

Whitehill School Magazine.

No. 24.

Christmas, 1931.

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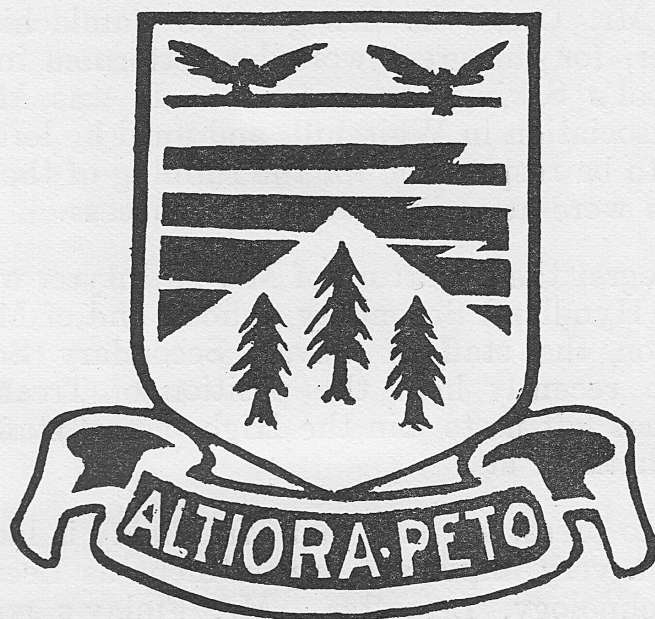
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EDITORIAL.

If we may assume the rôle of prophets, we should venture to say that session 1931-32 will go down in the annals of Whitehill as a veritable "annus mirabilis." It will be recorded as a year of great changes, not only in the personnel of the staff and in the ordinary routine of the school, but also in all the activities of the school.

The school has been very unfortunate recently in losing the services of many prominent members of the staff who have been with us for many years and have now left to take up higher positions in other schools. We offer them all the heartiest congratulations on their new appointments.

In Mr. McEwan, who has been appointed Principal Teacher of English in Pollokshields Secondary School, we have lost a most enthusiastic teacher who took a great interest in all the school's activities. Whitehill must ever be indebted to him for the great work he did in connection with the Library, and the assistance which he rendered to the Savings Association. Mr. McEwan was also a prominent figure in the sports field when the staff opposed the pupils in the annual football or cricket matches.

The Sports Section of the school has suffered a great loss by the appointment of Mr. Higgins to the post of Principal Teacher of Mathematics at Victoria Drive School. Mr. Higgins devoted his energy and enthusiasm to the Sports Club, particularly the Rugby Section, and after holding other important offices was finally President of the Club, and was largely responsible for fostering the spirit of sport within the school in recent years.

Great credit is due to a former member of the Science Department, Mr. Orr, who has gone to Camlachie School as Second Master, for the great work he performed in connection with the school's Savings Association. It was Mr. Orr who started the Association in Whitehill, and until he left us recently he continued to be responsible for the running of the Association and his efforts were attended with great success.

We also regret the departure of Mr. McIntyre, who has been transferred to Hyndland Secondary School, and of Mr. Dimmer, who is now on the staff of Govan Secondary School. Dr. Scotland, who recently held the position of Treasurer of the Sports Club, has left us to join the High School staff. Our best wishes go with them all.

As we go to press, we hear that Mr. Finlay is likely to leave us to take up a very important appointment as Lecturer in the College of Technology, Leicester. Mr. Finlay's good work in the Commercial Section has been amply proved by the outstanding successes of some of his former pupils in recent competitive examinations. We wish him every success and take this opportunity of thanking him for the work he has done in connection with the organisation of the School's trip to the Continent.

We would also extend a very cordial welcome to the following teachers who have taken the places of those who have left us:— Dr. Russell, Mr. Livingstone, Mr. Chisholm, Mrs. Murray, and Mr. Bell, and also to Miss Fraser, who has joined the Commercial Department. Mr. Reid, a former pupil of the School, has joined us in place of Miss Stark, who left at the end of last session.

It is with regret that we have noticed the absence, due to illness, of Mr. Phillips. We hope that ere this Magazine is published he will be well on the way to recovery, if not back to duty again.

Since the last issue of the Magazine, the first event of note was the School Prize-giving, which was rather a unique event in that it was held in Rutherford Church, crowded with pupils and parents and adorned by the variously-coloured hoods worn by the teachers! We would like to express our thanks to the Rev. F. P. Copland Simmons, M.A., for the use of the Church for the occasion. It is interesting to note that Mr. Simmons was the first to contribute to the Craigend Fund and we must thank him for the very practical way in which he has shown his interest in the School.

This brings us to the most outstanding feature of the year—the raising of funds for improvements at Craigend and for clearing off the debt. The School's contribution in this connection will be entirely devoted to making alterations and improvements to the house and stripping accommodation. The

board in the hall containing the list of contributors up to date is an inspiring record. The School is to be congratulated on the spirit it has shown, and it is to be hoped that the example of those who have already contributed will be followed. The need for funds is urgent. We would suggest that pupils should endeavour to send in a Christmas instalment as a way of showing their good-will.

Not only are the pupils being called upon to do their bit, but a Committee of Ways and Means has been set up under Dr. Merry, and we hear rumours of many activities for the winter season. A Jumble Sale will be held on 19th December, and a Cake and Candy Sale will take place in the near future. There are also to be some interesting Lantern Lectures, details of which will be announced later, and we are told to look out for interesting competitions. We hope that every member of the School will loyally co-operate in the endeavours to make that £1,000 a reality.

In this great drive for money the Magazine is not to be behind in doing its bit. The proceeds of this issue are to be handed over to the fund, so it is hoped that every pupil will make a special effort to sell as many copies as possible.

November 5th of this year saw the revival of the Whitehill Swimming Gala after a lapse of about six years. Its undoubted success makes it almost a certainty that the gala will become an annual event for the School.

Whitehill believes in advancing with the times and at last the School can boast of a Girl Captain and Girl Prefects—another instance of the claims for sex equality!

Within the School itself, many will have noticed two tall panels in the hall. On these will be inscribed the names of the Sports Champions—one being allotted to the girls and the other to the boys. As last summer was the first year in which we had a Girls' Championship Cup, the names will start from 1931, but for the boys' panel, the list of names has now been completed from 1906 onwards. A new addition also is the handsome case in which repose the cups and shields won for Whitehill in the realm of sport. Another valuable acquisition—the School Aquarium—is dealt with in the School Notes in this issue.

The School Concert, one of the most important events in school life, is to take place on THURSDAY, 18th FEBRUARY. There is no need to remind pupils of the enormous success of this function last year and we hope that the City Hall may be once more filled to the full for the great occasion.

We are delighted to observe the success of all sections of the Sports Club this season. The four football teams are doing

exceptionally well and Whitehill's name can be seen at the top of more than one league table. The Rugby section is going from victory to victory, gaining strength as the season advances, and the 2nd XV. in particular presents an inspiring record. The girls, too, are keeping the School flag flying high in their hockey games. We offer our heartiest congratulations and best wishes for the future to all the School teams.

Last summer a party from Whitehill made a trip to Switzerland under the supervision of Miss Monaghan and Mr. Finlay, and from all reports this was very successful. Unfortunately, the future activities of School Travel are somewhat uncertain, and it is doubtful whether a trip will be possible or advisable next year owing to the peculiar financial circumstances.

The following is a record of Whitehill Former Pupils' successes at the University. In English Language and Literature, Hannah A. Buchan and Richard A. Schmidt have gained 1st and 2nd Class Honours respectively, and Isabel Muir and May Black have both gained 1st Class Honours in Modern Languages. A distinguished Former Pupil of Whitehill, Andrew Browning, D. Litt., has been appointed Professor of History at Glasgow University in succession to Professor D. J. Medley, LL.D. William E. Muir, one of our Snell Exhibitioners, after many notable successes at Oxford, has recently been appointed Lecturer in Greek at Glasgow University.

We thank Mr. Alexander for the many posters which have adorned the walls of the School to herald the advent of the Magazine.

In conclusion, we wish the Headmaster, staff and pupils the compliments of the season and the utmost success in 1932.

Obituary.

We regret to have to record another fatal accident involving a member of the School. On Friday, 4th September, Jean Milligan, II. G.f., was knocked down and killed by a motor van within half-an-hour of returning from school.

A few weeks ago there also passed away Mr. Elijah Cresswell, a former pupil of the School. While at school, Mr. Cresswell distinguished himself in the first football team formed, and was capped versus London. Later, of course, he proved an outstanding player for the Queen's Park F.C.

To their families we now extend our heart-felt sympathy.

Ode to I. B.f.'s Biggest Swot.

Big "Tonel" is a heilan' man,
 He comes from Rothesay Bay,
 He takes size 24 in boots,
 And wears them night and day.
 He really is a heavy-weight,
 The ground quakes at his tread.
 His feet protrude from 'neath the sheets
 When he is snug in bed.
 Of brain he has not very much;
 He is a first repeat.
 I think he should not sleep so much,
 Nor take so much to eat.

ANONYMOUS.

Answers to Correspondents.

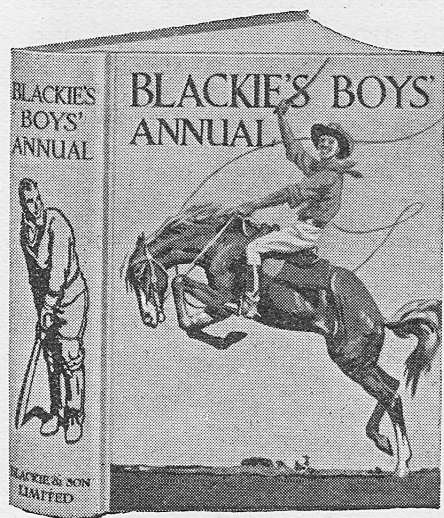
Sufferer (Blackhill).—Cure for a red nose Try water.

