

Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 61

Christmas,
1949



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SCHOOL OFFICIALS.

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Jennie D. Ronald, VI.

Vice-Captains

Hugh J. Muir, VI.

Ann W. P. Jarvie, VI.

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Kenneth W. Eadie, VI; George	Boyd, V; Isabella Turner, V;
T. Poston, V; Andrew G.	Jessie E. McCreath, V; Janette
Brown, V; Allan McInnes, V;	Campbell, V; Janet McGrath,
Roy P. McConchie, V.	V.

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Vice-Captain: Crawford Lawrie, V.

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Captain: John B. Muir, VI.

Vice-Captain: David B. White, V.

Secretary: James W. Cree, V.

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Secretary: Janet McGrath, V.

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Committee: Ann W. P. Jarvie, VI; Alexander D. Gordon VI; Ronald Hilley, V; Margaret Alexander, IV.

Magazine

Editors: Jennie D. Ronald, VI; Kenneth W. Eadie, VI.

Sub-Editors: Janet McGrath, V; George T. Poston, V; Mairi M. Weir, IV; Thomas McNab, IV.

Committee: Ann W. P. Jarvie, VI; Sheena Grant, V; David C. Moir, IV.



Another new session has begun and, after the glorious weather of the summer holidays, we have all crept back, willingly or unwillingly, to school. This being the time when various mantles descend upon new shoulders, as their former owners depart for higher spheres, we, on whom this particular mantle has come to rest, assume with due humility the task of maintaining the high standard of your Magazine and of presenting to the public eye your literary and artistic masterpieces.

The response to our appeal (some might call it our demand) for articles has been very good this year. The Second, Third and Fourth Forms in particular have astonished us by their profuse and (sometimes) mature "thinking on paper." The Fifth Form have been excusably rather silent, and we must hope that when, in the summer term, they can give us their undivided attention we will reap the benefit of their year's study.

As to the subject matter of the articles contributed, we are pleased to say that we find it topical, sometimes perhaps a little too topical for our sensitive colleagues of the Upper School, and, for the most part, original. The parody and the anagram would appear to be the favourite literary forms of the Middle School, while poetry still predominates over prose, both in the Magazine and in the Wastepaper Basket, that graveyard of well-intentioned efforts which "gang agley."

However, in thanking those whose hard work has so greatly eased the burden of responsibility on our inexperienced shoulders, we wish to include all our contributors, whether they have attained the distinction of a place in the Mag. or not. Without enthusiastic contributors no publication could exist, and we hope that our selection will please the great majority of you. We also wish to thank our Sub-Editors, our Advertising Committee, whose essential work is rarely sufficiently appreciated, and those members of the Staff who have lent us their guidance and support, Mr. Cleland, Mr. Cormac and, last but certainly not least, Mr. Meikle, our "ever present help in time of trouble."

And now the overworked "pen of our aunt" is spluttering in our hand. Our task is done, and Whitehill's contribution to Christmas Literature goes to press. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our readers.

THE EDITORS.

We Travelled by Night

Those who went with the School Party to France this summer did a great deal of travelling both by night and by day. Our longest period of travel was when we left London on the morning of the 7th of July and reached Marseilles early on the 8th. These 24 hours were for us a kaleidoscope of change and excitement, taking us as they did from grey dignified London with its huge shops and famous streets, to the bright sunny Mediterranean coast, where every colour is twice as vivid as life.

Can I give you any idea of the French countryside through which we passed? It will be difficult as no two provinces of that beautiful land are alike. After crossing the Channel we went by train to Paris, crossing the luscious green landscape of Normandy. Little fields stretched all round like a patchwork quilt, intersected by darker hedges and poplar trees. The tiled roofs of little farms showed among the trees, and at last, thrill of thrills, the top of the Eiffel Tower showed in the distance.

Our experience of Paris that day lasted about half an hour, as we were whirled from one station to another in a bus, but later we were to spend five days in that lovely city. We came to know it as a place of wide boulevards and stately buildings, offering from every point beautiful vistas along tree-lined avenues to places of historical and cultural interest. The Seine as it passes Notre Dame is a picture of tranquillity and beauty.

On that eventful day, however, we were bundled into an express bound for the Midi—the land of warmth and colour, of sparkling blue Mediterranean water and of picturesque fishing villages, an artist's paradise. The bright vividness of everything seems unreal to us now, yet it is no great effort to recapture the atmosphere even at a distance of almost four months.

There is no doubt that France is a land of magic. Whether you visit the quaint neat towns like Dieppe in the North, the enchanting gaiety of lovely Paris, or the strange, old sun-baked towns of the South, you get a vivid and lasting impression of a gay and colourful land, inhabited by hard-working and friendly people.

TRAVELLER. VI.

Rowing

This year the school has set out on a new venture in forming its first section of the Glasgow Schools Rowing Club. The club normally meets for practice and training on Monday evenings at the clubhouse of the Clydesdale Amateur Rowing Club.

Membership is restricted to pupils of Forms IV, V, and VI, who can swim. Anyone in the Upper School desiring further information regarding the activities of the club should contact George Marshall, IV 4. D. McL.

Cricket XI: "If Winter comes can Spring be far behind?"—
SHELLEY.

My Dog

My dog Roy is big and bright,
His coat is reddish brown,
I really think he is just right,
While others on him frown.

He's half Alsatian and half Lab.,
He knows tricks by the dozen,
He's one third good and two thirds bad,
Mum says "Old Nick's" his cousin.

He turns all comers from the door,
My friends and foes alike,
His bark is like the Hampden roar,
He really is some tyke.

And yet I love my doggie fine,
To me he is above all others;
The great thing is that he's all mine,
'Cos I've no sisters and no brothers.

I. F. W. I 11.

To the Amethyst

A's for the Amethyst, gallant and true,
B's for the brave Boys who fought in her too;
C are the Communists whom they did fight,
D the Daredevils who did it with might.
E is for England of whom we are proud,
F is the Flag which was cheered by the crowd;
G are the Gunners who fought their way through,
H is the Happiness won by the crew.
I's the Intelligence the Captain showed,
J is the Joy with which their faces glowed.
K are the Kisses which showered on the men,
L are the Loved ones who waited for them.
M is the Milk which the ship's cat drank most,
N's for the Navy, our pride and our boast;
O are the Onlookers, so full of pride,
Patiently watching the ship alongside.
Q is for Queer how they all managed through,
R's the Relief for their Relatives, too.
S the Salute which the harbour guns fired,
T the Tenacity which all required.
U is for Union at last with their friends,
V is the Voyage which so happily ends.
W the good Wishes which everyone adds,
X the bright Xmas for Amethyst lads.
Y we all wish them a Happy New Year,
Z is their Zest and their freedom from fear.

B. M. I 6.

“ Macbeth ”

(With apologies to a certain B.B.C. artiste)

To-day I am a-going to tell you about a play by Bill Shakespeare called “ Macbeth.” Now this ’ere play begins on a blasted heath—all creepy like—with three old hags jiggling around a pot with the week’s rations cooking in it. We hear that a real nasty piece of work, called Macbeth, is coming to this ’ere blasted heath. We don’t know what his first name is as Bill doesn’t mention it, but it’s my guess it was Clarence or Cecil. When Macbeth comes along the three witches give him the patter that he will become King of Scotland.

After Macbeth’s return to his wee room an’ kitchen, like the henpecked hubby he is, he tells his wife about the witches. She, like the rank bajin she is, tells him to bump-off old Dunky (that’s the King). When Macbeth completes the dastardly deed, Malky and Don (Dunky’s sons) get the wind-up and decide to skat. Macbeth next decides to bump-off Banquo, his old china, and now the fun begins. While Banquo’s body has enough iron-mongery in it to start a shop, his soul goes marching on. Banquo’s ghost goes to Macbeth’s banquet without a ticket (shades o’ Hampden) and proceeds to give Macbeth the willies.

Macbeth now goes in for murder in a big way. He sends some rank bajins (Lobey hisna a look-in here) to rub out Mrs. MacDuff and her wee plum Duffs. Mr. MacDuff (in England for the holidays) gets kinda mad when he hears o’ this carry-on and heads for Scotland at the toot wi’ Malky (mind o’ him?). Malky used to be in the camouflage squad and this gives him an idea to hide his men while attacking. He gives each a branch and they creep up to Macbeth’s castle. (Malky’s the wee boy—is he no?) Macbeth’s end comes when he and MacDuff give each other big licks. As MacDuff was the lollipop licker champ, as a kid he finishes Macbeth off easily. Thus Bill’s play ends having shown us many murders, ghosties, and rank-bajins.

OLD BILL. VI.

Advice to the 2nd

(With apologies to Milton.)

Hence, loathèd team,
Of Whitehill’s Fifth Form born,
In Craigend’s fields forlorn,
’Mongst scrums, lineouts and sights unholy,
Find out some new game
Where strength and skill are not much needed,
Where lack of goals may pass unheeded,
There, under less exacting persons’ criticism,
There play thereon,
In sodden Craigend’s fields ne’er dwell.

G. P. V 1.

Youth's Ambition

What can Youth hope
Since Earth is mad with Lust?
Where find a scope
For all its natural thirst
Toward Beauty and toward Joy?

Are we not doomed
To drown amidst the whirl
Of war and wounds
Or, deafened by the skirl
Of madmen, sink to Death?

No! Hope we find
In Youth's own deathless springs.
Amidst what's blind
And foul, Youth's ardour brings
Ideals of Beauty and of Peace

Toward which we'll strive
And, striving, find a way
To make Truth thrive,
Who long neglected lay,
And raise her Light on high.

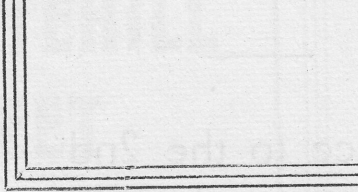
POETA. VI.

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The Ocean Weather Ship

In October, 1949, Mr. McEwan received a letter from the British Ship Adoption Society which gave the news that the O.W.S. "Weather Recorder" and Whitehill Senior Secondary School had adopted each other.

The O.W.S. "Weather Recorder" spends several weeks in the North Atlantic, then returns to Greenock for a few days.

In his first letter to the school the commanding officer of the ship, Lieut.-Commander A. W. Ford, R.C.N., gives a list of the departments within the ship. It includes:—

Meteorology—observation, surface and upper air research.

Radar—wind observations and navigational aircraft plotting.

Radio—telephones, direction finders, m/f automatic beacon,
Loran electronic navigational aid.

Deck—ship maintenance, aircraft control station, air and sea rescue unit, plankton research.

