

Whitehill School Magazine.

No. 26.

Christmas, 1932.

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EDITORIAL

It is with a feeling of confidence,—rare sensation!—that we place this copy of the Magazine in the hands of the reader. For, whether we have at last succeeded in “pleasing the public,” or whether the School has arrived at that beatific state of mechanically producing its purse on being requested to buy something, we have now a fairly constant circulation.

On this occasion, however, we would still like to increase that circulation, so that the sum, representing the profits on this issue, which we will hand over to the Debt Redemption Fund, may be as large as possible. It is the duty therefore of every member of the School to buy two copies and sell one of them to his friends at home.

Within a few days, the Mathematics Department of the School has suffered two great losses, in the transferring of Mr. McIntosh to Rosemount Public School, and the appointment of Mr. Hutchison as principal teacher of Mathematics at the High School. Mr. Hutchison will always be remembered for his kindly interest in his pupils, while the Sports Club will ever be indebted to Mr. McIntosh for the unselfish service which he freely rendered it. Others, however, better acquainted with them, and better able to estimate the value of that service, have written appreciations on another page.

We extend our hearty congratulations to Mr. H. Duncan on his appointment to the post of Headmaster of Holmlea Public School. To Mr. Blyth, who has joined the staff of Carnwadric Public School, and to Mr. D. MacKinnon who has entered East-

park Public School as second master, we convey our best wishes and hope that they will always recall with pleasure the years they spent in the School.

We cordially welcome into our midst the following teachers: Mr. Robert H. Small (a former pupil of Whitehill), Mr. John S. Ewan, Mr. Douglas L. Herd, Mr. Solomon Furst and Mr. Walker, who will carry on the duties of Mr. Hutchison. We also wish M. Duhârd, who has joined us as French student-assistant, a happy time among us.

Our sympathy is extended to Mr. Caldwell and to Miss McLulich, who have been absent for some time owing to illness. We take this opportunity of assuring them of the School's best wishes, and hope that they will soon be restored to health.

For a hard-working School like Whitehill, the health of its pupils is of first-rate importance. Aware of this fact, and also with a view to stimulating interest in the playing-fields, those in charge of the School have introduced compulsory games. The innovation has met with popular approval, and has proved worth the temporary inconvenience caused by the slight change in the time-table. One result of this has been a considerable increase in the funds of the Sports Club, for compulsory games virtually means compulsory membership of the Sports Club, which has raised its membership fee to 5/-. On the other hand, the Craig-end Pavilion Fund has suffered. At present, it stands at £152 19s., of which only £2 19s. represents contributions for this session. We are still a long way off "that £1,000," and a few Christmas donations would be greatly appreciated.

Our other and perhaps more important fund—namely, the Debt Redemption Fund—is in a more flourishing state. This Fund has been added to since last June, chiefly by the Magazine, with a contribution of £11, and by Mr. Wilson's "tolls" for lost property (£5 7s.). These amounts, together with £2 12s. 5d. for bank interest, raise the total to the creditable figure of £174 15s. 10d.

Although for most of us Prize-giving day is but a memory (and for those who were unlucky, a painful one!), we would recall it for the purpose of expressing our thanks to the Rev. F. P. Copland Simmons, M.A., for his kind permission to use Rutherford Church for that ceremony. We are also indebted to Councillor and Mrs. Sinclair and to all who helped to make the gathering enjoyable.

A more recent School function was the Gala, which was held on 24th November in Whitevale Baths. A distinct improvement in performance was noticeable, and we look forward to the time when Whitehill will regain its place as the foremost swimming school in Glasgow. Detailed results of the Gala will be found on another page.

The School Concert has been arranged next year to take place in the City Hall on Friday, 3rd March. The last Concert was an overwhelming success, and, as will be seen from the Dramatic Club Note, still better fare is in store.

The various Sports Sections of the School, although perhaps not so all-conquering as last year at this time, are nevertheless not far from the top. The Rugby Second XV. and the Soccer Intermediate XI. have been particularly successful. We congratulate them heartily on their achievements, and commiserate with the Hockey team on its bad luck.

Although there was no School Journey in 1932, prospects meantime for a trip in 1933 are hopeful. The generous support afforded by members of the School has enabled the Headmaster to begin negotiations at once. Meanwhile, arrangements are indefinite, but a trip in the Rhine Valley, particularly to Coblenz and the surrounding district, is under consideration.

We are pleased to note that fifteen bursaries of the Glasgow Educational Endowments Board, each of £10 per annum for two years, have been won by Whitehill pupils. Great credit is due to James Scotland, who gained first place in the competition for Higher Education Bursaries.

The union of the two F.P. Clubs has now become an accomplished fact, and henceforth the Notes of both will appear under the head of Whitehill School Club.

We are pleased to record the following successes among former pupils at Glasgow University. John M. Brown and Colin F. Miller have been awarded First and Second Class Honours respectively in Mental Philosophy; and R. Rowland Eadie has gained First Class Honours in Classics. At Glasgow School of Architecture, A. C. Lillie has been awarded the Bronze Medallion.

Grateful thanks are due to Mr. Alexander and the Art Department for the part they have taken in illustrating the Magazine and advertising its appearance.

We also thank all contributors, successful and unsuccessful; to all of them we would say, "Try again next time."

In conclusion, we wish the Headmaster, the Staff, and all pupils the compliments of the season and the best of luck in the year that is to come.

OBITUARY.

By the loss of their schoolfellow, Thomas Smith Brown, through a distressing street accident, the pupils of I. B.d. have been robbed of one whom they would have been proud to call a friend.

Even in the short time that Tom was with us, he showed himself capable, in spite of physical weakness, of combining a keen interest in sport with marked ability in school. One of his schoolmates paid him the highest tribute a boy can give when he described him as a "decent sport."

We convey our sincere sympathy to his parents on their irreparable loss.

DELIRIUM.

I have just learned to dance. I am now a social asset, a Beau Brummel (on certain occasions), an unmitigated nuisance and an unrepentant destroyer of ladies' footwear. Hence I feel qualified to say a few words about Jazz, meaning, of course, modern dancing and the music thereof.

Now, I have been told that modern dancing may, in the near future, be superseded by some more or less artistic form of tripping the light fantastic toe. If this is true, two things may happen. We may borrow from the "good old days" and return to the old-fashioned Waltz, the Polka and the Lancers, or we may once more fall back upon the African native or a source of inspiration of this sort. As regards the first course, I merely point out that we cannot stay the march of progress. Moreover, it is with us a matter of principle never to accept advice from our fathers, so why should we accept dances? And, of course, the possibility of a back-to-nature movement in dancing seems a little remote, though I must admit that I cannot explain away the fact that, not very long ago, the Charleston and the Black Bottom were all the rage, and that the Rumba is at present holding its own in our ballrooms. But, on the whole, I have come to the conclusion that the rumour which I mentioned above is totally unfounded.

Nevertheless, it is an unfortunate fact that most of the critics speak slightly, not about dancing, but about "sickly sentiment," "red-hot rhythm," "mushiness," and "sob-stuff." "Think," they say, with overwhelming sarcasm, "of the restfulness of 'Soft Lights and Sweet Music,' though the composer has, by some curious oversight, omitted the sweet music. And consider the depth of feeling in a 'Bungalow, a Piccolo and You,' however vague may be the connection between bungalows, piccolos and feeling of any description.

Now, I cannot argue in the face of such a bombardment, but, at the same time, in my five years at this School I have been thoroughly trained in the gentle art of inventing excuses. Jazz, I say, represents the Spirit of the Age; and hereupon, I have no doubt, those who have come to scoff will commence to pray, or at any rate to utter pious ejaculations. Yet if, on account of that phrase, we make allowances for poets, I see no reason why we should not do the same for tenors who seem sick, saxophonists who, at unexpected moments, run amok, and so-called lyrics, which are anything but lyrical.

Of course, as you have probably guessed, my motives for writing this were purely selfish. However cold the prospect of the death of jazz may leave me, that of the loss of the money which I spent on being taught how to promenade in various ways about a slippery floor is an entirely different story; and though I am naturally of a retiring disposition, I felt bound to hold forth on the subject, if only to reassure myself that I have not, in these times of financial depression, backed the wrong horse.

HEEBIE JEEBIE.

A SURVEY OF SLANG.

Murder has been described as the most horrible word in the dictionary—a good description, as most people will agree. Murder, like whisky, is essentially a thing of barbarity, and nowhere is this savage spirit better shown than in that systematic annihilation of words, known as “slang.” “Slang” itself consists of the universal adoption and employment of a very vivid phrase; and, without exception, the employment of this phrase would shock any Trade Union. Let us survey a **very** little of the language used in our own School, during the last four years.

We shall commence at the immediate pre-talkie era. All had been quiet for a while in the usually stormy language of the youngster, and he was endeavouring to be content with such trifles as “bunkum” and “colossal,” when, somewhere, a master-mind set to work. Like a bolt from the blue, crashing her way into the hearts of the juveniles, came “Granny on her scooter.” This was surely the most popular term of derision of all time, and “Granny” would have been assured of a marathon journey on her scooter had not talkies arrived.

But the talkies did arrive, and, with them, that most idiotic of expressions, “Sez you,” with its little family of “Oh, yeah’s” and “And how’s.” “Sez you” refused to go quietly, and is, even now, still met with in the lower strata of the pupils. After it had palled a great deal, derision and talkies were combined in an allusion to a large sausage, briefly and tersely termed, “Baloney.” Very soon after, the advent of a large number of “Palukas” heralded the complete onslaught of talking films on the English language. This talkie attack will appear again later.

Not content, however, to stop at talkies, the Great God Slang turned next to Botany, and produced the “**Viola Collis Albi**,” a species of pansy, which had become notable in an East-End school, by being studied in the so-called “Panseatic League.” The study of this pansy was affected especially by affected youths, with a flair for “flames.”

So much for Botany. The next expression was, to put it mildly, obscure and incomprehensible. No matter what the subject of discussion might be, it was sure to be “sticking out.” Our lordly Upper School, of course, were careful to talk of “projecting forth.”

And now, the talkies returned, in the form of “If I thought you meant it,” which expression, however, appeared to be “Fathochamehntit.” This latter, together with “sticking out,” is still with us, but there is one expression, for whose loss we can never be consoled. And, with tears in my eyes, I must remind you that there will be no more days on which

“I’ll Get You.”

J. (V.).

Mr. ROBERT S. McINTOSH, M.A.

Mr. McIntosh's association with our School dates back to March, 1914. The gain to the School during these eighteen odd years cannot be measured by mere words or reduced to its least common denominator. Even the youngest scholars in I. B.G.z., wrestling with the mathematical powers of darkness, have been conscious of his unfailing patience and sympathetic leading from darkness to light, from the unknown to something clearer and more comprehensible.

Enthusiasm has been the keynote of all Mr. McIntosh's activities and tact and persuasiveness, the instruments by which he exerted an abiding influence on the pupils and on his fellow-teachers. He lived for the School and gave himself without stint in its service. Even Mr. McIntosh could not make Craigend accessible, but no man has done more to make it habitable.

