

Whitehill School Magazine.

No. 19.

Summer, 1929.

CONTENTS.

Editorial, 3	A Train Smash, 18
Special Medals and Prizes, ... 5	The Wee White House, ... 18
University Letter, 6	Useful Hints to Amachewer Authors, 19
Mr. J. Fairbairn, M.A., ... 8	These Women—A Play, ... 21
Obituary, 8	Golf: aux Sitwells, 22
Illustration—Mr. J. Fairbairn, 9	A Rhyme of 8, 22
Illustration—1st XI. Hockey Players, 10	English, 23
Shadows, 11	Sleep, 23
Glasgow, 13	Britain, 25
We are Seven, 13	A Warning, 25
Mabel's Reward, 14	Our Annual Sports, 26
A Mistaken Situation, 14	Ravings, 27
Bobby's Dream at the Boat-Pond 15	Our Sports, 29
The Legacy, 15	Golf Match: Staff v. Pupils, ... 29
Prehistoric? 15	Me—M.P., 30
A Dream, 17	Whitehill Notes, 33
My Fairy Visitor, 17	The Two Lachies, 38

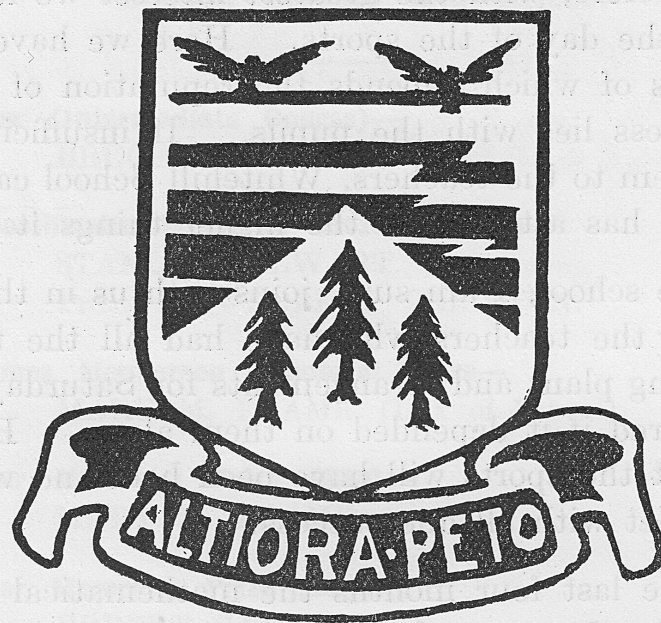
ADVERTISERS.

It is the duty of every purchaser of the Magazine, and all connected with the School, to support as much as possible those Firms and Shop-owners who advertise in the Magazine.

Repay their confidence

in you and

SUPPORT YOUR ADVERTISERS.



EDITORIAL.

To-day the sun is shining with all its brilliance, the sky is cloudless, the smooth golden sands stretch around me, and there extends before me, as far as eye can see, the clear blue coolness of the sea. There is a sense of quiet and rest over all. The old grey city of St. Andrews, with all its romance and majesty, looks down upon me. I love the old town, for it seems so cool, so undisturbed this glorious afternoon. And as I sit here writing this, editorials and school magazines seem not to belong to this world, but to exist, as the torture instruments of tyrants, in some harsh and cruel world far away.

On such a day as this one cannot but be in love with life, even although one has to return to school to-morrow. But it will be only for a few short weeks. The summer holidays are almost upon us. Soon everyone will be eager for the last day of school. But a few of the senior pupils, as that day approaches, will be quieter than usual, more subdued, more serious. For us it is not the day when home exercises and examinations finish and the glorious holidays begin. It is the day when we will say good-bye to teachers and school, when our childhood days will be at an end, and life and hard work begin. In years to come we will look back and think how happy we were at school even with examinations, how pleasant it was with hockey and tennis and rugby. It is these that keep the memory of school vivid and fresh in the minds of old pupils.

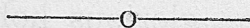
It is, therefore, with the greatest interest we look forward to Saturday, the day of the sports. Here we have something on the success of which depends the reputation of the school. And this success lies with the pupils. If insufficient support is given by them to the teachers, Whitehill School can no longer proudly say it has attained to the higher things it seeks.

The whole school, I am sure, joins with us in thanking and congratulating the teachers who have had all the trouble and worry in making plans and arrangements for Saturday. Success would be assured if it depended on them alone. By the time this is in print the sports will have been held and we hope the venture has met with all due success.

Within the last four months the mathematical side of the house has suffered a great loss. Our old friend Mr. Fairbairn retired. But although we grudgingly parted with him, yet we are happy to think he is enjoying a well-earned rest, with no thought of mathematics disturbing him.

We congratulate both Mr. Wylie and Mr. M'Culloch on being appointed to their new posts. In them we had two of our most capable and successful teachers. We have to thank Mr. M'Culloch very much for his excellent work in the sports section of the School. There was nothing he would not do to make our Sports Club a success.

But the heat of the sun is having its effect upon me, and I think you must be tired if you have read as far as this. There are some signs of activity over at the golf course. I think I'll go and see what celebrity is driving off and so try to drive off my thoughts of to-morrow and school.



Special Medals and Prizes.

Dux (Intermediate Course)—
BRUCE LUMSDEN.

Grosthwaite Memorial Prize (Lower)—
STANLEY STEWART.
Prox. Acc.—ROBERT CRICHTON.

James Henderson Memorial Prize—
MARY M. FRAME (Dux of School).

War Memorial Prize (£10)—
MARY M. FRAME.

War Memorial Prize (£5)—
ROBERT CAMPBELL.

War Memorial Prize (£5)—
WILLIAM SCULLION.

Macfarlane-Gamble Memorial Prize—
HARRY S. WYLIE.

Grosthwaite Memorial Prize (Higher)—
WILLIAM SCULLION.
Prox. Acc.—MARY M. FRAME.

War Memorial Medals—
English—WILLIAM MURRAY.
Mathematics—ROBERT CAMPBELL.
Latin and Greek—ALICE LAWSON.
French and German—MARY MACDONALD.
Science—ROBERT CAMPBELL.
Art—ANDREW C. LILLIE.

The following is a record of awards to pupils of Whitehill Secondary School in the Corporation Prize Competition for Schools held in Kelvingrove Art Galleries. It is noteworthy that Geo. Buchanan has gained a gold medal two years in succession.

GEO. BUCHANAN (IVth Year).....	Gold Medal
ANDREW LILLIE (Vth Year)	Silver Medal
CHAS. SUMMERS (Vth Year) ...	Silver Medal
JAS. THYNE (IIIrd Year) ...	Silver Medal
ISABEL SMITH (IInd Year) ...	Commended

Mr. Fairbairn.