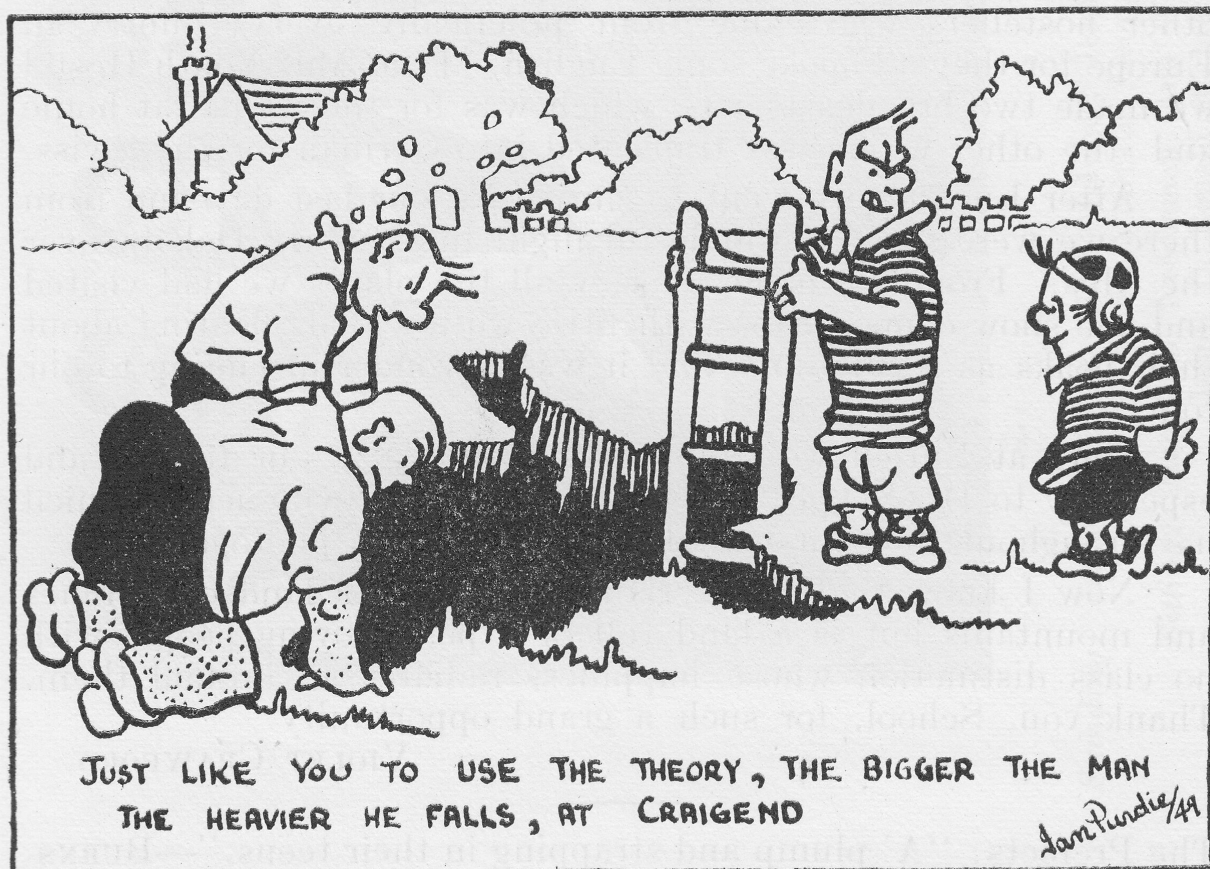
Engineering—marine.

Catering.

All of these activities will be of great interest to the senior pupils of Whitehill, especially those who are studying science and geography. The school is indeed fortunate in being given this unique opportunity of learning at first hand those subjects that many people find so mysterious.

We hope that visits to the ship will soon be arranged and that a happy relationship between ship and school will be established.

A. J. C.



Kemsley Scholarship 1949

I was fortunate this year to be Whitehill's representative in the Kemsley Travelling Scholarship party which this year toured Switzerland.

In the party there were eight girls and eight boys along with our escorts, Miss Fawcett of Albert Secondary School and Mr. Oliver of Kemsley House. We left Central Station at 9 p.m. on Thursday, 30th of June, a never-to-be-forgotten day! After a thrilling but tiring journey through London, Dover, and Ostend, we at length reached Basle, our first stop in Switzerland, at 6 a.m. on Saturday, 2nd of July.

We toured Basle that day and had our first sleep since the Wednesday night in a Youth Hostel in the peaceful village of Herzogenbuchsee. Already we had been struck by the extreme cleanliness and beauty of the old towns with which, I am afraid, Glasgow compared very unfavourably. The next day we toured the town of Berne and from here we had our first view, from a distance, of the Alps with their snow-capped peaks.

The next three days we spent in Kandersteg, a village which is higher up the Alps than the height of Ben Nevis. Here the peaks of the Alps were all about us and one day, after taking the chair lift a little up the mountain, we climbed to 8,343 feet and sank, exhausted in the blistering hot sun, in the snow of a glacier. In Kandersteg, as everywhere else, we gave concerts and danced on practically every spare evening we had.

After we left Kandersteg we went to a Youth Hostel which stood, completely alone, right on the banks of Lake Lucerne. We spent five days there and toured all around, by motor-boat and steamer, up and down the Lake. We made friends with the other hostellers who came from practically every country in Europe for they all spoke some English. From this Youth Hostel we made two broadcasts, one which was for the people at home and the other which was translated into German for the Swiss.

After Lucerne we went to Zurich for our last day and from there we were given a wonderful flight in a luxury Dakota over the Alps. From the plane we saw all the places we had visited and the snow-capped Alps with little white clouds floating about their peaks as a panorama and it was a wonderful ending to our tour.

Here at Zurich we had to say good-bye to our friends and especially to Dr. Senger, our guide and friend who accompanied us throughout the tour, and Philip Giegel, our photographer.

Now I know that Switzerland is not just a land of watches and mountains but is a land full of a peace-loving people with no class distinction whose happiness radiates all around them. Thank you, School, for such a grand opportunity.

VIOLET CRAWFORD.

The Prefects: "A' plump and strapping in their teens."—BURNS.



[Photo by Lawrie

PREFECTS, 1949-50.

Standing: Isabella Turner, Allan McInnes, Jessie E. McCreath, Kenneth W. Eadie, Janette Campbell, Andrew G. Brown, Janet McGrath, George T. Poston, Cynthia Boyd, Roy P. McConchie.

Sitting: Manuel G. Needleman, Ann W. P. Jarvie (Vice-Captain), John B. Muir (Captain), Mr. McEwan, Jennie D. Ronald (Captain), Hugh J. Muir (Vice-Captain), Isobel M. Smith.



[Photo by Lawrie

PHYSICAL TRAINING STAFF

Standing: Miss K. Tracy, Mr. R. Gardiner, Mr. J. McKean, Miss O. Hay.
Sitting: Miss M. B. Fisher (Head of Department), Mr. J. Forgie.

Village Life in Jamaica

Jamaica is an island of villages. They cluster in the valleys, in the hollows of the hills, on the plains and on the sea coast. Some look picturesque and tropical, some clean and prosperous, and some are dirty with an aura of the rum shops about them.

One that I know well consists of a small group of houses situated on the shores of a little blue bay, bordered by waving green palm trees. It has one main street which glows white in the hot sunshine, and is part of an important coastal road. The people live in small wooden houses. Those of the more well-to-do have verandahs, and are perhaps two storeys high. The very poor live in tiny shacks.

In the main street are to be found the few native shops of the village. These are the usual Chinaman's for groceries, Nathan's for clothes and the little baker's and dressmaker's shops. The village never appears to be full except on market days when the country people bring in their produce to be sold.

The menfolk of the village are mainly fishermen, who go out every day in their long brown canoes. They use only one paddle, yet they travel at quite a speed and never capsize. Many of them also go out at night, and if one looks then towards the mouth of the bay, one can see their lanterns twinkling, like a crowd of fireflies, in the darkness over the reef. Their life is a pleasant one. Every second day they reset their large bamboo fish pots deep in reef caverns or beside rocky headlands, and sell the fish they have caught. Those who appreciate a beautiful environment must enjoy their life, but often times are hard, and the people are poor.

The women folk of the village are hard workers and only on Sundays do they rest at all. On that day, most people go to church, and the women and girls wear their best white dresses. After the service they gather in the churchyard in little groups, and discuss the affairs of the week and the local politics. There is a rest from work and an atmosphere of peace and contentment lingers over everything. Yet presently this passes, and as the day draws to a close, the fisherman prepares for Monday's fishing.

S. G. V 3.

Musical Note

Frowning a little, with reason no doubt—
Looking annoyed when some seem to shout,
Ever requesting improvement in tone,
Then looking for someone to try it alone,
Cheering us on when things go right,
Having a laugh when we sing from sight.
Entering into the spirit of song,
Rally around and help him along.

F, A, C, E. IV 1.

School Notes

At the Prize-giving on 30th June, Councillor Alex. Fraser, a Former Pupil and one of our Trustees for Craigend, presided, and Mrs. Fraser presented the prizes. Mr. McEwan gave his report, a notable feat when one considers his indisposition at the time. The same month saw the School's Annual Concert held for three evenings in the Athenæum. Among many memorable items not the least was the Victorian scene with its soulful moments when the audience wept with laughter.

Staff changes in recent months include the departure on the occasion of their marriage of Miss Mary C. Ewart (Physical Training) and Miss Henrietta B. Shearer (Modern Languages). The girls of our gymnastic and dancing teams and the concert audiences who saw them will remember Miss Ewart with gratitude. Miss Shearer did invaluable work as a member of the Careers Committee. Both ladies take with them our best wishes for their future happiness. Through transference to other schools we have lost Miss Helen Murdoch and Mr. Colin Maclean of the Mathematical Department, both closely associated with the outside activities of the school, especially on the athletic side, in the Harvest Camps and at the Concerts. Mr. Maclean's interest in Highland affairs showed itself in his organising a School Pipe Band.

More recently there have been further transfers and interchanges:—Miss Helen M. S. Gordon (Modern Languages), Miss Mary D. McCutcheon (Commercial Subjects), Miss Agnes E. Orr (English), Mr. Marian Malinski (Science) and Mr. Donald B. Miller (Music). Of Mr. Arch. L. Chisholm (Science) special mention is made elsewhere. Whitehill is a warm-hearted community and feels the loss of so many of its members of staff. We wish them every success in their new posts.

We report with regret the death on 27th June of Mr. Frank Paxton, formerly in charge of our "Technical" boys, who went to him in Onslow Drive School for their training, and received effective instruction accompanied with much geniality.

We welcome the following new members of staff:—Miss Margaret McClew (Modern Languages), Miss Barbara Reid (Mathematics), Miss Katherine Tracy (Physical Training), Miss Olive Hay, a Former Pupil (Physical Training), Miss Weir (Science), Miss Helen Mowat (Needlework), Mr. John Anderson (Mathematics), Mr. David Katzenell (Science) and Miss Margaret McWilliam (Music).

