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# Whitehill School Magazine.

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No. 35.

Summer 1937

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**Editors:**

JAMES RILLIE  
MAY MOFFAT

**Committee:**

WM. MACEWAN  
WIN. SOUTHERN

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## MEDALS AND PRIZES.

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### **Dux and Henderson Memorial Prize—**

ALEXANDER BUCHAN.

### **War Memorial Prize and MacFarlane Gamble Prize—**

MARY KETER and JOHN A. M. RILLIE (Equal).

### **War Memorial Medals—**

English—JOHN A. M. RILLIE.

Mathematics—MARY KETER.

Latin and French—JANE GARVAN.

French and German—GEORGE D. HODGKINSON.

Science—T. D. VEITCH LAURIE.

Art—AGNES SINCLAIR.

### **Crosthwaite Memorial Prizes, Latin—**

Senior—(1) JANE GARVAN.

(2) JOHN RILLIE.

Junior—(1) JAMES MARSHALL (III. B.a.).

(2) JANETTE CONNELL (III. G.a.).

### **Dux Intermediate Course—**

JAMES MARSHALL (III. B.).

### **Corporation Drawing Competition—**

HUGH RILLIE, Hon. Silver Medal.

WILLIAM BOWER, Bronze Medal.

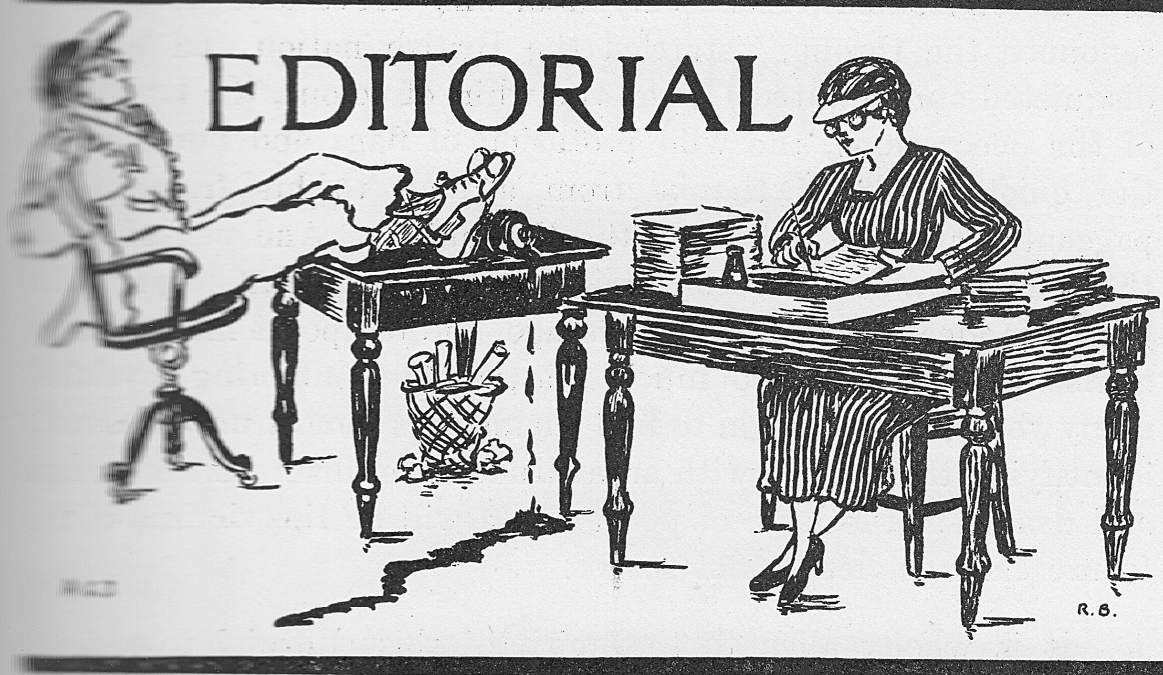
JOHN L. SHAW, Bronze Medal.

WILLIAM MILNE, Commended.

### **University Blues—**

ALEXANDER PATERSON, - Swimming.

WILLIAM SCOTT, - Association Football.



AFTER many failings of heart and through much "sick uncertainty" we have emerged triumphant to offer you the flowering of the School's literary efforts. And we are confident in the hope that your appreciation will be an ample reward for the toil which has been spent by those in charge of the Magazine.

The comparison of the artistic achievements of successive years is a difficult task. Chiefly perhaps because the standard is often set by some determining article, which raises the others by the strength of its inspiration. Since the publishing in the 1934 issue of some very beautiful verses, the level has become undeniably higher. The expression of the lyrical mind has definitely come into its own. That it will be maintained is for our successors to decide, but there has been established an ideal that is worth striving for.

When there is a dearth of living ideas, superficiality is inevitable. There is a universality in all great writing that has its foundation in genius, and such universality is attained only when the writer is in touch with the ideas of his time. Is it surprising, then, that since this Magazine shows so clearly the imprint of Modernity, there should be such excellence, comparatively speaking, of course?

What is most surprising is the total absence of any reference to the kaleidoscopic series of events which we have witnessed within those two years. "The King's life is ebbing to its close," words which saddened the world and plunged a nation into grief.



The announcement, "It is my final and irrevocable decision to renounce the throne," startled the British nation and left her disquieted and agitated. Then the whirl of colour, the lavishness of the decorations, the wild profusion of flags and bunting and the quiet words of thanks from a man to his friends, the pageantry and the pathos of the Coronation. And behind it all the sense of a grave world crisis. Youth has been swept so far from the idealism of a few years ago, the tempo of international crisis has quickened so much that, amid conflicting loyalties, many young people begin to find themselves almost unconsciously identifying themselves with an attitude of fatalism that is foreign and deadly to the hope of peace. We will be the victims of the future carnage, let us not forget.

It is wholly alien to the spirit of this editorial to restrict itself to a policy, or to the preaching of a moral, but we believe we are not acting outside our domain in calling attention to what are or should be matters which decide the formation of the character of our youth and the future felicity of our generation.

With those words, readers, we take our leave of you, and hand on our responsibility to your future Editors, Ella Lamb and George D. Hodgkinson.

May you all have the happiest of holidays, long spells of lazy, well-contented peace lying in the warmth of a blazing sun, and large numbers of undiscovered gems of Wodehouse wit. Could you wish for more?

YOUR EDITORS.

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### **STANLEY BRODIE.**

We deeply regret the passing of a very recent former pupil—Stanley Brodie. His teachers and companions alike will cherish a fragrant memory of a quiet and unassuming young sportsman, whose every thought and action was in keeping with the best traditions of the School. Whilst we feel the inadequacy of words to carry our deep sense of personal sorrow, we would ask Mrs. Brodie and family to accept this heartfelt tribute to his memory as a token of our deep sympathy for them in their irreparable loss.

# SCHOOL NOTES

Thanks are due to Mr. Geo. MacBriar for his two generous gifts to the School—a flag-pole for Craigend and a trophy for the boys. He is very good to us and we want him to know that we appreciate his kindness very much.



Thanks also to the School Club for its fine gift of a School Bag.

There have been many changes in our Staff this last year and we wish all those who have left it success in their new posts, and to those who have joined us we extend a hearty welcome.

Miss Goldie, who has gone to Hillhead, has been replaced by Miss Wilson. Miss Cassels left us to be married and we hope that she is making every success of her new "career." Her successor is Miss McLintock, a former pupil of Whitehill. Queen's Park has claimed Miss Kemp, and Miss Murray has been appointed in Miss Shand's place.





WORK AND PLAY.



## STRATFORD-ON-AVON TRIP.

WHAT a pleasure we found it at Easter to leave Whitehill behind and turn our thoughts to our forthcoming tour of England, with Stratford-upon-Avon as our headquarters. The sexes were divided in the ratio of 17 to 1, but that did not prevent the boys having an enjoyable time.

We spent the first night in Chester, but that was all we spent there. The next morning being Sunday, and Easter Sunday at that, we thought it advisable to go to church, and so 10 a.m. found us seated in Chester Cathedral endeavouring to understand the very involved English High Church Service which was being enacted. We all found it extremely difficult to follow the service in the Liturgy, and so it wasn't surprising that we managed to arrive in Stratford just too late for the evening service.