Amongst the many changes that inevitably occur in a school so big as ours, there are some that affect us profoundly. Teachers come and go, and pupils and staff feel their presence and absence in greater or less degree, but there are some whose departure leaves a gap impossible to fill. Of such was Mr. Fairbairn, who retired from amongst us a little while ago, after twenty-eight years of faithful and honourable service in Whitehill.

Of the many notable teachers who have graven their personality and influence deep on the School, Mr. Fairbairn was one of the best. His unfailing devotion to duty, his high idealism, his perfect gentlemanliness in all his relations, and his wide experience of life made him a standard and an inspiration to those of us who came into intimate contact with him. It was with real regret that the staff bade farewell to him, all the more keenly felt because on such occasions it is never easy to say what lies deep, and formality and Scots restraint fetter expression. Even now, cold print makes a poor channel, and while we cannot let Mr. Fairbairn go without trying to tell him how much his presence meant to us, how much we regret his departure, we are only too conscious of the inadequacy of it all.

Still, we can at least assure him of the profound respect and sincere affection in which he was held by everyone, and the words of an old colleague of his, who, like him, was a very pillar of the School, will fitly close this stumbling tribute to an upright gentleman:—

“All these years I have know no shadow of change in him; a fine type of man in every respect, a most loyal colleague and comrade, a man whom it is an honour to have as friend.”

Obituary.

JOHN ANDERSON—Died, 23rd May, 1929.

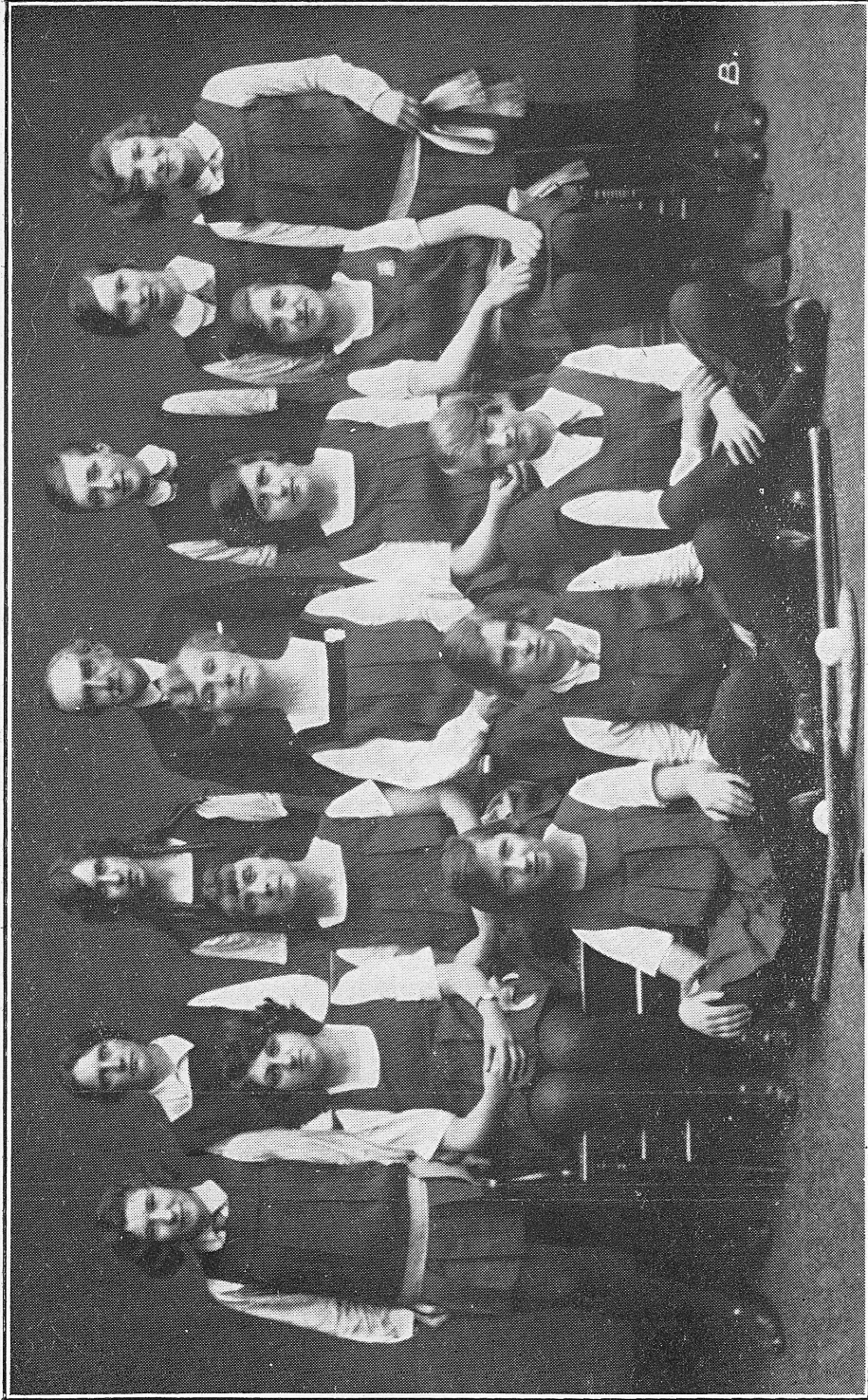
By the passing of John Anderson his class, III.B.G.c., and the School have suffered loss. He was like a bird of passage amongst us, who stayed each year long enough to leave us pleasant memories. But now he will not return. Yet we would say, “Auf Wiederschen!”

There was a strange and wistful wonder in his eye; a quiet smile often on his lip. In all our mischief he was with us; and when good work was to be done, he led us. Missing a good comrade, we would express our sympathy with his mother in her loneliness.

M.



MR. J. FAIRBAIRN, M.A.



G. Scotland J. Revie Mr. T. Nisbet, *Rector* C. Thomson (III.a.) M. May I. Scotland
 M. Anderson M. Frame, *Captain* Miss Fisher N. Clibborn F. Clibborn
 M. Cooper A. Patridge S. Wood

1ST XI. HOCKEY PLAYERS, 1928-29.

Shadows.

The Editor is discovered in his den, when he becomes aware of a vague, shadowy figure standing by his side. The shadow is dressed as an Elizabethan.

Ed. (Throwing down volume of Shakespeare): What the dickens do you want?

Shakes. (Ignoring remark, and picking up book): Mine estate, gadzooks.

Ed. (Shaken, but boldly): You blitherin' imbecile specimen of masculine femininity, put that down.

Shakes.: 'S blood, a beardless youth with a wench's favour dares to talk so!

Ed.: Cut it out and sling across some diaphragm fulls.

