

# Whitehill School Magazine.

No. 27.

Summer. 1933.

## CONTENTS.

Editorial, ... ..	3	Junior Pages:	
Medals and Prizes, ... ..	5	Jones's Grammar, ... ..	21
A Calendar Year, ... ..	6	After Midnight, ... ..	21
The Wood, ... ..	7	Prologue II., ... ..	22
Mr. George MacBriar, ... ..	8	Little Wimbledon, ... ..	22
When I Die, ... ..	8	Shavings, ... ..	23
Whitehill School Song, ... ..	9	Country Cousin at the Match,	25
Illustrations:		Illustrations, ... ..	26
Association Football 1st XI.,	10	Something Attempted—Nothing	
Swimming—Sladen Trophy, ...	10	Done, ... ..	27
Sports Day, ... ..	11	A "Pun"oramic View of White-	
A Night on the Moors, ... ..	13	hill, ... ..	27
Quicquid Aiunt, ... ..	14	Our Inquiry Burroo and Literary	
We Should Like to Know ... ..	14	Dispepsia, ... ..	29
Junior Pages:		Strange Interlude at the Soft	
A Toast, ... ..	15	Goods Store, ... ..	30
Blood, ... ..	17	Whitehill Notes, ... ..	31
A Dream, ... ..	17	Sport, ... ..	33
Twi-Light, ... ..	17	Illustrations:	
Short but Sweet, ... ..	18	Cricket 1st XI., ... ..	35
The Staff C.C., ... ..	18	Hockey 1st XI., ... ..	35
All's Well—that . . . , ... ..	19	School Trophies, ... ..	36
The Prefect, ... ..	19	Our Sporting Staff, ... ..	41
		Athletics, ... ..	44

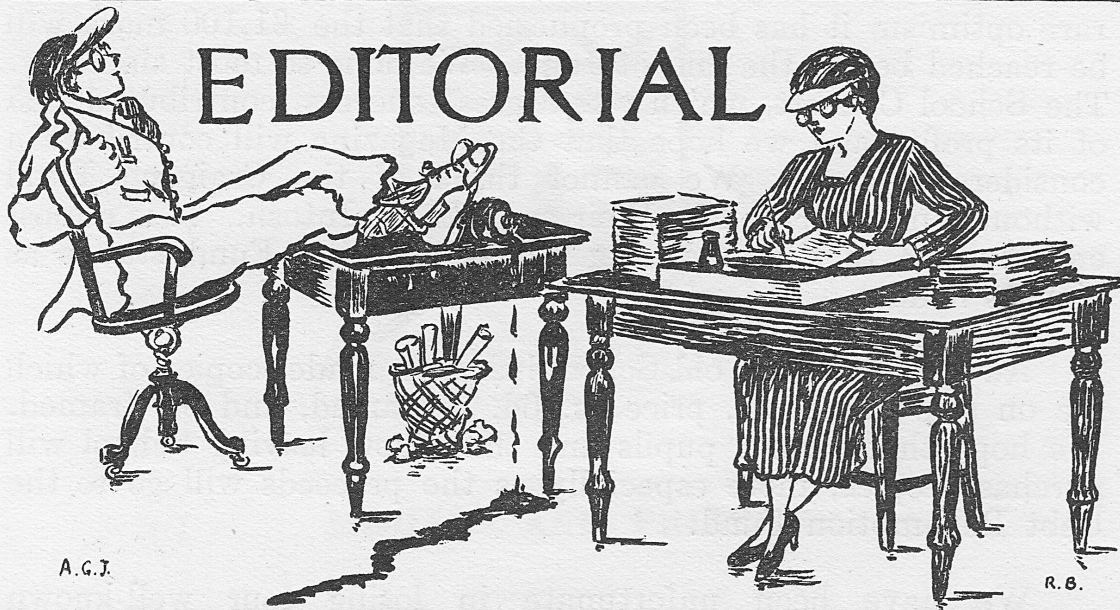
## ADVERTISERS

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**





**T**HIS has been a most successful year for the School, both on the scholastic and the athletic side, and we only hope the Magazine will crown our other successes with a record issue.

It was with a feeling of great pride that we learned that Grace Goldie (VI.), Hannah Hanlon (V.), and Janet Pringle (V.) had gained first, second and fourth places among the girls and William Ramsay (VI.) had gained third place among the boys in the Corporation Examination in competition with 800 candidates.

The winning of the Secondary Schools Football Shield was perhaps the most outstanding feat in our sports activities. For 21 years we have striven to win the Shield, reaching the semi-final more than once, but not till this year have we gazed upon it as it hangs in the hall above the case filled to overflowing with trophies. We hope the team will accept our heartiest congratulations.

Another cup, the Elsie Maude, has been given to the School by Mr. George MacBriar, a former pupil and staunch friend of Whitehill. There is a further note on this elsewhere, but we should like to join in expressing our very real appreciation of all he has done for the School.

This year marks also the beginning of a new era for the Tennis Club. Instead of using, as in former years, the boys' playground, we now play on Rokeby Courts, Armadale Street, and all members of the Sports Club, from first year to sixth year, are entitled to join in the games.

The DEBT REDEMPTION FUND, whose aim is to raise the mortgage on Craigend as soon as possible, has had its measure of success, too. The fund now stands at over £1,000. With rare optimism it has been prophesied that the £1,100 mark will be reached before the end of June. We hope so most sincerely. The School Concert, which was a great success, contributed £25 of its profits and we hope that the Magazine will contribute a considerable sum. We cannot think of the Craigend Fund without remembering Mr. Weir and Mr. McIntosh. It is almost entirely due to their untiring efforts that the Fund stands as high as it does.

An etching of the old School has been made, copies of which are on sale in School, price 5s. 6d. unframed, and 9s. framed. We hope that former pupils and those now leaving School will purchase copies, more especially as the proceeds will go to the Debt Redemption Fund.

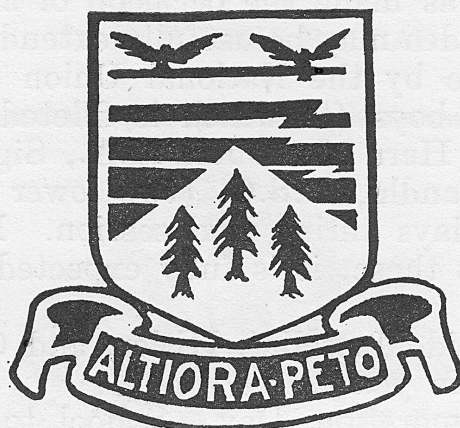
We have been unfortunate in losing four well-known members of the Staff: Miss Monaghan, Mr. Williamson, Mr. McDowall and Mr. Graham. We congratulate them on their new appointments. To Miss Mary H. Gordon, Mr. Duncanson, Mr. Buchanan, a former pupil, and Mr. Welsh, another former pupil, we extend a belated but none the less sincere welcome. We learned with regret of Miss Jaffray's illness, but we are pleased to know that she is now recovering, and hope she will be sufficiently well to enjoy her holidays.

At the University one of our former pupils, Vincent R. Paling, who took 1st Class Honours in Mechanical Engineering, has won the Glasgow University Engineering Society's Prize (£5) for the most distinguished graduate of 1932. Another of our former pupils, Dr. Hutchison, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, and of the Royal Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, has been appointed assistant director of Manchester Radium Institute. Our heartiest congratulations to those who are carrying on so nobly the splendid tradition of Whitehill.

After a lapse of a year, the School Journey has been resumed. We are to go from Glasgow to Dover and thence to Trier. We shall spend two or three nights there and then a few more in Coblenz. After one night in Cologne we shall return to Trier and then via to Glasgow. There will be excursions to places of interest, and the trip promises to be most enjoyable.

In conclusion, we wish the staff and pupils a holiday worthy of the successful year just gone.





