
Whitehill School Magazine.

No. 36.

Xmas 1937

Editors:

G. D. HODGKINSON
ELLA M. LAMB

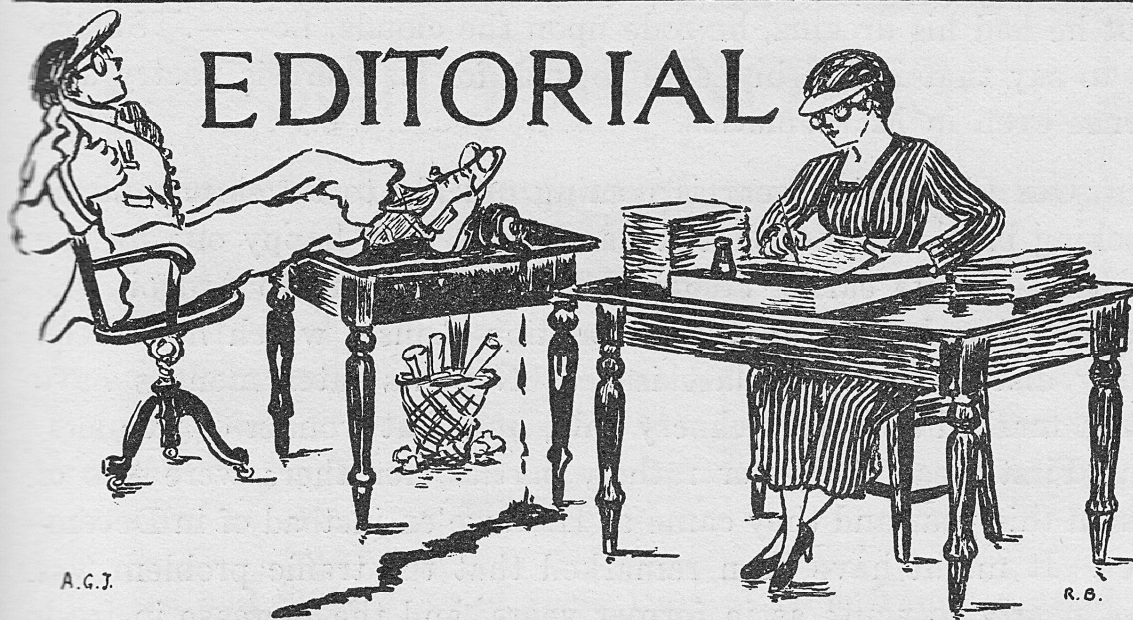


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A present for you.
For who? For you.
Why who is it from?
From us, this School
To you.
We hope you like it.

“ONCE again it is our privilege and happiness to bring you your Magazine, and to spend a great deal of energy and tear a great deal of hair in writing this noble preface which, we know, no one ever bothers to read.

On looking over the piles of articles before us, we see that session 1937-38 bids fair to be an ‘age of prose’ (who said I knew nothing about literature?). The poetic Muse seems to have flown away from Whitehill. There has been a fairly good response however from the lower and upper school, the middle school looking on as usual with that proud disinterested indifference which they usually show to this publication. But remember that there is still another magazine to come. You have, we are sure, occasional flashes of divine inspiration. Don’t wait till next May or June to commit them to paper, but do it as soon as they come, even if it be in the middle of the maths exam. As an example of what can be done we give you the following, which came to one of our bright Sixth Year, while he was gazing at one of the questions on his maths’ paper:—

If $x + y$ doth equal ϕ ,
And ϕ doth equal θ ,
Of a and b ,
Alpha and c ,
Pray which will be the greata?

It just shows you, doesn't it? He couldn't do his Trig., but he had his dreams, he rode upon the clouds, he——. Suffice it to say that if you but care to look for it, there is poetry and sense even in Mathematics.

Our Coronation year is coming quickly to its close, and on looking back, we feel that it has been a very happy one for the School. In its earlier stages there was the trip to Ardgoil, the box of chocolates, and the Coronation Cruise, which have been fully discussed in the last issue. Now its later months have been marked by a very cheery gala, and that wonder of wonders, the First Year party—or rather, parties, for there were two of them this year and they came at Hallowe'en instead of in December. It might have been remarked that the traffic problem was not nearly so acute as in former years, and the increase in fresh air added greatly to the enjoyment of the participants. For the fortunate Upper School there were exams. and the prospect of a dance later.

To the dear people who are sitting their Highers this year, we would extend a word of comfort, were it not for the fact that there is no comfort for the Highers, they simply cannot be winked at. So all that we can do is to wish you the best of luck.

To those who gave us articles which have not been published we say, "Thank you," and don't be discouraged. To those whose articles have been published we say, "Thank you." Our thanks are also due to Gladys Ewart and Ian Shaw, who so kindly and willingly did the illustrations for us.

The latest riddle, can anyone solve it? Who is the mysterious person who so skilfully abstracts the Magazine notices from the notice-boards?

And now, since with us, as with Christopher Robin,

There's
such a lot
to do and so
very much to be,
That there's always lots
of
cherries
on our little
cherry tree.

We finish, and may you, one and all, have the very merriest of Christmasses and a happy New Year.

THE EDITORS

SCHOOL NOTES

DINARD, 1937.

IN this article I am only going to relate some of our excursions and doings on the other side of the Channel, as for those who have not been over this "strip of water" one description of the crossing is enough, and for those who were there no description is necessary at all!

We had quite a lot of spare time at Dinard and most of us could be found lying on the sand and doing our best to get our backs that desired colour, and listening open-mouthed to the little Frenchies chattering away (in French, mind you!) about sand pies and paddles. We were not allowed to go into the Casino, except to the bathing pool. But as this cost us about eightpence (half-price), most of us relied on the sea for our daily dip.

Our first excursion was to Dinan—in "vedettes," which are small ferry-boats. I had better explain here that ill-luck seemed to follow us with regard to transport, as our vedette broke down before we had got very far on our journey up the Rance, on which river Dinan is situated, and we had to land at a (I nearly said a "one-hoss" town, but I don't even remember seeing a horse!). I'm sure the people of the village must have had to do without biscuits and chocolates for a while as we literally bought up the only shop in the place.

The next excursion was by motor-bus to Mont St. Michel, but even then, although we were in the first 'bus, it frequently broke down "en route." We saw Cancale on our way, but, unfortunately, we did not have time to "stop and try" some of its celebrated oysters. We had lunch at Pontorson, a small town just over the border into Normandy. I'm sure the hens must have had to work overtime, as we got omelettes, which are a speciality in Normandy, and as the French say, "On ne fait pas d'omelette sans casser des oeufs." So I do not know how many eggs would be needed for 187 people. The Mont itself was all we had imagined, the guide even showing us where St. Michel is supposed to have thrown the Devil off the top of the castle.

The monastery, as it was once, was used as a prison in the French Revolution, and consequently some of the chapels and vaults were rather broken down. The tides in this bay are very treacherous, especially at the Spring tides, then the sea goes out more than nine miles, and comes in quicker than a galloping horse.

Our last whole-day excursion was to Sables-d'or-les-Pins, a holiday resort with a fine stretch of golden sand, fully justifying its name. By this time, the sun and salt water had played such havoc with our backs that most of us were using the backs of the seats in the 'buses as "youkie" posts, but this did not prevent us from singing all the popular songs we could remember, to the amusement of the French guide.

We had a last minute rush to buy presents, and the popular cry seemed to be, "Oh, why aren't there Woolworths in France?"

None of us had a very big dinner that night, and when we embarked on the boat at St. Malo, there were two excellent reasons why we cast longing glances at Dinard. One was that we had reached the end of a very enjoyable holiday, and secondly, none of us were too sure of how the Channel was going to behave. However, when we saw the Isle of Wight, looking lovely in the early dawn, we all looked forward to our breakfast, which we were to get on the train, for we did not care a hoot for the Channel when we could see "terra firma" in sight!

BETTY.

WHITEHILL.

