

Whitehill School Magazine.

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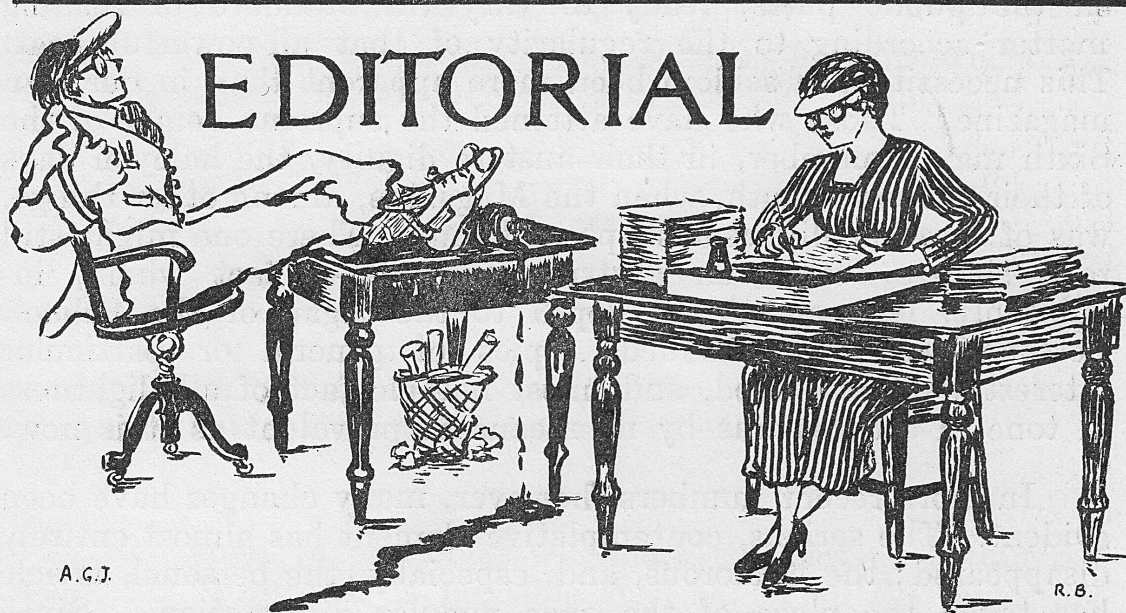
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EDITORIAL.

“The time has come,” the Editor said,
 “To talk of many things,
 Of gum, and ink, and manuscripts,
 And why my poor head sings;
 And why the boys avoid me so,
 And why my time has wings.”

THE lot of an Editor is not always a happy one, and it is most gratifying to find a young gentleman, such as D.R.M. (IV.) whose sympathy is, as in the foregoing verse, understandingly stated. All Editors, from our awe-inspiring fellows of the “Times” and “Mercury” to our humble selves, must bear full responsibility for the product of their selective powers. The matter, it is true, is the fruit of other brains than theirs; but it is to them that the world turns in its condemnation and approbation. They, who must be harsh critics, are themselves subjected to the harshest of criticism; their talent for fault-finding is at once their stock-in-trade and their “raison d’être.” Both before and after the publication of their magazines, they may well be the most unpopular inhabitants of this vale of tears; but what joy can compare with the realisation of a duty well done, a feat accomplished? A single word of praise, be it never so casually spoken, may sound like the merry ringing of elfin bells in the ears of a harassed editor. General acclamation is a thing to be dreamed of, but not mentioned, save in the lowest and most reverential whisper.

Not the least important test of an editor is his ability to move with the times. In Literature, as in Dress, fashions change, if not with startling suddenness, at least with surprising thoroughness, and the editor must be waiting, with one hand on the public pulse, ready to vary the standard of reading matter according to the regularity of that all-powerful beat. This necessity has seldom been more apparent than in our own magazine. Those who have attained the supreme height of the Sixth may remember, in their austere dignity, the halcyon days of their extreme youth, when the Magazine, among other things, was of a rather different shape and tone. There one might still read sincere essays on abstruse subjects—a fact which, indubitably, lent an air of depth to the organ of the School. Personalities were subdued, topics of general or particular interest were discussed, and, most notable fact of all, lightness of tone in articles was by no means so prevalent as it is now.

In more recent numbers, however, many changes have been evident. The serious, contemplative element has almost entirely disappeared; the humorous, and, especially, the personal, article has taken the place of the once popular dissertation. Since the publication of the revolutionary "Reflections," the School has produced a multitude of would-be Winchells, whose wit consists of the merciless exposure of the follies and foibles of their daily companions. Whether the present trend of the contributions is fitting for a School Magazine is not for us to judge. It is very evident that the pupils enjoy a few scandalous tit-bits, and we must cater for the pupils' enjoyment: that is one of the aims of a School Magazine.

Such a statement naturally leads us to the question: "What are the aims of a School Magazine?" Like jesting Pilate, we may not wait for an answer; it is for us to reply to our own query. The aim stated above—to give enjoyment to the pupils—is, of course, one of the principal tasks of such a paper; but is it the most important? Opinions on that point may vary, but all must agree that the Magazine itself arose out of a need for expression, the desire which is the origin of every form of art, and, as a product of such a need, must seek to satisfy it. A School Magazine is more than a creation of pen and ink. It is a real bond which draws pupils closer to a college, and prevents F.P.s from losing touch altogether. It is the concrete testimony of an abstract sentiment; it brings to us a sharp realisation of all that the school means, and has meant to us. It transforms the mundane element of our existence into a less real, more wonderful thing; to be mentioned in the Magazine is to gain something, though it be only notoriety. Finally, it is a chronicle of the doings of the School and of the scholars—not merely of their brilliant achievements, records of which may be found elsewhere, but also of the little things whose memory may bring many a smile.

Such are the aims of the School Magazine. Little may be said of the present issue, save that we have done our best to act according to these aims.

“Gentles, do not reprehend,
If you pardon, we will mend,”

and so, with your permission, we apologise for this somewhat tedious foreword, make our bow, and bid the curtain rise.

SCHOOL NOTES.

It is a well-known fact that the records of our college are composed, to an appreciable extent, of the comings and goings of members of our staff. “They have their exits and their entrances,” but, though we look with delight on the entrances, we cannot but deplore the frequency of the exits.

* * * *

Late-comers in particular will mark the absence of our old friend, Mr. King. It is probable that he, of all the departing teachers, made his presence most felt; the others, Mr. Welsh, Miss Nicol, and Miss Kirkwood, if not so well discussed, were quite as well liked. We wish them all success in their new positions.

* * * *

In the places of Messrs. King and Welsh, and Misses Nicol and Kirkwood, we welcome Messrs. Miller and Gillespie and Misses Dunbar and Leslie. We are sure that these four newcomers, as well as Miss Kemp, will carry on nobly the good work of their predecessors.

* * * *

We should like to take this opportunity of extending an assurance of our most heart-felt sympathy to Miss Nicolson. Her unfortunate illness will, we hope, prove merely temporary; we await with impatience her speedy recovery and return to the School.

* * * *

It is always a painful duty to record departures; how much more painful is it to write of deaths? Within a month or so, two boys, Alex. Connor, of IIBc, and John Whiteside, of IIM, have left us; we are sure that their parents will recognise that it is not false sentiment which prompts us to offer our sincerest condolences on their irreparable loss.

* * * *

The present year has been notable for the innovation of two parties, one for the First, and one for the Second, Year. There can be little doubt that these merry gatherings were howling

successes. Even the once-staid teachers joined in the fun; the gaiety of the Junior School is infectious. Let us hope that these parties will become regular features of the School year.

* * * *

The first big social event of the session has come and gone; the Gala is now but a memory. A description of the scene and a record of the results would be out of place here—these are to be found elsewhere—but we must thank all those hard-working members of the staff, programme-sellers, and, in general, managers, who did so much to make the night a success. They had some of their reward in the sight of hundreds of happy faces. Small wonder that the Gala is so popular!

* * * *

The average healthy young boy or girl lives almost entirely in the future, and all our pupils, being, if far from average, at least healthy, must give some thoughts to the remainder of the session—to those events, especially, which, though connected with the School, do not take place within the School building. Of these, the most eagerly awaited, with the possible exception of the Sports, is the Concert. There is every promise that our visit to the City Hall in 1934 will be the most successful yet made. Remember the date!