## MEDALS AND PRIZES.

### James Henderson Memorial Prize—

Dux Gold Medal—ALEXANDER DOW.

### War Memorial Prizes—

- (1) £10—ALEXANDER DOW.
- (2) £5—ALEXANDER MACFARLANE.

### MacFarlane Gamble Memorial Prize—

WILLIAM RAMSAY.

### War Memorial Medals—

English—JAMES SCOTLAND.  
 Mathematics—ALEXANDER MACFARLANE.  
 Latin and Greek—JOSEPH HAMILTON.  
 French and German—JAMES SCOTLAND.  
 Science—GEORGE MEADES.  
 Art—MARGARET AYTON.

### Dux Intermediate Course—

MARGARET J. McLEOD (III. G.b.).  
 Prox. Acc.—MARGARET H. BAIRD (III. G.b.).

### Crosthwaite Memorial Prize for Latin—

Senior—(1) ALEXANDER DOW.  
 (2) WILLIAM S. McCROREY.  
 Junior—(1) ARTHUR T. HENDRY (III. B.a.).  
 (2) RONALD W. WINCKLER (III. B.a.).

### A CALENDAR YEAR.

LAST September, you will remember, the Centenary of Sir Walter Scott was made the occasion of a half-holiday. In the belief that this idea may be usefully extended, representation has now been made by the National Union of Employed and Unemployed School-boys (to which is filleted the N.U. of do. do. School-girls) to Herr Mussolini, M.A., Signor Hitler, B.Sc. (failed), and M. Gandhi, D.S.C. (two lower subjects) for the following extra holidays during next session. No reply has been as yet received, but these, it is fully expected, will be the new "dates":—

Birthdays of said Mussolini, Hitler, and Gandhi (not more than two each in the year).

Euclid Commemoration Day.—School to remain in till 5 p.m. to prove the following "problem": That Euclid was not really written by Euclid but by another man of the same name. Illustrate your answer copiously.

Mr. R. S. McIntosh In Memoriam Day.—"Benefit" Match, Whitehill v. Rangers-Celtic Select, for Craigend Fund.

Half-days to attend the final—or semi-final—rites of all "grandmothers" dying during the year.

November 30 to December 5.—National Haggis Week. All disused haggi to be thrown alive to the shubunkins.

"Halfs" for birthdays of all Prefects whose names begin with Q, X, or Z. If none, next-of-kin will do.

April 1.—School closes down at 3.55 prompt. Special essay-subjects in connection:—April or April 1 or April Fools. Essays to be posted on to Mr. King within three years of leaving school. Competitors are advised to adopt a **nom-de-plume**.

April 23.—Shakespeare Anniversary (Birth, Death, or Marriage, as the case may be): Craigend Field Day. Dramatic Club will positively make no attempt on the "Trial Scene."

Thanksgiving Day (to follow May Examinations).—Five minutes' silence for I. G.d., II. M.2, and VI. G.

June 3-7.—Staff v. School Cricket Match at Craigend. Play to a finish. Replay at Hampden if drawn.

English Classes to make their own "arrangements" about:—Byron; Keats and Shelley; Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton (Capt.); Bacon and Lamb; Swift (Dean); Cowper (Angus) and Froude (the other one). ZUKUNFT (VI.).

### TRIOLET.

At the Whitehill Lit.

I'm very shy;

I often sit

At the Whitehill Lit.

And try to hit

The reason why

At the Whitehill Lit.

I'm very shy.

X.



# THE WOOD.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.



A dark and gloomy wood behold,  
A fair maid by it walks,  
An' syne a bird begins to chirp  
Amid the bramble stalks.

May Margaret was the maiden's name,  
The bird it to her sang,  
"Now enter not yon gloomy wood,  
For faith nae oot ye'll gang."

"Ah, weel I hear ye, birdie sma',  
An' warn me would ye?  
But I shall enter yon wild wood,  
Yet me again ye'll see."

Then a' the birds they cam' an' sang,  
A warnin' sang sae wae;  
But heedless was the lassie fair  
Went skippin' in sae gay.

Then a' the birds they sang sae lood,  
An' aye sae sweet sang they;  
But heedless was the lassie fair  
Went skippin' in sae gay.

An' as she went the bushes caught  
An' held her skirts sae braw:  
"Ye needna try tae turn me back,  
'Twill dae nae guid at a'."

She thought that still the bushes pulled,  
She turned her roon' aboot,  
An' there she saw the little folk  
A' dancin' in an' oot.

Ah, yes, but she was beautiful,  
Sae beautiful was she;  
Relented not the little folk,  
They turned her to a tree.

An' syne tae green, green leaves were  
turned  
The em'ralsd roon her hair,  
To wood her braw, braw goon was  
turned,  
In sooth, a birch tree fair.

An' this is a' o' this sad tale  
That mortal man can tell,  
Save that the tree for aye does staun  
Within that mossy dell.

**Mr. GEORGE MACBRIAR.**

**T**HERE is nothing like enthusiasm for keeping the old world moving, even the world of Whitehill School. There is your enthusiasm; and there is mine: but what are they to that of Mr. George MacBriar? With him, absence only makes the heart grow fonder. Sweet as are the bells of the Loughborough Carillon, he finds no music sweeter than "Altiora Peto."

"All the world has heard it,  
And wondered why he sang;  
And some have learned the reason why."

From his watch-tower over the border he notes all our doings. If the men of his own year meet to dine, as they do once a year, he is there. If the School has any notable success, he is amongst the first to applaud. If we are putting our backs into any effort he is ready with any help he can give us. When, in session 1930-31, he learned that there was no trophy for the Senior Girls' Championship, Mr. MacBriar promptly offered to put that right. The result is the handsome Sheila Mary Cup which now adds distinction to the trophy cabinet.

This year we have again been favoured by his generosity and ready awareness of our needs. Even though the interest manifested in its arrival seems to make it unnecessary to say more, we must record for a larger public the gift of the Elsie Maude Cup for the Senior Boys' Swimming Championship. This trophy is a pleasing example of the more severe design achieved by modern craftsmen. Because of its beauty it should call out the best in every swimmer amongst us.

May it be given to all of us to uphold the good name and the prestige of the School as whole-heartedly and persistently as that perfervid Scot and perfervid Whitehillian—Mr. George MacBriar!

W. H. M.

**WHEN I DIE.**

When I have reached the best that I can be,  
When I have served this world as best I may,  
Then, with the dusky shadows of that day,  
Let me behold eternity.  
Alone and ever upwards I'd incline  
Towards some grassy hillock facing West,  
Then, as the flaming sun through mist sought rest,  
I'd go seek mine.  
And, with the dying orb's last gleaming ray,  
I'd sink contented on the gentle slope,  
To wake again to life's eternal hope  
Of everlasting day.