Light Blue (Parkhead Paradise).—As far as we can trace, Celtic have not won the Cup since 1931.

Wild Justice (Well Shot).—It is not the policy of this Magazine to supply teachers' addresses—fires and explosions have been all too frequent of late.

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Mr. R. M. Weir.

Our welcome to our new Headmaster, if somewhat belated, is none the less sincere. Naturally, when a change at the helm is pending, both scholars and staff feel a certain anxiety. "Better a kent deil than ane no kent" comes readily to the lips of those of us who still have some skill in our mother tongue. And even if there's no question of "deil" in it, we have all doubts and fears as to what may or may not happen, under the new Captain's orders.

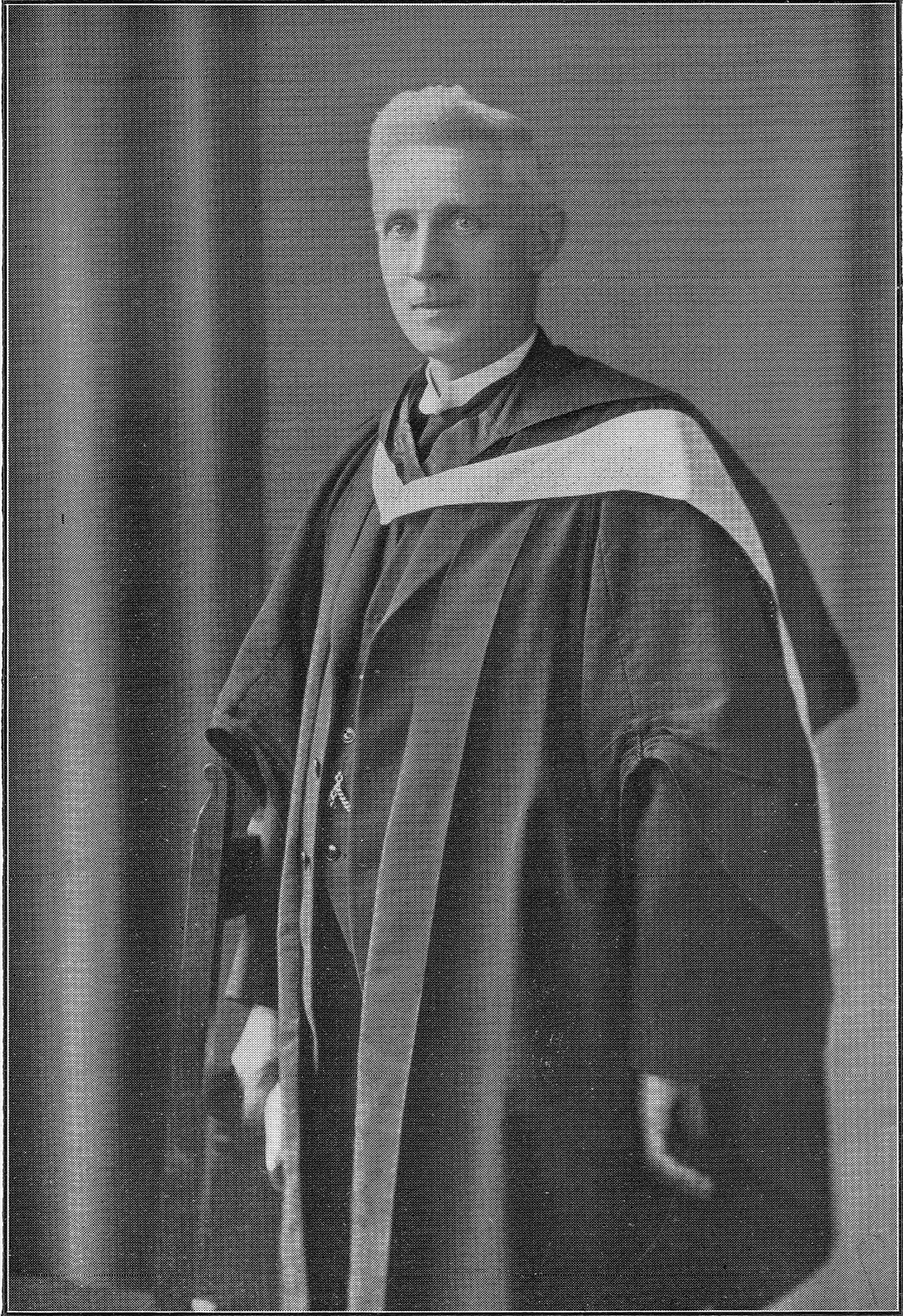
Mr. Weir lost no time in reassuring us all. The genial placidity of Mr. Nisbet's regime had gone, only to be replaced by an equal geniality and good comradeship that speedily made its way, went a long way to reconcile us to the change, and established the new Headmaster in his rightful place.

The geniality was of the first importance, but with it has gone a desire to come into the closest personal touch with everybody in the school, but most of all with the pupils. In a surprisingly short time Mr. Weir has succeeded in coming into real contact with every boy and girl, and by his energy and driving power has made each pupil feel that the Head is taking a very tangible interest. That may not always have been to our liking, but its value is strikingly evident to those who have the main interests of the school at heart, and who have an eye to see.

Without in any way changing the traditional routine of the school—and tradition counts for much in a school with so long a history—Mr. Weir has infused into it a considerable portion of his own energy—not only in matters scholastic, but in the renewed interest that is being taken in other activities; and with the drive and resolution inspired by his example, it will be strange indeed if the school does not line up to the best of its old story.

A scholar and an experienced master, Mr. Weir has not confined his energy to the inside of the schools, and his work on School Management and E.I.S. Committees, and as a member of Glasgow Schools' Swimming Association, is well known. He has also been prominent in organising the various School Journeys, and we hope to benefit by his knowledge in that particular direction.

After many years' experience in Queen's Park as Principal Teacher of Modern Languages, Mr. Weir was appointed Headmaster of Shawlands Academy, whence he came to us in June last. Since then he has revealed the strong and untiring activity that is characteristic of him, and has thrown into his guidance of the school a praiseworthy and unsparing energy. "Get things done" seems to be his motto, probably in some French or German happy phrase. For what he has done, and what we expect him to do, we take this, our first opportunity, to welcome and thank him.

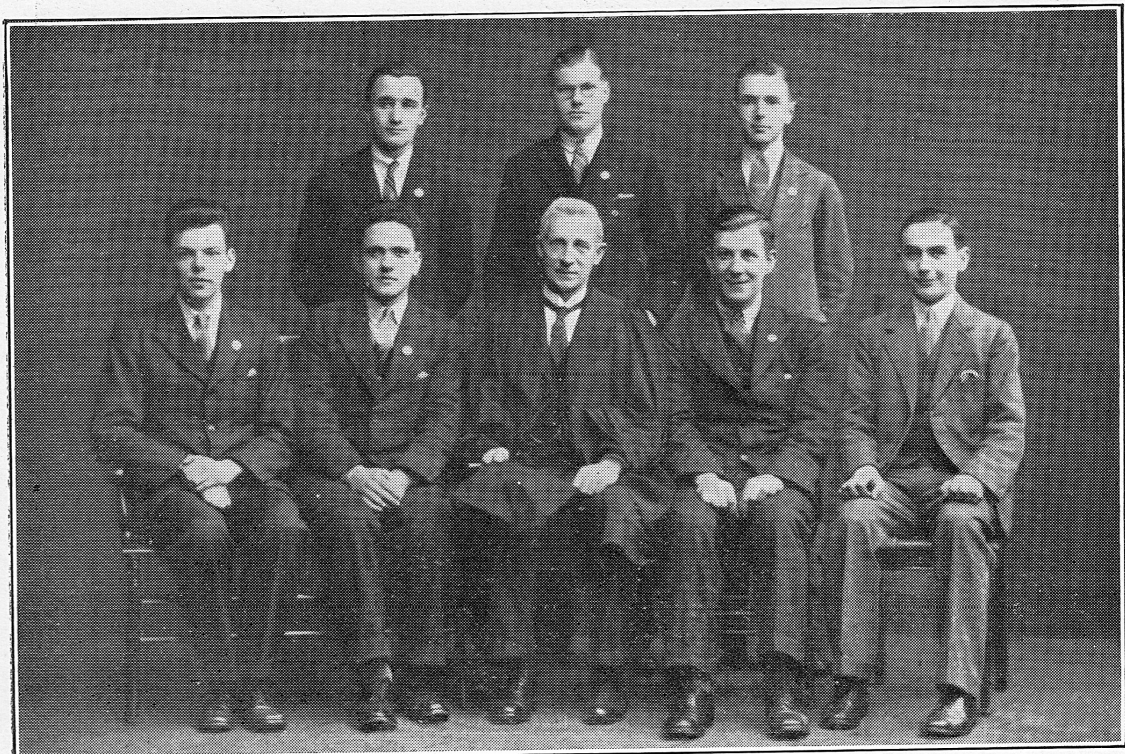


ROBERT M. WEIR, M.A., B.A. (Hons. London).



D. Muirhead, M. M. Andrews, S. B. Wright,
 I. S. Forsyth, J. M. Blyth, Mr. Weir, E. A. Anderton, I. M. Still.
Captain. Rector.

PREFECTS—GIRLS.