W is for Wilson, our janitor kind,
who takes all our pennies for things we can't find.
H stands for "Holly," of country-dance fame,
his kilt is a swell one, Buchanan by name.
I is for ink, which blots all our books,
and when teacher sees them we're in for black looks.
T stands for Twaddell, at Maths. he's a don,
with the point of his compass he urges us on.
E is for English in Room 31,
with homework neglected it isn't much fun.
H is for Hockey we play at Craigend,
on Saturday morning our way there we wend.
I comes again, it's a difficult letter,
if our brains weren't tired we'd manage it better.
L stands for Latin, great Cæsar did speak,
long "Pensums" we get at the end of each week.
L's here again for Lads and for Lasses,
when exam. time comes round, may we all get good passes.

J.

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

W. (II. G.b.).

CHANNEL CROSSING.

We took supper on the train and fondly imagined we had seen the last of it . . . as usual, we were wrong. After we went on board the steamer, we settled down for a quiet, restful night. It took only one hour and a choppy sea to unsettle us. To keep us amused, we started a competition to see who could have the greenest face in the shortest time. When the competition came to an end, no one had enough energy left to judge.

About 5 a.m. we were facing the Channel Islands and at 7 p.m. we were facing—the Channel Islands. Nothing much had happened, except that the steering-gear had decided to have a holiday at the same time as us. So that was that. We were left wandering round in circles.

When we arrived in St. Malo, we were in no immediate danger of having our photograph taken by a publicity-man working for the Southern Railway Channel Steamer Company.

The greatest test of all came when we arrived at the hotel. We had to climb more than 70 stairs to reach our rooms. When we had reached the top and had recovered enough to take an interest in our surroundings, we now saw that our bedrooms were very nice. I don't think, however, that the boys next door enjoyed the comfort of their room. Every morning they cried aloud in agony and beseeched Rose Marie to believe that they loved her. Out of our resulting pain my friends and I wished that they would go and tell her in person instead of trying to yell to her over the whole of France.

In my humble opinion, our dinner-table was one of the best. There were five at it, and we had great fun making Grumpy, our table-maid, fetch us bread and water. We survived on this prison fare during half-hour intervals between courses. By the way, don't ever touch an artichoke if you go to France. It lives up to its name.



Despite these happenings the holiday was great fun, and if you ever go on a school journey I hope your Channel crossing will be more successful than that one. E. S.

BRIDGETON BURNS CLUB AWARDS.

SOLO SINGING.

SENIOR GIRLS—SILVER MEDAL: DOROTHY McKEE.
SENIOR BOYS—SILVER MEDAL: CHARLES SHANKLAND.
PRIZES: - - ROBERT SLOAN.
ROY RICHARDSON.

ELOCUTION (SENIOR).

SILVER MEDAL: JAMES MURDOCH.
PRIZES: - - MARGARET SERVICE.
NEIL PATON.
BETTY BUCHAN.



CRAIGEND FUND.

We wish to record our appreciation of the generous response by former pupils and friends to the appeal for the Craigend Fund. Since the month of September, Mr. Weir has been able to hand over the sum of £61 16s. 0d.

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SAMUEL BURNSIDE BORTHWICK, M.B., Ch.B.



Mr. WM. W. WATT.



Miss MARY F. B. NEILSON.



Mr. VINCENT R. PALING.

SAMUEL BURNSIDE BORTHWICK, M.B., Ch.B.

The name of George W. Borthwick is marshalled in honour upon the School War Memorial. On Wednesday, 17th November, his brother, the subject of this memorial, died suddenly in his prime.

Samuel Burnside Borthwick was the son of Mr. George Borthwick, retired headmaster. He was educated at Bishopbriggs, Whitehill and North Kelvinside. His studies at Glasgow University were interrupted by the outbreak of war, and he served in the Royal Navy throughout hostilities as a Surgeon-Probationer. At the end of the War he resumed his medical studies and graduated M.B., Ch.B. Afterwards he received an appointment in the Victoria Infirmary, and was later appointed Surgeon-Registrar there. This appointment, which entailed much clerical work, he felt to stand between him and the practice of his art, and in 1921 he commenced private practice in Bishopbriggs. His skill, and disinterestedness in anything affecting himself, soon won the respect and confidence of an ever increasing body of patients.

Dr. Borthwick was keenly interested in the work of the St. Andrew's Association, and in the training of classes for precautionary measures in the event of gas attack during war. He also held the rank of Surgeon-Commander in the R.N.V.R.

The esteem in which Dr. Borthwick was held was clearly seen in the spontaneous and general expression of respect and regret in his district. Notable among the many who attended his body to Cadder Cemetery, was Surgeon-Commander Drummond who, by command, represented the Admiral Commanding the Scottish Division R.N.V.R.

To his wife and two boys, and to his parents, we tender our respectful sympathy.

Former pupils, and especially those who attend the School Dinner in February, scarcely need any introduction to that genial and virile personality, Mr. Wm. W. Watt. The occasion of the present notice is his recent appointment to the position of Joint Managing Director of the British Oxygen Company.

On leaving Whitehill in 1904 he entered the service of Ogston and Tennant, Ltd., the well-known Scottish soap and candle manufacturers. He finally became Chairman of Port Sunlight Management.

Mr. Watt has a keen social sense and is also a keen sportsman on the practical side. During his stay in Glasgow, he was for two years Captain of Golfhill Cricket Club; he was also President of the Palette Club, a member of the Nomads Club, and a member and for a time on the Committee of Western Gales. In addition to these more material activities, he was an Office-bearer in Glasgow Cathedral.

Our hearty congratulations on your new success, Mr. Watt.

Mr. Vincent R. Paling, a brilliant student of the post-war period, had a distinguished career at Glasgow University where he was awarded the Gold Medal in Engineering. After acting first as Research Student and later as Assistant Lecturer at the University, Mr. Paling went to Cardiff as Lecturer in Engineering. He has now been appointed Lecturer in his subject at Glasgow University.

Not content with this success, Mr. Paling contemplates assuming even more serious responsibility, for he is to marry Miss Betty Ferguson on 18th December. On that date he will be supported by his friend and professional rival, Mr. Wm. Linning, who will marry Miss Jenny Ferguson.

To all four, F.P.s of the School, we offer hearty congratulations and wish them every happiness.

Miss MARY F. B. NEILSON.

Miss Mary F. B. Neilson has been appointed Principal of the Presbyterian College, Melbourne, Australia, and will take up duty at the end of January.

She was a distinguished pupil of Whitehill, and since graduating M.A. at Glasgow, has held the post of History Mistress at the North London Collegiate School, Campden Town. This experience will be invaluable when she takes up her new office, which includes the charge of several preparatory schools as well as the College.

Miss Neilson has kept up the friendships which she made in Whitehill; and was one of a group who held a very happy reunion in 1933. These friends will be glad to know that many others share their pleasure at new honours coming deservedly upon her. We join in wishing Miss Neilson all success and happiness in the land of the Southern Cross.

Mr. T. H. GIBSON.

Mr. T. H. Gibson, a former pupil of Whitehill who left us in 1907, has recently been appointed Secretary to the British Iron

Mr. Gibson is not a good subject for

its Christmas.

Ed. M.

Christmas.

Pull the curtains back and show
a garden clothed in glimmering
snow
footprints of robins on window sill
it's Christmas.

On swinging bough like red-
robed elf,
see the robin's cheery self
singing with might and main because
it's Christmas.

Shortbread, pudding, currant bun
home made wines increase our fun
comes up from the kitchen their
fragrance full sweet,
it's Christmas.

Winter roses deck the hall
red are the holly berries all
and coply from corners the
mistletoe peeps.
it's Christmas.

Let Hule log greater brightness bring
let loud the fairy trumpets ring
let your heart be rejoicing this
season because
it's Christmas.

AUNTIE KATHLEEN'S CORNER.

Good-morning, dear children. I do hope you will all be very good to-day and eat up all your rice pudding without putting any of it in the goldfish bowl.