Older members of staff and Former Pupils will learn with interest of the retirement recently of Dr. Wm. J. Merry from the position of Headmaster of Hillhead High School. For over twenty years he gave distinguished service to Whitehill as Principal Teacher of English and latterly as Depute Headmaster. In addition to founding the Magazine in 1920, he began the Literary and Debating Society in 1925. The Former Pupils Club will

remember his visit last February when he lectured to them in reminiscent vein. All his Whitehill friends will wish him many happy years of retirement.

Whitehill's musical reputation is extending. This was specially the case after the broadcast by Mr. Fletcher's Girls Choir on Sunday, 30th October, when tributes were received from far and near. So the school's tradition for music is carried on by the new generation adapting itself to every new outlet presented for its expression. We are very much indebted to Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Meikle for their work on this aspect of the school's life.

Mr. A. L. Chisholm, B.Sc.

By the time you read this, Mr. Chisholm will have gone from us.

For eighteen years, interrupted only by service with the R.A.F., Mr. Chisholm was a member of the Science Staff, and during that period gave himself generously to the service of Whitehill School.

He had that energy which generates enthusiasm and that ready sympathy and approachability which made pupils see in him a friend and leader as well as an instructor.

To his colleagues on the staff Mr. Chisholm was a continuous stimulus. His fertility of mind, his quaint humour and his outstanding versatility in matters electrical gave him a place in their affections that another cannot fill. Gone from us is a personality of charm, a man of ability and ideas.

Unfortunately for us, others have recognised these qualities and Mr. Chisholm's promotion to the post of Principal Teacher of Science in East Park J.S. School is the only fitting expression of such recognition.

We wish him happiness in his new duties and hope that his memories of us are as pleasant as ours are of him.

Queen of Cities

Paris, fair lady in a shimm'ring dress!
Who can resist your potent charm, or turn
Unmoved from gazing on your loveliness?
What soul so tired and dull it will not burn
With re-awakened youth to sense the tide
Of carefree gaiety which swells along
Your bustling boulevards, and fills your wide
Squares with its laughter and its joyous song?
Let others tell of cities rich and fill'd
With costly treasures. Paris has them too!
But she has that on which they do not build,
Which makes her glories glitter ever new;
Of stately London old men boast with truth,
But Paris stands eternally for Youth!

POETA. VI.

A Dissertation upon the Sausage

I have a friend who possesses a magnificent collection of newspapers dating back to the time of the Roman invasion in England.

On looking through these one day, I found in the oldest paper of all a very interesting article in which the Prime Minister of Scotland, Mr. Ochaye, issued a warning. "Mr. Ochaye wishes to announce that Caesar has overcome the English and that Scotland must be prepared for a Roman invasion. Each man will be issued with seventeen woofers to be kept at hand until needed." For any of my friends who do not know what woofers were I will explain. "Woofers" was a Gaelic word used by our ancestors to describe one of the tough little bags of cat-gut that, strung together, took the form of weapons. Our great Highland warriors, when storming a fortress would whirl long strings of woofers above their heads (like lassos) and throw the ends vigorously towards the enemy. The woofers would immediately wind tightly round the necks of the poor soldiers and kill them by slow strangulation. This was not all. Our illustrious grandfathers would then scale the slippery stone walls by means of their ropes of cat-gut and take over the fort.

It was not until many years had passed that a great Scotch warrior, Brai Niwave, found a way to make this excellent weapon even more useful. He had the bags made of stretched animal gut and filled them with meat, so that, in emergencies, if the rations were low, his men could cook and eat the meat-bags.

However, some of his followers, objecting to the sourness of the meat, proceeded to make larger gut bags of their own, which they filled with various types of food. Each of these new bags was called a Haggis.

From that time forth the woofers family has branched out all over the world. In Britain they have lost their old name and are now known as "sausages" although the haggis still keeps its original name. This family is ever increasing in popularity (?) and many of its members can be found at meal times on any table throughout the country.

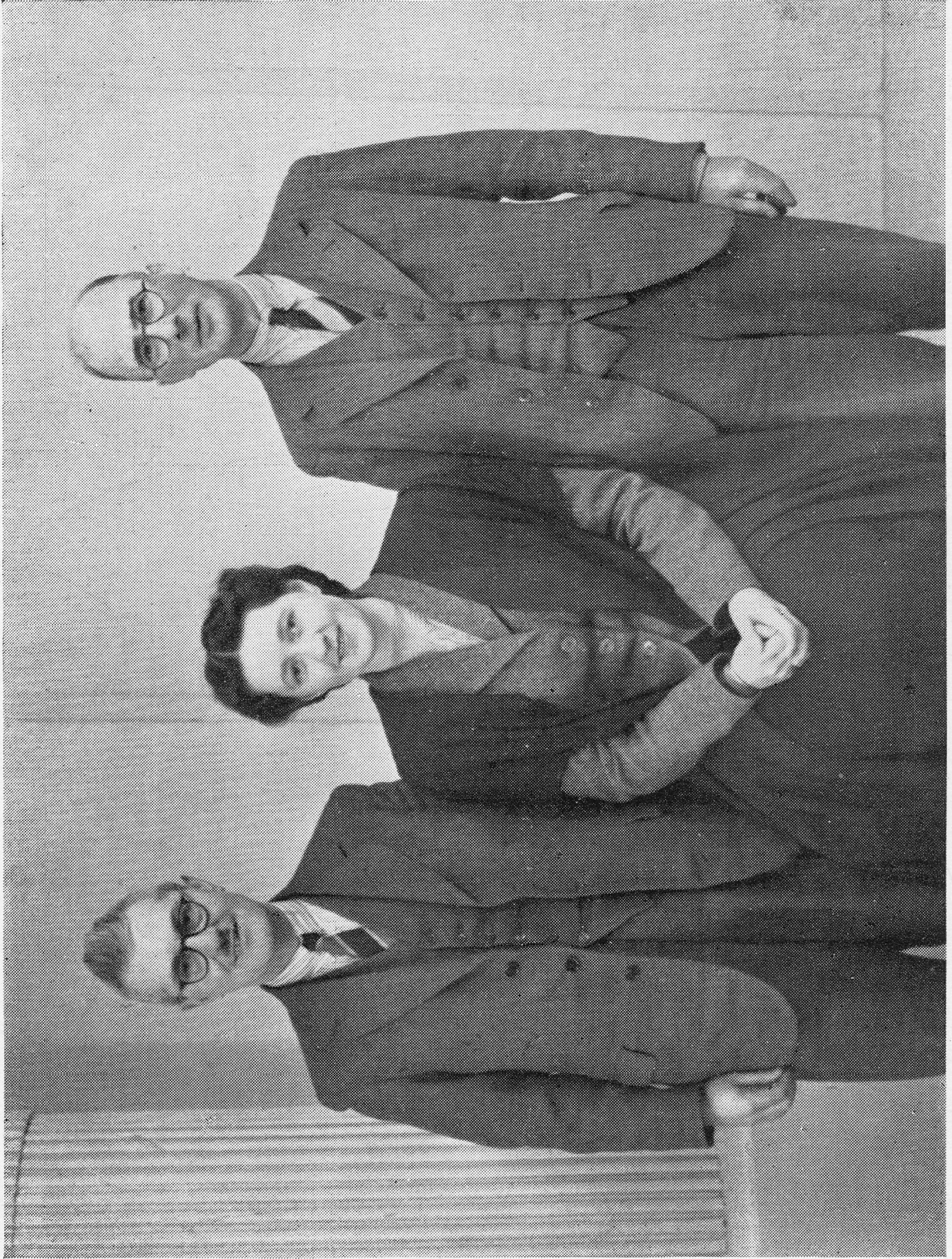
"Those golden bursting sausages
A-popping in the pan."

A. LINK. IV 3.

Christmas Expectations

The children with faces so ruddy and bright,
Peer in the windows and gaze with delight
At toys they expect on Christmas Day
When Father Christmas passes their way.
Their thoughts are very far off, and yet
Standing so still and hoping they'll get
Dolls for the girls, drums for the boys,
And plenty of sweets as well as their toys.

