative to her purse and her time. For the benefit of such Q. Emmas, I have sifted out from the mass the clubs I think are of the most importance.

First and foremost join Q.M. Union. It is "the hub of all activities." In it you will meet girls from countless schools, all with different opinions about this world. Some you will learn to dislike, others to admire. You will gain tremendously in knowledge of human character, and will learn many things that no professor could ever teach you.

It is also advisable for each student to join a club connected with her particular branch of study—the "departmental clubs." If you are a Medical there is the Q.M. Medical Society, if a geologist, the geological. In these clubs you have the opportunity of meeting, socially, lecturers and professors and, if you are wily enough, of winning the notice of these deities. A degree and a life has often rested on a witty word and a smile flashed at a departmental club meeting.

The choice of other clubs may be left entirely to the desires of the student. But I would strongly advise every fresher to join the Student Christian Movement in the College. In this club, more than in any other, the student will meet women really worth knowing. "In no other society does such a spirit of friendship exist." There is more than that. No student can be unhappy or despondent if she is a member of S.C.M. Up here, I may truly say, it is **the** club.

We now come to the physical sphere. If you are enthusiastic about hockey, tennis, or golf, join the Athletic Club. It is a sound investment. All of us who have ever played at Westerland cannot cease to feel proud of being members of a club which possesses the marvellous pavilion there, the envy of all other universities.

But perhaps all this is not what you desire. Perhaps you have an urge to enter Parliament. You can join one of the four College political clubs. In the Union we have two political debates each year. If you wish to speak you need only inform your club's secretary. She will be delighted. You may take it seriously and prepare your speech like an English essay or you may talk *ex tempore*. Altogether it is very interesting and good fun.

If, however, you have no political feelings but like to hear your own voice, join Q.M. Debating Society. This is worth the subscription. The proceedings are very informal. You sit around and, when the papers have been read, propound your views. You need not be frightened. Nobody laughs at you. At any rate, they are too polite to do so.



These are the main clubs in the College. University life, without a few nights spent at some of these, is hardly worth living. The cloisters and the quads. are bleak places at any time and need some brightening.

As I finish this letter I call to mind the words used by G. S. Gordon, speaking on last year's Commemoration Day about John Gibson Lockhart, an illustrious alumnus of our University. He said, "He won prizes in the proper way." My only hope is that after reading these words of advice you may have at least some idea of what that "proper way" means.

Q. Emma.

### Beauty (?).

Those lips of ruby red undyed,  
That mouth with curves divine,  
How often hearts with love inspired—  
In 1829.

The times are changed;  
Beauty's arranged;  
Disturb not beauty feminine!

To kiss was once a quiet game,  
For none could see the kiss;  
But now two tell-tale marks proclaim  
There's something much amiss.

And so beware!  
In your affair,  
Shun these guilty appearances!

Like all things, Beauty has advanced,  
And now is quite an art.  
Many there are who would be lanced  
To be in Beauty's mart.

A shininess  
Receives a mess  
Of powder to obscure the part.

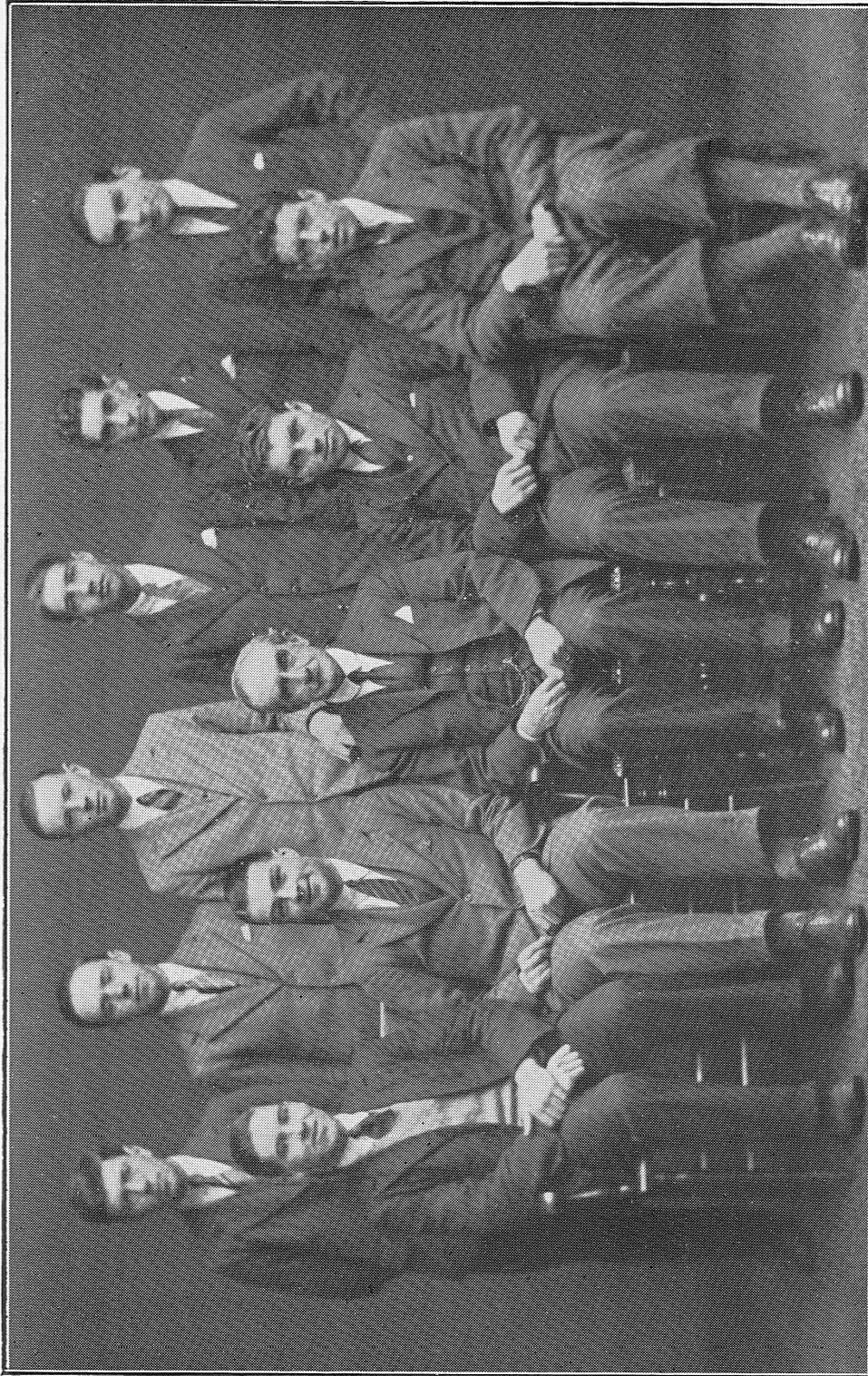
On each of Beauty's flaws is much  
Of skindeep beauty spread,  
For man to admire, but not to touch.

You, if by Cupid bled,  
May only gaze  
On that fair face,  
Nor dare approach that flaming red.

And so man's passion waxes faint  
For his divinity,  
Because applying powder and paint  
Requires dexterity.

Man who dares not  
Her beauty spot,  
Retires from her vicinity.

J. H. (VI.).



*Photo by Buchanan & Armour.*

J. I. Moncrieff. D. Ayton. G. Donald. J. M. Hamilton. A. Ross. A. M. McCallum.  
H. Smith. T. B. Froid, *Captain*. Mr. Nisbet, *Rector*. W. Black. J. Fisher.

## PREFECTS

but in the minds of all, the visit to Ypres and the Battlefields was the most impressive. Never shall I forget those areas of war cemeteries. A visit to them alone should convince the most determined militant amongst us of the utter folly and futility of war. But why do they desecrate Hill 60 with those cheap, tawdry souvenirs? It rather jars.