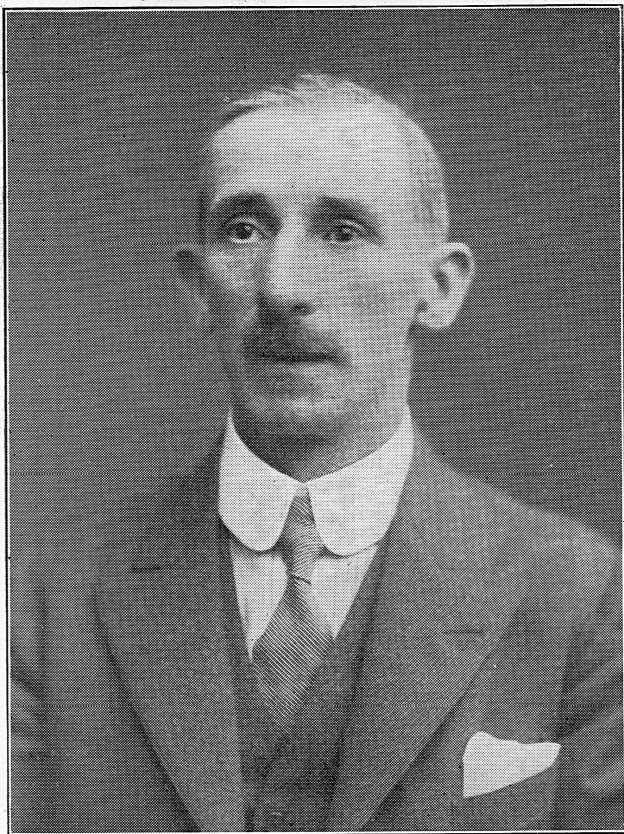
Earlier in life Mr. McIntosh showed the same zest in football. He sports a Scottish Junior Cup badge, and for many years he refereed senior football matches. The experience and knowledge acquired then have been placed freely at the disposal of the School and of the former pupils. He is also the President of the Glasgow and District Secondary Schools' League, whose members fully appreciate the years he has devoted to legislation and administration.

It was feared for a time that Mr. McIntosh's character and achievements would not speak loud enough to be heard at Headquarters. We are glad to know that our fears were groundless. We congratulate him on his lieutenancy and hope it will not be long before he is gazetted to the rank of captain.

But, oh, lads, we shall miss him!

Mr. ANDREW HUTCHISON, M.A.

The attainment to higher things generally entails a sense of loss, and so it is with mixed feelings that we bid adieu to our colleagues whose promotion in service necessitates their withdrawal from us. Perhaps only an old Whitehillian can realise the immensity of the task undertaken by Mr. Andrew Hutchison when he came from Shawlands Academy in January, 1927, to succeed Mr. Alex. Stevenson as head of the Mathematical Department—Mr. Stevenson, almost the alpha and omega of Whitehill, for the Greeks had a word for him. That the harmony and efficiency of the Department were not impaired by the change over is a fitter commentary on the tact and competency of Mr. Hutchison than any elaborate eulogy of his qualities could aspire to be, but we welcome this opportunity of testifying to his sterling worth as a scholar, teacher, colleague and gentleman. The High School of Glasgow, where he now presides over the Mathematical Department, are to be congratulated on selecting their wise man from the East, and we give them the assurance that they have received into their midst a colleague worthy to follow in the footsteps of his distinguished predecessors in office.



Mr. R. S. McIntosh, M.A.

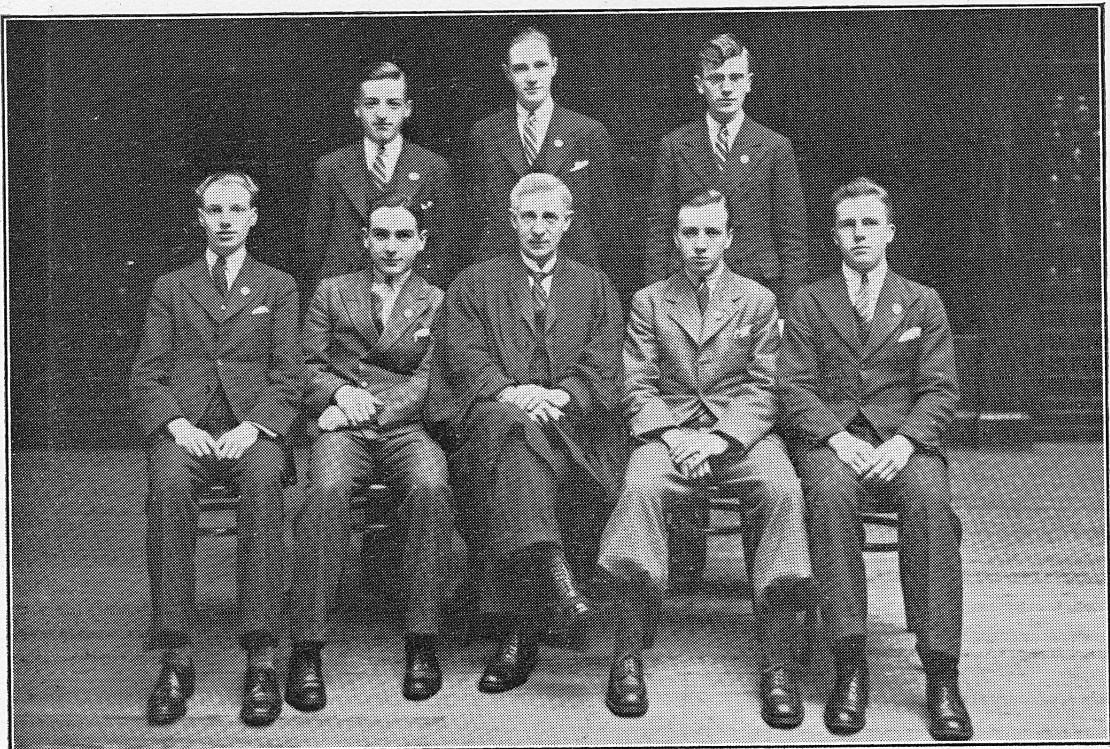


Mr. A. Hutchison, M.A.



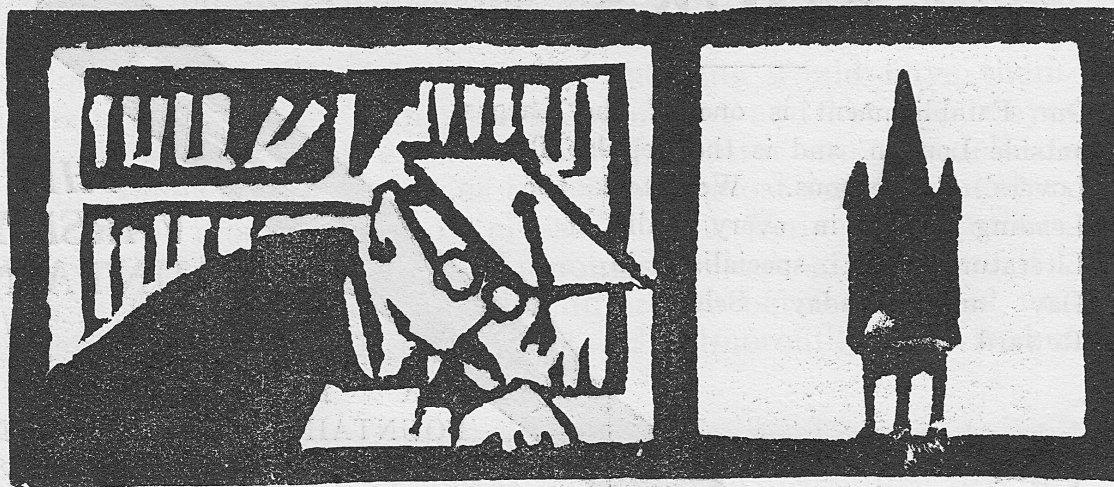
M. E. Tracey, N. Macnaughton, H. G. Simpson.
M. M. Kilpatrick, S. B. Wright, The Rector, E. J. M. Bilney, M. M. McInnes.
Captain.

PREFECTS—GIRLS.



A. Macfarlane, W. S. McCrory, A. Dow.
J. Hamilton, A. M. McCallum, The Rector, D. Clark, W. Ramsay.
Captain.

PREFECTS—BOYS.



UNIVERSITY LETTERS.

THE UNIVERSITY,
November, 1932.

DEAR SCHOOL,

Tradition seems to expect the writer of the Gilmorehill letter to produce a combination or *mélange* of impressions and advice. Despite the fact that impressions are useless, because they are merely personal, and that advice is superfluous, because it is never followed, the Magazine, it seems, must needs be corrupted by this somewhat pedantic epistle.

The Students' Handbook, that invaluable directory—it's given free, gratis, and for nothing—which contains all the information a freshman requires, defines the University as "a conglomeration of societies, gangs and factions," which in the aggregate have earned us, the students, the soubriquet of "The Dancing University." (It also defines the "Yoonie" as a "middle-class sausage factory," and the "'Varsity" as "the lower-class equivalent," but such self-evident truths are entirely superfluous.) From the very first day of Matriculation, which, by the way, is nothing more fearful than an almost endless series of signatures and the subsequent loss of much valuable money, the "Fresher" believes this definition is more than a mere witticism. The "gangs" lie in ambush outside the Matriculation Hall and form a solid body of opposition to the innocent, terror-stricken fresher. To evade these persuasive emissaries of the various societies and factions, you must work out your own salvation (I am addressing the future freshers still strutting around the School with the calm serenity of self-importance, a feeling peculiar to, and only appreciated by, the illustrious members of Class VI.). In the last extremity the sixpence membership fee of a political club is a cheap method of preserving your dignity and your clothes. In the Matriculation Hall, as everywhere in

the University, you are left entirely to "fish" for yourself. Otherwise you are made the bait for some "old lag's" perverted sense of humour—if you are foolish enough to ask advice from one of the "intelligentsia," as the veterans would have themselves styled. In all things be independent and keep your eyes open as well as your ears,—unless the latter are too delicate for the somewhat cacophonous tones and almost unparliamentary language of more hardened "cives." "The University Authorities consider that you are old enough to look after yourself." That is the whole secret of the difference between school and university. Freedom is the keynote of Gilmorehill. Use it, but don't abuse it.

In the classroom there is usually an atmosphere of cheerful resignation. The cheerfulness is inevitably signified by the customary musical (?) accompaniments. By all means join in the singing, but remember it is, to say the least of it, bad taste to venture solo items, especially when the professor makes his entry, and, though the average "civis" can't appreciate the difference, there **is** a slight difference between singing and "caterwauling." However, such an easy outlet for excess energy is very acceptable. To join in the ever-popular chorus of "Here's to good old whisky," on a cold and frosty morning, is a wonderful stimulus to one's mental powers, besides putting one in the proper spirit for the lecture. Then during the actual lectures the students have a language of their own, and very expressive it is, communicated through their feet—mainly. It is part of your University education to learn that language, so wait and see. The wit of the students shown during lectures is often as astoundingly smart as the lack of it among some of the lecturers is unfortunately prevalent—so listen!

