
Whitehill School Magazine.

No. 37.

Summer 1938



Editors:

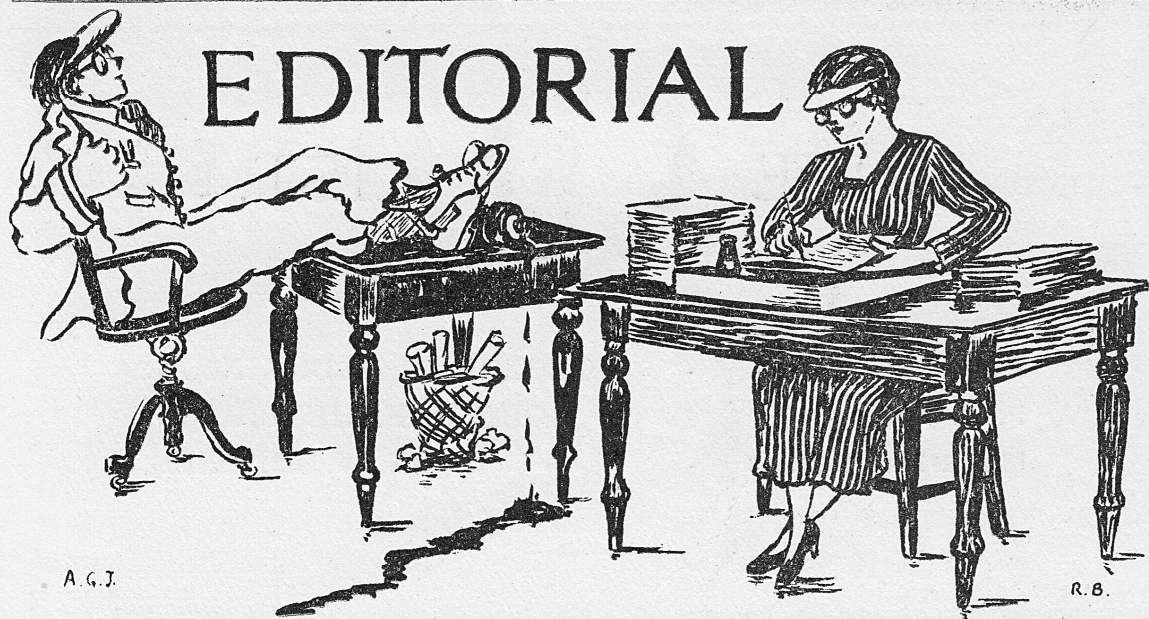
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JEAN F. FRENCH
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IT is our pleasure once again to offer you the School Magazine, and we hope in doing so that it will afford you the pleasure which a person finds in his own work.

We are anxious to make the School more conscious of its Magazine. We would like it to be recognised by all as a record of School successes and activities, a medium for self-expression, and a bond of friendship between former pupils and the present School.

For the promotion of friendship is one of the finest duties which a School fulfils. It is for this reason that those who are about to leave at the end of this term will do so with a touch of regret that the joys of school life are for them past for ever.

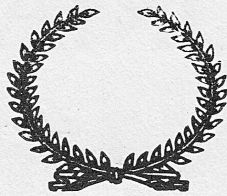
This year, the level of articles submitted has not been so high as in previous years, and we are feeling the need of some genius who will set an example for others to follow.

We would like to thank all those who have helped in the production of this Magazine. The contributors (those who succeeded and those who failed), the advertisers, the Magazine Committee, and, of course, Mr. W. H. MacGregor, have our most cordial thanks.

And now, before we give over the responsibility into the hands of A. Terries and M. E. Dingwall, your Editors for next year, we would wish the headmaster, teachers, and pupils, one and all, a very happy summer holiday.

THE EDITORS.

PRIZE



LIST.

Dux - - - - - GEORGE D. HODGKINSON.
Prox. Acc. - - - - - JOHN S. F. HUTCHISON.
Macfarlane Gamble - - - - - JOHN W. RIDDELL.

Subject Prizes—

English—JOHN PATERSON.
Mathematics—JOHN S. F. HUTCHISON.
Latin and Greek—ADAM C. H. McCONNELL-JONES.
French and German—ELLA M. LAMB.
Science—JOHN S. F. HUTCHISON.
 JOHN W. RIDDELL.
Art—JOHN L. SHAW.

Crosthwaite—

Senior—(1) DAVID C. WRIGHT.
 (2) ADAM C. H. McCONNELL JONES.
Junior—(1) WILLIAM G. BURNSIDE.
 (2) ARTHUR C. KENNEDY.

Intermediate Dux—

ARTHUR C. KENNEDY.

Corporation Art Competition—

HUGH RILLIE, Gold Medal.
JOHN L. SHAW, Gold Medal.
WILLIAM BOWER, Silver Medal.
ISOBEL WALLACE, Commended.
ROBERT LIGGAT, Commended.
CHRISTINE CARMICHAEL, Commended.

League of Nations Poster Competition—

ROBERT LIGGAT, Prize 10/-.

The Pilgrims' Progress

THE EASTER TOUR TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON, 1938.

THE Easter holiday spent by some thirty pupils of this school was one which took them into the heart of England, there they saw some of the relics of the past. They travelled by bus from Whitehill, starting on Easter Sunday, 17th April, and finishing at the school on Monday, 25th April. These nine days were full of interest and incident. To give an impression of the tour I shall indulge in personal reminiscence of the holiday.

The first day we were lost in the Lowlands of Scotland, searching for Miss Nicholson's house on Ancrum Moor, where a cup of tea awaited us. When we did arrive only the cups were left. This search naturally took some of our time, but the time was not lost in this sense, that we saw many fine pastoral scenes.

Travelling becomes somewhat wearying, even if there happens to be the delightful scenery to watch, and so the girls burst forth into song, thus amusing themselves, but, at the expense of the four yawning gentlemen who were present. The time slipped quickly past, in this manner, and we became later and later. Dusk found us returning from the Abbeys of Byland and Rievaulx set amidst the country of York. The Easter service which we intended to attend in York Minster had been finished for about four hours when the bus drew up at the hotel in York. Although it was midnight before all were asleep, five o'clock in the morning was striking when most of us were exploring York. The Minster was the chief attraction, and it seemed to look very sternly upon us in the bleak morning air. This was the first cathedral we visited. Altogether, we visited no less than half-a-dozen on the entire route, these being York, Lincoln, Peterborough, Westminster, St. Paul's, and Chester. There was a lack of punctuality on this tour which made itself felt when the Cambridge Colleges had to be cut out.

The day in London was perhaps the chief event. This was a new inclusion, compared with last year's tour. The Marble Arch, around which many horrible and degrading scenes were depicted in the songs by our girls, was perhaps a little disappointing to some. But, Hyde Park, Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey and its many stories, and St. Paul's all excelled our expectations. The Tower of London, with its bloody connections with by-gone days, would not be worth seeing unless the Crown Jewels were included. These captured our admiration and, indeed, we would have captured them all, but for the bars between them and us. The Royal Mews and the horses and

landaus were very stately and majestic. Madame Tussaud's remained to be visited. About this mysterious place I shall say nothing beyond recommending you to go there. The Chamber of Horrors horrified some of us, and all were horrified at least by the price, for it must be remembered that our purses had bottoms and the tour was not nearly finished. This perfect day—of twelve hours—ended by a quiet visit to the Zoo.

When at Windsor, the guide showed us all or most of the castle's interesting points. From the room where many prisoners had been sentenced to death to the resting-place of King George V. Although Their Majesties were in residence at the time we did not see them. Perhaps to us the most interesting point or spectacle about the castle was its sentries, one of whom we gathered round and expressed audibly our admiration and sympathy for,—his reply was a grotesque twist of the face. He did, in fact, look like one of these mechanical painted soldiers one can buy for a few pence, nevertheless he gave us some amusement.

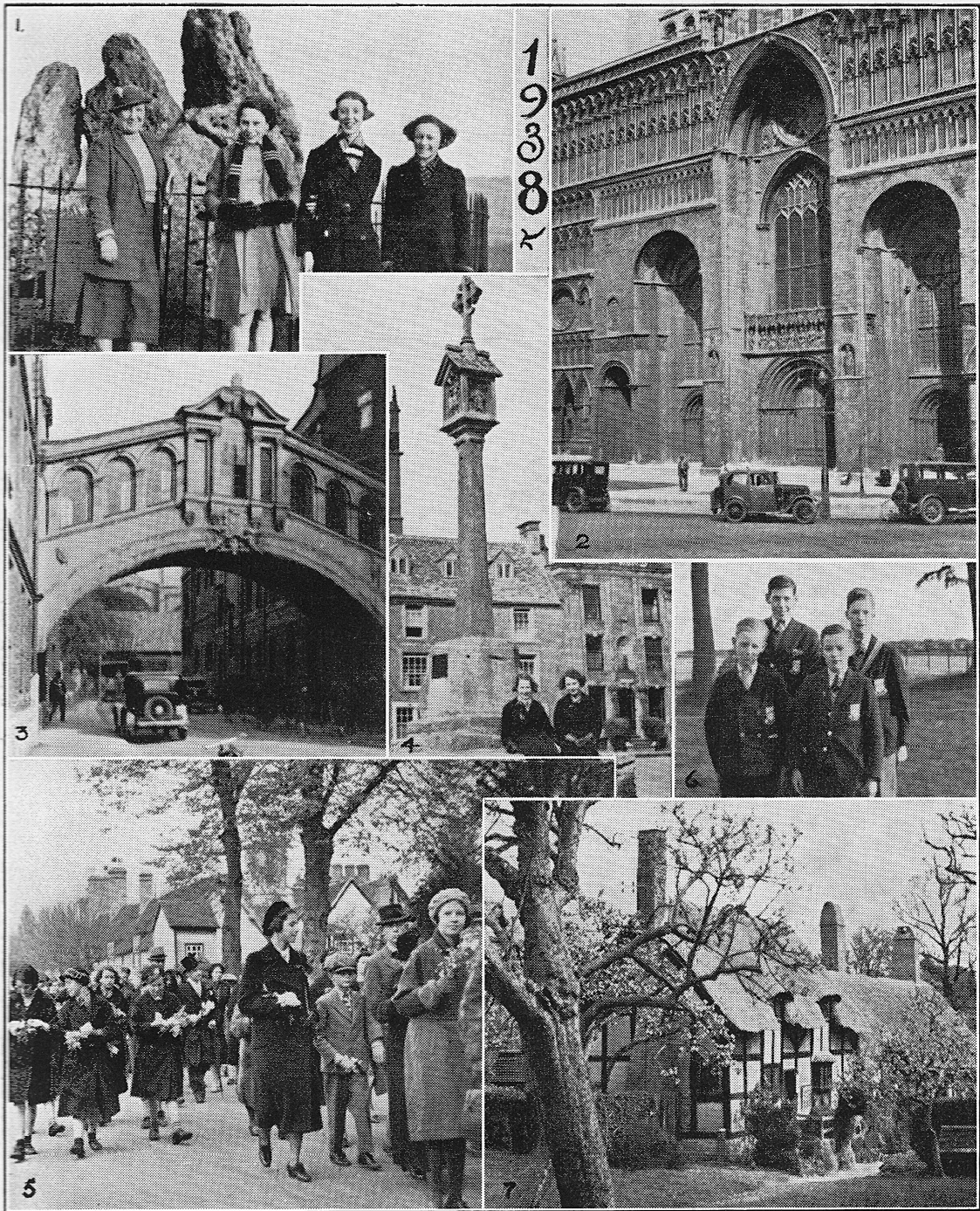
Oxford and the Colleges that form the University were included, and after seeing round some, the road to Stratford was taken.