Shakes.: Eeod! And has Queen Bess's English come to such a sorry pass as this youth quotes?

Ed.: Beat it!

Shakes.: I go, my lord, and shall see thee anon. Farewell, may flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

Ed. (Drowsily): Go to the devil. Where's my book (picks up wrong book). What's this! Burns!

Burns: And tired out wi' mony a farce.

Ed.: Here, I say old fellow, Joynson-Hicks, you know.

Burns: There wis na' sic cantin' devils in ma day. Ye could sup and drink tae a' the sma' 'oors.

Ed.: That's beside the point. What are you doing here?

Burns (Drowsily): Man was made to mourn.

Ed.: I know the rest.

Burns: Woman was made to see he did it.

Ed. Just why are you here?

Burns: Had a tryst wi' ma freen, Wullie. Hae ye seen him?

Ed.: He's just gone.

Burns: The best laid schemes—ye ken.

Ed. (Weakly): Goodnight.

Ed. (Soliloquising): Shakespeare and Burns in one night. (A bell rings.) Good heavens. This'll be—Oh, it's you, Smith. I thought it was Keats.

Smith: Come along. The fancy dress ball starts in half-an-hour. Jones, who's going as an Elizabethan, and Robinson, who's a Scotsman, have been here and found you asleep. 'Pon my word, he's off again.

JUNIOR PAGES.

Glasgow.

True, humble city of the west,
Who would not love you well?
Wherein, though poverty doth rest,
Yet people love to dwell.

See silken gowns and threads of gold,
View dazzling scenes around,
To Sauchiehall Street go, behold!
Where luxuries abound.

The prince, the lord, the gallant knight,
In comfort reign supreme,
Though Calton's weary of the night,
Disturbed not is their dream.

No need to wander far away
To view the world so wide,
See Cathkin in the sun's bright ray,
With beauty on each side.

Ah! tell me of another view
Where such delight abounds.
O, City, fair and beautiful,
Where love with joy resounds.

J. N. (II. G.e.)

We are Seven.

Seven days are in the week
In which to work or pleasure seek.
Better if some kindly fate
Had added one to make it eight;
For, of course, you're bound to see
7 equals 4 plus 3.

And joy for three, and work for four,
Becomes in time a thorough bore;
While joy for four, and work for three
Brings half-ripe fruit to the knowledge tree.

(II. G.)

Mabel's Reward.

Mabel was a poor little girl who lived with her mother in one of the narrow streets of London, and who had always desired to live in the country. Her father had been killed at war, and Mabel knew that her mother had not much money to live on.

One day while she was coming home from school she saw a small child leave her mother's hand and run after her ball, which rolled out to the street. So engrossed was the child on getting her ball that she did not see a huge truck-lorry come rushing down the incline. Mabel knew that the motor would not be able to stop in time, so rushing forward, she gave the child a push, which sent her clear of the vehicle, but was not in time to clear herself. The wheel of the motor caught her back and flung her across the street. The child's mother had witnessed the tragic scene, and with tears in her eyes she bent over Mabel. Lifting the motionless figure, she put her inside the motor along with her own child. Asking the address of Mabel's mother, she told her chauffeur to drive as quickly as he could.

Mabel was put into an hospital suffering from an injured back and shock. Her mother came to see her every day with the lady, who brought her presents in plenty. On the day when she had to leave hospital, Mabel's mother came and told her that the kind lady had bought them a house in the country, in appreciation of what Mabel had done. Thus was Mabel very happy when she knew that her wish had come true.

A Mistaken Situation.

He humbly knelt before her feet,
 Although the ground was white,
 The maiden's heart did quickly beat,
 Her eyes grew soft and bright.
 And as the snowflakes drifted by,
 He gently asked her, "Will you try?"

In sweet abandonment she flung
 Her arms around his neck,
 And while to him she quickly clung,
 She little seemed to reck
 Whether the folk who stood and gazed
 Were really shocked or just amazed.

Cried he, "I will not let you go,
 Trust everything to me."
 He didn't say, "I love you so;"
 A modest youth was he.
 'Twas not a case of love or hate,
 But merely teaching her to skate.

H. W. (I. G.f.)

Bobby's Dream at the Boat-Pond.

A battleship of highest fame,
Which oft had sailed the Spanish Main,
Cruised round about the harbour big,
With gold and jewels in its rig.

A splash! a start! a wild halloo!
Bobby woke up and then he knew
His little yacht had reached the other side,
And he had slipped into the flowing tide.

TULAH SRAM (I. B.a.)

The Legacy.

Dear All,

Just a note to say that if we are never heard of any more, just mention how we died. Give our love to all our relations and our dear family. Our favourite flowers are geraniums and roses; both will be accepted. We leave all our books and chewed pencils, halves of rubbers, blades, and pen-nibs to our successors. This is the result of our exams. Our blessings on you all.

With the deepest regard.

Yours near our end,

(I. G.)

Prehistoric ?

"O Tiber, father Tiber,
To whom we schoolboys pray,
Can you give me a goodly crib
For this exam. to-day?"

"Nay, nay, my child," says father,

"That is a nasty plot;

See if someone else can aid you:

I never was a swot."

"Farewell, O father Tiber,

I'll go and try the Gods,

For how can I do better

When facing fearful odds?"

But up spake bold Herminius,

A decent chap was he,

"No need to visit them, my lad,

Here's one of mine," quoth he.

"O, thank you, brave Herminius,

Though I can only say,

A schoolboy's life, a schoolboy's palm,

You've saved this very day."

JOHANNES (II.B.a.)

Bobby's Dream at the Boat-Pond.

A battleship of highest fame,
Which oft had sailed the Spanish Main,
Cruised round about the harbour big,
With gold and jewels in its rig.

A splash! a start! a wild halloo!
Bobby woke up and then he knew
His little yacht had reached the other side,
And he had slipped into the flowing tide.

TULAH SRAM (I. B.a.)

The Legacy.

Dear All,

Just a note to say that if we are never heard of any more, just mention how we died. Give our love to all our relations and our dear family. Our favourite flowers are geraniums and roses; both will be accepted. We leave all our books and chewed pencils, halves of rubbers, blades, and pen-nibs to our successors. This is the result of our exams. Our blessings on you all.

With the deepest regard.

Yours near our end,

(I. G.)

Prehistoric ?

"O Tiber, father Tiber,
To whom we schoolboys pray,
Can you give me a goodly crib
For this exam. to-day?"

"Nay, nay, my child," says father,

"That is a nasty plot;

See if someone else can aid you:

I never was a swot."

"Farewell, O father Tiber,

I'll go and try the Gods,

For how can I do better

When facing fearful odds?"

But up spake bold Herminius,

A decent chap was he,

"No need to visit them, my lad,

Here's one of mine," quoth he.

