

Whitehill School Magazine.

No. 23.

Summer, 1931.

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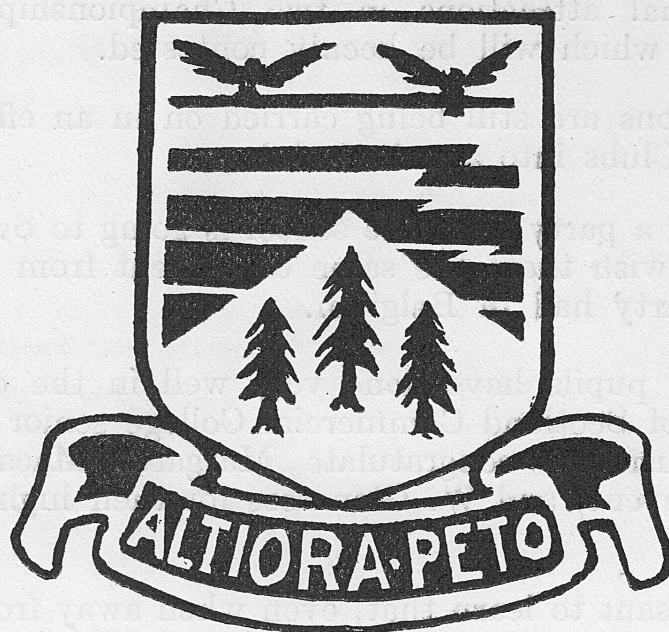
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EDITORIAL.

"The old order changeth, giving place to new."

This session the school has suffered a great loss by the retiral of our popular and esteemed headmaster, Mr. Thomas Nisbet. We hope that he will enjoy to the full his well-earned rest. For the past few months we have missed also the presence of Miss Young, the head of our Modern Language Department. We would wish her also much happiness in her retirement. Pens abler than ours have written the appreciations of Mr. Nisbet and Miss Young, which appear on other pages of this issue.

Miss Chesters, who has gone to Hillhead School, has been greatly missed by her former pupils, who wish her every success in her new position. Our best wishes go also with Miss E. Young, who has gone to Dundee.

We congratulate Miss Stark on her promotion as Principal Teacher of English in Eastbank H.G. School. Her brightness and vivacity have long charmed her English classes. Whitehill has many societies and organisations, and Miss Stark was to be found taking a vital interest in most of them. When she leaves us, the school will have lost something of its sparkle.

Congratulations must be extended to Miss Barr on her promotion to be head of the Modern Language Department in Albert H. G. School. Her pupils have lost in her a most kind and sympathetic friend. We envy her new school its good fortune.

Miss Mitchell, who was formerly a teacher in the school, has returned as head of the Modern Language Department. We extend to her a cordial welcome.

With Saturday, 30th May, will come the event of the year—the School Sports. If the weather clerk is in a smiling mood there should be some races well worth seeing. The girls will

have additional attractions in two Championship Cups, the possession of which will be keenly contested.

Negotiations are still being carried on in an effort to make all the F.P. Clubs into a united club.

This year a party from the school is going to Switzerland in July and we wish them the same enjoyment from their trip as last year's party had in Belgium.

Whitehill pupils have done very well in the examinations of the West of Scotland Commercial College senior classes, and especially must we congratulate Margaret Macalister, Jean Bates, R. Stevens, and W. Glencross for their high standard of work.

It is pleasant to learn that, even when away from Scotland, Whitehill former pupils form coteries and still recall their old school-days with pleasure. Six members of the Loughborough Scottish Association were educated at Whitehill and have very pleasant memories of it. They are:—

GEO. MACBRIAR, Secretary, Herbert Morris, Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

THOS. GRANT, C.A., Assistant Secretary and Chief Accountant, Herbert Morris, Ltd., Loughborough. Leicestershire.

Dr. THOS. FORSYTHE, Private Medical Practice and Medical Officer of Health for Ashby, Hugglescote, Leicestershire.

Dr. T. MAITLAND GIBSON, Private Medical Practice, Mountsorrel, Leicestershire.

Mrs. T. MAITLAND GIBSON (née Annie Kean).

ARCHIBALD LEACH BARRIE, C.A., General Manager, Leicester Evening Mail, Leicester.

We wish to thank Mr. Alexander and his assistants, and all others who have helped in the preparation of the Magazine.

The School Library is being gradually built up, and is full of interesting books; but probably several pupils will see that certain of their own favourite books have been omitted. Would it not be a good idea for those who are leaving to gift one or more books to increase the library?

In conclusion, we wish everyone a splendid holiday this summer.

Medals and Prizes.

James Henderson Memorial Prize—

Dux Gold Medal—JAMES M. HAMILTON.

Crosthwaite Memorial Prizes—

Latin—(1) JAMES M. HAMILTON.

(2) STANLEY O. STEWART.

War Memorial Prizes—

(1) £10—JAMES M. HAMILTON.

(2) £5—WILFRED H. COOKE.

Macfarlane Gamble Memorial Prize—

JOHN I. MONCRIEFF.

War Memorial Medals—

English—JANET M. REVIE.

Mathematics—JOHN I. MONCRIEFF.

Latin and French—STANLEY O. STEWART.

French and German—ISOBEL WELLWOOD.

Science—IAN. F. CAIRNS.

Art—GABRIEL DONALD.

The following is a record of awards to pupils of Whitehill Secondary School in the Corporation Prize Competition for Schools held in Kelvingrove Art Galleries:—

GEO. BUCHANAN	Gold Medal
JAS. McNAUGHT	Bronze Medal
JOHN MARSHALL	Bronze Medal
MARGARET AYTON	Commended

Charles Summers gained the Windsor & Newton Prize at Glasgow School of Art for a Landscape in Oils.

University Letter.

THE UNIVERSITY,
May, 1931.

"Et veterem in limo ranae cecinere querellam."

DEAR SCHOOL,

It pleases the weak minds of "us yins up by" to think that the school looks to us as "the intelligentsia." However, "I have it on the best authority" that you do nothing of the sort, and I therefore ask you to pardon our fatuous complacence.

It is with deep regret we observe the departure of Mr. Nisbet. Unfortunately, too, many of the staff have left recently, some to enjoy a well-earned rest, some "to fresh woods and pastures new."

With us, the year has passed quietly, if not uneventfully. The new Union, which was so painfully "new," is fast taking on that air of noble age which only continuous use and Glasgow's soot can give. The air is already heavy with the coming storm—the Rectorial Election, which takes place on the 24th of October.

Now, I realise that you cannot possibly be interested in the affairs of the University, except in so far as they affect you. If you come up in October expecting to find an abode of learning and culture peopled by the filtered intelligence of the nation, you will be disappointed, but, what is more poignant, no one will sympathise with you in your disillusionment. Moreover, if you attempt to persist in your belief, you will be laughed out of court. Authority, age, and custom can invest utter tomfoolery with wisdom and grandeur. Genius, as Mr. Dryden hath it, is oft to madness near allied; which, I once read, perhaps explains why the state of affairs in Gilmorehill so often suggests the probable condition of the Hawkhead Mental Hospital were that institution to be run by one of its inmates.

In the lecture room you may not feel disposed to yell and sing (I have always found it a matter of extreme difficulty to tell precisely which was which) like the other hooligans, but you will probably venture to stamp feebly and unobtrusively with your feet. Indeed, the sole difference between you and the others, when the professor enters, appropriately garbed, will be that you, being still under the influence of procedure at school, will cease stamping, while your fellow ruffians will stamp the more loudly. An unsuccessful joke of the Learned Man will not be met, as at school, with "counterfeited glee," but with mocking laughter, punctuated by more stamping and cat calls reminiscent of American "talkies." Should he proceed too fast for the convenience of his audience, he is slowed down by a horrible scraping of feet on the floor, and should he fumble for his words he is met with rancorous shouts of "Hurry up!" Any reference, how-

ever indirect, to alcoholic liquor is greeted appropriately by the noise of the popping of corks or by the mournful singing of "We won't be home till morning." These volleys are received by the professor with a mixture of apathy, self-consciousness, and senile good-humour. But one lecturer recently, after repeated attempts to make his Oxford accent heard, petulantly cried, "You can go to the devil—I'm off," and, gathering up his notes, made a very undignified exit, to the accompaniment of "Will ye no come back again?"