Stratford was our goal and everyone enjoyed herself or himself immensely. The forms of exercise ranged from spending money (this exercised the purse) to a more economical mode of exercise, walking. Four went to the theatre three nights, and all went twice at least. Most of the Shakespearean houses trembled beneath our feet. Cadbury's, Ltd., entertained us magnificently with their chocolate, they fed us up in more ways than one. The Spa water of Leamington received our attention and all endeavoured to consume the waters, some couldn't some wouldn't, while others did. Warwick Castle has many unique relics in it, and admiring these allowed us to forget the taste of the waters. A family still resides in it, and there is also in residence a Ghost, whose leering picture and Cromwell's death-mask hang in the chilly Haunted Room. Cromwell's helmet is also in this castle.

Shakespeare's birthday was celebrated on Saturday, 23rd April, by the unfurling of all the nations' flags by their respective ambassadors, following this was a flower procession to the dramatist's grave. At the unfurling ceremony, two of our party, a boy and a girl, at the request of the Town Clerk, unfurled the flag of Eire (Ireland). It was with very great reluctance we left the town because we were leaving behind many kind friends.

Chester is a very beautiful and interesting town, if the weather is fine. The few hours we spent there were, unfortunately, at night and in the morning, both times are usually rather dull. However, we managed to walk round the walls, which are in a remarkable state of preservation, see the Rows and attend a service in Chester Cathedral. We left much unseen in Chester, for time pressed us, forcing us to go on.

THE PILGRIMS' PROGRESS.



1 Miss Wilson at Rollright Stones.

3 Bridge of Sighs, Oxford.

5 School in Flower Procession.

2 Lincoln Cathedral.

4 Cross, Stow-on-the-Wold.

6 The Bhoys.

7 Ann Hathaway's Cottage.

PREFECTS, 1937-38.



Back Row: D. Wright, J. Riddel, J. McIntosh, M. E. Dingwall, E. Stirling, M. Donald, H. Sutherland,
J. Brodie, M. Cowan, J. Paterson.
Front Row: E. Lamb, G. D. Hodgkinson (Captain), Mr. Weir, J. Garvan (Captain), E. Southern.

After crossing the Mersey by the Tunnel, the Lake District was soon reached. We took up our last temporary residence in Keswick after a sail on Lake Windermere, and a visit to Grassmere. Lake Derwentwater was a wonderful sight from Friar's Crag. Monday, the 25th April, came round very quickly, and the Lake District, England, and holidays only became a dream when Whitehill, with its teachers, exams and other nuisances, loomed before us.

In England we were made a fuss of, and after we crossed the Border by Gretna, we all felt the difference very much, as less notice was taken of us, and the swing of the kilt and Scots accent now no longer were admired or praised.

All those who have not gone on this tour should do so next year, and enjoy themselves, under the supervision of Miss Wilson, whose talent as a guide is well known. Miss Wilson is well acquainted with the route, and she deserves enthusiastic support, both from the staff and pupils. To Miss Wilson we are all indebted, and I thank her cordially and sincerely on behalf of my fellow-tourists for her interest and hard work. Organizing is not an easy job, so I do hope she receives encouragement enough to launch forth another Scots Invasion in 1939.

G. P. (II. B.a.).

THE SEA.

The cool, bright dawn broke over the calm, silent sea. Its pale, golden rays travelled lightly over the slightly rippling ocean and seemed to ride on the peaceful waves. Stillness and calm fell over the silent watcher, and he was filled with content. But the silence could not last. Slowly and gradually the dawn was over and the world awoke to bustle and action.

The afternoon sun glared down on the sea—a different sea. Many coloured and striped costumes had appeared in the sea since the beautiful dawn; little children played on the sandy shore, while grown-ups, who were not bathers, sat reading in deck chairs or sleeping with handkerchiefs over their faces, the handkerchiefs ballooning and collapsing as they breathe.

Day was done and a brilliant, golden sun changed to a fiery red. This sun slowly sank over the distant horizon and, gradually the black sea, slightly tinged with red, changed to its cold night-colours of grey and black.

The calm serene sea now tossed feverishly; the wind had risen and freshened to a gale. The howling wind stirred the sea into a frothy, tumbling mass, which tore along to fling itself at the stone wall of the promenade. Lost was the glory of the dawn. For peace, had come power and the watcher looked in awe.

B. G. (II. G.c.).

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT.

I awoke——. A horrible icy sensation creeped up and down my spine, I shivered. An ominous, oppressive silence hung heavily in the room, and an air of tension pervaded the atmosphere. All the universe seemed to hang in suspense. Thud! It struck! I lay motionless, my heart beating wildly. The thing remained while seconds dragged past. After what seemed like an eternity I ventured to stretch out my left arm, and touched a cold, clammy hand. In a panic of terror I seized it and flung it away with all my might. I gazed unseeingly into the darkness, and gasped feverishly as I waited on my assailant wrecking his vengeance. It struck again. I grappled with it, and struggled out of bed. With a marvellous agility born of desperation I let go the hand for a split second, switched on the light, then recaptured the hand in a grip of iron. Fearfully I turned my gaze upon it. There was nobody there, but somebody owned that hand and the arm attached to it. That somebody was——me! Hush-ih! My right hand was sleeping. Good-night!

C. C. (III. G.a.).

BIG M——R.

Our school has been noted for men of great fame
As teachers; once scholars who honoured their names.
But we have got one, a “jolly fine beggar,”
A son of the North,
His name is M——r.

To have this fine fellow it is a great boon,
His job is to keep husky voices in tune.
And he does jolly well, as those present can see,
He’s a master of staff on his high Doh, Rah, Mee.

He has a fine manner, genteel and is kind,
And to lots of our faults he is partially blind.
And ne’er is he vexed with disgruntled “maw maws”
Because he ne’er has recourse to the tawse.

M. S. (I. G.d.).

Far from their home
The Munglechumps roam,
Driven afar to forage;
While the milk-bars they comb
For Crea-mo-la Foam,
They live on meringues and cold porridge.

EXILE (V. B.b.).

THREE GENERATIONS OF SCHOOLBOYS.

In former years we've always had a Staff Night at the Lit.,
It has always been renowned for the brilliance of its wit.
This year it was decided to try out something new,
The Staff in quite a new light we hoped to bring to you.
The germ of the idea was to look for teachers three,
Who had been Whitehill pupils, just so that we could see
That, in spite of all the talk there is of building a new school,
Conditions in the old one are not really very cruel.
So when finally we arranged it we found that we had got
A merry bunch of schoolboys, who didn't care a jot
How personal the stories of their shady past became,
The way that they were questioned really was an awful shame.
First there was Mr. Campbell, representing as he did
The years before the World War, when he was but a kid.
He was received in friendly silence, but some twenty seconds
after,
He had everyone emitting peal on peal of happy laughter.
He hastened to explain to them, so adding to their tears,
Three actual generations would take him back a hundred years.
He told us of a Dennistoun inhabited by cows,
A Duke Street with no traffic; here and there a scattered house.
Not far from Whitehill School, he said, was held an Exhibition.
The boys were wont to visit it without the Head's permission.
A band of grizzly Zulus were the rage with all the lassies,
But Buffalo Bill took pride of place in most of the boys' classes.
Then Mr. Buchanan got up to speak, and that he did with vigour,
The choking noises he inspired were louder than a snigger.
He told us some old nicknames and many that were new.
He told us of the things his football friends at school could do.
And so to A. McCulloch who finished off the tale,
He told us many stories and he never once was stale.
And all the time Miss Simpson, who so ably filled the chair,
Was ever entertaining as our non-singing commere.
She's been here as a pupil, pupil-teacher and teacher too,
She's known it since its early days and so could tell to you
Some tales of Whitehill when it was a villa with five classes,
She notes particularly just how rapidly time passes.
But here I am forgetting that while living in the past,
Old Father Time will not look back and still is fleeing fast.
So when you feel like grumbling, I'd like you to recall
The days of old when Whitehill didn't even have a hall.

A. S. R. (V.).

COLLECTING STAMPS.

AT one time stamps were collected for quantity and not for quality. Soiled or torn stamps were considered to be good enough as space fillers and were counted as whole specimens.

Nowadays, however, only good copies are collected and some collectors actually go to the other extreme by collecting only superb specimens. This, of course, is done only by the fortunate people who spend their day sitting in restaurants signing cheques. For the poorer collector like myself average specimens are best.

Why the condition of stamps is so much stressed is owing to the hobby being taken up as a means of investment as well as a pastime. This fact can take some of the enjoyment out of the hobby for the more unfortunate collectors whose pocket cannot contend with the prices of dealers.

The album and the means of fixing the stamps to the pages have also changed considerably. No longer do the penny jotter, jar of paste and strips of paper satisfy. Printed albums and stamp mounts have become so cheap that it is unnecessary to make these articles at home.