C. Hamilton, A. Brown, J. M. Thyne,
 G. Milton, S. O. Stewart, Mr. Weir, J. G. Forrest, A. M. McCallum.
Captain. Rector.

PREFECTS—BOYS.

University Letters.

THE UNIVERSITY,
November, 1931.

Dear School,

Despite the fact that one requires some little time to explore new surroundings before expressing an opinion on them, I have been asked, while still reconnoitring, to say what I think of life at Gilmorehill.

All is quiet now after the first big event of this year—the Rectorial, a season of feasting, revelry, and of brawling, with perhaps a little canvassing and less voting, during which party organisations, in place of the usual bribes of conveyance to the polling booth, now offer a number of free entertainments to possible supporters. By now there is no trace of that “season of gladness” but a discolourment of the grass lawns with a substance popularly known as pease meal, the presence of which within the precincts is still a mystery to the most enterprising of chemists!

At present the student casts his eye forward to Charities’ Day, when for a brief moment he has the freedom of the city and the pleasure of watching the painful extraction from the pockets of his fellow-townsmen. The time is a silver lining to the dark cloud of impending examinations.

One of the first things to strike a Whitehill fresher is that his traditionally arrogant Sixth is a mere nothing—that here are many Sixths, all of which must know of the pride of one year, and become a unit in the corporate life of the University. Two types of students have been wrongly associated with Universities; the young scholar striving to the greatest heights of learning, and the idler, having no other aim than that of passing his youth in leisure. Neither type is to be admired. The first puts study before all else, stands aloof, and makes few, if any, friends; a dilapidated specimen of humanity. The other, “indulging in the studies of inglorious leisure,” wears a rather dissipated look. One might feel there was a grain of truth in the proverb—“John has been to college to learn to be a fool.” But the idea of a community of two component types, so opposed, is entirely wrong. More and more students are striking the happy medium. They attend to their work, but also take part in the social life of ’Varsity. In this way he enjoys his work at one time and his leisure at another.

The University to be a true Alma Mater should “teach us how to think rather than what to think.” We must, under suitable conditions, meet people of like tastes; we learn that ours is not the only point of view and we find, or should find, that the spirit of co-operation and comradeship is the spirit for this old world of ours. We have clubs for all conceivable and unconceivable purposes, from the abstract intellectualism of the

Classical Societies to the common argumentatives of the Political Clubs. The clubs can be used for their specified purposes, but, as is more usual, also for the improvement of social relations, a purpose quite as legitimate and beneficial. In the clubs and not in the lecture rooms will you form tastes, opinions, and friendships, the things that last in life.

The student will find a large number of entertainments to choose from. He may dance in the garb of his ancestors with the Scottish Nationalists on Thursday, and with the Tories, dear enemies, on Friday, while, as a loyal Communist, he spurns them both. But why worry! Is not our pleasure before our politics?

And now, while thanking my courageous reader for thus far suffering my pedantry, let me conclude by advising him to work and play, and, most important, to carry out the motto imprinted on the cover of this very magazine.

With all best wishes for the coming year.

J. M. H.

QUEEN MARGARET COLLEGE,
November, 1931.

Dear School,

I'm afraid I have not been here long enough to give you advice about what to do, and what not to do, so I will try to give you some of my impressions of this "strange new life" instead.

When I went to see the "adviser of studies," I was confronted with a solid door through which no sound penetrated. After standing outside for ten minutes, I ventured to tap timidly, and, receiving no reply, to peep cautiously round the edge. I then saw about a dozen girls seated in chairs round a room "waiting their turn." Just before my turn came I opened my bag to take out the time-table I had drawn up, only to find that I had left it at home. "What good will it do at home?" Unconsciously I asked myself the question I had been asked so often at school when I left my exercise behind, and, as usual, "No good" was on the tip of my tongue. I hurried out and did not return for several days.

On the morning on which classes were to commence I went to Gilmorehill very early in order to find my class-rooms, only to discover that very few of even the sophisticated 3rd and 4th year students knew anything about where their classes were to be held, **and no-one was worrying.** Latterly I discovered my English class, not where any sensible person would expect it to be, in the English Room, but in a different building altogether. After all this worry I was told that the class would not meet till the following week.

With French it was the same. It was held in an obscure room at the top of countless stairs. I was thankful on the first morning to see an Englishman before the class, but my happiness was not for long. Next morning a Frenchman lectured to us—**in French**. This was the class, too, in which we were told that, if we did not hear or understand, we were to signify in the traditional manner—by scraping our feet on the floor. The English lecturer seemed to think we would find this out soon enough, for he did not tell us that it was traditional to do so.

Being determined not to slink into a room again, I marched boldly into a class-room one day to be greeted with "Tut, tut, tut," from the assembled class, which had been drowsing through a dry lecture before my entrance wakened them up to remonstrate. Another hurried exit on my part!

One other thing that might interest you has just come to my mind. Class tests are treated as exams. here, and are held in the Bute Hall under exam. conditions. It is rather solemn to stand outside the door till the chimes proclaim the hour, then to file in and sit at tables on which are all you require (except a dictionary and grammar) and to commence immediately; but it is also very cheering when you come out, to give your lungs plenty of exercise without fear of anyone making a remonstrance.

I don't think there is any more I can tell you about University life at present. I can only hope you will have a nice, **helpful** letter from Gilmorehill itself to make up for the advice this one lacks, and, to conclude, I wish you all the compliments of the season.

BLANC-BEC.

Lure.

I have lain among the luscious grass
 And heard the night-wind croon;
 I have watched the silver river pass
 Like magic 'neath the moon.
 I have wandered through the hush deep pines,
 Green shadows touched with gold,
 Where the moss-soft path forever twines
 And the mountain mists enfold.

I have loved the green enchantment of
 The Solitary Glade,
 And the ever-changing fantasy
 Of star-enraptured shade.
 And the mist blue hills shall call me back
 To the beauties that enthrall,
 Till I go forth on the lonely track
 Where still the white roads call.

A. J. F., F.P.

On Writing an Article for the School Magazine.

It is a most regrettable fact that the quiet serenity of the Sixth Year must needs be disturbed by the Editor's ardent appeal for contributions to the Magazine. At the last moment, when we believe the time of extortion is past, along comes an appealing S.O.S. for us to do our bit. Thenceforth the vision of the Editor haunts us day and night—hence our frequent nightmares and our tendency to go to sleep in the Latin class—and at last, on some dark and stormy night, when one would expect all sorts of evil brewing, we stir the “little grey matter” to activity and settle down to do our duty. But what are we going to write about?—“Aye, there's the rub.”

Utterly dejected we let our thoughts wander back to school and school life, whereupon we seem to hear the inevitable, perpetual and unanimous voice of the sixth year chorus (beauty chorus if you will) echoing throughout the rooms of the new school, “What a Life!” Splendid! We have at last received that longed-for inspiration—we will write about the “beauties” of the Sixth Form. Even august members of the staff in their weak moments often call the Sixth “a lot of beauties,” so we have no scruples about using the word, paradoxical though it may seem. But on considering the subject, we are reminded that one short sentence does not constitute a Magazine article, and all we could possibly say about the “beauties” would be confined to one sentence, that is, if we are to keep strictly to the truth.

Still undaunted, however, we pass on, by way of separating the sheep from the goats, to that particular sect of the Sixth Year who are labelled “Prefects”—“the high heid yins” of the School, those mighty people who strut about trying to keep from looking stupid, and who insist in coming into classes long after the common crowd. All the little, unimaginative pupils of the Junior School worship them blindly, all the big stalwarts of the Senior School—well, “'nuff said.” That precious little quality called “tact” warns us to drop the subject, for the Editor is said to have an understanding with the Prefects (we refer, of course, to THE Prefects of the School—the Boys).

So far all our inspirations have been disappointingly unproductive and, to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous, our minds wander to the guardians of learning themselves, those lordly beings who float around the school arrayed in robes, for all the world like a body of clerics—in appearance at least. But as we would put pen to paper and give expression to our real feelings on the matter, there loom up before us disastrous libel cases, the gloomy walls of Barlinnie (sorry, Mr. Editor) confront us menacingly and we are effectually cowed. So, bang goes another theme for a magazine article!

JUNIOR PAGES.

"Too Bad."

Our school is full of new ideas,
The teachers they are sprightly,
The lamp of fame is full and strong,
And the prospects are seen brightly.

They all put on their old suits now;
Their new ones aren't needed,
Because they've covered them with cloaks,
Which back and front are pleated.

One sees them hurrying through the hall,
The backs of their gowns all flaring,
Strutting and speeching in a room,
Or up the stairs a-tearing.

They stand with book in their left hand,
A strap is in their right
Which, if you make a slight mistake,
They wield with all their might.

From morn till noon they scold you,
From noon till four the same,
And if there is the least dust-up
It's always **you** to blame.

T. S. (III. B.a.).

The Lost Book.

Where are you lying now, my pretty book?
In some dusty corner or some bubbling brook?
I've hunted in daylight and hunted in gloom,
But I think I'll find you in the Janitor's room.

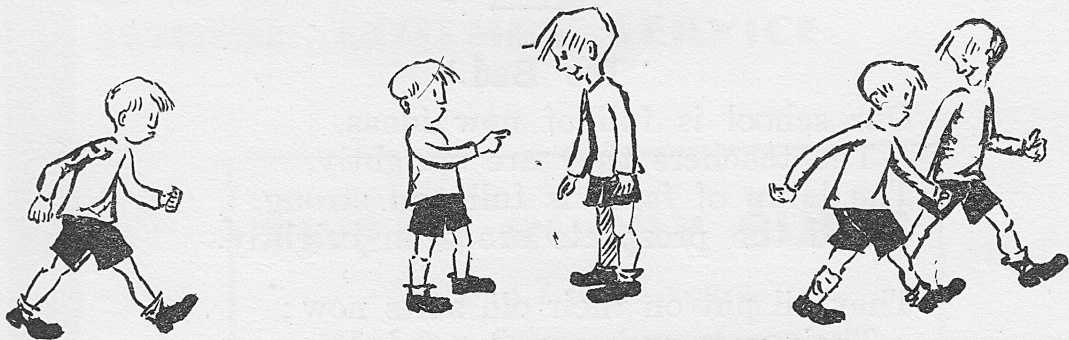
D. W. (II. G.a.).