M. S. S. (IV. G.).





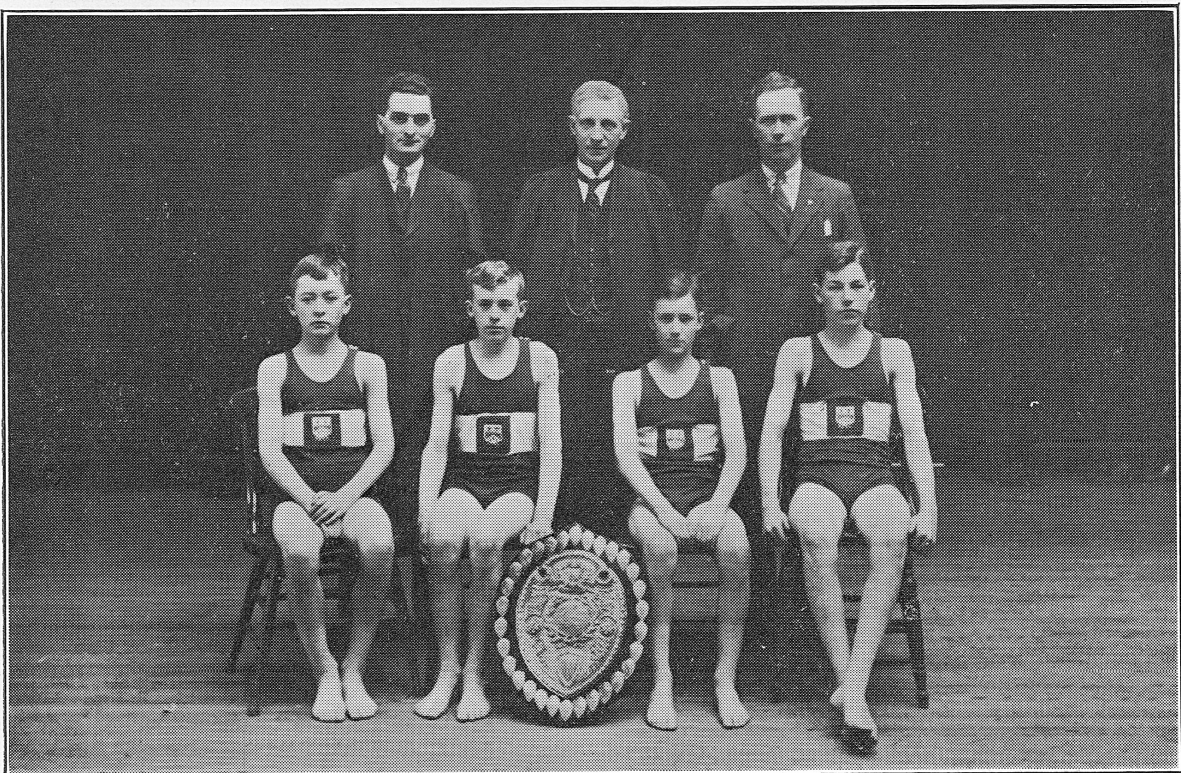




## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL 1ST XI.

SCOTTISH SECONDARY SCHOOLS' SHIELD WINNERS 1932-33.

Mr. Twaddell. J. Hughan. J. Mason. Headmaster. D. McGregor. R. McLaren. Mr. McIntosh.  
 D. Roddick. J. Beattie. J. Weir. P. Buchanan. J. Beaton.  
 R. Gardiner. G. Easton. J. McGowan—Absent.



## SWIMMING—SLADEN TROPHY

SCOTTISH SCHOOLS' TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP WINNERS 1933.

Mr. Twaddell. Headmaster. Mr. MacMurray.  
 J. Docherty. A. Cowie. J. Stevenson. R. Macdougall.



## SPORTS DAY.

THERE was no doubt on Saturday, 27th May, that Summer had come. The pleasant warmth, and a good turnout of brightly-dressed spectators were signs enough. To the teachers—those who had time to look—it was an event to see so many F.P.'s and parents. What transformation in the former! What keen interest in the latter!

And then, too, there were ourselves. Some came to run and jump, or scramble through the net and barrel; some came to be spectators and applaud; some, be it confessed, came to patronize the ice-cream stall. There was one sad sign of incipient degeneracy. Did you notice that certain stalwart youths descended to sucking their Cydrax through a straw?

The standard of sport was very high both in the quality of performance and the fine spirit shown. There was a splendid entry for the 880 yards race, open to the School. A special prize was awarded for this race by Mr. Frank Beattie, who has thus again shown us his generosity, and the interest he has in his old School.

The Senior Boys' Championship went to James Drysdale with 21 points. Drysdale also created a School record for the high jump, which he cleared at 5 ft. 2½ ins.

The Senior Championship (Girls) was handsomely won by Elizabeth Roy. Betsy was a pleasure to watch.

Muriel McCulloch won the Junior Championship for Girls with 10 points. This was close work, for Margaret McLeod pressed her hard with 9 points.

The Boys' Junior Championship was carried off by Robert Govan with 28 points—giving him five points to work on.

The Sports were graced with the presence of Mrs. Frank Beattie, who very kindly presented the prizes. To Mrs. Beattie and to Mr. Beattie we wish to say how very much we appreciate their being amongst us, both to assist and to encourage us.

Our thanks are also due to Bailie Rennie Archibald and Councillor Sinclair, who once more gave us the Junior Championship Medal.

There, too, as was foretold by those who knew him, was Mr. George MacBriar in the flesh, a very spirited and interested supporter.

Who will tell the generous work done by the ladies in the pavilion to entertain our guests and labouring judges, etc., with "the cup that cheers"? To all who helped we tender our thanks; and not least, though they are seldom mentioned, the Sports Committee, for their excellent organisation.

"GANGREL."

### A NIGHT ON THE MOORS.

THE way was long, the wind was cold and Hulking Hal had reason to congratulate himself on a snug position in the rear of a long-distance goods lorry. But the way was also hard, as he found regretfully when an unexpected swerve of the lorry bumped him spread-eagled, and stern uppermost upon the new macadam. Gingerly he pulled himself together, tugged his two overcoats and three waistcoats into a more normal position on his portly form, and gazed after the fading crimson eye of the tail lamp. Had it not been such a murky night, an observer might have caught a sudden anxious gleam in his blood-shot eye, and discerned a ghastly pallor creep under the stubble of his several chins. Furtively he clutched at the pocket of his second overcoat in dread lest his food supply might have smashed and poured itself upon the ground.

Reassured on the point, and having taken a sample, he had strength enough left to sit down on the bank at the roadside to await some other conveyance. After deciding against the chance of a further lift to the nearest town, he struck out for the railway, hoping to discover some shed where he might shelter for the night.

A dark, dreary moor lay between him and his objective. He shuddered at the thought of crossing on such a night. He had some courage under his three waistcoats, and summoning up this reserve he took the plunge and set out.

When he had tramped on for five minutes he was suddenly startled to notice a light glimmering in the distance. What could it be? It was too near to be a signal box. He knew this moor well. The light must be in Henry's old cottage. A strange smell, like an operating theatre, drifted down the wind. Ether—he knew that odour well. His mind went back to Gretna and munitions. Could this be a secret explosives manufactory? Perhaps this was where those bombs at Tebay Junction had come from.

In his uneasiness Hal had stopped. A droning sound above him made him crouch on the heather. Something was passing over him. He almost cried aloud as a hazy object with fin-like projections passed over him at a height of only fifty feet. It was moving very slowly, like a wasp hovering over a doomed caterpillar. Suddenly, from the cone-shaped nozzle a purple beam shot forth and swept the moor till it rested on the old shepherd's cottage. There it remained for a few seconds, then a most startling thing happened. A shiver seemed to run through the building and it collapsed in a cloud of smoke. The purple shaft of light disappeared and a fierce white beam took its place. It rested on the site of the building, and Hal shook with fear when he saw that the building had entirely and noiselessly disappeared, leaving nothing to break the level of that dark moor.



Hal brought his eyes back to the queer machine as the light disappeared. It hung with a droning sound for a second or two then, with incredible speed, shot to the clouds like a meteor.

Hal waited no longer but set off as fast as his legs could carry him until he found a shed by the railway, where he lay quaking all night till dawn came, when he made off to the town with the intention of informing his "friends" the police of what he had seen upon the moor.

R. S. (VI.).

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### QUICQUID AIUNT.

Lions! Lions!! DANDELions!!!

This is utter folly, sir, utter folly! T-t-t-t . . .

Mind you, if you fail, I won't hold a brief for you.

You know, to tell you you're a fool would be superfluous.

Pencil less than three inches long! I think you'd better give it to me.

Have you got that? Now fix it.

A man I knew——.

Are you wif me, boys?

Too much noise in the cheaper seats.

Forget that.

Inna hall, you!

Stop that clatter.