The choice of an album is best left to individual taste, but the beginner should choose the best album that can be afforded and not consider it as merely a repository for stamps. Printed albums are best for the beginner as they are easy to use and give all the data that is required.

For the more advanced collector a blank loose-leaved album should be purchased as this type of album gives plenty of scope to the collector and is never out of date. There are many different makes of this style on sale, the most modern having black leaves which enhance the stamps considerably.

The arranging of the stamps is possibly the greatest enjoyment obtained from the hobby. With the printed album the stamps are placed in the place provided, but in the blank album the collector has to use his ingenuity. It becomes very monotonous when looking through an album to find 90 per cent. of the stamps on the left side of the book with the rest of the page empty throughout the album. This is caused by collectors persisting in mounting their low denominations near the left corner.

A far better plan is to place the stamps in the centre of the page and work backwards and forwards, keeping the page balanced. By this method an attractive collection which will produce a very pleasing effect can be made.

GOVERNMENT v. REBELS.

THE 12th of April, 1938, was a Red-Letter Day in the history of Whitehill School. Pupils and teachers had gathered in the playground preparatory to going to Craigend to see the Government fight the Rebels. Many of the "younger fry" were dressed in their best bibs and tuckers, and had their hair immaculately parted, and were bent upon making this day a day of days.

Did the hour which elapsed ere that conveyance actually arrived contain only sixty minutes for the Rebel team? Reason said yes; feeling no. At this stage in the proceedings the Government had all the advantages, because the strength (or weakness) of the opposition was known to them through weekly exhibitions; whereas what the Rebels had to face was to them a closed book. At last we reached Craigend and by this time the confidence of the Rebels was slowly ebbing, but Pride made them conceal their trepidation.

When the teams had expeditiously disrobed they took the field, the Rebels arrayed in Blue and White, the Government in angelic White, O paradox! They strode in splendour to the centre of the pitch amidst plaudits, groans, and pleasantries such as:—"Hey, boys, is T—— going hiking?" "Will J——'s shed be so nice at the finish?" "Achaye, he gums it down wi' glue."

To the accompaniment of loud cheering and the wailing strains of the pipe band, hostilities began, and a marvellous spectacle it was. On the actual field there were twenty-two objects fighting like cats and dogs. Mr. Needle, their linesman, was racing up and down one touchline, but even his pointed self was insufficient to restrain the excited youngsters from encroaching too far on to the pitch—his was indeed a thankless task,—then lastly but not least, there was a band of Government supporters behind the Rebels' goal trying to put their goalkeeper off his work by such remarks:—"Hey, goalie, see Jessie W—— in a kilt?" "Is that greased lightning your centre has on his boots"; to all of these queries, however, that dignitary maintained a stony silence.

The excitement was intense. The Rebels had had the temerity to attack, and looked dangerous. Suddenly a shot was fired from the wing; the Government goalie was (typical of that body) slow to act and the shooting sphere danced in the back of the net. "Them one up and hardly won a game this year!" As any member was grassed a loud cheer went up from the opponents' supporters. The Government now "got tore in" as requested and were soon fortunate enough to score. The joy of the supporters knew no bounds and incessant claims were made to "pile on the agony." It was now half-time and this came as a welcome breather to many. The Government forces were pitying the Rebels regarding their coming fate and one member

even donned his spectacles so that he might be the better able to see it. It was not to be so, however, because the Rebels soon drew blood again and never relaxed their grip until the end of the game. As the prolonged (purposely) final whistle blew that noble band, weary, warm, and wounded, trooped from the scene of their recent humiliation thankful that the score was two, not twenty.

A. T. (V.).

ALLADIN AND HIS LAMP (?).

Nearly every day we hear in school that mystic phrase, "Let x be equal to the number of elephants" If only we could solve our real life problems by the same magical formula and say, for instance, "Let M be the money necessary to take me to the pictures to-night."

In the morning, we rise and let W be hot water, S be soap and T be towel, and after dressing in D =new frock, we breakfast on B =bacon and E =eggs. Leaving the house, we let C =tram-car, F =money for car-fares and thus arrive at school. Once there, we let H =homework and truthfully answer all questions put to us by saying, "Let U =the unknown."

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

THE TOUGHS.

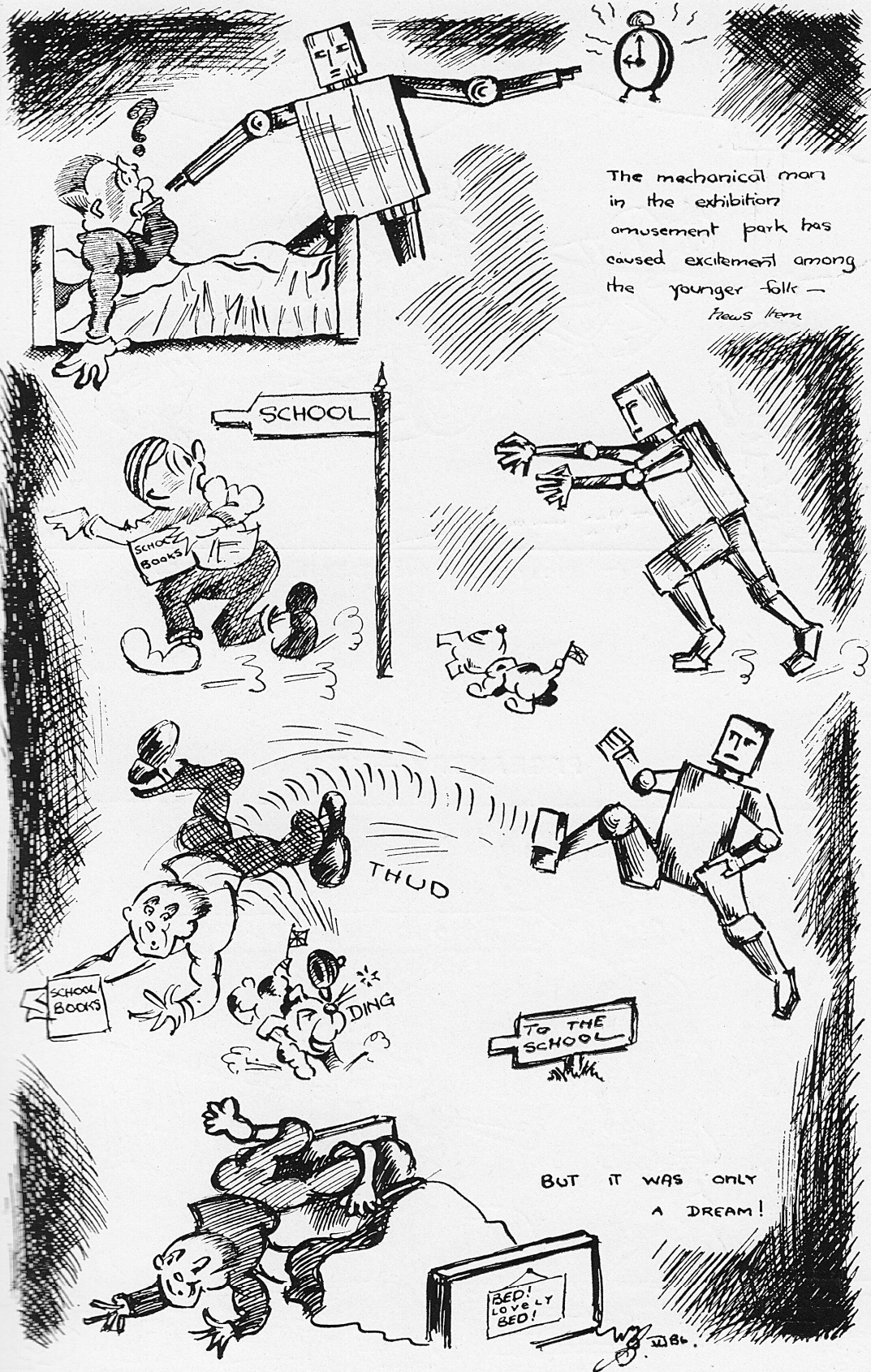
Yes we're tough, mighty tough in II.c,
For we're all very good at Science, you'll agree,
We are great at Mathematics,
But we're best at Gymnastics.
Yes! we're tough, mighty tough in II.c.

Sure! we're tough, mighty tough in II.c.
We are not so bad at French as you can see,
We like Art best of all,
But we're not so good at Football.
Sure! we're tough, mighty tough in II.c.

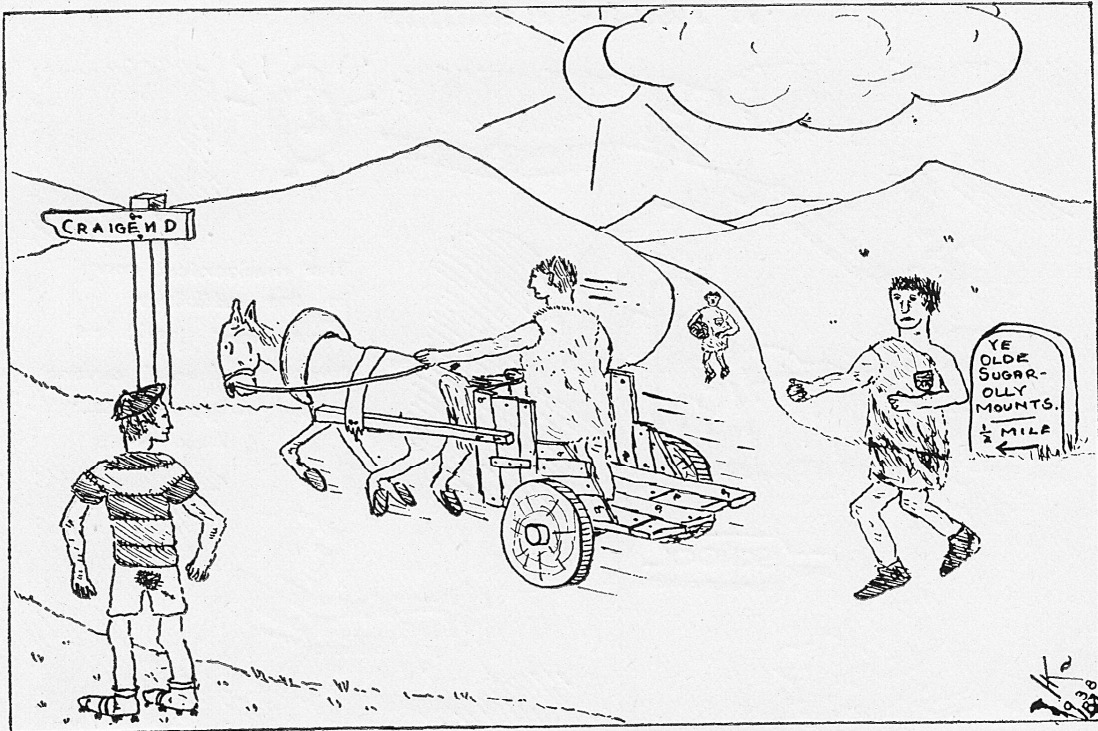
Oh! we're tough, mighty touch in II.c.
They are all good at spelling except me.
We like all our teachers,
For they never are like preachers.
Oh! we're tough, mighty tough in II.c.