To Mary.

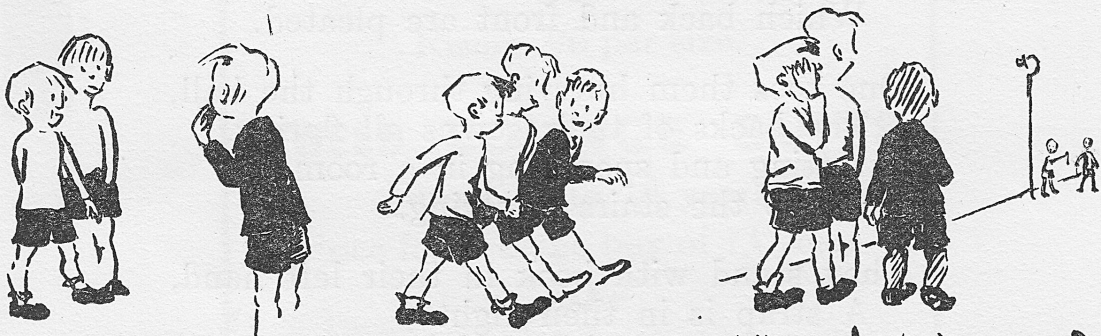
Oh! Mary, your charms my love inspire,
You turn to grey my hair;
Alas! 'tis useless to admire
When doomèd to despair!

Yet in thy presence, Mary sweet,
My thoughts take wings and fly;
And humbly falling at thy feet—
But, och, a'm awfu' shy.

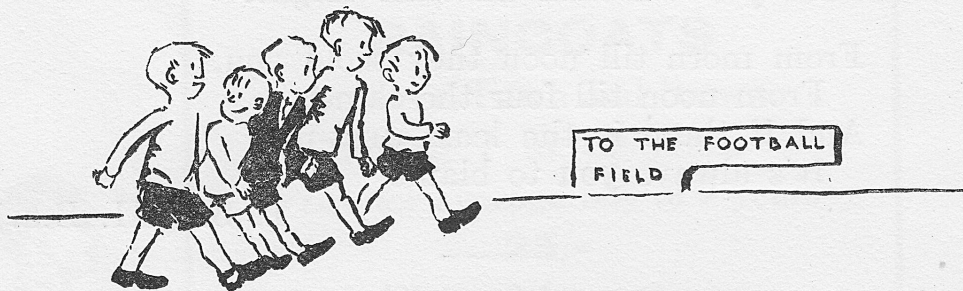
J. M. (II. B.a.).



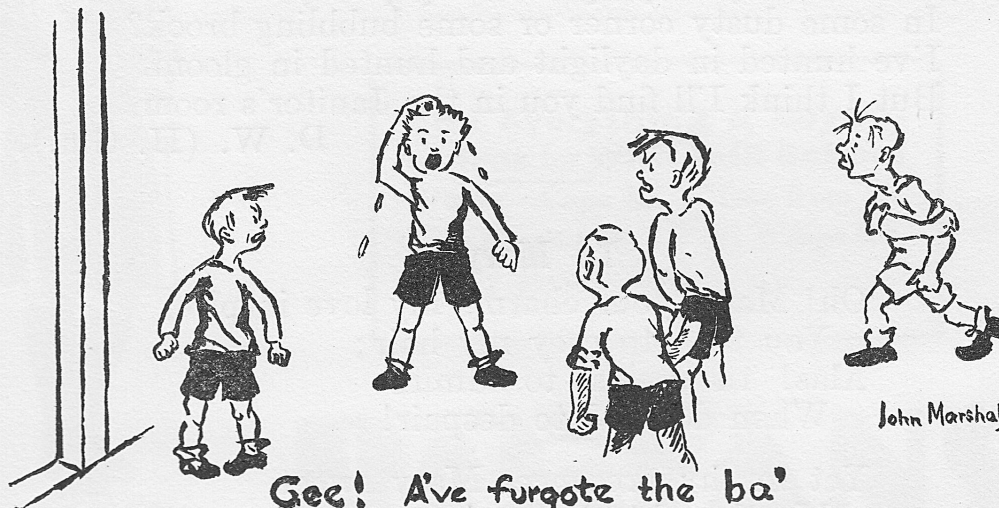
Now for a game o' footer. — Will you play? — Let's get some more.



D'you wan' a game — But three's no enuf — Hi you! Wan' a game?



O. K. for a five-a-side — (?)



John Marshall. 2 B

Gee! A've furgote the ba'

School.

In this renowned school of ours
 Some changes have been fated,
 The teachers seem such Lordly Powers
 In gowns all decorated.

But now the latest change in sight
 Gives few a chance for fame,
 For if you don't work day and night
 The "Black Book" claims your name.

I think it is a crying shame
 The way we are convicted,
 For every mark goes 'gainst your name
 And punishment's inflicted.

And that is not the only snag,
 Though one may seem too many;
 Just drop an "eccy" from your bag—
 You've got to pay a penny.

Not only are there punishments,
 But by request, I deem,
 Have we to scrape up twenty bob
 To make Craigend supreme.

And now I think that that is all,
 At least it is enough,
 And anyone who dares say "No!"
 Will find life very rough.

T. L. (II. B.c.).

Limericks.

There was once a giraffe who said, "What
 Do I care if my tea's strong and hot?
 For my throat's such a length
 That it loses its strength,
 And is cold ere it reaches the spot."

There once was a fellow called Rankin,
 Whose teacher had given him a spankin';
 He roared like a bull
 And alarmed the whole school,
 So they took him and drowned him a tank in.

There once was a fellow called Willie,
 Who was always a fathead, and silly.
 When asked for his tables
 He told childish fables.
 Will he ever be better, now will he?

T. M. R. (I. B.k.).

Round the Class.

“Sir P. Spens was walking on the prom. when he received a telegram to cut over to Norway.”

“At certain seasons the Nile overflows its banks and bursts through the dam gates.”

Hustled History—“John Knox spent eighteen hard months on the gallows.”

“Only the music of the sea was heard on **Choral** Island.”

Shakespeare's Ordeal—Teacher: “Where's Portia?” Voice: “Come on, Mackay.”

Higher History—“Henry VIII.'s last wife was Katie Barr, who was beheaded, but outlived Henry.”

Off the Map—“Chicago is at the foot of Lake Michigan.”

“The lesson of the poem, ‘The Village Blacksmith,’ is that it is better to be content with what you've got, instead of being like some who would give millions of pounds to be rich.”

“Meteors were invented to tell you how much gas you are using.”

“Cycle symmetry is the place where cyclists are buried.”

In Disgrace.

Johnnie stands in the corner bare,
Feeling his deep disgrace;
He's somewhat sticky about the hair
And jammy about the face.

His fat little legs are wide apart,
And he stares with a dismal stare;
I know he's bad, but it breaks my heart
To see him standing there.

“I'm awfully sorry about myself,
But what is a chap to do,
When the jar is on the lowest shelf,
And the lid left open, too?

“So it's very nice to keep me here,
For I'm sorry—I really am—
But you know”—here he brushes away a tear—
“That I'm dreadfully fond of jam!”

The Staff Cricket Match.

What a glorious opportunity it was to see the august members of the staff, freed from the lordly dignity of the gown, and entering with energy and enjoyment (?) into the fun of the cricket field. No wonder a large crowd assembled at the entrance to the cricket ground. Some trouble was caused at first owing to a charge being made for admission, and a special train from Aberdeen was immediately cancelled. However, the charge was removed, and all the spectators who had paid got their money back (both of them). When the good news was spread terrific crowds turned up, and the Aberdeen special was put on once more, in addition to two extra tramcars from the Gorbals. Enquiry made at the end of the game, however, revealed that no "vatches" had been sold to the pupils.

Several youngsters peeped into the pavilion to see the masters at tea, and great was their disappointment to find they ate like ordinary mortals. What a shock to see the glory of the great beings faded by a simple cream bun!

Amid great cheers the staff commenced their innings. After that everything went wrong. In contrast to previous occasions the staff actually tried to make runs. Some of the teachers had evidently spent the vacation watching Hobbs (or Smailes). They certainly did their best to knock the cover off the ball, and windows in Meadowpark Street had an anxious time during Mr. Munro's innings.

After making about 130 runs the staff came out to field very confidently, trying to look as much like cricketers as is possible when wearing waistcoats and braces. We missed last year's prominent figure behind the stumps, and had to look elsewhere for a landmark. The staff's fielding was excellent, and Mr. Campbell brought off his annual brilliant catch (Smailes has certainly a lot to answer for!). The score mounted steadily, 100, 200, 300, until the score-board went on strike, and the teachers managed to roll into the pavilion, there to apply the Sloan's Liniment and call for a taxi or an ambulance.

Everyone enjoys this jolly and care-free game, and it is a pity that many notable figures will be missing next year. It seems strange to think that Tom Froud has led the School on to the field for the last time, and that such popular members of the staff and such good sportsmen as Dr. Scotland and Mr. McEwan are with us no more.