There is not sufficient use made of the provisions for taking a degree with honours. Your scholastic attainments at entrance are not necessarily indicative of how you will fare in the University. "Every first-year student is a potential honours graduate." Remember that mistakes are sometimes made from excessive modesty as well as from over confidence.

When you emerge from the Matriculation Hall, a "civis Universitatis," you will be besieged by "whippers," each persuading you to join his political party. The only effective way of shaking them off (and I mean that literally) is to proclaim yourself a Communist, and whistle a few bars of "The Red Flag." If you have any real political convictions, and not unless, join one of the four clubs.

It is in these societies that you will find any available "culture," not in the lecture room. You will come into touch with the minds, the tastes, and the prejudices of the young people of your own generation. You will find yourself in the company of people with whom you have something in common. You will awake to a realisation of your own importance, without necessarily having a swelled head.

In conclusion, let me quote the words of Principal Rait: "Without the University Societies and Clubs no arts course is complete, and a student who takes no share in them cannot know the best that the University has to offer. It was in clubs and societies that Universities originated, and without them a University is only an institution, not an *Alma Mater*."

C. N. M'K.

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Mr. Nisbet.

It is with the keenest regret that we have to record the retirement of Mr. Nisbet, who for nine years controlled, with discretion and acceptance, the destinies of our school. Traditions, size, complexity, all make the headmastership of Whitehill a difficult post to fill, but in every way Mr. Nisbet proved himself capable of carrying on the heavy task.

Naturally, the pupils' point of view is the one which concerns us most, and it will be difficult to find a man so gentle in his dealings with the rank and file of the school. Never rash, never hasty, and full of the deepest understanding, he treated all with whom he came in contact with sympathy first, then mercy, and always with justice. Every boy and girl had the fairest possible consideration, and to them especially his retirement must make a very big difference.

The staff saw this and more. Aware of his care for the pupils, they were aware also of his unfailing wisdom in dealing with the larger questions. Sympathetic always, he showed that rare quality, tact, in facing problems, and in settling the thousand and one questions that perpetually call for skilful judgment. And in the details of routine, he showed an ability of seeing all round a problem, of seeing its implications, that filled those who were aware of the difficulties with admiration at his inevitably right decisions and solutions.

As a headmaster, he was the expert, yet always modest and unassertive; as the gentleman, he was unfailing in courtesy and in the understanding of the difficulties of others; and while we regret his going, we are glad he went while still vigorous in mind and body and able to enjoy the full fruits of his long activity. We wish him every happiness and health to enjoy his retirement.

Obituary.

The month of April saw heavy shadows cast over the school. It is with deepest regret that we have to record the deaths of Margaret Munro, 4th Year, and of Mary Leitch, II. G.b., who had recently left school. Within a month both were killed in crossing our busy thoroughfares; the former on Saturday, 11th April, and the latter on Tuesday, 28th April. The news cast a gloom on their class-mates. To their families goes our heartfelt sympathy in their untimely bereavement.



MR. T. NISBET, M.A. (HONS.)



MISS ELIZABETH BARRIE YOUNG.

Miss Elizabeth Young.

It falls to our lot, in this issue of the Magazine also, to take leave regretfully of Miss Elizabeth Young, Principal Teacher of Modern Languages in the school until recently.

Miss Young came to Whitehill School in 1892, and must be a very mine of information as to its history. The Magazine Committee offers to edit her memoirs discreetly in its future numbers! Certainly there is no personality she might describe, more alive than her own has been. This keen zest in life she communicated to us, and her witty, but never unkindly, tongue cheered us up on the dull days. She had many gifts of mind and heart, but here we specially acknowledge her fine courtesy and sense of good form, which lent her a dignity never incompatible with a homely interest in all that affected us. She brought into the narrower world of school a knowledge and experience of the outside world that made her always sane and generous in her outlook. Perhaps she would not like us to speak too much of the gallantry with which, in later years, she has faced physical disability.

Miss Young likes to tell of her first day at work—a trying one—and of her return home determined to teach no more. She was met at the door by her mother making anxious inquiries, and heard herself saying with conviction, “I got on fine.” May we respectfully assure Miss Young, in the name of the school, that she has always since “got on fine.”

Fall of a Star.

The school has never failed, dear sir,
To show her rivals who(m) we were;
But, after all though, why should she?
The school had still got little me!

Alas! That day was drawing near,
Which all the boys began to fear.
The rivals chuckled in high glee—
The school was losing little me!

* * * *

I passed the school the other day,
The hour eleven, the boys at play.
I tried in vain sad eyes to see—
They weren't even missing me!

My deeds forgotten were, and stale;
On new acts worshippers regale:
That pinnacle is left quite free,
Which once belonged to little me.

The Northern Lights.

(Being the Truly Tragic Tale of a Hopeful Journalist.)

I was sitting peacefully in my room one night reading a fourpenny horrible, under cover of an old Latin Grammar, concealing my misdeeds. Black Joe was just about to "bump off" another tough gangster when I was suddenly brought to earth by the strident voice of my kid brother yelling, "Come at once and see this."

I laid down the book, concealing it carefully with the Latin Grammar, stalked into the sitting room, and enquired what on earth all the row was about. I was hauled forcibly to the window, shoved half out, and told to look. I looked! Ribbons of green, blue, and purple shot across the evening sky—a marvellous sight!

Spluttering ecstatically, we put on extra coats and scarfs and rushed out to an open space. The green lights flickered steadily on the horizon, and red and purple flares lit up the heavens at intervals.

"It must be the Northern Lights," observed Peter, who thinks he knows everything.

"Of course it must be," I declared.

Soon we were joined by a friend—a much travelled journalist. "I have never seen anything like it," he declared, and launched into a description of various phenomena he had seen at sea. "Couldn't you write something about it?"

With youthful ardour I assented, feeling I could tackle anything, inspired by the wondrous sight. We went home, and for two hours I wrote, and then handed the article to my long-suffering friend.

Next day I awoke with the feeling that this would be the day of my life. The first sound I heard was mother's voice saying, "What a dreadful lightning storm there was last night; the newspaper is full of it. Wouldn't you like to read about it?"

I declined with thanks, and my thoughts for a moment were such as might be unsuited to the tender age of your readers. As for my friend, I scarcely dared look at him for months after.

EMTEE (IV. G.).

A Most Lovable Scene.

The scene takes place in a cinema. The two principals gradually come nearer to each other. They are an amiable pair. One pushes his arm forward sharply and grasps the other. They both lock together. Oh, how loving! The stronger of the pair gradually lowers his partner until they are both on the floor. They lie in each other's grasp until a third person approaches and taps the uppermost person on the shoulder. The third man turns round and says, "The world's champion wrestler retains his title."

H. A. D.

JUNIOR PAGES.

The Hockey Match.

The rain lashed,
The feet splashed,
The ball ran past the goal,
The sticks all clashed at a wee white patch,
Of course, it was THE Hockey Match.

Their teeth set,
Their hair wet,
The sweat upon their brow,
The teachers swirled through a sea of mud,
Their goalie fell with a squelshy thud.

The school team
Gave one scream
When the teachers scored their goal;
The pupils scored one more, 'tis true,
So teachers with the pupils drew.

M. M'C. and I. M'G. (I. G.a.).

There Was . . .

There was an old chap of Hants,
Who sat in a nest of red ants,
The horrible brutes
Got into his boots,
And even invaded his pants.

One day a young man from Peru
Ate some very tough kangaroo,
In the midst of the night
He woke up with a fright
To find himself caged in the Zoo.

There was a young man named McKey
Who fell from a very high tree,
With a musical sound,
His nose hit the ground
And broke a large stone into three.

J. P. (I. B.).

"Here comes the parade and your Aunt Helen will miss it.
Where is she?"

"She is upstairs waving her hair."