P. McK. (II. B.c.).

A VISION SPLENDID.

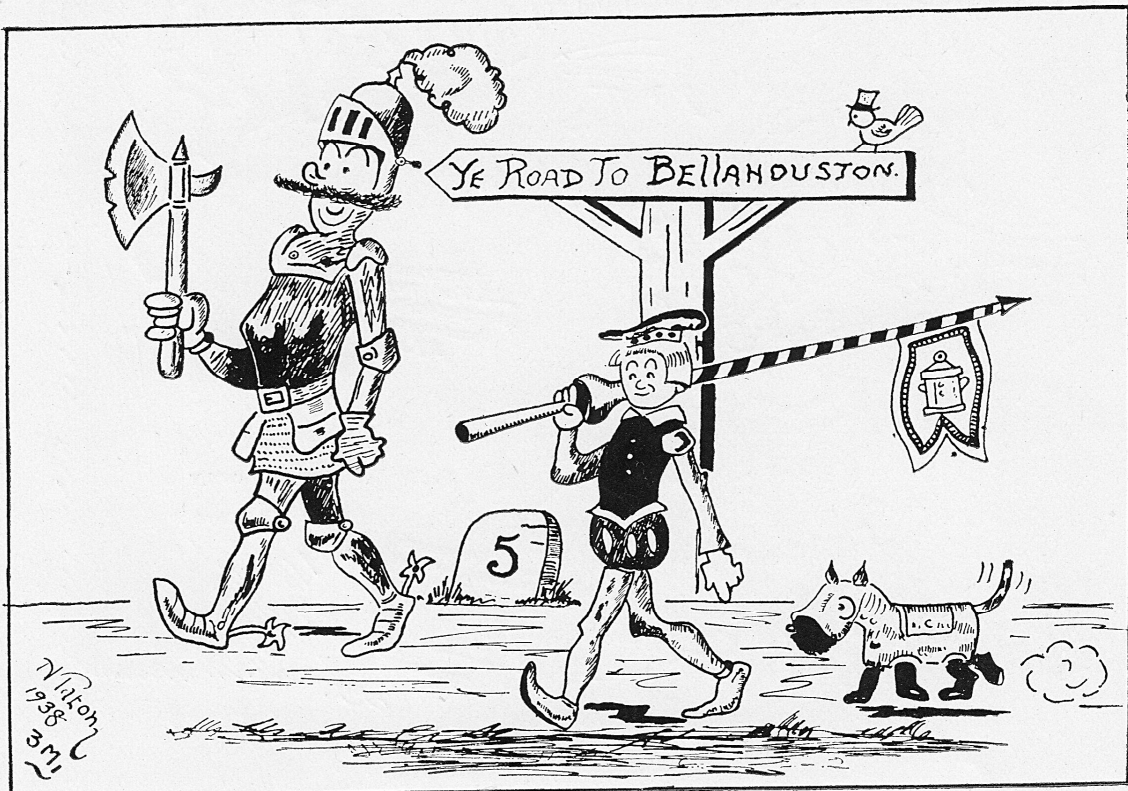


SPORTS DAY.



AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN. -55 B.C.

PAGEANTRY — 1938.



THE TORCH BEARERS.

THE Egyptian stood in the hot sand gazing idly at the sphinx. Its dark, inscrutable face towered high above him, and his friend, coming towards him over the desert, was struck by the puniness of the man beside this mighty, cold creature of stone. He mentioned this fact to his friend when they had greeted each other, and the face of the man who had that day simplified the art of writing, and made it so much easier to record history, on stone or papyrus, turned a face full of radiance towards him.

"I was thinking," he said, "how great he is. He is as the mighty forces around us, before which we are weak as reeds. And yet he is man's creation, and his greatness is our greatness. But we are mightier than he. He will look upon the events of centuries, but with sightless eyes, and with no heart to feel or brain to think. We, who have but a few score years, in that short space see all things, feel all things, and live life to the full, and die bequeathing a rich heritage to those who come after."

"You think that what you have done to-day will live?" said the other. "They say our civilisation will perish, even as the Babylonian civilisation perished."

"It will perish, and another grow in its place, to perish in its turn. But what I have done to-day will not perish, for when I leave down the torch there will be others ready to take it up, and carry it forward through the ages . . . through the ages"

* * * *

Socrates paused with the cup of hemlock at his lips, and set it down again. "What will you destroy?" he said to his keeper.

"You and your cursed work," was the reply. Socrates smiled.

"This earthly frame you will destroy," he said, "but me and my work never. Fools!" he said, "with your silly precautions. Do you not know that you cannot arrest what I, and what others before me have set in motion? Do you not know that the torch is lent to us for but a little while, and that they are there without, ready to take it from me?" The keeper looked uneasily at the small window. "Many, in the years to come, will honour me. Fare you well."

* * * *

"An officer from Gaul," said the attendant as the soldier was ushered into Cæsar's presence. The Emperor rose as he entered, that March day, and in a few minutes the two were deep in consultation.

"Tell me," said Cæsar, who seemed strangely agitated, "have you brought peace to Gaul?"

“Peace and content,” said the soldier, “far above the dreams of the people—and civilisation. We have given them houses in place of their little mud huts, and great roads have been made to replace their rough tracks. Many we have taught to read and write, and to many opened the world of art.”

“It is well,” said Cæsar, and for a moment the face of the proud, restless man, who was to be murdered but three days after by his dearest friend, wore a look of something like contentment.

* * * *

A pleasant odour of toast dominated for a moment the familiar chemical smells in Roger Bacon's little laboratory, as Lucian, his cheery, busy, little servant, entered with his master's supper.

“Still at it, sir?” he said, with a mock frown. “You'll wear yourself out, man. What is it now, still that Philosopher's stone?”

“Aye!” was the answer.

“I don't believe there's any such thing. A waste of time I call it. I thought, after you had discovered that magnifying-glass, you would have been satisfied.”

The “Admirable Doctor” smiled.

“A scientist, Lucian, is never satisfied. There is something within him which eternally spurs him on, and if he himself arrives at no definite conclusion, he is sustained by the hope that he may have assisted some one else to reach one. You'll sit down and help me with the toast?”

* * * *

The little ship bobbed out gaily into the sunshine, as though its sailors had not a care in the world. But there were dark thoughts among the black-haired Spaniards on board her. Jail-birds they were, every one of them, from prisons all over Spain. They had been desperate men in their time, and could have faced death in most of its forms, with a half-hearted, if not a valiant courage. But they flinched before the fate that was in store for them—to sail on until they reached the end of the earth and fell over into the gulf beneath. Murder hung over the little boat that night and mutiny found strength with every mile.

And there was a man aboard her who was at peace with a world that was at variance with him, and who had already landed on India's shore, and proved the world was round.

* * * *

“The child grows lovelier every day,” said Queen Elizabeth, as she watched the dainty figure of Lady Anne Sinclair passing from the room. Then, as she caught sight of her own form in the long mirror, she sighed. “There are times when I wish that I, too, were beautiful.”

“You, Madam,” said Drake, who had watched the girl with some admiration, “you do not need beauty. Beauty is given only to those who have no other virtue to commend them. You who are charming, magnificent, dignified, clever, and wise as a sage, have received from Heaven by far the greater and rarer gifts.”

“Sayest thou so, thou naughty knave? But an I did wish for it, it was only that I might prove more worthy of England.”

“Would that England could prove worthy of such a Queen.”

“Thou’rt but a flattering fellow, Drake, and I had thought thee a sailor to trade. But dost not think England in our time great?”

“Aye, marry Madam, many there be whose names will live through the years as bearers of the Torch. Your own Will Shakespeare——”

“Will?”

“I have scant knowledge of such things, being but a sailor, but him I think a genius. And Raleigh——”

“Ah, he?”

“Aye, Madam, and certes one Elizabeth, who——”

“And one Sir Francis Drake, who showed great love towards the Spaniards and spent an hour or two in a boat. You think I shall be remembered?”

“Many will think you great and treasure your memory lovingly.”

“What, will they call me Elizabeth the Great?”

“Well—no, Madam.”

“What then?”

“Madam, I——”

“Ah, it is lacking in dignity? Then I will not hear it. Hast heard this new madrigal? The air pleases me. An thou **must** tell me it, thou hadst better whisper it. But only an thou **must**. Come, tell me.”

“I think—pardon me, Madam,—I think that they will call you ‘Good Queen Bess.’”

* * * *

Francis Thomson woke up in the morning with a queer feeling. Things, ordinary everyday things, seemed to be manifested and revealed to him in a new light. He thought, as he looked at his clock, of the many hours of patient labour which **must** have been devoted to its perfection. The stove which cooked his breakfast **must** have been the work of some genius, his typewriter in his office brought him thoughts of its inventor. His train home at night became a source of wonder to him. A more matter-of-fact person did not exist, and yet all day long he had a feeling that someone had toiled, faced danger, given his life to supply him with the comforts which he enjoyed. And there had been a word all day on the tip of his tongue, a word which clamoured for expression, but which he could not quite remember. Only as he went to bed did he utter it. “Torch-bearers.” That was the word.

He slept. They came before him in a long line, people whom, from their dress, he recognised as Egyptians or Elizabethans, people with strange scientific faces, whom he had never seen before. They came steadily onwards, and all with a look of celestial joy upon their faces—on, on.