But no matter who takes part in these games, it brings the staff and pupils into closer touch and helps them to have a greater sympathy and understanding of each other.

Ruggere in Ye Olden Days.

Manly teame came swaggering down ye roade
 Ycladde in brilliant shirtes of colours gay,
 Wherein ye tears and toothmarkes still were showed,
 Ye sure signs of many a bloudie fray.
 For many a fighte they'd fought before that day—
 Their eyes were fixed with bloud-thirstie stare
 As looking for a foe to fighte, and slay.
 Full handsome crowd they seemed, bothe talle and fair.
 And ever chaffed ye passers-by with jauntie air.

And with them, side by side, ye opposing teame,
 Who courteously had met them on their roade,
 Did talk with them—in friendliness, 'twould seem,
 Though only waiting—as was later showed—
 Till they with blows and buffets them could loade.
 For in their keene enjoyment of this game
 They foughte each other till the rich bloud flowed,
 And many a youth of old and noble name,
 Was slaughtered, and achieved thereby great fame.

At last, ye time has come, and thirtie men
 Into ye playing field do valiant come;
 Then ready got, ye game begins, and then
 O ye Toe-Rag! Behold ye scrum!
 One man doth falle, and trampled down are some.
 Ye thousands who looke on do cheere and calle,
 And all ye time a steady, ceaseless hum
 Doth show ye interest in ye hearts of all,
 To see which men shall stand, and which shall falle.

What thrills and joys a game of ball can yield;
 For now, amidst ye boisterous cheeres of all,
 One valiant man runs madly down ye field
 And, ere ye foe doth catch and make him falle,
 He on the linē truly puts ye balle.
 But hark! How some do loude triumphant cry,
 While others fiercely hooote at him and calle
 As, watched with feare or joy by every eye,
 He faileth sadly to converte ye try!

A. M. (IV.)

Mother (to son): "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

Son (hopefully): "Hadn't we better eat up the remainder of the plum pudding, then?"

R. E. (I. B.k.).

A Discourse on Manners.

I have really been so scandalised by the manners—or lack of them—of the present generation, that it behoves me to raise my pen in protest and give timely advice to offenders.

The first fact for you to grasp is that a back-court sweeper may be as polite as a baronet. For what does Professor MacTavish, the author of "Haggis, its Feeding and Training," say on the subject? "Clothes do not make the man; they hold his spare cash." Nevertheless, no matter how shabbily dressed you may be, it is imperative that you have a good hat—preferably a "topper"—for, besides preventing your catching cold, even our well-informed authority, Mr. MacTavish, knows nothing better than a "topper" for greeting a young lady in the street. It serves, moreover, as a useful receptacle for such articles as cannot be carried comfortably in the hand. I would, however, particularly counsel you, as a young enthusiast, against keeping butter therein, as the latter decomposes rapidly even under the feeble heat given off by the modern young man's brain; and it would be the height of **bad** manners to recognise a feminine acquaintance by releasing an oleaginous stream over your features!

Now, as to behaviour at a party. A young man must never sit down to tea in his overcoat, although that erudite treatise, Foulsham, is silent on the subject. Moreover, when fish is served, he must not be so uncultured as to produce a newspaper containing fried chips to eat with it. If irritated waters are on the table, it is the height of madness to hold a siphon by the handle while passing it behind a lady's back, for accidents **will** happen, you know. I hope there is no need for me to sermonise also on the inadvisability of dropping ices into your partner's lap; of executing a comic dance with a potato on the end of two forks; of squirting orange pips between your finger and thumb; and of leaning back in your chair while attempting to spit grape seeds as far as the ceiling. Further, when a bowl of liquid is passed round, distinguish its contents by circumspect smelling, in order that you may not commit the unpardonable offence of washing your hands in the soup!

If entertainment is provided after the meal, the members of the family acting as the artistes, strong will-power, resolute fortitude, and a tolerant smile are "de rigueur." Even if the screeching of the daughter of the house rather unnerves you, simply remark conscientiously that you have never before heard singing like it. Similarly, if some "young hopeful" hangs on to your necktie and ruffles your parting, keep an iron grip upon yourself, the while assuring the fond mother that he is bound to become a prime minister or even a prize-fighter.

Needless to add, he who refers to this discourse in public will **not** be considered a paragon of good manners!

In Caricature



Hoo's that umpie?



Hail to thee "By the spirit"



The "O.K." skipper



A chiel among ye takin' notes.



Scrum-shus



Oh! Fishes!-!!-

Noses.

In the last issue of the Magazine, some bright spark "had the neck" to write about "Necks," fearing, no doubt, that if he didn't write something he would "get it in the neck" from the Editor. On this analogy, since we delight in poking our noses into other folk's affairs, we would tackle the question of "Noses."

The nose is blamed for many things. Some say it gives indication of character, others claim that there is something supernatural about it—perhaps a slight connection with "spirits." However that may be, we are inclined to favour the proposal of an eminent authority on the human proboscis (what the vulgar would term "a nosey man") who states, after much research in the matter, that the nose indicates the direction in which one is to go after leaving this world. If so, we rejoice to think that our dearly-beloved Captain is sure of a first-class passage to the happy hunting-ground for little boys who always learn their Virgil and never join the after-nine squad in the cold winter mornings, when "it's better to lie in your bed"—a piece of simple philosophy containing a world of truth, "as every schoolboy knows."

Some noses, the sniffing kind, always seem to want to be "blowed"; others make our fingers itch to get a good punch at them, while some just offer themselves to be pulled, like the handle of an old-fashioned pull-out bell. No matter of what sort, whether the celebrated "pug" or "aquiline" species, noses are really quite handy accessories to man, except when one catches a cold, then they will insist in running all over the place.

Many noses, especially those of singers, expand and contract like a rabbit's, and others, especially those of would-be society ladies, always have a distinct tendency to turn up on the slightest provocation; some keep on wobbling up and down in complete harmony with the lips, as if connected by some unseen chord (not necessarily the "Lost Chord"), while others bear a close affinity to the chin, as if holding sympathetic intercourse with it on the loss of the teeth which once separated them.

Our great interest in the human proboscis drives us to great extremities, even so far as to commit ourselves to verse (or what is meant to be verse), yet we doubt whether such seeming apologies are necessary, for who knows what nose may not yet form the nucleus of an epic poem?

What tells me when the cheese is bad,
Or if it's only Gorgonzola?

What tells me if the powder's cheap,
Whene'er I kiss my darling Lola?

My nose.

What keeps my eyes from ever meeting
When longing to look both ways at once?

What is always going before me,
And, when colds come, always runs?

My nose.

NOSEY (VI. B.).

Dramatic Incident at Whitehill.

Toiling up Whitehill Street the other morning, I was seriously alarmed to observe crowds swarming towards the school, and excited people leaning out of almost every window in the surrounding Drives. These things were so unusual—particularly the hurry schoolwards—that I hastened to find out the cause.

An enormous crowd was pressing around the girls' gate, and only an occasional gasp of horror broke the silence. I fought my way to the centre, and there stood Anna Jones, rather pale, but defiant-looking. I was wondering why the inner ring of spectators stood so open-mouthed, when Anna suddenly turned.

This, then was the awful meaning! Overcoming my astonishment, I went up and tried to lead the girl away.

At this moment a terrific whistling set up, and the fire brigade, ambulance, Black Maria, and the blue van came careering up the street.

"I thought it would be safer to send for them before I took this step," Anna explained hoarsely.

"It was just as well," I agreed, for sure enough, several members of the staff, at the sight of Anna, had collapsed in dead faints and had to be carried off in the ambulance. Some of the juniors were already stark mad, and the janitor, hearing of the sensation while he was lighting the furnace, had in his weak state set fire to the school.

"You'd better come quietly," said a large policeman to Anna, who was beginning to realise that she had gone a little too far.

"I'll take it off, if you like," said the poor girl, now quite faint from the strain.

Anna had actually worn a tie in the school colours!

P. H. M. (IV. G.).

The Replayed Tie, Whitehill v. Dumfries—To those who did not witness it.

Dear Readers,

As I scrambled out of bed on the morning of 14th November, a peculiar feeling came over me. Running to the window I looked out and, behold! it was raining in torrents. Raining in torrents! and this the day of the replayed tie. I was naturally disappointed, but deciding to witness the match, I dressed.

A few spectators had assembled on the touchline and one of these gave me the shelter of his umbrella. The game started, and one could see that the field would soon resemble a quagmire. After a few exchanges the players whose positions were in the middle of the field were wallowing in mud. However, undaunted by the conditions, 'Hill pressed, and within ten minutes they were leading. Pressure told, and a low shot into the net put them further ahead. Dumfries, fighting hard to

reduce the leeway, scored just on half-time. The players by this time looked, but did not feel, a dejected lot. During the second half Dumfries equalised. Thereafter the game contained many thrills as each team played hard for that elusive winning goal. At the final whistle the teams were still on equal terms. The players, soaking but smiling, began to troop off the field, as they did not know of the extra time. The teams lined up, as fresh as at the beginning, and the extra time was started. In the ninth minute 'Hill scored, thus gaining the right to play in the second round of the shield.

As I trudged homeward, wet but happy, I felt prouder than ever of the School.

SPECTATOR (IV. B.).

The Camlachie Mudsplashers' Last Match.

Oor captain stood, his eye roll'd, and loud I heard him cry,
 "Can I get a man, baith braw and bold, to referee this cup-tie?"
 Then up there spake a burly chiel, wha looked a' bane and
 muscle,

"O, I will referee this game, if you'll provide the whussle."

He got wan an' he gied a toot, the ba' was slipp'd inside,
 Tae oor right wing it was swang oot, he took it in his stride.