"O, thank you, brave Herminius,

Though I can only say,

A schoolboy's life, a schoolboy's palm,

You've saved this very day."

JOHANNES (II.B.a.)

A Train Smash.

'Twas a terrible disaster
 On that dark November night,
 When the "Midnight Mail," No. 129,
 Crashed into the "North-bound Freight."

The night was wild and stormy,
 The train went tearing on,
 The driver little thinking
 Of the fate to be his own.

Suddenly there was a bang,
 A crash, and the hiss of steam,
 And the porter stuck his head out
 To see what it could mean.

We stumbled on the porter,
 And we thought that he was dead,
 His arms and legs were missing,
 And we couldn't find his head.

We came across a lady,
 She was in a horrible state,
 And her last words were,
 "Oh, Doctor, is my hat on straight?"

'Twas a horrible disaster,
 And while I live I vow
 I never shall forget it,
 Though I can't recall it now.

W. M'M. (II. B.f.)

The Wee White House.

There's a wee white house in a wood so green,
 'Tis the sweetest house that I've ever seen,
 For roses garland it everywhere,
 And its brown thatched roof has a cosy air.

I sometimes fancy it has a face,
 Its features often I love to trace.
 Two tiny windows are deep-set eyes,
 Twinkling in the sunlight, yet calm and wise;
 One rather longer I deem the nose,
 Flanked on each side by a large pink rose;
 Those were its cheeks, and the door so wide
 Its mouth, which smiles when we go inside.

I love this face, it is dear to me,
 Yet, there are people who cannot see
 Its sweet expression. They say, "How small:
 A tiny cottage."—And that is all!

H. W. (I. G.f.)

Useful Hints to Amachewer Authors.

(By One Who Nose.)

Perhaps you have turned to this artickle first? I don't blame you, for this is the best artickle in this book—barring the rest, of course. But, here! If you think this artickle is one of the cheep, comicle affares, you are greatly mistookten. And what's more, you'd better stop reading it. This is a dead series artickle! In this here artickle I propose to give some hints on authorship to amachewers. But quite seriesly, mind you. No sky-larking or bird-nesting in this artickle! Lettuce, however, proseed to study authorship.

On sending an artickle to the editer, div not send poitry! I am shure we must all be hartily sick of the very name. And, anyway, if your going to write poitry, do so! And write it right! Now, here is what the avrage man would write, say, about beer:

“Foeming at the mouth like a war-horse,
Methinks I see thee, glass divine!
Life is not all beer and spittles!”

Now, I think that that is sheer piffle. I have absolootty no compungtion in pronouncing it uter drivvel! There! Here's what I would say:

“Lemonade, Lemonade,
Lemonade and Ginger!”

Ha, I caught you there! You see, I am a tea-totlar. I drink nothing but lemonade, except at dinner, when I have tripe and onions, with tea. The preeseeding pome is, of course, a rotten eggsample of my poietic prowess, yet if sung to the tune of “One Man went to Mow,” you have a delightful little song, fit to be introduced into an opera!

And here is a beautifull little sonnet of four lines, which has just struck me (No, I am not hurt, thank you!):

A Sonnet to Animals.

Hark! Hark! The dogs do bark!
Bow! Wow!! Wow!!!
Hark! Hark! The cats do squark!
Miaow! Miaow!! Miaow!!!

Good, eh?—Here, I wasn't going to write poitry! I warned you not to write it, see where it's led me! I'm almost finnished with this blessed artickle, and yet I haven't begun! I'm speeking about a thing that I wasn't going to speak about, and I can't begin again! Oh, yes! Laugh, you fools!—Well, anyway, I wrote something, which is more than you did, or you wouldn't be laughing!

Oh, thank you! I have just received a huge box of raspberries from an admirer, and will now grasefully retire. Good-night, all! I see you are sleeping!

These Women—A Play.

Mr. Fret.

Mr. Die.

Dina, Fret's wife.

Dolly, Die's wife.

ACT I.

Dina is alone in a room in Fret's house. Enter Mr. Die.

Dina: Ah! Die.

Die: Ah! Dina Fret.

Dina: You still love me?

Die: Ah! Dina Fret.

Dina: There is, alas, one shadow in our path, my husband, lord and master, Mr. Fret.

Die: He's boasted of his iron constitution,
This night we'll test it in a new solution.
This night we'll put sulphuric in his tea;
Would night were here to see what we shall see.

ACT II.

Dolly is alone in a room in Die's house. Enter Mr. Fret.

Dolly: Ah! How is't with you to-day, my Fret?

Fret: Still sorry and lonesome. Without you I'm blue.
Come, marry me. We'll go to Timbuctoo.Dolly: Oh, readily would I go to Timbuctoo,
Or even some place hotter, that would do.
But 'tis impossible. A monster grim forbids it.
He looks at me and points his long, thin digit
Into my heart, and says, "You are my wife;
I am the master of your love and life."

Fret: We'll sweep him from our path.

(He then kicks the cat through the window.)

Dolly: Oh, Fret, 'tis very easy seen
You were a member of the first fifteen.(He then whispers to her. They grin evilly. Both whisper
"To-night.")

ACT III.

A private room in a café. The two men with their wives are dining together. The men drink. A brief struggle. Their agonies soon cease.

Dina: Now their struggles all have ceased,
These two men are now deceased.
You must agree it was a plan
Much too deep for petty man.Dolly: These two fools have never guessed
With what brains we two are blest.
And they wished to exchange ladies.
Now they can't. They've gone to Hades.Both: Seven o'clock the bells do chime,
'Tis time, 'tis time.
Let's away to some bright palais,
Out we sally.

Die and Fret they both are dead,
 Blessings on each lovely head,
 That is all that's to be said,
 Dead, dead, dead, dead.
 (Curtain.)

Despite million-dollar offers by Warner Bros. Vitaphone Co. and British Phono-films, we have decided to retain copyright of this play for Whitehill Mag.

HAMLET (VI.)

Golf : aux Sitwells.

All right!
 From a height,
 Ever seen,
 Old bean,
 On a green,
 Golfers?
 Don't they seem
 Rather small?
 And the ball
 Not seen
 At all?
 Thus man is.
 His desires,
 Like little fires,
 Burning bright,
 All right,
 Within himself.
 But, in the light
 Of the soul,
 To do a hole,
 In fourteen—
 Rather mean.
 We think so.

HAGEN.

A Rhyme of 8.

Dear Editor—I beg to st8,
 Your jolly mag. is first r8,
 My friends, in reading it of l8,
 Say it's simply getting gr8.
 There's nothing stale or out of d8,
 Its tales are best, beyond deb8,
 It's wonderful how you cre8
 Such ripping stories while we w8.