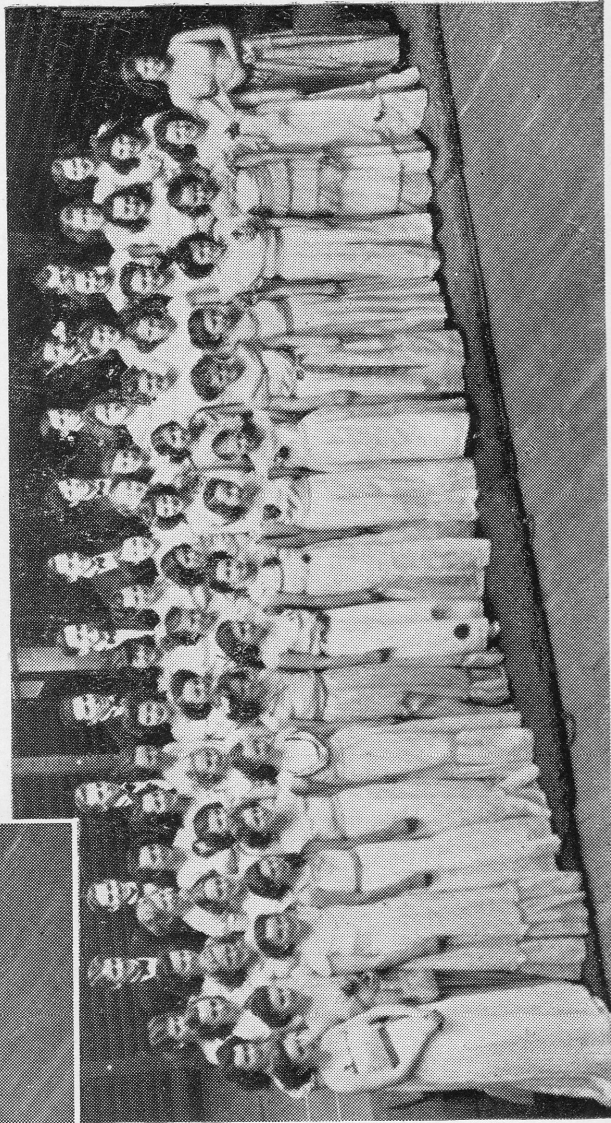
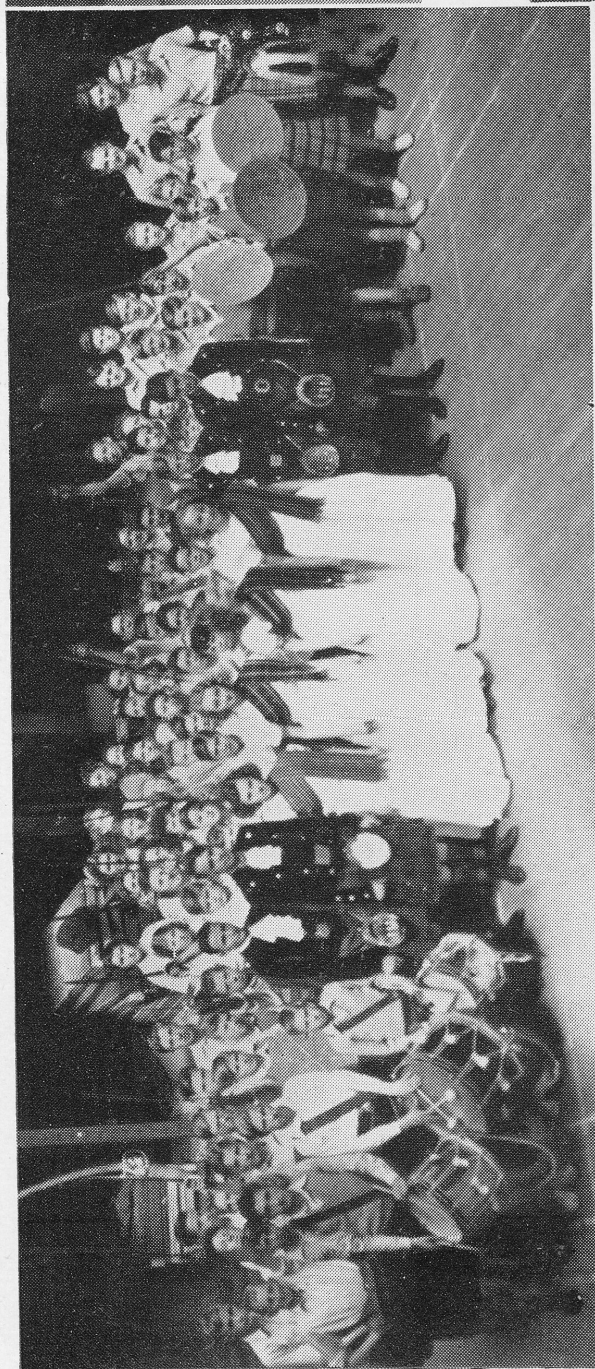
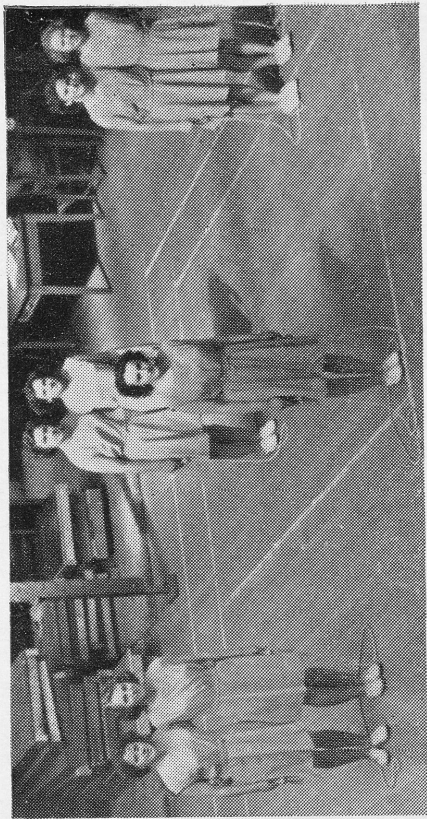
S. S. H. II 11.



[Photo by Lawrie

COMMERCIAL STAFF.

Mr. J. J. Lithgow, Miss I. J. H. Strang, Mr. P. P. Garden (Head of Department).



SCHOOL CONCERT IN THE ATHENÆUM, JUNE, 1949.

University Letter

“A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep—or taste not the Pierian Spring.”

—*Pope.*

Where, asks the poet, are the snows of yester year? And with equal justification you too may ask, where is last year's Sixth? Some of you would suggest Paradise and others, prison, but neither of these answers, ingenious as they are, is wholly accurate. Of last year's motley crew, a few have joined the Services, and a few more have gone to work, but the majority have safely reached the University, and as next year a fresh band of hopefuls will follow in their wake, we have decided to offer you the fruits of our own experience.

Your acquaintance with the 'Varsity—not, we beg to remind you, the “yooni”—may begin with the notorious Bursary Examination in June, or less strenuously at the Freshers' Camp held at the beginning of October at Auchendennan. If you possibly can scrape together enough lucre, filthy or otherwise, go to Auchendennan. It is well worth while, for it helps to soften the feeling of loneliness and smallness you inevitably have on becoming a “civis” of such a vast University. In addition, you make contacts with people from other schools, whom you find to be, considering their educational handicaps, remarkably decent types. You also make the acquaintance of the “Corporate Life,” that is, the multitude of clubs and societies that exist at the 'Varsity. Just how many there are you may not realise until later, when you descend the stair from the Bute Hall, after paying your fees. The various organisations politely solicit you to join—and to pay the required membership fee—after which the politeness, we regret to say, is apt to be diminished.

You cannot join all the societies, but you might join something, apart from the Men's Union or the Q.M. You have a large enough choice. For the aesthetes, there are the cultural and political clubs, and for the athletes, there is a range from Shinty to Squash. If you are of a literary bent there are the University Magazine and one or two rags of varying repute, while if you have an eye on the future, you can join the Training Corps or the Air Squadron. What you join is for yourself to decide, but do please join something and become an active member. Do not be afraid to let your voice be heard!

There is, of course, the question of keeping a balance between social life and the “auld enemy,” work. The latter *must* be done. Remember, however, that education is not confined to the lecture-room. The University can give you a love of learning and a broader outlook on life and your fellow-men. Drink deeply of the Pierian spring, and go down from University with not only a degree but a claim to that much abused word, “culture.” You should then have the satisfaction, not only of having made the best of your own ability, but also of having added to the honour and glory of Whitehill.

KAY.

Under the Editors' Table

Bless you, my children! You are becoming educated. We have had less vapid verse and pointless prose than we can ever remember, yet the quantity of contributions was good, very good, with the exceptions noted by the Editors in their introductory remarks. Our main grumble therefore is that you have bereft us of our traditional grumble that we have had no articles worth talking about.

It is true, if you press us, that the best offerings had been more or less faithfully transcribed from the works of some whose names are household words among us literary dons. Good as you are, we can tell the difference when you offer us Shakespeare and Milton.

Now for some of the more entertaining items not appearing elsewhere. There was a heartening burst of song from III 4. Many rousing lyrics were received, with suggested melodies to assist in performance at parties. In some cases they fitted very nicely too. On the whole the melodies won, but we were interested in this account of imaginary frolics:

Mr. — — he was there
Looking rather droll,
Dressed up as a wineless set
Worked by remote control.

Thought-provoking. But we refuse to fill in the blank.

Class II 7 boast a combine reminiscent of Tin Pan Alley—no fewer than five writers toiled together to produce this:

Science, Geometry, Art, and English
None of them can e'er distinguish.

The rest of the poem illustrates this contention. But we liked that rhyme.

On the other hand, M.M. of II C2 dispensed with rhyme but secured a most fetching rhythm:

The Autumn sun is fading,
The Winter winds are blowing,
The leaves are turning russet brown and falling to the ground.

Very nice, we said, very nice indeed. One of the Editors recited it while the other conducted to get the full benefit of the movement. Then came the drop:

The thunder and lightning bends and bares the boughs of the
trees.

Where is it fled, the vision and the dream?

Then there were the moderns who dispensed with rhyme, rhythm, reason, and even English as she is spoke:

telepathic arabian cymbalssymbols of
moroccan mozarts.

and again,

the againtumult
face offgranitestone caged in slimy
primaeval
oleaginate mud what happens when the rain comes on.

We suspect that if we understood this we would not think it good enough to print.

The prefects came in for considerable attention. M.H. of II C2 wrote a poem about the girls' captain which was very complimentary but not quite poetic enough. A somewhat older contributor wrote her a number of letters and obligingly furnished replies as well. We quote one:

I have the misfortune to have one blue eye and one brown eye and have great difficulty in getting a suitable tie. Which eye should I match?

The reply refers the question to an individual in V 1 whose ties would match any colour yet invented. No names, no pack drill.

B.W., III C1, mentions the crowd of dignitaries of V and VI who stand in the hall discussing the latest school events. The said dignitaries stoutly deny that they discuss anything of the kind, but refuse to divulge what absorbing matters exercise their great minds. Perhaps it is as well.

GRANNY, III 4, sees some good in Whitehill. She selects for honourable mention our

Good teachers, and good prefabs.

To this interesting little list she would have you add

Good behaviour in queues.

Good enough.

That is something of a home truth. G.M., II 5, notes another:

Thinking of the terrible marks
Of the homework done by Dad.

Life with Father.

Several writers took previous articles as models. Quite a sound idea, but PLAINTIVE, III 4, was just too near to the model, and 'AFF A Mo' just too near to libel.

A surprisingly large number wrote good articles which were, as one Editor said, "Too much like lessons." We may mention in this category I.B., IV 1; C.M., III C1; B.C., III C1; J.M., II 2; and Buzz, I 1. We should like to hear from them again next time.

Very near misses were scored by THE PHILOSOPHER, IV 1; R.M., IV 1; A.J.G., III 3 (twice); A.R., III 4; A.L., II 2; J.O., II 7; J.G., II 7; and E.C., II C2. Just a fraction more thought or a different subject would have done the trick. And most of all we appreciated W.K., III C1, and E.W., I 6, who took a lot of trouble over their offerings. There were others who nearly appeared but they gave us no name or class. You may hide behind a nom de plume, but we must have something to call you by.

Yes, children, we liked you very much. Till the next number, then.

OSWALD THE OFFICE BOY.

Former Pupils' Club

Once again the Former Pupils' Club has got off to a flying start with an opening dance held in the gym on 9th September.

I have received many letters, callers, and queries regarding the F.P. Club from 1949 leavers. This is most heartening to your Committee and we welcome many more.

The dates of meetings this side of New Year are 4th and 18th November and 2nd, 16th and 29th December. On 25th November, although a non-club night, we have been invited to visit John Street F.P.s. They are arranging the programme and we extend an invitation to all F.P.s and friends. This, indeed, applies to each and every meeting. 29th December is our Christmas Dance which will be held in the Ca'doro. Come along and make it a real Whitehill occasion.

Looking forward to meeting you all in the near future.

EVELYN MCKENZIE,
Hon. Secretary.

Former Pupils' Log

Allan Johnson, whose life was so tragically cut short climbing in Switzerland in the summer, was one of our former pupils of whom we may always be proud. Not only was he prominent in the activities of the Junior Mountaineering Club of Scotland, but he was a beautiful writer and his posthumous article on the Nevis Hut in the "Herald" was a piece of magnificent prose.