* * * *

As we slowly freeze in our pleasant winter atmosphere, we cannot but give a thought to that sunniest of all excursions, the School Tour. Their journey in the Rhineland has certainly been very enjoyable to our travelling friends; after the holidays, one had but to cast an eye on their sun-bronzed faces to make sure of that fact. The Excursion, like the Gala, is fully described on another page; and so we are content to hope that next summer will see an equally popular and successful tour.

* * * *

In the manner of all good dramatists, we have kept the most important note of all to the end. On the night of the Second Year Party, Mr. Weir, wearing a smile that was fully justified, made an announcement, in the face of which all other announcements seem unimportant—**WORK ON CRAIGEND HAS BEEN COMMENCED!** The cheering which greeted this news testified to its hearty welcome in the Second Year, and the enthusiasm among the remainder of the pupils is just as great. So many rumours as to the probable date of completion are abroad that we do not dare to make any positive statement; suffice it to say that, before the end of this session, our playing-fields will have taken on a new and more delightful aspect. The possession of a fitting sports field is ours by right, and who shall dare deny us such a field? We hope that the day will soon arrive when, in the adapted words of a previous Magazine, Craigend will be not only habitable but accessible.

THE ENGLISH SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Since I have recently completed five years in an English Secondary School, it will recall pleasant memories to outline the general life and work of "The Boys' Grammar School, Keighley."

The curriculum is intended to prepare boys for the Northern Universities Matriculation Examinations, and the course extends over five years. Having reached their objective, pupils devote the next two years to working for the Higher School Certificate, which gains them entrance to the University. The general subjects for these examinations are:—English, French, Latin or German, Mathematics, Science, Art or Handicraft, History or Geography, with an alternative, in the Matriculation, for those who are specialising in Engineering or Textiles, comprising the following subjects:—English, French, Mathematics, History, Engineering or either Weaving or Spinning.

Considerable attention is devoted to Sport. In winter, two periods in the week are set aside for football, and one for gymnastics, and in summer two to cricket, and one to swimming.

An interesting feature is that of the House System. Under this system, the school is divided into Houses, which compete against each other in football, cricket, swimming, and athletics. The coveted trophy is a Challenge Shield held for the ensuing year.

Social life within the school has many points of interest. For instance, an extensive library, a Literary and Debating Society, a Stamp Society, a Scientific Society, and a Junior Branch of the League of Nations. There is also an excellent Old Boys' Club, from which a team annually plays the school at football and cricket.

There are, during the school year, days of unusual interest: "Founders' Day," when staff and boys attend church during the morning; "Armistice Day," when they swell the numbers attending the service at the Cenotaph; "Open Day," when the boys' parents can interview members of the staff and learn first hand how well (or how badly) their boys are working, and view specimens of their work; and most important of all, "Special Day," when all awards, won during the year, are publicly presented to successful pupils.

K. H. V. (IV.).

THE MOON.

The moon looks down from her home in the sky,
And wonders why earth-born children cry;
But, if she had lessons such as we,
She would thank her stars that she was free,
Up in the air, and worshipped by all:
She would'nt like to be us at all.

I. G.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

Dear Readers,

The Autumn brought an improved entry to this competition. The improvement was apparent both in the number and quality of the prints; and it is hoped that, by continuing this feature of the Magazine, a greater interest will be taken in the artistic use of the camera.

The 1st Prize, 5s., has been awarded to J. Crabb, IIBd, for three excellent prints: two bird studies and a landscape. The former are particularly interesting because, apart from their subject, they are adventures. When you have been told to "look for the little birdie" you have, in your childish innocence of three-and-a-half, expected it to POP! Now that is precisely what Master Crabb's might have done, but, you see, they did not. There was also the additional and exacting difficulty of correct focussing.

The landscape which accompanied the birds was good, but had just too much foreground. But notice the fine sky. Not an ugly whitewash, but pleasantly shaded.

Muriel Lees, IGg, and S. Wallace, IBa, tied for second place, and we have awarded two prizes of 2s. each. Muriel has submitted a print of Loch Lomond of beautiful tone and composition. A steady hand, a quick shutter, the correct exposure and the seeing eye all went to the making of a charming picture.

Wallace, too, has been adventurous. Lots of us are when we see these Falls of Tummel, but most of us get poor results. This is a very difficult subject. The water is bright and moving, and needs a quick shutter; the rocks and trees are dark and, therefore, require a longer exposure. In these two prints the balance has been nicely kept. In addition, the figure has been well placed and the composition is good.

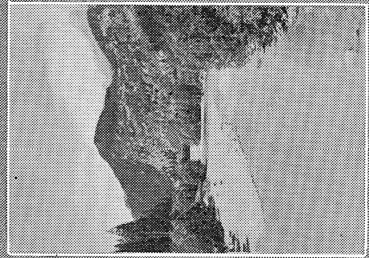
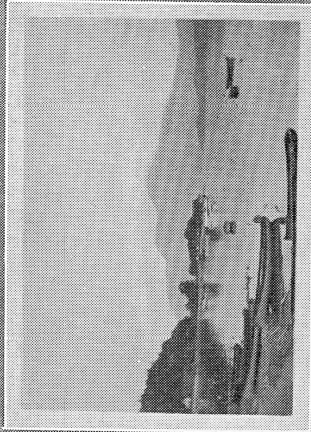
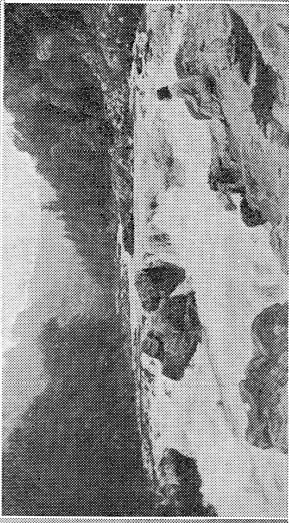
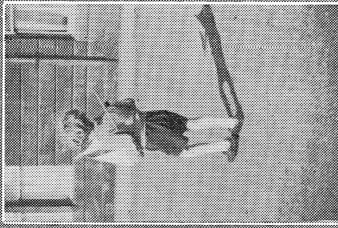
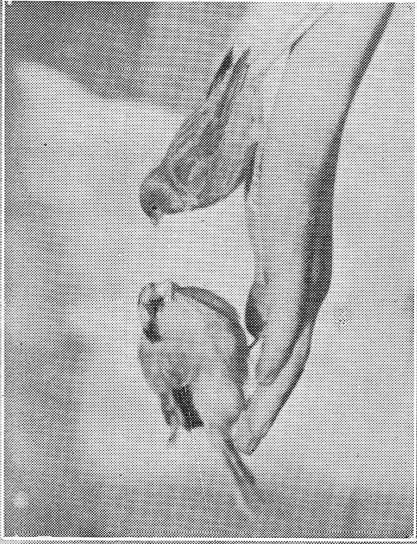
Further mention must be made of Jessie Todd's picture of the Falls in Rouken Glen. The sky, moving water and a dark glen have beaten her. Yet this is a good print for a beginner.

John Morton's portrait, taken in the rear and called "Shadow," is a good idea. Few of us have seen our back view. They are often interesting, so I shall turn mine upon you now.

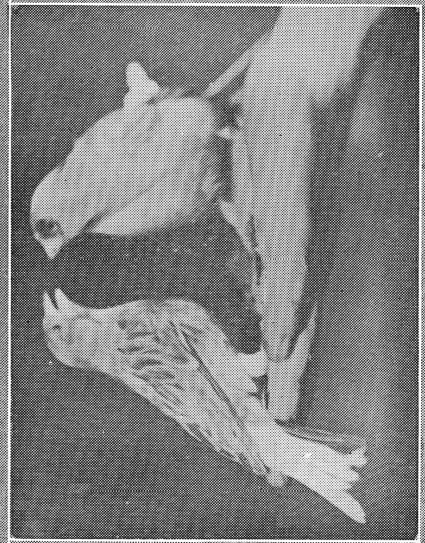
First, however, let me thank all competitors for making a competition possible and let me ask you to try again.