Bruges itself was very quaint and picturesque. We thoroughly enjoyed roaming about, along the canals or through its narrow winding streets, poking our noses into any museums or galleries which bore the magic words, "Entrée libre," or sitting at a café, sipping in leisurely continental style, a long cool drink which we felt we had earned after climbing the belfry.

We have a distinct memory that skirts were long; but I confess to a considerable disappointment in the continental beauties, of whom we saw none to compare with our own Whitehill lasses—by common consent the trimmest in the town.

In a more serious view, we have to thank Miss Monaghan and Mr. Finlay, and the little band of helpers who combined to make this venture so signal a success. May next year's journey to the foreign strand go with as fine a swing.

PISTOLET.

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### In Praise of Mussolini.

We were a grubby-looking pair. Whenever we went off on our wanderings, we wore the oldest garments, carried the absolute minimum, and washed only when we couldn't recognise one another.

We knew that, judging by externals, we were a disgrace to Britain. And now that we were abroad, every English person shunned us, and straightway adopted an Oxford accent as a fortification. In time we began to lose the feeling that we were even individuals: we became mere microbic particles that moved, and ate, and talked.

It seemed somehow a suitable discipline. We had only to contemplate an awesome Alp to feel like microscopic buttons; we had only to see one patch of gentians beside a grey boulder to feel like two of earth's mouldiest weeds.

At 6 o'clock one morning in July we left the Châlet at Des Motlets to climb up 3,000 feet through dewy pastures to the Col de la Seigne. Arrived at the Col, we stood romantically on the frontier between France and Italy. Before us the Allée Blanche lay in sunlit splendour, wood and valley surmounted by splintered wedge-shaped peaks that pierced the cloudless sky. Close at hand, the Italians had erected a sign, telling the world that they would shoot anybody found disobeying Mussolini's regulations.

From the Col, a long snow-slope had a safe run-out on to a level stretch of soft morainic clay. We glissaded. Whizzing down, we saw to our left a hut that seemed slight by comparison with the huge flag that billowed at its side like a newly-washed bedspread. We were making off to another inviting slope when we heard a shout. A military figure, stationed in the doorway of the hut, waved in our direction. Was someone actually noticing us and giving us a salutation? With a hearty gesture we waved back and shouted the only Italian words we knew, "Buon giorno!" But what a lovely snow-slope! A glissade always made one feel so exhilarated! With shoutings and gesticulations the uniformed individual advanced, beckoning, threatening. We turned back to meet him, and discovered he was speaking in rapid Italian. Indignantly he pointed, now in the direction of the hut, now in the direction of the sign-post. With impatient gestures he indicated us into the hut. There we expected that from some secret hutch our self-appointed warder would unearth manacles, ropes, chains, and instruments of torture.

We cared nothing. No feeling of annoyance ruffled our consciousness. Both of us glowed from a sense of our own undreamt-of importance. We only wished all the people in the world with Oxford accents could see us now. As we listened in rapture to Graziano's flow of mysterious Italian, as we sat spell-bound by his gestures, our only regret was that not one single word did we understand. How silly we were to have expected our Latin roots to see us through Italy! Nothing could be done without the Brigadière, who was not yet up. At repeated intervals, Graziano disappeared from the room ostensibly to rouse his superior officer. It was a difficult task. Since then we have often wondered if Graziano's importunity ruined once and for all any chances he might have had of promotion.

When the Brigadière did appear, he quite took our breath away. He might have been an Elizabethan courtier, an illusion called into being by his Drake beard, and not even shattered when he brushed his teeth and washed his face in our very presence.

Two more Carabinieri arrived with ice-axes blood-stained. They had merely been killing marmots for some future dinner. One of them, Vevey Carillo, could speak French, so we had at last an opportunity of assuring them we were neither political spies nor brigands.

Before examining our passports, exploring our knapsacks, and securing the necessary official information, they entertained us with tunes on their gramophone, and regaled us with lacy white coffee.

There was something to be said for Mussolini, we thought, as, two definite personalities, we made our way down into the beautiful valley, and on to the forests beyond.

ARIVIDERCI.

### Overheard in —th Year Lunch Room.

“My dear, what a shame that you were not here yesterday! Such excitement. You didn’t hear about it? I really must tell you.

“Well, this year the prefects are absolute sheiks!!! Not shrieks, stupid, S-H-E-I-K-S, sheiks!! Yesterday they were all dressed up. Yes, of course they are always dressed, but I mean extra special. Oh, and their hair! Particularly one has the sweetest little curls and, fancy, they are quite natural! No, of course I didn’t ask what brilliantine he used. One really shouldn’t ask intimate questions. What was it all for? Why, they were going to the photographers. My dear, how can you say there is the possibility of their breaking the camera? Really, I am shocked!

“Have you not noticed how motherly they are to the babes of the 1st? Do you know, it really stirs my heart when I see them so tactfully decide a quarrel over toffee by taking it themselves. Yes, and they are delightfully boorish to the gentle sex. Such an original idea! And in the playing fields they are simply marvellous.

“What! you think I am raving over them? I certainly am not, although I admit I have a liking for——dash, there’s the bell—I’ll tell you about my hero later.”

“EL BURRO” (IV. G.).

### Fitting Punishment.

I met a man the other day,  
 His voice was rich and mellow.  
 Tho’ I was feeling far from gay,  
 He hailed me with a cheerful neigh—  
 A most offensive fellow.  
 He clapped me on the back and said:  
 “Isn’t this a ripping morning?”  
 ’Twas raining: and I had a head  
 That felt like half a ton of lead.  
 The fool would take no warning.  
 His face, his eyes were all aglow;  
 His zest was aggravating;  
 He looked too full of punch and go,  
 And oft I wondered, “Does he know  
 The crime I’m meditating?”  
 We walked together; for the path  
 Of each led to the city.  
 At last it came—“A nice cold bath  
 Would do you good”——I rose in wrath  
 And slew him without pity.

### Choosing A Career.

---

The other day my father startled me by saying that I must decide what I was going to be. I said that I didn't want to be anything in particular and that I would prefer staying at school. In my own mind I was saying that if I chose any special career I would have to work, and as this was the last thing I wanted to do, I wouldn't choose until I found a profession which would suit my taste.

I was thinking the matter over in school next day, and in consequence did not hear the teacher tell me to decline Hic, Haec, Hoc. A prod in my side brought me back from the clouds and I turned wrathfully to my neighbour, to find him twisting his face into the most horrible shapes in a vain effort to help me.

"Hurry up, Brown! Don't prompt there!" said the teacher.

I collected my wits, stumbled to my feet and, after I had tried in vain to make sense of a vague rumbling which came from my neighbour, my eye lighted on a sentence on the board which said, "Regina Balbum laudat," and I stammered out intelligently, "Regina should have a small 'r,' sir."

"Really," was the reply. "Now that you have made that discovery, would you mind declining Hic, Haec, Hoc?"

"What were you thinking about at Latin to-day, you ass?" asked my chum later.

"I was thinking out a suitable career for myself," I replied.

"A wha-a-at?"

"A career," I informed him, "a profession, you know. I was just wondering whether I should be a Prime Minister, or a doctor, or a . . ."

My voice died away as I looked at my chum. He was doubled up, and to judge from the sounds which came from him, I guessed he was laughing, actually laughing. I went for him, of course, and after he was completely subdued, I found myself thinking I might be a champion boxer. I did not tell my chum this time though. I was learning sense.

By the end of the week I felt that I really was quite capable of being anything from a famous explorer to the King himself. I got a shock, however, when my report card came home, and, in consequence, I have decided to give up choosing a career in the meantime and to devote all my attention to Hic, Haec, Hoc.