He hadna gane a step, a step, a step but barely twa,

When up cam yin o' the ither team an' pull't his pins awa'!

The referee jist waved his haun; he widna gie a foul,

Oor broos went doon, we looked gay thrawn, the crowd begood
 tae howl.

Then tae oor goal oor rivals ran, twas hard tae keep them oot,
 They left the ba' an' taen the man, and used baith knee and boot.

At last their centre got a chance, he shot the ba' first time,

Oor goalie saved, but in they rushed, an' kicked him ower the
 line.

The whussle tooter gied a goal, though we protested sair,

An' big Rabb Tidd cam' rinnin' up an' gripp'd him by the hair.

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud, sae loud I hear ye lie,"

Then soaked him wan beneath the chin, and anither on the e'e.

The referee fell tae the grun', but tae his feet he reeled,

An' said, "My lad, fur whit ye-ve done ye'll jist gang aff the
 field."

But Rab refused, then wi' a rush oor foes swept him away,

An' loud I heard oor captain cry, as he leapt tae the fray,

"Come on, come on, ma merrie men a', come on the hail
 e-leeven,

They kicked us when we had the ba', noo we'll mak maitters
 even."

It wis a great and glaurious fight, nae quarter asked or given,
 Ere mornin' there were twenty-two new faces up in Heaven.

FAN (V.).

Reflections.

“Variety’s the very spice of life;
That gives it all its flavour.”—Cowper.

Mr. R. M. W.—

“Nowher so bisy a man as he ther was.”—Chaucer.

Dr. W. J. M.—

“Hyperion’s curls; the front of Jove himself.”

—Shakespeare.

Mr. W. W. F.—

“Yet did I love thee to the last.”—Byron.

Miss M. B.—

“A smile that glowed celestial.”—Milton.

Mr. A. J. C. D.—

“And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?”—Scott.

Mr. J. G. H. K.—

“I’ll note thee in my book of memory.”—Shakespeare.

Mr. J. C. W.—

“Linkèd sweetness long drawn out.”—Milton.

Miss M. M. M.—

“And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue.”—Longfellow.

Mr. T. B.—

“One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.”—Shakespeare.

Mr. C. C.—

“’E knows when they are taking on and when they’ve fell
behind.”—Kipling.

Miss A. G.—

“Her eyes they thrill with right goodwill.”—Gilbert.

Mr. A. M.—

“The man that blushes is not quite a brute.”—Young.

D. M. (VI. G.)—

“I have certainly hopped some in my time.”—Gilbert.

S. O. S. (VI. B.)—

“What’s Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?”—Shakespeare.

J. M. B. (VI. G.)—

“So buxom, blithe and debonair.”—Milton.

J. G. F. (VI. B.)—

“I am a great cater of beef, and I believe that does harm to
my wit.”—Shakespeare.

J. H. (VI. G.)—

“I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter by my tresses.”—Tennyson.

H. S. (V. G.)

“I wish I could write a chapter upon sleep. It is a fine subject.”—Sterne.

H. H. (VI. G.)—

“Humbly beg and humbly sue,
She may deign to look on you.”—Gilbert.

M. D. (VI. B.)—

“Ful big he was of braun and eek of bones.”—Chaucer.

E. A. A. (VI. G.)—

“I chatter, chatter, as I go.”—Tennyson.

Tommy: “Ma, can I play at make-believe, I’m entertaining another boy?”

Mother: “Certainly.”

Tommy: “All right. Gimme some cake for him.”

R. E. (I. B.k.).

Butterflies.

Flitting by on gauzy wings,
Joyous, free, and happy things,
Beautiful with rainbow dew,
Now palest green, now azure blue.

See there, on blushing rose,
A snowy white one in repose,
And one, in sunset’s ruddy glow,
Sleeps upon the leaf below.

They rejoice in the sun’s warm beam,
Where among the trees they gleam,
They’re lovely ever to the eyes,
Exquisite, dainty butterflies.

H. R. (I. G.a.).

There once was a boy called Munro,
Who kicked balls as far as they’d go,
He kicked one a whopper,
It hit a man’s topper—
Now there’s no such a boy as Munro.

D .M. (I. B.k.).

L'Affaire Evian.

It was with a feeling of intense excitement that we shouted a last "cheerio" to our friends gazing wistfully at us as the train steamed out of the Central Station en route for London. The same excitement prevented most of us from sleeping much during the whole of the journey to Lake Geneva.

After we reached Tilbury Docks there was the sail down the Thames and across the Channel, under the starry skies, with the moon beaming kindly upon us. What more could anyone ask for? Somewhat less romantic was the train journey from Dunkerque. In a few moments we were covered with dust and soot, and, try as we might, we found it impossible to retain "that schoolgirl complexion." We soon gave up the attempt and washed only when we couldn't recognise each other. It was dark when we reached Evian, but, judging from the sound of music and laughter which reached our ears, we decided that it was a gay place and that we were likely to enjoy ourselves.

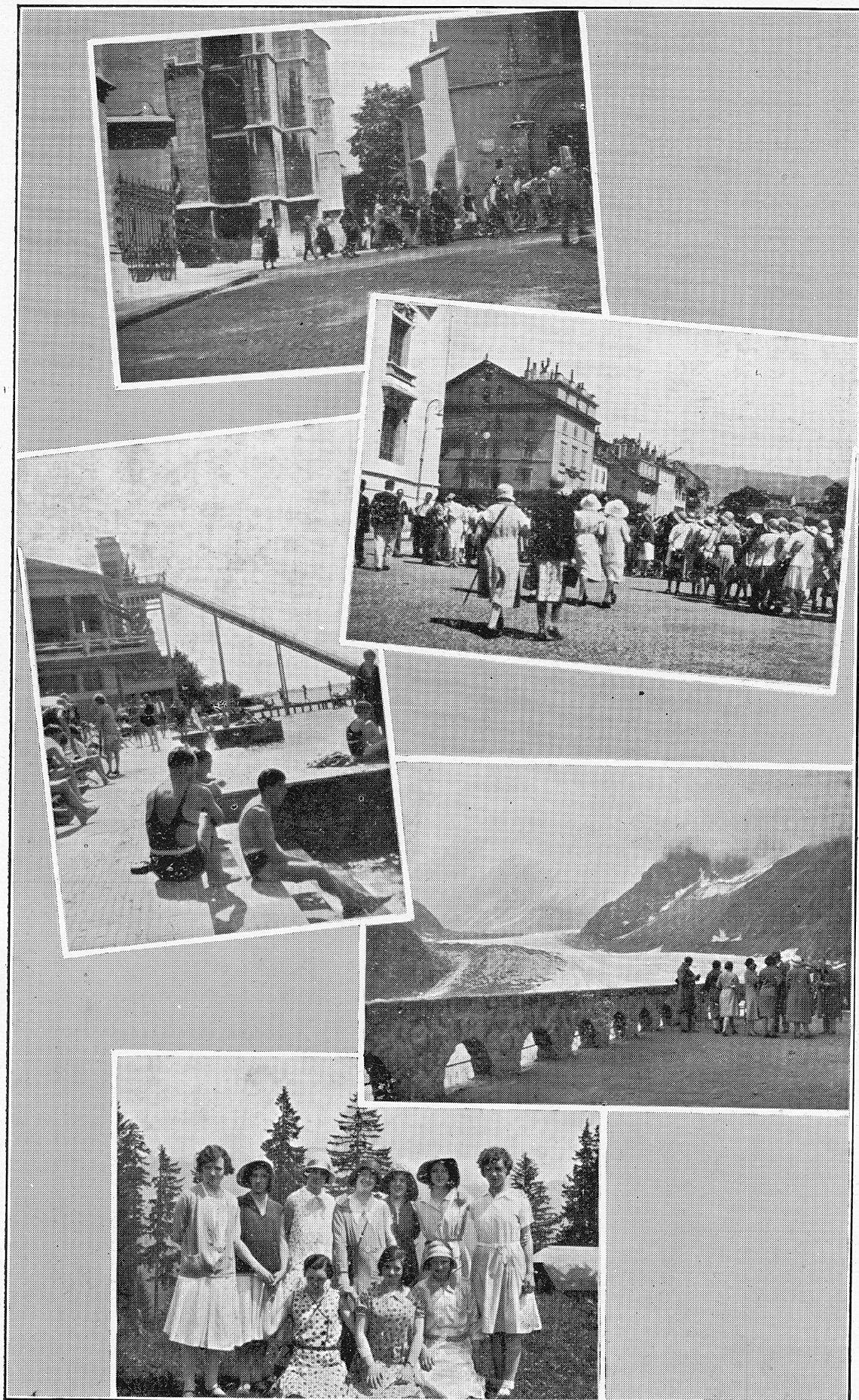
Next morning we had our first sight of Evian. Can you picture a small town nestling on the shores of Lake Geneva, having as a background pine woods and mountains, with a broad promenade, cafés, hotels, a casino, and bathing station complete with water-chutes and sun-bathing raft? That is Evian.

Of course, the great adventure was to walk boldly into a shop and (without having carefully prepared the sentence beforehand) ask to be shown something. The shopkeepers were very patient and did their best to understand us, and they usually succeeded, although on one occasion I asked for handkerchiefs and was shown night apparel. These things will happen, you know!