He was tired of them, this long procession of faces. He did not know why they looked so happy, unless it were that they had found Salvation. He wanted them to stop, and still they came on . . . on.

Outside the night was very quiet. The moonlight, a waking phantom lay, grey against his pillow.

E. L. (VI. G.).

HAPPINESS.

I once was happy on a day,
I know not why, for fortune had
Not shown to me her flow'ry way,
Nor sent her rainbows after me.

Nor loving friends were yet more dear,
Nor work less tiring, sweeter play,
Yet worlds of quiet happiness
Carried my very soul away.

It must have been the apple tree,
But newly broken into bloom,
That cast her spell quite over me,
Dispelling every bit of gloom.

E. L. (VI. G.).

SHAYINGS.

Overheard during a Second Year Science lesson:—

Teacher: "Give an example of a mixture."

Pupil: "Pancakes, sir."

* * * *

The following paragraph appeared recently in a Science exam.:—"There are two 'Gins,' oxy-gin and hydro-gin. Of these two oxy-gin is the stronger, while hyrdo-gin is merely water without oxy-gin."

* * * *

And the following in a Geography exam.:—"There are more islands on the West of Scotland than on the East, because there is more room there."

* * * *

Is the Latin for "so-called" tam frigidus?

DINARD, 1937.

On the slopes above the valley,
On the hill that's known as White,
Stand the tepees and the wigwams
Of a mighty paleface tribe,
And of all the tribes the greatest.
Chief of all those mighty tribesmen,
Tower of strength of all the weak men,
Stronger than the winds of heaven,
Stronger than the fire and thunder,
Stronger than the mountain torrents
Rushing swollen after rain-storms,
He, the mightiest of the mighty,
Pal-na-tala—Stop the Water.

And the young men of this village
Smoked with other tribes the peace-pipe,
Smoked it with the men of Woodside,
With the men whose hand was hindmost
When the tribes their lands were claiming,
And are thus called men of Hyndland:
With the men who hold the country
On the hill that men call Jordan:
And with many lesser races
Did the tribe of White hold Pow-wow.
And from every tribe was chosen
Several of the best and bravest
Who had to unite together,
Join and form a hunting party.

So when summer rains and thunders
Saddened their beloved village,
They, the chosen of the tribesmen,
Did of one accord foregather:
And did travel all together
Over many a weary terrain,
With their backs set towards the North Star
Till they reached the Big Sea Water.

Then with shouting and with gladness
Did they greet the Big Sea Water,
For they were weary of their travels
Through an ancient foeman's country.
And they crossed the Big Sea Water
In their great canoes of iron,
Till they reached a smiling country
Where the sun is ever shining,
Where the waters cool and pleasant
Lap upon the sun-kissed beaches,
Where the fruits and flowers grow thickly
In the warm caressing breezes.
There they pitched their tents and wigwams
For a short but happy sojourn.

So for fourteen days they hunted
In that green and fruitful country,
Till the moon, from silver crescent
To his greatest fulness waxed,
Till they wearied for their homeland,
Till once more their thoughts were turning
To the tepees and the lodges
Of the far-off pale-face village.

Then once more they did foregather
On those far-off distant beaches:
Three more crossed the Big Sea Water
In their great canoes of iron,
Laden with the spoil and booty
Gathered by them when they hunted.
Silks they had and mystic perfumes,
Fruits and carvings strange and new,
That their brothers in the village
Might with them their gladness share.

Thus they journeyed towards their homeland
And, returning to their village,
There they waited without patience
Till many moons had waxed and dwindled,
Till they might return to—Dinard.

A SON OF THE PROFITS (Vb.).

SLEEP.

The old house lies bathed in a strange stillness. No little feet patter on the floor in play. Only the moonbeams play on the steps. Then footsteps are heard, slowly and indistinct, as if the owner was hesitant or undecided. The feet appear, homely slippered feet, and they mount the stair, the thick plush carpeting deadening the sound. Suddenly a board creaks. The feet stop, then go on as no other sound is heard. The landing is reached, and the feet stop outside a green baize door. Softly the handle is turned and the door is opened to reveal a darkened room, through whose windows a shaft of moonlight penetrates. The moonlight picks out a teddy bear lying on the floor, a box of bricks at the window, a rocking-horse in the corner, and finally a little white bed against the wall. The feet tiptoe to the bed and stop. A child lies there, peaceful and content, a woolly dog clutched in his chubby hands, his golden curls gleaming in the moonlight. His face is pink and shining, and he sighs as the shadow of the mother crosses his face. The footsteps recede quietly, the green baize door opens once again, and the feet tiptoe downstairs, satisfied and content.

C. H. (II. M.).

BUBBLES' LOVE BUG BUREAU.

Dear Bubbles,

For several weeks I have been going with a red-haired boy who plays rugby, but on Saturday I saw him with another woman. What should I do? My heart is almost broken.
Ogram.

Dear Ogram,

Be brave, my dear, and ask him straight if he cares. If he says "Yes" he is crazy, so have nothing to do with him. If he says "No" you will have to forget him. Never mind, your French may improve.

* * * *

Dear Bubbles,

I fear I have become a tennis widow. My hubby has bowed to the call of this sport and it now claims most of his attention. Please try to help me.

Liz. McCattle.

Dear Liz.,

I extend my sincerest sympathy. If your bower is anything like the "bowers" who bow to tennis, then I know you certainly need it. Try bowing a tennis racket around his skull; it will either cure him or waste his waves.

* * * *

Dear Bubbles,

I suffer from big feet. Is there any cure?

Daisy.

Dear Daisy,

I advise you to consult Professor Roberts, M.A., B.Sc., R.S.P.C.A. His cure, the Incommensurable Quantity, is world famous.

* * * *

Dear Bubbles,

I fear I am very plain. My hair is like straw after a shower. My nose would put Hitler in a fit. I am four feet tall, three feet wide. When I speak the china rattles. Is there any hope?

Susan.

Dear Susan,

I am very sorry, but frankly, you should either commit suicide or become a school teacher, considering your voice.

* * * *

Whate'er your troubles,
Write to Bubbles.

All letters will be answered in the next issue of the Magazine.

HANS RINDELAGE (IV. B.a.).

A VISIT TO A LIGHTHOUSE.

One very hot afternoon in July I boarded a motor-boat at Millport, for a trip to the Little Cumbrae to see the lighthouse there. I had the pleasure of steering the boat, as I was on good terms with the man in charge. As we were making our own breeze at eight knots, we were quite refreshed when we disembarked and walked up a series of steps to the actual level of the lighthouse. As there were not very many in the party, we had everything explained. After passing through the instrument-room we climbed a spiral stair and reached the light which, with reflector and mechanism, weighs three and a half tons, but which is so finely balanced that the keeper can turn it with one hand. When in operation, this is turned by mechanism worked by a weight, rather like that of a grandfather clock, which, in fine weather, is wound up by hand every fifteen minutes. In stormy weather this is done by means of compressed air and the man on duty goes to tend the engines, which are essential for keeping the fog-horn going. All the windows of the light-chamber are in the form of lenses so that the rays of light, on passing through, are intensified. There are blinds to cover these windows in summer, otherwise the atmosphere would become unbearably hot.

We descended to see the engine-room, which is situated apart from the main buildings and contains three engines, two keeping the fog-horn going with one as spare. We passed on the way the first flashing light-buoy used on the Clyde by the Clyde Trust. This seemed a very crude contraption compared with the modern article in use to-day. The engines are used for compressing the air necessary to keep the fog-horn going and to do various jobs which are too heavy to be done by hand. Outside there are tanks containing enough compressed air to keep the fog-horn going for fifteen minutes until the engines are started. A compressed air winch is used for pulling the motor-boat out of the water, and there is a compressed air crane for taking up supplies.

As we had seen everything and one of the party had a camera, we took some photographs which we shall always treasure as mementos of a very interesting visit. I would advise those who think that a lighthouse is just a whitewashed tower with a light at the top to take the first opportunity of visiting one.

J. D. (III. B.a.).

BROWN—.

There's a fifth year gentleman
Who ain't no dancing fan,
But to him the Palais Glide ain't new at all
For, since the Highers are past,
He's getting very fast
At gliding o'er the blinking Palais wall.

BITTOVA DODGER (VIII. Bz.).

ESCAPADE.

Breathlessly we hurry along the dismal passage. We are by no means out of danger yet; at any moment we may be caught. If we are caught!!—but no! we must not think of the awful consequences, we must press bravely onwards. Hush! What's that? Somebody is coming; it's all up with us!

Terrified, we huddle into a corner and wait. The awful suspense is fraying our nerves. Oh! why did I join this mad escapade and what would the Old Folk think? They must never know.

Slowly, so terribly slowly, the footsteps pass and, with a sigh of relief, we furtively advance.

Ah, woe is me! It has fallen to my unhappy lot to reconnoitre. My companions assure me that they will keep guard. I quietly advance, ready to beat a hasty retreat if there should be any need. Yes, all is well, the coast is clear. Joyfully I give the signal to my comrades.

The adventure was well worth it. It was worth the risks. The monotony of our well-regulated lives is the better of being broken once in a while. You see, we were dabbling in that thrilling, not to say dangerous, art of—plunking a class.

GRETCHEN.

GRANDAD'S PIPE CANNOT BE FOUND.

Grandad's pipe was an old clay pipe. It was supposed to be white, but it is really a dark grey. He often used to sit down and tell us how his father bought it in an old antique shop. Anyway, it was lost and that was that.

I had at the time a small cousin staying with me who was indeed very mischievous. My grandad had been having a siesta in the camp chair on the lawn, when he discovered his pipe was missing. Of course, he searched and searched, but the pipe could not be found. If it was not near him, then where was it? He knew he had brought it with him, or, had he? Anyhow, into the house he trailed and searched the pipe-rack. But no, it was not there. All was in confusion. My mother tried to pacify him by saying that she would get another one. No! his father had owned that pipe and had given it to him and he was going to find it. Back to the lawn he went and looked here and there until he finally gave it up. We were all on the lawn by this time (except my small cousin). We were walking down to the summer-house when we heard shrieks coming from it; and, on rushing in, there we saw my small cousin actually blowing bubbles with grandad's lost pipe.

C. T. (I. G. g.).

THE ORDEAL.