You're all damned.

You wouldn't know about that. It's in the Bible.

---

### WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW:—

What bright member of V. B. has a nose with a decided list to starboard.

What gay young dog of IV. B. would look very well, according to our fashion expert, in a velvet suit, complete with his present selection of warm woollies.

What angelic student (?) of V. B. has recently turned to scandal writing.

What prompted the sudden burst of energy which causes a young lady of VI. G. to gambol so light-heartedly round the tennis courts.

What young lady of V. G. has taken to leaping with gazelle-like bounds around the wilds of Craigend.

What respected member of the Science staff delights in asphyxiating the denizens of the Old School.



### A TOAST.

My schoolday's sun is setting,  
Yes! soon it will go down.  
The last bright rays are shining  
Like gems in a monarch's crown.

So now in my last few moments,  
If it's not against the grain,  
I'll drink a toast to my masters  
Whom I may not see again.

Oh! here's to my headmaster  
Who works by night and day;  
May his good work still go forward  
And Craigend be ours for aye.

And here's to my English master,  
And my Latin master, too,  
I wish you the very best of health,  
Though you've pained me through and through.

And here's to my drawing master,  
He hasn't been here for long;  
And here's to my singing master,  
Who has written the Whitehill Song.

To each and every gentleman  
I wish both luck and joy,  
And I hope you will forgive me,  
For I'm just a little boy.

TALLFELLOW (III. B.a.).



**BLOOD.**

Cringing in front of me, with his eye-balls jutting out of his contorted, evil-looking, swarthy face, with its hooked nose, beadlike eyes, curly black hair, scar-marked lip, and weak chin, was a hunch-backed, murderous-looking, bow-legged man. His very hands were sinister, gnarled and with fingers missing. He groaned every now and then, as a man held in suspense of knowing his fate. He turned his face in supplication towards me.

I lifted my little revolver. Immediately the man cried, "Mercy, Mercy!"

"Did you give any mercy to any of your victims? No, you never gave mercy, so I shall give none," I answered.

As I raised my revolver, I heard a rustling sound by the window; but, when I turned towards it there was no one there. I wheeled round, cocked my revolver, aimed at his heart, pulled the trigger, and he, jumping into the air, gave a heart-rending groan and fell back with a thud on the floor, the blood spurting from his wound.

Again I heard the rustling noise. What could it be? Was someone pursuing me? Suddenly, into the room, as if he had stepped out of the very ceiling, came another man. . . . What would he do? Slowly he came up to me and, in a very high-pitched voice, he said, "You've done it this time. You'll get 500 dollars for doing it so well. The Boss will be pleased. It's the best broadcast since television came in."

J. I. B. S. (II. B.d.).

**A DREAM.**

If exams were abolished  
 What fun it would be—  
 No hardships or worries,  
 What joy to be free!

What happy rejoicings,  
 What whoops of delight  
 From all the gay scholars  
 Going homewards that night!

ANNETTE DAG (I. G.a.).

**TWI-LIGHT.**

'Tis dusk—and o'er the unploughed fields  
 A lonely ploughman wends his way,  
 And all is still, save for the cry  
 Of a lone curlew across the bay.

'Tis dusk—and on the lonely moor  
 A little cottage's windows light.  
 The weary ploughman enters "home";  
 The moon beams down with still delight.

"STARDUST" (II. M.1.).

**SHORT BUT SWEET.**

Monday Night  
 Very wet.  
 At Hampden Park  
 We all met.

“Up! the 'Hill,”  
 Was the shout.  
 Of Victory  
 We did not doubt.

The teams appeared  
 Upon the field.  
 Whitehill strode,  
 But Hyndland reeled.

Buchanan first  
 Put it through;  
 Then Beattie followed—  
 Number two!

At Miss Buick's,  
 Later still,  
 The presentation  
 To Whitehill.

The Shield at last  
 Has come here,  
 Under the oxtail  
 Of Mr. Weir.

J. M. (III. B.a.).

**THE STAFF C.C.**

Mr. Kerr, Mr. Grieve, and Mr. Galbraith: three mighty  
 “hitters.”

Mr. Munro and Mr. Chisholm: two test (tube) players.

Mr. Somerville and Mr. Ewan: two historic players (very  
 fond of dates).

Mr. Reid: an English pro.; Dr. Russell: another.

Mr. Campbell: full of (w)angles.

Mr. King: a keeper (of lines).

M. B. (I. B.a.).



**ALL'S WELL—THAT . . .**

A spasm of pain shot through me. The strain was beginning to take its toll. Even in the midst of my plight my thoughts wandered to my school friends. I pictured them, busy at their home-work, or some other such common-place duty, while I was forced into a situation calling for all my strength and will. My brother's voice came faintly to my ears, "Hold on tightly just a few moments longer," he entreated. I could not help but notice the agonising suspense in even the few words he allowed himself to utter—and again I wondered why a girl like myself should have so much depending on her; then I reproached myself for my thoughts. "He is my brother," I told myself, "Why can't I do this for him without considering the hardship of my lot? After all, if my hands slipped—if I couldn't hold on, I would be failing him in his hour of need." I spurred myself to further effort and stifled the groan that rose to my lips; but oh! how my hands ached. My breath came in short gasps; my heart felt as though it would burst, but only when my eyes grew dim did I realise that perspiration was blinding me. Just when I thought that human flesh and blood could stand no more, I heard my brother's glad cry, "At last!"

Later he said to me, "Oh well, old girl, it isn't a big job fitting a new exhaust-pipe to the **Ford** when I have an assistant underneath to hold up the silencer." Then he suggested something which meant more to me than the gratitude in his eyes—"Come and have some ice-cream."

E. T. (II. M.1.).

**THE PREFECT.**

The prefect is a stately lad,  
 He walks the playground round  
 With flashy tie, and greasy hair,  
 And plus-fours near the ground.

He orders here; he orders there;  
 But some don't care a rap.  
 He tells us what he thinks aloud,  
 It's lucky he hasn't a strap.

Upon his coat his badge he shows,  
 If late, he needn't fret.  
 He calmly walks past Mr. X.,  
 'Cos he's a bold prefect.

Although he walks with head held high,  
 And carries an air about 'im,  
 He supports the team like anyone else.  
 No! We couldn't do without him.

JAMES GALLOWAY (III. B.a.).

**JONES'S GRAMMAR.**

Through the class ran many moans.  
 Jones' Grammar! Jones! Jones!  
 The pupils sigh and say—  
 We get this every day!  
 Why don't they give old Jones a rest?  
 He really is an awful pest.

Ivanhoe! Ivanhoe!  
 That is a much better show;  
 We learn of Front de Bœuf,  
 He surely was right tough,  
 But not so tough as the gristle and bones  
 Of grammatical, fanatical Mr. Jones.

JEAN McCALLUM (I. G.g.).

**AFTER MIDNIGHT:****A Running Commentary by a Slightly Intoxicated Gentleman.**

The houses whirl and try to embrace each other. A very shaky tramcar and two motors in a similar condition stagger down the hill. They all aim for the one spot. Just as a collision seems inevitable, the two cars take the opposite directions, the one heading straight for a shop window, the other straight for me. I totter hurriedly, the nightmare car follows. Ah! my pet pink elephant has stopped it, and sent it about its business. I stagger on when suddenly—"Oh!"—somebody takes the legs from me, and I collapse a helpless heap on the expanding and contracting pavement. Two policemen, strangely interlocked, approach, and I receive a touch of one and a half, or is it two boots, while a deep gruff voice bellows: "Move on there or I'll take you in charge." I attempt to rise with the aid of a couple of green giraffes standing on either side of me, but they mysteriously disappear as soon as I lay my hands on them. After several vain attempts to regain a perpendicular position I resort to creeping gradually up the wall. At last I stand erect, well, nearly erect, and, with the aid of a kind friend who conveniently approaches, I am helped, or rather carried, safely to my place of abode.