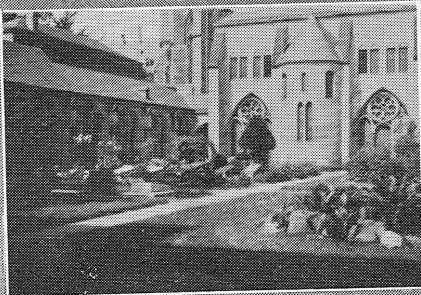
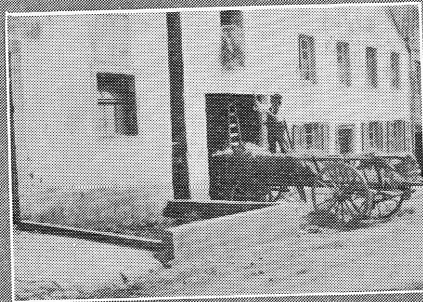
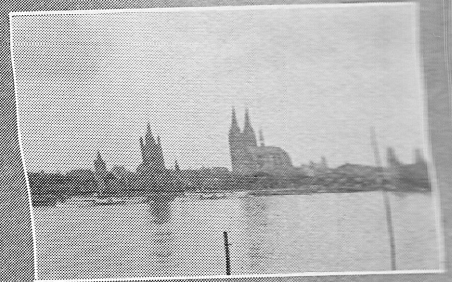
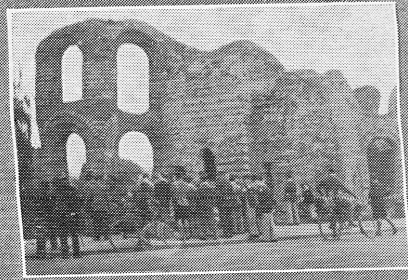
Yours truly,

THE CANARY.



PHOTOGRAPHIC
COMPETITION





GERMANY

JULY 1933

DIARY OF THE GERMAN TRIP.

Prologue.—It was sad to see, month after month, how the papers kept warning us against this trip—all except “Referee,” “Comic Cuts” and “Old Moore’s Almanac,” that is. But having paid our money (save the mark!) we determined to go—and did go, in fact. The pictures on the other page will show better than any amount of scribbling, however, the kind of time we had—except that the Nazi “polisman” was not officially attached to the party, that the mob of girl admirers, who throughout followed Mr. Reid’s kilt around in slavish adoration, had to be ruthlessly suppressed from considerations of space, and that Mr. Duncanson’s “ethereal” voice broke down at the very moment of “recording.” Oh, yes, and this—we are lucky to be able to show Mr. Weir snapped during his one spell off duty, and Dr. Russell during his only spell “on.” With these few brief explanations, and with many thanks to David Devlin for the lend—the loan—of his negatives (the reproduction of which we at least owe Fräulein Miss Ingeborg, the dainty little lady in the picture beside him—Oh, David!), we append a rough diary of the events we managed to crowd into a superb eleven-day trip.

Saturday.—That is, the 1st July; as I said, we didn’t lose any time getting “off our marks.” Assembled round the Shell in the Central Station—many times round the Shell I should say—hordes from Hyndland, more hordes from the Boys’ High, high boys from Bellahouston, the pick of Pollokshields, the cream of Govan (poor Govan!), a swarm from John Street, a couple from Clydebank, and the biggest noise of all—Whitehill. What excitement! What screaming and yelling and frantic rushing here and there after bosom pals! But at last Mr. Weir, with the help of L.M.S. officials and despairing holiday-makers, got us sorted out and all aboard for Dover; which we reached about midnight after 470 miles, two good “tightners,” unlimited supplies of chocolate, and a “snappy” card diversion (**not** the usual three-card trick) demonstrated by Mr. Herr Livingstone.

Sunday.—All day we raced on through Belgium—couldn’t have believed it was **that** big—“past Ghent and past Bruges,” as the old Scots ballad has it, “no cloud in the sky.” As a matter of fact, we didn’t bother very much with the sky—or with their Bruges or their Ghent either. All I knew was that Margaret Dobbin kept sticking her right elbow into my left eye—funny habit she has when she goes sleeping in railway coaches—and that Annie Weir couldn’t be roused for love or money to be shown the following rivers as we crossed—the Lys, the Scheldt, the Senne (Paris—No), the Meuse, the Sambre, and the Moselle. The last named brought us right to Trier, our blessed destination. And weren’t we mighty glad to get out and stretch our legs! Trier saw we did that all right, for the place was out to a man, and only about five times up and down the local (Knightswood pattern) Boulevards would satisfy them. But what a feed they

did give us when it was all over—"Noodlers" and what was **Wurst, Sauerkraut, and Kalbfleisch** by the square yard. And so to bed—in the Youth Hostels.

Monday.—Up bedtimes—the girls anyway—and off by 'bus to visit Luxembourg with its Roman remains and its primitive but prosperous cultivation, returning by the beautiful Saar Valley. Meantime the boys lounged about the town, doing a ruin or two as they felt inclined, and mighty fine ruins they were, too. But best of all was to be taken about by pupils of the "Gymnasia" (they have some lessons, too, of course), and mighty fine kids they were, too!

Tuesday.—For this day the programmes of Monday were reversed—that is to say, the boys of the Boys' Gymnasium took up the rôle of guides to the ruins—and our boys went off to the "country." Chief guide here was Jimmie McDowall (late of Whitehill), who made his voice heard in no uncertain way, and forced the douce Luxembourgers to see to their souvenirs as they haven't done since the war days. But the biggest "do" of all was the grand joint-concert given in the Stadthalle that evening. Afterwards in our honour the famous "Porta Nigra" was flood-lighted, and we felt jolly bucked about that.

Wednesday.—Sailed cautiously down the Moselle to Coblenz; most of us falling asleep most of the twelve hours it occupied. But certain members of the staff—I know this for a certainty—never slept a wink; but for twelve solid hours feasted their eyes on these juicy vine-clad slopes! "Verb sap," which means "dry up."

Thursday.—We received the "freedom" of Coblenz, and with new sets of guides from the local Gymnasia spent a spiffing morning. (Heard at lunch-time that Dr. Russell and Mr. Livingstone had taken the chance to be put wise about the intricacies of a real German lemonade factory.) In the afternoon pegged up to the fortress known as the Bright Stone of Honour. There was a "scene" at the entrance, unfortunately, Mr. Reid refusing to pay Rm. 250 for the admission of 500 of his "followers"; but at last we paid him in himself.

Friday.—Free-day—again well-named. In the afternoon by motor to Bad-Ems—a good spa when we got there. Evening: repeat of the Scotch concert—with splendid success of Whitehill's dancing troupe. Great "show" altogether, ending with the 2,000 audience singing the Nazi National Anthem—in English, "God save Hitler!" Fervently we agreed.

Saturday.—By boat to Bingen-am-Rhine—and back, of course. A gorgeous day—and how Dr. Russell and Mr. Livingstone stuck to those vines again; it almost turned us green with envy. Late "alfresco" dinner before turning in—"Noodlers," etc.

Sunday.—Down the Rhine to Bonn—no bon, our hearts growing a bit heavy at the thought of turning homewards. To Beethoven's house in a drizzle of rain—our first—and then on to Cologne by electric car. The trip on its last legs. "Donner und Blitzen."

Monday.—Dauner around Cologne—"churchy" sort of place, with **no** pupils from the Gymnasia—then pyjamas, tooth-brushes, and souvenirs packed for the last lap. Even Jimmie grown quite subdued. So, "Auf wiedersehen," Germany, "auf wiedersehen!"

Tuesday.—All quiet! Reverse from Ostend, Dover, London . . . Glasgow . . . And alas! the end of a great journey.

Epilogue.—Next year: St. Malo, or Bruges, or the Rhine again—who says? Early application is advisable!