### Whitehill School—A Retrospect.

Thomas Hardy has said somewhere that "reminiscence is less an endowment than a disease." The symptoms usually resemble those of piscatorial yarns inasmuch as the halo surrounds the "has been" or the "might have been" rather than the concrete "is." Despite the possible bias that may be read into these notes, it must be admitted that the youth of any place, like that of a person, has an indefinable charm about it, which rarely, if ever, survives its adolescence. And so, whilst the outsider may grasp intelligently the facts which appear in cold print about a place, the **genius** or **spirit** of the place can be understood and recalled only by the chosen few who knew it in its infancy.

Whitehill School of the nineties (to a child of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  years) was the most thriving institution in a thriving community, the majority of Dennistonians being of the upper middle class and imbued with the spirit of ambition and progress. A spacious school for its 600 or 700 pupils, it could be approached by fields and open lands as readily as by streets and drives, and the very last thing that it suggested was overcrowding. And so, our first Headmaster, Mr. James Henderson, M.A., had almost an ideal vineyard in which to labour, and all of us know how whole-heartedly he gave himself to the tilling of the soil. A man of boundless energy, enthusiasm and foresight, he inspired teacher and pupil alike with the love of the school and the ideals for which it stood, with the result that Whitehill became a household name far outwith the mere locality of Dennistoun. Of course, in these far-off days, faith played a greater part in education than it does to-day, and the monarchy of the school was more absolute than is possible under existing circumstances.

But here we must pause to pay tribute to the children's sweetheart—Miss Downs, first infant mistress. A charming personality to tiny tots, she supplemented the home training in the schoolroom, and implanted in the infant mind and heart an early love for the good and the true.

The world, however, changes, and our ideal community could not alone be expected to escape the onslaught of time. Fame has its penalties as well as its rewards: the school became too small to cope with the demand for entrance, and the administrative axe was directed against the root of its success—the infant department. About four years after its demise, our revered Headmaster, after a long and trying illness, was laid to rest in the Necropolis, mourned by all. His memory is kept fresh by the Henderson Gold Medal, which is presented to the dux of the school every year.

We would not be misunderstood when we say that this double calamity shook the school to its foundations, but certain it is that henceforth much of the essence of the school atmosphere had disappeared for ever. There were contributory factors, of course, acting simultaneously. We had progressed materially and were expanding our barns, so that our new headmaster, Mr.

Fergus Smith, M.A., took over a school commencing at class III., but with an increasing secondary department. A strong, just man, Mr. Smith impressed his personality on the school in no uncertain manner. The constantly increasing numbers and the divergency of types required the firmness and discipline which our head was so eminently fitted to impose. About this time, the athletic side of school life came into prominence, our first football and hockey teams making their appearance. The honours of the upper school were still as many and as great as in the old days, and the school had a spirit or soul no less clearly defined than before—but it seemed to get older and older as the lopping-off process of the junior classes continued. Class VI. lingered on till after the War, but the school had by that time assumed a grown-up character quite foreign to its earliest appearance. About this time (1921) Mr. Smith, who had so ably managed affairs during all the changes, imposed from without and rendered necessary from within, resolved to retire from active service, and thus the second phase of the school's life was brought to a close.

It is difficult to assess the value of contemporary movements—education being no exception—but whatever the popular opinion may be, no one will gainsay the fact that Whitehill has been blessed from its inception with headmasters whose sense of duty to the school came before everything in their public life, and to them and their assistants the East-End of Glasgow must acknowledge a deep debt of gratitude. It is very pleasing, therefore, at this time, that a new generation of Former Pupils should think fit to honour the memory of Mr. Henderson and Mr. Smith by having their portraits hung in the School Hall, and, in their company, those of the Snell Exhibitioners and other former pupils who, in some walk of life, have brought honour to the old school.

J.R.C.

### **The School Legend.**

There was once a little boy who spoke Latin. Being a Roman, he did as the Romans did, and invaded Britain. At snowtime he and his pals were once tobogganing down a hill on their papa's shields.

Suddenly there was a slight accident, and all that remained above the snow was several pairs of wildly-waving legs. But the bewildered brain of our hero, though plunged beneath the snow, was active. "Let me seek higher things," it dictated promptly to his stunned limbs.

Many years later that gallant boy gazed around at the roads, walls, villas and temples, with which his companions were feverishly blocking the landscape. "Altiora peto," said he, clutching his heart (or thereabouts) and staring with determination at the top of the large white hill before him, whereon he proceeded to build a school. The connection is obvious.

HISTORIAN.



## JUNIOR PAGES.

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### Whitehill Unvisited.

From Whitehill I had seen the school,  
With feelings of great awe;  
The lordly sixth and humble "prep."  
And proud third year I saw.

I visualised the joy 'twould be  
To be in such a school,  
In drawing class to study work,  
When perched on a high stool.

I thought of Maths., of English, French,  
Of Science, Greek, and Spanish;  
But little did I dream just then  
How my fond dreams would vanish.

Then the day dawned bright and fair  
When I must sit my "qualy."  
I passed, and was in great delight;  
'Twas but my youthful folly.

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### Whitehill Visited.

And is this—Whitehill?—this the school  
Of which my fancy cherished  
A dream so beautiful?—But now,  
Has that illusion perished?

It is a fine school, none deny,  
Especially its boys,  
Who, youthful, never see the ills,  
*But only all the joys.*

It is not really what it was,  
But I shouldn't that be ruing,  
For things which we pursue the most  
Are best in the pursuing.

Maths. and English, French we have,  
And Science, Greek, and Spanish,  
But, after this, I'll always know  
That dreams were made to vanish.

### The Fate of the MSS.

The editress sits in her room. It is very cosy. The radiator glows. The pale coloured walls, which are liberally adorned with prints and photographs, form a sharp contrast to the chief piece of furniture, a massive bureau. Surrounded by piles of papers, she is seated at this desk.

There comes a timid tap at the door. She calls sharply, "come in." A nervous young man enters, clasping tightly a few manuscripts. They are well thumbed and torn in places. He hands them to the editress. She glances at them, sniffs, and flings them about as if they were worth nothing. The poor author quakes. He shuffles, twirls his cap, and coughs nervously. But the editress pays no attention to him. She takes out her blue pencil (how she loves to use it, too!) and scores for a while; then finally looks up and says:

"If you change all this introduction—alter this description—cut out this page entirely——"

So she goes on. The budding author watches in dismay. When she gives it back there is scarcely a piece of the original composition left. Oh, cruel editress!

The final scene is tragic. Dazed and downed, he drifts aimlessly along, saving his life by inches from the jaws of ravenous Clydesdales and the impetuous leap of fiery Fords. The iron has entered his soul. He broods only on the hours of labour spent in the creation of this—this relic. Below him now he sees the dark and oily waters of the river. A look of despair crosses his face. He decides to end all. Giving a hurried look round, he crushes his manuscript in his hands, and then . . . . . throws it into the water.

(III. G.c.)

### A Rattling Scare.

The night was quiet, and there was no moon. I was walking along a country road, and ahead of me I heard a rattling noise. There was nothing to be seen. Fear gripped me.

As I walked the rattling sound kept in front of me, becoming louder and louder. What was it? I did not know.

Suddenly something swished past me. I felt it touch me. I was in a cold sweat. Nothing could be seen in the dark and I thought my heart had stopped. The noise grew less, and was lost. Again it began and came nearer from behind. Still I could see nothing.

It grew louder and louder, and again something brushed past me. I halted, but could feel nothing near me.

I began walking. The noise was now ahead of me. When I drew near to the village I met a policeman holding a dog with a long chain fixed to its collar. It had broken loose from its kennel and had been running about the road. Its chain had made the noise that scared me.