M. S. S. (IV. G.).

Q. What do you know about Stonehenge?

A. Stonehenge is a great circle of stone pillows with a little hole to go in by. Goodness knows how they came there.



**PROLOGUE II.**

(With apologies to Geoffrey Chaucer.)

There was a BOY, a sturdy and a strong,  
 His plusë-fours they werë wide and long.  
 His hair was redë, and with oil well parted.  
 At footëballë could he play when started.  
 Well could he place a ballë in ye goalë,  
 When o'er the field he speedily did roamë,  
 And he was in his Fourthë Year in the schulë.  
 A PREFECT was ther and a worthy boy,  
 To winnë medals was his pride and joy.  
 This pensive boy would rather bookës readë,  
 Than on the playing-fieldës be most speedë.  
 His hairë it was sleek, and straight, and black,  
 Upon his head he never wore a hat.  
 A GIRL ther was, a prefect in the schulë,  
 And she o'er younger girlës didë rulë.  
 Her voice was soft, but oftentimes was heardë  
 In the Debating Club when all were merwë.  
 She denouncëd all the pictures on the screenë,  
 Although she only three times them had seenë.  
 A TEACHER was ther, tall and long of limb,  
 And allë of his pupyls likëd him.  
 From his youth up he lovëde chyvalrye,  
 Freedom of speech and highest courtesie.  
 He likëd it, so that when he played at hockë,  
 He likëd not the other team to stoppë.

S. (IV. G.).

**LITTLE WIMBLEDON.**

I often stand and watch them play  
 (Beg pardon—please excuse),  
 That wasn't what I meant to say,  
 They don't play—they refuse.  
 They hold the racquet in their hand,  
 And Ping-Pong with the ball.  
 No life, no energy they display,  
 They never play at all.

In saying this I mean no harm,  
 I would 'twere otherwise.  
 The ladies all are full of charm,  
 The lads, too, look quite wise.  
 Perhaps they'll take the quiet hint,  
 And practise with intent.  
 If not, they never will be in't,  
 Which means their time's misspent.

D. R. (VI.).

## SHAVINGS.

IT was recently proposed that the Fifth Year candidates should sing "Altiora petimus" to the inspectors; but that might rob them of their certificate.

\* \* \* \*

Now that the robust members of the staff have had their football match, the agile their hockey and the more sedate their golf, why not have a dart-throwing or marbles contest for the more obese and decrepit?

\* \* \* \*

The following is a selection from an examination paper: "Kilmarnock is famous for its 'Johnny Walker.'" Now we know the weakness of a certain Ayrshire laddie.

\* \* \* \*

With what mute adoration and dog-like devotion the shy young (this is not founded on fact) maidens of the Fourth Year worship their handsome preceptors. How seriously they discuss their problems with them!

\* \* \* \*

Whenever the cricket team is defeated, we hear there are regular squalls, gales and bickettings. Scotland **itself** is bowled and beaten. (There is no prize for number of cricketers' names found.) Incidentally, the school is supposed to have only one dux. Please apply to the scorer of cricket club.

\* \* \* \*

Now for a secret. One of our prefects is said to have his bedroom draped in green and white and pasted with **various** photographs of Greta Garbo. So, girls, you know the colour-scheme, accent and hairdressing required.

\* \* \* \*

This number's fairy story: One morning no one was seen to run down Whitehill Street to the accompaniment of tinkling bells.

And tragedy: Once upon a time there was a Rambling Club . . .

And farce: The above, when existent.

\* \* \* \*

This season's push h'pny champion of the Sixth Year is going to London to challenge the world's champion. Winner clears the board. The champ. (our champ.) plies his cricket bat like he does his pushing instrument.

\* \* \* \*

A school band is threatening. "Well," says the Sixth, "there's one consolation in leaving."

\* \* \* \*

A parent visited the school recently and said afterwards that there were a great number of "old" boys about. Alas for the staff!



Queries answered (from all quarters):

“Dramatic Club”: Shakespeare was a playwright.

“Fearful”: School dances are a kind of gymnastic exercise.

“Sports Club”: Money is made in the Mint.

“1st XI. Footballer”: Whitehill won the Scottish Schools’ Shield in 1933.

“Tennessee”: Try using no net.

“Chorister”: The tenor of your query is base.

GILETTE VI.

### COUNTRY COUSIN AT THE MATCH.

Daisybel was visiting us that night; on the other hand, Whitehill was going to win the shield. The two facts were, you will admit, incompatible. So we compromised and took Daisybel to the match.

Well, after we had all armed ourselves with large hankies (for gagging purposes) and prepared all our friends for Daisybel’s worst, and explained to a suspicious official that she was really harmless—we thought we could cope with any “faux pas” she might commit. Luckily, when the team entered the field, the cheers drowned her very candid remarks about somebody’s hairy legs.

The game began. Daisybel watched in silence.

“But why,” she said at last, “are thoth boy-thcoutth at thide alwayth waving flagth?”

“Those,” began Madge the Practical, “are linesmen——”

But already Flo saw delightful possibilities. Here was one who would believe absolutely **anything** you told her.

“Daisybel,” said Flo, “those boy scouts are jealous of the boy at the net in the canary-coloured sweater, you see, ’cos he’s in the B.B., so every time the ball comes near them they wave the flags in the faces of the boys so as to bewilder them——”

We left her to it and made good our retreat. After a time we heard her asking questions about the staff.

“Whoth that dithtinguithed-looking man in the grey green ——”

“That,” said Flo, “is ‘Are-you-wif-me,-boys.’ He——”

At the first free kick Daisybel enquired anxiously:

“What happenth if he mitheth it?”

Flo extemporised.

“Well, one of the boy scouts takes him quietly aside and admonishes him gently.”

“Admonitheth! I’d **slap** him!”

After the match we struggled out. The “dithtinguithed-looking man” made a sociable remark to his neighbour in the crowd (who happened to be Daisybel).

“O yeth, Mithter Areyouwifmeboith. But I did think they’d thow uth the thield!”

We fled,

PHEM. (V. G.).





### SOMETHING ATTEMPTED—NOTHING DONE.

I DELIBERATELY removed my jacket, waistcoat, collar and tie, and slipped two holes on my belt: I turned my shirt-sleeves up above the tatoo marks: I violently ran my hands through my hair and, having recovered my cigarette from beneath the table, drank a glass of water neat, spat vehemently upon my palms, and opened a new yellow FI. By this time (if you've read thus far) you will be thinking I was in a bad way. And was I? I was. You see, I had just been requested to write an article for the Magazine.

Strange as it may seem in such a talented young man, I had absolutely nothing to say. Actuated as I was by a noble sense of duty and a rather miserably tight feeling in the head, the tide of my inventive genius was at a low ebb. My chief difficulty lay in whether to invent a title and write round about it, or to write any old thing, however fatuous, and prefix a title later on. Candidly, I was on the very sharp horns of a large-sized dilemma. I wriggled about for a solid hour, burst a sock suspender, took in my belt two holes, ran my fingers through my few remaining hairs, and smoked a whole lot. My wife and family I sent in tears from the room when they came to announce supper. Then suddenly the inspiration came and breathlessly I dashed off the paragraph before its elusive fragrance slipped my memory.

"I once knew a girl. This is a bald yet curious statement of fact—bald, because of the delightful simplicity of diction which characterises it; and curious that I should ever know a girl."

And there I was! What could I do with her? I didn't know sufficient about that kind of thing to write that kind of story (it was so different in my time, you know). I tried to squeeze her into free verse, and expand her into heroic couplets: I tried to draw her but I couldn't recognise her when I finished. The game's a bogey.

So I put two or three dots underneath the passage, headed it "A Fragment," and let the Editor have it. When he read it he laughed loud and long—so there really must be something in it after all.