P.S.—Dr. Russell and Mr. Livingstone will not be considered for **Germany** anyway.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

From time to time we are reminded that even school may be Home, Sweet Home. No, I am not thinking of the School Parties, or the nice fatherly things that are said to us by loving teachers. But we talk of Our Team, and Our Victory, and Our Pavilion, and our Headmaster, and—if we do not, we ought to—our Mr. Douglas MacNaughton. Because he is ours: ours to command and ours to thank for his affection for the School.

Mr. MacNaughton looks back to his schooldays, not so very long ago, he thinks, when Mr. Henderson was the energetic Headmaster. Many a laugh he has got telling of the "good old days" when Mr. Henderson made one of the liveliest of boys much livelier still. Then he played, too, in the football teams—and that is a long story.

Mr. MacNaughton is a trustee of Whitehill Secondary School Playing Fields. He has been generously interested in this cause from the beginning. His time and advice are always at our disposal.

This year our friend was President of the Swimming Gala, and, together with Mrs. MacNaughton, who so graciously presented the prizes, was a most interested and highly delighted observer of our successes and clamour. Now, his keen eye found something amiss. The boys had the magnificent Elsie Maude Championship Cup to swim for, but—and here is the secret which his keen eye discovered—the girls have no such tangible trophy to strive for. Perhaps I should say "had" and not "have."

Mr. and Mrs. MacNaughton's heads were together for a moment or two, and came to one decision. Next year there will be a Senior Girls' Championship Cup for Swimming.

Three Hearty Cheers!

W. H. M.

CALDGALKER

OR

The Invention of Mathematics.

CALDGALKER woke up—and it was the morning after the night before.

“Ice,” he groaned, “gimme some ice.”

Ice was lavished on his head, and Caldgalker found temporary relief. He gently raised himself from his luxurious divan and bellowed for his valet, or whatever they had in those days. Upon the appearance of this menial, Caldgalker regained his normal composure, and even looked dignified—in spite of the ice and night-gown. For the sake of the ladies' modesty, we shall miss the next part; sufficient to say that in two hours Caldgalker had succeeded in donning his garments. Having dismissed the aforesaid menial, he called, in an easier tone, for his secretary, and demanded to know his engagements for the day.

“My lord,” said the pale one, “I was to spend the morning in teaching you to write.”

“True,” quoth Caldgalker, “proceed.”

But before we allow the private secretary, Weironius, by name, to proceed, we must tell the story of why Caldgalker wished to learn the wondrous, and (it seems) difficult art of writing. It happened thus:

Caldgalker had fallen in love with a beautiful damsel who went by the name of Mary. Now, concerning this lady, she had great beauty, but also great learning, and that was the trouble in this “*affaire d'amour*.” Although Caldgalker could trace, on a blackboard, as pretty a circle as anyone, he was illiterate! Hence the reason why Caldgalker wished to learn the art of writing.

“Now,” said Weironius, in commencing the lesson, “the first thing you must learn is to sign your name Thus!” and he proceeded to embellish a perfect roll of parchment with the foul combination of hieroglyphics at the head of the page. When he had finished, he turned to Caldgalker with a pleased, mincing little smile, and looked for appreciation.

“Blatchochortlort,” Caldgalker screamed. For a moment it seemed as if he would foam at the mouth, but he sank back weakly on to the divan. You must remember that it was the morning after the night before, and this fiendish sight pained his head more than ever. Then a crafty expression spread over his features.

“Show unto me,” he said, “the name of my milk-white dove, my fair one, my most beloved . . .” and a lot of other mush not fit for a school magazine.

“Even so, my lord,” said Weironius, and, in a trembling hand, he traced the wierd characters. But this was too much.

Mary was not a bad girl, and she did not deserve such treatment; little wonder that Caldgalker roared in a voice loud enough to call the Cattle Home Across the Sands of Dee.

“To the dungeon with the wretch!”

The wretch was dragged to the dungeons, and soon perfect peace reigned once again.

* * * *

Caldgalker sat nursing his head, and moaning from the pain of it, when a letter was brought to him. It was from his “milk-white dove.” Now, it was his custom to open such letters, kiss them devoutly, tie them up with a red ribbon, put them in a drawer, and then forget their very existence. He intended to do the same with this letter, and was just in the act of bestowing upon it the customary kiss, when he noticed that it contained signs identical to those of Weironius. But he had been tried too far! Caldgalker forgot all about his head, and went stark, raving mad. He bellowed like a bull of Bashan and his eyes popped out of his head. During the “popping” process, they alighted upon the pen-case and parchment of Weironius. Cald-galker grasped a pen as he would a dagger, and drove it well and truly into the ink pot. He plucked it out again, and proceeded to stab the two rolls of parchment with dabolical delight.

Thus was invented the first mathematical formulæ. He ceased only when there was no more parchment, and, collecting the two rolls, he folded them carefully and commanded Weironius to be brought to him. On what was left of the parchment Weironius was commanded to write the address of Caldgalker’s former sweetheart, with this inscription, which every schoolboy will heartily endorse:

“YA AIN’T SEEN NOTHIN’ YET.”

B. S. (IV.)

BENBECULA.

O mystic isle of the Western seas!
 Bringer of dreams and reveries!
 Awakes my soul to your wondrous garlands—
 Silvery loch and haunted moorlands.
 Home of the wild birds, free birds.
 Theme of those deep words, love words.

What magic power dost thou command
 That draws me, restless, to your strand?
 The eternal waves, or peat slow-burning,
 Fills my heart with hopeful yearning.
 Tale of the true Gaul, pure Gaul,
 Hark to your sad call, sweet call!

A. G. O. (IV.).

GORSE.

When last we crossed the hill-side,
 It seemed of beauty bare;
 Only a few brown branches
 Waved gravely in the air,
 Where prickly, rough gorse bushes
 Had clustered here and there.

But what a transformation
 The hill-side shows to-day;
 It's all so bright and sunny,
 So golden and so gay!
 The gorse has come to blossom
 On this fine sunny day.

J. F. (II. G.f.).

OUR MODEST STAFF.**Science.**

I am excellent at calculating pressures most terrific,
 And there's not a better in the land at teaching Heat Specific.
 On the Laws of Archimedes you could never find a stronger.
 My pupils do not find the nitrates trying any longer.
 My knowledge is extensive on the subjects of Rubidium,
 Potassium, Ammonia, Zinc Sulphate and Iridium.
 In fact, although for great renown I never was a reacher,
 I am a truly talented, trustworthy, toiling teacher.

Commercial.

You should hear me talk for hours on end on Income, Liability,
 Insurance, Debit, Credit, with the greatest of ability,
 Political Economy, Book-keeping and Geography.
 I see that all my pupils have a knowledge of Topography.
 Upon Pitman's I am not excelled on earth or sea or heavens,
 And I'm world-famous for my way of casting out elevens.
 In short, although I'm not a very marvellous deductor,
 I'm an infinite, invincible, ingenious instructor.

Mathematics.

I'm acquainted with the fascinating realms of Trigonometry,
 Infinity, Arithmetic, Log Tables and Geometry.
 I'm always busy extricating pupils from the tangle
 Of the angles at the base of an isocoles triangle.
 I could write another Euclid on the parallelepiped.
 I know more of Tetrahedrons than does any other biped.
 Upon Cyclic Quadrilaterals you'll never find a faster.
 I'm a monumental, moralising, mathematics master.

W. N. S. (IV. B.).

LAMENT.

The teacher came down like a wolf on the fold,
 And the look in his eyes to his poor pupils told
 That the papers he carried must surely be ours;
 And we breathlessly waited; more deeply he glowers.

For the Angel of Fear spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of each person he passed;
 And the tongues of the speakers waxed deadly and chill,
 And they gave but one gasp, then grew rigid and still.

And there lay the boys, the poor infants of dread,
 While the maidens full many a tear did shed;
 For the marks given forth caused unbearable grief,
 And the fourth year resolved to turn o'er a new leaf.

The next-year repeats are now loud in their wail,
 And this is the unhappy end to my tale;
 Stern powers that be, who care not a jot,
 Continue to crow o'er our miserable lot.

J. W. (IV.).

KALEIDOSCOPE.

I have a song to sing, O!
 A song of the school have I!
 It is sung with a smile
 That is free from all guile,
 And a laugh never wilfully sly.