As for work, one can only theorise in vain, for eventually it is again a case of each one working out his own salvation. However different the methods may be, the work has got to be done sometime by every student, however brilliant, so don't leave it till the last moment! In contrast to school days, you are left severely alone as far as study is concerned. No spoon-feeding—the curse of Secondary School education in the higher classes—but conscientious individual effort is what your Alma Mater desires.

But beware of becoming obsessed by work! There is the social aspect of University life to be considered. The much-abused "corporate life" is part and parcel of a University education. It is, unfortunately, only too easy to become a walking advertisement for "The Dancing University." You must strike the happy medium between being the most despicable out-and-out "swot" and the most degraded "corporate lifer." The multiplicity of societies, variously called by diverse important and impressive designations, and formed in many cases as just another excuse for a few dances and smokers, offer plenty scope for pleasure and

entertainment. The Union, the familiar or slang appellation of the Bank Street Palace, is invaluable for coming into closer contact with other students.

Now, having acted the conventional "heavy father" in the foregoing ravings, we come down to more intimate matters connected with the old school. Whitehill has a large representation of freshers "up by" this year and we are all enjoying it—so much so that members of the contingent have already been sternly reprov'd by their more sedate and experienced elders for their un-student-like cheerfulness and frivolity (but then the exams. have not taken their toll upon us yet!). There are many well-known old-timers, Whitehillians, doing good work up here and keeping the motto to the fore. It's wonderful how the old School spirit links us together again in the quads.

And now, dear readers, if you have waded through these boring platitudes, you can obtain relief by passing on to the much more interesting Q.M.C. letter which, the writer informed me, is of the "chatty" description—of course women are always chatty (or catty?).

In conclusion, we old Whitehillians up here wish you all the compliments of the season, and good wishes for the continued success of the School in the year 1933.

PEDAGOGUE.

Q.M. COLLEGE,
November, 1932.

DEAR SCHOOL,

We are now in the throes of examinations here at College, and the aim and ambition of every self-respecting student at this moment is to come through with the traditional "flying colours." Examinations are not, however, the only things to be anticipated by those of you who intend coming to University. I will try, in this letter, to give you some idea of what to expect.

The first day of the term will leave you rather amazed and bewildered. You will wonder, first of all perhaps, why everyone looks so carefree and indifferent when they are thus entering on a course which is so important, on which, to you, everything seems to depend. Students saunter casually along the quadrangles, chattering gaily to their friends of the coming dance or the latest picture; one would believe their thoughts were entirely occupied with pleasure. If, however, you could see these people some hours later as they pore over their lecture-notebooks you would realise that they are just as serious about their work as

they were about their pleasure, and that they know fully their comparative values.

Perhaps what will appeal to you as being stranger than the apparent indifference of the students will be the obvious indifference of the professors and lecturers to your welfare. No one seems to be worrying in the least as to whether you pass or fail in the examinations. You will remember the encouraging words and even the taunts of your old teachers, with a feeling that you have lost a necessary stimulus for your work. You will begin to realize that your success depends entirely on yourself, and that you alone will benefit by it.

The work is treated in an entirely different manner, but it will interest you. In the French class, for example, you will find yourself confronted by a foreign looking person who persists in talking volubly, and with frequent gesticulations, in a language which will probably make you revise your mental picture of the Tower of Babel. By the time you receive your second lecture you will be almost sure he **is** talking French, having of course, several University booklets to support you in such a belief.

You will be at first astonished and rather amused at the behaviour of the students in the lecture-rooms. When the lecturer enters, the students will cease whistling that plaintive old melody "Why are we waiting?" and burst forth with renewed vigour into the sweet strains of "Good morning, dear teacher!" You will try to imagine how Dr. Merry would deal with such a disturbance and wait in awe with eyes closed, but you will find when, at length, you do look up, that the professor is good-humouredly bidding you good morning and bowing pleasantly to the class. Then, in the course of the lecture itself, there will be repeated outbursts, shuffling of feet and sarcastic comments. You will wonder if these rowdy people are interested at all in the work, but you will find that many of them are brilliant and diligent students, and very well-mannered and dignified persons—outside the class-rooms.

There are many benefits to be gleaned as an undergraduate. You will learn the value of friendship and comradeship. There are all classes of individuals, but all strive for the same goal. If you are at all of a sociable nature (and all Whitehill pupils are), you will quickly make friends, and their friendship will help you in your study, encourage you in your little disappointments and make you happy in your successes. But I suppose you will look back on your school-days, as I do, and wish you could live them all over again, with of course a few personal amendments.

To be a "Civis Universitatis Glasguensis" is to hold a great responsibility to yourself, to your School and to the University, but every Whitehill pupil who follows the motto of the School will discharge this to the full,

J. S. F.



TO AN OLD FRIEND.

Big "Tonel" is a he-man now,
 At peever he can play,
 And I am sure, at tiddleywinks
 He's champion any day.

By now he's reached the second year,
 He's fairly "sticking in";
 I'm sure that if he swots much more,
 He'll get quite weak and thin.

His childhood days are passing by,
 I think it is a shame,
 For he was such a "darling boy,"
 Although he had no brain.

Big "Tonel" soon must leave this school.
 Well, we are all the same;
 But in the annals of the Mag.
 He's left an immortal name.

D. McL. (III. B.b.).

There was a young fellow named Fletcher,
 Who said to a strong man, "I'll betcher
 With one or two blows
 I'll flatten your nose,"
 But they'd to carry him off on a stretcher.

Tommy: "Father, I saw a redskin to-day."

Father (Humorously): "Where? On the warpath?"

Tommy: "No. On a tomato."

J. C. (I. B.b.).



Two minutes late
in spite o' a!



In the shed wi ithers
in a raw!



JMR.

An' "A hundred lines an' a an' a!"

DAWN.

The mountains are tinged with a rosy light,
 And the sky in the East is gold,
 The heralds of day now banish the night,
 And the dawn doth her spells unfold.

The sky scintillates with rainbow hues,
 Tinted with pink, and palest green,
 With softest violets and wonderful blues:
 Surely the loveliest sight ever seen!

ROSE-O'-THE-DAWN (II. G.).

HARRY CLITUS.

(With apologies to "Magic Sesame.")

They told me, Harry Clitus, they told me something bad,
 They told me that the "Head" had sent a message to your dad.
 I wept as I remembered what a faithful pal you'd been,
 And shuddered as I thought on the report your pop had seen.

And now that thou art lying there outstretched upon the floor,
 And your father, with his belt in hand, just going out the door,
 I sadly think that when my dad before me takes his stand,
 That I'll be prostrate on the floor with a lily in my hand.

E. L. M. (III. B.c.).

PUSSY AND THE GOLDFISH.

We have some goldfish in a bowl,
 They are such pretty things;
 The water bubbles as they swim,
 And forms in little rings.

Our pussy sits and watches them,
 We know she'd like to try
 To catch them with her little claws,
 And make the poor fish die.

But pussy will not get a chance
 While we are there to see;
 Though quickly pussy tries to spring,
 Yet we will quicker be.

J. T.

Wellerism.

"Eavesdropping again" as Adam said when his wife fell out
 of the apple tree.

J. P. (I. G.f.).

THE WILD WOOD.

The wood is fraught with terror;
 What mysteries does it hide?
 The moon shines down so drearily—
 Dark shades on every side.

And creepy sounds come eerily
 Among the withered leaves.
 There may be horrid crawling things
 Beneath these stately trees.

It is not so by day-light;
 No wicked ghosts come then:
 And cruel, hungry animals
 Lie hidden in their den.

D. B. (I. G.g.).

A PAISLEY PATTERN.

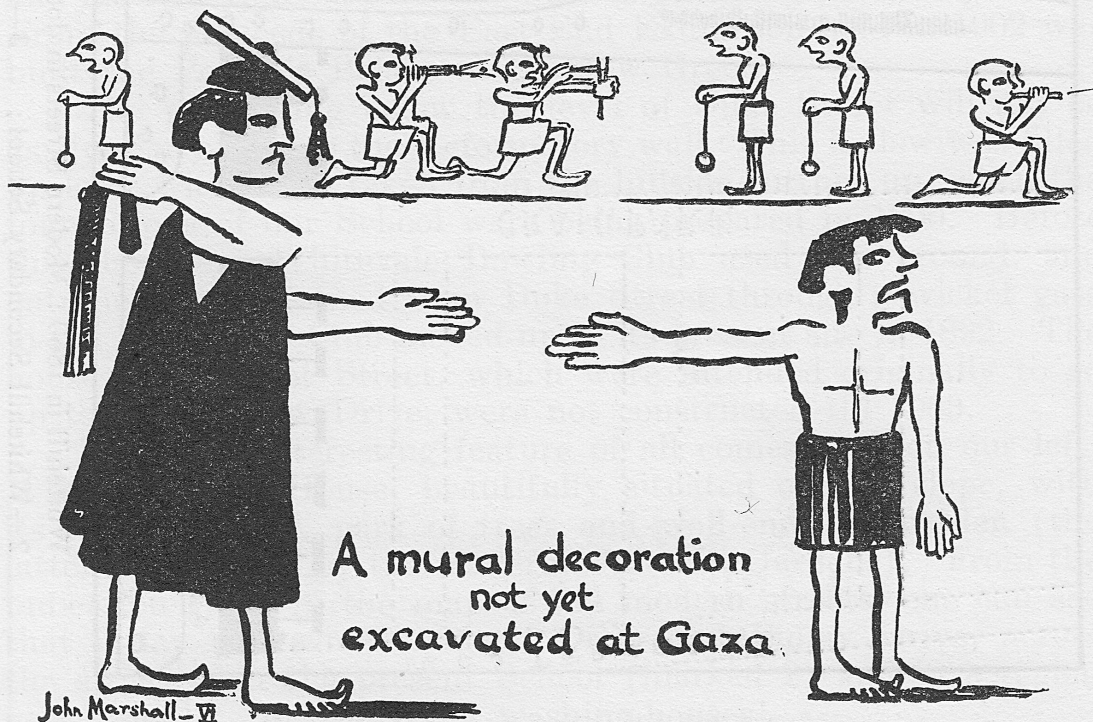
Here is a Paisley patterned piece of cloth, all that remains of a shawl which has been in our family for many generations. Fashioned in finest threads of every shade, worked on a ground of palest cream, each leaf and flower stands in relief, flaming wonders, red and gold.