The towns we visited—Chester, Stratford, York, Oxford, Warwick, Leamington Spa, and Birmingham—were all unlike anything we have in Scotland and so we always found interesting things to see, from Druid Circles to Tudor Houses; from fourteenth century bridges and authentic wooden "stocks" to the striking modernity of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. Most interesting of all was Warwick with its magnificent castle, in which we saw many priceless historical relics, including Cromwell's Death Mask, which reposes in the castle's haunted room, enhancing its supernatural atmosphere. We had it impressed upon us that Leamington Spa is world famous for its mineral waters, but if taste counts for anything, it should have been "infamous."

During the whole journey we were kept well informed regarding the interesting things to look out for. At one point, someone remarked, "We are now passing a brewery." Quick as a flash came the reply, "WHY?"

It is impossible to enumerate here the many pleasant experiences and interesting sights we had during our six days' holiday. Just let me mention that every minute was full and that throughout we had good food, perfect accommodation and excellent guides.

In conclusion, I'd like to take this opportunity of again thanking personally Miss Wilson, Miss Bell, and Miss MacLulich for their kind supervision; and of expressing the hope that those going to Dinard will have just as enjoyable a time as we had at Stratford.



## THE STRATFORD TRIP.

A beautiful sunny morning, a new and colourful bus, everybody happy, everything pointing to a marvellous trip. We passed through the coal-mining district, the Lanarkshire upland and through the Lead Hills, our first stop being Lockerbie where we had tea and scones. Passing over the Border we saw the famous blacksmith's at Gretna Green. The Lake District was awe-inspiring with the shimmering lakes and snow-capped mountains. We passed through Liverpool before entering the Mersey Tunnel. For the first night we stayed in the quaint old-fashioned town of Chester, proceeding thence on Sunday afternoon to Stratford-upon-Avon.

On Monday morning we visited the haunted Warwick Castle, Leamington and Kenilworth. In the evening after seeing the sights of Stratford we attended "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. Tuesday dawned bright and sunny, and we were taken to view the Colleges of Oxford, whilst in the evening we saw the tragedy of "King Lear." Wednesday was another lovely day. In brilliant sunshine we made a tour of Bournville and Cadbury's factory, where we spent a very enjoyable forenoon. At six o'clock we left Stratford for York, after seeing "As You Like It," and arrived very late, all quite willing to get into bed.

Thursday morning saw us at York Minster, and after morning coffee, we started on the last stage of our trip. We stopped at Chollerford for lunch and then a little further on at Chester Roman Camp. Agricola's road, which we then passed over, was very irregular and had apparently been blocked with snow. The view from Carter Bar was wonderful. We stopped for a little at the different Abbeys and then at Galashiels for high tea. On the last stage everyone was sleepy, and it was not long before we were collecting our luggage at the School.

C. A. C. (II. G.c.).

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# MRS. J. COOPER

HIGH-CLASS

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Fruiterer



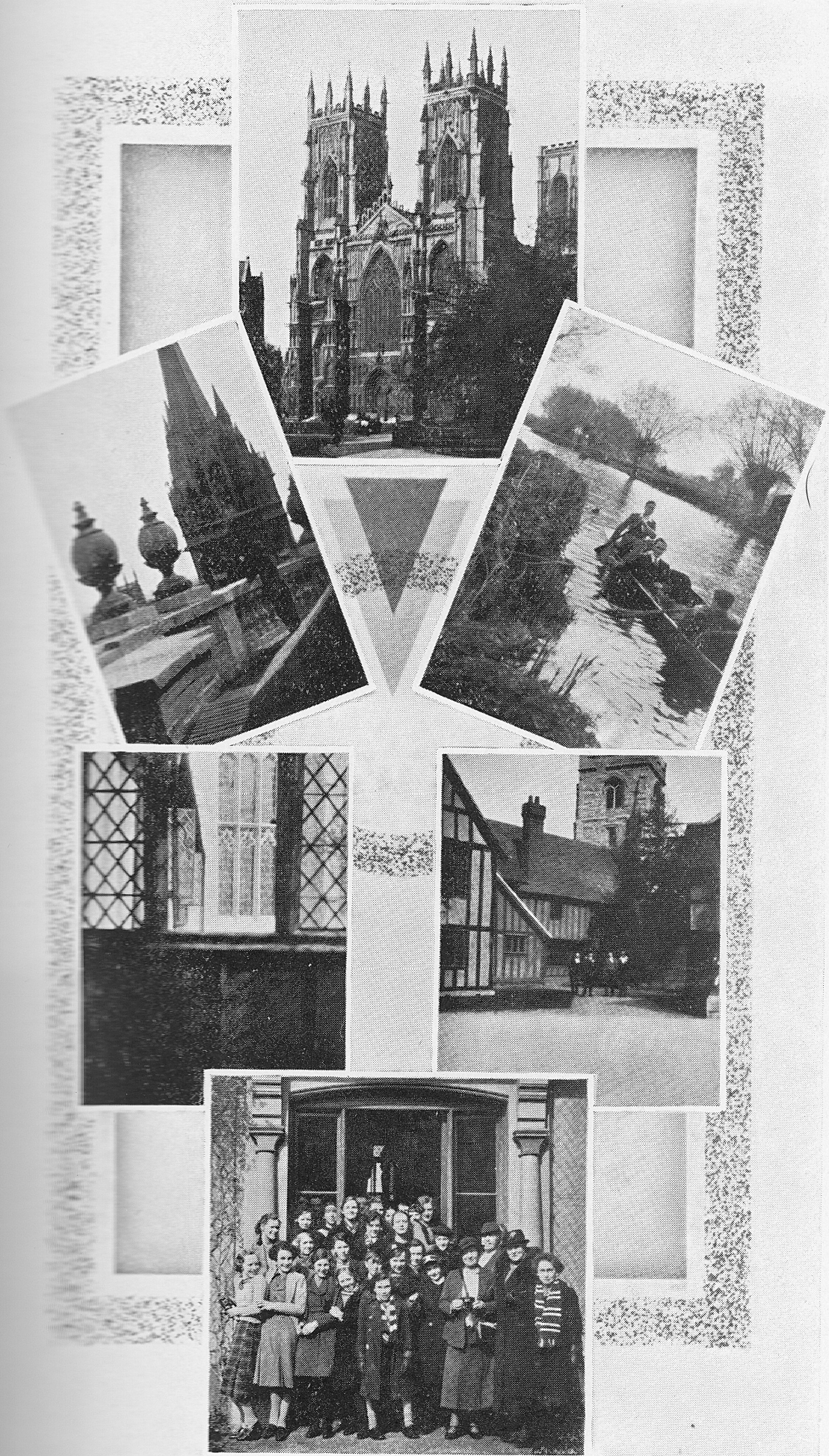
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Florist

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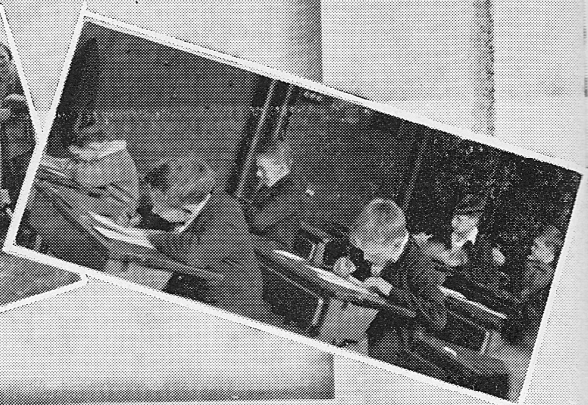
ORDERS CALLED FOR AND PROMPTLY DELIVERED.

21 WHITEHILL STREET :: DENNISTON



SOME EASTER SNAPS.





WORK AND PLAY.



## JUST AN INCIDENT.

A SKY which had been overcast all morning was rapidly becoming darker and more threatening. There was an ominous note in the boom of the waves as they burst on the rocks in a cloud of spray.

Everyone was in the harbour, for the fleet had just returned after a week's fishing behind Arran. The crew of each boat was sorting out their nets and hanging them on the high wooden stands to dry.

A short, well-built man, his face tanned by the weather, crossed over the rough shingle to one of the small, tarred boats which dotted the beach. With an agility which belied his sixty years, he dragged it down to the water's edge and, pushing it out into the surf, he scrambled over the stern. Following the custom of the retired fishermen of the village, he kept lobster creels on the rocks beyond the harbour mouth. Rowing strongly against the incoming water, he passed the breakwater and went out of sight of those on the shore.