* * * *

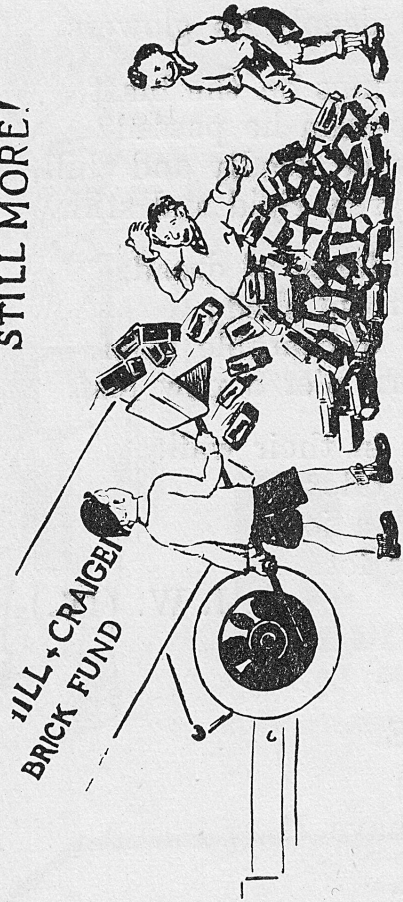
You'll see him lounging round the school,
 A butt for each lamponer,
 His manner ever calm and cool,
 A captivating crooner.
 Or else he'll sit within the Lit.
 Endeavouring to heckle—
 Our slightly jazzy, very blasé
 "Enfant du Siècle."

* * * *

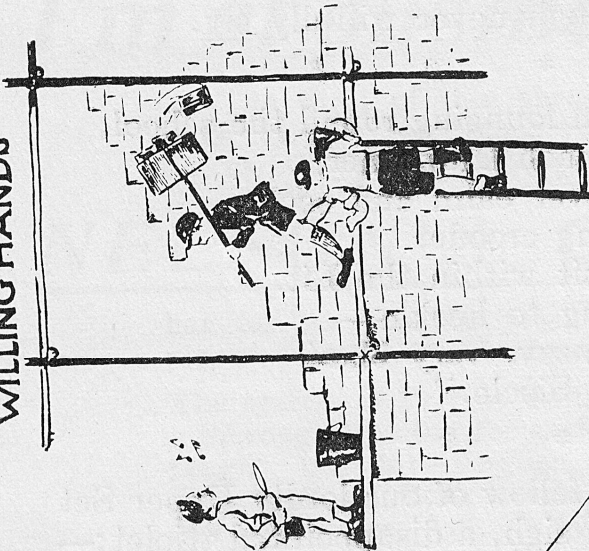
From a discontented fellow of our lordly Upper Set
 Comes a disillusioned sigh, a disappointed triolet:—

She has little to commend her,
 Though her face is passing fair.
 Her accomplishments are slender—
 She has little to commend her,
 Though the gentlemen surrender
 To her fascinating air.
 She has little to commend her,
 Though her face is passing fair.

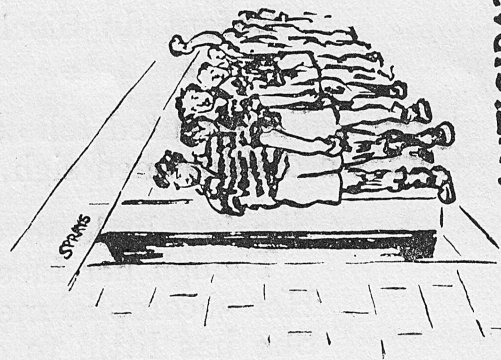
STILL MORE!



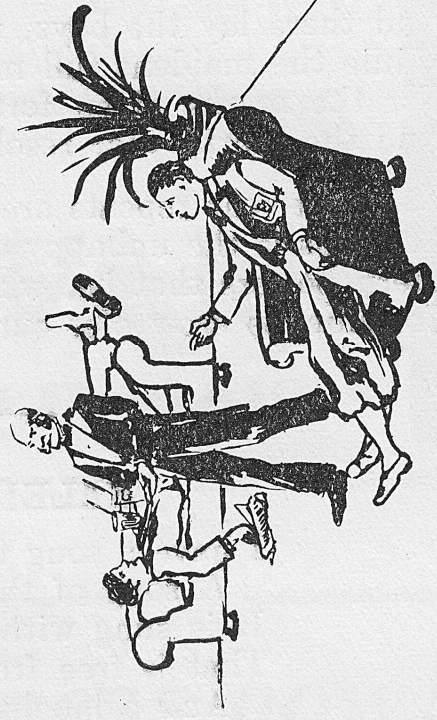
WILLING HANDS



STAIRS



ANTICIPATION



THE LOUNGE

T.R.S. Y A

WINTER SPORTS.

The Bee-Baw-Babbity season is now in full swing and in view of the near approach of International contests two trials were held in the gymnasium of Whitehill Secondary School, Glasgow, on November 10th and November 11th, at which the Selectors of the S.B.B.A. (the Scottish Bee-Baw-Babbity Association) were present to run over the talent in this nursery of the game. Since these dates the Selectors have been in conclave in the Great Eastern Hotel and to-day we are privileged to publish exclusively the composition of the team to uphold auld Scotia's honour in the first International contest of the season against the famous Continental combine, the Jugo-Slavian Zip Fasteners.

The Selectors have made the most of their resources and it comes as no surprise to us to find that the "old firm" bulks prominently in the national team. For the benefit of our readers to whom some of the names appear unfamiliar, we append a few pithy pars about the players.

Mr. Twaddell.—Capped at hockey, soccer and moshie; makes his first appearance under the carrying code; should do well if he remembers to distribute play; if he practises assiduously, we should see more of this young man in the future, as at present lack of first-grade experience prevents the full use of his native genius; requires nursing; in his leisure hours a Maths. teacher.

Mr. Galbraith.—The "daddy" of the team and well merits the honour of captain; a young head on old shoulders and has more ways of stopping an opponent than this world dreams of; a full ninety minutes' man if not sent off; has to depend on craft rather than speed; grand when the going is heavy; has already been capped at peever, and the experience gained there will stand him in good stead.

Mr. Chisholm.—A come-back from non-League Babbity; a wee blue devil; physically, ideally suited for the game; carries no superfluous flesh and is ever tuned up to the highest pitch; the "baby" of the team, he justifies his inclusion by his scientific tactics; a plumber and electrician to trade.

Miss Bremner.—Rather out of the game since the last time, but in response to her country's needs and the urge of the game (and the call of the wild), has again donned the national colours; is apt to wander and assume a roving commission; must remember her position; a player who has to be judiciously coaxed, but on her game one who will show a clean pair of heels to all but the best.

Miss Foster.—Brought up on the game; could Bee, could Baw, could Babbity before she could walk; has had many tempting offers to cross the Border and our thanks are due to the Whitehill Club for preserving this fine player for Scottish

Babbity; in this game receives her Jubilee cap; has a good voice for appeals to the referee and indulges in witty repartee with opponents and spectators alike.

Miss Goldie.—Captain, coach and cheer-leader of the champions of the Babbity Midget League—I. G.b., Whitehill; herself a champ., this is likely to be her last season in competitive Babbity; an expert at shadow tackling, selling the dummy and off-side; the intellectual member of the side and knows the game from A to B.

Mr. Munro.—Forsook Churches League Babbity as it did not suit his robust style; despite advancing years and a thinning thatch, still very fast off his mark and exceedingly difficult to be dispossessed; would be well advised to quit the reckless tackling which has so often brought upon him the ire of the crowd; though past the allotted span of a Babbitist's life, continues for the love of the game; the old war-horse is good for a few years yet, however, though when he goes his boots will be hard to fill.

It is expected that the members will meet as a team for intensive practice before the big game, and that the captain will demonstrate the tactics to be employed.

We would remind our readers that the composition of the Zip Fasteners will be as follows:—Meisls, Mumps, Hoopnkoff, Tschiknpocks, Spendycytys, Dropppsy and Seeatika, and will be under the astute management of Herr Kruschen Saltz. In our next issue we hope to give a full account of the game. Secure your copy now.