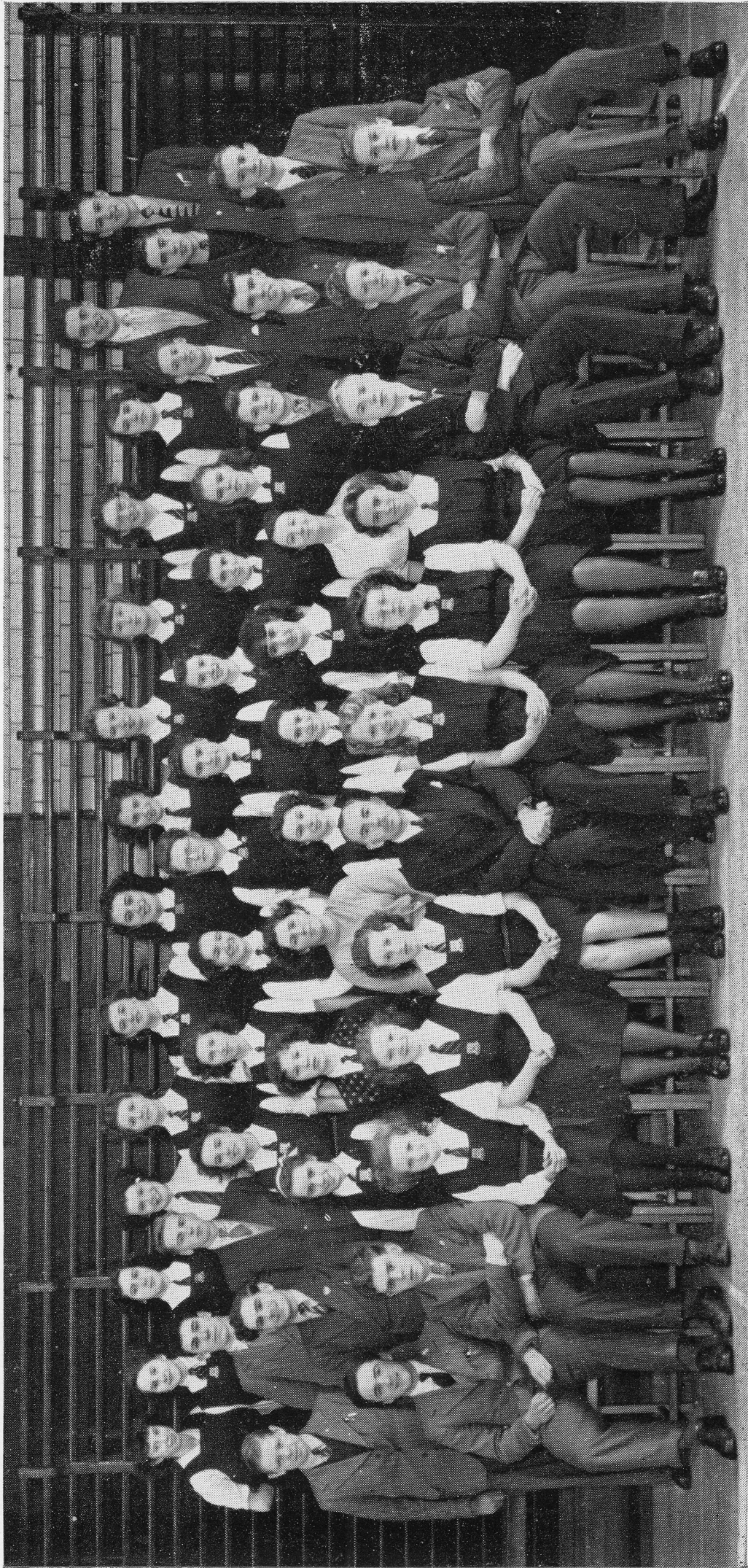
Distinctions in the realm of literature and the wider world of the intellect come our way with pleasant frequency. Jack House, Colin Neil Mackay and Bryden Murdoch are names that rhythmically recur in the B.B.C. vocal pattern. The Choir at Broadcasting House felt at home with so many Former Pupils to welcome them.

At University Dorothy Hunter gained Distinction in Medical Jurisprudence in her Fourth Professional; William Carruthers graduated Ph.D. in Science; Kennedy Browne obtained Distinction in Botany; Herbert Duthie won the Medal in Anatomy; Derek Storer carried off a First-class Certificate in Double Chemistry; and Alexander Wales gained Distinction in English Language (Junior Honours).

Of the babes who left our cradle in June and have already made their presence felt, Robert Kernohan was elected President and Catherine Alexander Treasurer of the University '49 Club.

In the Entrance Bursary Competition Robert Kernohan (8th) and Helen Howes (57th) both secured high awards, and Margaret Wilson (102nd) just missed the distinction list despite a health breakdown during the examination.

Both Mr. Moncrieff of our Staff and Mr. Scotland of Jordanhill Training College recently graduated Ed.B. with first-class honours. We bask in their planetary brilliance.

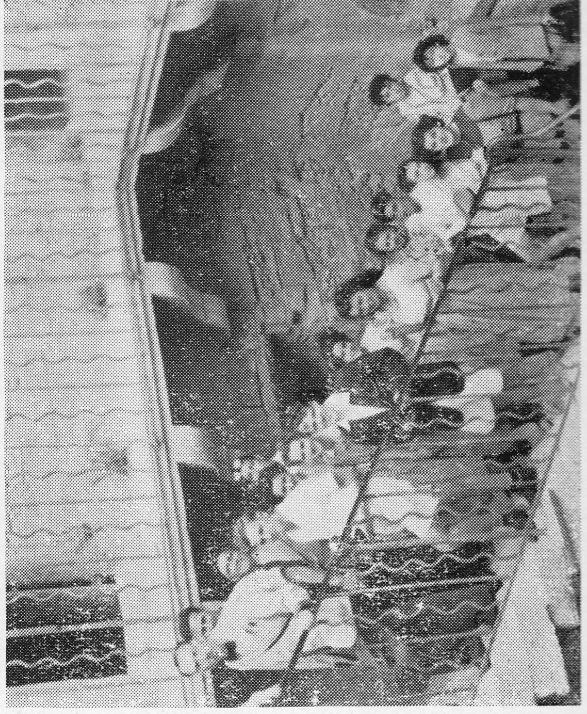
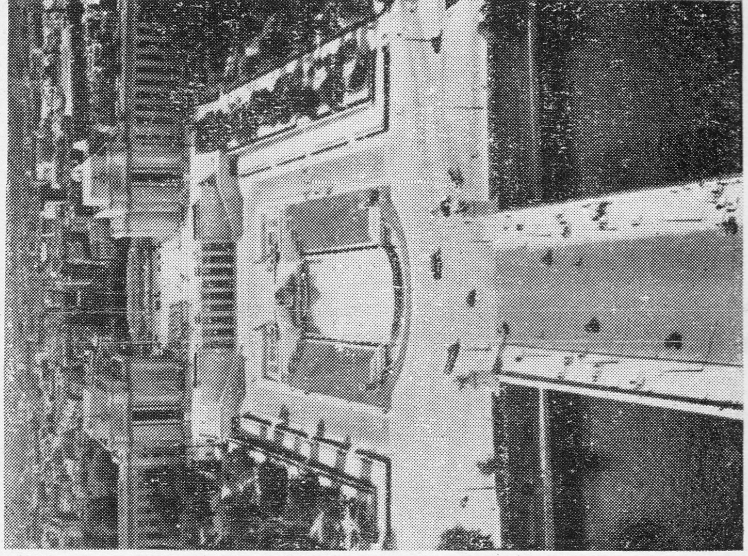
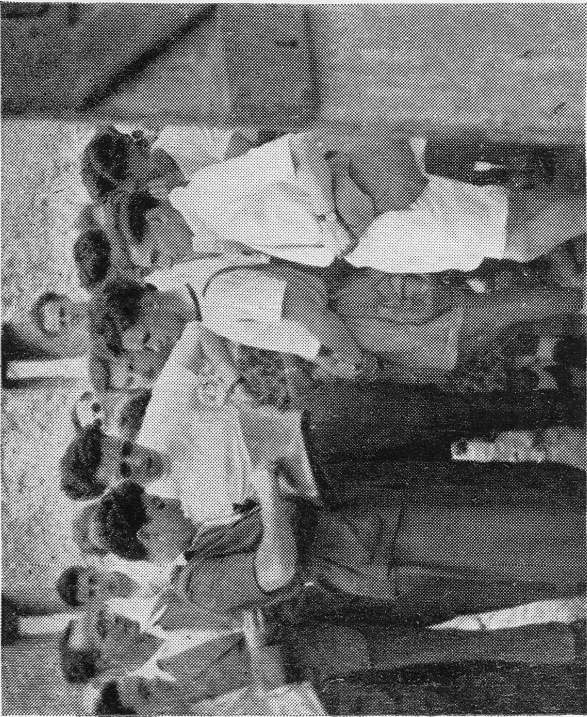


[Photo by Lawrie

SENIOR MIXED CHOIR.

WHITEHILL IN FRANCE

1. "Which, being interpreted . . ."
2. Chez "The Man in the Iron Mask"
(Chateau d'If).
3. Les matelots.
4. The Trocadero from Eiffel Tower.
5. Altiora!



Excursion to France

During the period from 5th to 22nd July the party stayed at three main centres, London, Marseilles and Paris. The purpose of the visit was to combine a pleasant holiday in France with an introduction to French habits, customs and ways of life in two contrasted regions—Provence and Paris. But we took the opportunity of seeing the historical buildings of London and visited St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London and, under the guidance of Mr. McFarlane, M.P., the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey.

France, however, was our objective and soon we were approaching Marseilles through fields dazzling with gold and green, through rock-studded plain and dusty, orderly vineyards. The sun blazed down from a brilliant blue sky and was our constant companion throughout our stay.

And the greatest port in France. How shall we remember it? The narrow, tortuous streets of the old city, the throbbing life of the Canebière with its great shops and sleek American cars, the harbour with its gaily-coloured fishing boats and pleasure steamers. Or perhaps the cruise along the sun-scorched barren coast to Calanque Sormiou—a rock-fringed bathing Paradise of emerald waters and silver sands; to La Ciotat with its memories of Barbary Pirates and late English sailors who sank its fleet. Some will think more of Aix-en-Provence with its princely mansions of the 18th century and its relics of the mighty Roman Empire. Others, more technical of mind, will recall the tour of the rapidly rebuilding quays and wharves of the modern port, the Rove Tunnel—largest maritime tunnel in the world—leading to the great airport of Marignane where we climbed the control-tower and mingled with the motley international crowd in the restaurant. Whatever our interests no one will forget the great Church of Notre Dame de la Garde perched, a glittering symbol of Christianity, above the city and Chateau d'If, the island prison of the Count of Monte Cristo and the more historic, more mysterious Man in the Iron Mask.