To-day I have a lot of lovely letters from my little friends. Mary T. writes to tell me that she is learning to play Hockey. Mary is going to ask teacher to show her how to count over ten so that she can keep the score at the next hockey match. Isn't she a clever little girl? John S. F. H. says in his letter that he got a School Certificate last year. He is going to write and tell us how he did it. I'm sure we are all wondering. Anchoria D. C. has written a lovely letter in baby language. Hasn't she a splendid name? She makes us think of boats and sea-weed and sea sickness and all these things. Ian S. writes that he likes dolls very much. Ian will have to watch that his dolls do not keep him out of bed. I have another nice letter from Graham G. who imitates queer animal noises. He is thinking of getting his voice trained. We would all be very pleased, wouldn't we? Winnie A. D. says that she has a little friend Billy with whom she plays every night. They do have such fun. Billy H. says that he has a little friend Winnie with whom he plays every night. They do have a fine time. Margo K. S. asks if I know of any jumble sales at which she can dispose of a red blouse (with two hearts). I am sorry, Margo, but most of the jumble sales I go to are very respectable. J. C. W. (Cuckoo Leader No. 46) writes to tell us of the dramatic value of the soliloquy. Doesn't that sound clever? I'm sure he must be getting a big boy now. Jack P. wants to be a poet and he asks us if we would like to make this the "Cuckoo Song."

The Cuckoo.

Birds, innumerable birds:
Cacophony of sound; modern, chaotic, hypnotic,
Excludes all other twitterings.
Bacon, Shaw, Shakespeare, Beethoven, Brahms,
All polemical indeed:
Fool! All is art and art is life.

! * ? *

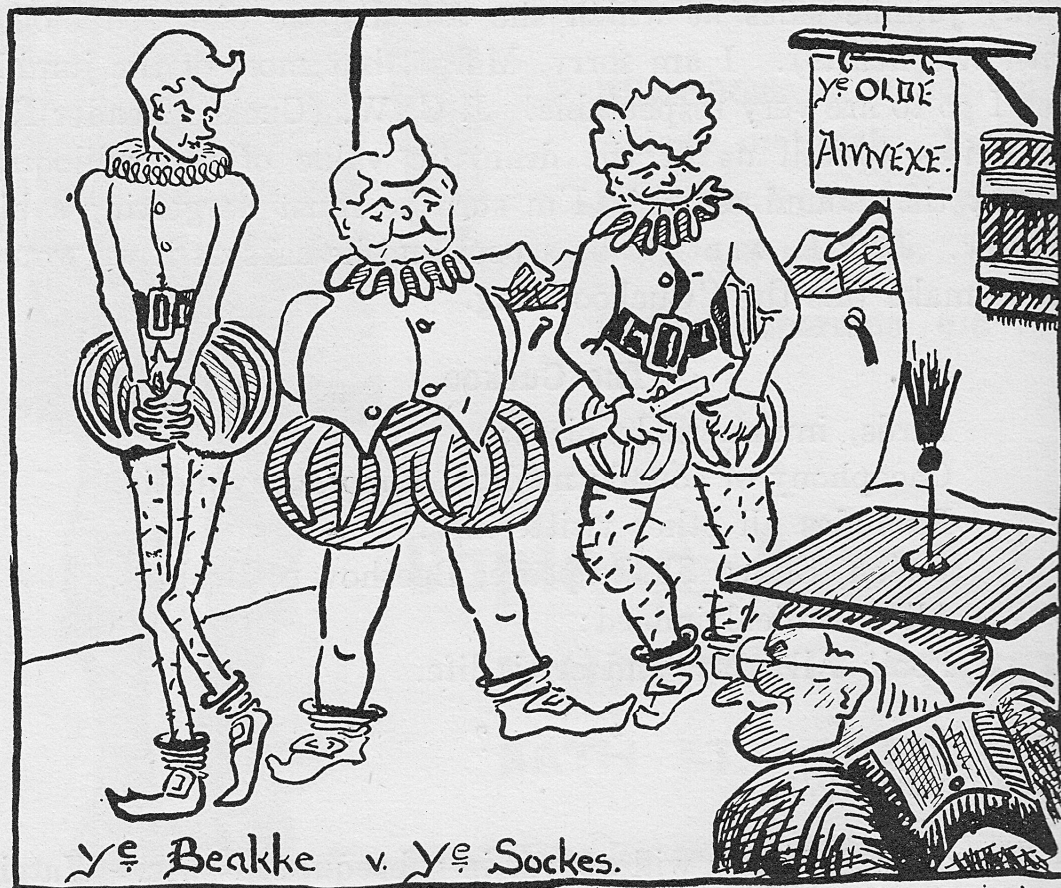
Is this civilised(?).

The other 292 lines will appear in subsequent issues. Watch out!

In last week's cockoo competition the first prize, a set of Benny Goodman swing records, was won by J. J. K. (Cuckoo Leader No. 50). G. L. (Cuckoo Leader No. 13) won the second prize, a copy of "Amateur Gardening." A consolation prize of one lollipop (treacle-flavoured) was won by C. R. (Cuckoo Leader No. 49). For next week's competition "Cuckoos" have to draw and colour in a picture of a donkey or of a school teacher. Write below the drawing which one you have tried in order to avoid con-fus-ion (isn't that a big word?). And now, here is a little story. Once upon a time there was a very, very old school. Some of the classrooms were cooled by water that came in the roof, and the corridors were so narrow that two normal-sized teachers could hardly pass one another when they met. The headmaster, therefore, asked the local authorities to have a new school built, and every year councillors came to agree with him that this should be done. So they promised to build a new school—and they did. That, children, is called a fairy-tale (something that only happens in fairyland).

And now, children, if you know of any little friend who would like to join the "Cuckoo Corner," please tell him/her to send 20 B. and W. stamps and a few jam jars, and in return he/she will receive a large badge bearing on it the word "Cuckoo," to be worn on his/her coat. Well, cheerio! From

AUNTIE KATE.



Robert A. Liggat Y.

THE ROMANCE OF WIN-CHAN-LOO.

I want to tell my story,
It's an eerie one, too true,
It's all about a hero,
His name was Win-chan-loo.

Our hero was a Chinaman;
A Chinaman through and through,
But he loved his employer's daughter
And she was fond of him.

So our Win, as I'll call him in future,
Decided to marry or die;
But alas! he forgot about Ling-sing,
His employer and father of Si.

Said Si to her very beloved,
"My father will not let me wed
Unless you can get me the idol,
And put in a false one instead."

So one night when all were sleeping,
Our Win to the temple-court crept,
And he knew there were guards all watching,
But, of course, he hoped they slept.

But just as Win grabbed at the idol,
He went down to the floor on his chin.
He looked for the cause of the trouble . . .
Ah ha! a banana skin!

He at last caught hold of the idol
And away way home went he.
He handed the idol to Ling-sing,
His receipt was his bride-to-be.

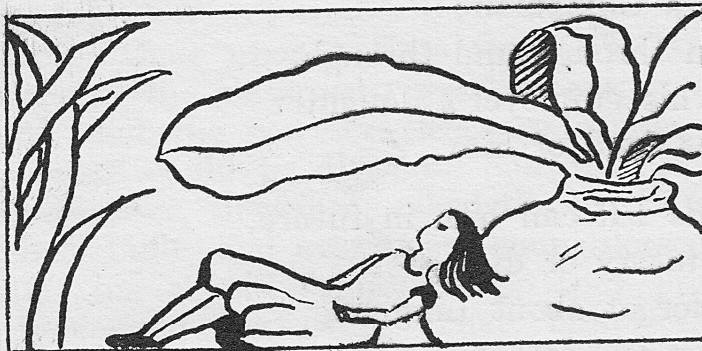
Old Ling-sing was killed for his folly,
But Win got married to Si,
And they both lived for years till at ninety,
They, like other people, did die.

Now, this is the end of my ballad.
It's as true as any lie;
But there's one bit that's true, I can tell you,
It's the bit where the both of them die.

A. F. (I. G.a.).

WHEN I WAS LOST.

Gathered round the old peat fire, warmed and cheered by the fragrant glow, one and all were unconscious of the lashing wind and rain of a dreary winter night. Jokes and stories all in turn were told, all making the hours slip by, but one tale I was especially interested in, and which concerned myself, namely, "When I was Lost."