NATURE IN THE RAW.

I.

He plunged his deadly weapon deep;
 The blade was red with gore.
 He pulled it out with fiendish sweep
 To plung it in once more.
 And then he paused, his grim work done,
 And, as in doubt, looked round.
 "I beg your pardon, sir," he said,
 "Did you say half a pound?"

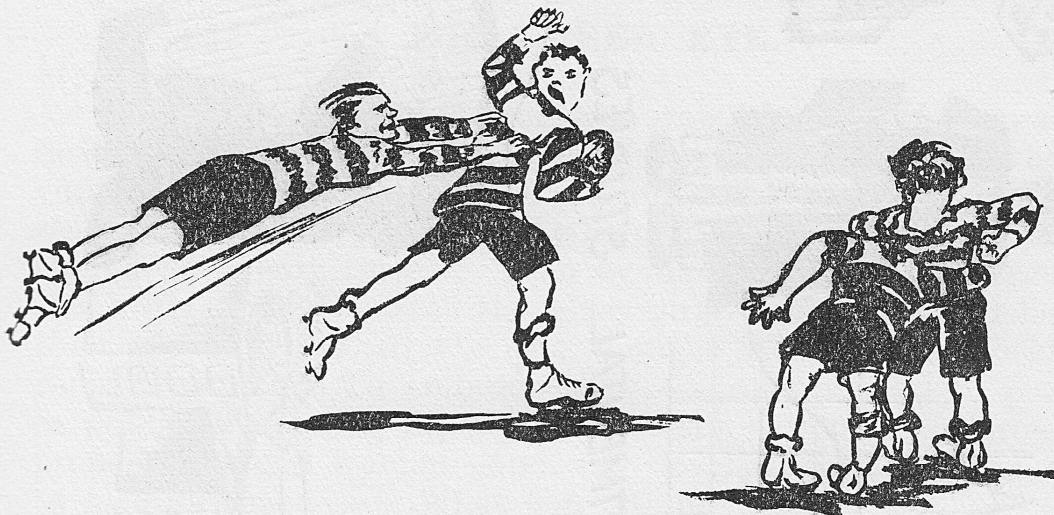
II.

His eyes were staring from his head,
 His face was tense with strain:
 He passed his tongue across his lips,
 And hoped with might and main.
 He could not tear away his gaze,
 Was rooted to the spot,
 For how could he excuses raise
 For books that he forgot?

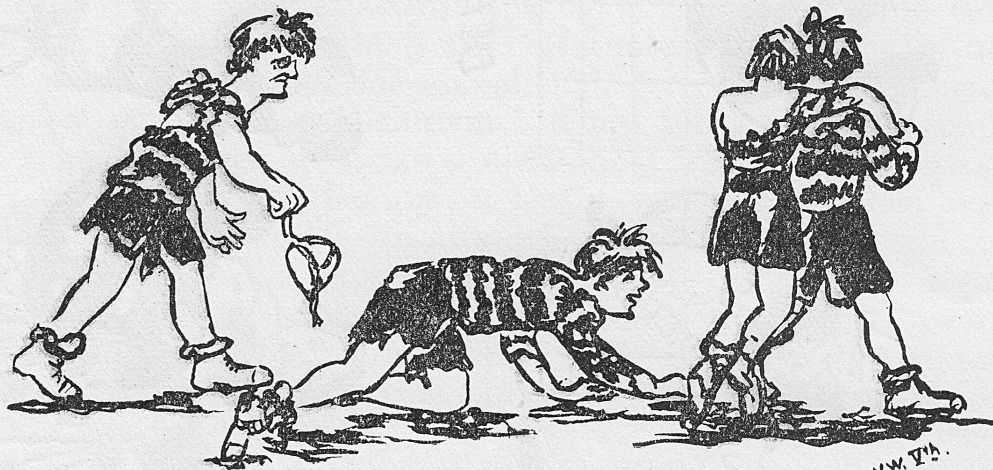
NOBODY CAN SAY THAT OUR TEAMS ARE NOT
SPICK & SHAN BEFORE THEIR GAMES COMMENCE



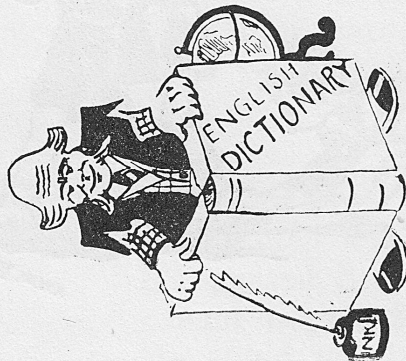
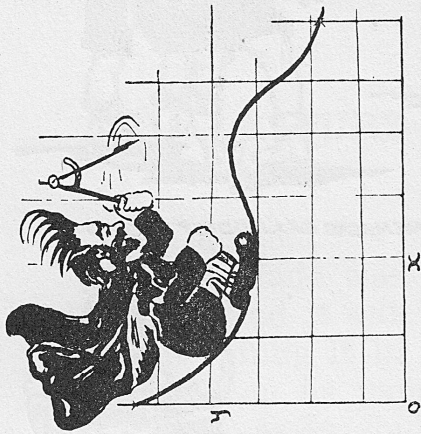
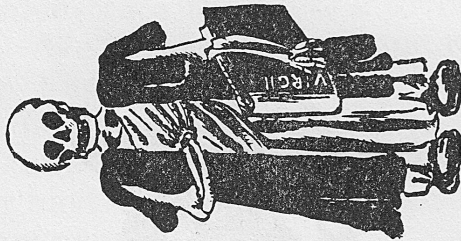
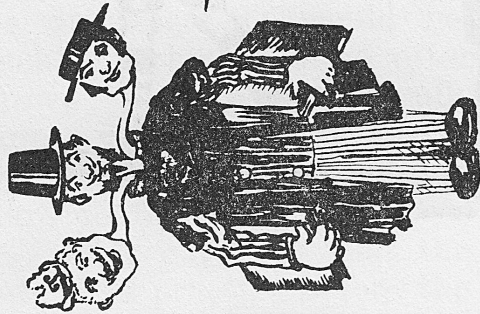
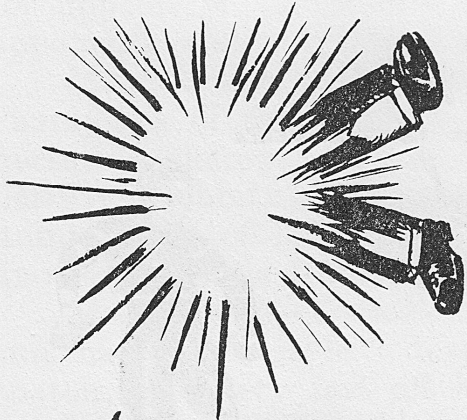
BUT AFTER MEETING SOME TEAMS??



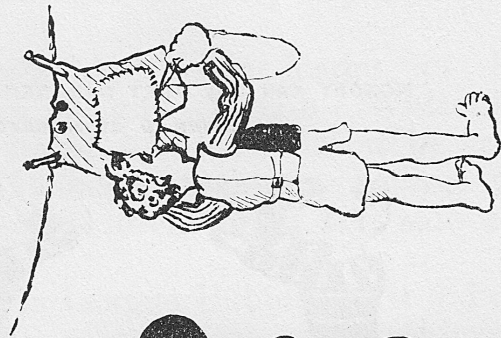
THEY MIGHT BE TAKEN FOR MEMBERS OF A NUDIST GROUP



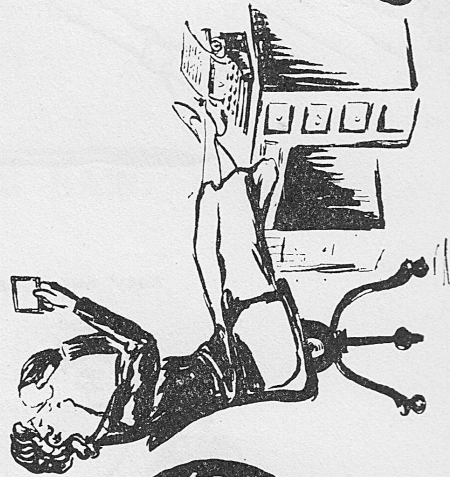
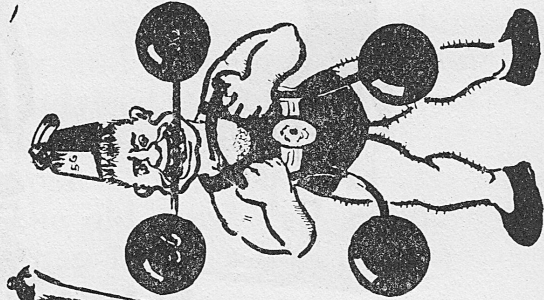
A.W.W. '14.