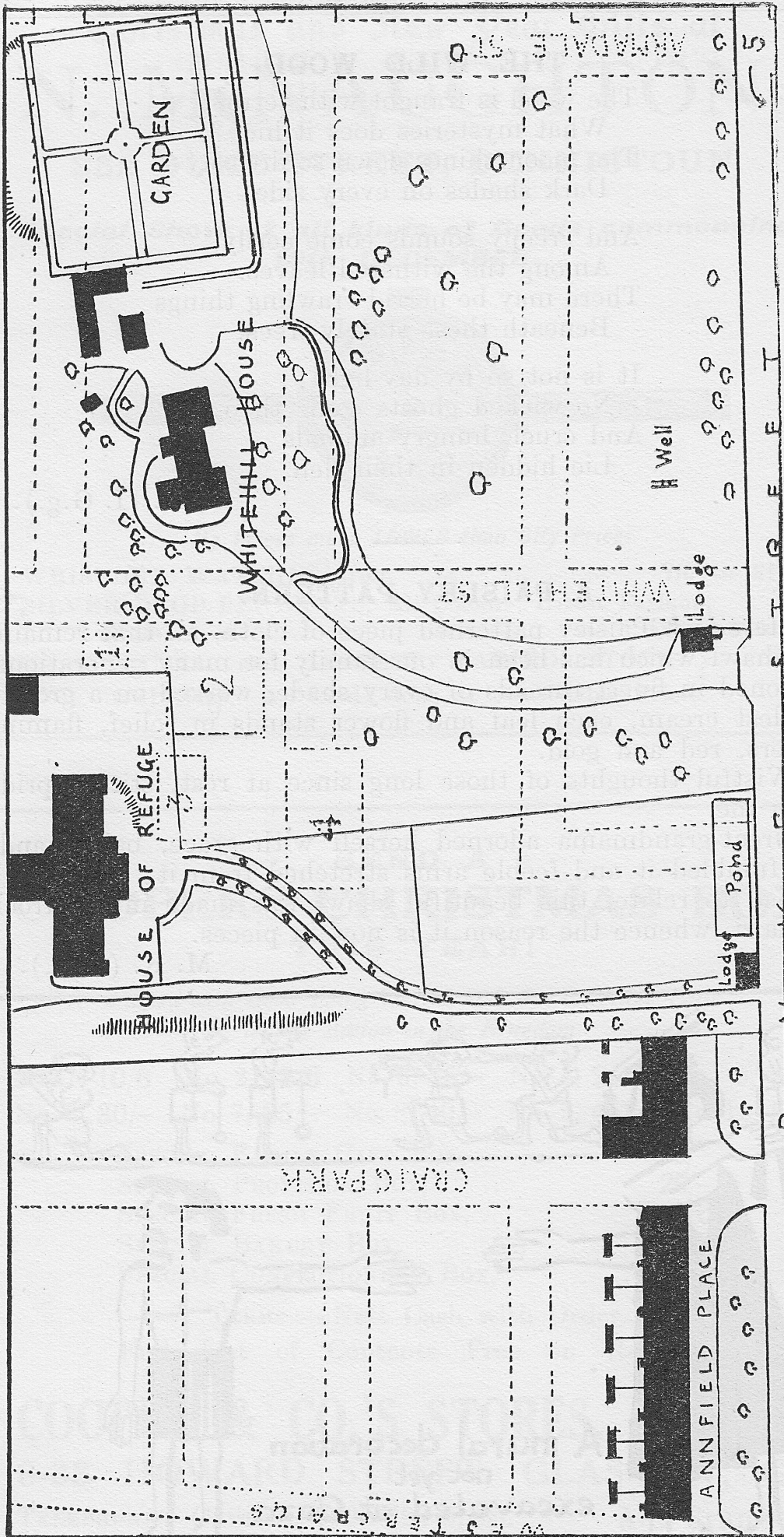
Wistful thoughts of those long since at rest, stirred pride within me.

Great-grandmama adorned herself with grace, baby hands have fumbled it and feeble arms stretched from it.

Sad to relate, this beautiful shawl was made into a frock for Mairi, whence the reason it is now in pieces.

M. K. (I. G.).





Whitehill in 1860: Modern Streets in dotted outline. Sites indicated: 1—Whitehill Old School for Girls (demolished 1890); 2—Whitehill Secondary School; 3—The School Annexe; 4—Palais de Danse; 5—Old Whitevale Bowling Club.

WHITEHILL IN 1860: A RETROSPECT.

(See Map.)

Nowadays we see a stretch of country changed from its rural appearance of "heighs and howes," woods and lanes, hedgerows and high trees, into the flat and ultra-civilised state of a modern housing scheme, and all within the space probably of two years. With Dennistoun the change seems to have taken thirty years, i.e., from 1870 to 1900, and in that interval it is noticeable that there have been two distinct building periods.

Going back seventy years and taking a country walk eastwards along Duke Street, we notice that already the City has encroached on rural Whitehill. There lies Annfield Place, new and handsome, the abode of the wealthy, each house supplied with fine stables from which may issue a carriage and pair to convey Dives into his office in the City. It looks as if Duke Street at this point might have become like the west end of Sauchiehall Street. But the demand for tenement houses in Dennistoun became too insistent to permit of this.

The Reformatory, or House of Refuge, with its high central steeple next comes into view, placed well up on the hill to the left. It was built in 1836, probably as the result of the Poor Law of 1834. Ye boys of Whitehill, think of what you have escaped! The high wall of old stone skirting the present playground continued down to Duke Street and all round the grounds. It is round the field still, with broken glass here and there on its top. A lodge guarded the entrance to Duke Street where the undertaker's shop now is. But it must have been very pleasant, especially on sunny days, to walk up the avenue to the main entrance facing south. Mossbank Industrial School is the successor to this institution, which was knocked down in 1922. One of its last uses was to house exhibitions, and Buffalo Bill and his Red Indians performed deeds of daring in these grounds. From the proceeds of the East-End Exhibition held in 1902 was built the People's Palace in Glasgow Green.

The pond lying below the level of Duke Street will not be easily seen owing to the Reformatory wall. This hollow was filled up later with earth taken from the hillside further up, when the foundations of our School were being prepared in 1890. Before this, however, Whitevale Bowling Club used this ground, and entrance was obtained from Duke Street through a wicket gate in the wall. The Club moved up to its present site in 1892. The houses in Hillfoot Street, which were intended originally to go up to join Onslow Drive, were not constructed till 1903.

The most interesting feature of all comes next on our left. It is Whitehill House, beautifully situated on the slope, with its lodge, avenue, park of trees and wall-enclosed garden (the latter represented by the modern Whitehill Gardens). From the indication given in the map of the modern streets, one can see that it lay between Garthland Drive and Finlay Drive, across the street from the present School (marked 2) and in a region now sacred to dustbins and washing-houses!

PAW'S WIRELESS-SET.

Said Paw McNab tae his son and heir,
 "We miss whit's cummin ower the air,
 Methinks we'll build a wireless-set,
 Three-valve, ye ken, an' super-het."
 Henceforth the hoose wis choked wi' gear,
 Ye couldna walk without the fear
 O' trippin' ower a chunk o' wire,
 An' rousin' the anger o' oor auld Sire.
 I'll tell ye there wis a rale mix-up,
 When the ootside aeriell he did fix up;
 Pair Maw thocht she'd seen the last o' Paw,
 For up on the slates the wind does blaw.
 An' John's neck wis near tied in a knot,
 Waitin' on the wire frae the chimney-pot.
 At last Paw said that a'd be ready,
 When the "speaker" he had nailed quite steady,
 An' indeed we were quite eager
 Tae hear whit wad come ower the "ether."
 Paw tuned in but naethin' came,
 A' we heard were the wails o' the wean;
 He twiddled and twirled tae his face got red,
 Then saw twa valves 'd been laid in the bed.
 When they were fixed an' a' wis set,
 The final screws Paw said he'd get,
 But a mournfu' wail wis Paw's "result,"
 An' squeakins an' groanins the hoose right fullt.
 A loud explosion then rent the air—
 There lay Paw's "set" in bits on the flair.

RADIO (VI.).

TROTTER'S, 473 Duke Street GLASGOW, E.1.

UMBRELLAS RE-COVERED on the Premises, from 2/11.

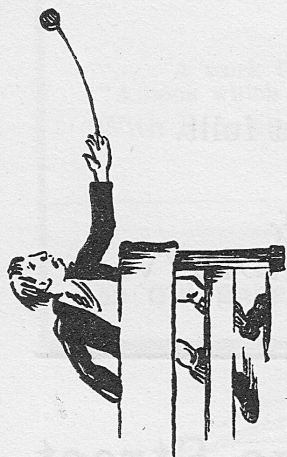
A LARGE SELECTION OF

Hand Bags.	Purses.	Brush Sets.
Umbrellas.	Wallets.	Powder Bowls.
School Cases and Bags.	Perfumery.	Perfume Sprays.
Necklets.	Manicure Sets.	Shopping Bags.

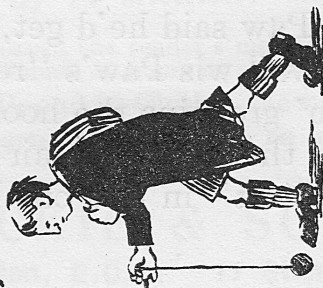
Also Leather Coats, Raincoats and Waterproofs always in Stock.



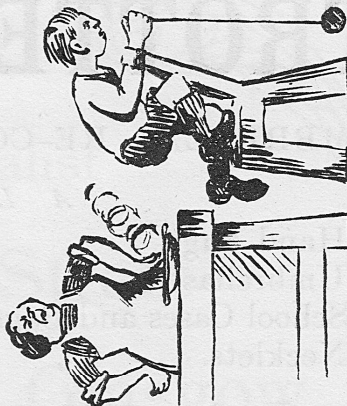
Yo-yo into school
at 9;



Yo-yo when you're
there;



Yo-yo home at dinner-time;

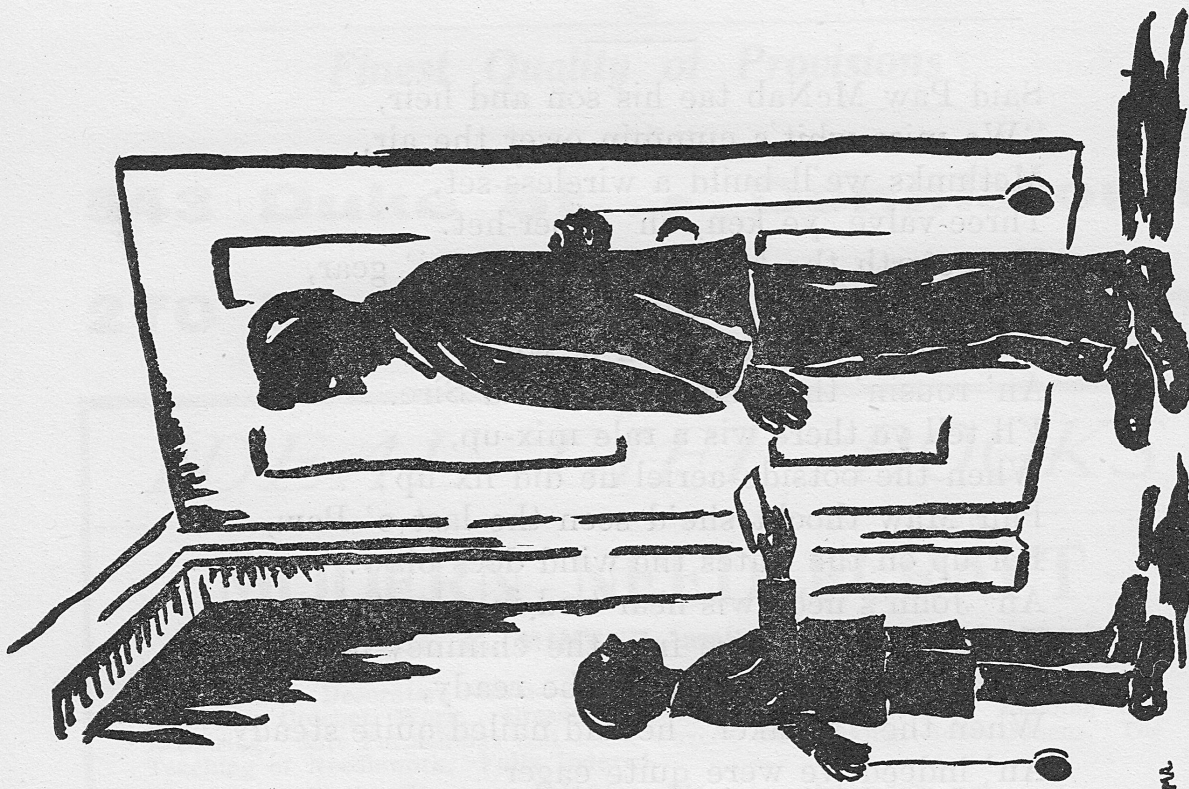


Yo-yo is the fare.