"Mercy! Can't we afford a flag?"

GOLIATH (I. B.a.).

King John was exhumed from the Roman Catholic Church
and he did not care a bit.

1st Year Howlers.

Define Volume:—

- 1.—The volume of a body is the amount of space it weighs.
 - 2.—Volume is the amount of space occupied by a cub whose sides are all one inch.
-

Q.—If you were told that the temperature of the human body was 98.4 deg., would this be Fahrenheit or Centigrade?

A. (1)—This would be Fahrenheit because Fahrenheit was a German and he copied Sir Isaac Newton's temperature of the body.

A. (2)—This would be Fahrenheit, because if you were more than 100 deg. Centigrade you would be ill.

A. (3)—This is Fahrenheit, because if it was Centigrade and you took a drink of water it would nearly boil in your inside.

Q.—Why does a pond freeze at the top first?

A.—It freezes at the top first because it is more shallower.

An alcohol thermometer is used for measuring the temperature of the human body because it freezes at 0 deg. C. and boils at 100 deg. C.

Mercury is used more than alcohol in thermometers because it neither freezes nor boils.

The bore of an alcohol thermometer is thicker than Hg. thermometer, because you can use more alcohol as it is cheaper.

Nothing will burn unless it is mixed with alcohol.

In summer the warmest place in a room is at the window, in the winter it is warmest at the pipes.

The warmest part of a room is the place where it is hottest.

Oxygen can be made to burn by putting wet iron filings in a tube. The oxygen burns and makes the iron rusty.

Q.—What height can a syphon be made?

A.—A syphon can be made any height, but water will only rise 30 feet.

A boy wrote eloquently of "Cupid centimetres." Evidently he had been shot the night before by one of that young gentleman's arrows.

Q.—Who is referred to in the line:— "There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff"?

A.—Three men were killed by Fitzjames. They were called Red Murdoch, Stark and Stiff.

Extracts from "Wee Sandy's" Diary.

Munday. Had to wash ma ears and neck 'cos ma ant lizzie was watching me. Oh! how I luv ant lizzie. Got my French marks and a nasty glair thrown in.

Toosday. Ma parritch was burnt and the ham was cracking guid style. But it isna everybody wha is blest wi' a cook for a mither. Got the tawse for naething; didna dae ma exercise.

Wedensday. Nearly left ma breeks ahint me when I got the science mark. Ma naybor got ninety fower, but ye canna coont that as his faither's a policeman.

Thursday. Ma ant lizzie at me again 'cos I forgot to hing the tool up. Its a guid job she isna ma mither.

Fryday. Had to go out a walk wi' ant lizzie up Saugh—Sauchiehall St. Ma certes, and aint wimen terrible for hats. I'm shair she turned the hale shop upside doon and then she didna buy ane.

Saterdag. Had a game at fitba and a big limmer loon cawed "Beary," nearly knocked the guts oot o' me.

Sunday. Went tae sonday skill in ma velvet soot, which ant lizzie had given me, and got laffed at. Oh! Anty.

N. M'L. (II. B.b.).

The Quarry.

I gaze across the street so wide,
I start, I dart, I squirm, I glide,
I take my chances, oh, so slim—
I trust to eye and nerve and limb:
I scoot to right, I gallop through,
I'm here, I'm there, I'm lost to view.
My life, I know, hangs in the toss—
Another plunge, I am across!
Oh, give me pity, if you can,
I'm just—a poor—pe-des-tri-an.

J. H. R. (III. B.b.).

Scene: Lunatic asylum; imbecile looking through the railings at cyclist panting, blowing, and struggling up unusually steep hill.

Imbecile: "Hey, mister! What are you doing that for?"

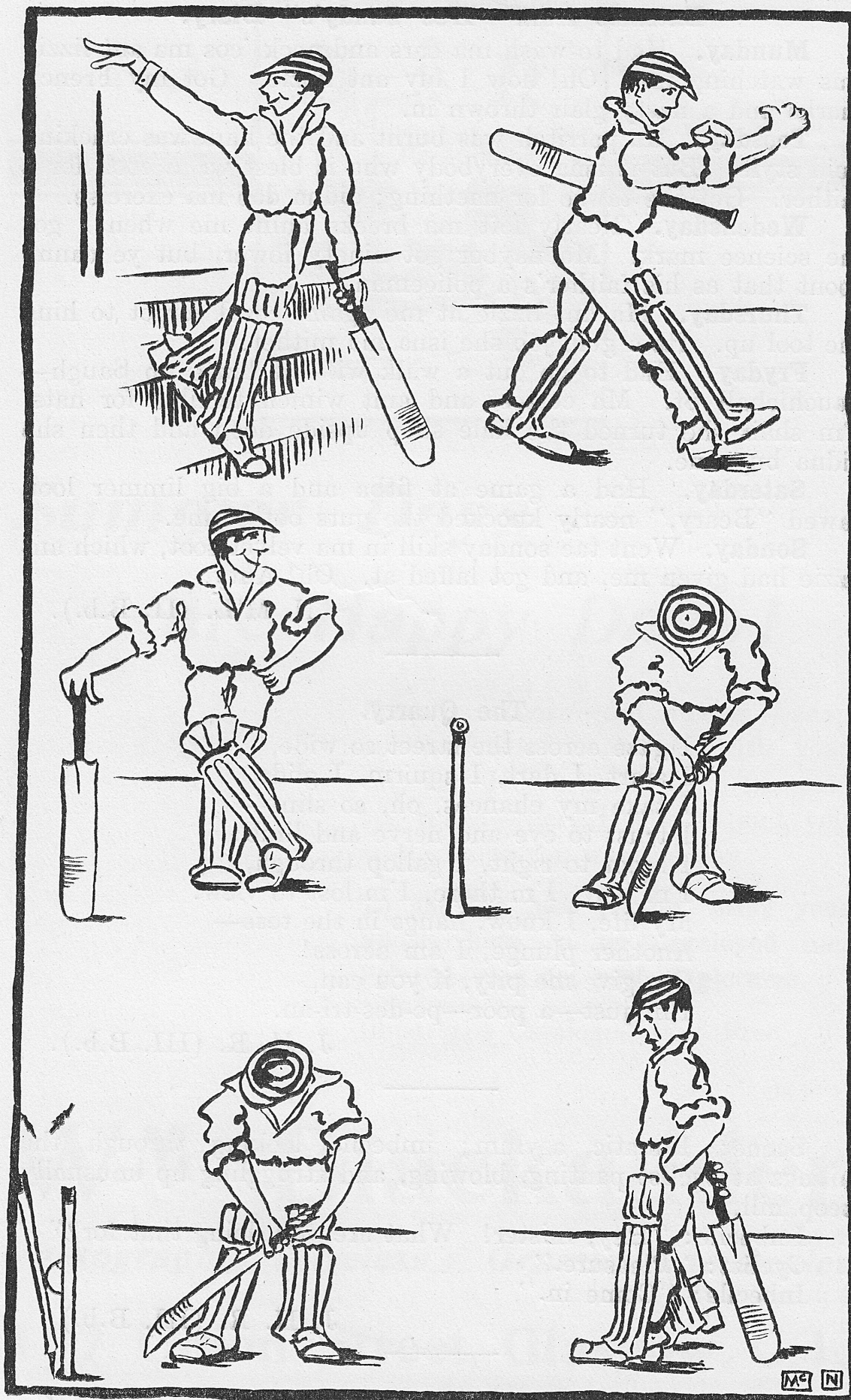
Cyclist: "Pleasure."

Imbecile: "Come in."

J. H. R. (III. B.b.).

Beggar: "Madam, I have not seen a piece of meat for weeks."

Lady: "Mary, show this poor man a mutton chop."



STORY WITHOUT CAPTIONS.

From Our Commercial Correspondent*May, 1931.*

DEAR SCHOOL,

Now that you have all come at last to this article, I must confess I feel decidedly nervous. Truth to tell, I think it is something of an ordeal to be asked to write the first commercial letter, and to know that the eyes, equally vigilant, of the two sections of the school are prepared to be very critical.