DEPARTMENTAL STUDIES



1960



REST.

Happy and carefree the journey was at first,
 But day advanced, and laughing, waving corn,
 Gave way to shades of doubt and hopes forlorn,
 Cast by the wayside groves of solemn firs.

Yet, through it all, though unseen, shone the light,
 For, after passing through dark, devious ways,
 The calm, sweet stillness of the orb's last rays
 Pervaded still the fast descending night.

Resting at last, and at the journey's end,
 Seated on rock o'ergrown with soothing moss,
 The expanse of blazing sea I gazed across,
 Filled with great wonder, measureless content.

Seagulls, great snowflakes, wheeling their last flight—
 Peace over all, reward of toil—delight!

M. B. (IV.).

THE GREEN EYE.

My Dear,

The question which you raise is one of increasingly serious aspect. As you say, things were sufficiently bad when the young ladies of IV. and V. were afflicted with the malady—but really, when I.g. seems to be equally susceptible, the subject should be openly raised. Then again, the degree of infection is much greater. Whereas the elder girls would sigh and bemoan their youth (?) in private, the younger damsels are shocking in their frankness. To embrace the ——— openly, and to proclaim in public everlasting fidelity are not the actions of a strong and properly minded woman—and, my dear! when it comes actually to feeding the ———! What can one do?

It is not merely to protect the good name of our noble institution that I address to you this agonized appeal; the very thought of the danger which the infatuated child runs is abhorrent to me. Through her inexplicable folly, she has incurred the danger of capital punishment. They tell me she actually raised a hockey stick to strike a class-mate who made a chance remark on the lack of beauty in the ———'s nose. Alas, poor misguided female! And I am afraid her ideas have been imbued with that slight, slight tinge of red which ——— seems to possess. At times she now refuses to obey the orders of Higher Powers.

It is rumoured that those formerly affected have now almost completely recovered, but this child has far to go before she reaches years of discretion. To what sad end will she come? Do advise me. What steps shall I take to warn her of the inevitable embarrassment which will follow her enlightenment? Alas! these innocent children!

Yours in deep distress,

R.E.X. (VI.).

ODE TO THE " CRAIGEND BRICKS " CHART.

Altiora Peto! says each blue mark in the hall,
Altiora Peto ! so we must not let them fall.

On to realms of glory:
Soar to heights above.
Here's no fairy story;
Here's a tale of love—
Love for our dear sports' ground,
And Craigend mansion dear,
To see old memories so profound
Fade with the fading year.
And when the new year's greeting
Has welcomed one and all,
Let's hope to call a meeting
Within our own school hall—
A meeting for our mothers,
Our dads and uncles, too,
For sisters and for brothers,
To bid our pains adieu.
And when this work is over,
And celebration's done,
Won't we be in clover,
Won't it be such fun
To see our present Craigend
So marvellous, that few
Could ever really comprehend
'Twas possible to do.

T. L. (IV.).

CHURCH.

Sunday morning, eleven o'clock,
Off to church, sedately walk,
Father left, right Mum,
In between, infant glum.

Arrive at gate, bells ring,
Enter child 'neath Mother's wing,
Walks up aisle, sits at pew,
Ready for ordeal beginning anew.

Preacher speaking, voice deep,
Sends boy off to sleep.
Sermon ended, time to go,
Mother treads on offspring's toe.

Same road, one o'clock,
Back home lightly walk,
Mother left, Father right,
In between, infant bright.

A. L. (IV. G.).

LOOSE STRANDS.

At Craigend, a few half-drenched supporters were being rewarded for their enthusiasm. They were witnessing the sight of the season—the edifying spectacle of a certain very well-known New School Prowler splashing happily in the Craigend mire. Roars of much-needed encouragement burst from his lips. The referee dared to whistle for offside. Roared the Prowler: “Offside!!! Oh, my ——— ***!”

* * * *

A certain Sixth-Year Fellow who, for the past two months, has incessantly ya-de-dah-de-dahed to his suffering class-mates, would like to know if it is true that Mr. J. J. R. is intending to form a School Dance Orchestra from the members of VI. G. (Think of it—VI. G.!!)

* * * *

The subject of music reminds us that we were supposed to have a School Orchestra before Christmas. Have the School Krieslers failed to respond, or are secret rehearsals being held within the sacred precincts of Room 36?

* * * *

Strange are the workings of the Whitehill brain!
Says someone: “If you want to measure water properly use a brunette.”

* * * *

Believe it if you like: Our pocket prefect has declared that Rangers are a sure thing for the Scottish Cup.

Believe it or not: The staff of Whitehill has in its midst a troop of first-class dancers. These exponents of the Terpsichorean art highly amused the first year, but—how were the mighty fallen!

* * * *

Smiles from the Lit.

Mr. T. (expansively): “£20,000 isn’t much money.”

Mr. McL. (petulantly): “It’s scandalous when you think of it. At Hampden Park or at the Oval, people will stand for hours in the rain watching a match.”

Mr. S.: “Ladies and Gentlemen, I should like to propose a vote of thanks to Miss (censored) for her so capable filling of the chair.”

Again Mr. T. (in the midst of a lofty, impassioned speech): “The man gets rage in his heart,—shoots the gun,—and beats it.”

X. Y. Z.

THE SCHOOL IN SONG.

“I’ve got a little list”

Mr. R. M. W.—

“We’re in the money.”

Mr. A. G.—

“You’re getting to be a habit with me.”

Mr. W. F. G.—

“Try a little tenderness!”

Mr. K. McC.—

“Your wild days are over.”

Mr. J. J. R.—

“Have you ever been lonely?”

Dr. W. J. M.—

“Who’s afraid of the big, bad wolf?”

Mr. D. C.—

“Let me give my happiness to you.”

Mr. A. T.—

“Dancing Butterfly.”

Mr. J. D. and Miss C. McL.—

“What a perfect combination!”

J. McH. (I. G.)—

“What can a young lassie do wi’ an auld man?”

D. A. G. (VI. B.) —

“Learn to Croon.”

J. H. R. (VI. B.)—

“Somebody stole my gal.”

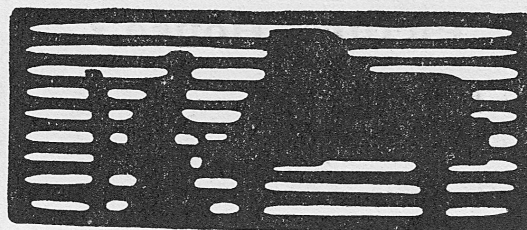
M. R. C. S. (V. G.)—

“I loe nae a laddie but ane.”

“Through Music the Child enters into a World of Beauty.”

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Class Fees, 12/6.

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“THE SCHOLARS’ EFFORT.”

One day headmaster said to us,
 “Boys, I’ll depend on you ;
 A new pavilion’s to be built,
 A very good one, too.

“Some layers of bricks I’ll gladly make,
 It’s quite an easy task ;
 You’ll sell them to the folk you can,
 That’s all I have to ask.”

A card was given to each of us,
 We vowed to do our best ;
 We begged and borrowed, and, in short,
 We gave our friends no rest.

Now Whitehill School is doing well,
 Of that I have no doubt.
 Some classes have a thousand bricks,
 We’re nearly all sold out.

And we are proud of Whitehill School,
 As scholars all should be ;
 We back it up in all its sports,
 “Come on, the Hill,” say we.

J. H. O. (I. B.a.).

The ‘Rex’

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 All these the “**REX**” is known by,
 And a **HEARTY WELCOME** awaits you.