It was five minutes to six on a chill autumn morning as William Montmorency Higgs slowly paced the confines of a small bare room. A haunting fear shone in his eyes as he started at the slightest noise. There was one small window in the room and it faced upon a grey bleak yard. Fascinated, Higgs stared from the window and icy shivers ran down his back as he saw the preparations being made. Shuddering, he drew back and went over to a small heater in the corner of the room, wondering how the next hour would see him. There had been six of them at first, but the other five were gone—he was the last. Thus he thought, while the strains of a barrel-organ, coming from the street outside, seemed to mock at him. At last he drew himself together, prepared to meet his fate like a man, but heavy footfalls approaching the door brought a chill sweat to his brow and a groan to his lips. In the yard a bell sounded; it was the signal. The door was flung open and there stood—a man. Yet Higgs did no more than glance at him for his eyes were rivetted to the object that the man was holding. “No, not that,” he groaned, “anything else but that,” but his words fell on deaf ears. Without a qualm the worthy thus addressed, thrusting his burden into Higgs’ arms, declared, “’Iggs, take this ’ere slab of ice round to the fish shop in the next street an’ hurry back for there’s plenty more.”

Slowly Higgs stumbled out while in his ears sounded the strains of the barrel-organ, which was ironically playing “I’ve got my love to keep me warm.”

R. (IV.).

A LAMENT.

I really should have won the Egg and Spoon.
If it hadn’t been for the starter, who set me off all wrong,
If it hadn’t been for young Bennet, then it would have been a
song.
The ground was far too muddy and the track was far too narrow,
And someone knocked my egg off, it must have been a sparrow.
If they had given us bigger spoons then it might have been a
daudle,
I think I’ll voice, at once, a stern complaint to Mr. Twaddell.
I do not think I liked the way this epic race was run,
I did not like the prizes that I really should have won.
I hated the spectators and the way that they applauded
Young Smith and Brown, when all along, ’twas me they should
have lauded.
I really should have won the egg and spoon.

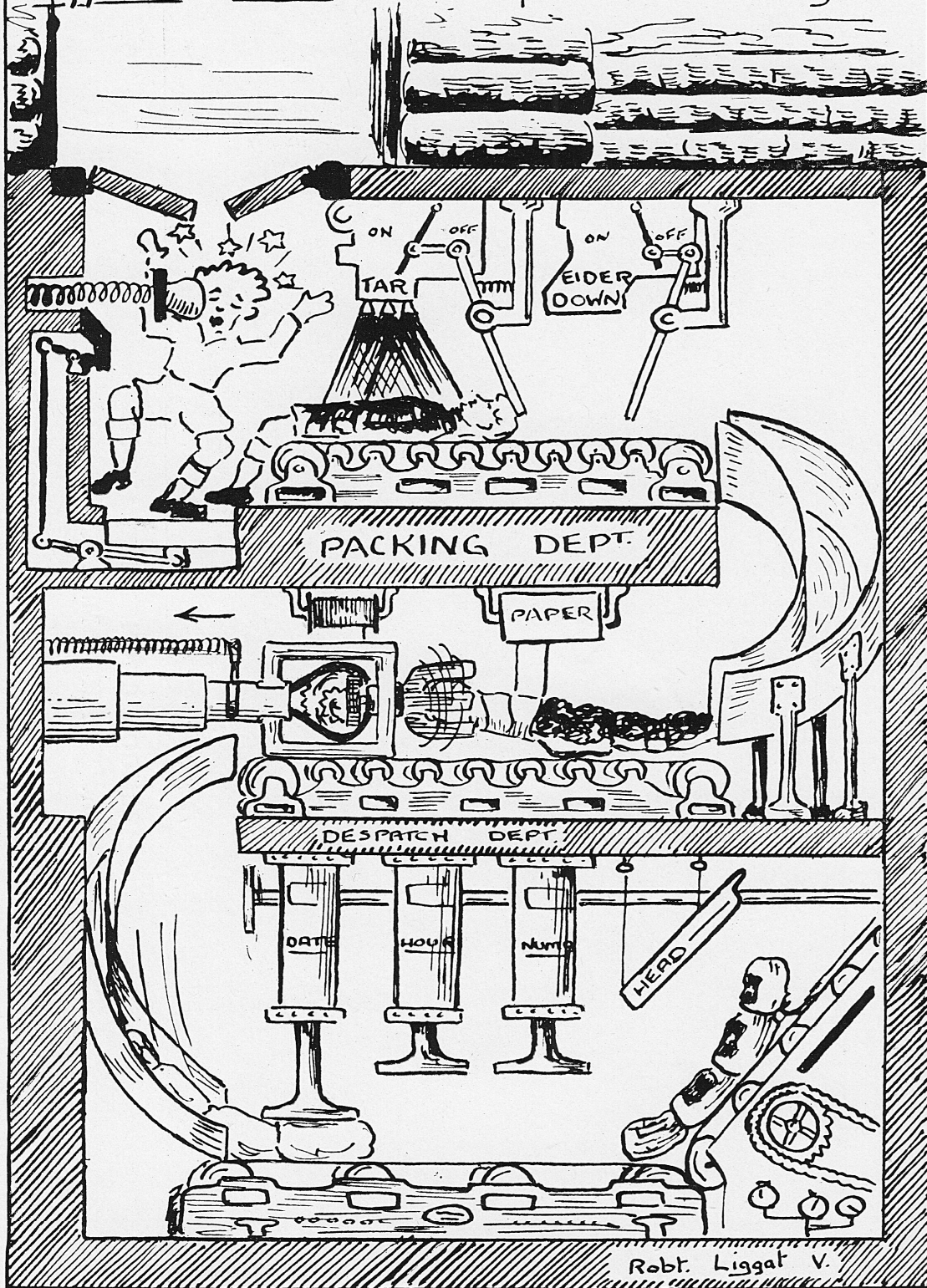
A. (I. A.).



SCHOOL ORCHESTRA, 1937-38.
Mr. John Kerr, M.A., Conductor.

'WARE TRUANTS.

Official Guide to the trap under school gate.



REFLECTIONS.

When I think of all the friends that I'll be leaving, oh so soon,
When I think of the importance of this glorious month of June,
My schooldays will be over ere a score of days have flown,
Quite soon I will be leaving all the haunts that I have known.
And just before I leave you, I'd like to have you meet
A number of the characters who pass up Whitehill Street
To Whitehill School—an edifice which, if you do not know,
Is quite close to the Palais, which was burned a while ago.
But enough of this preamble, for I have a tale to tell,
Just have a drink of Vodka; let your homework go to—well,
Well, pass it to your father; pray do not look so wan,
This is really quite amusing, even though it does not scan.

So first of all, dear people, I'd like to have you meet
A lady who's a teacher, but in spite of that she's sweet.

A most refreshing friend to have; a friend who's ever true,
Miss Foster oft has aided me, she'd do the same for you.
For, generous by nature, she is loved by one and all.
Of course, you'll find her very neat—I wouldn't call her small.
She is partial to the country—loves to forsake the town,
To verify this fact, just note her skin so smooth and brown.
Every schoolchild, every climber is very happy after
Running several miles to hear her deep sepulchral laughter.

I've met some funny people, but the queerest of them all
Is a chap who's tall and dark—well, he is both dark and tall.

Who knows this boy who thinks he's smart
In bringing Geometry into Art?
Let him but see Hawaiian maids
Lines, squares and circles he creates,
I wish that he would Szell his violin,
Ere barbers find, to make their pile in
Barbing hair, they'll have to set
On Barbarolli—make him get
A haircut . . . Though he's not quite human
Willie always gets his woman.
'E prides himself upon his tennis—
Really, he's a "double" menace.

Now, last of all I bring a friend I'm sure you all must know.
You will not meet a finer chap, no matter where you go.

Everyone has seen him run.
Valiantly has Evan won
And made his running quite an Art.
No one is nearer to my heart.
Surely you've seen our Rugby team,
To Evan, Rugger is supreme.
If power of choice were given to Evan,
Robin Murdoch would see Heaven.
Leaving Sport aside, you'll see that Science is his chief obsession,
In seven years or so he'll join the medical profession.
Now join me in a toast to a most talented young lad,
Give cheer now to the jolliest Sports Champ. we ever had.

So now that it's all over, and since I'm really done,
I'll have to buy more paper with the half-a-crown I've won.

A. S. R. (V. B.).

THAT ARTICLE FOR THE MAG.

I got a pen and paper,
Some ink and blotter too,
Determined I would start it
Before I took the rue.

I thought of all the authors,
How they had risen to fame
From a very small beginning,
To bear an honoured name.

I thought I'd like to beat them,
To shine brighter than them all.
If I only could get started,
I'd make them all look small.

But my thoughts they all would wander,
And my mind was in a stew,
I could not write a sentence
(Though I knew I'd need a few).

So you really must excuse me,
It is such a beastly fag.
I will never make a fortune
Writing up things for the Mag.

A. S. R. (V. B.).

DOING THE JOBBER-WALK.

The Jobberwocks were marchin'
On the road to Irivatchin.
The hunting horns were sounding out behind.
As they waved their weapons high
They howled their battle cry,
For they meant to slay the Gongle and his kind.

At their head, with armour laden,
Was a lovely one-eyed maiden,
With her single optic shining like a jewel.
And the Gongle in his lair
Knew that Death was passing there,
And the shivers down his spine were somethin' cruel.

But he quivered not through fear,
For he loved the maiden dear,
And would willingly have fallen to her lance.
But it gave him quite a shock
To think a Jobberwock
Might slay him ere the maiden had a chance.



With his mighty horns he gored
That Juggernaut horde,
And their disarray was awful to behold,
For he brought them down to death
With his nostrils' fiery breath,
But the maid's asbestos "undies" kept her cold.

He threw himself before her
And to kill him he implored her,
But the maiden said, "To kill you would be rough.
You have shown yourself too brave
To fill an early grave.
I shall marry you—'tis punishment enough."

GUNGHLECHUZZLE.

TRAGEDY.

It happened at the dinner,
'Twixt the entrée and the prunes;
The gravy was still running down his chin.
He cracked a little winkle
With the handle of a spoon
When he should have stabbed it sharply with a pin.

THE HAUNTED ROOM.