Despite the fact that I had a nurse, I had the knack of shutting myself in duck houses, dog kennels, etc., so no one was alarmed when I disappeared one golden afternoon. Soon daylight faded into the beautifully mysterious twilight, and still no trace of the "rebel" was forthcoming. When the hen-houses and barns had all been carefully searched and still I was completely invisible and seemed to have vanished into thin air, the fat was in the fire with a vengeance. But where was I? you may ask. I was lying, fast asleep, in a field of turnips.

K. C. (I. G.c.).

HAPPINESS.

Why do we pray thus, knowing as we pray
That all mankind is seeking, as we seek,
For perfect bliss?
The studious man craves greater power of thought,
The ardent swain but lives for one brief glance
From some bright eye.
And yet do we not know that this we seek
Will, like some wondrous dream, escape to die
And ne'er return?
This do we know, and yet the briefest phase
Of happiness in life is worth long years
Of empty hopes.
I find my greatest happiness beside
The endless, crashing sea, and listening to
Its symphony
Upon a cliff so close to God, whereon
My whim is all. To live or yet to plunge
Into eternity?

W. A. D.

GUIDE TO BEGINNERS.

By the Author of "Outlines of Forgery," "Cheating in Morse," etc.

NO SCHOOLBOY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

"LET not ambition mock their useless toil." My aim in writing this is to lessen the evils of "The iron scourge and torturing hour" with which we are so often beset in our school life. Should you carry out my suggestions you will undoubtedly find that sweeping changes are taking place in your life. Things will begin to happen.

In the first place, might I point out that the acme of achievement is to have done the minimum of work in the maximum of time, without letting the teacher realise this. If you can get through a period without wakening more than once you have made a very close approach to the absolute. The Sixth Year have worked this up to a fine art and a detailed study of their methods is of great practical value. It is necessary to become inconspicuous as possible, and thus it is fatal to shout in the middle of the maths. period, "Oh, ma pencil is broke." The slight grammatical discrepancy will doubtless pass unnoticed, but maths. teachers prefer to monopolise all noise (and generally succeed in doing so).

The answering of questions is certainly one of our major difficulties, but for your edification I will outline the three main methods. These are: (1) The "yes" method, (2) the "no" method, (3) the "gaping mouth" method. The last is undoubtedly the most spontaneous, but there are such deterrents as flies (in summer) and fog (in winter). It is, therefore, imperative to master the "yes" and "no" system. This consists of saying "yes" when you mean "no" (and conversely). For example, if you are asked if you have done all your homework, you immediately reply, "Oh, yes sir," but if the teacher inquires satirically whether you would not rather read MacGonagle than Macaulay, your response should be "Oh, no sir" (both of these answers are, of course, absurd). Should there be any young ladies amongst my readers, I would advise them to cultivate the "coy glance" if they have not already done so. This species of facial distortion can be achieved by suspending the head on one side, raising the eyebrows and lowering the eyelids, and screwing the mouth into any ridiculous shape. If, in addition, the voice is raised questioningly at the end of each phrase (appealing, of course, to the teacher's better judgment), you cannot fail to impress him in some way. You may try your wiles on the pupils first, and if you get an invitation to the "Orient" or the "Rex" you can assume that you are quite successful.

The Fourth Year is important because it is then that you generally have to make a choice of careers, whether you are going to be a bookmaker, lamplighter, charlady, dustman, or school teacher. You must exercise the same scrupulous care as you do

in filling in your football coupon. If you have any more than 15 per cent. in the dynamics exam. you can be assured that you are cut out to be a scientific genius (like Einstein, etc.). Any outstanding success at the "Lit." should convince you that you will do well in life as a political agitator. Thus can you make your choice. Another important problem to Fifth Year boys is Fifth Year girls. I really know of no solution to this; all I can say is, "Amor omnia vincit." And now keep these few precepts in thy memory.

OBITER DICTA.

To distinguish between a prefect and a First Year repeat, look behind their ears. (First Year repeats wash behind their ears.)

Don't laugh when a teacher tells you that "Altiora peto" means "I seek my Highers." He probably thinks it does.

When discussing Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," don't say that "Hotspur" is a paper that comes out every Friday.

Aposiopesis is **not** a disease.

Nitric acid also makes brown stains on the fingers.

Difficulties will arise if you confuse "polygonous" with "polygamous."

To First and Second Year pupils: Do not work merely because you are impelled by the prospects of a prize. Remember learning for learning's sake.

To Third, Fourth and Fifth Year pupils: Do not work because you are impelled.

To Sixth Year pupils: Do not work. (This advice is, I believe, quite superfluous.)

Here endeth the First Lesson.

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

Why a certain prefect has at last hardened his heart enough to order girls out of a cosy room at the intervals, even on cold and frosty days.

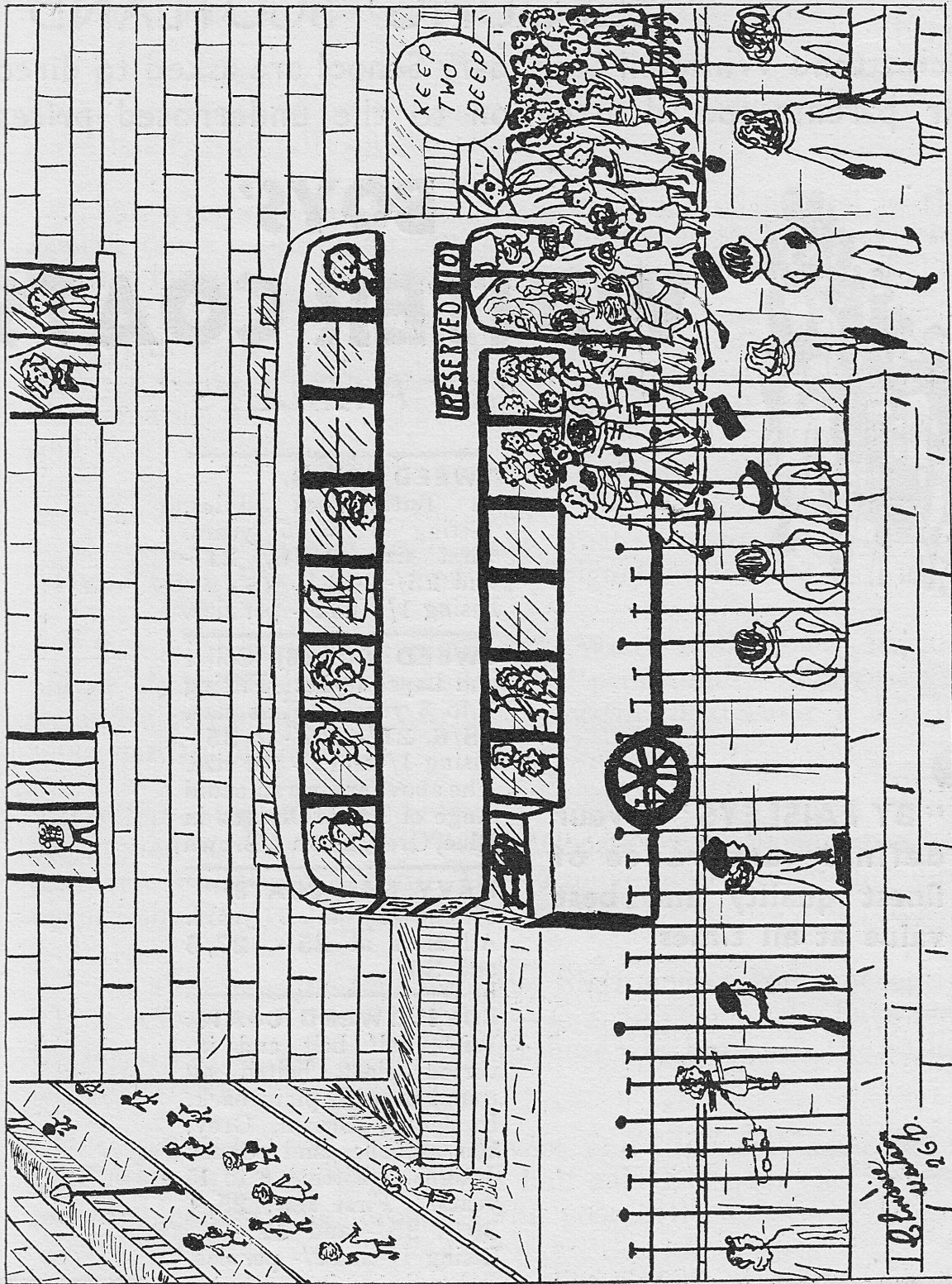
Which member of the Science staff did not know that Hutchison and Riddell are not Griffin and Tatlock.