The first step, of course, in the direction of becoming a "business man" is to undergo several interviews. This is no easy matter. Employers are quite prepared to receive everyone with a certain degree of suspicion. In this connection I had one experience worth mentioning—as a warning. I had been told at school to state my qualifications, and to make the most of them. Bearing this in mind, I informed one employer that I had had a thorough training in economics, etc. He smiled blandly and asked what economics were. Well, it is rather difficult at any time to give a satisfactory explanation—and in the circumstances it was quite beyond me. So, would-be secretaries, I would say, if you are applying for the position of a clerk, refrain from emphasising your knowledge of matters in which the employer has probably not one bit of interest.

I shall not easily forget my first day of "office life." It offered an incredible contrast to schooldays. Everyone was so busy—so continuously busy. There were only two breaks in the day, and I cannot tell how often I longed for the period bell to ring, or how regretfully I thought of the scampers we used to indulge in every three-quarters of an hour. Now, however, I am afraid I should be very annoyed if I had to stop work every hour for five minutes. The fact is that we have all sufficient work to keep us busy all day, and we know that there is no use of slacking until our allotted share of it is completed.

To the average boy and girl, office life is painted one of deadly routine and uninteresting figures. To those who have passed through Whitehill Upper School, such ideas are coupled inevitably with acquired, but none the less strong, views on "commercial English." I entered office life with those three ideas firmly fixed in my mind—and found them all wrong. There is certainly a basis of routine—as there is in school life—but it is by no means irksome. If you are wise, you evolve a little system of routine for yourself and so avoid a frantic rush at the last minute. I have found figures very interesting ever since I had to spend the best part of a day checking a month's entries to find a mistake of 10s. Believe me, I have a great interest in figures now, and treat them with high respect. On the views on business English, I should like to be allowed to say a few words. When I was called in to take down my first letter, I felt decidedly nervous. Thinking I knew what to expect, I saw in my mind the shorthand outlines for "Yours of the 20th inst.

to hand." I was really amazed at the letter I received. It was quickly and fluently dictated, and was a concise, well-constructed passage. Since then some hundreds of letters have passed through my hands, and my ideas of commercial English are very much altered.

The key note to success in business life, I should say, is concentration. Indeed, it is quite indispensable. I remember being hard put to it to work out some arithmetic in the quiet of the school-room. Now I have to add up great columns of £ s. d., with typewriters clattering at the other end of the room (but not far enough away), a telephone conversation being carried on, evidently of none too peaceful a nature, and perhaps a couple of clerks calling out and checking entries at the next desk. Who said office life was dull? I remember one of those little phrases I used to resort to quite frequently at school, "I forgot." The first time I used it in the office I was told very curtly that "my little forgetting had cost the boss more pounds than he cared to lose." That taught me that every little thing, no matter how apparently trivial, is important, and that to forget meant money.

And now, dear school, one little word of warning. I expect this letter will be put after the University letter, and I am conscious that office life cannot offer you the various social and sports clubs and other enjoyments to be had in University life. Yet, when hurrying to work in the morning, as Kipling wrote: "Comfort it is to say, 'Of no mean city am I'"; and it is quite satisfying to think that you are taking an active though perhaps small part in the business activities of this great city.

I must wish the magazine a very successful issue, and before relieving you from the boredom of this letter, express the hope that boys and girls of Whitehill will always be able to tell their employer, with a pride equal to my own, that they received their education in Whitehill Secondary School.

COMMERCE.

Rambling Reflections on the Rugby Match of the Year.

By "Layman."

The Rugby player is an amphibious animal! Such is the impression of a layman received at the game between the F.P. and the School fifteens. I have chosen my words with much care and deliberation, for Rugby players—at least those who play for Whitehill's 1st XV.—seem to move with equal facility on land and water, and their gestures and actions on the field certainly suggest to an imaginative mind nothing but animals—which animals I need not say, as that is a matter of personal opinion and would inevitably lead to much unpleasant controversy (to put it mildly)!

The ground was in its usual winter garb—a muddy expanse of grass, with the mud decidedly predominant, although it is only fair to say that without doubt the Rugby pitch at Craigend can boast of some grass, when not modestly concealed in the usual thick coating of mud. After seeing the field on that memorable Saturday afternoon, and after observing the players who were able to attend school on the following Monday, I have come to the conclusion that mud-baths for beautifying purposes are absolutely and entirely useless.

But in the eyes of the spectator (if these are not already bespattered with mud) is not Rugby an elevating and exciting game? How thrilling it is to watch 30 so-called human beings engaging in a full-blooded contest of mud-slinging, literally and metaphorically. When I say metaphorically, I mean in the language used by one player to his opponent. This language seems to be peculiar to the species of Rugby players, yet it provides the otherwise bored spectators with not a little amusement. One member of the school team in this particular game was especially loquacious and repeatedly gave vent to such weird yet suggestive utterings as “Clatter that red-haired toe-rag,” an authoritative translation of which was given to me by a fellow-spectator as, “tackle that gentleman with the auburn locks.”

As a student of the English language (may my sins be forgiven for such an utterance!), I was immensely interested to mark how a distinct language has developed and grown up round the ancient and honourable game of Rugby (with all due apologies to golf, tennis, football, and all other sports). There were many more weird expressions, which I was informed could not be translated into good English, and various other words I recognised as being somewhat akin to those used by golfers in extreme circumstances, but, as I am writing for the school mag., I shall not quote them for obvious reasons (the Editor has emphasised the need for something new and original).

But to my tale! The game was without incident but with the usual accidents. By the ferocious charges made by either side something seemed bound to happen, but alas and alack! the fates decreed that nothing really exciting should happen, and the only cheerful happenings were:—(1) three men maimed and injured, and (2) one nose burst. Incidentally, I may add that in connection with the last-mentioned trifling occurrence, if every rugby accident were to have a similar result as far as looks are concerned, I would advise beauty specialists to consider the addition of a rugby field to their premises.

The game was as fast and furious as the mud would permit, and expert opinion, flaunted around the touch-line, was that the players were “born tired,” a technical phrase connected with the game, no doubt. The school team kept a wonderfully good and steady position, so steady, indeed, that there was little noticeable movement in the home fields. The usual position of our players, like that of British champion boxers, seemed to be

reclining at ease, or as much at ease as the environment would allow. So fatigued did they finally become with the exertions of extricating themselves from the mud that they dropped prostrate on the ground on the slightest provocation, and covered themselves with glory and more mud! It struck the spectators with unbounded pity to watch some poor bedraggled creature in the midst of a heap of heroes, clothed in mud and what still remained of his official "togs," seeking to win their sympathy by putting on a wry face (to hide his own one) and painfully rubbing his assumed bruises until he discovers that he has been rubbing his opponent's face with mud,—by mistake, of course!

From my vivid description of the play I hope my readers will be able to follow the game and to get in touch with the atmosphere, hot as it was at times. Three words would serve to imprint the great scene in your mind's eye, and these are——

Mammals, Mud and Muddle!

S. O. S. (V.).

Necks.

Necks, besides being ornamental, have always been handy things. Apart from their inevitable usefulness in supporting our craniums on our shoulders, they have served, by time-honoured custom, as an excellent spot for the lopping-off of the said extremity.

Necks, however, do not receive the respect which they once had. Witness, for example, the difference between the slender, sinewy neck of the Greek statues and the creations of modern caricaturists—short, long, thick or thin, as fancy dictates.

An interesting pastime is neck-reading. For necks, like eyes, are a great index of character. They will tell you a person's occupation, habits, or home. Naturally, the best situation for this fascinating study is behind the "subject" in bus, tram, or concert.

Necks, then, fall into two universal classes—clean and dirty. Since the latter sort is not a subject in good taste, I shall gloss it over by merely remarking that it offers the widest scope for enthusiastic students.