I.C. (I. B.a.)

English.

I met my friend M. Lefebvre the other day, and he said that he was beginning to understand English a little better, "But," said he, "your verbs are very strange and troublesome." I sympathised with him.

"I saw our friend Mrs. Jones just now," he went on to say. "She intends to break down house-keeping."

"'Break up house,' she surely said?"

"Ah! Yes, that's right. Break up house."

"Why is she going to do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is so broken into."

"'Broken down,' you should say."

"Broken down—certainly. Indeed, since the influenza has broken up here——"

"Broken out! Broken out!"

"——she thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Really! And will she close her house?"

"No! She is afraid it will be broken—broken——"

"Broken into."

"Yes, that is exactly what I meant to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No, the engagement is broken—broken——"

"Broken off."

"Ah! I hadn't heard that one. Her son only broke the news down to her last Wednesday. Is that right?"

"Just 'broke the news.'"

"Mm—That Alfred Jones is a very nice young man; a breaker, is he not?"

"A broker, a broker, monsieur. Good day."

So much for the verb "to break."

(IV. G.)

Sleep.

I am weary, and unwilling sleep
Comes not, and through the black night, ghosts
Of friends and deeds long gone, sad, stricken hosts,
Move like a mist. Will you forever keep
The precious bath of rest, the calm and deep
Forgetfulness, where petty cares are lost,
When I, confused and weary now, need most
To bathe in warm, calm depths, oh gentle sleep?

But still I am awake, and through my brain
Regrets, wild thoughts, remembrances, all crowd,
Torment me with grim whispers, speak the knell
Of sleep, till I am bruised and racked with pain.
And in the night harsh voices, screaming loud,
Cry "Sleep," and the still room becomes fierce hell.

Britain.

By a Frenchman.

In thees arteecle, you forgive me perhaps eef my Engleesh seem a leetle strange. Eh? Eet ees so easy to make a meestake wen one write Engleesh. Vraiment, eet ees one horrible language! (Forgive me, I sought I was speaking to Germans or Germen.) But wy, my professor, he tell to me zat een Engleesh one pronounce c-o-u-g-h as coff. Nuzzing wrong wis zat! But listen, b-o-u-g-h ees not boff! Eet ees pronounce lak bow in the word, bow-bow! Zen t-o-u-g-h ees not toff, nor tow; eet ees tuff! L-o-u-g-h, an Irsher word, ees neezer pronounce lak loff, low, luff, but loch! An' one spell a-s-s and pronounce eet donkey! Wair on erse ees ze rules of grammaire?

One day, wen I ees een England, I see on a wall, NO BILLS! I hop it queeck, queeck, for my name, eet ees William! But to zis day, I not unnerstand zat noteess. I haf hear, too, zat ze trees een zis country haf barks, but I haf not yet heard zem doing so. Howeffer, eet ees a wunnerful place, England. Ze stable food of England ees roas beef. Anysing tough! But in ze extreme norse, wich call eetself Scotland, ze people eet zeir food raw. Zey are still savage, even ze men wear skilts! In ze morning, ze reel Scotchman eat somesing of ze curious name of porridge, wich ees quite raw. 'E also put salt, and milk in it! Ugh! An' zey haf ze neck to mock at us, because we eat snails! In ze afternoon, zey go shooting; zey mos'ly shoot hageeses. I haf never see one, but I am told zey are very, very fierce, and often boser ze Scotch at night, wis zeir wild roaring. Often, as a treat, ze Scotch haf venison, eef ze gamekeeper ees somewhere else.

Ze national beverage ees Whisky. Eet ees so strong zat eet ees use' for blasting purposes. A man spits on to ze water, an' at once zere ees a nexpllosion, an' all ze dead purposes, wis zere fins qwivering, lie on ze water dead. So I haf been told. For amusement zis people play on pipes of bag, wich ees like squeezing a cat under ze arm of one, an' pulling its tail. Inteet, many people say ze Scotch pipes of bag players won ze las war!

J. H. (V. B.)

A Warning.

Say it with flowers,
 Say it with sweets,
 Say it with kisses,
 Say it with eats.
 Say it with jewels
 Or say it with drink,
 But always be careful
 Not to say it with ink.

M. M. (I. G.a.)

Our Annual Sports.

Our Sports were held on Saturday, 25th May, in brilliant sunshine, and it was a happy crowd that gathered at Craighend.

Their smiles were fully justified by the keenly contested events.

Race after race was run and won amid the cheers of that jolly gathering, whose only disappointment was in seeing Bennie's accident. Hard luck, Bennie!

Many a thrill was sent through the crowd as they watched Brownlee being chased. We must heartily congratulate him on his brilliant victory, while condoling with the plucky, dogged runners who were less successful in S.C.E.'s.

It was the Junior Events that seized the attention of the watchers.

The young stars went into the races with a spirit that was good to see.

Our Junior School played up in a mighty manner, but who was it that loitered by the lemonade and ice cream stalls so long that he was too late to enter for the obstacle race?

By the way, it was an eye-opener to see that obstacle race—over hoops, under nets, until the crowd were dizzy. The young lions felt proud when they romped home amid the cheering.

And where did the first year find all these huge and voluminous sacks?

Nor were the girls less prominent. They fairly proved their right to vote!

Running up and down, threading needles, skipping, hockey-dribbling,—quite a force in the School—as we realised when two of their most prominent figures shook Craighend as they crashed in the three-legged race.

Members of the staff were dotted all over our playing fields, making themselves as inconspicuous as they were useful, and it really must have struck everyone that such a perfect gathering needed great organising. And for this our thanks are due to Messrs. Higgins and Scotland.

Mr. Chatfield was a dominating figure—quite his usual efficient self, and he and Messrs. Twaddell and MacIntosh showed by the clockwork regularity of the starts how thoroughly they had thought the matter out.

After such a thrilling afternoon our thoughts naturally turn to tea, and here, under the mighty marquee, are a host of good things.

Miss Gordon smilingly regulates the waiting queue, and Misses Foster and Reid keep a host of beauteous damsels running to attend us. How thankful we are for them all and their satisfying, smiling care for us.

Nor must we forget those who worked even harder, if less conspicuously, in the house itself, washing up the endless stream of cups, saucers, plates and spoons. It was good to see all the staff and their numerous helpers spending themselves for our enjoyment.

A word also for those who wielded the megaphone, for those who lined up the heats and who were generally useful, and, last of all, the humble slaves who strove to sell lemonade.

And now, we gather round, as in a big family circle, to see the prizes presented. Brownlee, his cup in his hand, is cheered to the echo, but the heart beats of the first year prize-winners are not less wild or less excited.