R. C. (I. B.c.).

**A Ballad.**

The maister sits in his ain wee room,  
 Filling his fountain pen,  
 While his high chair turns roun' and roun'  
 In the room he ca's his den.

He rings the bell on his office desk,  
 But he rings it loud and lang  
 Afore the boy comes wannerin' in—  
 A boy that's faur frae strang.

“Did ye ring for me, sir?” slowly quoth he,  
 “Yes, I rang for ye, Tommy, I did.  
 Gae quick an' fetch me yon bundle o' books  
 You'll find in the box wi' the lid.”

Awa' Tommy gaes, as slow as he cam',  
 Tae the box that was lang and low;  
 And here he stopped and lifted the lid,  
 But oh, gin the laddie was slow!

He's gaithered him an armfu' o' books,  
 Sae big an' heavy were they,  
 That afore he reached the office door,  
 There on the floor they lay.

They fell wi' sic a clatter and din  
 That the maister he cam' oot,  
 An' bade wee Tommy pick them up,  
 An' he gied him a touch o' the boot.

Noo Tommy is a carefu' lad,  
 Afore he was gey dour;  
 An' when the maister speaks to him,  
 Ye canna see him for stour.

M. R. (I. G.g.).

**“Advertisements.”**

From an ice-cream shop:

“As a bird is known by its song, so is F——'s ice-cream.”

From a Public House:

“Families supplied in jugs and bottles.”

From a Dairy:

“Try our butter. Nothing can touch it.”

From a Chip Shop:

“Our fish suppers cannot be approached.”

**Working Now !**

Yellow gloves and bowler hat,  
Ties and socks to match,  
Handsome, dashing, fickle Matt  
Thinks himself a catch.

Gone is now our youthful friend,  
Gone are all ink smudges,  
Gone the days we used to spend  
Up before the judges.

Ne'er again he'll tie folk's bells,  
Ringing them with might;  
No more Rugger, with its yells,  
Fills him with delight.

Now each busy day he passes  
As an office-boy,  
Thinking only of the lasses,  
Now his only joy.

DESERTED (II. B.b.).

**Chess.**

The two foreign-looking gentlemen, with bishops and white queens imprinted on their chequered waistcoats, sat down opposite one another and hung up the board, emblazoned with the ancient motto, "No more playing, so don't ask." Dr. Hyrstoote put his delicate, artificial hand through his wig and stamped his false teeth impatiently while fixing more firmly, in its wooden socket, his glass eye. His dumb opponent motioned him that it was time to wet for innings, but the umpire said that any such conduct was debasing and that "Hirty," as he affectionately called the doctor, should start, as only one half of his body could play chess. The mute's second said that this was unfair as he (the mute) could not play at all. On hearing this our artificial friend murmured cryptically, "Ah'll get ye," and walked out of the room with that gait peculiar to men who have forgotten to fasten on their wooden legs.

DRUMHEAD (VI.).

Two farmers were discussing the weather. One said:  
"Man, that shower will do an awful lot of good; it'll bring everything out of the ground."  
"Lord ha'e mercy!" said his neighbour. "I've three wives there."

W. F. S. (I. B.b.).

**History.**

[As required for the highest grade in Domestic Economy.]

Time: May—June, 1930.

**Rules.**

Papers must be sent to above address neither before nor after the first post in July.

Candidates must answer not less than two questions and not more than four.

Candidates must not write on more than two sides of paper.

Candidates should not attempt the first three questions.

Candidates must use as little paper as possible.

60 per cent. will be deducted from those who write too much and from those who don't write at all.

**A.—General Ignorance.**

- I. Contract, contradict, contra-distinguish and verify the fates of:
  - (a) Perkin Warbeck.
  - (b) Lambert Simnel.
  - (c) To be announced later.
- II. Explain the effect produced on the floral production of the country by the Wars of the Roses.
- III. Refute, confute, and contemn the statement that the end of the closing of the signing of the Treaty of Northampton marks a new phase in the beginning of the ending of the War of Independence.

**B.—European History.**

- I. What did Philip do with his singed beard?  
[10 marks for best answer.]
- II. Do not draw a map of the Battle of Salamis, showing the positions of Germans and French, but write not more than two sentences on the historical, political, geographical, anatomical, astronomical, gastronomical, and comical aspect of the Diet of Worms.

**C.—British History.**

- I. Industrial Revolution.
  - (a) Give a digest of Townshend's Turnips.
  - (b) What help did Leander give Hero in inventing the steam engine?

II. Write two notes on all of the following:—

- (a) Black Death.
- (b) Yellow Peril.
- (c) White Rose.
- (d) Blue Bonnets.
- (e) Red Douglasses.

[Extra marks will be awarded to those who are colour blind.]

III. Show how the invention of gunpowder changed the course of man.

#### D.—Modern History.

1. Should Mussolini be muzzled?
2. Discuss the postponement of the School Leaving Age.  
[Full marks to the shortest and least profane answer.]
3. Expatriate shortly on the demoralising effect on the world of Midget Golf.

Candidates may now attempt the first three questions.

J. R. M. (V.).

#### Never Trust A Woman.

It was all the fault of that school dance. I went by my chum's special request, and spent weary nights practising waltzing, one-stepping (on his toes mostly), reeling and writhing to the tunes of sickly ragtimes. Neither of us were fond of it, but we wished to create an impression on the fair sex—at least he did. Women have always been considered by me as useless, harmless creatures, but I was mistaken. They cause more wounds with their tongues than men do with their teeth.

My first soft hat was worn on that eventful evening. I strutted before the wardrobe mirror for an hour getting used to it. Quite handsome and gentlemanly did I look with my immaculate suit, my trousers beautifully creased, my socks an excellent match for my tie, and—well, everything in the garden was lovely.

Every mirror I passed on my way to my friend's house sent back a dazzling reflection, like an advertisement for the 50/-tailor's. My chum joined me and we walked on in silence, and I stood it till I could stand it no longer, so I broke in:

"I say, Stanley, have we to dance every dance?"

He cast on me a look of scorn. "Are you going to funk it now?"

"Well, no," I faltered, "but I do mix things terribly."

"Never mind that, but be sure you don't count out loud. No girl can stand that. She'll expect you to talk, of course," he added.

"What!" I yelled. "Oh, help. What could I say?"

Stanley was an experienced hand at this and gladly gave me the desired information.

By this time we had reached the school gates, and so, with pounding heart, I marched to my fate.

The place was swarming with girls. Girls in flimsy dresses floated around everywhere with their poor, dull partners. Several fellows were lounging about beside the fire and I would have gladly joined them, but Stanley laid a heavy hand on my arm and led me off a captive. I made a dash for the door, but he was too quick for me. Tripping me up, he nearly sent me spinning into the centre of a group of fair damsels, and disgraced me for ever in the eyes of the damsels of the Upper School.

However, I had a good guide. He led me to a pretty girl and introduced me. I smiled, and turning round, found my best friend had departed. I was left to sink or swim! I floundered about for something to say, and then I remembered Stanley's advice.

"Desperately cold to-night," I stammered, as the sweat ran down my fevered brow.

"It's warmer dancing," she suggested with a shy smile.

I forgot the elaborate speech I should have made, but seized her and soon we were swaying with the rest, to the delightful tune of "Happy Days."

I was thankful for all the hard labour exerted in mastering my feet. I only tramped on her feet a few times and she did not seem to mind. She was divine! When she talked I listened so eagerly that I nearly forgot to dance. With her, dancing did not matter. Soon we monopolised a comfortable seat, and chatted gaily together for the rest of the evening.

I took her home—she lived in Mount Vernon, and, as I walked home to Riddrie in the dark, her eyes, like stars, seemed to lead me on and I did not notice the distance.