INFANT (V.).

### A "PUN"ORAMIC VIEW OF WHITEHILL.

While enjoying a **read** in the quiet of the summer evening, my boy came to me with a **grieved** look on his usually **merry** countenance. "Hello, son," I greeted him. "Hello," he mumbled, picking up the evening paper. I could see by **John's tone** that something was worrying him. "**What's on** your mind, John?" I asked, as he began to **rustle** the paper only newly picked up. "Father," he said, "**we're** going to the pictures." "Who are 'we'?" I enquired thoughtfully. "**You and I,**" was the answer. "But I'm not too keen," I explained, more than

ever puzzled by his behaviour, "are you?" "'m a keen" he called, "well, I'll say I am. But I haven't a nickel to bless myself with, only this medal that I could pawn." "Where'd you get it?" I asked, gradually becoming excited, "it's gold, eh?" John looked thoroughly despondent. "When the bell went for school this morning," he began slowly, "my pal, Eddie, cantered up to me in the corridor and showed me it, which, he said, he'd won yesterday for golf. He thought himself such a King-pin that I decided there and then to rob him of it at the interval. . . ."

Owing to the mental exhaustion and threatened nervous breakdown of the author, I'm afraid that what promised to be a thrilling story will have to remain unfinished. And so all the castles that he had built in the air with a view to fostering friendly rivalry, instead of petty jealousy, among schoolboys have fallen in ruin, and he now remains but a mental wreck, waiting for the "last straw that breaks the camel's back."

THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER.

### OUR INQUIRY BURROO AND LITERARY DISPEPSIA.

(Readers' problems solved—with or without application.)

Mr. A. J. C. D. (Road Hog):—The Five-Year Plan is very efficient, if you can afford it.

Mr. F. M. (Worried):—Yes, undoubtedly, Mr. A. C. is a true next-door neighbour.

Mr. A. W. (Pedestrian):—We should like to recommend to your special notice "The Toothless Terror," by Frank E. N. Stein.

Mr. J. W. K. (Canit):—See reply to "Pedestrian."

Mr. J. J. R. (Swain):—(1) Yes. "The Answer to a Maiden's Prayer." (2) Your lucky number is four, your flower, the pansy.

J. F. B. (V. B.) (Farmer):—As you have sown your wild oats so early, you cannot expect a good harvest.

W. G. McP. (V. B.) (Cave-Man):—As far as we can tell, there are no moustache fertilisers on the market. As far as we can see, they would have no sale.

F<sup>2</sup> (V. G.) (Larnyx):—Yes, you should indeed take up broadcasting—as you say, before television arrives.

S. D. (V. G.) (Demure):—It is said that coyness is a hindrance in society.

J. C. B. McN. (V. G.) (Peroxide [?]):—As you have not yet procured a license for the animal, we think that you are courting disaster.

M. R. C. S. (IV. G.) ("S.O.S."):—We do not advise you to take advantage of prison visiting hours.

M. E. F. R. (IV. G.) (Interested):—Mr. J. J. R.'s latest book is entitled, "How to become a Misogynist" (in four parts). He has also written a criticism of a (very small) part of "The Mikado."

PEEPING TOM (V. B.).



**STRANGE INTERLUDE AT THE SOFT GOODS STORE.**

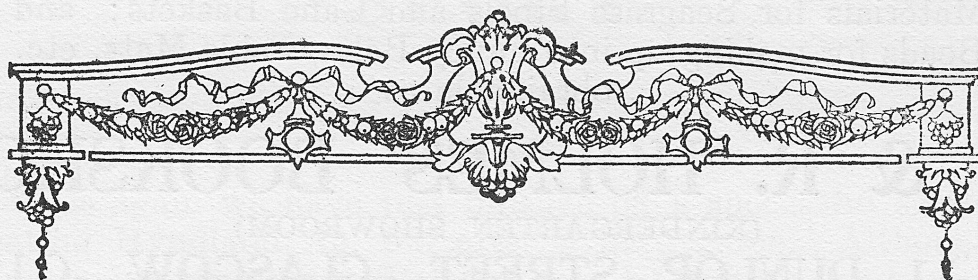
[Enter a harrassed, semi-conscious shopwalker.]

*Shopwalker:* Step this way, madam! Third floor fitting-room?  
 Best take the hoist, I think. (She's no balloon!)  
 Dogs not allowed, madam! Just leave him here.  
 He'll be quite safe (but no one else, I fear) . . .  
 Now stop your yapping! . . Oh! beg pardon, ma'am,  
 The basement straight ahead . . . You said a pram?  
 A fan! How stupid of me, quite absurd—  
 I fear my hearing is a trifle blurred—  
 Downstairs . . . (You'd think her mouth was full  
 of pins.)  
 Beg pardon, sir—(stop snapping at my shins)—  
 Oh, no, sir, I was speaking to the dog,  
 Not you. (You croaking, henpecked little frog.)  
 Oh! Sorry, ma'am, I didn't notice you . . .  
 Why, yes, our stock's invariably new . . .  
 Cosmetics? Second floor . . . (What awful stuff!  
 By Jove! This crowd is just a bit too rough).  
 My fault entirely, ma'am . . . You've had a fright?  
 (That's good! "The customer is always right,"  
 My foot! Oh, by the way, it's feeling sore.  
 No wonder! What an adjectival floor.) . . .  
 Yes, madam—tulips, sevenpence per bunch . . .  
 At last . . . It's one o'clock . . . I'll have my lunch.  
 Here! Take this dog . . . (What's that they're  
 playing now?)  
 The gramophone is drowned in all this row . . .  
 I wish they wouldn't roar and chatter so . . .  
 I know that tune . . . Now, just how does it go?)

[The shopwalker, his reason gone, leaps over the toy department  
 and bursts into song.]

It's great to work here in the store,  
 With the crowds choc-a-bloc on the floor,  
 And it seems quite a shame  
 (Though it's done, all the same),  
 When we have to lock up the last door.  
 We have suits that will suit every waist,  
 And lipstick to meet every taste;  
 We have chocolate bars,  
 Toothpaste and guitars;  
 We let nothing at all run to waste.  
 You may serve, you may walk on the floor,  
 You may show ladies out at the door;  
 You can laugh at the strife  
 Of the world and his wife,  
 It's a wonderful life—in the store.

J. (V.).



## WHITEHILL NOTES.

### WHITEHILL SCHOOL CLUB.

THE School Club is just now completing the first year of its new existence, and while it rejoices in the freshness of infancy it is also passing through some of the bewilderments. Not that there has been a civil war or anything so interesting as that; there has not. In fact, we have had a very successful session. The Athletic sections have had a good year (from which, we hear, something should accrue to Craighend). The social meetings have been, many of them, instructive, and many more, amusing, and quite a few, both. The dances were even better than they have previously been, which is saying much: the Gym. was packed twice, and the Christmas dance in the Rhul raised a clamour for its repetition. May we take this chance of saying how glad we are to see the staff of the School so well represented there, and how much we hope to see them back again?

No, our problems are not difficulties of that sort. Being young, you see, the Club is still ductile and just a little unsure of itself. Are our social meetings being run in the best possible ways: can we set out along any new roads? Who is to tell us? To those of the readers of this Magazine who are about to leave School we present an unrivalled chance. In its social and its athletic activities, the Club is yours to make what you will of it. Come along and see it: if you like it, stay and applaud; if you don't like it, stay and criticise. But do not on any account stay away. It would be your loss.

THOS. A. HOGARTH, President.....

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



# SPORT.

## RUGBY.

Once again we have just finished off a successful season by defeating Hyndland Ac. 6-0 after a hard game. Although we did not reach the standard of last year's 1st team, we have done very well considering the lightness of our team. As usual, some of our best fixtures were cancelled owing to frost.