A fishwife from the top of the brae, which sloped down to the harbour, watched idly McCrindle's struggle with the waves. The wind was coming in short, sharp gusts, and the little street was deserted and quiet. It would be heavy work out there pulling against that sea.

The little boat tossed crazily, stood on end as a huge wave caught her bows, and suddenly overturned.

"McCrindle's in the watter! He's in the watter, McCrindle!" Her shrill voice stirred the street to life. Doors opened and showed, bare-headed women crowded down to the shore.

The fishermen dropped everything and ran along the shore in the direction which she pointed.

Several loosened a boat and, jumping in, began to row out to sea, while the rest rushed over the rocks to the water's edge.

McCrindle was clinging to his upturned boat with one hand and trying to propel himself to the shore with the other. The waves were tossing the boat about like a cork, and the fishermen, fearing lest it might be thrown on his head, shouted to him to let go and swim for it. But he persisted in retaining his hold.

The womenfolk stood by, silent, anxiety written on all of their faces. Thus they had stood many times before watching the grim struggle for life between the sea and their men-folk.

By his own efforts and the shoreward surge of the waves he was borne nearer land, where eager hands grasped him and pulled him ashore. The boat which had set out to his rescue, seeing the danger was over, put back into harbour.

McCrindle gazed ruefully at his wet clothes, looked up at the anxious faces and smilingly assured them that he was perfectly all right.

A mere incident. Just another of many such incidents in the life of the fisherfolk. But to the stranger, a thrill never to be forgotten.

IGNOTUS (IV.).



## RUINS v. BRUINS.

**E**VEN in these days of Societies for the Preservation of Ruins, it is not usual to find a set of "Ruins" in such a state of preservation as those belonging to our own School. We of the Senior School can now look with pride on the team of "Ruins" we have done so much to preserve. Boys and girls of the Lower School, take heed that you uphold the traditions of those who have gone before. This team of "Ruins," taken from the Staff, play any game, from Hockey to Cricket and Tennis, well, but not too wisely!

The reasons for this article are: (1) the Match which took place at Craighend on the 3rd May, between the Staff Team (Ruins) and the School 1st Hockey Eleven (rather aptly named the Bruins) and (2) the series of notices, in the School Hall, which preceded it. Several days before the match, the first of these appeared. It was the handwork of our own Commercial Artist and Lithographer, Mr. Reid, who made a name for himself with such pithy descriptions of some of the Ruins as—

Miss Foster: "a buttress."

Miss Hood: "a well-preserved Ruin."

Mr. Millar: "not so dusty."

Mr. Duncanson: "sound with wind and limb."

Mr. Hollinsworth: "a holy terror."

Mr. Bell: "Jingle Bell."

It was a brilliant day, almost oppressively warm; the canal shone like a shield of burning metal, deepest blue (?), and the fields quivered in the heat. Inspired by the weather and Mr. Reid's notices, we turned out in force to witness the combat, and by the end of the game there was still more than half of us remaining.

After a long half-hour of waiting the teams appeared,—the Bruins with their Gym tunics and bright blue sashes, and the Ruins in a varied assortment of sports-outfits. The centre-forwards paused and posed for the School Photographer-in-Chief, Mr. MacGregor; thereafter the whistle blew and the game began. The first goal was scored by the Staff, and was soon followed by another, and another, and another, till at half-time the score stood at 4 to 1 against the School. But the Ruins' bad policy of going all out in the first half was to tell on them later, for at half-time they were badly in need of the refreshments served out, and in the common delight of oranges and

lemons all temporary enmities were forgotten, and the players lay down thankfully to recover.

In the second half, however, the opposing sides really earned their names, for the Staff, who had spent most of their energy in the first half, were now merely the ruins of their former selves and the First Eleven, who had been timid before, began to pull round and pile up the score.

When the score reached 6 all, the referee, Mr. Reid, decided that in spite of the uproarious game played by the Ruins, the School had played a worthier game and well deserved to win. Time was up with the score still at 6 all, but he hung on, waiting till another goal would be scored for the School. Unhappily, this was not forthcoming, for the ball was soon carried in front of the School's goal. So he did the only decent thing,—he blew his whistle; then he took to his heels, with the Ruins in hot pursuit. How Mr. Reid tore up that field! Oh, boy! And how the Ruins tore after him! We were surprised at such a display on the part of our teachers, but perhaps they are only human after all. In any case, we would like to congratulate Mr. Reid on his superb working knowledge of the temperament of his colleagues.

*Isabel Hill. V*

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### **PARDON ME, JOYCE.**

I think that I shall never see  
A lady lovely as Marie.

Marie whose lonely mouth is prest  
To mine. I hold her to my breast.

Marie who looks to me all day,  
And I lift weary hands to pay.

Marie, that may in summer wear  
A robin's nest upon her hair,

Rewards me with a smile for paying.  
"Let me stump up" she's always saying.

Poems are made by fools like me:  
The de'il alone could make Marie.

*Rillie*

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Teacher: "Johnny, I'm really surprised at you. Do you know any more stories like that?"

Johnny: "Yes, teacher."

Teacher: "Well, stay behind when the class has gone."



## ON A NEW HAT.

The mirror reflects my new hat. It has beautiful flowers on it and it reminds me of Spring. How wise—to have a Spring hat on a Spring morning. Outside in the garden every single thing is struggling for life. The pale, tender blades of grass are pushing their way into the world to bedeck the lawn. The crocuses, like tiny flames, are lighting up the meadow, and inside those speckled eggs there are the future songsters of the garden, longing for the time when they will crack their fragile prisons and tell the world, in song, how delightful it is to be alive and to be young.

It fits me perfectly. Not a bit too tight nor a shade too large. Only does it rest like a cloud about my head,—a cloud of dreams. It has brought me Spring and it has made me happy. As I walk along the road, I feel it like a shaft of sweetness or pain or of something about me, only it is a feeling too abstract to be moulded into words.

It is making me vain! I am thinking if the colour will match my eyes or if that wispy curl is **just** right. That has spoiled it. Who wishes to be vain in Springtime? Who desires to think about one's silly eyes when there is such excitement and beauty in the gardens and the meadows and in every conceivable corner of the fields? Still, I cannot dispel this vanity from my silly head.