\* \* \* \*

On Monday, mother came up to waken me, but behold! I was dressed and engaged in the process of brushing my well-oiled hair. At breakfast, father commented on it, but mother silenced him with a look (as only women can). While in the hall I heard mum say, "Don't upbraid the boy. You were the same yourself. I remember when you used to come and see me . . . ."

I did not wait to hear more. Already my cheeks were scarlet and the blood was surging through my veins. I hated meeting my school-fellows. I hated being teased, but I had been completely carried away by the dreamy, starry look in M——'s sparkling eyes when I had wished her good-night, and I, foolish fellow, thought it was the symptoms of love.

Several groups of girls were standing at the corner as I passed, and I heard this remark which has blasted my young life and made it not worth living:

"Oh, there he is! Poor M—— had a rotten time with him; bored her to death by his talk, and her new shoes completely ruined."

BROKEN HEARTED.

## WHITEHILL NOTES.

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### Whitehill F.P. Athletic Club.

The Athletic Club is in quite a satisfactory condition compared with former years, but it is not what it should be. The membership totals about 100, which is not very good for a school like Whitehill. The Hockey Section is running two elevens as before and is very enthusiastic. The Association Football Section is invincible this year. It is undefeated up to the present, and has reached the fourth round of the West of Scotland and Scottish Amateur Cups. The Rugby Section is doing very well also. The standard of play is rising every year, although some heavy players as forwards would be very welcome. The full-back, Mr. W. I. McIntyre, played in the Junior Inter-City Trial Match and gave a good account of himself.

W. H. WILKIE, Hon. Secy.

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### Whitehill School Club.

Once more we make use of the space allotted to us to bring to your further notice the Club and its activities. That we are a very active body will have been made evident by the time these notes are read by the school. We refer to the photographs of the two former Rectors, of the Teams, and the Snell Exhibitioners now on the walls of the main hall.

Our Club, as you all know, caters for the social side of Former Pupils' Clubs, and we do our best to arrange our meetings to give the widest appeal to all, by having papers, debates, musical evenings, and dances. Our last dance in October was a great success, and the demand for tickets was far in excess of the supply. This is further proof of the activity of the body.

The annual subscription remains the same—two shillings and sixpence—and is money well invested. Again we thank the Editors for their courtesy in allotting this space to us.

FRANK V. MACKAY, President.

D. STUART CLIBBORN, Secretary,  
46 Whitehill Street.



### The School Choirs.

There are now two musical societies—the School Choir, under Mr. McGregor, and the Festival Choir, under Mr. Graham. It may be that you have not joined one of these. If you are in the 3rd year or over—Come along!

A Grand School Concert, to be given wholly by the school, is planned for 19th February, 1931. This is a big event, and the City Hall must be crowded out! Besides the Choirs, there will be an important part taken by the Dramatic Club, and many fine soloists, Whitehillians all.—REMEMBER 19th FEBRUARY.

The two Choirs paid a visit to the School Club on 28th November, when they supplied a very fine programme, and delighted the hearts of the F.P.'s.

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### Football.

We started in the League this season with a run of bad luck, falling in turn to Rutherglen Academy, John Street, and Dumbarton Academy by the scores 3-2, 3-1, and 2-1 respectively. Our first atonement came in forcing a draw (2-2) with Clydebank at their ground, closely followed by the huge victory of 8-0 over St. Patrick's High at Millerston. We then made folks sit up by forcing the League leaders, Govan High, to a draw (2-2) at Govan. In the first round of the Shield Competition, however, we fell, at home, to Clydebank High, by the score of 2-1.

Both our Intermediate and Elementry XI.s are playing strongly, each heading their respective League tables. The former has 6 victories out of 7 games played, and the latter a complete run of victories, 6 in number, to their credit.

An innovation this year is the First Year League—a training for future giants. The youngsters are most eager, and under the supervision of Messrs. Twaddell and Chatfield, many a keen tie is fought. The babes of the first year, I. B.k., head the League at present with a total of 5 points out of 6, but are promised a good keen fight for ultimate leadership. We wish this new venture every success, and hope it will rear fit players for the senior teams, and enable them to keep up Whitehill's fine soccer reputation.

W. H., Secy.

#### FIRST YEAR LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.
I.k., ... ..	3	2	0	1	5
I.a., ... ..	2	1	0	1	3
I.e., ... ..	2	1	0	1	3
I.g., ... ..	2	1	0	1	3
I.f., ... ..	2	0	0	2	2
I.c., ... ..	2	0	1	1	1
I.d., ... ..	2	0	1	1	1
I.h., ... ..	3	0	3	0	0

### Hockey Notes.

Our Hockey Club has embarked on what we hope to be a successful season, and already we have a large number of promising beginners.

The first match of the season against Eastbank was our victory. This was followed by a severe defeat from Albert Road. However, in the future we hope to prove our worth and end this season with a majority of victories.

M. B. C., Secy.

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### Golf.

Although starting late, the Golf Club is again well under way. The October Monthly Medal was won by Ian F. Cairns (V.) with a net score of 80. The November Monthly Medal was won by D. Watson (I) with a net score of 86. Let this be an incentive to other 1st year boys, for he was the only 1st year boy to turn out. There is surely more than one golfer in the 1st year. The same applies to the 3rd year, for it must be remembered that teams have to be chosen to represent Whitehill in matches with other schools in the spring. It is hoped that more pupils will turn out after the Football and Rugby season finishes. The Allan Shield and Club Championship Competitions will be held as usual this year with the same good prizes.

J. M., Secretary.

Girls! Why not have a Golf Section of the Sports Club? If you are interested in the game, please hand your name to Miss Fisher.

H. C. B.

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### Swimming (Girls' Section).

It is the greatest boast of the Girls' Swimming Club that they exist as a united happy family. They have two convictions. They know that Thursday is the best day of the week, and that the pond, as well as being the coldest place on the hottest day, is the hottest place on the coldest day.

The following are their activities and distractions:—

(1) The Schools' Gala took place on 29th October, when the school turned out well to support Whitehill. "Two" was our favourite number. Nettie Munce came in second in the Back Stroke, and along with Margaret M'Culloch secured second for the school in Life-Saving.

(2) The following day, Thursday, 30th October, Hallowe'en celebrations were held in the pond. The water was converted into a seething cauldron, on whose surface apples bobbed about for the briefest possible space.

(3) Life-Saving receives enthusiastic support. The Judgment Day for 12 victims will be over by the time this appears in print.

### Dramatic Club.

The members of the Dramatic Club are at present busy preparing for the School Concert which is to be held in the City Hall early next year. They have also contributed to the programme of the F.P. Club School Night on Friday, 28th November.

The Dramatic Club has lost a valuable member in the person of C. N. M'Kay, who has been connected with the Club since he first came to Whitehill School, and he has rendered very invaluable assistance to it during that time. We all wish him the greatest success at the University and in the career which he has chosen for himself.

The senior school is not well represented in the Dramatic Club, and Mr. Williamson will be glad to enrol any new members on Wednesdays at 4 o'clock in room 12. So roll up, ye Janet Gaynors and Jack Buchanans!

A. A. J.

### The School Library.

The bookcases have been removed from the hall and are now accommodated in Room 35, which will in future be known as "The Library." Post-Intermediate pupils are making good use of their privilege of "free access to shelves"; those who have not yet found their way to the library should visit it on Mondays at 4 p.m.