Yo-yo on
the Brain!

John Marshall
1932



A STAFFROOM INTERLUDE

SUGGESTIONS.

Some highbrows of the School have been remarking on the deplorable lack of taste in previous editions of the Magazine. From cover to cover, they say, the articles are on light, trivial and nonsensical subjects; there is no attempt at anything literary or thoughtful. This is truly a sad state of affairs, and we must see if we can somehow remedy the defect.

First of all, then, since satire is a branch of more serious literature, little imagination is required to see what a wealth of material lies ready at hand for our youthful Swifts and Popes. What of these august personages who rule the School? The Magazine, unfortunately, is not prepared to print matter that would perhaps incur several libel cases! And what of the supercilious Sixth? Here, there is a lack of inspiration, since satire discusses matters and people of importance. But, as a last resort, we can always turn to the habits and customs of those creatures called schoolboys. But that, again, would be so eminently unintellectual.

Considering another aspect of the case, surely our mathematical and scientific geniuses could find many subjects on which to write learned and thoughtful treatises? There is the question whether three tanks, filled with plants and water, and containing one fish, can be called an aquarium; the search for something to remove Craigend mud; the mystery of putting one hundred boys into two buses; the source of those delightful odours occasionally wafted through certain portions of the School; and the use of the coal-scuttles to be found in the rooms situated in the topmost and coldest regions of the building.

Turning, now, to more abstract and philosophical themes, our deeper thinkers will find much to absorb them. They might emulate Bacon and write on "Studies," and the effect on them of picture-going; or even another of his essays, "Truth," under the fresh title of "Excuses." They might write an exquisite psychological discussion on a schoolboy's unexpressed feelings throughout a day's work—with all due modification. A thesis on the energy spent by teachers in imparting knowledge, compared with the scholar's effort to absorb it, could also be developed with astonishing results.

But, before leaving the prospective writer to his task, we should only remind him that his article would probably end in the editor's waste-paper basket, as eminently unsuitable for his illustrious journal.

APHRON.

AT SCHOOL IN AMERICA.

It has been my fortune to live for ten years in the Eastern States of America and to attend school there. An Eastern American school (I stress the Eastern) is in many respects like a big melting pot. Into it are poured the youth of many

nationalities: Russians, Jews, Germans, Greeks, Czechs, Italians, Turks and Swedes. Even the rich and poor sit together and are friends. These very diverse peoples must be reduced, mainly in school, to a single type, namely, the standard patriotic American. To achieve this is even more heroic than to dream of it. Yet the seemingly impossible is achieved. The parents may resist change and retain marks of their origin, but the young soon colour to their surroundings. British schoolboys and school-girls go to school with those of their own nationality and religion. The young American (alias Greek, Czech, Swede, etc.) has to learn to be friendly with, and admire his fellow-scholars, no matter what their origin may be. The chief means to this unity is Sport. The strength of our sports movement in Whitehill is nothing to that in E. America.

Sport creates American citizens by making it necessary for scholars to co-operate for the sake of the school and the game. Together they exert themselves, compete, laugh and shout at baseball, basket-ball, football, hockey, track meets, swimming. I have known an instance of the most popular man in the football team being a Russian.

In these American schools there are many social functions, therefore the Assembly Hall, which is built like a theatre, takes a prominent place in the school. First, however, let me explain that there are four years in a High School course; the pupils are named in 1st year, Freshmen; 2nd year, Sophomores; 3rd year, Juniors; and in 4th year, Seniors. Each year must produce and direct some social activity such as a play, a concert or a banquet. This prepares students for their participation in social life after they leave school. Two of the high spots of the year are the Senior Play and the Banquet given to the Seniors by the Juniors as a farewell party.

During Activities Period, i.e., from 8.50 to 9.20 each morning, pupils attend their various clubs. There are formal clubs known to Whitehillians, such as Dramatic, Music, and Science Clubs; but there are informal ones like boxing and wrestling clubs, chess and checkers (draughts) clubs, and others for dancing, archery and shooting.

On two days a week, during Activities Period, the entire school assembles in the Auditorium, where they either listen to lectures by visiting professors, or they hold a "Pep Meeting." This is a glorious affair. The Cheer leaders of the school come out on to the platform and lead the school in the school songs and cheers. Then, perhaps, the school coach comes out and urges the school to support their team on the following day by showing up in full strength and cheering louder than ever before. Students never get enough of these meetings and are for ever making up new cheers and fitting new words to popular songs.

I could go on to weary you further, but I must not, or you will hand me over to the School Council to discipline me. Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen! Good afternoon!

J. Y. (III. B.a.).

PEEPS AT THE PROMINENT.

Intimate Revelations by our (late) Society Correspondent.

Pursuing our usual policy of "First with News and Views" and reckoning that what the million odd readers of this swell magazine want, is something that will put pep and punch into pale people, we now introduce to you a series of personalities, as revealed in the diary of our late Society sleuths who, fearless of life and limb,—Nature in the Raw is seldom Mild,—bearded the lions (and lionesses) in their dens.

* * * *

" . . . Chains and slavery . . . Man, we bate them at Bannockburn . . ."

"So sorry to interrupt you, Dr. R., but your red-headed Sco'ish Nationalists seem just to . . ."

"Jings, a Sassenach! Boys, use your skian dhus."

* * * *

Mr. A. J. C. D. wiped a furtive tear from his smoke-begrimed face as he surveyed the remains. Overtaking a dust cart at the phenomenal speed of 4 m.p.h., the string had broken and the engine had fallen out—to be promptly removed by the Cleansing Department. The coups are being watched.

* * * *

Disguised as a Bunsen burner, I pierced the cloud of low-hung vapour behind whose ambushade sat that Mandarin of All Smells, Mr. A. C. . . . Glowing retorts, . . . libation after libation . . . and an evil incense as the Priest sank back satisfied . . . and an evil grin, "That'll beat Room 18."

* * * *

"Yes, sir, my house is papered from top to bottom with impositions and "hundred lines." Step right in, will you! Dining-room, Psalms and Shorter Catechism . . . Drawing-room, Shakespeare and Golden Treasury . . . Coal cellar, Pythagoras' Theorem and V.G. Exam. Papers."

* * * *

Dennistoun Wardrobe: All Kinds of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Cast-off Ready-made Clothing; Berets; Mufflers, Cadies and Genzies. Hours: 9—4. Mr. W. hopes, by civility and attention, to merit a share of the public patronage.

* * * *

Yes, I know. My voice . . . d' t l s f m r d . . . really has a remarkable range . . . d r m . . ."

"By the way, Miss A. M. F., what lubricant do you use?"

"Oh, I'm dreadfully old-fashioned, you know. Amy, I see, prefers Castrol, but I pin my faith to Sloan's Liniment. Just listen . . . d r m f s l t d' r' m' f' s' l' t' d' r' m' f' . . ."

Miss A. MacN., VI. G., tells me that her next book is to be entitled, "Millions now living would be better Dead" . . . And—keep it a secret—she's on a diet of split peas stuffed with sawdust.

* * * *

"Penalty, ref! . . . Penalty!"

"Now, John S., it was a fair shove. You Partick Thistle men . . ."

"Fair shove? It was a dirty dunt. Come away the Jags."

* * * *

. . . M. R. C. S., IV. G., prostrate before a bust of Charles Dickens. I must tiptoe lest I disturb her devotion.

* * * *

"How intriguing, Margaret! Working the pattern of your Report Card on to your pillow slips. Such delightful picot-edging,—sorry, basket-stitch. You almost broke down at the French and Science marks? Dear, dear . . . I see your lucky number, 22, figures prominently."

* * * *

Mr. W. F. G. I find opening a new consignment of rhinoceros-hide belts specially forwarded from Equatorial Africa. He is quietly confident that this session he will set up new biffing figures, and as I am a kind man I would warn the lieges that he proposes to start his innings with Mr. . . .

[Note.—Your Society correspondent leaves a wife, three weans, and an ugly stain on our carpet.—W. F. G.]

Nature in the Raw is seldom Mild.

WAR CLOUDS.

If it comes to another war over there in Manchuria it is going to be chust terrible for poor ceevilians. Chust think off the awful names we will haff to be remembering—Paniachowsky and Balgentshinovsky and places like that, forbye chenerals caaled Chung Chin Chang and Sneffoblotchikoff.

It will be ass bad ass the last war the Roosians had to do with. Efery day in the papers they would be about to capture a place caaled Przemysl—Man dear, it almost spoilt the whole war. I haff seen strong men burst into tears trying to tell the wife how far the Roosians had got in the direction of Przemysl.

We will haff to avoid aal that sort off nonsense in this war, and Chon Wulson hass chust written to the League of Nations telling them to do something about it.

Chon's idea is chust to caal the Chinese waarlords and the Bolshievik or Japanese commissars McTavish and Cassidy, and the places where they will be haffing their battles Inversnecky or Auchtermuchty or Ballachullish, chust as you please. Then we will be able to follow the war news in comfort. A smert, smert chap, Chon.

T. B. (VI. B.).

THE SONG OF HIA-GRADE.

Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this song of mighty Whitehill!!

There I met my paleface sisters,
In the busy chalky classrooms.
Mathematics, the most ghastly,
History of all the ages,
French and Latin, too, they taught me,
And Commercial the most modern,
In the classrooms all these subjects!
In the Lab. they gave me Science,
Work of greatest smells and magic.
There was Art across the landing
Of the place they called the "old school."
In the playground at the boys' side,
Stood that building, the Gymnasium.
Many happy hours were spent there,
Many creaking bones were bent there!

Teachers, too, there were in plenty,
Floating round in weird and black robes,
Ever grousing, ever scolding,
In accordance with the teachings
Of the Head-Man, the All Powerful!
'Twas ordained we'd be examined
At the end of every quarter.
Each boy sat in fear and trembling,
At the thought of what was coming.
To his pen he whispered, "Fail not!"
To his mind he whispered, "Swerve not!"
Then he saw the slip of paper
Which decided what his fate was.
"Ugh!" the young men all responded
From their seats amidst much groaning.