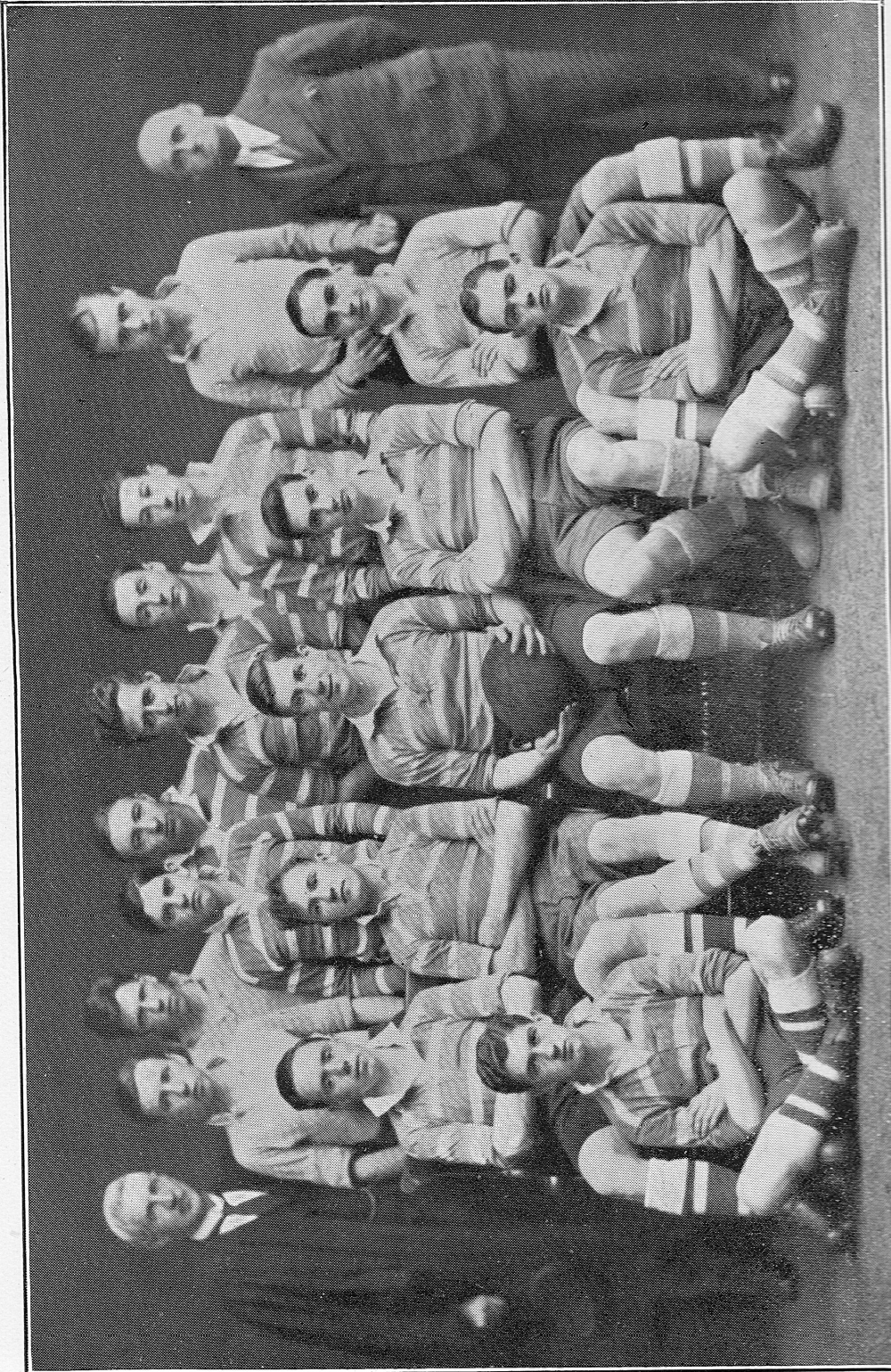
One memorable evening we held a dance in the hotel, but, alas, there was no piano! However, nothing daunted, we unearthed an ancient gramophone and, with the aid of some records which had neither tune nor rhythm, contrived to provide music. This proved hopeless, so we had two jolly eightsome reels, whistling the tunes ourselves. I'm afraid our yells and antics rather shocked the hotel maids who looked on with polite astonishment.

The three excursions to Geneva, the Mer de Glace, and Les Pleiades, were very successful. By far the most popular was the trip to the Mer de Glace. After a fine motor run, during which we had our first glimpse of a glacier, we arrived at Chamonix, and, travelling in the mountain railway, we eventually beheld the Mer de Glace. It is useless to try to describe that great river of ice with the snow-capped mountains overhead shrouded in mist. To be fully appreciated the Mer de Glace must first be seen.

WHITEHILL ABROAD.



1—Geneva: Leaving St. Peter's Cathedral. 2—"La Caravane" ashore at Vevez.
3—A Dip in the Lake at Evian. 4—La Mer de Glace.
5—At Les Pléiades.



STANDING (Left to Right):—Mr. Weir, *Rector*, D. Clark, J. J. Lang, J. H. Robertson, I. Macdonald, P. L. Lamb,
J. Drysdale, J. F. Bicket, J. R. McKay, Mr. Chatfield.

SITTING:—D. Ayton, H. Davidson, J. G. Forrest, *Captain*, M. Donaldson, A. M. McCallum.
IN FRONT.—G. Johnson and W. G. McPhie.

RUGBY 1ST XV.

Almost as enjoyable was the excursion to Geneva. We had a pleasant sail on the Lake, during which some of our bewitching females nearly succeeded in turning the heads of the more handsome members of the ship's orchestra. It was at Geneva that we saw the Mont Blanc at last. There, too, we visited the League of Nations Building, Rousseau's monument, and the church in which John Knox preached.

All too soon the time for departure arrived, and early one morning we regretfully bade farewell to cloudless skies, purple mountains, blue lake. On returning to the Central Station we were greeted by—a hearty downpour of Scottish rain.

We all agreed that it had been a splendid holiday and that this was largely due to the attitude of the teachers, who took part in all the fun as willingly as did the pupils. Three cheers for the staff of Whitehill!

COTAK.

Lines! Lines! Lines!

Have you ever noticed how lines make school-life almost unbearable? In the morning we rise with faces lined with worry and overwork (?). We take an extra roll at breakfast, just to keep up our hearts, and then a rush is made for school. Traffic blocks the tramway lines. On arriving at the school gate, we are kept out in the street till the lines go in. A kind teacher takes compassion on us, brings us into the playground, and gives us a present of fifty lines.

Off we rush to the classroom. There, much to our annoyance, lines trouble us again. We are asked to prove that a certain line is longer than another but shorter than a third. This is rather confusing, because one cannot go to the cinema and learn theorems too. Thus, we receive another gift of lines.

In the English class we remember we forgot to remember to learn some lines of poetry. Teacher again obliges with a few lines, just to improve our handwriting and memory.

After a few such periods we go to drawing. Lines again haunt us, for a few obstinate ones refuse to come right, but, of course, artists are born, not made.

When you know that this is our daily life, you can quite understand why our faces are so lined.

H. M. H. (IV. G.).

WHITEHILL NOTES.

Former Pupils' Athletic Club.

I am pleased to announce to the present pupils, through the medium of their fine magazine, that the Former Pupils' Athletic Club is stronger this year than any year since its inception. The playing strength of each section is greatly improved. The Hockey and Rugby Sections are obtaining good results from much stronger fixture lists than they have ever had before. The Association Football eleven are undefeated so far and look like carrying on the good work. I should like the School to know that the Former Pupils are doing all they can to augment their income this year in order that conditions at Craighend may be improved in the near future. If all pupils leaving school will communicate with me, I will give them all particulars regarding the Clubs.

W. H. WILKIE,
151 Whitehill St., Glasgow, E.1.

Whitehill School Club.

There may be some amongst you who may leave school before the end of the session, but who nevertheless feel that they would not like to sever abruptly all connection with the institution where they have spent several years of varied experiences, pleasant, interesting or otherwise. Some may join the Athletic Club, and so maintain a connection with the school while helping to uphold its good name in the realms of sport. Others again may have no inclination to shine in this direction.

To all of you we would give a gentle reminder of the existence of the School Club. Our meetings are held fortnightly in the School on Friday evenings. We run successful dances, we hold debates, discussions, and have interesting papers read to us by all types of people. This year a Theatre Night is included in the syllabus, and the Regent Players have once more offered to entertain the Club on 18th December.

A post card to the Secretary will bring full information by return. Better still, we invite you to come to any of our meetings.

F. V. MCKAY, President.
D. S. CLIBBORN, Secretary,
46 Whitehill Street, E.1.

Football.

All our football elevens have so far had a very successful season. The first eleven, who have played five games, have won three, lost one, and drawn one in their League fixtures. They have been successful in the first round of the shield—defeating Dumfries Academy by 3 goals to 2 in the replay after extra time. They also hope to succeed in the second round against Camphill Secondary.

We have managed this year to form a second eleven, who have played five games—won two, lost two, and drawn one—but they hope to be more successful in the second half of the season.

Our younger boys, the intermediate and elementary teams, are also doing well. The Intermediate, who have won all their games, look like keeping up the record of last year's Intermediate. The Elementary boys, who have lost one game so far, are a strong and clever team. We hope they will carry on the success of last year's Elementary team.

The Whitehill Former Pupils' 1st XI. present an inspiring record worthy of note. They are at the top of the League and so far have won all their games. We offer them our heartiest congratulations and hope they will continue the good work during the remainder of the season. N. L., Secretary.

Rugby.

In opening our season we were defeated by Hamilton, but recovered against Greenock Academy by winning 6-3. In the six matches which followed we won and lost alternately, and since then we have recorded two wins in the two games played.

After a hard game with Glasgow High School 2nd XV. the score was 8-6 against us. Also, Hutcheson's Grammar School was very fortunate in winning by 8 points to nil. On 14th November we won 11-0 against Clydebank 1st XV., and on the following Saturday against Pollokshields School 1st XV. we won 45-0.