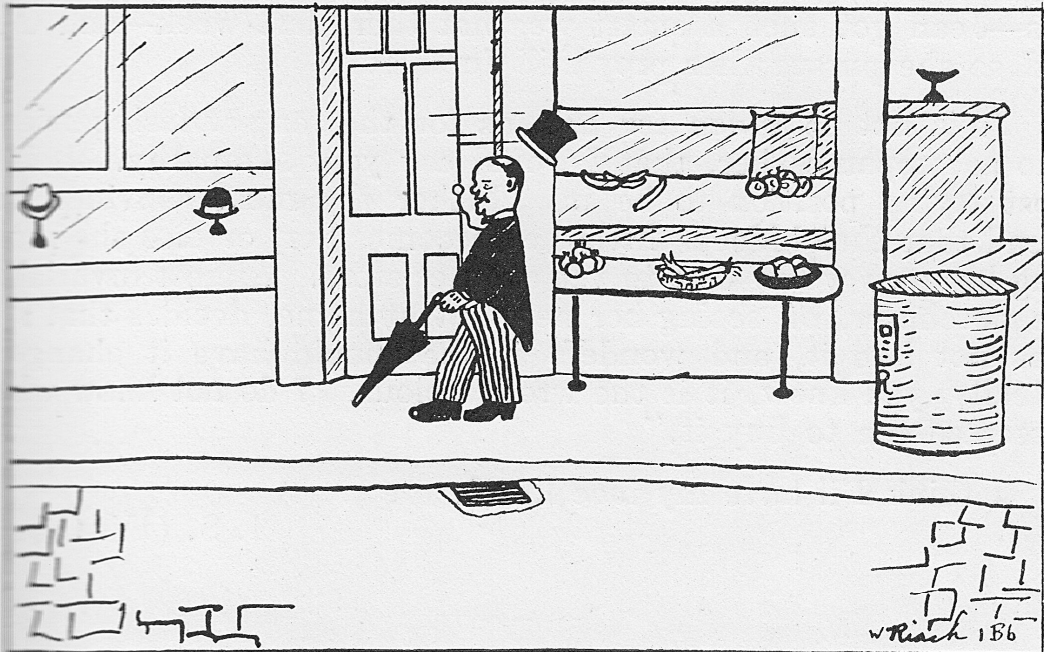
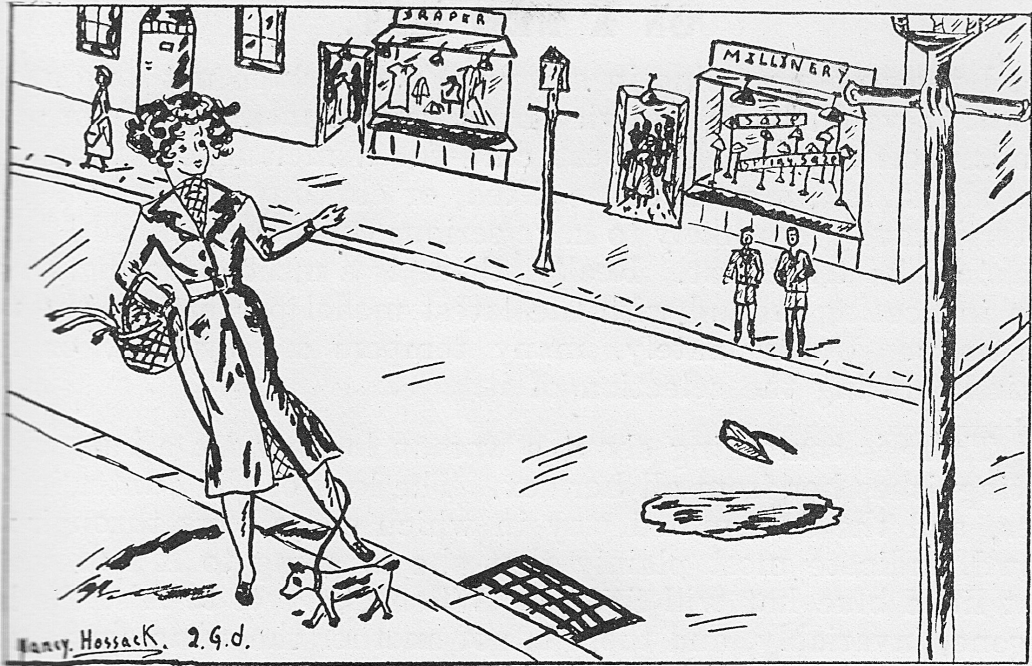
Swish!—that was a Spring breeze and it has tossed my hat away—away—into a pond!

I chase it, and on the bank I sit and gaze at what **was** a hat. The flowers have lost their beautiful colour and look sad and dejected sailing along in the cool clear water, making little ridiculous patches of dye in the water as they sail. The ribbon, too, has lost its glamour. It does not look quite so well, entangled in those weeds. And the ducks are laughing at it—this sad ruin of a bygone vanity, and every Spring perfume mocks it and the eggs have broken but the babies are not interested in my poor, once lovely hat.

I am left to trail home without it. It inspired Spring, but the inspiration brought about its ruination, or was it my stupid vanity that provoked some impish breeze to whip it from my head and to fling it disdainfully into the middle of a duck pond? Who knows and who cares?

W. D. (IV. G.)

THE NEW HAT.





## ON A NEW HAT.

I remember reading in a woman's magazine not long ago, I expect it would be in "Advice from your Aunt Agatha" or some similar section, that the best cure for a melancholy woman is that she should have her face lifted, or else buy a new hat. The latter is much less likely to have serious consequences, so I think it should be tried first. Really, there is a most elevating sensation in floating around with the latest model perched on the two top hairs. Unfortunately, many tempers are bruised, or lost entirely during the selection of it.

There is something about a woman looking for a hat, which distinguishes her from all her sex. The look of the hunter in her eyes, and the determined way in which she elbows through the crowd, indicate most plainly that she is going to A's to see if that little blue hat will fit her. When she gets to A's, the hat is gone, invariably, and there is not another the same shade, not even the same tone, in the shop. But, of course, there is always B's—Jean got such a smart wee hat there last week—and C's, and so she pursues her prey still further.

It is not so much for her, as for the long-suffering friend who accompanies her, that I would ask your sympathy. It is a most trying position to be in. Either she must convince her friend that that hideous little hat becomes her, or else she must drag her own weary feet to yet another store. Almost invariably the purchaser, on seeing her new hat at home, decides that she does not like it, and wonders if she should have it changed. "Really, you know, it is the wrong colour. I do not know what possessed me to buy it."

I think I'll have my face lifted.

I. S. (IV. G.).

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## THE CALM AFTER A STORM.

How still everything is after a storm has passed and the warring winds have died away. The clouds, beneath the dancing rays of the sun, seem to melt away and leave the land and sea sleeping in sweet tranquility—as if day had been born again.

The light blossoms, torn and scattered at the whirlwind's will, now hang in the still, pure air, filling it with their precious perfume, a token of gratitude for this sweet calm. Every drop the showers have left upon the flowers and grass sparkles; each in itself dazzling with its thousands of colours. When, instead of one breeze, there are a thousand different airs, and each bearing a different scent, it seems that all the loveliest plants and trees had each a vassal breeze of its own, just to wait on that plant, to watch over it and to waft no other breath than that of its guardian tree.

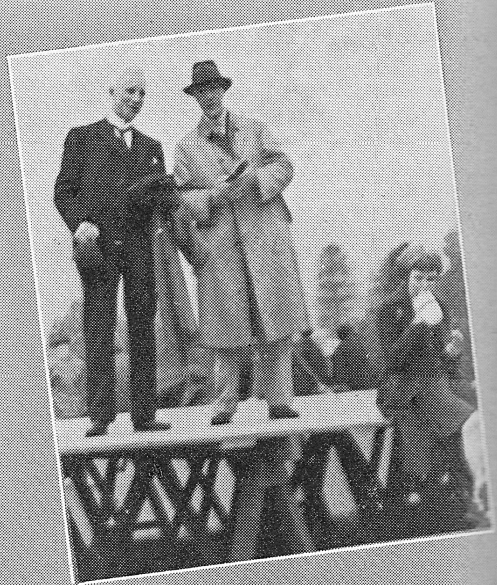
G. P. (I. B.a.).





SENIOR GIRLS.





CORONATION CELEBRATIONS.



## DUNVEGAN CASTLE.

Last summer I paid a short visit to the "misty Isle of Skye." As my great-grandfather was boatman to the MacLeod of MacLeod, I was naturally very much interested in seeing Dunvegan Castle, on the western side of the island.

Dunvegan Castle is supposed to be the oldest inhabited castle in Scotland, although, for one other castle at least, the same claim has been made.

The grounds surrounding the Castle are beautifully laid out, and my first impression of the Castle was surprise that so old a building should look so little the worse for wear. Trophies of the chase and weapons of war adorn the entrance hall, while portraits and other relics of many generations of MacLeods are to be found in the various rooms and passages. The Castle has been modernized without detracting too much from its ancient splendour, and I was amazed at the thickness of the walls, into which many extra windows have been built. A portcullis defends the sea entrance to the Castle, which is built on the rocks by the beachside. No castle is complete without its dungeon, and that at Dunvegan is a gloomy place, closed at the top by a huge stone slab, and lit by a single slit, about three inches wide, placed tantalizingly near the kitchen quarters.

Many historical relics are on view, but pride of place is given to the Faery Flag, which has been in the possession of the MacLeods for centuries. A drinking-cup, made of solid oak, richly carved, and formerly studded with gems, is another much-prized exhibit. This cup is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in one of his poems. Another drinking vessel, in the shape of a horn, has a great historical interest. It is said that no new chief was considered fit for his position unless he could drain a brimming hornful at a draught.

I saw also a waistcoat worn by Prince Charlie, and parts of clothing worn by the equally famous Flora MacDonald. Then a set of pipes, reputed to be the smallest in Scotland, may be seen, also the wooden mail-box, in which letters used to be carried from Dunvegan to the island of St. Kilda.

Altogether, I was delighted with my visit, and, as I came away, I was glad to think that I had some connection, however small, with those stirring times of which the whole place seems to speak.