Thus have been my happy schooldays,
Schooldays filled with joy and weeping.
Thus here ends my song of Whitehill,
Ends this mighty song of Whitehill,
By the shores of Molindinar!

MINNEHAHA (V. G.).

**BRIDGETON BURNS CLUB COMPETITION, 1932.
PRIZEWINNERS.**

Soloists (Senior).—Gold Medal, Margaret Allison; Silver Medal,
Georgina Cowie.

Elocution (Advanced).—First Prize, Alastair Revie.

Elocution (Senior).—First Prize (Silver Medal), Cathie Miller;
Second Prize, Margaret Gray.

Senior Choirs.—Silver Shield, Whitehill Secondary School.

We congratulate Mr. Kerr and Prizewinners on this splendid result.

JAMIE'S GHAIST.

Many amusing incidents have been recounted in connection with ghosts, those wayward spirits who, wakening on the stroke of twelve from their restless sleep, make the night re-echo with their hollow groans and clanking chains. Of a somewhat different type are the legends of the Western Highlands. While we can listen to the one with a jaunty air of incredulity, the other, with a fascination peculiarly its own, compels us to hear and accept without question. The following is a story as I received it from a friend well acquainted with the people and customs of Argyllshire.

“Last Christmas found me, as usual, at my uncle’s home in Auchendarich, where my arrival inevitably created a topic of conversation for the worthy villagers. As soon as I set foot in the village I was seized with a curious sense of misgiving, which—unaccountable though it was—caused me a deal of worry at the time. I could not understand myself, but a few nights later it was proved that my misgivings were not wholly unfounded.

We had just left the Recreation Hall—I mean Dugald Maclean and myself, of course—where our conversation, among other things, had touched on the topic of ghosts. We talked for a while, then old Baldy Macpherson, who, by the way, has something of the reputation of a “seer” in the village, began a tale about Jamie Geddes, one of the locals, who, for his sins, was chased by the devil until he sought escape in the depths of the loch. Immediately everyone—for males only were accepted as members of our club—stuck his pipe in the side of his mouth, and gazed solemnly into the huge peat fire. I looked for a moment, then burst into a roar of laughter. The sight of these six men seated around the fire, and the drone of old Baldy in the corner brought too many ludicrous pictures crowding into my mind—restraint was impossible. After that the meeting did not last long; nevertheless, the clock had chimed eleven by the time we found ourselves outside the door of the club.

“Dugald and I bade the rest of the company good-night, and began our homeward journey. It was just the night for “spooks,” and despite my former levity I was not feeling quite so cynical. A light fall of snow—that is to say, comparatively light for the district—covered the ground, and shone like a sea of silver, where the moonbeams, struggling through thick banks of cloud, fell upon it. Low-roofed houses and scraggy trees were thrown into sharp relief, and it needed only the deadly stillness of the night, and the crisp crunch, crunch of snow underfoot, to make the atmosphere truly spectral.

“Dugald said never a word until we reached the beginning of the high wall, which bordered a certain part of the road for

close on a quarter-mile. Then it was merely, 'Yon Jamie lad must ha' been fair pechin' by the time he reached the water.' I meant to laugh, but finding I couldn't, decided to walk on in silence, and had barely taken a hundred steps when I heard it—the quick panting of someone running. I drew up startled. Only Dugald was beside me, so I said nothing—then I heard it again—that sharp intaking and exhaling. 'What's that?' I whispered. 'Whit's whit?' replied Dugald. 'That, listen,' I cried, then felt suddenly foolish, for not a sound was to be heard. We walked on, no words passing our lips. Was I going stark, staring mad? I wondered. Next instant my fears on that account were dispelled. The short, sharp panting was still to be heard, and in addition the soft pad of footsteps over the snow—truly ghostly steps which seemed rather to be gliding than treading. All my courage forsook me; my lower limbs began to tremble, indeed, I must have looked the picture of abject fear, for Dugald stopped. 'Guid God, man! whit's wrang wi' ye? Ye luke like a bairn whit's seen a bogey.' I could make no reply, realising for the first time that the panting and footsteps came from the other side of the wall. I stopped; the footsteps were silent but the panting was still audible; I moved forward, and again heard those cursed steps. When we had almost reached the end of the wall, Dugald, who had a habit of uttering his thoughts, muttered, just loud enough for me to hear: 'I wunner—ay, Jamie was a queer callant.' 'What ! Jamie!' I almost yelled, 'You don't think so, do you?' 'I'm thinkin' naethin', he said, but we'll sune ken.' Just then I heard the footsteps again, and we stopped five yards from the end of the wall, but the footsteps continued. Panic now took hold of me, but, my legs refusing to function, I stood still and shivered as I heard the steps advancing. What I expected to see I can't tell you now. Possibly some misty form with blazing eyes, and fingers like an eagle's talons; perhaps a bedraggled Jamie with the mud and slime of the loch clinging to his dripping garments; perhaps—oh! anything but a human being. And then it came, round the edge of the wall, two gleaming points, moving about eighteen inches from the ground, and finally resolving themselves into the eyes of Dugald's dog Jock, which had left its master at the beginning of the wall and "dogged" our footsteps on the other side.

"Great was my relief, but my shame and chagrin were still greater. Not a word was spoken till we reached the gate of my uncle's residence. 'Min' ye dinna wauk up in the nicht and see Jamie glowerin' on ye frae the fit o' the bed,' said Dugald. Quickly I turned round and caught a glimpse of Dugald's face as he walked away. Was that old rascal laughing at me? I wondered, but whether he knew anything about the matter or not is something which I have yet to discover."

THE SCHOOL GALA.

Gala Night for Whitehill! Placid green water reflecting the brilliant electric light, and Whitevale Baths crammed to the doors with expectant humanity!

Such was the scene before the start of the School Gala, for the pupils had come down in force from the Hill to the Vale. To disappoint such a crowd would have been almost a tragedy; but it was not disappointed. The swimming was of the usual high standard, and competition was as keen as ever. Hearty congratulations are due to Leon McGregor and to Thelma Smith for winning the Boys' and Girls' Senior Championships, and we must bow the knee to a worthy victor in both Relay Races—Pollokshields. 'Shields may be sure of a hot welcome next year. We must, also, make special mention of the exciting Water Polo Match, and of Mr. R. C. Chatfield's splendid swimming. Long may they be high-lights of our Gala!

There was a fine turn-out of F.P.s', and thanks are due to all who contributed to the success, from the gracious Mrs. Doherty to the perspiring prefects, who used so much good wind on balloons. Yes, the School is definitely at home in the water, perhaps due to the influence of the Aquarium!

GALA RESULTS.

50 Yards Breast Stroke—Schoolboys.—1, J. Hutchison; 2, R. Robertson; 3, J. Ferguson.

25 Yards Breast Stroke—under 14—Girls.—1, F. McKenzie; 2, K. McKillop; 3, N. McNiven.

Invitation Team Race—Boys.—1, Pollokshields Secondary; 2, Whitehill Secondary.

Invitation Team Race—Girls.—1, Pollokshields Secondary; 2, Whitehill Secondary.

100 Yards Senior Championship—Boys.—1, Leon McGregor (winning time, 70 4-5 secs.).

75 Yards Senior Championship—Girls.—1, Thelma Smith (winning time, 61 3-5 secs.).

25 Yards Free Style—under 14—Boys.—1, R. McDougall; 2, W. Glen; 3, J. Docherty.

50 Yards Free Style—Schoolboys.—1, D. Drummond; 2, W. MacDonald; 3, R. McDougall.

75 Yards Junior Championship—Boys.—1, J. Young (winning time, 47 secs.).

50 Yards Junior Championship—Girls.—1, M. McCulloch (winning time, 40 1-5 secs.).

Pyjama Race—Senior Girls.—1, Thelma Smith and Eileen Smith; 2, J. Somerville and M. McCulloch.

Balloon Race—Junior Girls.—1, M. Turner; 2, J. Todd; 3, F. Hutchison.

WHITEHILL NOTES.

WHITEHILL SCHOOL CLUB.

We are again indebted to the Editors of the Magazine for a chance of bringing ourselves to your notice. On this occasion we hope to do so particularly strongly. A section at least of the present pupils are usually made aware sometime about the end of June that the Club does take some interest in the School, but on the whole we fear the interest has been fairly well concealed. Bashfulness will no longer be our attitude. The newly organised Whitehill School Club, which combines the social activities of the old Club with the pursuits of the Athletic sections, is coming more and more closely into touch with School life.

The Club recognises especially its indebtedness for the use of the ground at Craighend and is doing all it can to help forward schemes in that connection. It has under consideration at the moment, we believe, a scheme for helping to provide furniture and equipment in the pavilion, which we all hope to see improved in the near future. It is to be hoped that this common aim will bring School and Club into closer co-operation, and that those who during their school career have helped towards the improvement of Craighend will continue to make these efforts when they leave and to reap their advantages. To help them to do these things and to keep up their old acquaintances the Club exists, and pupils, when they are about to leave, will be wise if they put themselves in touch with the Club. The easiest way of doing this is to come down to some of the Friday evening meetings in the School, at which both senior pupils and members of the Staff are very welcome. The subscription for Ordinary membership is 2s. 6d. per annum, while Life membership costs one guinea.

THOS. A. HOGARTH, President.

ALEX. W. STEVENS, Secretary,
22 Ballindalloch Drive,
Glasgow, E.1.

SPORT.

RUGBY.

Under the capable hands of Dr. Russell and Mr. Livingstone, all our rugby teams have come on by leaps and bounds this year. It must be remembered that our 1st XV. commenced this season with the disadvantage of being able to field only six of our last year's "caps."

Our 1st XV. have played 10 games, of which we have won five, drawn one, and lost four. Some of the most notable teams which we have defeated are Greenock High School 1st XV., Jordanhill College School 1st XV., and Keil School 2nd XV.

Our 2nd XV. have had a very successful season, having lost only two games so far; while our 3rd XV., as usual, is doing very well, having won all its games.

The percentage of rugby players has been very low this season, so I would urge all boys to make use of the playing fields and to come and play Rugby every Saturday morning. Those who have not played before will be tutored in the game by Mr. McMurray.

J. D. (Secy.).

FOOTBALL NOTES.