As in a dream they listen to the rector's voice, and then comes their great moment, when Mrs. Falconer brings joy to the valiant.

The way home was a cheery one. Conscious of a well-spent day, the happy groups slowly wend towards 'bus and car, and those of us who will not be fortunate enough to see again those races through a pupil's eyes, feel a pang as of something of life's happiness passing beyond our reach.

But those cheering young lads running past us drive off those dull thoughts, and as they show their well-won prizes, we smile and march along again, laughing, praising, and congratulating the winners and the sponsors of the great event.

(VI. B.)

It has been decided that in future Whitehill School Sports will be held on the last Saturday of May.

Ravings.

One afternoon, as I had nothing to do except go to the office, I resolved to have a game at tennis. The sun was shining brightly, so I put on my raincoat, lifted my golf clubs, and set out. I soon reached the station, where I got a train to the nearest car stop. From there I took a 'bus to the zoo, where, after feeding the giraffes with a ladder, I had a game at bowls. But cricket is always tiresome, so I strapped up my fishing-rod, walked out of the cinema, and took the boat home. It stuck, however, in the main street (the captain said there wasn't enough water), so I walked down the gangway on to the pavement, whence I soon reached the hotel.

J. H. (V. B.)

Our Sports.

For many a week and many a day,
From blust'ring March to merry May,
In silence tense the boys have waited
While Mr. C. a tale related.

The tale he told was one right gay,
That on the 25th of May
The pupils of the school should meet,
To strive in sport their chums to beat.

At last the long-sought day did come,
When many a prize was to be won.
The day was dull, but cool and fine,
And of the rain was ne'er a sign.

Teachers were dressed in flannels white,
With blazers and plus-fours so bright,
That little boys did stand and stare
And might have laughed, but did not dare.

I journeyed to the huge marquee,
Where sixth-year maids were serving tea,
And there a curious sight did view—
Full twenty boys in a hungry queue.

Races were run in sporting style,
The sprint, two-twenty, and half-mile,
With each boy straining every nerve,
That he might cup and fame deserve.

But now the sports are almost done,
Though still remains a source of fun
The Obstacle Race—a sight to see,
Through hoops and barrels big and "wee."

Then boys of every weight and size
Go up to take their well-won prize;
But all good things come to an end,
So we our way do homeward wend.

M. F. (II. B.d.)

Golf Match : Staff v. Pupils.

The annual match, Staff v. Pupils, took place on 17th May at Bonnington Moor Golf Course. Each side consisted of twelve players, and the result, 10-7 in favour of the staff, was the closest hitherto recorded in this match. We played singles in the afternoon, had tea, and then played foursomes. Weather conditions were perfect. The boys certainly enjoyed their games and appreciated very much the hospitality of the teachers.

W. Mc., Capt.



“The Right Article at the Right Price”

GET YOUR

School Clothes

FROM

MORRISON & DUFF, Ltd

JAMAICA STREET

Me—M.P.

Comrades and friends, I must again thank you for returning me to Westminster. I must also take this opportunity of thanking my election agent, who really should be in Parliament instead of me.

I must confess, too, that my opponent, Mr. Sackclothvala, is a better man than me, and that Lord de Freezer would have looked after your interests better.

However, to come to facts. Now that I am really M.P. for this thriving burgh, I shall enjoy a well-earned rest and pension from the State. I wish to make it clear that on no account shall I trouble the Speaker or House with matters relating to your constituency, nor do I intend to carry out any promises made by me before the election. In short, I shall endeavour by all means in my power to forget you, and everything concerning you, when I am once comfortably settled, with £400 per annum, in the “talking shop” of Westminster.

I wish to make it perfectly clear to you that, far from the brilliant electors I made you out to be before the election, you are a collection of imbecile wretches, with no other interest in life than in watching better men than yourselves rise to prosperity by climbing on your already over-burdened shoulders.

I remain,

Your Unworthy Member,

F.

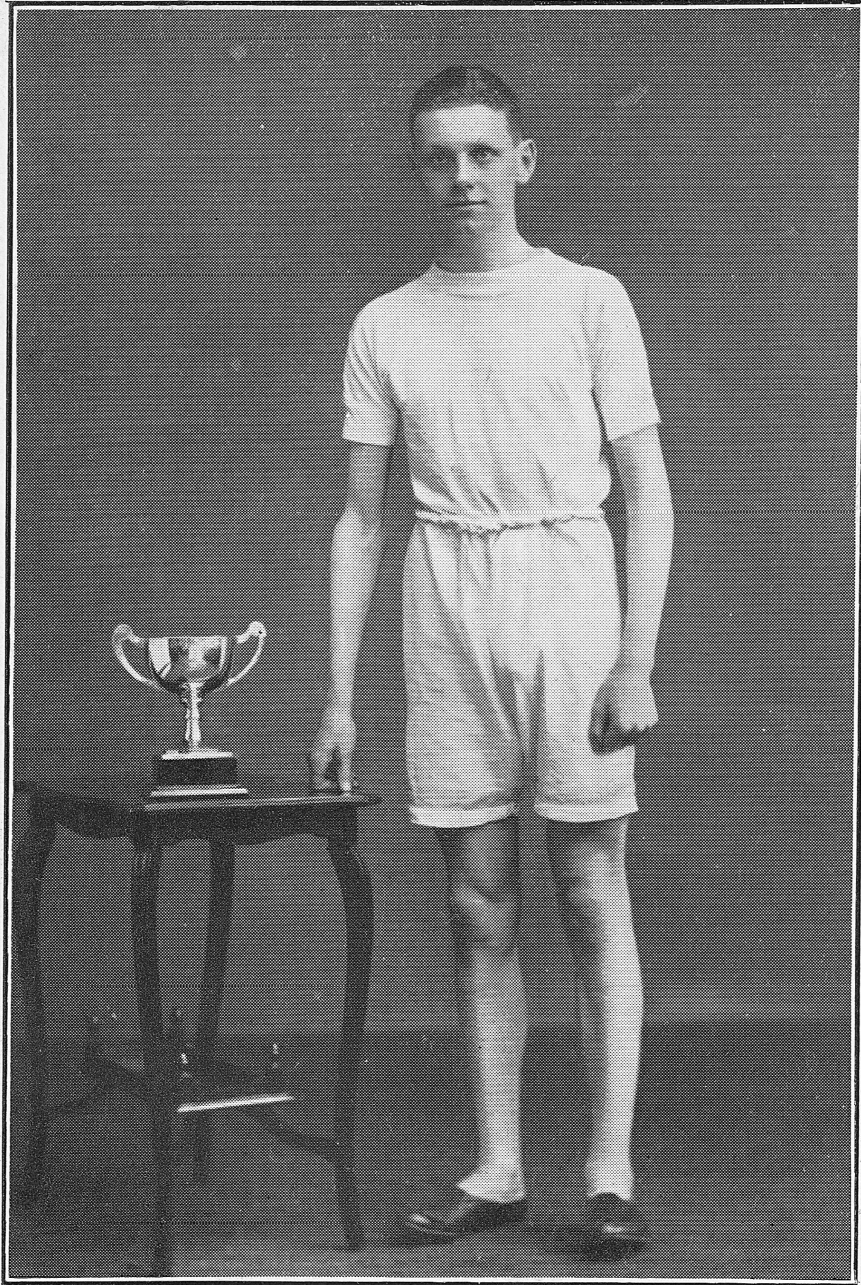
FOOTBALL MATCH—STAFF V. PUPILS.