Who thought, and expressed his thoughts in writing, that a certain member of VI. G. was going to occupy two chairs and a couch at one of the meetings of the Literary and Debating Society.

If the First Year rush so eagerly to their classrooms when the bell rings because of their overwhelming avidity for knowledge.

Which very illustrious and very literate member of the staff remarked that the filling in of the summaries was a hebdomadal occurrence.

J. W. R. (VI. B.).



NEW TECHNIQUE IN MANNERS.

12/10/1916

SOCIETY COLUMN (Second Edition).

Note to persons desirous of suing the Author.

A rate of 3 (three) pence to the pound (sterling) is assured.

F-L-A-S-H. What Blonde Venus of the Fourth got a shock one Friday night when she discovered that her pet name meant "Funny Face" in Spanish?

* * * *

What muscular Romeo of the Fifth found all too truly what Shakespeare meant by the words "Vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself, And falls on the other"?

* * * *

This year's detective story. A raven-locked damsel in the Fourth once received an envelope addressed to her, but with nothing in it. There were no fingerprints. WHO SENT IT?

* * * *

What (half) wit of VI.B. (A Prefect, naturally) is considering taking strong action for slander against a well-known Mathematics teacher, who had the temerity to call him a "simple soul"?

* * * *

The Helen of Troy of the Fourth Year (twice) is reported to be seeking permission from Jack Buchanan to use the song, "There Isn't Any Limit," as her "signature tune"?

* * * *

Special Scandal Supplement. What well-known Hockey player of the Fifth once asked for a "penny half," and received it, and also the answer, "Bring the weans next time 'n A'll let them oan fur nuthin!"?

* * * *

What black-haired, brown-eyed girl of the Fourth kindly brightened up the Rokeby Tennis Courts by appearing in a red jumper? Shades of Stalin! And to make more evident her kind nature she had two hearts sewn on the aforementioned jumper!

* * * *

An all-important female of the Sixth once asked innocently, "Is 'I, Claudius,' true?"! (Note—(i.), to people who have read the book, "Why worry?"; (ii.), to those who have not, the author is Robert Graves.)

* * * *

What girl in the Sixth (sweet and innocent) once wrote scathingly of hikers thus: "The half-naked beasts who trample over the countryside, crushing the poor little daisies."?

* * * *

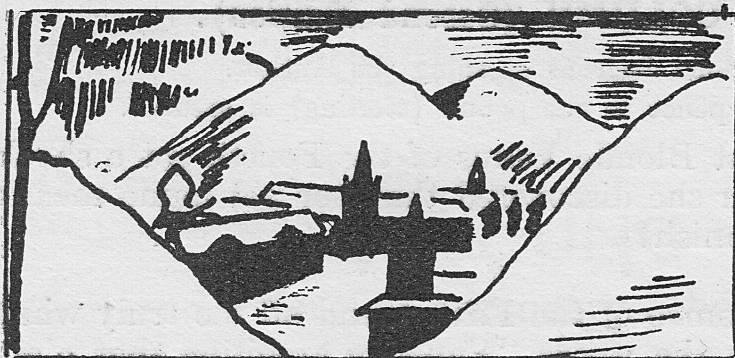
We wish to state that when Charles Coborn wrote his famous song, "Two Lovely Black Eyes," he knew nothing of Whitehill Secondary School, or the troubles of its Rugby Team.

* * * *

Special Late News:

HAS ROMEO FOUND HIS JULIET?

THE J.P.



A RUMANIAN TOWN IN WINTER.

In this little town in the Balkans the extreme heat of the summertime is followed by the extreme cold of the

winter. It is a very welcome change. About the beginning of November snow begins to fall heavily, continuing to do so for days at a time. The beautiful golden brown colours of autumn give way to a landscape wrapped in a mantle of white. The boulevard is a picture—the boughs of the trees bending low with the weight of the glistening snow, and sleighs drawn by horses whose bells jingle merrily pass up and down. Though there is snow all around, the sun is shining brightly, adding warmth and cheerfulness.

After the usual routine of the day's work, the people go out to enjoy the winter sports. Football and tennis grounds are transformed into public skating rinks. Some of the people, who enjoy ski-ing or prefer tobogganing, travel to more mountainous regions a few miles distant. Older people remain in their homes warmed by huge Russian stoves. As for the peasants, who cannot work in the fields during the winter, they occupy their time by doing embroidery or artistic woodwork. The winter in this little town is very fascinating, and so many old customs are still preserved in spite of all the modern houses, cinemas, etc. Everybody seems very happy and carefree during these winter months.

W. M. (II. G.a.).

CAR WANTED.

Always ready and willing; trained to police cars, traffic-lights, pedestrian-crossings, white lines, driving tests. Two-seater, expanding to six or more if needed, in emergency. Sleep three comfortably; fitted with small concealed cooking stove, good cupboard room, etc. Fold up to stand in hall overnight; capable of ninety; self-righting in skids; when petrol low, automatic soft wail approaching next petrol station. Must have self-cleaning apparatus; plenty of lamps. Price: must be moderate. Sewing machine (hand) complete set Singer (practically new) given part exchange.

I. B. (IV.).

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF AN ARCHÆOLOGIST.

“YOU are not the only one of my friends who wondered why I returned so quickly from that last trip to Egypt,” I said to my friend the Professor, who sat comfortably installed in my favourite arm chair and regarded me affectionately. “All of them I managed to put off with some homely excuse. The truth to anyone but you would have sounded improbable and irrational, and I should in all probability have been laughed to scorn. Besides, it is not the sort of story one would wish to get abroad.

“You know, of course, that from very earliest childhood I have loved all old things. I remember at the age of seven having to be taken away by force from a museum which a kind aunt had undertaken to show me. This passion for old things, however, manifested itself chiefly in regard to Egyptian relics, and as I grew older, archæology became my hobby and my occupation, my ‘raison d’être.’ There is no need to tell you how extensive was the study I made on that subject. You know also how enthusiastic my cousin Philip was for this science, and what a help we were to each other. So, of course, when he decided to go to Egypt to inspect the recent excavations there, he insisted on my accompanying him, and I was exceedingly anxious to do so.

“We journeyed to Cairo where we had the good fortune to meet Mr. Watson, an old friend of my father, who had devoted a whole lifetime to the study of archæology, and who gave us some interesting news. He had, he claimed, discovered a tomb which gave more insight than all former excavations into Egyptian civilisation. It was shaped, he said, like one of the medium-sized pyramids, but lay much further inland than these, in a part of the desert which no one had thought it worth while to explore. They had evidently gained entrance to the outer room, which ran round this tomb, from which they had collected many valuable specimens, and from which they discovered the tomb to be by far the oldest yet found. They suspected the existence of an inner chamber or chambers, but although the walls had been carefully inspected on all sides, there was no sign of an opening. Mr. Watson, having taken ill some time after its discovery, had had to spend the winter in Cairo, and was now returning to continue his investigations.