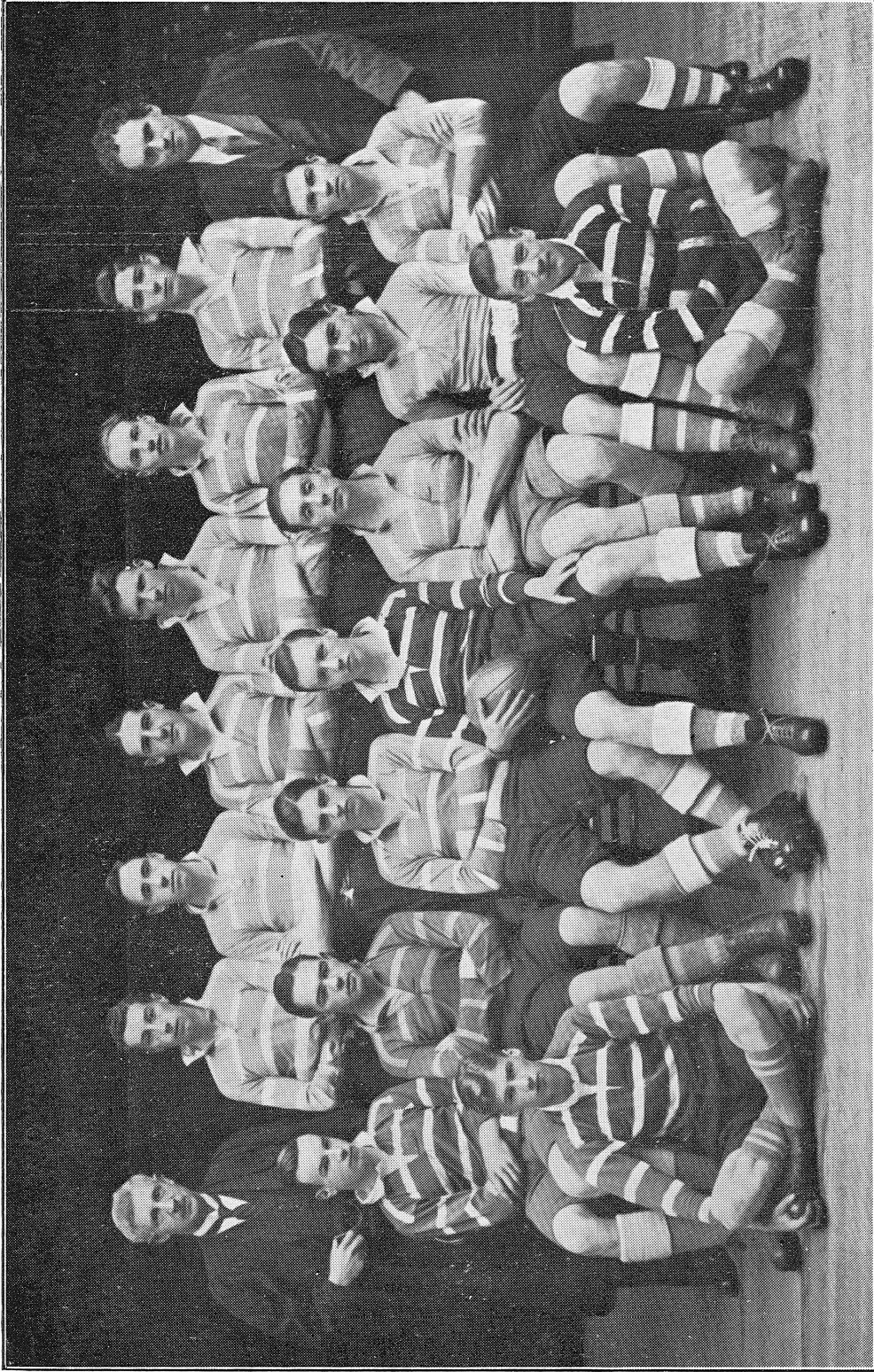
All our football teams are quite up to the former Whitehill standard. The first eleven is near the top of the League with five points out of a possible eight. The team has won its first Shield game, beating Govan High by two goals to nil in the replay game, and hopes for better luck this time in the Shield Competition.

The second eleven, now in its second season, although it has not yet entered a league, has had some very successful friendly games.

As usual, however, our most successful team so far is our Intermediate eleven. They have played five games, won four, and drawn one in their League games; and by beating St. Mirren's Academy, they have entered the second round of the Shield. Our other young team, the Elementary, is also doing well and holds third place in the League with seven points out of a possible ten.

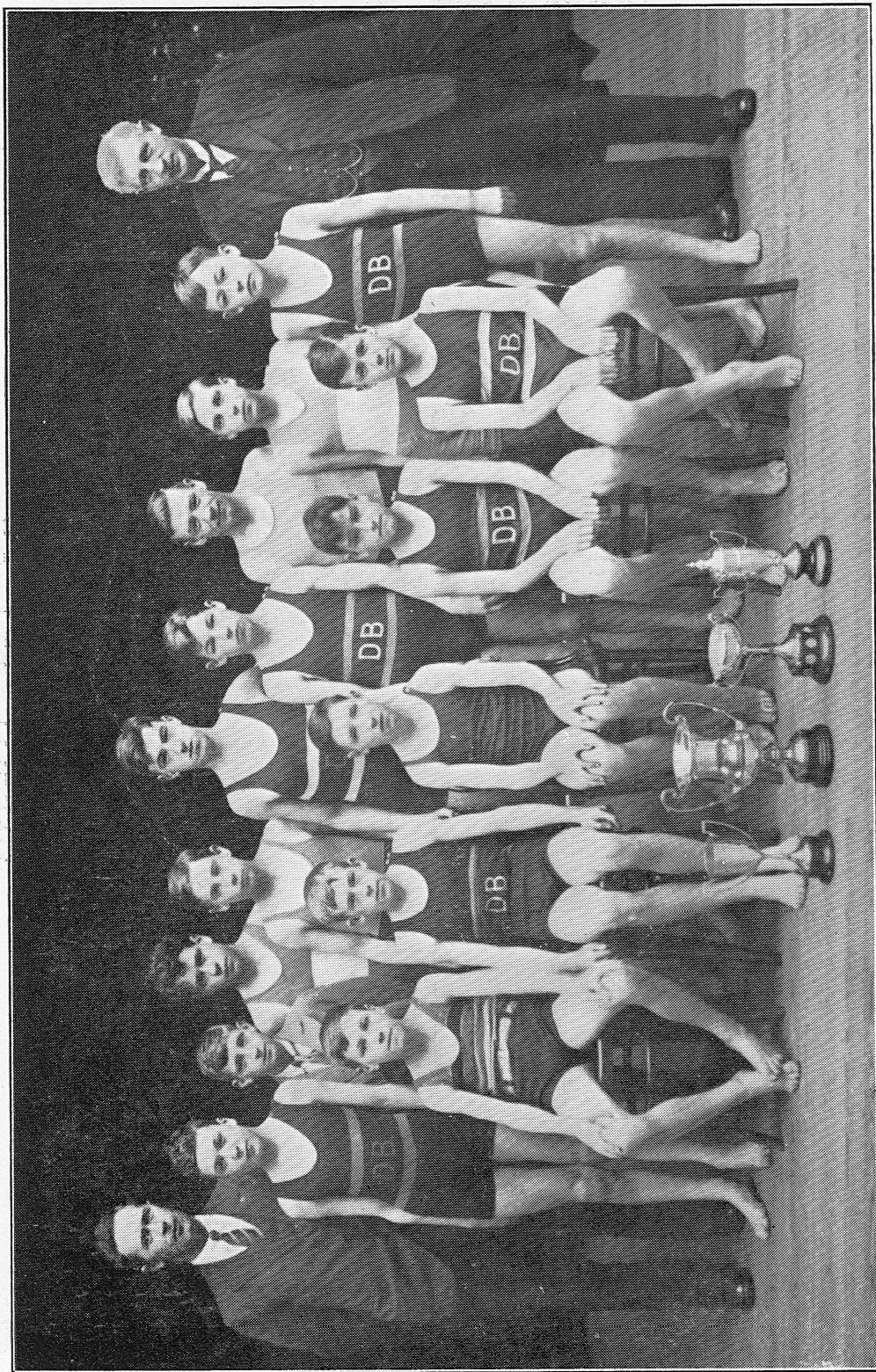
In general the teams are good, and at least one should bring Whitehill to the fore by carrying off a Shield.

J. B. (Secy.).



The Rector, J. F. Bicket, A. G. Jenkins, J. J. Sanderson, J. A. Lang, J. Hamilton, A. M. McKey, Dr. Russell.
 J. Doyle, W. G. McPhie, J. H. Robertson, D. Clark (*Capt.*), J. Drysdale, A. M. McCallum, T. Pringle,
 W. Greig. W. McLachlan

RUGBY 1ST XV.



Back Row — Mr. McMurray, J. Somerville, J. Cormack, J. Young (School Junior Champion, 1931-32), R. Robertson, L. McGregor (School Champion, 1931-32), R. McDougall, W. McLachlan, A. McGoff, J. Docherty, The Rector.
Sitting — G. Forrest, A. Cowie, J. Dougan, R. Paterson, J. Stevenson (Glasgow Junior Champion and Toc H Cup Winner).

GLASGOW SWIMMING GALA FINALISTS, 1932.

GOLF.

Now that the School golf season has re-commenced, we fully anticipate to carry on just as successfully as in previous years. So far, however, our membership is still less than last year, and we note, in particular, that several of last season's members have not yet rejoined, and that there seem to be no golfers at all in the first year. We should like more members, and all who can golf at all would favour us, and perhaps themselves, by giving their names to Mr. Galbraith.

This year the September and October monthly medals have been played, the successful competitors being W. E. Scott and A. Simpson respectively, with net scores of 69 and 77.

As a few results were not included in the Summer edition of the Magazine, they are given under:—

In the three games we played, against Shawlands twice and against Hillhead, we won all three, beating the former by 6 matches to 2, and by $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$, and then the latter by $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$. We were again defeated in the Masters v. Pupils game, this time by the margin of $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$; but we never say die, and expect to reverse the result this season.

W. E. S. (Secy.).

SWIMMING (BOYS).

The Boys' Swimming Section meets in Whitevale Baths at 4.10 p.m. on Fridays. The attendance this session has been good and there are quite a number of promising beginners. In competitions this year the School has been very successful. At the Glasgow Swimming Gala the Whitehill Boys' results were:—

75 Yards Junior Championship of Glasgow—1, J. M. Stevenson; 2, J. Docherty.

Breast Stroke—1, R. Robertson; 3, J. Somerville.

50 Yards Juniors' Race—1, R. Paterson.

25 Yards Back Stroke—2, A. McGoff.

Team Championship of Glasgow—1, Whitehill.

Life-Saving—3, Whitehill.

In addition to these successes, the Toc H. Cup has been again won for the School, this time by J. M. Stevenson; also the Boys' Team has reached the final of the Scottish Schoolboys' Championship.

SWIMMING (GIRLS).

The Girls' Swimming Club would like to give this space to the boys. Their glories, fully expounded, really need it, whereas our commonplaces make very ordinary reading. Much of Thursday night is given up to frisk and frolic, although beginners and life-savers do work hard.

At the Inter-Schools Gala Muriel McLulich secured third place in the Back Stroke Race.

CRICKET.

The School 1st XI., not so strong as in previous years, has had a very successful season. Of our sixteen fixtures, seven were won, six drawn, and three lost.

The most noteworthy averages were:—

BATTING.

		No. of Innings.	Highest Score.	Runs.	Average.
J. Hutchison	...	14	44	205	18.7
I. S. Munro	...	14	80	193	16.1
J. Marshall	...	13	41	146	11.3

BOWLING.

		Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
I. S. Munro	...	160	44	357	53	6.7
J. Hutchison	...	63	19	155	22	7.1

Perhaps the most prominent feature of last year's cricket was John Marshall's wicket-keeping. He is the best Glasgow schoolboy 'keeper of recent years, and, indeed, has few superiors in senior cricket. He was chosen for the Glasgow Schools' XI. on four separate occasions and performed creditably each time. His batting was also very good, though his running between wickets left much to be desired.