We left Marseilles after a concert of Scottish Songs and Dances in honour of our hosts and returned to Paris with its memories of a whirlwind dash across the city. The Lycée St. Louis with comfortable quarters and excellent food was an ideal centre for excursions. Time was running short but the Louvre, the Trocadero Palace, the Eiffel Tower with its marvellous views, the Sacré Cœur, the Palace of Versailles and the magnificent Tomb of Napoleon were all included. We rejoiced in the speed, convenience and comfort of the Metro but many sighed for the gay hilarity of the over-crowded buses of Marseilles.

From France we brought souvenirs and memories of many acts of kindness. We have learned to say with sincerity, "Vive la France!"

Tedious

Monday morning sure I'm late,
Skip the prefects at the gate,
Then for lecture I do wait—

Lines get tedious, don't they?

First there's Caesar unprepared;
Of translation I'm not scared
Till with teacher's mine's compared—

Lines get tedious, don't they?

Next there's Science—what a stew!
Specific gravity's got me blue,
But I'm gonna see the darn thing through,
'Cos, lines get tedious, don't they?

One by one the lessons fly,
Soon be time to say good-bye,
Then o'er homework I shall sigh—

Lines get tedious, don't they?

M. S. III 4.

The Junior Red Cross Link 998

On the 26th November the Centenary Celebration of the Red Cross takes place in London. An unexpected honour falls on the school in that five of our girls will go to London to take part in the Scottish Country Dancing to be performed during the Red Cross Pageant. H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, who recently consented to be Patron of the Junior Red Cross, will be present.

Meanwhile, we are compiling a scrap book to send to a school Red Cross Link in Canada. Last year, we received a very colourful one from them.

A Cadet Unit for girls between the ages of 13 and 15 is being formed in the school. They will be taught First Aid, among other things, one evening per week as yet to be fixed, either in our own school or in one in the district. A qualified officer of the Red Cross will instruct the class. So far, thirty girls have joined the class, but there is room for many more who are genuinely interested.

THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND

gives a Secretarial Training second to none in Glasgow.

Miss SCOTT ANDERSON, F.F.T.Com., is now enrolling pupils for New Term commencing MONDAY, 9th JANUARY, 1950.

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES

in Shorthand (Pitman), Typewriting and Bookkeeping.

INDIVIDUAL TUITION.

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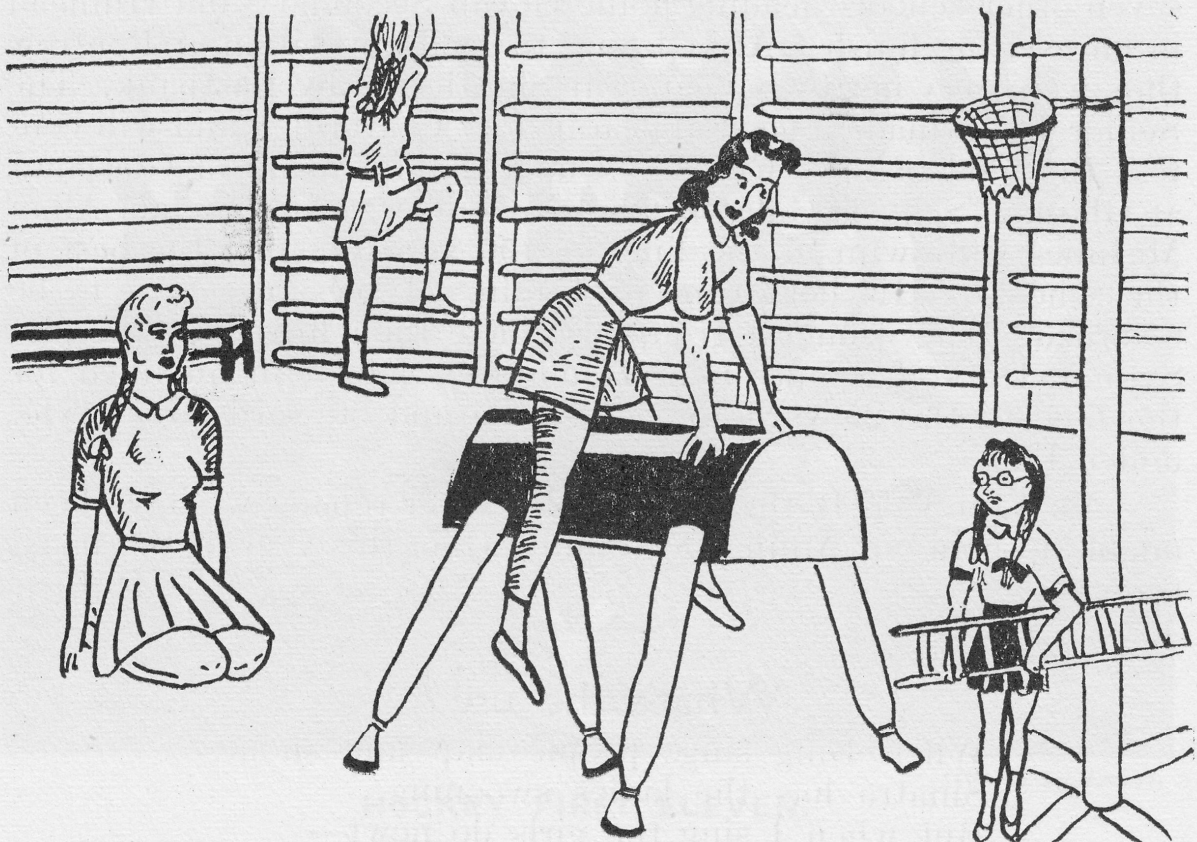
Phone Douglas 3797 for Prospectus.

Members are asked to attend regularly the monthly meetings in Room 83. First Year pupils who wish to join the Junior Red Cross should come to the next meeting which will be announced on the notice-board of the Hall. Silver paper and used postage stamps will be gratefully accepted from any member of the school. Please hand in donations to Miss Cameron, Room 83.

An Autumn Day

Scattered leaves of tawny hue,
Cloudless skies of misty blue,
Rosehips red and brambles ripe,
Late flowers blooming in the pale sunlight,
Nuts a-swelling on the old hazel tree,
Honey being made by the busy bee,
The vines a-ripening round the cottage eave,
And the mystical webs which the spiders weave,
The day a-drawing to an early close,
And the twilight deepening like a summer rose,
The misty morning and the clammy day,
Summer is past, Winter's on the way,
A bonfire a-burning in the field by the stream,
The farmer trudging homeward with his faithful team,
The frog jumping gaily in his little pool,
The children playing merrily as they come home from school,
The leaves a-carpeting the grey highway—
All these are signs of an Autumn day.

I. E. T. III 1.



"My turn next!"

Drawn by O. M., 16.

Hockey



The Hockey Club is going from strength to strength this year. We have now a 3rd XI and on one memorable occasion all three teams won their matches. We are hoping to keep up this record with the help of our intimidating new stockings. We were very sorry to lose our captain at the beginning of the season but we all wish her every success at Dunfermline Gym College.

The attendances have been good this year and we hope that these will be maintained. Please remember that we need support and wend your way to Craigend some Saturday morning to cheer us on to greater victory.

J. McG.

Swimming



We are producing a steady flow of successes in life-saving.

Last June we secured 8 Bronze Medallions and 23 Certificates. Enthusiasm is rising, and a class may now be seen going through the contortions of release methods, etc., each Monday evening in the lower gym under the expert tuition of Mr. R. Gardiner.

The racing teams have had numerous invitations to galas and have taken full advantage of them to show that Whitehill have to be reckoned with. The Junior Team won the Robertson Cup at Springburn Gala from seven other schools, leading home Govan Secondary and Hillhead in an exciting finish. After losing to good opposition at Renfrew they were very narrowly beaten at Shettleston by Eastbank. The Senior Team made a good appearance at Coatbridge and will contest the final of the "Citizen" Cup (Championship of Glasgow) at Glasgow Schools Gala on 22nd November. At this gala Allan McInnes will swim in the final of 150 yards against the best of the schools. His heat time of 1 min. 51 secs. deserves to be recorded. The youngest group also have their fingers in the pie. Sydney Durk, I 5, and John Henderson, I 1, both qualified for the final of the 25 yards breast stroke and 50 yards free style, under 13.

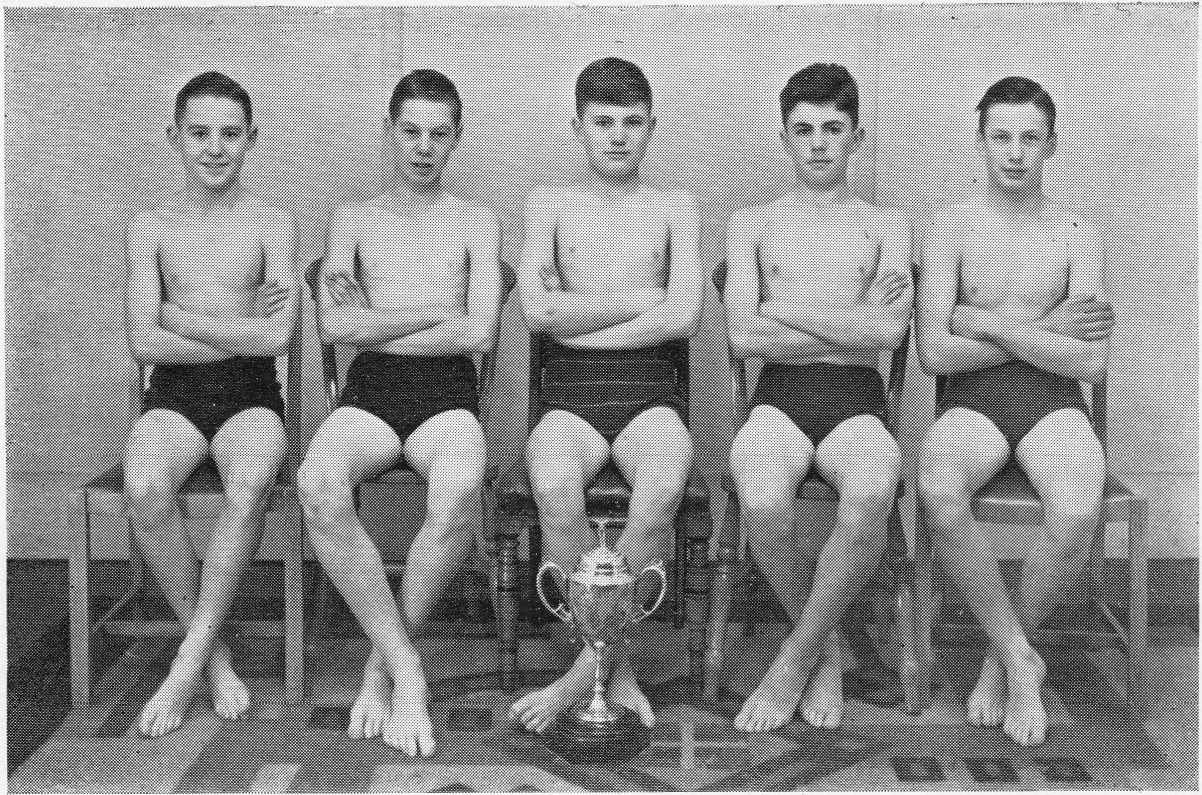
As Whitevale Baths are still closed for repairs we have been unable to hold our Annual Swimming Gala this year at the usual time.