C. B. L. (III. G.a.).



## A SUMMER EVENING.

The evening is so still. The peaceful air  
Is filled with whispers and with faintest sighs.  
The trembling flowers are gently sleeping now  
With perfumes that enrich the evening air.  
The sky is purple, tinged with flames of gold,  
And all the world is seeking home and rest,  
The sun has gone, but leaves behind its warmth  
And comfort to a dreaming, weary world.  
The birds who sang all day amid the trees  
Are now asleep; and all the music here  
Is in the faintest rustling of a leaf;  
Or when a rabbit scurries wildly home;  
Or when a wanton breeze fondles the flowers.  
And now that all is quiet and I'm alone,  
I feel the world is empty save for me,  
I feel contentment that is solitude.

W. A. D. (IV. G.).

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## TO THY PRESENCE.

What wondrous things must I now say of thee?  
Must I extol the blueness of thine eyes,  
Or yet the way thy hair glints in the sun,  
Or how thy lips make and enrich a smile,  
Or how thy gaze on me did gently fall  
To fill my heart with strangest ecstasy?  
Should I tell all the ardour of my love?  
Should I compare it with some breathless rose?  
Or with a glorious, smouldering, setting sun?  
Should it be something pure and fine and sweet  
Or, like the sunset, triumphant and warm?  
What must I think of as you touch my hair?  
Or as you kiss my trembling finger-tips?  
Of sunsets, rivers, seas or whispering winds,  
Of strange intangible and nameless things?  
On gentle stillness on a summer's eve?  
No—when thy beloved presence fills the air  
Will I but drift within the blue seas of thine eyes,  
Find perfume in the sunset of your hair,  
And with thy coming—I will be content.

W. A. D. (IV. G.).

## WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON 12th MAY, 1937.

Westminster Abbey—that huge, solemn building which signifies so much in the life of the uncrowned king—is the centre of attraction on this great day of days where George VI. will be crowned king. The huge interior is deeply carpeted in blue and gold and everything is hushed and still, in contrast to the hustle and bustle outside. The crowds surge round the Abbey only to be driven back by the soldiers who line the route. A faint gleam of sunshine streams through one of the Abbey windows and rests on the famous chair of Edward the Confessor, where so many kings and queens have been crowned. The light gleams for a moment on the historical chair with its carved woodwork and Lia Fail, the Stone of Destiny beneath it, and one feels a strange feeling of peacefulness in that moment.

Suddenly the silence is shattered by the shrill notes from silver trumpets. The State Coach has arrived. The King and Queen move slowly forward in all their splendour, the peers and peeresses follow, while the boys of Westminster sing and the organ blares. Is it possible that the sombre old Abbey could hold such pageantry? It has seen 39 coronations, but never one with such splendour and grandeur as this. The choir-boys sing, the organ plays, the procession is seated and the ceremony begins.

C. H. (I. G.d.).

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### “OLD FAITHFUL.”

I called him “Old Faithful.” He had been with me so long that I knew his every mood, and they were many. He could not keep a secret and caused me many embarrassing moments. I was never sure just when he was going to “open up” and give away all my carefully guarded secrets, but I had become so attached to him that I would not have dreamt of parting with him. He had been with me at home, at parties, at dances, and had proved a very reliable partner.

When we first met I was rather shy at being seen with him in public and we went to the least frequented places together. However, it soon became a recognised thing for us to be seen everywhere together. We were bosom friends; where I went, he went.

Then came the fateful day when he disappeared. I refused to believe that he had gone for ever. There were some people who sympathised with me, others who did not try to conceal their elation when they heard of my loss, and others again who understood and offered me a substitute. But I did not want a substitute. I wanted “Old Faithful.” He was my very first “compact.”

VANITY (V. G.).



## VERSES.

Fear,  
Strange, intangible, disquieting,  
Haunts me.  
In smiling meadows,  
On summer hillsides  
When, like a drop of blood  
Wrung from the forehead of the dying day,  
The sun sinks in the sea,  
And woods are all ablaze  
With evening fire.  
When stars are split  
Like gold-dust  
O'er the velvet-canopied sky.  
When smiling lips  
Break into laughter,  
Or quiet eyes grow moist  
In silent sympathy.  
When love throbs out  
Its tender pulse  
At daylight's close.  
When, like a world in travail,  
Thunders loud the surge,  
Or quietly moans  
In lonely seaside caves.  
When whispers the wind  
Among the swaying reeds,  
Or howls in wild lament  
Over the barren moor.  
Fear haunts me:  
Fear lest my stammering tongue  
May never voice the thoughts  
Which teem my reeling brain,  
Drunk with the roses musk  
And the beauty of the world.

---

Shutters closed.  
Thru a crevice pours a stream  
Of sparkling sunlight, as a dream  
Comes swiftly to illuminate  
The dark of sleep. The cascade falls  
And floods the table with warm pools  
Of gold. A million minute worlds  
Whirl in that universe of light  
Cleft from the infinity of night.  
And quivering thru the shadowed quiet  
The ceaseless muttering of time  
Thrills to the worlds of dust that teem  
That glittering macrocosm strung out  
'Twixt gloom and gloom.

R. (VI.).

## HOW TO APPLY FOR THE SECRET SERVICE.

Some fellows are keen on getting into the Secret Service, and want to know how it's done. The best way is to write a letter in code to the Secret Manager at his secret address. Do not put the address on the envelope because it's a secret. Use some other address. This puts the postman off the trail.

You will not get an answer, because the whole thing is so secret that it cannot be put down on paper. So if you do not get an answer you will know you have got the job. The first thing you do then is to disguise yourself (as someone else) and go down to the Broomielaw and wait till nobody speaks to you in case the conversation is overheard.

As soon as nobody has spoken to you, you take a secret ticket to some secret destination abroad and wait till it is safe to come home. Pack a secret bomb in a secret pocket, go out at midnight and hand it to the first person you meet, who looks as though he does not want it. (He looks like that to put people off the scent.) Then you write out a full report of what you have done, and burn it as quickly as possible, so that it will not fall into the wrong hands.

What happens after this is a profound secret, and I'd better say no more about this very secretive matter. (Hear! hear!—Ed.).

L. R. (I. B.a.).

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## AN "ARTISTIC" CLASS.

We're the lads of II. B.e.,  
A merry band of boys,  
We do our homework punctuallee,  
And never make a noise.

At Maths we all are terrors,  
At English not so bad,  
But in Science all is errors,  
Which makes the teacher mad.

But last of all there comes the best,  
At which we're very smart,  
The period when we get a rest,  
The subject we call "Art."

R. B. (II. B.e.).



## SPORTS DAY.

Whilst a school is a present fact, given substance by its scholars and teachers, it is also an institution with its roots in the past. The strength of school life must depend largely on the contacts that can be established between Present and Former Pupils.

It is a happy fact that the members of the present School Club are alive to this need. We should not like it to be assumed that our interest in them is only a material one. We welcome, for their symbolism, the gifts from the Club and from Mr. MacBriar.

The beautiful flag prescribed by the School Club was flown for the first time on Sports Day, Saturday, 29th May. No flag is very successful without a mast, and it was appropriate that Mr. MacBriar should have the honour of breaking the flag at the head of this fine mast which he has given to the School.

The spiritual fact of a school fraternity is believed in by him with intensity. In the events that followed there was a quickened interest in the 880 yards open handicap race for boys. The winner of this event, Gordon Hunter, holds for one year the Coronation Trophy presented by Mr. MacBriar; another fine example of his readiness, not only to rise to the occasion, but to make an occasion take significance.

Good weather and the field in fine condition gave us a very successful day. There was a larger and more representative attendance of F.P.s and relatives of pupils than usual.

If there was no outstanding athletic event this year, the spirit was none the less keen.

The prizes were graciously presented to the happy victors by Miss Simpson.

During the afternoon a radiogram was received from the Whitehill party on the Tuscania sending us their good wishes. A very happy gesture.

School Championship: Evan Stirling; Runner-up: Henry Carson. Girls' Championship: Isobel Hopkins; Runner-up: Catherine McLeod. Junior Championship (Boys): Orrock Muir. Junior Championship (Girls): Peggy Myles.