“The upshot of it was that we found ourselves, after a journey through almost impassible country, on the edge of a sun-baked desert, and regarding curiously a triangular tomb which stood in the sand. We entered, and found ourselves in a narrow, high

room, dimly lit by some candles brought by the excavators. This room was joined at either end by two similar rooms, which were in turn brought together by another room, the whole thus forming a square border. I set off to walk round this border while Philip and the others were excitedly examining a large case near the entrance. The uncertain light from the candles gleamed on things untouched for seventy centuries, and cast gaunt shadows across ancient faces on the walls, making them seem to smile evilly. But I was used to such things, and was thrilled rather than terrified by them. Mr. Watson's voice reached me clearly. He was saying that he believed the tomb to have been originally the dwelling-place of some royal person, and to have been sealed up only on that person's death. I know not how it was, but in that instant I no longer regarded the tomb with curiosity. It was all so familiar to me, it seemed that I had seen every object day and daily these many years. I stepped over towards the inner wall, and touching the eye of one of the faces, entered the inner chamber by a door which swung open at the pressure, and sat down upon a luxurious couch. Philip and Mr. Watson burst in excitedly a moment later, and stood astonished at the splendour of the room. 'Good for you,' said Philip happily, 'How did you get in?' But I stared at them coldly. 'Bring some food and wine,' I said. Philip laughed, and I grew angry, and said something which, Philip assures me, was in no language he had ever heard. They looked blank at the fierceness of my manner, but in an instant I had jumped up laughing. 'What a wonderful room,' I said, and went to investigate. 'I always said you should have been an actress,' said Philip, now highly amused, 'you played Cleopatra just now fit to bring the house down.'

"We were all now busy exploring. Philip had found a large chest and was examining it carefully. Suddenly he uttered a startled cry. I hastened over, and found him white as marble, and staring at the lid of the chest. There was writing on it, which, with my knowledge of such things, I readily understood to state that the chest was the tomb of one Queen Hespettin, who had lived in this palace, and been buried there on her death, when the edifice was sealed up. Below was a picture of the queen herself. It was rudely drawn indeed, but with more of modern artistry than I had ever remarked in such things. Yet, rude as the drawing might be, there was no mistaking that face. I saw it clearly before I fell back swooning under a great realisation. The face that looked back at me was my own!"

TOPBOOTS AND GOLOSHES.

There were the three of us. Yes! all three of us. We searched for one solitary week and every time we were forced to have our heads well covered by waterproof, our bodies well wrapped in macs. and our feet,—well, our feet were sunk in top-boots and goloshes, as you will doubtless have understood from our title. And in order to protect these protections, we had an umbrella—you know, a gamp.

We were not the only people, mark you, on this expedition; there were many more. Some went about in flannels, striking sports jackets, waterproofs, and, of course, carried their highly-coloured parasols. Then there were the American guys, who drove around in their posh cars, wore tartan plus fours and smoked the most marvellously scented cigars.

The ground where the search was taking place was a huge area of grassland with mountains here and flat fertile plains there. Now, on the mountains you could dance with hob-nailed boots, but on the flat fertile plains you had to wear rubber-soled shoes and walk cautiously and carefully on tiptoe, lest you unwittingly uprooted one of the carefully tended blades of grass.

Before the expedition was over, we actually contemplated wearing bathing costumes and taking swimming lessons; because the task of following the Golf Championship at Carnoustie was decidedly an aquatic feat.

S. C. (III. G.b.).

MODERN INTERLUDE,

or

Are American Films Destroying Our Scottish Heritage?

or

I Was There.

In a Senior School class-room the other day, the master announced to his delighted “set of heroes” that he had decided to drop certain subjects from the exam.

Did those “heroes” give three (or more) hearty British cheers, or disguise their emotion in the approved Scottish style (the application of the pocket handkerchief)? Not on your sweet life! Cries arose of “Say, sir, that’s real swell!” “That’s swell of you!” “Poifect!” “Aw, thanks a lot, sir,” and——well, that’s not so bad as might have been, but which of those Sons of Scotland gave vent to his feelings in the words, “Aw, ya honey!”?

GORGONZOLA OR . . .?

I entered the examination room at 8.44⁸⁷ prompt. Above the door hung the motto, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." I disregarded this as it did not apply to me for I had abandoned all hope previously. The time before the beginning of the examination was fully occupied by writing down all the formulæ, etc., which I could not remember, on the already scarred surface of the desk. I then calculated the total heat produced by the connection between heat and work. Unfortunately, the firing of a revolver, which heralded the start of the examination, frightened a blue-bottle which was enjoying its cold bath at dawn in the inkwell so much that it jumped out, landed on my paper, and completely obliterated my effort to have something correct upon it.

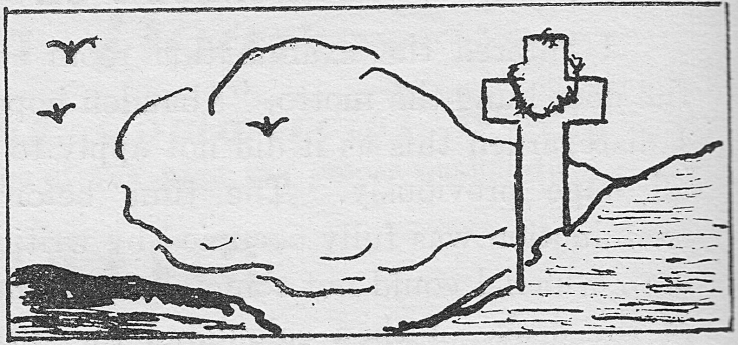
However, I was not yet beaten; the periods which I had laboriously spent at qualitative analysis were then of some use to me. The mixture was dissolved in water and hydrochloric acid added. All the figures of speech and Latin irregular verbs were precipitated as their chlorides are insoluble in water. These were then filtered off and hydrosulphuric acid (hydrogen sulphide to the less learned and sulphuretted hydrogen to the ignorant), passed through the filtrate. The solution was filtered and the clear filtrate obtained was the solution to the equation $ax^2 + 2hxy + by^2 + 2fy + 2gx + c = 0$. The precipitate consisted of Dynamics, but as the separation of this is very complicated it is left as an ammine. Everything was now under control. Time was, however, wearing on, so, as I saw no sense in answering the question, "Why does ink flow out of a fountain pen?" since it was obviously not flowing out of mine, I omitted this question.

The next question was concerned with the safe speed with which a motor-car could take a corner. The obvious answer to this was any speed under 30 m.p.h., so I said so, when I had enticed a pen from a neighbouring desk while its owner was having his after-milk nap. There was now remaining from that instant the total time during which the examination paper was requiring to be completed by the candidate. So last came and last did go the remaining questions. They were all answered by the same words, viz., "See text book." By this time I thought that, in the interests of equity towards my fellow competitors, I should take less time than they would to answer the paper, so I handed in my manuscript and departed in peace from the scene of many heroic battles. As I left the room the bell rang, announcing the end of the examination, and I woke up on the morning after the night before.

J. W. R. (VI. B.).

**“ . . . O but everyone
Was a bird ; . . . ”**

He continued :
“Two minutes silence
. . . I remember all
too well the first
‘Silence.’ It was’nt
after Armistice, it
happened in 1915,



while we were still murdering each other in the mud and blood of the French battlefields. Both sides were pounding each other mercilessly with their heaviest guns . . . afraid of the intentions of the other. We, the ‘common’ soldiers, were lying in muddy trenches, trying to seek shelter in holes which, on the average, were about four feet deep. We lay there, unshaven, filthy, sick of the whole senseless thing, in trenches, which literally ran rivers of blood.

“The heavy devilish tattoo of the guns grew louder every minute, until I felt as if my ears could not stand up to the strain . . . Then—silence, complete and awful, suddenly fell, like a blanket, over the battlefield. A strange, tangible sort of silence, the kind that a murderer must feel the moment before the judge pronounces the final sentence . . . this silence was broken by the shrill whistling of a lark, which suddenly rose heavenwards from the midst of the carnage of ‘No Man’s Land.’ It hovered a little above our heads, singing happily . . . For two minutes we listened entranced to its song, then, by some inner Satanic urge, I raised my rifle and shot this bird . . . Its body fell like a stone ; almost as soon as it touched the ground, the horrible roar of the guns had begun again.

“‘Why did I kill it?’ you ask. Why? I have asked myself that question for the past twenty-two years . . . For, immediately after I had shot it, I knew I had killed a messenger from God . . . The thought came to me that the War could have been stopped if that bird had lived . . . I could have saved millions of lives . . . I could have stopped the whole senseless slaughter then . . . Don’t tell me the whole thing is stupid ; I can feel that myself. But Something weighs on my soul and I know I’m responsible for those lives . . . I am a murderer. Any other murderer would have been killed at once for his crime. **But I know that I shall not die until I have lived one year for every person who was killed in that war. . .**”

J. P.

ON SOLITUDE.