D. C.

What's the use?

When Bing sings people clap and shout,
Sinatra has the ladies swooning,
But when I sing the girls do nowt—
Just whisper, "Bagpipes needing tuning."

I. F. W. I 11.



[Photo by Lawrie

JUNIOR SWIMMING TEAM

S. Durk, J. Shannon, A. Perritt, G. Baillie, J. Henderson.



[Photo by Lawrie

HOCKEY FIRST ELEVEN.

Standing: Helen Thompson, Marjorie Henderson, Margaret Gowdie, Editl St. Aubyn, Ann MacKay, Sheena McCormack.

Sitting: Ann Marshall, Janet McGrath (Secretary), Jessie McCreath (Captain), Cynthia Boyd, Jean McLaren.



[Photo by Lawrie

FOOTBALL FIRST ELEVEN

Standing: James Walker, James Allison, Craig Sprott, William Pritchard, Ian Primrose, Ian Irwin, Mr. Jardine.

Sitting: John Duthie, David White, John Muir (Captain), James Cree, Gordon McDonald.



[Photo by Lawrie

RUGBY FIRST TEAM

Standing: Mr. McKean, R. McConchie, A. McGregor, H. Reid, R. Valerio, A. Brown, W. McIntyre, R. Lorimer, A. Gordon, F. Sutherland.

Sitting: H. Patterson, C. Gray, H. Muir (Secretary), A. Barr (Captain), C. Lawrie (Vice-Captain), G. Campbell, C. Gough.

Front: A. Russell, A. Halliday.

The Concert

It can safely be said that last session's concert, which was held as usual in the Athenæum Theatre, established new records for this annual event. For the first time the school performances took place on a Saturday as well as on other days and, on all three nights, the theatre was crowded.

The concert was also unique in respect of the number of performers. With a conservative estimate we may say that we had a hundred and eighty performers and this large number strained the resources of the theatre to the uttermost. A very pleasing feature of the concert as a result of this was the large representation of the Junior School. It is safe to say that last year's concert maintained our high standard—indeed in the opinion of many, a new high level was reached.

One other matter must be mentioned. The proceeds of this concert were handed over to the School War Memorial Fund. It is most gratifying to report that the Concert Committee were able to give fifty pounds to this Fund.

A. M. M.

The Terror of Exams.

When I have fears my brain will cease to work,
Before I've written all that is required;
And, in my mind, huge question marks do lurk,
I wish that I could only be inspired.
When I behold upon the teacher's face
Looks that would frighten and withal chastise,
And think that I may never win this race
Against the clock, nor ever win a prize;
And, when I hear throughout the still, still room
Sighs of my classmates as they seek to find
Answers to questions set to seal their doom—
Answers for aye elusive to the mind,
Ah, then I know that others share my fate:
I'm not the only one who'll think too late.

M. W. IV 1.

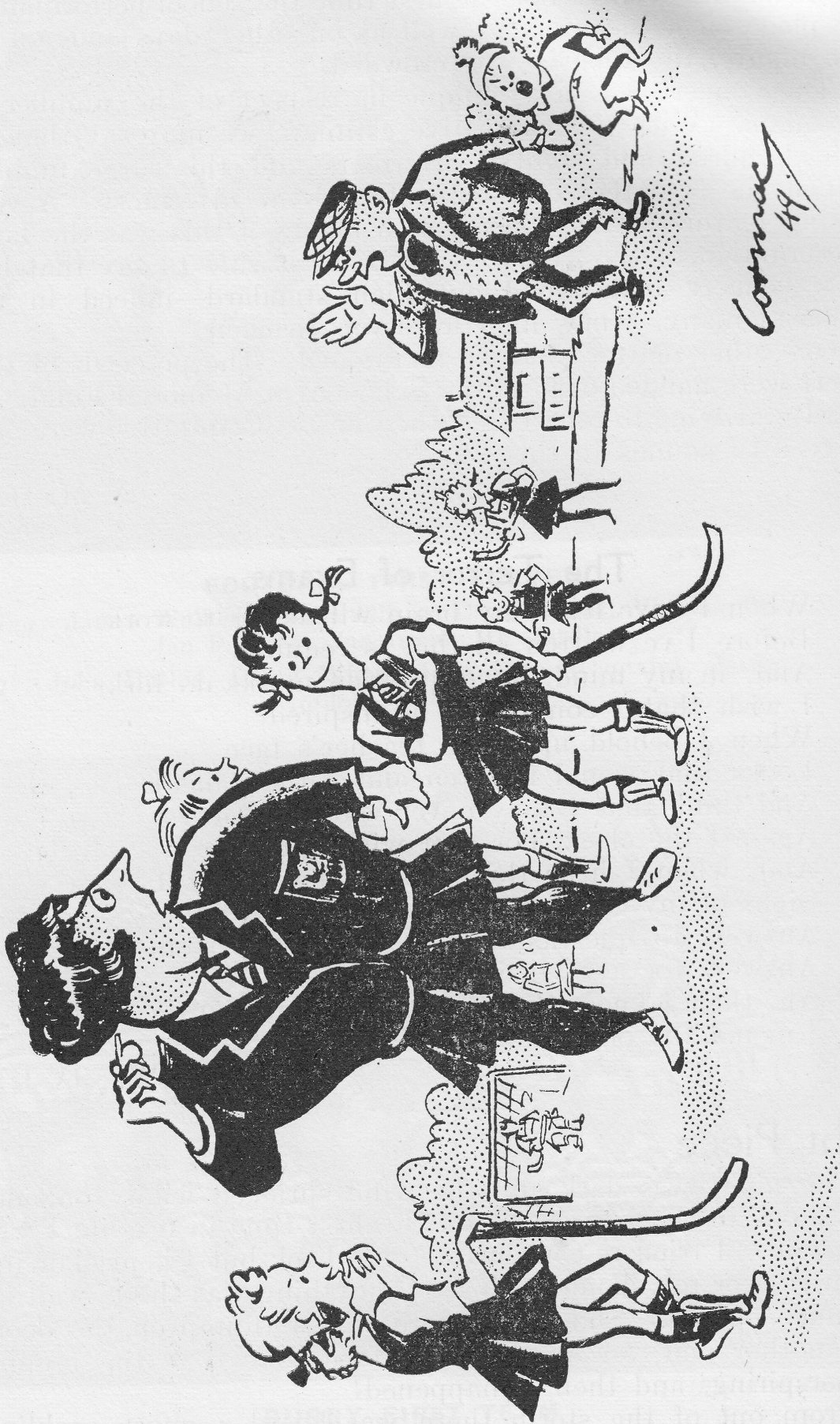
Night Piece

The night was dark and the wind shrieked wildly outside. I was alone in the house and for the first time in my life I was sore afraid. I tried to concentrate on a book but I kept glancing nervously over my shoulder to see if anything was there, waiting to pounce on me. Suddenly, there was a thump on the door, then another and yet another. I stood, rooted to the ground and perspiring, and then it happened!

From out of the storm there was heard a queer cackling laugh! Nervously, I moved towards the door and called out, "Who's there?"

I waited and presently came the answer, "Any Hallowe'en?"

S. Q. I 4.



“Please, Miss, I think it’s something about digging a hole for you.”

Football



Continuing our policy of last season, the school has again entered five teams in the Secondary Schools League, and a Senior League team in the Glasgow Schools Association. Cup and Shield teams will follow later.

The First Eleven have now settled down and are playing very well. So far they have lost only three points, and if they continue in their present vein should figure in the honours list this season.

In the Secondary Schools Shield they surmounted a very stiff first round hurdle in Victoria Drive and confidently defeated West Calder in the second round (7-1).

The Second Eleven have done extremely well this season, having gained full points in their four matches played. On their present form they should win their section of the League with ease.

Varying fortune has been the lot of the Third Eleven. With four matches played they have gained three points. In the Intermediate Shield, after a very hard game, they were beaten 2-1 by Irvine Royal Academy in the first round.

In the Fourth Division both elevens have still to find their form. The First Elementary have gained two points from five games and the Second Elementary two points from four games.

The Senior League team in the Glasgow Schools Association have started well by collecting three points out of a possible four in their first two games.

This season will mark the beginning of an annual fixture when we entertain Robert Gordon's College, Aberdeen, at Craig-end on 10th December.

In the honours list, W. Pritchard was chosen as reserve to the Glasgow team which drew with London at West Ham on 5th November.

J. M. H.

The Friendly Rabbit

The rabbit runs free in the fields all day,
And loves to romp and frisk and play,
But if he hears the slightest sound,
He pops down his burrow underground.

When a poacher comes he knows to hide,
With all his family at his side,
But when they hear him go away,
Out they come, and all is gay.

He has the cutest little tail,
The tip of which is very pale,
Now this is very good at night,
It acts, you see, as his rear light.

R. A. II 2.

Rugby



Last season's 1st XV left the school with a great reputation—and few players. On the face of it, we have been rather unsuccessful, so far, in upholding this reputation, but considering the dearth of experienced players our 1st XV is playing reasonably well. This young team is gradually beginning to knit together and play as Whitehill tradition demands. The 2nd XV is also facing this lack of tried players. Nevertheless it has started the season well, although meeting with tough opposition. The future, however, is secure, as we have three keen Junior teams, all of which have been playing very well.

Our thanks are extended to all members of staff who have assisted us, especially Messrs. McKean, Forgie, and Gardiner, under whose able guidance and coaching our teams are thriving. We also express our gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. MacLachlan, at Craigend, and the charming ladies of the Tea Committee.

H. J. M.

H. M.: "Here's an honest conscience might a prince adorn."—
BURNS.

Mr. D. D.: ". . . The constant service of the antique world."—
—SHAKESPEARE.

A. W. J.: "Girl! nimble with thy feet."—ARNOLD.



Literary and Debating Society



The "Lit." got off to a rather late start this year. Already, however, the fertile brains of our committee have invented some very interesting subjects for debate and these subjects, together with our guest speakers, should combine to make an interesting and enlightening session.