The middle-aged butcher can be easily distinguished by the warm crimson colour of the folds of flesh which hang leisurely over the folds of his collar. Of similar nature but of lighter hue is the elderly business man's neck. Perhaps we may meet someone whose neck is obscured among the folds of a white bandage. If he is an acquaintance, he will turn his head cannily along with his body (incidentally sending a "whiff" of Sloan's Liniment in our direction) and say with sickly humour, "Ay, if you had a stiff neck, ye wad ken a' about it!"

In concluding, I shall say nothing of hard necks and brass necks, those being indefinable.

W. R. (IV. B.)..

The School Captain.

T. B. Frood.

Tom Frood: the name, crisp and unassuming, suggests its owner. His characteristics are so patent that even H. M. I., on a hurried visit recently to the school, saw in him the concrete embodiment of "the native hue of resolution." Throughout his school career he has combined with his prowess in athletics a reputation for integrity of character; he is one of those of whom it is said, "He will never let his side down."

His name has been closely associated with many of the school's activities. As a footballer he is supreme. He has been captain of the Intermediate School XI.; for two years he captained the Senior School XI. and played in the final of the Scottish Secondary School Shield in 1929. During the current session he coached and inspired our youngest hopefuls—the 4th Division team which won the Glasgow and District League Championship.

He is well known in football circles beyond the limits of the school; in 1928 he played for Glasgow Secondary Schools against London; twice he has played against Bradford and on the second occasion, in 1930, he captained Glasgow and led his team to victory. It is probably a pointer to his future career that he was chosen as reserve player for Scotland against Wales in the Amateur International of February last.

Since the inception of the School Cricket Club three years ago, Frood has been captain of the 1st XI. One has only to see him bat to realise the confidence which he inspires in less experienced players on his side. Again his reputation is not confined to the school: he has played regularly for Golfhill 1st XI. and has represented Glasgow Schools against Rowan's XI.

His prestige in athletics, which was further enhanced when last year he won the School Championship, and his name for sportsmanship made him an obvious choice for School Captain; right worthily he has fulfilled his duties. His influence with the juniors, exerted always unobtrusively, has been of great benefit to the tone and discipline of the school.

He leaves us this year, but there will remain a memory of what a school captain should be; and he carries with him, from scholars and staff, best wishes for future success.

Pursuit.

On and on he ran, rentlessly pursuing the great object in front of him. No matter how hard he ran, it always seemed to get farther and farther away from him. He was now puffing and blowing, sweat was streaming off his face, but still he pursued. At last, with a mighty effort, he jumped on his victim.

"Near thing, that!" he remarked to a friend, "If I had missed this bus I might have lost my job."

CLASS (I. G.a.).



SCHOOL CHAMPIONS AT CRAIGEND AFTER THE PRESENTATION OF PRIZES.
 Group, reading from left to right, Dr. W. J. Merry (Interim Headmaster), Miss F. Clibborn, Senior School Champion : Mrs. Rennie Archibald who presented the prizes, N. Munce, Junior School Champion, Mr. T. Nisbet (late Headmaster) retired : A. McDonald and G. Johnstone who tied for the Junior School Championship : and T. B. Frood, winner of the Senior School Championship for the second year in succession.

The School Sports.

The Annual School Sports Meeting was held at the School Sports Ground on Saturday, 30th May, before an exceptionally large attendance of pupils, past and present, "mammies and daddies," and "friends."

The weather was rather dull, but "Old Sol" occasionally looked in.

The Championship Events were the big numbers on the programme and they were keenly contested. T. B. Frood, the School Captain, for the second year in succession won the Senior Boys Championship. Tom had a grand aggregate of 23 points, which consisted of four firsts and one second. Perhaps his best effort was the dramatic finish to the half-mile.

The Girls' Senior Championship was won by F. Clibborn with nine points. A tie resulted in the Junior Boys Championship between G. Johnson and A. McDonald with 15 points each, while N. Munce easily won the Girls' Junior Championship.

A good sign generally for the school was the large entry from the "smaller fry," who provided some keen and interesting sport.

An innovation to the Sports this year was the presence of the pipe band. The selections were greatly appreciated by the crowd, and it was noticed that even the cows listened with rhythmic movements. Many of the fair maidens present "fell" rather heavily for the stalwart drum-major, but he didn't seem to be "having any."

The various members of the staff are to be congratulated on carrying out their duties during the afternoon. Our thanks are due to Dr. Scotland and Mr. Higgins for their excellent organisation.

Miss Monaghan and her bevy of "beauties" also deserve to be congratulated on the excellent arrangements and fare provided in the tea-room. Unfortunately, the good things were finished before some poor youths were fed.

The prizes were gracefully presented to the successful competitors by Mrs. Rennie Archibald.

Speeches, prize-giving, and cheering over, the great home-ward trek began. Everyone seemed happy, but tired, and it was amazing how many pairs and foursomes were in evidence along the Canal banks! All seemed to enjoy the day!

I. H. G. (VI.).

Out of the Past.

In some parts of the country there are still to be found David's Altars. On coming upon them unexpectedly, one has to stop and wonder how these stones were raised. The imagination can picture the altar, standing grim and forbidding, in the centre of a small amphitheatre, the half-clad barbarians yelling and howling round it, drowning the chanting of the ruthless priest, who, with uncombed and matted hair, cruel features and ragged clothes, has withal a crude air of dignity. One hears the agonised shriek of the victim waiting to be sacrificed to turn away the wrath of the gods. The victim is led forward bound, and laid upon the altar, the priest stands with arm upraised as if asking the gods to accept the sacrifice and be appeased. Suddenly there is the glitter of a knife as the sinking sun strikes it. The people are quiet now. Slowly the priest raises his arm, poises the knife, then plunges it downwards. Thus they gave their lives as sacrifices.

Even to-day those grim relics of the past seem to shed gloom and terror on their surroundings, and one cannot look at them without a feeling of awe, for there seems still to linger some of the dread with which these ancient people had regarded the altars.

N. R. (III. G.c.).

Dead Men's Nonsense.

Three men of York went forth one day
To see the world, they said
(Which was quite strange, considering
The three of them were dead).

The date was Anno Domini
Two thousand thirty-one;
The day was long, for men had found
A substitute for sun.

They met a man who had, it seemed,
some work—(which he enjoyed!)
He was the only man alive
Who wasn't unemployed.

The rest of the population
Kicked up great commotions;
In modern times one couldn't allow
Such "prehistoric notions."

"So this is how the world has gone
Since our shrouds held together."
They fumbled with their coffin lids,
And grumbled at the weather.

P. H. M. (III. G.b.).



The School Concert.

There is little excuse for those misguided people who declared that they did not know there was to be a School Concert. For a good month before the 19th February signs and portents were in the air. Trains of little ladies might have been observed in odd corners asking one another more or less musically, "Who's Dat a Calling?"; certain youths were noticed by several trustworthy witnesses to be adopting the leisurely swagger of 18th century dandies; and, daily, Register teachers drew the attention of the classes to the fact that 50 tickets had been thrust upon them for which the sum of £2, 10s. was wanted. Yes. There was no doubt about it; there was going to be a concert.

Then came the night. At 7 prompt the doors were opened and in streamed the audience. And stream they did! Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, boy-friends, girl-friends—every conceivable relationship, actual and potential, was represented. Those who came specifically to hear the concert crowded to the front of the hall, those who had other aims in view crowded to the back gallery. By 7.20 the hall was packed, but still the rush continued. It was at this time that a certain gentleman who had led the school to believe that the hall was going to be half empty was observed to be hiding behind a door marked "Strictly Private." How those late-comers were packed into seats only those who sat next to them can tell. But all discomfort was forgotten when, prompt to time, the choir trooped in with ankle-length frocks and permanently-waved hair. A minute later they stood to "The King." The Concert had started.

It would be unnecessary to particularise any items; the standard of performance was uniformly and consistently high. To be frank, the Concert was a revelation. We had no idea that we rubbed shoulders daily with embryo Paderewskis, Sybil Thorn-dikes, Anna Pavlovas, Carusos, Melbas, Alice Delysias and Charlie Chaplins. There was such variety that during the two-and-a-half hours the performance lasted there was not a single dull moment. It was only when Puff started "Rule Britannia" that we reluctantly had to admit that the Concert was finished.