Perhaps some of you have heard about the ghost room in Warwick Castle. When we were on the Stratford trip we visited this room. Our guide took us into a huge and lovely room and, crossing to the fireplace, touched a certain part of the wall and then we saw part of it swinging back and revealing an opening. "This," said the guide, "is the Haunted Room." We trooped into the room, but as we crossed the threshold we felt a cold, eerie sensation. "This room," said the guide, "gets the same amount of central heating as any other part of the building, but it makes no difference whether we add extra heaters or not—it never gets any warmer. Also," he continued, "I'd better tell you about the ghost. When the present Earl of Warwick was having a party (this was when he was a child), and the children were to be shown the haunted room, one little boy said that he knew the way, so he ran on in front. When the rest of the children came to the room they found the little boy in hysterics, because he had seen something but he could not tell what.

"About two or three years ago one of my fellow-guides, who opens the windows and ventilators every morning, felt something brush past him as he went into this room. People have tried to sleep in it but have never managed to stay till twelve o'clock, which is the time the ghost is supposed to appear."

By this time you can understand my feelings. I will not say what the feelings of the rest of the party were.

M. H. (I. G.b.).

WHY DICK TURPIN RODE TO YORK.

You've heard Dick Turpin rode to York.

Perhaps you don't know why.

The reason was that every season

"The School Mag." he would buy.

But he forgot to order his

At summer. Understand?

And, of course, the Summer Number

Was sold out, on every hand.

The only place there was one left

Was York, the people said,

So, jumping lightly on Black Bess,

He gave the mare her head.

Now, there's a moral here for you,

If you just care to reason.

You should place a standing order

For "The School Mag." every season.

J. H. (I. A.).

WHITEHILL NOTES

RUGBY.

The season has been a singularly successful one although the 1st XV. was slow to learn to work together. However, it finished the season with a succession of victories. We have been unfortunate this season with the loss of our Captain, Evan Stirling, for all but three games, through a serious injury. We had also the heavy handicap of seven other members being temporarily disabled throughout the season. To the surprise of all the School won the annual match against the Former Pupils.

The 2nd XV. seemed invincible at the beginning of the season, but towards the close, owing to the injuries in the 1st XV. and members leaving school, it fell away.

This lack of membership resulted in a weakening of our 3rd XV., which had previously won by large margins. It was not sufficient to prevent them having a very successful season, however.

The Junior XV. was the one which upheld the honour of the School. It remained unbeaten except for one game against the High School, with whom it had its revenge in the return game.

Now, at the end of the season it is useless to make an appeal to the Upper School for more members, but next season is not far distant and application can now be made to Mr. McMurray, Mr. Niven, or myself.

Those who are physical or mental wrecks and the female section of the School can still do a great amount of good by coming up on Saturday mornings to Craigend and giving their support.

W. J. MARSHALL.



FOOTBALL.

The season just past has been one of moderate success for all teams. The 1st XI. had a very enjoyable season although not very successful. The 3rd XI. finished third in their league and the 4th were about the middle of their division. As many of our players are leaving this year, I would like to see more taking up the game next year.



The School gained one representative honour this year when Campbell McLean was chosen to play for Glasgow against London. This was a merited success and we hope he may have many more.

In closing, I would like to thank the teachers who kindly accompanied our teams or helped in any other way. Also I would thank the girls who provided tea for us at Craigend.

A. T. (Hon. Secy.).

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

It is with infinite regret that I write these, my last Literary and Debating Society Notes. It has been a wonderful year. We have broken all attendance records with an average of almost a hundred pupils per meeting. We are deeply indebted to Mr. Williamson for his kind assistance and to all the members of Staff who so willingly attended our meetings.

Discussion has always been lively and the standard of the papers delivered was high. Miss Moffett has our sincere thanks for her very fine talk on Donegal. "Three Generations of Schoolboys," our Staff Night, is reviewed on another page.

Next year your Committee is: Hon. President, Mr. Weir; President, Mr. Williamson; Vice-President, Miss Foster; Secretary, Jack Barclay; Treasurer, Margaret Stenhouse, with Betty Mackay, Marg. Fyffe, James Oag and Hugh Sutherland.

Meanwhile we have a very flourishing Rambling Club which meets every second Saturday. You are all welcome. I thank you.

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

THE PIPE BAND.

"Sound the Pibroch loud on high!"

Youth at once answered the call and secretly, under their worthy chieftain, J. Hollinsworth, conspired to form themselves into a Pipe Band. In the glens and recesses of Whitehill the warriors practised their piobmhor until they found themselves sufficiently expert to appear as a band before their comrades.

To the surprise of many attending the School Sports at Craigend on Saturday, 28th May, the sound of pipes playing the 79th Farewell to Gibraltar was heard in the distance. As the wild Highlandmen appeared in full panoply the onlookers were relieved to recognize that they were none other than pupils of the School.

Thanks is due to Mr. W. Williamson, a member of the Eastern Division of the Glasgow Police, who voluntarily took on the job of teaching the callans how a Pipe Band should be conducted in Peace Time.

The Band is not the length of competing at Cowal Games, at present. It receives the full support of the School and members who can play the pipes or drums are earnestly asked to come forward so that arrangements can be made for session 1938-39.

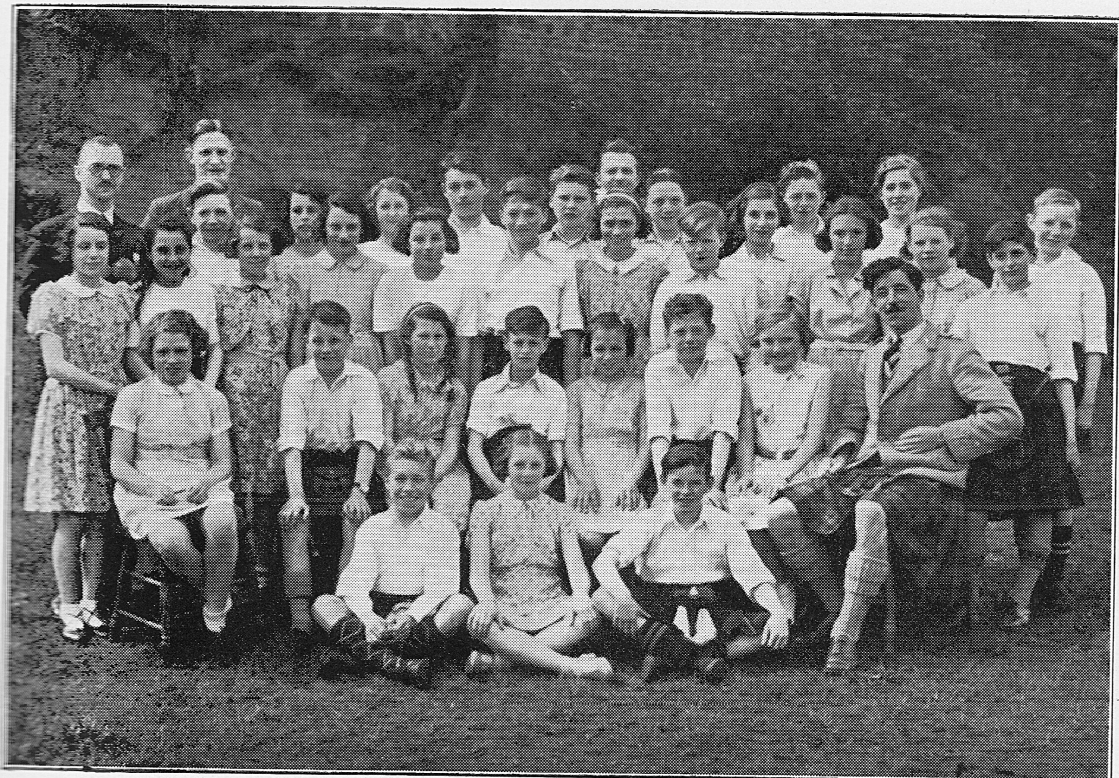
The undermentioned boys have the honour of being the first Whitehill School Pipe Band:—

Pipe-Major—Robert S. L. Macvicar.

Pipers—Robert L. Ferguson, John Pringle, Ian Clift, Donald Smith, Alex. S. Macvicar, William Williams, Peter D. McInnes, Robert Geats, W. W. F. MacLuskey, Douglas Brown, Thomas Taylor, Charles B. Riach, John Grant, Robert G. Paton.

Drummers—Orock C. Muir, J. F. MacLuskey, Robert Thomson, David Lawrie, William M. Floyd.

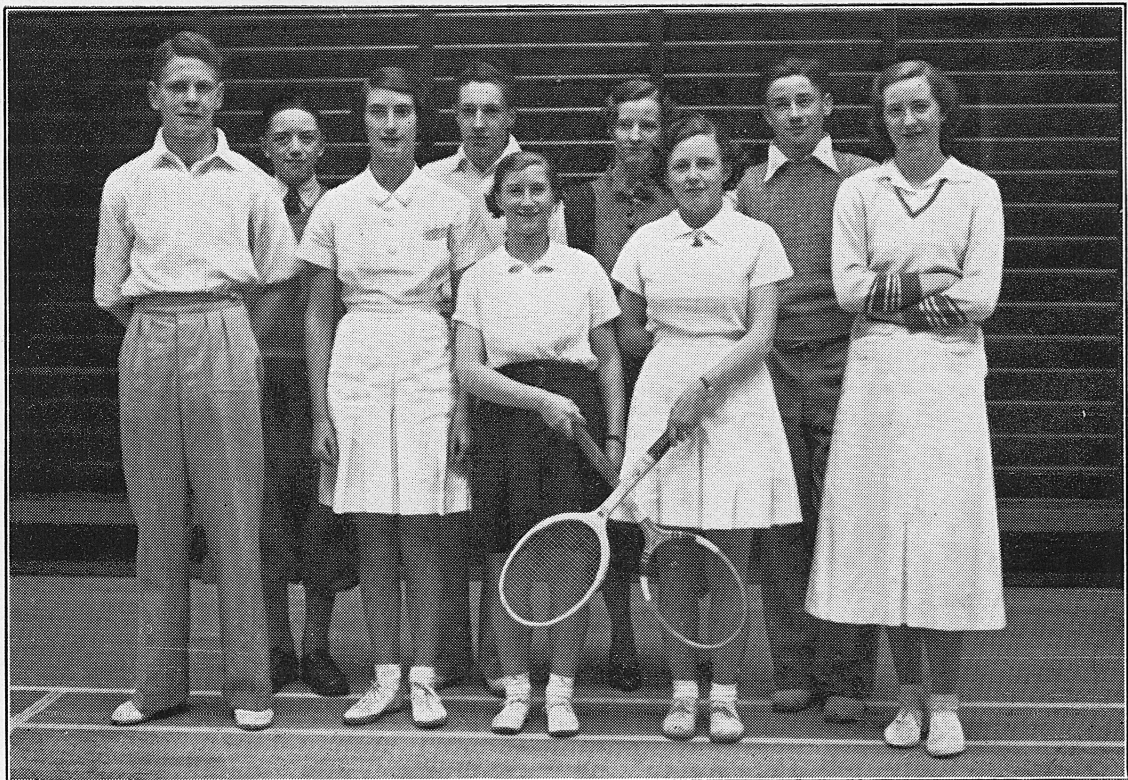




"THE MERRY DANCERS."