Out of seven fixtures our 2nd XV. have never lost a game, but have always come away with plenty of points to spare.

As there are only a very few Junior boys playing Rugby, our 3rd XV. has not been what it ought to be. Of the three games they have played, they lost heavily in two, but in the third match on 21st November they won 26-0 against Hyndland 2nd XV.

The 1st and 2nd XV.'s have broken all records. The 1st, by winning six games and losing only four, with 140 points to 47, has surpassed the total number of wins for the whole of last season. And the 2nd XV. have 156 points against 8.

As there are still quite a few fixtures to be played, WE WANT MORE BOYS, both from the Senior and Junior Schools.

Come up to Craighend on Saturday mornings and play Rugby.

M. D., Secy.

Cricket.

Once again we have had a very successful season, though the weather was not very suitable for cricket, and four of our thirteen games had to be abandoned. Of the remainder, six were won and three lost. The best averages for the season were:—

BATTING.

	No. of Innings.	Highest Score.	Runs.	Average.
M. McLean ...	9	40 not out	121	17.3
T. B. Frood ...	9	28	120	17.1
I. S. Munro ...	10	33 not out	122	15.3

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
M. McLean ...	121	48	177	36	4.9
I. S. Munro ...	80	23	189	23	8.2

The bat which Mr. J. S. Newton, of Golfhill Cricket Club, presented for the best batting average has been won by Ian Munro.

Next year the loss of Tom Frood and M. McLean will be a handicap to the team, and for this reason we appeal to those in the School who play cricket to give their names to Mr. Munro at the beginning of the season.

We are again deeply indebted to Golfhill Cricket Club for their generous assistance.

Last season Tom Frood played for the Glasgow Schools in two representative matches, against Rowan's XI. and Edinburgh Schools. He also played regularly for Golfhill 1st XI. throughout the year, while John Marshall played several times as wicket-keeper for the same team.

W. S. McC., Hon. Secy.

Golf.

The Golf Section has made a good start this season. Up till now the weather has been quite favourable and two Monthly Medals have been played. The first was won by J. Hanson (IV.) and the second by J. Pattison (III.) with net scores of 72 and 71 respectively. We have a fairly large membership and the response from the Lower School has been very good, although the First Year has not quite come up to expectations.

W. E. S., Secretary.

Swimming—Girls' Section.

If one is allowed to say the School Swimming Gala was a howling success, surely we are entitled to admit that our Girls' Club goes swimmingly. Beginners' and Life-Saving Classes have been in existence on Mondays and Tuesdays since term started, and our Thursday evenings, in spite of winter temperatures, still mean a "crowded house" and a hectic design upon the waters.

We must congratulate Muriel McCulloch for coming in second at the Inter-Schools Gala in the breast stroke event, thank most heartily Thelma Smith and Nettie Munce for acting as instructors, and bless all swimming supporters for their undiminished enthusiasm.

Swimming—Boys' Section.

The Annual Gala of the Glasgow Schools' Swimming Association was held in Govanhill Baths on Thursday, 29th October. The Whitehill successes were:—

75 Yards Schools' Championship of Glasgow (under 14)—2nd, J. Young.

25 Yards Back Stroke (under 14)—2nd, A. Paterson.

50 Yards (under 13)—1st, J. Docherty.

25 Yards Breast Stroke (under 13)—3rd, A. McGoff.

4-a-side 50 Yards Relay Championship (under 14)—2nd, A. Paterson, H. Lawson, J. Docherty, and J. Young.

Standard Time Certificates—J. Rowan, J. Docherty, A. McClure, J. Young, A. Paterson, R. McDougall, A. McGoff, D. Todd, J. Stevenson, and J. Cormack.

The Team were runners-up in the Western Counties Final for the Sladen Trophy; and both the Western Counties School-boys' Championship and the Toc H Invitation Cup were won this year by J. Young.

The School Gala.

We need hardly mention that the School Gala was a success. That was self-evident. Not only did the School turn out in full force, but the function was well attended by teachers, parents and friends alike. It was, in short, a real Whitehill gathering.

The swimming was of a very high standard, some excellent times being recorded, and many exciting close finishes were witnessed. We must congratulate the two chief winners of the evening, William MacLachlan and Nettie Munce, who won the 75 yards Open for boys and girls respectively, and all the others who showed that Whitehill is still able to uphold her prestige in swimming.

We are also indebted to Mr. Dick Chatfield for his wonderful display, and to the two teams who staged such an exciting polo match.

Great honour is due to all those who helped to make the gala such a success, and we feel sure that the gala will rank with the School Concert and the Sports as one of the important annual events of Whitehill.

Hockey Notes.

The membership of the Hockey Club is bigger than ever and there is great enthusiasm at practices. We have three eevens in full swing, and so far we have won every match except one in which we managed to force a draw. We can only hope that we shall be as successful during the remainder of the season.

I should like to thank the lady teachers who have offered to accompany teams when playing away.

S. B. W.

The Dramatic Club.

There are two dates we are keeping our eyes on. One is 4th December, when the Dramatic Club shares with the Choir in the programme which is being arranged for the Former Pupils' Club. If all goes well on that evening, Julius Caesar will be assassinated and a Roman crowd will be let loose by Mark Antony to burn, slay and destroy. We hope the School is insured.

On Thursday, 18th February, at the School Concert in the City Hall, the Club will give a "Trial by Jury" on some theme drawn from school life. On this occasion we shall miss Gavin Whitton, who served us well as Bottom the Weaver and as Mr. Puff. However, we hope for new players to take his place. Recruits are wanted now and will be welcomed any Wednesday in Room 12 at 4 p.m.

J. C. W.

The School Choir.

A CONCERT WILL BE HELD IN THE CITY HALL ON
18th FEBRUARY.

In preparation for this event the Choir is studying the Peasant Cantata of Bach. This is a very beautiful and jolly work; and the rendering of it a much more ambitious task than the Choir has previously essayed. For an adequate performance we shall need still more sopranos and altos. The tenors are hopelessly outnumbered, but indomitable. The basses, a noble army, are reinforced by several "wandering minstrels" from the staff. You should hear us sing "Spring Comes Laughing." What verve! what abandon! what ——! What?

We expect to give a performance of carols on 23rd December. The school will then close.

As this goes to press we are rounding off a programme to be sung before "Ye Loyal and Ancient Order of Former Pupils" on 4th December.

SINGERS! JOIN THE CHOIR.

Literary and Debating Society.

The Literary and Debating Society is now in its third session and still claims a large membership among the staff and pupils. Nevertheless we would like to see more orators from the Upper School coming along to voice their opinions in public. It is very gratifying, however, to notice that we have many able speakers in the Society, and the number of speakers taking part in the discussions at all meetings up to date far exceeds that of previous years.

The new season's programme was given a great send-off by Mr. Weir, who gave a most interesting talk, illustrated by lantern slides, dealing with the Rhine and the Moselle and the various legends connected with the district. We are very grateful to the Headmaster for the interest he has shown in our Society, and we would also like to take this opportunity of thanking all the members of the staff who so willingly put forward suggestions and offered their services for supervision, etc.

There are still six meetings this session, including a "Mock Election," and we hope that all interested in this sphere of the school's activities will become members (this entails the payment of 1s. for a syllabus!) and help to make this session as successful as the last.

S. O. S., Secretary.

The School Aquarium.

We hope to have the "experimental" tank of our School Aquarium established by the time this magazine is in your hands.

The observation of the fish and their habits, the plants, and other under-water life will, I am sure, appeal to everyone. When it is fully stocked, you should get a glimpse of the bottom of a natural pool.

You will find this a pleasant and easy way of learning a very interesting branch of Science, and, for your guidance each week, short notes will be found beside the Aquarium.

J. S. B.

The School Library.

Since last report we have lost the valuable and generous services of Mr. McEwan. He leaves with us a policy which makes the books available much more representative of modern thought than is usual in school libraries. The present committee are equally desirous of extending the usefulness of the School Library. A handsome new bookcase has been secured through the generosity of the Corporation, and it is now possible to proceed with additions especially suitable for the needs of the Junior School.

Mr. MacGregor attends in Room 35 on Tuesdays at 4 p.m. to issue books to members of 4th, 5th and 6th years.

The Library Committee gladly takes this opportunity of thanking Mr. MacDowall for his valuable gift of 24 volumes of the Waverley Novels.

W. H. M.

Ruthless Reviews.

“The Loom of Youth.” Well-knit novel. Easy to thread through.

“Returned Empty.” Who dares—on Saturday?

“The Wet Parade.” Replaying Dumfries Academy. Ugh!

“Forsyte Sago.” A great cereal.

“The Fortune.” A searching work.

“The Underworld.” Or, “Cowcaddens to Copland Road.”

“Back to Bool Bool.” The changing seasons.

“Yellow Brimstone.” To be taken with a grain of salt.

“And After . . .” We hope not.

“Morning Tide.” A proper wash-out.

“Good-bye to All That.” Former Pupils please copy.

“Basque Stories.” A fine holiday book.

“Hatter’s Castle.” Maddier than anything since Middle March.

“America Comes of Age.” A book of the future.

“The Road Back.” A tiresome affair; far too long.

ANON.

—And Frenzied Fiction.

“Strangled!” A book to keep you breathless.

“The Red-Hot Poker.” A scorcher.

“No Water, or Lost in the Sahara.” A dry book.

“The Bad Egg.” Absolutely rotten.

“For a Bald Man.” A hair-raising story.

“The Eyeglass.” A transparent mystery.

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