There is no doubt that it will be long remembered. In the best sense of the term it was a jolly evening. And at this point a thought prompts itself. If we can have such a performance this year, why not the same next year? Does not Echo answer "Why not?" Decidedly she does. Let us therefore remember our motto, and, with the example of this year before us, endeavour to do even better next year. It will be difficult, but simply on that account it is worth trying.

WHITEHILL NOTES.

Former Pupils' Athletic Club.

The Athletic Club has just finished another season, which, from a playing point of view, has been a little better than previous years. The membership has, however, gone down considerably, especially in the Rugby Section, who were unable to fulfil their 3rd XV. fixtures owing to lack of players. The Hockey Section was again the most enthusiastic section of the club, and ran two elevens as usual with good results. The Association Football Section had a very good year, finishing fourth top of the league and reaching the third round of the West of Scotland Amateur Cup and the fourth round of the Scottish Amateur Cup. The club is still very weak numerically and must have more players, for competition for places in the teams would naturally improve the standard of play. The Committee will be after every boy and girl leaving school this year and hope they will see their way to carry on their athletic careers with the Former Pupils' Club.

W. H. WILKIE, Hon. Secy.

Whitehill School Club.

Many of you will soon pass from the portals of the school never more to return as pupils, to launch out into life's stormy waters (to quote the words of the poet) as prospective industrial magnates, politicians—or cinema stars.

Before bidding adieu, with a lump in your throat, to the inner walls of the substantial edifice, pause for a moment and reflect—remember the existence of the School Club that holds its meetings on alternate Friday evenings in the school during the winter months.

Our ancient and historic institution keeps an ever watchful eye on the interests of the pupils. But please do not mistake us; we are by no means old fogies—just ordinary human beings with a pickle of fun and nonsense just like yourselves. We have debates—not too highbrow; occasionally we have papers of general interest read to us, while entertainments and dances all find their place in our syllabus. Three dances are held during the session, two of these in the gymnasium, the first being held at the beginning of October, and these prove to be extremely popular at the modest charge of 2s. 6d., which is also our annual subscription—not at all extortionate, you will agree.

Some of you who read these notes will be future prize-winners. As you toddle forward to receive the due reward of your labours, please spare a thought to the Club that provides several of these prizes.

Some read the magazine from cover to cover, the more seriously minded have time for poetry only, but of those who do perchance glance over these notes, may we ask a favour? Yes? Will you please also draw the attention of your friends to them? Thank you!

We thank the editors for the space allotted to us.

F. V. McKAY, President.

D. S. CLIBBORN, Secretary,
46 Whitehill Street, E.1.

Football.

Throughout this season bad luck has attended us in the form of illness and injury to various members of the team. As a result we have been unable to field the same XI. in any two consecutive games, and have finished the season with only 10 points out of a possible 24. Six of these points were gained in our last four games, of which we won three, showing a decided improvement toward the close of the season.

Our Intermediate XI. have done much better, however. They topped their section of the league and, in the deciding games for the championship with St. Mungo's Academy, again came out on top, thus winning the championship shield. They are also to be congratulated on their fine achievement in reaching the semi-final stage of the Scottish Shield, in which they fell to St. Mungo's Academy by three goals to one.

The younger lads in the Elementary XI. also deserve our praise for their creditable performance in winning their league championship.

In the representative games Whitehill was again seen. J. Carslaw played against London at London, while D. Clynes and P. Buchanan played against Lanarkshire, in which game Buchanan had the honour of scoring the winning goal for Glasgow.

Scottish Secondary School Intermediate Shield—Semi-final Tie.

Whitehill Intermediate XI. v. St. Mungo's Academy.

Whitehill lost the toss and were set to face a slight wind. They could not adapt themselves to the hard ash pitch. St. Mungo settled quickly and soon were two goals up, due entirely to lapses in defensive play on the part of the Whitehill rearguard. Before half-time the leeway was reduced to one and thus the score stood when half-time arrived. The result was a true reflex of the first half. Whitehill restarted in a more business-like manner. They did most of the pressing, but St. Mungo broke away and restored their two-goal margin. This disheartened the school and from then till the end St. Mungo's were on the aggressive. The result, 3-1 in favour of St. Mungo, rather flattered them. Whitehill had their revenge later when they twice defeated St. Mungo by 2-1 and 3-1 in the league decider.

Presentation of Shield to Elementary XI.

At the end of April a very pleasant ceremony took place in the School Hall. A number of the Junior School had assembled to witness the presentation of the Shield to the School Elementary XI. by Mr. R. S. McIntosh, one of our teachers who is President of the Glasgow and District Schools Football League. In the season's games our team gave a consistently brilliant display, winning 15 out of 16 games played. The remaining match was lost by one goal scored from a penalty kick. Mr. Bennet, of John Street, a member of the Executive Committee of the above Association, was also present at the ceremony. Mr. McIntosh, in an exceptionally fine speech, presented the Shield to the School team, congratulating them on their fine performance and wishing them many similar successes in the future. Dr. Merry accepted the Shield in the name of the School. He also congratulated the boys and expressed his sorrow that Mr. Nisbet was not there to accept the Shield, at the same time expressing his own good fortune in being accorded such a privilege. The meeting was brought to a close with three hearty cheers to the victorious team.

Rugby.

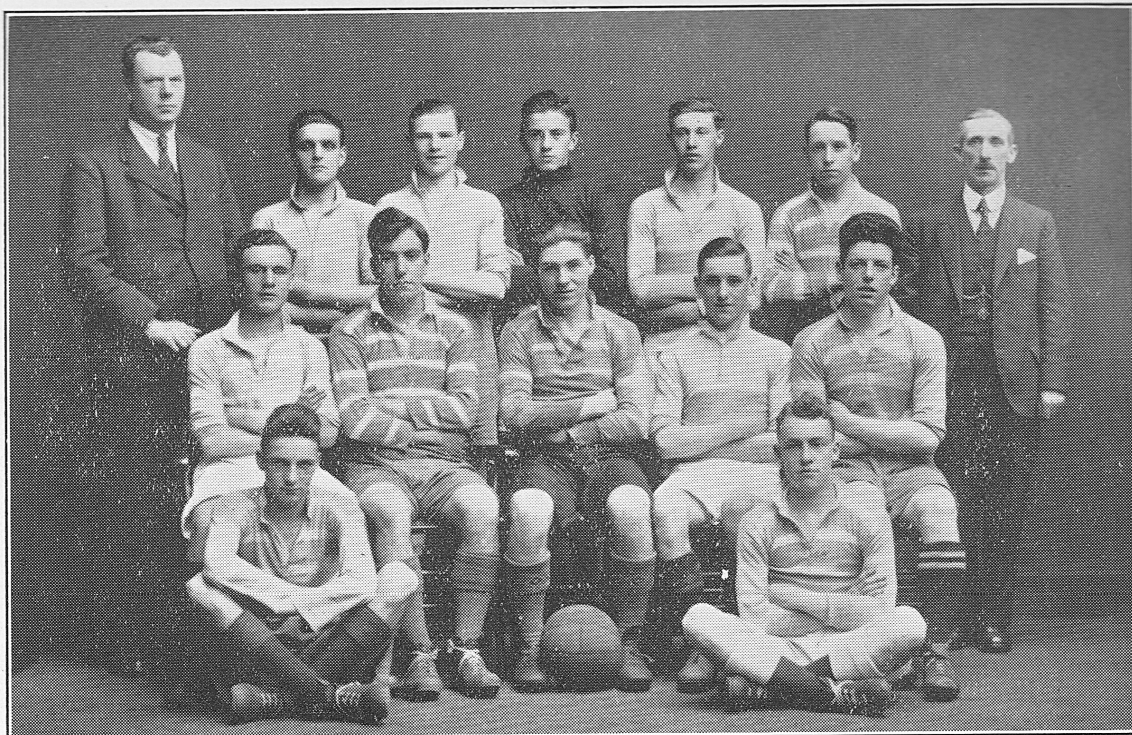
In the second half of the season only four games were played, the others being put off owing to the weather. Two of these games were lost and the other two won. At the end of the season we had a great game with the former pupils. It resulted in a win of 9-6 for the F.P.'s.