I begged for solitude; they gave me peace
And now, alone, I sit amid the quiet
And strive to be content though they have gone.
Departed all, but each has left behind
Some lingering shadow of his presence here:
A smile that filled with ecstasy this room,
A word that fell like music on my ear.
Deep silence fills the room, and burdens it
Like pain that throbs incessantly all day.
Each trivial sound is heard so plainly now—
The trembling wind that falters at my door;
My heart, which beats with steady, thumping treads.

I hear some footsteps bounding o'er the lawn,
I know those voices mingling with the breeze,
I rush to greet them, smiling, as they smile,
And laughing still and beckoning them on.
For what is life without a smile to give,
Without a friend to share my fortune small?
My lesson o'er, they clasp my hands and smile,
They do not jeer, nor yet do they deride.
They are my friends. I need them as the sun,
Which casts its comfort and its golden light
To wake the flowers and birds for my delight;
And solitude is nought but loneliness.

W. A. D.

QUIS AIT?

"You'll have to get down and get these up."
"That's a good word. Note it down in your jotter."
"This is degenerating into a vulgar brawl."
"A little touch of colour often helps."
"Jings! How did that happen?"
"You wouldn't know that. It's in the Bible."
"I mean to say, it stands to reason."
"Stand back there, and let the class out."

A MOMENT'S MONUMENT—NEARLY.

At Whitehill School, when I was wee,
I liked the boys—the boys liked me.
And so right well we did agree—
The other girls, the boys—and me.
Now at Whitehill, when I am big
And like real well to dance a jig,
Right merry 'tis at many a spree
That I like them, and they like me.
Yes, now when in the sixth I be,
I think it's very plain to see—
Why shouldn't I admit it free?—
I like the boys, the boys like me.

SHY (VI. G.).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

By "EVE."

Aberdeen Architectural Association (A.A.A.).—The holes in the floor and walls of the Annexe now number 86, 532, 976—the 86,532,976th being one right below my desk, which I managed (quite accidentally) to stuff up with my new pencil and rubber last week. We are not quite sure of the style of the building, but we are inclined to think it South American as there is something rather "Chile" about it.

* * * *

Dear Annabelle.—We have no official record of the operation of turning pimples outside-in, to make dimples, being performed. But don't worry; these small eruptions look perfectly alluring if arranged in a symmetrical pattern on the face, and indeed, many Mayfair hostesses are adopting this original fashion. If the idea does not appeal to you, however, you should consult a doctor or a chemist, the only difference between the two being roughly five shillings.

* * * *

Dear Delphine.—You ask me to give you an idea as to the new hats this year. My dear, they're most **excruciatingly** sweet. So high-and-mighty-Cleopatra-like, with just that little bit of Wild West jauntiness that gives one such a dashing degagé air; or winsome sweet-and-twenty **casquettes**, with a tilt, and dainty, ethereal ornamentation that is just too, too pulse-accelerating. So you see, my sweet——.

* * * *

Dear Jack-in-the-box.—As your young lady did not keep the date, and you have not heard of her since, I should think it probable that she either committed suicide or lost her diary. The editress thanks you for your photograph, and feels she would like to discuss the affair more fully with you. She is free on Friday evenings.

SCHOOL.

List to me only with both ears,
And I'll not ask for lines;
Don't leave your pencils on the desk,
And I'll not ask for fines.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Won't get you out to play;
But let me just one sling behold,
And you won't forget this day.

A. H. H. (I. G.c.).

PARODIED VERSES.

My books were here, my books were there,
My books were all around,
I tore my hair, foamed at the mouth,
And fell down in a swoond.

* * * *

The "Cap." o' Whitehill, he's no sich a fule,
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the School.
He wanted some poems, the best ever seen,
'Cause he's also the "Ed." of the School Magazine.

* * * *

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa laddies making a mane,
Altho' a pipe is very fine,
There's nothing tops a "Wild Woodbine."

* * * *

My second Luve's a red, red steak,
My first Luve's milk and porridge.
My first Luve gives me lots of brawn
And my second gives me courage.

* * * *

Toll for the brave,
The brave that tackled low,
A "drop"-kick for the cowards
Who shirked the rushing foe.

* * * *

Look at me only with thine eyes,
And I will look with mine;
Or leave a kiss upon my lips,
And I'll leave one on thine.

M. C. T. (VI.).

TO APOLLO.

Young Apollo, who is seeking a Diana,
From the fair or from the dark or from the red,
And who names them one by one and thinks them over,
There's such nonsense in your silly little head!
For you'll find you cannot choose
Her to whom your heart you'd lose,
For someone not so pretty or so gifted
Will come creeping up behind when you're not there,
And she'll steal it right away
For ever and a day,
So beware!

A MOUNTAIN CLIMB.

It was early morning. The sun, as it rose with majestic splendour, looked like a fiery, red ball, sending the golden rays, far and wide, across the deep blue sky. The air was sweet and fresh, and as I clambered up the mountainside, the glory of my surroundings made me pause and look around. Purple heather and golden lichen covered the mountainside, and, far, far below, I could faintly discern the green meadows, where the lazy cattle grazed, and the sparkling stream, which rippled through the meadows, looked like a silver ribbon as the sun's beams played upon it.

With a sigh of joy and contentment, I resumed my climbing, meaning to reach the summit before the sun rose high. At length, a little warm and tired, I arrived at the summit, and sank to rest on the purple heather and yellowing bracken of the hill.

As I lay, regaining my breath, I scanned the quiet, serene picture, and, indeed, it was beautiful.

I explored a few of the caves which riddled the mountain near to the summit, and then, down the other side of the mountain, I started on my return journey.

About halfway down the mountainside a typical farm cottage was built. Whitewashed walls and thatched roof gave it a cool appearance even on such a warm day. I halted as I noticed an advertisement stating that teas were served within Very much refreshed, I continued on my journey.

As I walked along the quiet country lane, dusk had fallen, and there was peacefulness in the stillness. I had completed my climb as the sun, again a ball of fire, went down.

Now the stars were out, and the moon shone clear; the countryside was bathed in a beautiful light, which made it quiet and serene.

J. R. (I. G.c.).

A large selection of

Hand Bags	Purses	Perfumery
Shopping Bags	Wallets	Perfume Sprays
School Cases and Bags	Umbrellas	Powder Bowls
Cabin Trunks	Jewellery	Brush Sets

always in stock.

Umbrellas Re-covered on the Premises, from 2/11

TROTTER'S

473 DUKE STREET, GLASGOW, E.1

THEME SONG OF HOCKEY 1st XI.

(To the tune, "We're tough, mighty tough in the West.")

Oh we're tough, mighty tough at Craigend.

Oh we're tough, mighty tough at Craigend;

When the Forwards start to tackle

The Backs stand back and cackle,

For we're tough, mighty tough at Craigend.

We're so tough it makes your hair stand up on end.

My song of praise will surely never end;

If we ever get a lickin',

Miss Fisher says, "Just stick in,

For you're tough, mighty tough at Craigend."

Oh we're tough, mighty tough at Craigend.

Our opponents' bruises you can never mend.

If you want to go to Heaven,

Come and play our 1st XI.,

For we're tough, mighty tough at Craigend.

M. K. S. (IV. G.).

A THOUGHT.

A little boy of thoughtful look,

As he laid aside his book,

Asked his father how it was,

On Christmas Eve old Santa Claus,

When going round with all his toys

For all the little girls and boys,

Left the best of what he had

To all those girls and boys whose Dad

Had plenty of money and could buy

Anything, when the price is high.

Now, there's poor little Annie Geeks,

Her father has not worked for weeks,

And because he's poor and wears shabby clothes,

Straight past her door old Santa goes.

Never leaves a single thing,

An apple, doll, or anything.