Our 1st XV. record this year is as follows:—

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	For.	Against.
17	9	7	1	161	132

Our 2nd XV. had their usual fine season. Their record is:—

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	For.	Against.
14	9	3	2	127	44

Our 3rd XI. also did very well, considering the lack of players we had. Their record reads:—

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	For.	Against.
9	5	4	0	72	52



All over we have made an improvement on last season's play, so keep it up and play Rugger next season.

A great deal of thanks is due to Dr. Russell for his great interest in all Rugby matters, and also to Mr. McMurray for his careful tutoring of the younger boys at the beginning of the season.

J. D. (Secy.).

## FOOTBALL.

The First XI. have had a record year. They won the Scottish Schools' Shield and at present they are level with two other teams at the top of their league, and it is hoped that they will be as successful in this as they were in the Shield.

The Second XI., although in no league, have had some very successful friendly games.

The Third XI. reached the fourth round of their shield and finished second top in their league.

We have had three representatives in the Glasgow teams:— Peter Buchanan played for Glasgow against Bradford, Robert Gardiner played at London against the London team, and Gordon Easton represented the School in the Glasgow match against Lanarkshire.

On the whole we have had a very successful season, and it is hoped that next season will be no less successful.

J. B. (Secy.).

**CRICKET.**

The season up to date has been a most successful one. Eight games have been played, of which six have been won and two lost. This is a fine performance considering that most of last year's team have left school.



Two newcomers, A. Weir (IV.) and J. G. Hanson (V.) head the batting and bowling averages respectively.

A 2nd XI. is being formed and a good fixture list has been arranged.

Practice is held each day at Meadowpark, and a day is set aside for each year.

J. F. B. (Capt.).

**SWIMMING—BOYS.**

The Boys' Swimming Section finished 1932 gloriously by winning the Scottish Boys' Swimming Championship in Edinburgh. Last seen in the School in 1913, the trophy has taken 20 years to return, but the great support of the boys gives reason to hope that we shall hold it for another twenty.

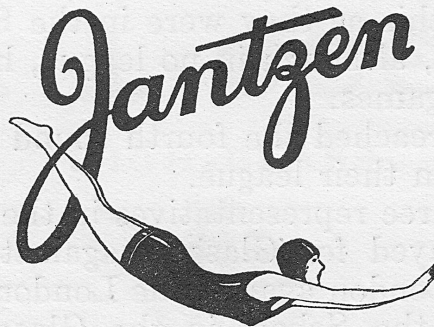
We lost the Western Counties Championship Cup, but—look out!—we shall make superhuman efforts to win it back next year.

The Club still meets in Whitevale Baths at 4.10 p.m. on Fridays. All boys interested in swimming should attend regularly.

**The Sportsman's Emporium, Limited**

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### CRICKET 1ST XI.

J. Beattie. P. Buchanan. J. Dickson. Headmaster. J. Scotland. R. S. Bowie. J. Hanson.  
 A. Weir. W. S. McCrorey. J. F. Bicket (Captain). A. Guthrie. D. M. Drummond.  
 G. Easton. P. C. Gale.



### HOCKEY 1ST XI.

E. G. Moyes. H. G. Simpson. M. R. Shearer. Headmaster. C. Paterson. E. G. Roy. C. McLeod.  
 M. Greig. M. W. Millar. S. B. Wright (Captain). J. L. Pringle. J. C. B. McNeil.



1  
Junior  
Swimming.

2  
Senior Boys'  
Championship.

3  
Junior Girls'  
Championship.

4  
Corporation  
Swimming.

5  
Bridgeton Burns' Club  
Choir Championship.

6  
Senior Boys'  
Swimming.

7  
Sladen Trophy.  
Swimming.



8  
Allan  
Golf Shield.

9  
*Citizen* Swimming  
Challenge Cup.

10  
Senior Girls'  
Championship.

11  
Junior Boys'  
Championship.

12  
Scottish Secondary Schools'  
Football Shield.



### SWIMMING—GIRLS.

The pulse still beats. Our Life Saving certificates include a 2nd Class Teacher's, four Proficiencies, and eight Elementaries.

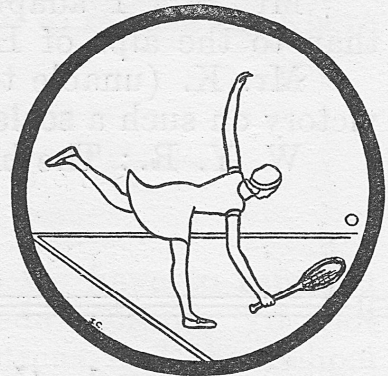
If it is true that Thelma Smith has left, we must here register our sincere gratitude, and say farewell with tears. She was our champion swimmer and the Club's right hand.

### TENNIS NOTES.

This season all tennis aspirants have the opportunity of playing on the Rokeby Courts instead of the boys' playground, and membership has been extended to the whole School. We are glad to say that full advantage has been taken of this and are sure that in future a strong team will result from the inclusion of the Junior School. Our first match with Woodside had a most encouraging result, the score being 6 sets to 1.

Our fixtures for the remaining part of the season are:—

June	2	...	...	Shawlands.
,,	5	...		Govan High.
,,	8	...	...	Shawlands.
,,	14	...	...	Govan.
,,	19	...	...	Woodside.
,,	22	...	...	Hyndland.
,,	27	...	...	Hyndland.



In conclusion, we trust that the School will continue to render its support at the matches.

N. M. (Secy.).

### HOCKEY NOTES.

The Hockey Club has not been very successful this year. The 1st XI., however, have covered themselves with distinction by beating Lenzie Academy—a previously unbeaten team. It was unfortunate that this happened to be the last match of the season, as, thus encouraged, we might have gone on to higher things. Many of our matches had to be cancelled owing to weather conditions, and it was very disappointing that we had to abandon our first fixtures with Balfron High School. As usual, the most enjoyable match of the season was the one played against the staff eleven, and although we did not win, we considered ourselves lucky in escaping without serious hurt. The match with the Former Pupils was also a great success. The F.P. Hockey Club is greatly in need of new members, and those who are leaving School this year should try to get in touch with the Secretary.

At a meeting of our Club members the following Office-Bearers were elected for next season:—Mary Wilkinson Millar, Captain; Janet Landreth Pringle, Secretary.

The membership has been larger this year than ever before and hockey seems to be "le dernier cri" in the Junior School. We hope the Club will have the best of luck during next season.

H. G. S.

### THE GOLF MATCH OF THE YEAR.

The annual golf match between the staff and pupils took place on Thursday, 18th May, at Cathkin Braes. Each side had thirteen players (?), and the result (7-6 in favour of the staff) was the closest yet recorded. Blessed with fine weather, a fine course, and a fine tea, everyone enjoyed the match thoroughly.

Some comments on the game:—

Mr. McC.: I stuck to my lead and fixed it.

J. W.: I dropped many strokes—round in 73.

Mr. S.: I adapted myself better to the braes of Cathkin than to the alps of Hilton Park.

Mr. K. (unable to escape from the tyranny of music): My victory on such a **scale** was a **tonic** to me. (Collapse of reporter.)

W. Y. R.: The ham and eggs were great (sic).

DIVOT (V.).