The 2nd XV. and 3rd XV. had a good season. In the second half both teams only lost one game. This is very gratifying. The 4th XV. were even more successful in winning all their games. They beat Glasgow Academicals Juniors by 21-0. Versus Albert Road they won 15-3. All the credit is due to Mr. M'Murray, whom we thank for his interest in the Juniors and for the formation of the 3rd and 4th XV.'s.

The season as a whole was successful. A special appeal is made to the Juniors to start playing **rugby**. Results have shown that they are as good as those of other schools. Come up to Craighend any Saturday next season. Mr. M'Murray will soon have you in a team.

Juniors, play **rugby** next season!

J. F., Hon Secy.



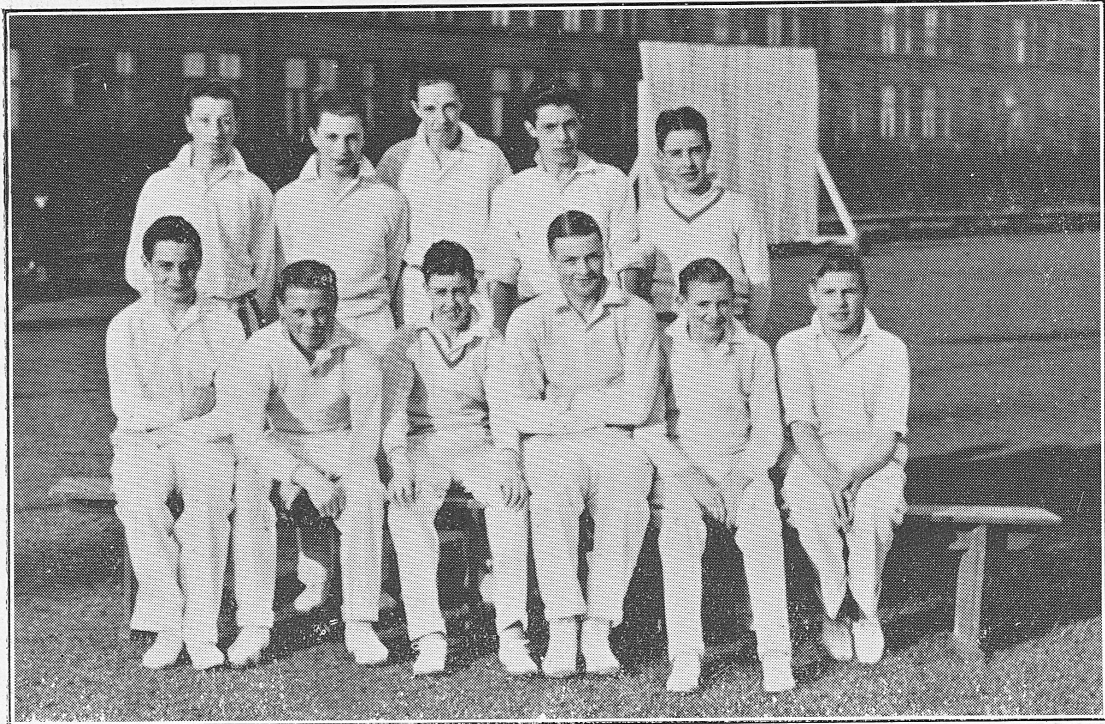
Dr. Merry, W. Hill, J. Dunlop, N. Laing, A. Black, R. Moore, Mr. R. S. M'Intosh
C. Halley, D. G. Hanton, H. Smith, *Captain*, J. Scott, J. Fisher
D. M'Gregor J. Carslaw

FOOTBALL—SENIOR XI.



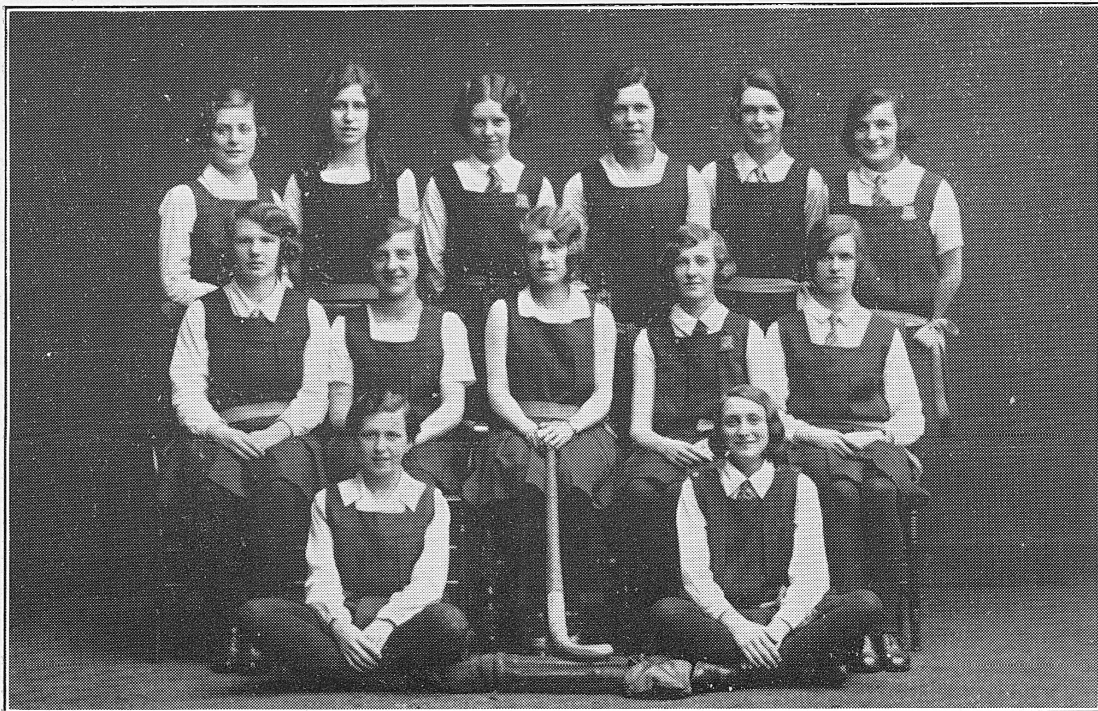
Mr. A. G. Twaddell, A. M'Kay, D. Manson, S. Service, A. Macdonald, Mr. M'Intosh
T. Weir, P. Buchanan, D. Clyne, *Captain*, J. Goldie, J. W. Anderson
J. M'Gowan J. Weir

INTERMEDIATE XI.—LEAGUE WINNERS.



J. Bicket, J. Hutchison, W. S. M'Crorie, M. M'Lean, E. H. Motherwell
I. S. Munro, J. Marshall, R. Motherwell, T. B. Frood, J. W. Anderson, J. Barton.

CRICKET XI.



R. Taylor, J. M. Revie, W. Edgar, J. Blyth, S. Wright, P. Tait
H. Hislop, F. Clibborn, S. D. Wood, K. Miller, J. Byth
J. Perston E. Anderton

HOCKEY XI.

Cricket.

In spite of the loss of several of their best players, the School 1st XI. have been more successful this year than they were last year. So far, the team has scored good victories over Dalziel High School, Hamilton Academy, Greenock Academy, and Jordanhill School. They have been defeated by Hutcheson's Grammar School and Hillhead High School. From the latter game they derived much credit as they lost to a strong team by only six runs.

While Tom Froud is still the best batsman in the team, he has received more support this year from the others. M. M'Lean has greatly improved and is now a very dependable scorer. His innings of 40 not out against Hutcheson's is the best performance of the season. The unorthodox hitting of Ian Munro has also earned many valuable runs.

M. M'Lean has been the best of the bowlers. His good length and off-break have taken many wickets. Ian Munro has on occasion been very successful. Against Hutcheson's he took nine wickets for 32 runs.

The remainder of the team are undistinguished except for their fielding. This has always been good. The wicket-keeping of J. Marshall has reached a very high standard for school cricket.