Now what I really want to know,

Is why old Santa treats them so,

And when I know that this is true,

The mean old snob can miss me too.



BRITTANIA (I. Ga.).

THEME SONGS.

18th Cent. Scottish.

1

17th Cent. English.

2

Unknown.

3

Traditional.

4

Old Scottish Melody.

5

Scottish.

6

Schumann.

7

Traditional.

8

Scottish.

9

10

Above you are given ten passages from well-known songs. In each instance the words appropriate to the lines contain the name of a member of the School Staff. Solutions to be sent to **Mr. Kerr.** A book prize will be awarded to the author of the first correct solution received.

WHITEHILL NOTES



FOOTBALL NOTES.

With the season now in full swing the teams are settling down to a better game. The 1st XI. are passing through a transition period, but have now turned the corner. The 1st XI. was knocked out of the Shield in the first round by North Kelvinside at Dawsholm. The 3rd XI. are second top of their league. They started off shakily, but have now found their feet. They have won last four games in convincing style. The 4th XI., having played their hardest fixtures and having done creditably well, now seem to be in a good position for the league. Where have all the footballers of the School vanished to? The 2nd XI. find difficulty in raising a team. We should like to see a bigger response from the Upper School.

A. T. (Hon. Secy.).

RUGBY SECTION.

We cannot complain this year about the number of people starting Rugby. In fact, the competition for places in the lower two teams is so acute that we could start another—this we actually did one week. New players will, however, be very welcome, especially from the Senior School, and those wishing to start are requested to hand their names to the Secretary as soon as possible.

The 1st XV. is this season very strong, more so, I may say, than for some years previous. We have won two and drawn one of our six games and expect to end the season with a considerable number of points to our credit. The 2nd and 3rd XV.s have also had a very successful season so far, the former only having lost one game and the latter having won the majority of theirs. We do not need to say anything in praise of the 4th XV., as this team, as usual, is proving the most successful in the section, and I have no doubt that from these three teams we will next season manage to pick a very good First.

May I add that we expect the members of the School to support us on Saturdays. This factor has a great say in the result of the game and we appeal to you not to let us down.

W. J. M. (Hon. Secy.).

HOCKEY.

It is very gratifying to see, as in past years, a great response from the members of the First and Second Years. Although the teams have not met with great victory, especially the 1st XI., the last two matches suggest an improvement and we hope this will continue.

The 1st XI. were very fortunate at the beginning of the season in receiving special coaching from Miss Doman, and if her instructions are carried out faithfully there is no reason why the teams should not show themselves worthy of Whitehill.

M. T. (Secy.).

GOLF.



This year we have been unfortunate in losing several of our first-class players, including the School Champion and the winner of last year's Allan Shield. There has not been a very good response so far, and although there was a large number of the more youthful members present at the first meeting, they have not since been in evidence! However, we have been successful in playing off several medal rounds over Lethamhill Course, and the winners will go forward to the medal finals. We are now under the able direction of Mr. Muir.

A. McC. (Hon. Secy.).

TENNIS SECTION.

The attendance, this session, was not all that it might have been. The Senior Boys, however, were very enthusiastic, but owing to the lack of interest among the girls, the End-of-Season Matches had to be cancelled. Junior School enthusiasm was practically non-existent, especially after the holidays, but next season we are looking forward to a display of energy which could with a clear conscience, be called worthy of the game. The Senior Girls should take this to heart and at least try to furnish a team.

An attempt was made to run an End-of-Season Tournament, but, owing to the inadequate response from the girls, it had to be abandoned. The boys, however, were set on having a Tournament, and arranged a "Gent.'s Doubles," but their zeal for practice caused it to be delayed, and complications set in, in the form of bad weather and the close of the season. Thus the second attempt fell through.

Miss Margo Smith, who will be Secretary of this Club next year, will have to pick, and work up, a new team, so every scrap of talent will be needed. Judging by last season's results, a word to the boys will suffice, but girls, please!

I. W. H.

SWIMMING (GIRLS).

So far we have had a very successful season, carrying off first prize at Pollokshields, and second at Queen's Park, in the Invitation Team Relay Race, and we also obtained first prize for Life Saving at the Inter-Schools' Gala. Miss Murray is now in charge of our Swimming and we are confident of further success under her guidance.

C. M. (Secretary).

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

If numbers count for anything, then this would seem to be the most successful season since the Club was formed in 1929. Even in exam. week we had to find seating accommodation for 104 members.

The new session's programme was given a great send-off by Mr. Weir, who entertained us for two hours to "Rambles through the Dictionary." We are very grateful to Mr. Weir and to Mr. Williamson for the interest they have shown in the Society. We are glad, too, to have Mr. Duncanson, our Vice-President, back with us after his illness.

If you have not been to our meetings yet, come along to Room 4 some Friday evening. There are eight meetings still to come. If you visit the first you will visit them all.

A. S. R. (Hon. Secy.).

PHILATELIC SOCIETY.

This year the School has started a Philatelic Society. For those who are not aware of the meaning of those two big words, let me explain in two simpler words—Stamp Club. This Society began on Wednesday, 10th November, under the auspices of Mr. Gent, who is a keen stamp enthusiast himself and who owns a large collection of 9,000 stamps. That is what I call a collection!

At the first meeting Mr. Gent gave good advice on "Starting a Stamp Collection" to a gathering of 22 pupils from Forms IV., V. and VI. It proved both interesting and enlightening. He also showed some rare stamps which are difficult to obtain nowadays. Among them were some South Australia 1855, some of which are valued at £6 each. It just shows what you can do when you try.

We are looking forward to the next meetings with even greater interest, and we hope that there will be just as large a turnout as there was at the first one.

Mr. Gent also intends to start a School Stamp Collection, and, needless to say, we shall only be too grateful for gifts of stamps from pupils who are still at school, and also from any former pupils.

J. F. F. (Hon. Secy.).

SWIMMING (BOYS' SECTION).

Our swimmers have done very well this year, although perhaps not so well as in previous years. In the Sladen Trophy we represented the West of Scotland in the final, which was held at Hawick, but could only take third place. We lost the Championship of the Western Districts, open to pupils under 14, but in the Toc H, Willie Marshall took third place. John Burt was third in the Scottish Junior Breast Stroke, and second in the Free Style. Our Senior Team have done extremely well in winning all their competitions and have now finished their engagements for the year. The results of the Glasgow Schools' Gala showed Whitehill to be in their usual high position. John Burt and John Somerville reached the final of the 150 yards race, the former taking third place. In the Breast Stroke (under 13), A. Simpson was third, and in the Back Stroke, W. Dunn was third. George Burt took first place in the Free Style (under 13). Our Senior Team won the Team Championship of Glasgow, which we have held for the last few years.

Our own Gala, held at Whitevale Swimming Pond, was well supported by an enthusiastic audience. A. Cowan won the Junior Championship and J. Burt the Senior, and our team won the Invitation Team Race, coming in well ahead of the other teams. All interested are invited to attend the practices in Whitevale Pond, which take place every Friday at 4 o'clock.

R. A. R. (Secy.).

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MEETING THE LOCH NESS MONSTER.

We walked near a lake one windy day,
My chum, my dog, and me.
The three of us feeling bright and gay,
My chum, my dog, and me.
No one to bother us in the least,
My chum, my dog, and me.
Until we met a curious beast,
My chum, my dog, and me.
It had two horns on top of its head,
And on its back could be seen five humps.
Its body was the colour of lead,
And its eyes stuck out like two big lumps.
The sight of it made us run so quick,
My chum, my dog, and me.
That we went down that road at some lick,
My chum, my dog, and me.
Our families simply wouldn't believe,
My chum, my dog, and me.
They all laughed so much that it did grieve,
My chum, my dog, and me.
Yet we will never go back that way,
My chum, my dog, and me.
The monster might ask us in one day,
My chum, my dog, and me.

VI. G.



HOME.

What is't that's dear to every heart
When one is far across the sea?
Where is't that each one plays his part
Without the prospect of a fee?
What is't that most folks love to see
When they have wandered far and wide?
Just what is dear to you and me—
The warm love of one's own fireside.

VI. G.