The following books have been added since the session began:—

- A101. "Inorganic Chemistry," by T. Martin Lowrie.
- A102. "Everyday Electricity," by Jos. R. Lunt.
- B69. "In Search of Scotland," by H. V. Morton.
- B70. "Hellas Revisited," by W. Macneile Dixon.
- D108. "The Great War," by Sir Geo. Aston.
- D109. "The Political Consequences of the Great War," by Ramsay Muir.
- D110. "Some Economic Consequences of the Great War," by Arthur L. Bowley.
- D111. "The Story of Glasgow," by Geo. Eyre Todd.
- K14. "Good Companions," by J. B. Priestley.
- K66. "On the Margin," by Aldous Huxley.
- K67. "The Christopher Robin Storybook," by A. A. Milne.
- L76. "The Plays of John Galsworthy."
- M71. "The Conquered," by Naomi Mitchison.
- N19. "The Secret Battle," by A. P. Herbert.
- R83. "The Oxford Book of Ballads."—Quiller-Couch (Editor).
- R84. "The Northern Muse."—John Buchan (Editor).

### Rugby.

The Rugger team has displayed its usual in and out form. Handicapped by the lack of players to fill vacancies, the team opened the season inauspiciously, being defeated by Greenock Academy by 6-0. Versus Glasgow High School 2nd XV., the team rose to the occasion and defeated them by 8 points to 6. It drew with 3rd Academy and was beaten by Allan Glen's, Hutcheson's, and Speir's School, but returned to winning vein by defeating 2nd Keil School and Kilmarnock Academy.

The 2nd XV. has been fairly successful, defeating 2nd Greenock by 23 points to nil, and drawing 3-3 with 5th Glasgow High School. The 3rd XV. defeated 2nd Shawlands Academy by 11 points to 6, but went down in their other games. We are sorry there have been so few junior fixtures, but these defects will be remedied and we expect to have a fair measure of success in the second half of the season.

WM. BLACK, Hon. Secy.

### Cricket.

Once again it is our pleasant duty to bring to your notice the results of the season just gone. In this season, as in the last, we have experienced a fair measure of success, and this in a much stronger sphere than formerly. During the season 17 games were arranged, but rain spoiled three of them and not a ball was bowled. Of the remaining games eight were won, four lost, and two drawn. During the season the best averages were:

#### BATTING.

	No. of Innings.	Highest Score.	Runs.	Average.
T. B. Frood ... ..	12	87	354	29.5

#### BOWLING.

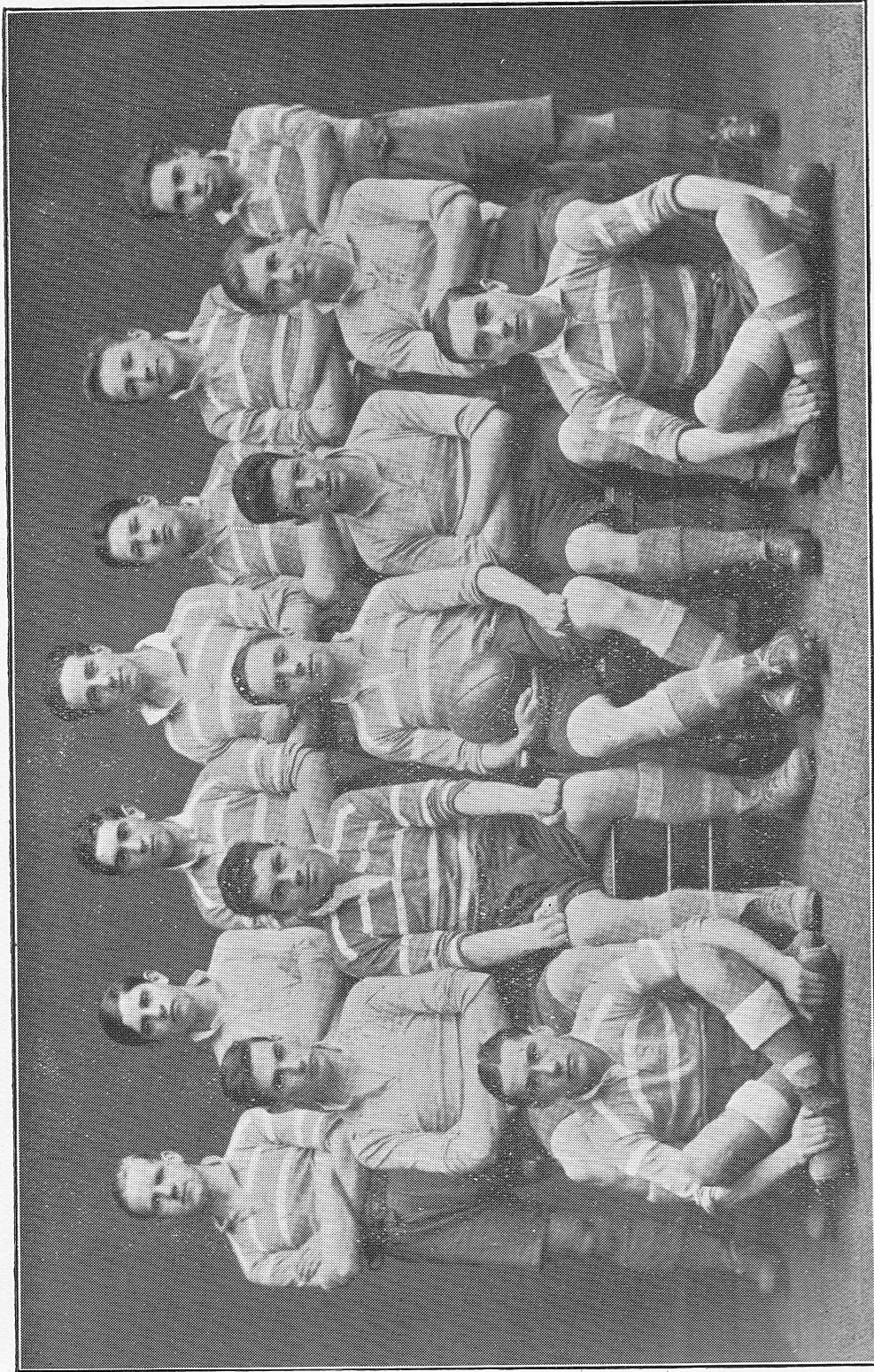
	O.	M.	R.	W.	Aver.
T. B. Frood ... ..	27	7	42	13	3.23
A. M. Murray ... ..	57	12	161	24	6.7
G. Buchanan ... ..	120.3	27	292	41	7.10
M. M'Lean ... ..	47.4	12	113	15	7.53

Thus once again we must appeal to the budding cricketers of the School to give their names to Mr. Munro at the beginning of Season 1931. Once again we have to thank Mr. Munro and the members of Golfhill Cricket Club for their assistance during the season.

Golfhill (Schoolboys' XI.), mainly composed of Whitehill boys, had a very successful season, losing only two of the nine matches played. The batting prize, presented by Mr. J. S. Newton, has been won by James S. Anderson, a member of Whitehill School 1st XI.

The annual cricket match between Staff and School took place not long after the summer holidays, and the School had an easy victory.

WM. BLACK, Hon. Secy.



*Photo by Buchanan & Armour.*

J. E. McLachlan. J. H. Robertson. A. Ross. A. M. Green. J. Lawson. H. Davidson. J. M. Paton.  
M. Donaldson. W. Black. D. Ayton, *Captain*. J. Fisher. J. G. Forrest.  
A. Ferguson. T. A. Chisholm (*Absent*) A. M. McCallum.

**RUGBY 1ST XV.**



I must go down to the sea again, to the vagrant  
gypsy life,

To the gull's way and the whale's way where the  
wind's like a whetted knife;

And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing  
fellow-rover,

And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the  
long trick's over.