T. B. Froud, our captain, is to be congratulated on his being chosen for Glasgow Schools XI. to play Rowan's XI.

Hockey Notes.

The Hockey section of the Sports Club has had a very successful season. The 1st XI. especially have done well by winning most of their games, and the 2nd XI. have also played well. The most enjoyable match was, as usual, the one played against the teachers on 7th May. Although the rain tried to stop the game, the players refused to postpone the match, and everyone was pleased with the result—a draw. Another interesting event was the seven-a-side tournament in which all the players surpassed themselves. In the final the 5th and 6th year team beat the 4th year by one goal.

At a meeting of the Club members, the following were elected for next year:—F. Clibborn, Captain; J. Byth, Vice-Captain; S. Wright, Secretary.

It is hoped that next year a 3rd XI. may be formed. If the membership increases as it has done during this year, and the good standard of play is maintained, other matches may also be arranged. We wish you every success during next season.

J. M. R., Secy.

Golf.

The Golf Club has had a very successful season, but the number of members was not what it might have been. We have to hand a challenge received from Hyndland School which has been accepted. We intend issuing challenges to other schools before the end of the session, and hope to do well.

We suffered an overwhelming defeat in the annual match with the staff, the result being $19\frac{1}{2}$ points to $4\frac{1}{2}$ in favour of the teachers. The weather was fine and the course in good condition, and everyone voted it a very fine outing.

Our golfing season, of course, is just at its height, with competitions in full swing, and others still to take place, and the results will be known before long.

J. M., (Secy.)

Swimming Notes.

It is not often that virtue is rewarded. And yet, two of our most faithful Club supporters won the Sports' Swimming Events. Nettie Munce carried off the honours of the 50 yards swim, while Thelma Smith won the Senior Championship. Thelma is a treasure. She has distinguished herself in other ways. This is the first time we have had a Teacher's Certificate award in our midst, and Thelma, as its holder, drills beginners and life-savers most efficiently. The "Prep." contingent is enthusiastic, and breadths of achievements are fast becoming lengths.

Whitehill Festival Choir.

Although Whitehill Festival Choir was not successful against Grangemouth and Jordanhill Choirs in the Premier Class at the recent Glasgow Festival, they came through the ordeal creditably and gained a first class certificate. Dr. Staton gave the adjudication, and from his own manuscript we were able to decipher the following criticism of the Choir:--

"A. Good Balance. Tone of great appeal. Very shapely phrasing and well graded tone. Sensitive swells. A restful final chord. F sharp a little under pitch. We might have given more tonal climax.

"B. Tripping start. Hold final long note. Final passage not quite clearly stencilled. A little more rhythmic and facial joy and the work of this choir would be first class."

The School Choir.

The concert passed off happily and, I hear, successfully. As a result £60 fell to be divided. Of this £10 went to the Necessitous Children's Holiday Fund; £42 to the School Sports Fund; and the remainder to the three societies who provided the amusement. I would thank all who assisted us, and would especially mention Mr. Higgins and Dr. Scotland, who were most generous in their labours for us.

The Dramatic Club.

On 19th February the Club took part in the School Concert held in the City Hall, giving the last scene of Sheridan's play, "The Critic." Although it was difficult to act and to be heard in so large a hall, the players stood well up to the strain and the play passed off without a hitch. It was a matter for congratulation that the combatants in the duel came out of it unscathed, although that was probably the part the audience enjoyed most!

The Club hopes to give two plays in the Gymnasium on Wednesday and Thursday, 24th and 25th June, at 3 p.m. As the space in the Gymnasium is limited, certain classes will be selected and the audience drawn from them. Gym shoes will be necessary.

J. C. W.

Literary and Debating Society.

The Society has just brought to a close a very successful session. Attendances on the whole have been fairly good and the new departures, namely, "Trial by Jury" and a "Lantern Lecture," have received well-merited support.

At the closing meeting S. O. Stewart (VI.) was elected Hon. Secretary and Myra Tracey (V.) Hon. Treasurer for session 1931-32. It is to be hoped that they will be given every assistance in their new duties.

The School Library.

The Library Committee wish to draw attention to the following recent additions of up-to-date books:—

- C71. "Apollo," by S. Reinach. An illustrated history of Art of European fame.
- D113. "Little Biographies"—Rowbotham. Seven short studies of great names; e.g., Galileo, Newton, Mme. Curie.
- O68. "The Apple Cart"—G. B. Shaw.
- R86-88. "Cyclopædia of English Literature"—Chambers. A most valuable work of reference.
- Those who read French will find both interesting and helpful, a series of French text-books, T15-T20.
- T20. "Géographie de la France."
- T15. "Cours Abrégé d' Histoire."
- T16-T19. Cover the ground of French and European History from the Middle Ages to 1850.
- Several volumes by G. A. Henty have also been placed in the junior library.

W. H. M.



Dr. Merry, G. Boyter, R. Stevenson, A. Souter, G. Strang, T. B. Frood
 R. Govan, J. Moir, M. Sinclair, G. Bowie, W. Miller, W. Munsie
 J. Beattie, *Captain* D. Panton

ELEMENTARY XI. (LEAGUE CHAMPIONS).



The Trials of Roderick Dhu.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu
 As up the Gallowgate he flew;
 He stepp'd into a barrel of tar
 When trying to board a tramway car.

His face grew purple, his eyes bloodshot,
 He looked as though he'd been put on the "spot";
 No wonder he called on the saints above—
 He was going to visit his ain true love.

The kilt was sticking close as glue,
 The tartan was now of an unknown hue,
 While far and near the ladies did weep:
 Roderick, look at your dirty feet.

School Savings Association.

With the commencement of the new session, the Savings Association will be carried on in conjunction with the Glasgow Savings Bank. The main advantage will be that members will have the option of purchasing a Savings Certificate when their contributions reach 16s., or of continuing their contributions till they reach £1, when the sum will be transferred to their account in the Savings Bank. The Association will thus meet the requirements of those who desire to save smaller amounts which can be easily withdrawn when required, as well as those who wish to gain full advantage from the larger rate of interest payable on Savings Certificates. The arrangements next session will be under the charge of Mr. Munro, who will be pleased to supply further information.

A. O.

Golf Match.

Masters v. Boys.

Round this annual event centres, we are told, some of the pleasantest memories (and some of the best stories) of our former pupils. The rendezvous this year was Bonnyton Moor, and with high hopes of miraculous scores we set off on the morning of the Election Holiday (19th May) by bus from Great Clyde Street. When we arrived at the course the wind was blowing freshly and there was some talk of ball control being difficult; to most of us, however, it must be confessed, ball control was no more difficult—and no more easy—than on any other day.

We were sixteen-a-side, and the boys expected that with such a large number playing, some of the old scores might be paid off; that formidable half-dozen of scratch and low handicap players among the teachers might well be off-set by another half-dozen further down the list. Alas for the hopes!

The masters won $19\frac{1}{2}$ matches and the boys $4\frac{1}{2}$.

But we have added at least one to our memorable list of stories. Mr. Andrew Donaldson, playing for the masters, struck consternation to the heart of his opponent by holing out at the twelfth in one—an expensive achievement. This was the same hole that Mr. M'Crae also did in one a few years ago.

And our memories. Some of the pluckiest players amongst the boys were from the Preparatory and the First and Second Years. As fortune fell, these youngsters were paired with perhaps the most massive of the opponents. Many tried to hit the apt comparison—Goliath and David, Gulliver and Lilliputian, Falstaff (lording the green earth) and his Page.

Lastly, as we left the course, exhilarated by our day in the open, we met the ubiquitous Italian. Who will ever forget the sight of our staid masters, some of whom obviously and audibly made their first acquaintance with those refectons of the young generation—Piccadillies and Nougat Wafers?

STOP PRESS.

On going to press we learn of the appointment of our new Headmaster, Mr. ROBERT M. WEIR, B.A. (Hons. London). We welcome him most heartily in the name of the school to his new position. One of the chief features of our next number will be an article on our Principal.