## THE SCHOOL MAG.

The School Mag. is the best book  
For girls and boys to buy,  
It's popular with everyone,  
And here's the reason why:

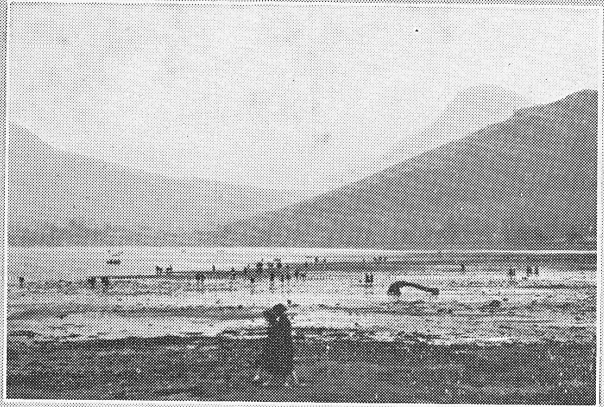
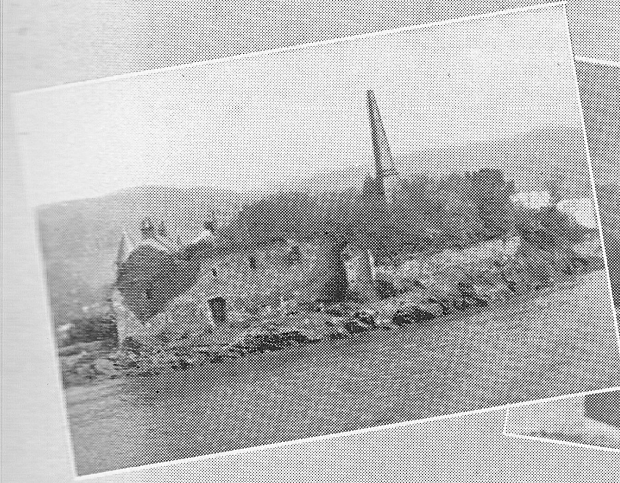
In it are plays and stories,  
And poems by the score,  
With clever, witty drawings,  
Plus fun and jokes galore.

It only costs a sixpence.

(Very reasonable indeed!)

You take my tip and get one,  
It's the very thing you need.





**CELEBRATIONS CONTINUED.**





SENIOR BOYS.



## THE ROAD TO THE ISLES.

THE Whitehill party which boarded the *Tuscania* for the Western Isles was representative of all the others in that it was perfectly docile, well-labelled, and afraid to breathe lest the "boat" should vanish. Once on board, this sensation was somewhat diminished by delight at the accommodation provided. First came a period during which all, old and young alike, switched on and off reading lamps, fans, etc., and prodded everything within reach. Then away on deck to view the splendours of Yorkhill. A great send-off by pipers completed the beginning of The Big Adventure.

From then on the pace of living was fast and furious. This is not the place to mention which precise members of the party were the fast ones. Food, which as usual, remained the prime consideration with the male sex aboard, was excellent, and much of the superb scenery was sacrificed willingly for a little ice-cream. With the usual Whitehill adaptability and brilliant intelligence even the most obtuse of the boys (ye know him well) knew the correct expressions for the blunt and sharp ends of the "boat" before we rounded the Mull of Kintyre, and all could find their ways in the labyrinth of passages without having recourse to the example of Theseus. Saturday morning dawned, not bright and clear, but with premeditated malicious intentions upon a bleary and utterly defenceless shipload.

Compensation was accorded by a view of St. Kilda, and those who were not bringing up breakfast brought up cameras and remarked conventionally on the loneliness of that beautiful isle. The sea was a deep blue creamed with sparkling foam, and the sun shone bright on the righteous sunning themselves in luxurious chairs or playing deck games with the inevitable success which attends on all Whitehill sports enterprise. The clear pure sea air produced a sensation of hunger which turned the travellers to voracious wolves and the dining room to a bee hive. (Isn't that a lovely simile?) The company from a multitude of different schools was fused into one happy family astutely conscious of its idyllic surroundings. Deck games were very popular and served to produce friendships between the youth of separate schools. Amid those historic islands they pursued an existence free from the cares of an anxious world and tended by a kindly ship's company and the gentle, yet firm ministrations of Mr. Campbell and Miss Nicholson. Undoubtedly



the highlight of the cruise came when the assembled party was initiated into the mysteries of the bridge by an officer who would closely rival the Western Brothers, and had no small effect on the ladies of the contingent. Like a dream, all the famous islands rose before us and vanished into obscurity, leaving nevertheless an impression so deep that one member of the party, pink in colouring and politics, was actually heard babbling of green fields in the midst of his slumber. So at last it came about that a weary, but thoroughly happy company were deposited on the quay at a ridiculously early hour and, receiving their celebration rations, departed a shade regretfully for school.

VIVAT REX

FLOREAT URBS, GLASGUENSIS.

A. M. D. (VI.).

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There was a young lad named Valente  
Who visited old Caliente,  
He played his banjo  
To the lark and the crow,  
Since humans said they had had plenty.

J. M. (I. B.a.).

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### DOWN TO THE SEA ON CHIPS.

I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely seas and the sky,  
And all I ask is a threepenny fish, and chips bought at Milngavie,  
And tomato sauce, and the pepper-pot and the salt-pot shaking  
And baking soda in the press to keep the wind breaking.

I must go down to the seas again with a teapot by my side,  
For the tummy's call is an empty call that may not be denied,  
And all I ask is a windless day, with the primus stove sighing,  
And some black tea and brown chips in an "Evening News"  
lying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the jolly bachelor's life,  
Where the cook's way is the "Heinz" way and you eat beans  
with a knife,  
And all I ask is a spicy yarn from a Stoughton's yellow cover,  
And a quiet booze and a quiet snooze when the long day is over.

## SOCIETY COLUMN.

(Presented by our own Reporter who sees all, hears all, and knows dash all. All the latest scandal of the Upper School.

(WARNING.—All persons desirous of taking legal action against the writer for libel must notify him, and file their suits, before June 30th, 1937.)

What Fourth Year female is reported to have staggered and clutched her brow when someone called her "Lady" at the sports?

And then there is the Fourth Year kid of the other sex who laughs and laughs and laughs. And what a laugh! It sounds like Pluto (Mickey Mouse's pet canine friend) with an attack of hiccups plus asthma.

What famous Fifth Year stalwart in the girls' side tried to captivate the English Inspector with such remarks as "O yes indeed"?

F-L-A-S-H. Latest scandal (one month old). What girl in the Sixth Year once said, "Please sir, Ah did it"? After six years—and after a year at least of a certain Tall English Teacher!

What famous Sixth Year damsel stayed on and on and on and then DIDN'T win the Sports Championship? Is she peeved? And after winning the Key of the Door. . . .

Who is the Fifth Year's latest Heart Tugger? Tall, big and handsome; WHO IS CLAUDE?

THE J.P.

---

## MY BREAKFAST.

Grapefruit is my favourite dish,  
And at night I always wish  
That in the morning I may see  
My favourite dish in front of me.

Ah! there it is, I see it now,  
Before it I always bow,  
Then sit down with a smiling face,  
Clasp my hands and say the grace.

H. S. (I. G.d.).

---

Jim  
Wanted to  
Swim  
South Sea Isyle  
Great Style  
Swam bottom  
Shark gottom

Jim  
Now in fish  
Swim



**"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."**

ONE Saturday morning, remembering that the support at the last Rugby game was limited to one lost cow which had been grazing in the Hockey pitch, I suddenly became ultra-patriotic, and toddled up to Craigend. As I toddled, I thought how nice it would be watching the gallant Second XV.—heroes all—splashing themselves and their opponents innocently with all manner of mud.

When I got to ye olde bridge, which leads across ye dirtie canalle, I stopped, and stared with expectant admiration at Whitehill's Own Playing Fields, and remembered proudly that I had about 30 bricks (price 1d. each) in the Pavilion, but alas, I only saw Fog. From my vantage point, it looked as if Room 29 had been transferred to Craigend, and was making Chlorine in preparation for the next Government inspector. Through this greeny mist, I could see dim, ghostly figures pursuing—and being pursued—by others. My thoughts turned to Virgil and Aeneas—"huc omnis turba ad ripas effusa ruebat"—and my heart melted with sympathy towards those future empire builders "out there."

When I arrived at the pitch via a hole in the hedge, I took up a stance behind a goal post (if that's what they are called in Rugby) without seeing one single solitary shade. As I stood there, I thought for one wild moment that the canal had overflowed again and removed the players, as, indeed, the mud suggested, but when I saw traces of cow and sheep I knew that nothing unusual had happened. And so I stood, "strictly meditating the thankless muse" when a stentorian voice, coming from somewhere in the midst of the fog, shouted: "Get clear of that adjective noun of a touch-line!!"