“SEA-FEVER”—*Masefield.*

### Literary and Debating Society.

We have in this school a Literary and Debating Society. It was formed last session and membership was thrown open to the orators (?) of the Upper School. The object of the Society was to attempt to foster the art of public speaking, but, so far as attendances have gone this session, some of the speakers might as well have been speaking to themselves.

The meetings are held every alternate Friday, and we assure you that none of the subjects are too far above the average intelligence of the Upper School (*vide* Syllabus, price 1/-), and that every effort will be made to put you at your ease. This appeal has only one end in view, namely, to render the Society a society supported by the pupils. Thus it is the duty of anyone interested to become a member and assist in the confuting of arguments.

“DEMOSTHENES” (VI.).

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There was a young boy from Whitehill,  
With apples his stomach would fill,  
But the doctor, one day,  
To his mother did say,  
“Of castor oil give him a gill.”

There was a young man from the West,  
Who tattoed a horse on his chest,  
But during the night  
The horse it took fright,  
And next morning was found on his vest.

J. M'K. (I. B.c.).

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A certain minister came upon a member of his flock staggering home and gave him a helping hand. He was pressed to enter the house but would not.

“Come awa', man,” he was urged, “and let the wife see wha I ha'e been wi' the nicht.”

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Old Lady: “I want to buy a mattress.”

Shopman: “Yes, madam. A spring mattress?”

Old Lady: “One that I can use all the year round.”

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Haughty Lady: “Officer, I am looking for a man with one eye. Can you help me?”

Officer: “Yes, madam, use both eyes.”

## LETTER TO THE EDITORS.

## Playground Duty.

Dear Editors,

I am really begging space in your valuable columns to express my deep sense of gratitude to the Dear Girls of the School on a most important point which you may manage to detect by the time I get to the end of this letter. Being a member of the Staff—I am, to be frank, in the French department—teaching French nouns to be sure is a womanly job, don't you think or perhaps you think, except when those peculiar foreigners want to use them instead of learning our Splendid English what with Shakespeare and what not—but perhaps you will excuse me the tiresome discipline of finishing this, or any, Sentence.

As I was saying it is very gratifying for me to be able to thank the Dear Girls of the School for making my task in guarding the Playground during the morning interval such a pleasant one. Of course you know I mean the Girls' Playground, not the Boys', for my timid Womanly Nerves shudder at the possibility of being hit by a large Ball. Boys are inclined to be Rough, don't you think? You will understand won't you, that I am doing my best to speak about the Girls' Playground. You see, it would have been so easy for one girl to be Fainting near the New School, and another to be Skinning her knee beside the shed, while Someone Else was sitting Howling on the Janitor's Steps, and I should not have known which to help, if any, and I am afraid I should just have run and run and run and never stopped till I had my head in the coal-scuttle in the Library on the top flat or vice versa. ("Libr"—a book, and "ary" because you just can't keep saying "libr" all the time. You try it my Dears.) Of course you know I have never been a "brownie" or a girlie guide, or a band of hope, and all these things help.

Which, as I have often said, just goes to show how Thoughtful the modern girl can be.

The Weather in November and December is generally too inclement for Violent Sports, so nobody was playing Peever or Skipping-ropes, not even the Sixth Year, and one or two who played Tig and sometimes ran into me, were always quite nice about it when I apologised.

There was one girl who interested me very much. I saw her one day in that little "coin" as we say in "La France," between the top Annexe steps and the wall, drinking Tea from a Thermos Flask. Now I am afraid that little girl had not got up in time to take her breakfast, which is a shame when one thinks of the little Mother getting up in the cold morning so that her little girl might have Nice Porridge and Milk before she left Home, and perhaps even taking care to put meal into the pot with a little water the night before so that there should not be any Nasty Lumps. And then perhaps the Egg, all the way from



Sweden or Siberia or South China or South Milngavie (dear printer don't miss the alliteration)—and getting colder and colder and colder—especially the Bolshevic one—and no little girl to eat it. If that little girl would just make up her mind to Jump when she is called—it's a very simple matter to throw off the bed-clothes—and Not throw them on again. Then she wouldn't need to drink tea at eleven o'clock, and she would always catch the bus, the one in front, instead of two behind.

Just another hundred words or so, Dear Editors. It may be my old-world upbringing that makes me so sensitive, but I do not like Apple-skins to be thrown on the ground. Most Nice Girls are willing to swallow their skins—I mean the fruit skins naturally, and those who aren't might imitate the habit of my great-great-grand aunt Bella (short for Bluebella) who used to beg a little bag or poke from the dairy and “pop” in the skin from each bite, and then the core. I am sure the Masters who take in the lines would agree to collect the pokes.

A word on the subject of equipment, for the benefit of my successors. I myself wear my Hat, a Scarf, a Jersey or two, Woollen Mittens and, of course, my We?—no We—ah Wellingtons. Snow-goggles are optional.

That's all, Jimmy and Janet. You will see that I am rather tired of the “editor” stuff, and you two are the only people who will ever get this length anyway.

I may add that I am prepared to furnish a piece of this in clear effective modern prose at threepence a shot.

LA CHATTE BOTTEE.

### Baby.

Who raises the alarm each night,  
Yells and screams with all his might,  
Gives the family such a fright?

Baby brother.

Who, when everything is calm,  
“Goos” and gurgles in his pram?  
Who is called a little lamb?

Baby brother.

Who, although he is so small,  
Has everyone at his beck and call?  
Who is it who reigns o'er all?

Baby brother.

E. M. (V. G.)

“Dash it,” said the poet, “The baby must have thrown that last poem of mine in the fire!”

His wife was not convinced.

“Don't be absurd, Henry,” she said. “The little dear can't read yet.”

**Whitehill Speaking . . . . On Dress.**

Good afternoon, folks. For one moment switch your thinking-box to 4 p.m. at the Girls' High. How neat and becoming they are, dressed alike, in navy gyms, with black stockings and shoes! They are known by everyone, at all times, and in any place, by the hat-bands which always adorn their hats. They, at any rate, are proud of their school, and not only feel inwardly their loyalty, but show it outwardly by all dressing in the school colours.

And now down to grim realism—Whitehill, 4 p.m. Here they come rushing down the street, helter-skelter, dressed in all colours and styles. From below the coats, stray wisps of material, flimsy and unsuitable for school, display themselves. As for hats, they are past speaking about; large-brimmed, small-brimmed, no brims at all, all are on view. No one would know where they were coming from or where they were going.

Would it not be much nicer to be all dressed alike, to have, in other words, a regulation school dress, nothing stiff and starchy, but a simple skirt and blouse with black stockings and shoes? It makes one green with envy to see other schools so business-like and so efficient, and then to think of Whitehill and its visions.

Why let others crow over us when Whitehill holds such a high reputation as a school? Let's show them we are just as proud of our school as they are of theirs by wearing our colours.

I appeal to all the school, but especially to the senior girls, to think seriously of this idea, and not to imagine that it would lower their dignity to wear school dress, but to discuss it among themselves and encourage this new movement which would create a better atmosphere among the pupils. I know the Vith heartily approve of the idea, and if the rest will take it up, there's no reason why we shouldn't have a school uniform.

TRANSFORMER (VI.).

**DON'T SPOIL THE EFFECT OF THAT GORGEOUS  
EVENING DRESS!**

Make your hair the "crowning glory" by having it dressed by

**JESSIE H. SHARP,**

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We specialise in Permanent Waving (Eugene System), Trimming, Marcel Waving, Manicuring, etc.

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Hours, - 8.30 a.m.—7 p.m.

Appointments made.

Thursday, 8.30 a.m.—1 p.m.

Telephone: Bridgeton 2999.

### Why Not Girl Prefects?

Order is essential in a large school. By the order that is maintained we may judge of the character of the school itself, and also of the pupils. The scholars often have more respect for one of themselves than for an authoritative teacher.