CRICKET TEAM, 1st XI., 1937-38.



TENNIS TEAM, 1937-38.

CRICKET.

After losing the first match of the season, the 1st XI. found its form and played grand cricket, securing five wins in succession. Victories were scored over Hamilton Academy, Jordanhill College School, Paisley Grammar School, Bellahouston Academy and Uddingston Grammar School. The run of success, however, was broken by defeats sustained at the hands of Shawlands Secondary School and Dalziel High School. A fine win was then recorded over Pollokshields Secondary School. The School put on 158 runs for the loss of six wickets before Carson declared the innings closed. Pollokshields were all out for the meagre total of 13, thanks to the devastating bowling of Brodie and Allan, who secured five wickets apiece. Their analyses were:—

		O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
Brodie,		6	4	2	5	.4
Allan,		5	2	9	5	1.8



The 1st XI. is looking forward to its next encounter with Shawlands and Dalziel. Of the nine games played, six have been won and three lost. It is to be hoped that the fine team spirit, displayed up till now, will be maintained in the remaining matches. The 2nd XI. have been fairly successful, having won three matches and lost three. The leading averages are as follows:—

BATTING.

			Highest		
	Inns.	N.O.	Innings.	Runs.	Av.
A. Gordon, ...	8	1	35	121	17.3
J. Burt, ...	7	0	35	112	16.0

BOWLING.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
J. E. Brodie,	96	28	176	48	3.7
G. M. Allan,	74	18	193	25	7.7

We are sorry to lose A. Gordon, but J. Gordon has ably filled his position. He scored a very fine 49 against Pollokshields, and gains the distinction of having the highest score so far this season.

HOCKEY.

This year's hockey season has been very enjoyable though the teams have not met with very much success. Towards the end of the season the attendance on Saturday mornings decreased somewhat and we hope that next year those who have already played hockey, reinforced by the newcomers in the 1st Year, will turn out again, and with their help the teams may be more successful than they have been this year.

M. T.

TENNIS.

The attendance this year at the tennis courts has been very good. We have many promising players among the Juniors, but the attendance of the Upper School girls is still not very encouraging. Owing to the rain we have only been able to play one match out of four. This was against Shawlands at Whitehill and we were defeated by four sets to three. Our thanks are due to Miss Hood for the great interest she has taken in the Tennis Section.

M. K. S.

GOLF SECTION.

Only four monthly medals have been played this season owing to the intervention of other sports. The successful contestants were J. Wands, I. McLean, A. Hendry, and W. Hill; and, together with the winner of the June medal, will compete in the medal finals.



In our premier event, the Allan Shield, we have arrived at the last eight and we hope to conclude this competition in the early part of June. Next in the order of merit comes the School Championship, which will be played immediately after the Shield.

Although we had rather hard luck in our match with Shawlands Academy, we achieved notable success by defeating St. Mungo Academy. We are now looking forward to the game with the teachers, who are taking us to Hayston this year. This game is always an outstanding success—for the masters! We have still several matches to play, and hope for continued success.

A. McC. (Secy.).

PHILATELIC SOCIETY.

In the last issue of the School Magazine the Philatelic Society had just started, and that time its fate was uncertain. Now, however, I can truthfully say that it has been very successful in spite of the fact that the meetings were few in number. Mr. Gent proved himself to be an interesting speaker on the subject of stamps, and roused our interest still further by showing us many interesting stamps from his own large collection.

On 8th December he showed us a number of stamps by means of an epidiascope. There was a large turnout that evening and I am right in saying that it was the most successful meeting of them all.

Mr. J. E. Campbell has also shown a great interest in this Society, and presented the School with two volumes of the "Schaubek" Stamp Album. Needless to say, we are very grateful to him for his kind gift. We now have between six and seven hundred stamps in the School Collection, but we are hoping to increase this number, so we are relying on **your** help.

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

SPORTS DAY.

"O I'm wat, wat,
Wat am I and weary.
The water rises ower the heugh
And I long for my—ahem—brolly."

(Apologies to an old sang.)

We met and made a merry din, but not quite with that persistence and stridency which goes with bright sunshine when grasshoppers fry. Our grasshoppers, and hurdlers, and crawlers through motor-tyres found it rather slippery going as the day advanced sullen as Tam o' Shanter's wife. The turnout was wonderfully good and the visitors showed admirable patience in staying it out as long as they did.

This year we had an opportunity of showing once more the School's infinite variety. High up among the trees beside the pavilion, there rang out the high questioning notes of the pipes; no solitary chanter, but the challenge of a band of players; then through the trees they burst upon us. Whitehill, to the general surprise and pleasure, had achieved a band of its own. The spirit of the afternoon was kept more keenly alive because of them. The gymnastic display of the boys was also a welcome spectacle, for above all things at Sports, people come to stand and stare, unless they are F.P.s who come to meet cronies they haven't met for years and years.

Mr. Hollinsworth's band of country-dancers met the wettest of the afternoon, yet that did not deter them. So keen and loyal are some of these young men and women that they gave a much praised performance at the Clachan at the Exhibition that very evening.

The Junior Championship (Girls) was won by Myra Buchan.

The Junior Championship (Boys) resulted in a tie between Lewis Potter and Allan Cordiner. Ties seem to be becoming a habit in the Junior Championship.

The Senior Championship (Girls) was gained by Peggy Myles, in whom we have an outstanding athlete. She is a runner of great promise and in the 220 yards showed fine style and speed despite the wet grass.

The Senior Championship (Boys) was a keenly contested prize, Evan Stirling beating Jack Brodie by one point.

Certain events had to be postponed until Monday evening and then were decided in the Annexe Field.

The Girls' Inter-Form Relay was won by the 4th Year girls.

The Handicap Race for the Coronation Cup was won by Evan Stirling.

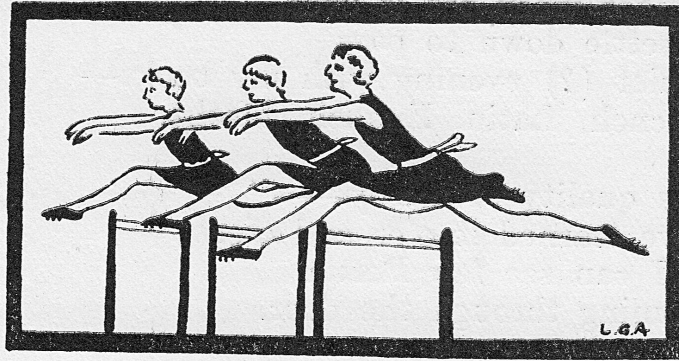
The eagerly awaited final of the five-a-side football at last was decided before enthusiastic spectators and former opponents.

On Saturday we were honoured by the presence of Mr. Theodore Lowe, an esteemed former pupil. Mr. Lowe presented the Championship Cups at the end of the day.

On Tuesday the prizes were presented by Miss Fisher.

Better weather and the same spirit next year.

THE SCHOOL SPORTS.



1. And lo, on the 28th day of the fifth month of the second year of the reign of the sixth George, there came to pass a great event.

2. And the pupils of the school of Whitehill went forth, they, and their sons and daughters (if any) and their fathers and mothers, and their uncles and aunts, and their brothers and sisters, and any strangers which were within their gates.

3. And they journeyed through desolate places, some on conveyances, and others on foot.

4. And so, after many minutes they came into a very remote part, and behold, it was called by the name of Craigend.

5. But some halted by the wayside, because they were weary, or to water their flocks and themselves.

6. And those who had halted, and those that were with them, were late, but their names were not taken at the gate.

7. And when they had all arrived they beheld before their eyes a wonderful sight.

8. A green field stretched before them, and a brook flowing by, and an ice-cream vendor, and an house.

9. And they tarried for an afternoon.

10. And there they beheld much running and dancing, and there was much playing upon musical instruments.

11. And lo, of a sudden, the windows of heaven were opened, and it rained both long and hard.

12. And it continued so for many hours.

13. And the tribe of Whitehill was very wet.

14. And they held a meeting among the chiefs.

15. And they decided to go home.

16. And so after much weeping and gnashing of teeth, and donning of coats, they, and all that were with them, departed each to his own home to await the coming again of the sun.

17. And the morning and the evening were the 28th day.

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

MY HOMEWORK.

At night when tea is over
I settle down to pass
A quiet (?) evening with my books—
French, Latin, English, Maths.

“The quality of mercy——”
I’ve learned it o’er and o’er
Till I can see fair Portia
Coming through the door.

“When two right angles have the same——”
It’s got me near demented;
I feel I’d like to hang the man
Who homework has invented.

And now my French book takes its turn
In boring me to tears,
And, finding I can’t do my prose,
Confirms my biggest fears.

Now for my Latin, oh, dear me!
Oh, how I hate these nouns!
But if I get them correct
My joy will chase my frowns.

Now the hateful task is done,
I’m free to laugh and play,
And forget there is a school
Until another day.

C. H. (II. m.).

When I do my Maths at home,
From the right way I do roam,
And forget about the rules that I should know.
When Trigonometry I try,
It almost makes me cry,
For at it I really do not make a show.
So at Maths I will confess
That at most I do but guess,
And when right I just leave well alone.
Now for Maths, I want no more,
For my head gets very sore
As I’m fed up making methods of my own.

LITTLE SCHUSCHNIG (IV.).