"Gens homo, without a doubt," I said to myself, triumphant at having (1) remembered some Latin, (2) found one of the male of the human species, when a bulky figure loomed up in front of me. "Don't you know there's a touch-line in this game, you——." Here the voice stopped for breath, and stepped back into the friendly shelter of the fog, a sadder but wiser man. I remembered about "touch-line."

I wandered down the side line, hoping to see some of the game. After half-an-hour or so, a whistle sounded loud and clear, and a noise like first-year kids sucking their milk came from the centre of the pitch. I said to myself, "Half time, and 30 stalwart youths are sucking 30 half lemons." I wondered at my intelligence. Wandering across the field in search of the noise, I found myself looking round for some landmarks with which to guide myself. But there were none.

And so I wandered on, wondering if George Elrick would have remained happy in my position. As I removed myself from an extra deep mud-hole, a whistle blew again, and I was swept

off my feet by a sudden rush of youths, all shouting gleefully, "Scrum down." I extracted myself from my mud-hole and ran to the line.

Suddenly the fog lifted, and I was able to see that peculiarity of Rugby Football—the Scrum. A horde of forwards, down on their hind legs almost, pushing like h . . . as someone kindly suggested. For about five minutes they pushed, wheeling now this way, now that, kicking, hacking, and muttering innocently. Then a chappie whom I noticed hovering furtively on the side opposite from me, threw in the ball. There was a short mêlée, and the ball was kicked out again. More mutters, "Hooker you——" The ball was flung in again, and a little youth, on my side of the field, picked it up dexterously, when it had been kicked out. Just as an eagle having seized a wee chicksie-wicksie from the ground flies away in a hurry, so he stepped on the gas (that was an Epic Simile). But, unfortunately, he did not go far. He hadna gone a yard, a yard, a yard but barely three, when with a yell of anguish he slipped on a trace of cow, and fell face first into the—Mud. He was promptly dived on by another youth who, after kicking him once or twice playfully on the ribs for his stupidity, retrieved the ball from the mud and ran away—the cad! But not for long. He slipped on a trace of sheep, and the process was repeated.

Meanwhile the scrum was in difficulties. After the ball had escaped, the scrum collapsed with a squelching squelch, and a free fight, complete with kicks, hacks, rabbit punches and the inevitable cursing ensued. Several misguided youths, thinking that the ball was at the bottom, also piled on and so the struggling heap of humanity grew . . .

When the final whistle blew, some of those same misguided youths were still struggling away at the same spot. The fog had thickened again, so the ref. did not miss them. At the last tootle those youths rose as one man, kindly dragged the poor chap at the bottom from his sticky grave, and walked off, friend and foe alike, arm in arm. After the customary cheers, someone said, "Dashed good game, what!" And so, black as liquorice allsorts, the heroes departed happily, to baths and hopes of pies. I tottered home, seriously considering what the cost of 30 V.C.s would be.

J. P. (V.).



# WHITEHILL NOTES

Dear School,

Looking back down the arches of averaging seven years of former pupilship, school seems to be but a sleep and a begetting. (Don't chip me for misquoting. It's deliberate.) A sleep it is to this extent that though its dreams are more of the future than of the past, it is the time when fancies are unshackled by the exigencies of earn-your-bread labour, when pretty well the only cares are of examinations, which are so many indiscreet suppers to be slept off by morning. Take your five or six years' sleep if you can, mes enfants, and give the spirit of the old red building a chance to beget as many good citizens as there are pupils. It is not what you learn but what you learn to be that counts in after life. With school behind you, knowledge takes a different focus. The shortest distance between two points becomes the road from the office to the 'bus stop, arithmetic becomes salary divided by days-in-the-month (with the answer invariably wrong), English becomes a matter of "I beg to advise you," and literary appreciation is degraded into an anxious scanning of a section of the Road Traffic Act.

Life, alas, is not a tidy curriculum, and the examiners often show a sinister ignorance of the rules. Then it is that you discard your erratic conjugations and set yourself manfully to take the cold shower which fate pours forth so liberally. Even within this last year some half-dozen former pupils have gone to London, one has gone to Rangoon and yet another to Singapore. They have become citizens in a wider sense, and after the fashion of our race, will probably be keener devotees of the old School than those of us who sit at home.

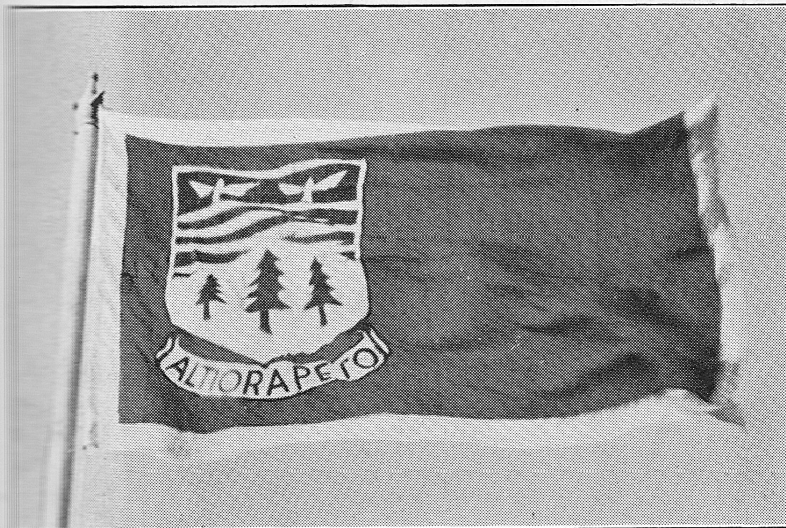
The old school tie is not to be scorned. By it I do not mean the egg green and egg of the Western Brothers, but the intangible tie that is coloured by pleasant memories. Maintain that bond (it will repay you) by accepting the welcome which is always extended to you by the F.P. Club. If you have the smallest pretention to being an athlete, you can enjoy the excellent facilities provided for you by the Hockey, Football and Rugby sections. If your inclinations are otherwise, the F.P. syllabus will show you how wide and varied a programme is prepared for you. For your own sake, then, and for the sake of those who, for reasons known only to themselves, may want to meet you after you leave school, take this invitation by giving your name to the Secretary, whose home address is 962 Cumbernauld Road, E.2.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT WEIR, President.

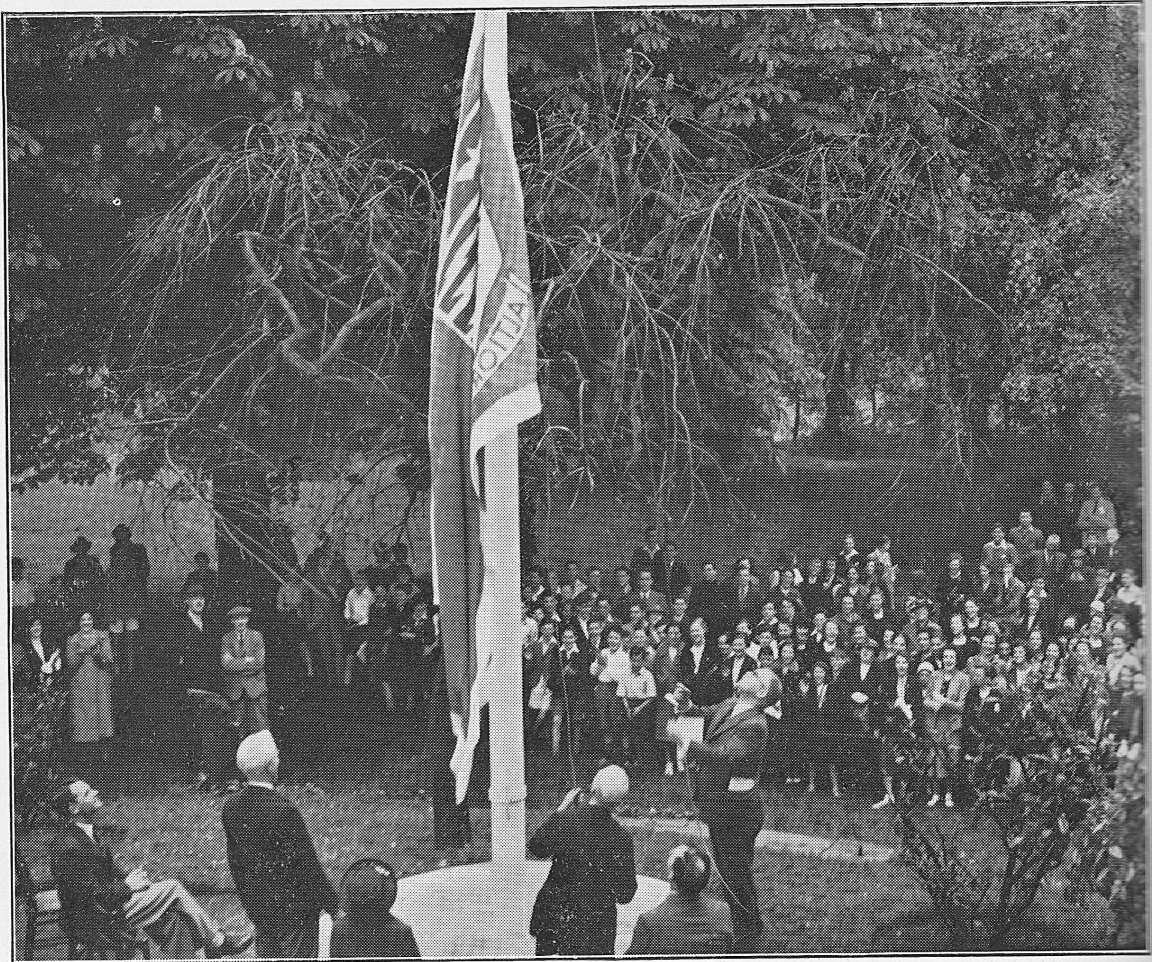
F. D. COLQUHOUN, Hon. Secy.