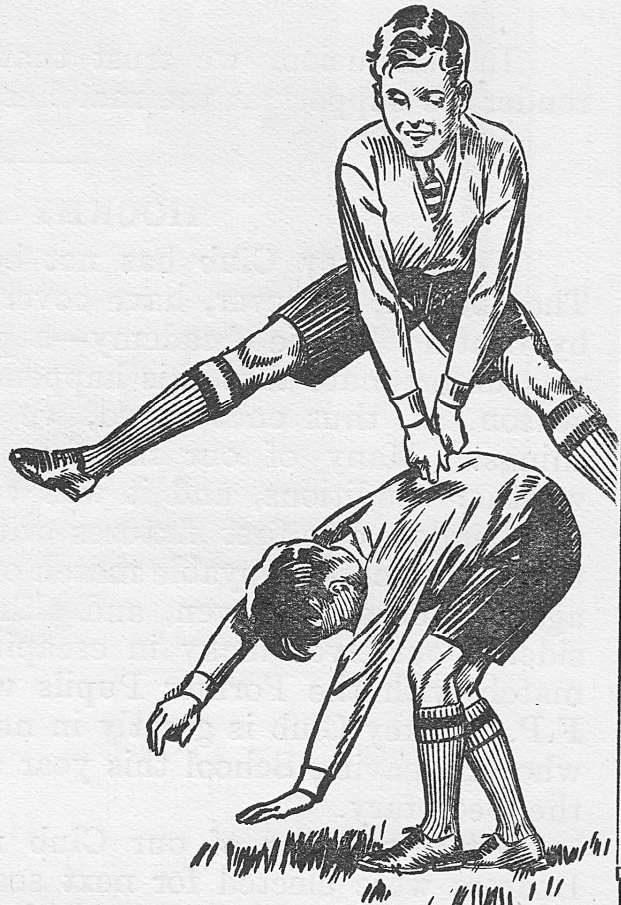
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### RAMBLING CLUB.

This Year of Grace, 1933, has been the date of a burst of greatly-increased activity by an enterprising committee. Instead of awaiting the advent of a hypothetical summer, this group arranged a series of rambles, commencing in the Spring. In view of this, and, especially, of the good—nay, invaluable—work done by Mr. Lunam, a good representation of the fourth, fifth and sixth years was anticipated.

It was not realised. The Upper School, either ignorant of, or ignoring, the attractive programme, showed us once more their inimitable capacity for registering disdain. We should like to draw to the notice of the lordly seniors that the Rambling Club is not entirely composed of Untouchables, and that they, the Brahmans of our College, might spend their Saturday afternoons in worse occupations than these pilgrimages to the land of Sunshine and Nature.

Now, ye pillars of the School, we would make an appeal to you. Support the Rambling Club, and learn to ramble elsewhere than in the class-rooms.

---

### DRAMATIC CLUB.

To our many friends and well-wishers we have to report a most successful session. We have made notable (if not notorious) contributions both to the Christmas and the School Concert, and perhaps even yet you have not seen or heard the last of us. But more of that anon.

We regret that, owing to temporary financial embarrassments, we were forced to transfer Mr. George Arliss Livingstone to the Choral Society, but in Mr. John Boles Duncanson we have unearthed a most promising recruit who bids fair to go far in the game.

Our advance publicity agent will be on the move soon, so look out for our stupendous production, "Words and Music." And remember—the management reserves the right to refuse admission.

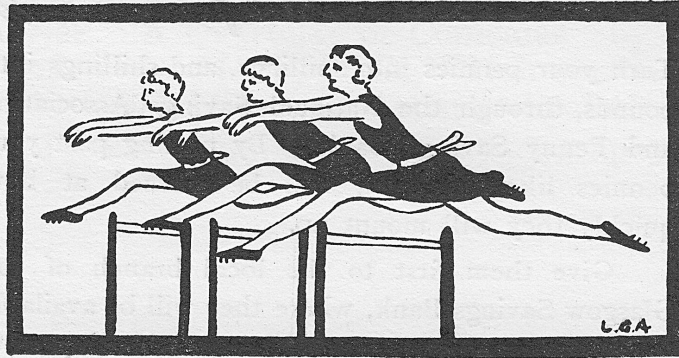
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### PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

We regret that the entries for this competition were so few that it was found necessary to return the few prints entered. There is reason to believe that sufficient interest has now been aroused to justify a **Photographic Competition** being held **after the Summer Holidays**. So get your camera ready and look out for those amusing and beautiful subjects that must come your way.

The terms of the competition will be much the same as those which were previously announced.

1. Entry money 3d. will allow you to enter three prints.
2. You must have taken the photograph yourself.
3. Do not enlarge the picture.
4. The negative may be developed, and the prints made at a shop, if you cannot do that yourself.
5. Prints must be handed to Mr. MacGregor by 13th October.
6. Suitable and winning prints will be used as illustrations for the Magazine.
7. Two prizes will be given: First Prize, 5s.; Second Prize, 2s. 6d.



### OUR SPORTING STAFF.

Now, has there ever been before  
 A staff with such ability  
 To tackle, kick, run, dive, and score,  
 With such supreme agility?

No, never has there been before  
 A staff with such rapidity.  
 The girls their wingèd feet adore;  
 The boys sneer with acidity.

The Hockey Team a dance they led,  
 So thus with animosity,  
 The Soccer Team on them did tread,  
 Revenged with great ferocity!

And therefore you can hear folk say,  
 They've lost all their stability;  
 But, mark my words, they'll prove some day  
 Their great invincibility.

T. L. (III. B.b.).



### LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The session has been fairly successful, and it is encouraging to note that the average attendance is a slight increase on that of last year.

Members of the Senior School are urged to become members.

At the closing meeting, James Scotland (VI.) was elected Secretary, and Mary Shearer (V.) Treasurer for session 1933-34. It is to be hoped that the Committee will be given every assistance in their new duties.

---

### SCHOOL LIBRARY.

By the sweet influences of an esteemed member of the staff, the library has been able to make a very advantageous purchase of 32 volumes of French classics. In addition, there have been received by gift, also from members of the staff, two volumes of French Stories, "A Quartette of Comedies" by H. G. Wells, "Tales of Wonder" by H. G. Wells, "Holman Hunt" by Mary E. Coleridge, "Stories of Italian Artists" by Leicester Warren, and a series of elementary books on Photography.

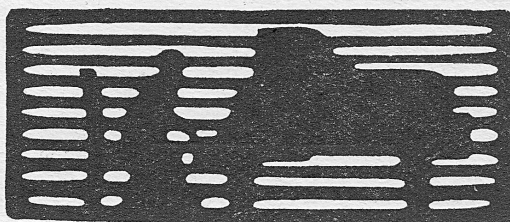
W. H. M.



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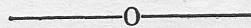
## ATHLETICS.

The schools' athletic season is a very short one, extending really to little more than a month of five weeks—from the Sports day to the end of June. In that time not a great deal can be attempted, but previous training will assist vitally to make the best use of this limited time. Since Easter, therefore, our athletes have been hard at work under the direction of Dr. Russell, and the result of this was reflected in the improved performances at the Sports. Especially noteworthy were the jumping of James Drysdale and Robert Govan, whose efforts if they had been made the previous Saturday at Edinburgh would have earned them places in the Scottish Schools' Championships.

Team events in sport are, if anything, more valuable than individual work, and the successes recorded so far by our relay teams are, therefore, of particular interest. Our boys' team won well, of course, at Craigend, and this they followed up with an even finer win at Bellahouston Academy Sports, the girls' team being a good second to Hamilton Academy. The School is also to be represented at the sports meetings of Queen's Park, Victoria Drive, Glasgow Police, Lenzie Academy, and Springburn Harriers, so further successes seem assured.

Outside of school events is to be noted the excellent performance of Andrew Murray in carrying off the Youths' Quarter-Mile at Maryhill Harriers' Sports at Hampden Park. As a member of Bellahouston Harriers he also competes in the Renfrew County Championships at Greenock, and stands a good chance of gaining one or two of the honours.

All over, athletics in the School are in a pretty healthy state, the best feature being that interest is not confined to one or two outstanding individuals, but embraces a large rank-and-file. In conclusion, we would thank Mr. Maley, of Celtic F.C., for granting us the use of the track at Parkhead for training purposes.



### **Corporation Schools Drawing Competition—**

Silver Medal—MARGARET AYTON.

Hon. Silver Medal—JOHN MARSHALL.

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