The boys of Whitehill School have, for a long time, had a Captain and Prefects, who, when the need arose, kept law and order, especially among the junior pupils. Up till now it has not been considered necessary or desirable for the girls to have Prefects, but according to the opinions I have gathered from the girls themselves, they would now fully appreciate Girl Prefects, not only to keep order, but to help them in any difficulty which might arise.

If, as is suggested, we are to have a regulation School dress and also a School Championship Cup for the girls, why not, while we are at it, appoint Girl Prefects?

REFORMER.

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### How It Works.

What was the matter with Jones Minor of the Fourth? That something was wrong was evident. The boys had not taken long to sense a change, but they were puzzled how to account for it. Now it had dawned upon the powers that be, and things were looking serious.

The symptoms were clear, but no one had been expert enough to make an adequate diagnosis. For instance, he hadn't been late—not once in a fortnight. For a whole fortnight he had abandoned his passionate researches in the minor poets for lines long enough to satisfy the beak and short enough to please his own sense of economy.

Then he was no longer a hopeless flounderer in the intricacies of Livy. What had hitherto found him a stammering picture of a born idiot now seemed suddenly clear, and his Latin master had passed from bewilderment to strong notions about cribs. There was a sly note in the query on Wednesday afternoon. "Anything been happening to you lately, Jones?" The meek reply, "I've been working, sir," was hailed by teacher and class alike as too funny to be taken seriously.

It was even worse in Maths. Hitherto Jones had remained absolutely convinced that only an idiot could believe that  $a^2 - b^2$  was not the product of  $a - b$  and  $a + b$ . The thing was self-evident and, anyway, where did the extra  $2ab$  come from? Now, zeal had only one real representative in the Fourth and that was Jones.

So master vied with master in sarcastic enquiries as to his health and what had happened to him. One morning, Thursday

# Magazine Competition.



## RULES.

1. Entrance fee for **each** attempt is 2d. Extra forms may be had from the Editors.
2. Answers must be printed in **BLOCK CAPITALS**. Illegible attempts will be disqualified.
3. All entries must be sent in on or before **19th December, 1930**.
4. Entries to be given, together with money, to any of the English staff.
5. Prizes to the value of 10/-, 5/-, and 2/6 will be awarded to those three competitors whose solutions are the first correct three to be opened.
6. In the event of there being no correct solutions, the prizes will go to the nearest.
7. The names of the prize-winners will be announced on Monday, 5th January, 1931.
8. To show how it is done, the solution to the first one is given.
9. The Editors' decision is final on all matters relating to the Competition.

NAME,.....

CLASS,.....

to be exact, he appeared with a new blue-and-white tie, a centre "shed," and most miraculous of all, his neck scrubbed clean. Brown and Thomson, his bosom companions, saw the mystery clear before their eyes. "He's conked on some bally girl," they whispered, and for once they were right.

Jones was conked, wonkey, in fact, and who was she? Brown and Thomson didn't know, but they resolved to find out. Once, only once, did they catch his eye flickering to the seats occupied by the fair members of the section, but it was enough. It was Mamie, sure as fate. But they said nothing, as yet. It would keep.

What about Mamie? Did she know the passion that burned behind Jones' developing chest? Not she! She hardly knew of his existence. She was so taken up with what the other girls were going to wear at the Christmas dance, or discussing where you could buy the sugariest dough-nuts for the daily repast. If you had mentioned Jones to her, she would have turned up the end of her attractive little nose till it nearly touched her eye-brows.

She had noticed him all right, but it was only when some peculiarly idiotic blunder had turned the wrath of the master and the silvery treble of the girls' guffaws upon his devoted head.

But Jones was content to worship from afar. Enough for him that daily he would steal a glance at the fair one who enslaved him. A word from her would have been too much, and as for a smile——! But he had no expectations and laboured—toiled away simply to make himself worthy of the inspiration that had come to him.

Did he hope to win her affection by topping the class lists? Hardly. He was not so far gone as that. No. Curiously enough, he was content simply to steal an occasional sight of her, and worked hard as he was expected,—curious, certainly, but true.

Then a strange thing happened. Mamie grew interested and then sympathetic. Why were they all down on the poor chap?

It wasn't good enough, and one day, Friday it was, when a particularly bitter query had left the lips of an obviously ill-tempered teacher, Mamie did a thing on impulse that puzzled even herself. She turned half-round and smiled deliberately—actually smiled at the poor fellow who had really been doing his best. That finished it.

On Monday, Brown and Thomson were caught discussing a piece of verse they had found written on a scrap of paper. It was just what one would have expected—wonderful stuff. On Tuesday, the Maths. master caught Jones hanging about the stairs waiting to smile to her, and on Thursday, it was common knowledge that Jones was paying for two tickets for the dance.

### The Face at the Window.

In those days of daylight robberies and sensational murders, especially after reading an Edgar Wallace novel, one cannot help feeling just a little bit nervous.

I had just finished Edgar's latest and greatest masterpiece, and, as I sat down to dinner in the house where I was staying alone, I meditated on the thrilling incidents of the story. The dining room was on the top flat, so I felt perfectly safe, and was just thinking about the part where a bearded face appeared at the window, when I happened to glance up. A horrible, fiendish, unkempt face was glaring out at the window. My blood froze. All the horror of the murder scene came back to my mind. Now the Terror had produced a knife stained with red. Slowly, and with an evil leer on his face, he turned the gleaming, scintillating blade over suggestively. Beads of sweat broke out on my face, and cold shudders ran through my body. There could be no mistake about his intentions.

My fears were groundless. Two minutes after I perceived that he was merely a Corporation window-painter, chipping off the old paint preparatory to putting a fresh colour on.

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

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### Pleasant Thoughts!!!

Exams! Exams! Exams!

These fateful words one utters,  
As one goes home to swot and cram,  
Behind the closed shutters.

We enter the ill-fated room  
With bated breath and moans;  
The teacher hands the papers round,  
Amid heart-rending groans.

The questions are the hardest  
That have been set for years,  
And when at last we reach our homes  
Our eyes brim o'er with tears.

The examinations are over  
For another term at least,  
And now we really do deserve  
Our well-earned Christmas Feast.

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

### Suspense.

He looked at the dark, sweeping river with scared eyes and retreated a few steps. His courage was waning, but, pulling himself together with a tremendous effort, he approached the edge. A blurred vision of swirling waters and stars loomed before his eyes. Yes, he would do it! For a moment he swayed dangerously on the brink. Then a wild yell broke the stillness! There was a confused jumble of arms and legs and a splash.

He had gone in to bathe for the first time.

E. B. (2 G.a.).

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### "Lines."

What do we do when we reach the school  
 Each morning prompt at nine?  
 Form up and take our places  
 In our particular line.

What do we do when we reach the school  
 One morning after nine?  
 Give our excuse, bear some abuse,  
 And get one hundred lines.

Supposing we reversed the plan.  
 Oh, what a great delight  
 To tell the teacher, "Here, my man,  
 Do a hundred lines to-night."

DEAS (II. G.a.).

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### Remembrance.

The Cenotaph stood a still, grey figure in the midst of silent crowds. A tinge of blue was showing in the sky and the shrill cry of a bird was heard. During the proceedings the chiming of the church clock striking eleven rang through the silence. The crowd stood motionless. One could imagine Flanders in 1914, with the tramping of feet, and sometimes the skirl of the bagpipes. Sometimes all was so silent that you could almost hear the beating of somebody's heart. Somewhere in the crowd a faint sobbing was heard. Then our thoughts went back to the house, where we might have a photograph or a letter, which the ones we have lost have given us. Then suddenly the thunder of the guns is heard.

The Silence was finished.

D. B. (I. B.c.).