IN ANTICIPATION.



IN PREPARATION.



D. A. BROWNLEE

School Champion, 1928-29.

WHITEHILL NOTES.

Former Pupils' Athletic Club.

Season 1928-29 will be looked back upon with mixed feelings. The adverse weather conditions experienced necessitated the cancellation by the Hockey and Rugger Sections of many of their most attractive fixtures, while the Soccer Section had often to play their matches on fields either frost-bound or inches deep in mud. The results, on the whole, have been fairly satisfactory, the Hockey Section showing a marked improvement over last season.

The Rugby Section have lost the services of Mr. James Thomson, their Captain for the last three seasons, who has received an appointment in South Africa. Not only the Rugby Section but the Athletic Club as a whole will miss Mr. Thomson, as he has been one of its most enthusiastic members since it was formed, and we wish him all success in the future.

We have, year after year, noted with regret that many pupils on leaving school play for other clubs. It is certainly an honour to play for one's Varsity, but is it not also an honour to play for one's F.P. Club? The University and similar clubs can be carried on by players who come from schools which do not have F.P. Clubs, and by those who find it impossible to travel weekly to their old schools playing fields, but it is essential to the success of a club like ours, that we have an annual influx of new blood and talent from the School, and from what we have seen and heard of your athletic activities this season, you undoubtedly have the talent. Another aspect is that you have an admirable medium for continuing friendships formed at school, which otherwise might, through lack of personal contact, be allowed to lapse. We, therefore, earnestly appeal to all of you who are leaving school at the end of this season to come and join us. Practices commence at the beginning of September, and if you make yourself known to the Captain or Secretary of the various Sections, they will make you very welcome.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, M.A., B.Sc., President.

PETER S. CHISHOLM, Secretary.

Cricket.

We have entered on a new line of sport in starting a Cricket team. We made a successful start against Eastbank. We have the talent and we have fixed up plenty fixtures, so if weather proves favourable we have a chance of upholding the School's name in this realm of sports.

T. B. F., Capt.

Whitehill School Club.

When you leave school will you want to forget all about it as soon as you can, or are there some incidents you would like to remember and laugh over, some Whitehill friends you would like to meet again?

If, in your thoughts of Whitehill, there are any bright spots you would like to keep polished, here is the Club with the Brasso in her hand—but you must supply the elbow-grease by coming to our meetings. These are held every second Friday in the School, and if you want to know what they are like, come along and find out. Those of you who were at the School Night last winter know how much we enjoyed that entertainment; and, in passing, may we again thank Mr. MacGregor and the Choir, Mr. Williamson and the Dramatic Club, and the instrumentalists, and may we remind them that we are looking forward to seeing them again this year? We extend a hearty invitation to you all to come and hear what your people can do for us at our next School Night.

Really, we have had a very good season, the success of which has been largely due to the influx of new members from the School. If next year is to be equally good, and we are sure that it will be, then more of you people must join us. Come to our first meeting—11th October is the date—and see for yourself that the Club is worth joining. Or if you prefer something a little more sociable, we are having a dance in the Gym. on 18th October. Tickets may be had through members of the Club. If we can promise nothing more, we can at least promise good entertainment and good company. The annual subscription is a modest half-crown, payable to Mr. Frank V. Mackay, 8 Fernleigh Road, Merrylee.

In conclusion, we wish to thank the Editors for their courtesy in granting us this space in the Magazine.

S. L. MACKINLAY, President.

J. W. BROWN, Secretary,
9 Wood Street, Dennistoun.

Rugby.

Our season stopped so long ago that by this time everyone will have forgotten about Rugby.

The latter half of the season was spoiled by the severe weather. For this reason our 1st XV. could only play three matches. It defeated Ardrossan Academy by 8 points to 3 in a very exciting game. In the next game, undoubtedly the most thrilling of the whole season, it drew (8 points each) with Shawlands Academy after being 8 points in arrears. The last game of the season was with Allen Glen's 2nd XV. in which, after a strenuous struggle, our XV. was defeated in the last five minutes by a goal (5 points) to nil.

Our 2nd and 3rd XV.'s were also unable to play their full list of matches, but they were quite successful in the few games which were carried out.

We have quite a large fixture list for next season and at least three fifteens will be required. Every boy who wishes to play rugby next season should give his name to the secretary whenever the School re-opens after the summer holidays. I strongly advise parents to allow their sons to play Rugby as it makes them strong, healthy and manly, giving them that spirit of wishing to "play the game" well every time.

Now, in conclusion, on behalf of all players who are leaving this year, I heartily wish the 1st, 2nd and 3rd fifteens a very happy and successful season for 1929-30.

A. J.; Secy.

Football Club.

In the League Competition the 1st XI. finished second on the table, Queen's Park being first, two points ahead of us. Ten league games were played, six being won, three drawn and one lost.

In the Shield Competition we reached the fourth round. In the first round we met Rothesay Academy at Millerston and defeated them by 4 goals to 1. In the second round, after drawing 1-1 with Irvine Academy, we won the replay by 7 goals to 1. Our next opponents were Hamilton Academy whom we met at Hamilton. After a drawn game (1-1) the tie was played at Millerston, where another draw (1-1) resulted. The game was decided at Lesser Hampden where we think we were unlucky to be beaten 2-0.

In the Clydebank High School Five-a-Side Tournament our five have reached the semi-final, where they meet North Kelvin-side Secondary.

In the representative matches Whitehill was well to the front. Against Bradford, Whitehill was represented by J. MacDougall, T. Froot, and W. Hill. J. MacDougall also played for Glasgow against the Glasgow Boys' Brigade, while W. Hill played against London at London.

Hockey Notes.

We have had a very enjoyable season, although, owing to weather conditions, we have not played as many matches as we had expected to play. This year we have had the extra excitement of a match with the Rugby boys and a match with the teachers. We were beaten by both these teams, but we have the satisfaction of feeling that they had to fight hard to win. Besides, when teachers make us helpless with laughter, and boys make us feel that each moment may be our last, we just have to let them win. Like last year, we had a very exciting seven-a-side knock-out tournament at Craighends, so I do not think we have lost many opportunities of using the field.