We take this opportunity of inviting all members of Forms IV, V, and VI to attend our meetings. Even if you do not intend speaking, come along—the ladies to look ornamental and the gentlemen to look at the ornaments.

Mr. McEwan is again our Honorary President, Mr. Williamson our President and Mr. Scott Vice-President. Our Secretary and Treasurer are Mr. McGregor and Miss McCreath, while the committee consists of Mr. A. D. Gordon, Miss A. W. Jarvie, Mr. R. Hilley, and Miss M. Alexander.

With the above galaxy of talent leading on, the prospect of our having the best ever session must indeed be bright.

A. S. McG.

Scenes in the Annexe Field

Ten forty-five! Immediately the annexe field is thronged with enthusiastic football players and future Olympic runners.

An array of glamorous film stars looks on in admiration, while more of their colleagues parade around the field. They are displaying the latest styles of "new-look" coats and new shades of nylon stockings.

Less energetic people lounge against prefab. walls, some of them probably recovering from a Latin Test or a period of gyms. Others, who don't mind a film of dust on their shoes, march up and down trying to fix in their minds one of Wordsworth's sonnets or what an iambic pentameter is.

Suddenly the bell rings, bringing to a close the numerous football matches being played and the fashion show at the far end of the field and bringing back to consciousness those who had been regaining their strength after an exhausting period.

Only a few are left now. They are those who have not yet lost hope and are still trying to memorise a poem or Latin vocabulary. They are not left in solitude for very long—a prefect ushers them to their various classrooms, telling them that the bell has rung five minutes ago.

Once again peace rests over the annexe field.

WATCHFUL. III 4.

A. McG.: "Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice."—
SHAKESPEARE.

A. G.: "Softly, my friend! I must dispute that point."—
BROWNING.

School Thoughts (slightly adapted)

Oh, to be at Whitehill
Now that summer's gone,
And whoever goes to Whitehill
Finds that life just carries on.
For the time has come when exams arrive,
And you finish them more dead than alive,
You've broken three pencils and ruined your pen
At Whitehill—then.

And after Christmas when snow lies deep
And wet clothes make your mothers weep,
Plop! when that snowball landed on your nose,
And you pull your scarf all over your face,
But you still are cold from top to toes,
'Tis then you wish for a cosy place.
That's *not* the prefabs. where draughts rush through,
And chill you till your face is blue.
And though the school looks dull when slush is here,
All will be fine when holidays draw near.
For two glorious months we shall be free,
Then back to Whitehill—and captivity.

A. M. III 1.

The Cup-Final

With the rain beating hard against the window, I hurriedly ate a dinner of corned beef at 12 o'clock on a very wet Saturday. Donning a heavy coat I trudged down the road to the bus stop. After six buses had almost literally "sailed" past me, one stopped to let someone off, and I squeezed in. Once in Glasgow I repeated the process and eventually boarded a trolley-bus marked "Hampden Park." Joining the queue at the boys' gate, I waded inch by inch through the mud and was at last admitted. I was next swept away by a seething mass of football enthusiasts. With rain dripping down my neck I was roused by a huge roar—the game had started. I craned my neck this way and that, and tried a little pushing, but all to no effect, for all I saw was the wet coats of other spectators. I once actually saw the players, but I followed the game mostly by the comments of some loud-voiced spectators in my vicinity. When the final cheer indicated time-up I was again swept away with the crowd, under the impression that my team had lost. Imagine my surprise when on the way home in the bus I looked over somebody's shoulder to find in the stop-press of the evening paper the news that my team had won three-nothing. So from that day to this I rejoice to think that I *saw* my team win the cup!

A. S. III 1.

G. P.: "This is the Happy Warrior."—WORDSWORTH.

Scripture Union

The Scripture Union is an organisation to encourage daily Bible reading. It has a million members, reading daily in ninety different languages, and is growing vigorously, especially in France, Germany, Switzerland, South America, and the British Dominions. Whitehill is a branch of the Inter-schools Fellowship—a section of the movement in which schools all over the country enter into keen competition, in such matters as Attendances and Bible Quizzes.

The School Meeting is held every Friday at 4.15 p.m. in Room 50. Attendances have kept up fairly well since the beginning of the session, but some of last year's members have now left school and new members are required to fill their places. The meeting is open to all pupils. Have *you* been along yet? If not, why not? Application forms and full information may be obtained from D. Gordon Haxton, Class V 1.

D. G. H.

Cricket



The past season has been moderately successful with five games won and five lost. The team's standard of play was improved by the practices at Golfhill Cricket Ground two evenings per week, which were supervised by Mr. Thomson and Mr. McKean.

The team was unbeaten at home and defeated every Glasgow team it met, losing only its five games outside the Glasgow boundary.

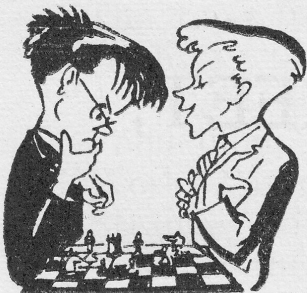
The team is looking forward to another successful season in 1950 as most of the players have returned to school.

We must take this opportunity of thanking Mr. A. C. Munro for the great start he gave to the school team in 1948 after the lapse of cricket activities during the war, and to wish him well in his new post.

D. M. P.

Chess

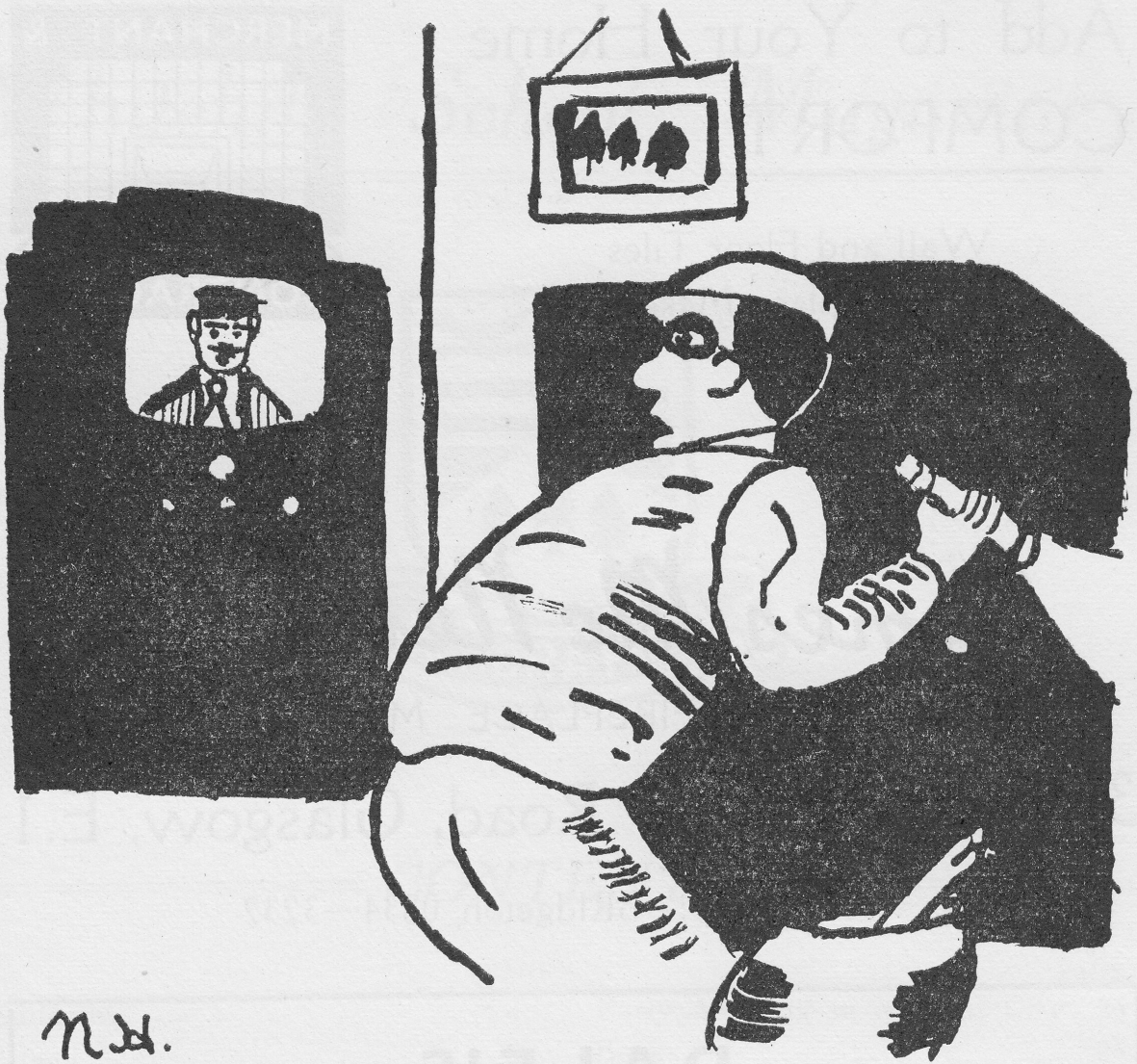
The Chess Club commenced on Monday, 3rd October. The membership stands at 15.



As the Glasgow Schools Chess League is full the school is unable to enter a team. Two teams, however, were chosen within the club and are captained by L. Davidson and G. Brown. A league tournament was started between the two teams. Meanwhile it is hoped to arrange matches between our club and those of schools also unable to enter the League.

We invite new members (with or without a knowledge of the game) to join the club from the Third Year and Upper School.

G. B.



“— and here is Inspector Snodgrass of Scotland Yard to talk on ‘Crime Doesn’t Pay.’ ”

Library Notes

- Recent additions to the Library include:—
- “North American Excursion,” by Ernest Young.
 - “The Young Traveller in Australia,” by K. Monypenny.
 - “The Map that Came to Life,” by H. Deverson.
 - “Stories of Adventure,” selected by M. Laski.
 - “Vast Horizons,” by M. S. Lucas.
 - “Hakluyt’s Sea Stories,” by R. Syme.
 - “The Lass from Lorraine,” by M. C. Scott-Moncrieff.
 - “Highway to Yesterday,” by L. Matthews.
 - “A Knight of the Royal Oak,” by B. Winder.
 - “Pendellion,” by M. Charlton.
 - “World Famous Books in Outline.”
 - “Strange Tales of the Borders,” by H. Boyd.
 - “Tales of the Scottish Clans,” by H. Drever.
 - “The Way to Camp,” by S. H. Walker.
 - “Samuel Pepys,” by A. Bryant.
 - “Our Parliament,” by Strathearn Gordon.
 - “Mathematics—Its Magic and Mastery,” by A. Bakst.

J. E. G.