I. S. Munro captained the side very well and bowled consistently throughout the season. He was some time in finding his batting form, but eventually ran up several very good scores, including 80 against Hamilton Academy.

J. Hutchison's batting has greatly improved and he was probably the steadiest batsman in the side. He also bowled very well, and, in our game with Hillhead, distinguished himself by performing the hat-trick.

The efforts of the rest of the side were somewhat disappointing and their fielding was often much below the minimum demanded of a School side. Many good wickets were lost through indecision and bad calling on the part of the batsmen. Both of these faults are inexcusable.

There are several vacant places in the 1933 side and it is hoped that the running of two elevens and the increased facilities for play at Meadowpark will bring more recruits to the team.

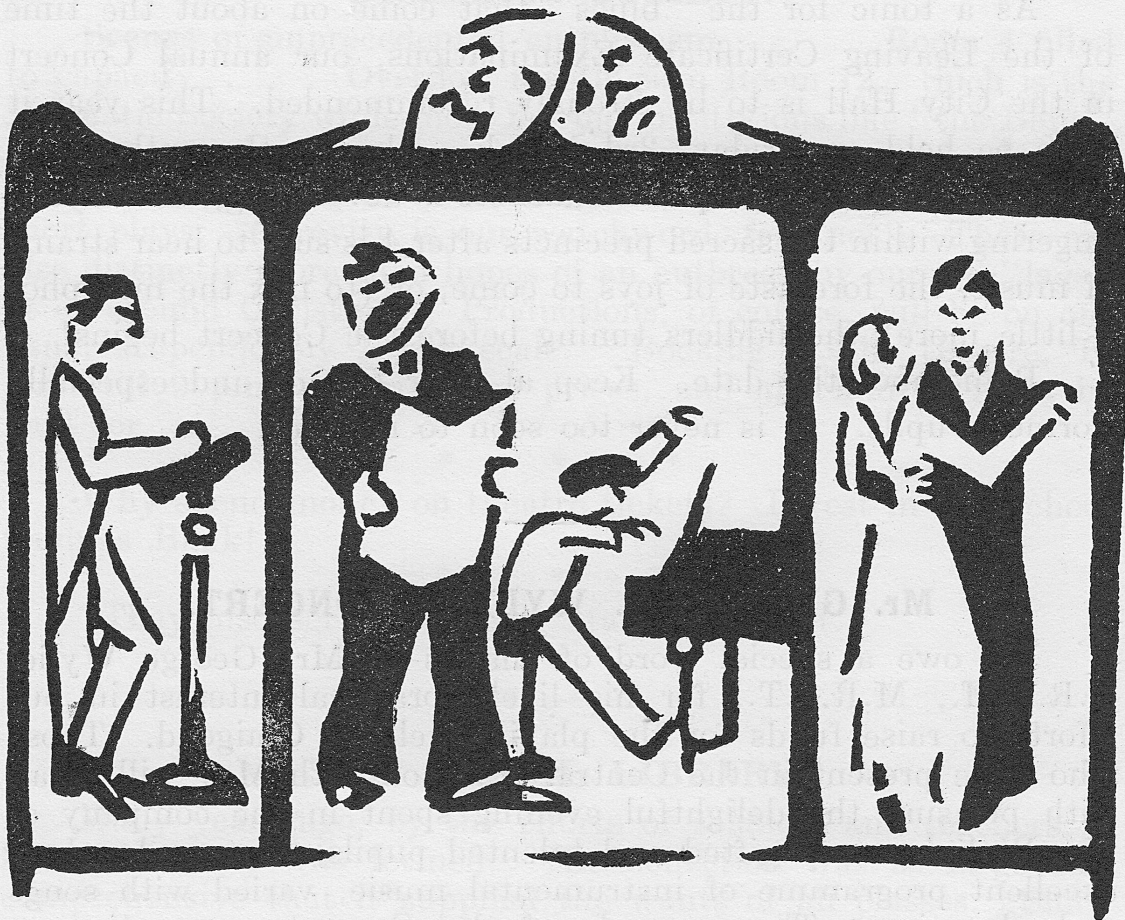
W. S. McC. (Secy.).

HOCKEY NOTES.

The membership of the Hockey Club this year is extremely gratifying. The First Year girls especially are very enthusiastic, and there are many promising beginners.

We have not been successful in the matches we have played so far, but, as we are only beginning the season, there is yet time to prove our worth by securing a majority of victories.

H. G. S.



SOCIAL SECTIONS.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

Though still in its infancy, the Literary and Debating Society has established itself as one of the most energetic of the School clubs, and has thoroughly justified its existence. The object of the Society is to help members to express themselves in public, and judging by the number of speakers taking part in the discussions, it has not been in vain.

Mr. Williamson is to be congratulated on the interesting and instructive lecture on the Covenanters which he delivered at the opening meeting. We were also fortunate in having Dr. Russell address us on "Some Aspects of Humour."

The work of the Committee has been considerably lightened by members of the Staff who attend as official representatives, and who put forward many helpful suggestions. We take this opportunity of thanking them.

An interesting programme has been arranged for this session, and Mr. MacGregor has a special feature to contribute; so we hope to have a most successful session, and to welcome many new members.

A. M. McC. (Secy.).

As a tonic for the "blues" that come on about the time of the Leaving Certificate Examinations, our annual Concert in the City Hall is to be strongly recommended. This year it is to be held on Friday, 3rd March. Already the enthusiasm of choirs, dramatic groups and dancers is developing, and anyone lingering within the sacred precincts after 4 is sure to hear strains of music, the foretaste of joys to come, or (to mix the metaphor a little more) the fiddlers tuning before the Concert begins!

Remember the date. Keep at your friends and especially Former Pupils. It is never too soon to remind.

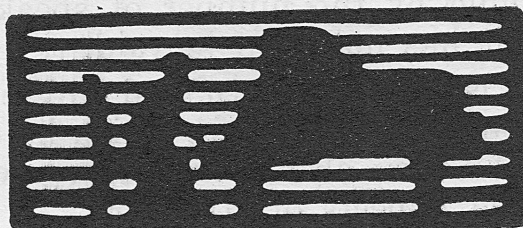
Mr. GEORGE C. WYLIE'S CONCERT.

We owe a special word of thanks to Mr. George Wylie, L.R.A.M., M.R.S.T., for his lively practical interest in our efforts to raise funds for the playing field at Craighend. Those who were present in the Central Halls on 12th May will recall with pleasure the delightful evening spent in the company of Mr. Wylie's many gifted and talented pupils, who rendered an excellent programme of instrumental music, varied with songs and elocution. The proceeds of the Concert, amounting to £7, 16s., have been placed to the credit of Craighend Fund, and we take this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging this very handsome donation.

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DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Scenes of unprecedented enthusiasm . . . Room 4 filled to capacity . . . Overflow meetings in Room 12. Such is the Dramatic Society while more morbid institutions like "the Bank" wait in vain for customers.

We are hopeful of presenting at the Concert this year two short plays. (Brevity is our watchword, fear not!) There are also distinctly more than hopes of an outbreak by our old "lags" at or around Christmas. Productions, of course, will be on our usual stupendously lavish scale. Booking at the theatre, 10 a.m. till 9 p.m. Pantomime prices, and all children must be paid for.

* * *

Why spend money on theatre tickets? Invest in the School Savings Bank!

* * *

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.

Many years ago, by the efforts of scholars and teachers, a School Library was formed. The collection was so large and comprehensive that it supplied the wants of all classes. Since that time handsome additions have been made from time to time; but nowadays we are not at liberty to ask each of you for sixpence. You will realize that if the Library is to continue (for covers will come off and leaves drop out), it is necessary for you to help by gifts to maintain it. I suggest to you at the season of gifts and proud, swelling generosity, that you thump your chest, and vow a copper or a volume to the Library. The Librarian, Mr. MacGregor, or any other teacher, will advise you.

The teachers have generously contributed the following high-class modern works:—

- Adrian Bell, "Corduroy."
- Stella Benson, "The Little World."
- John Buchan, "John MacNab."
- A. N. Evans, "The Escaping Club."
- J. Galsworthy, "The White Monkey."
- J. & C. Gordon, "Two Vagabonds in Spain."
- Rose Macaulay, "Staying with Relations."
- J. Masefield, { "Tarpaulin Muster."
- "Odtaa."
- Siegfried Sassoon, "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer."
- H. de Selincourt, "The Cricket Match."
- Jas. Stephens, "The Crock of Gold."
- Hugh Walpole, { "Jeremy, Hamlet."
- "Jeremy."
- Henry Williamson, "Tarka the Otter."

RAMBLING CLUB.

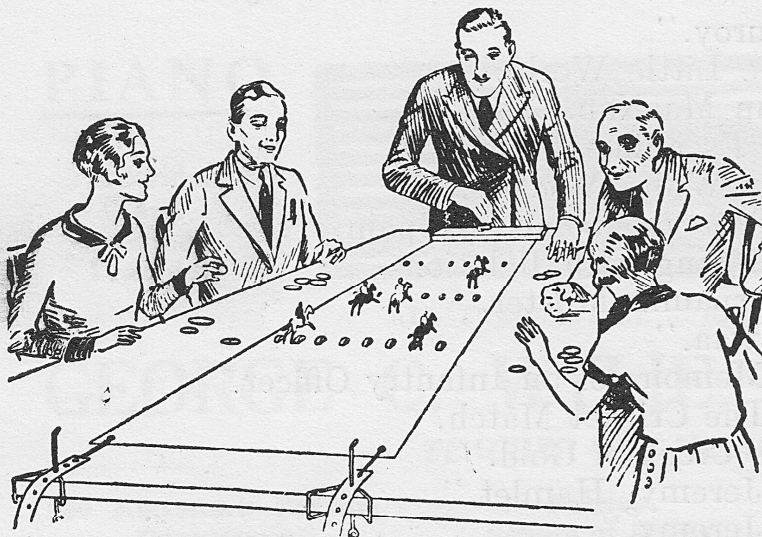
The third session of the School Rambling Club was not very successful. An interesting series of rambles was arranged, but, owing to bad weather, etc., attendances were small, but those who did go voted them a complete success. We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Lunam for his assistance and for accompanying us on our wanderings.

The Committee for this session has already been chosen, with a view to beginning the rambles in the winter or the spring, instead of waiting until the summer-time; but, **pupils of the Senior School, we need your support!**

THE AQUARIUM.

The Aquarium is "hibernating." It will start its activities again in the spring when the plants begin to grow. Tadpoles, frogs, newts, fish, snails and other "creepy things" will again make their appearance.

The prize essay competition, announced in the last Magazine, was won by Maisie McManus, Form III., who received a 5-gallon tank, complete with plants and fish, from Mr. Wilson, The Naturalist, 233 Argyle Street.



**Boat Race 5/6,
Escalado, 7/6, 10/6**

It is almost uncanny to watch the Boats or Horses racing forward on the Cloth trying to clear the Bridges or the Hurdles. No mechanism—the motion being due to the vibratory movement imparted by the turning of the Handle.

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