The following have been elected for next year:—Captain, G. Scotland; Vice-Captain, C. Thomson (III.a.); Secretary, A. Notman. I feel sure that they will be well supported by all members in the coming season.

Last, but not least, the girls of the Hockey Club give their heartiest thanks to Miss Fisher for all she has done to make our club successful and our games enjoyable.

N. D. C., Secy.

Swimming—Boys' Section.

The Glasgow Schools' Swimming Association hold their annual gala in Calder Street Baths, off Victoria Road, on Wednesday, 2nd October, 1929, at 7.15 p.m. The preliminary heats will take place in Cranstonhill Baths, Elliot Street (near Finnieston Car Station), on the following dates:—

All Boys' Events—Saturday, 14th September, at 5.30.

All Girls' Events—Saturday, 21st September, at 6.30.

At last year's gala our Relay team—under 14—won the "Citizen" Cup for the second year in succession.

Royal Life Saving Society Awards.

In this form of aquatics the School swimmers have done remarkably well, 49 boys gained the Elementary Certificate, 15 boys gained the Proficiency, and 3 the Medallion, making a grand total of 67 awards.

School Practice Nights. Thursday from 4 till 5 p.m., large pond. It is hoped there will be a large turn-out of boys every Thursday.

Dramatic Club.

Despite the fine weather we have not yet decided to "down tools," and two plays are in course of preparation. We intend presenting them in the Gymnasium on perhaps 26th or 27th June. We indeed appreciate the support given us at our recent concert in Bellgrove Halls, and thank all those who so willingly contributed to the success of the entertainment.

On 15th February we had a unique feature in a Choir and Dramatic Club Dance, and I trust that in the near future we shall join the Choir in another wonderful evening.

Each year takes its toll and, as our ranks promise to be sadly depleted this June, we look to the Junior School especially for support. Mr. Williamson and Mr. MacCrae will be pleased to take the names of intending members. Come along to our meetings in room 12 on Wednesdays at four o'clock.

C. N. M'K., Secy.

The Two Lachies.

The pale light of early morning crept in the cottage window. Slowly, old Seoras Ruadh rose from the bedside, and, striding over to the fireplace, stood there thinking. Lachie was dead—Lachie whom he had known since boyhood. He must have had a fair bit laid by, Seoras thought. Possibly he had a mochan hid somewhere. He found himself wondering to whom the possible wealth of Lachie would fall. . . . He opened the door, and, as the village of Dhu-Letir was not yet astir, he stepped outside and made his way to the seat on the bank overlooking the Portmor.

In another cottage, near where the Iron Hall used to be, the stockinged feet of a man paced nervously up and down the stone-flagged floor. Eachunn M'Leod was furious—and had he not good reason to be so? Lachie, his nephew, had eloped with the nurse. Lachie, whom he had reared from boyhood, whom he had fed and housed. Lachie, with whom he never had quarrelled—at least, not until the young fool had fallen in love with this Lowland girl. She was Lowland—English, maybe—Beitiris, Lachie had said her name was—oh, he did not care, anyway. He had warned Lachie not to have anything to do with her, but he would not listen, and now he had gone. He would be with Beitiris' people in Glasgow, or probably at Sandy M'Intyre's in Falkirk. There were only the two places. Eachunn thought Falkirk. Ah, well, he had done his part. Nobody could say he had not been a good guardian to the lad. So, thus soothing his ruffled temper, he pulled on his boots, and, as was his custom, went over to the Portmor for a smoke before breakfast.

"Well, Eachunn," said Seoras, staring blankly at the incoming tide, "Lachie's gone."

"Aye, he's gone, and there iss no saying when he'll come back, either."

Seoras, starting violently, looked up in a bewildered sort of way—but succeeded merely in moistening his lips.

"Ho, yes, he's amongst some bad influence now, I am telling you," he continued. "To sink after aal I waas doing for him, too. If effer he comes back here——" Eachunn spat viciously on the ground.

"But," ventured Seoras, "surely it waas neffer known for anybody to come back in such circumstances."

"Puh! I have known them to come back, and he will come back aal right, but he'll get no quarters here."

"No, Eachunn, myself now, I don't sink I would be for giving him quarters either."

"Aw, the sloightear, the pride and conceit will be knocked out of him, anyway. He'll find his nose to the grindstone now. He'll come back—watch you whaat I am telling you—but the devil only knows when."

"Mo Chridhe, Eachunn! Whaat for you sink he will be coming back?" Seoras' voice had a peculiar tremor in it, and he watched the other man out of the corner of his eye.

"You don't understand, Seoras. I spoke to him plenty before he went away, too, and yet he does this on me. Of course, ther's an old saying that the devil iss good to his own——"

"Eachunn, Dhia beannachd mhi!——Eachunn, where——he iss surely not——?"

"Oh, well, there iss only the two places. I know fine where he waas for going, but I sink he might have told me himself."

Seoras found it hard to maintain his equilibrium.

"Well," Eachunn continued, heedless of the other's astonishment, "there iss no very many know, but I know where he iss, do you see? He'll come back some night without a shirt on his back, and it will be the price of him too, the burraidh. Heh, he would have a nice clean shirt on him when he went away."

"Yes," gulped Seoras, "they are usually dressed at a time like that."

"But it will be fairly black, I am sinking, by the time he gets away from the crowd he is amongst now. Man, he told me to my face he would be much happier where he waas going than he would be here, anyway."

"Oh, well," Seoras' tone was conciliatory, "it iss only whaat will happen to us all, I suppose."

"Uh——happen to us all? Gosh, if I had slipped away in that fashion, I know what I would get."

"You——" Seoras lifted a bewildered face. The other's manner was certainly, to say the least of it, extraordinary.

"Maybe he will send a message of some sort. He has aal the faceelities where he iss."

This was too much for Seoras, but in answer to Eachunn's enquiring look, he felt duty bound to make some remark, however puerile.

"Eachunn, did he——did Lachie leave anysing behind him?"

"Him? Not a single stick. He took every mortal hate along with him. He knew fine he would be needing it aal."

Seoras would have liked to say something, but he couldn't.

"Well, I will be over for home and get somesing to eat. But it's a very empty Dhu-Letir for me now, I am telling you. Och, ochan! Maybe I will be having a message from him to-night. Slan leat, Seoras."

But Seoras did not make any reply. He was staring blankly at the incoming tide.

Eachunn M'Leod lived for another twenty years; but perhaps this little incident is the only information which throws any light on why he came to be referred to as "The Speeritualist."

C. N. M'K. (V. B.)