OUR SPORTS DAY.





**Mr. MACBRIAR HOISTS THE FLAG.**



**ABOARD THE "TUSCANIA."**



## LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

A long and eminently successful season terminated on April 16th. Hat Night showed a considerable decrease in attendance, due perhaps to its postponement; but the scarcity in numbers was made up for by the warmth and enthusiasm of the meeting. Rarely has there been such a complete lack of reserve among the members.

The speech of the evening, an ingenious, subtle, humorous, ambiguous discourse on "Epsom, the greatest race of to-day," deserves special mention as having kept every man, woman and child rocking with laughter for five solid minutes. The ladies laughed and said it was naughty. So did the chairman. An uproarious ending to an equally uproarious season.

Your big three next session are: Mr. Duncanson, Vice-President; A. S. Revie, Hon. Secretary; C. Millar, Hon. Treasurer.

Goodbye, my chickens, and bless you, everyone.

J. A. M. R. (Hon. Secy.).

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SECOND TO NONE



## RUGBY NOTES.

The season which has just finished, although not over successful so far as wins go, was thoroughly enjoyable.

The 1st XV. had bad luck all through and really deserved to win more often than they did. One of our hardest fought games was played in Edinburgh on "International" day against Morgan Academy, Dundee. This game would have been impossible had it not been for the kind co-operation of Mr. J. Hardie, formerly a teacher in Whitehill, and now Assistant Director of Education in Edinburgh, who obtained a pitch for us for this game.

The 2nd, 3rd, and Junior XV.s had successful seasons and show good promise for years to come.

We concluded our season with two very enjoyable games against the Former Pupils, which we hope to make an annual event.

The game between those who are leaving and those who are returning next year proved a great success, but it was noticeable that there is going to be a shortage of backs, so if you think you can run, and are not afraid to tackle, we will be glad to give you a trial at the beginning of next season. If, on the other hand, you think that you are more suited to forward play, let us know anyway. We will be glad of all the new players we can get.



We had hoped that the Staff would be able to raise a Rugger team capable of opposing us, but our hopes were not fulfilled. Our challenge remains open for next season, however, so about this time next year look out for an announcement regarding this game.

Finally, may I beg of you to give us your support next season? It makes all the difference between defeat and victory.

A. S. R. (Hon. Secy., R.F.C.).

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## TENNIS NOTES.

The tennis season is in full swing again. We are glad to say that the support from the Upper School is much greater than last year and the number of Juniors is still as large as ever. So

far the girls' team has been very successful and the mixed team has played very well.

We hope to have a tournament in the near future and expect a large number of entrants from Forms IV., V. and VI.

N. D. (Secy.).

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### GOLF.



The Golf Club has suffered very severely from poor weather this season. Conditions have been so bad that it has been possible to play only one monthly medal, which was won by R. Rae (III.). The Allan Shield Competition, however, is now in full swing, and when it is over we still have the Club Championship to play. In addition, there are the inter-school matches. At present we have not been very successful, having two defeats in succession, but we still have hopes of winning our return games and making the season as least fairly successful.

Williamwood was, this year, the scene of the annual match with the teachers, who, of course, won by a comfortable margin. A splendid tea, however, did much to revive the drooping spirits of the "conquered" heroes, so the outing was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

J. F. (Hon. Secy.).

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### SWIMMING SECTION (GIRLS).

The Club still continues its Life-saving, upheld by the attendance of those "faithful few."

An invitation was received from Hillhead to attend their Gala on 27th April. The standard of swimming was high, and although we were not first it was a very good race.

Jordanhill have invited us to their Gala on Friday, 18th June, and we are looking forward to it.

The Sladen Trophy has up till now been confined to the boys. This year the girls are to have their chance. The girls for this team had their time test on Tuesday, 1st June.



M. H. L. (Secy.).



## FOOTBALL NOTES.

In all Divisions we have had a moderately successful season. At the very outset the 1st XI. suffered from the loss of all last year's team, necessitating the substitution of 1936's victorious Intermediate Team, but the superior strength and stamina of our opponents told in the end.

The Intermediate Team, after a highly successful League season, which was completed without a defeat, were unfortunate to lose their hold on the Third Division Championship Shield to Queen's Park.



The Elementary Team continue to prove triers, though without much encouragement in the shape of victories, but as long as they contrive to find "bonnie fechtors" like wee Wullie McKenna, there will be hopes for Association Football in Whitehill.

In representative fixtures William Sharp and Campbell McLean represented Glasgow against Lanarkshire, while John Wilmot was reserve for the game against Bradford.

In conclusion, might we thank those gentlemen who supervised the running of the teams or who attended any of our matches in an advisory capacity, and the girls who provided tea for us on occasions at Craigend.

## CRICKET NOTES.

This year our 1st XI. made a very discouraging start by losing the first three games of the season against Dalziel High School, Hamilton Academy, and Paisley Grammar School. This was mainly due to poor bowling and very bad fielding. With a sudden recovery of the team, good wins followed against Shawlands Secondary, Albert Road Academy, St. Mungo's Academy, and Bellahouston Academy.

W. Sharp and G. Allen have shown themselves very good bowlers, the former taking six wickets for five runs against A.R.A. and the latter doing likewise against Bellahouston. W. Sharp's batting average of 20 runs is the highest, with A. C. Gunnee following with an average of 18.



It is regrettable that James Young should be unable to play away games owing to his father's illness, but we hope conditions will permit him to play more regularly towards the end of the season.

The 2nd XI. are having a fairly easy season with three wins, three defeats, and one draw to their credit. They are unfortunate in having had their star players purloined by the 1st XI.

A. C. G. (Hon. Secy.).

# CHESTNUTS

## MISTAKEN.

An officer was standing at the top of a gangway of a ship asking the passengers, as they went past, what class of cabin they had, and obligingly directed them. A sweet young woman came up the gangway carrying a baby in her arms.

“First or second, madam?” he asked.

Blushingly the woman replied, “Neither, I’m just the nurse.”

## MISUNDERSTOOD.

Billy had just returned from abroad. “In Italy,” he told his friend, “I met a girl who lives in the next road to mine. It was in a very quaint old city.”

“Genoa?” asked his friend.

“No,” said Billy, “but it did not take me long to get friendly.”

## COMIC EPITAPHS.

Say a prayer for Julius Mack,  
He sat on the business end of a tack.

Off the dock dived brother Jim,  
Then he found he could not swim.

This paper bag holds the remains of John Day,  
It was all that was left when the smoke cleared away.

A well-known brewer lieth here;  
His **ails** are o’er, he’s on the **bier**.

M. G. (I. G.a.).

## A CLOUD.

A little cloud went floating by,  
High, high in the sky;  
It alighted on a high church steeple,  
And then it burst and drenched the people.

H. S. (I. G.d.).