WHITEHILL NOTES.

WHITEHILL SCHOOL CLUB.

It is rather early in the season to report on this winter's activities, but we feel that this, the second year of the new Club, is revealing the very real benefits of the amalgamation of the old F.P. Clubs. Our enthusiasm has been accelerated by the spirit of unity which has spread among us. Our membership is increasing and the attendance at our meetings has so far been very good—altogether a very satisfactory situation.



Our Athletic sections are now **in their element** and nearly every Saturday we field seven teams—two Hockey, two Soccer, and three Rugger. We are unable to record any notable victories, but the matches have all been very enjoyable.

We are very excited about the alterations at Craigend, and are looking forward to the many advantages of the re-constructed club-house in which we shall share with the School a very real pride.

The activities of the School interest us greatly and we take this opportunity of congratulating the Swimming Club on their success in retaining the Sladen Trophy. We are very proud of the way in which you are keeping the Show-Cabinet in the School Hall well filled, and hope that you will soon substantiate a claim for a larger one.



Considerable interest is being taken in the Club by Former Pupils abroad and we are very anxious to get in touch with as many of them as possible. We shall be very grateful to any present pupils who send to the Secretary the names and addresses of elder sisters or brothers who are Former Pupils and who are **now resident abroad**.

The support we have received from the senior pupils who left School last June has been very encouraging, but there are still a considerable number who have not paid us a visit and to them we again extend an invitation. May we assure the present



Senior pupils that we shall be very pleased to see them at any of our meetings in the School or at the matches at Craigend?

ROBERT LUMSDEN,
President.
D. S. CLIBBORN,
Secretary.

Remaining Club Meetings for Session 1933-1934.

- Dec. 8—Joint Meeting with School Literary and Debating Society. Mr. Stacy Brown, of Adelaide.
 „ 20—Annual Christmas Dance in the Rhul.
 Jan. 12—The Misses Foster, Goldie, Stark, and the Club. A “Donnybrook.”
 „ 26—Musical Evening.
 Feb. 9—Theatre Night. Princess Theatre.
 „ 23—Mr. A. Neil. Subject: “School and Club.”
 Mar. 9—Dance in School Gymnasium.

D. S. CLIBBORN,
Secretary,
27 Westercraigs, E.1.

J. D. ANDERSON,
Treasurer,
265 Golfhill Drive, E.1.

SPORT.

RUGBY.

Up to date, the 1st XV. has had a fairly successful season, most of the games being keenly contested. The table of results is as follows:—

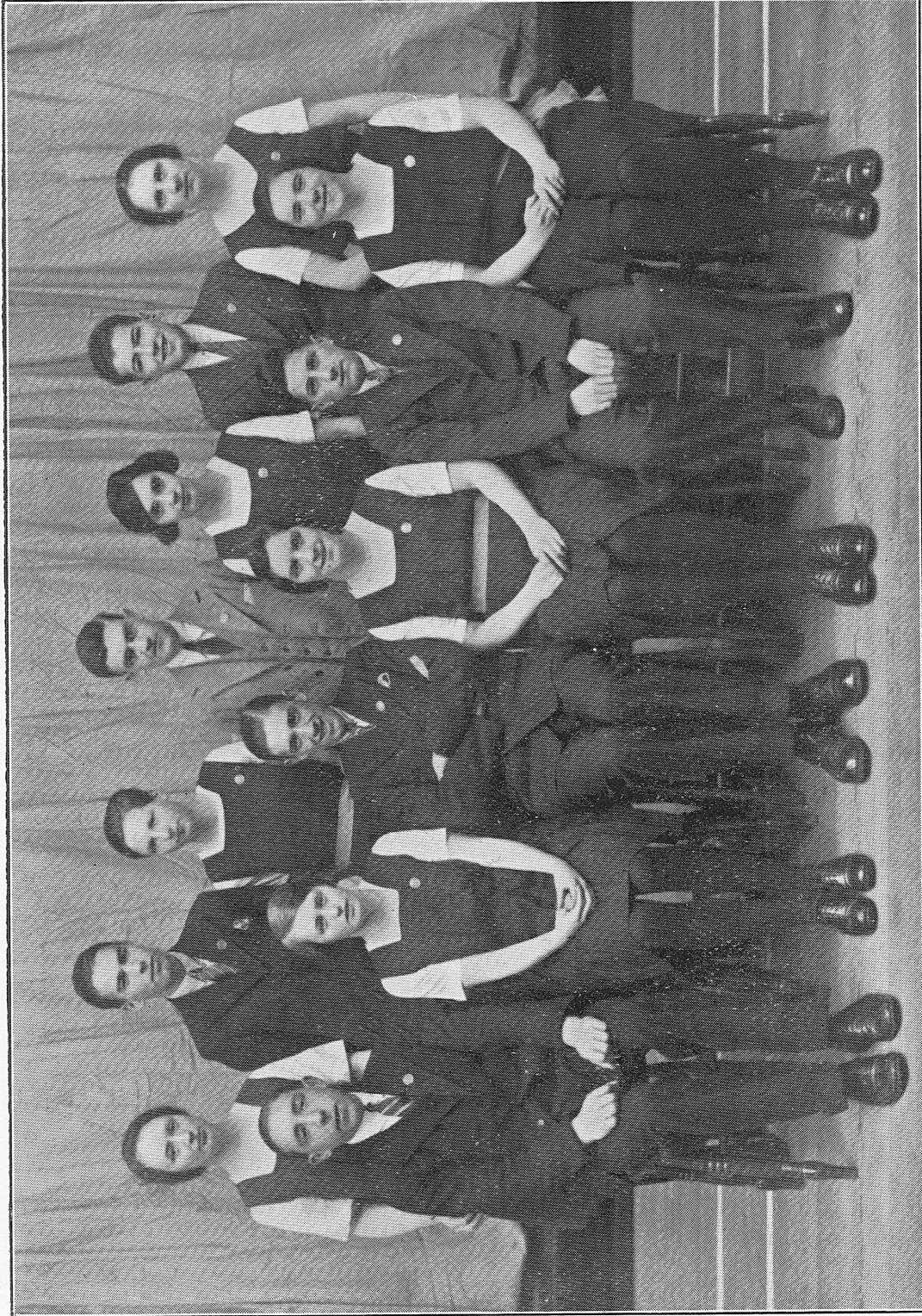
P.	W.	L.	D.
9	4	3	2

The three defeats sustained against High School, Bellahouston Academy and Greenock Academy respectively were by very small margins, whilst our victories over Clydebank High School and Hillhead High School were quite decisive, viz.: 22-0 and 11-3.

The 2nd XV. is not up to its usual standard, but we hope that it will return to the winning form which it has shown in previous seasons. Due to interest aroused among the younger boys, we have managed to form and obtain fixtures for a 3rd and Junior XV. This indicates a more promising future for Rugby in the School, although there is still room for newcomers in this section.



D. A. G. (Secy.).



PREFECTS.

M. Ayton. D. A. Gibson. E. G. Roy. E. Molloy. J. Nichol. D. M. Drummond. F. Ferguson.
 C. Hatton. M. Sutherland. J. Scotland. E. G. Moyes. O. Leary. M. W. Millar.
 (Boys' Captain). (Girls' Captain).



RUGBY 1ST XV.

Dr. Russell. W. McLachlan. D. M. Drummond. T. Taylor. A. M. McKey. J. G. Ha
 A. G. Murray. C. Hatton. K. H. Veal. The Headmaster.
 W. Taylor. E. Bennie. A. Jenkins. J. H. Robertson. D. A. Gibson. A. Scott.
 G. McLachlan. A. Wilkinson.

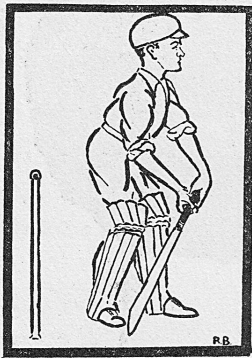


SWIMMING—SLADEN TROPHY.

SCOTTISH SCHOOLS' TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP WINNERS 1934.

Mr. MacMurray. The Headmaster. Mr. Greenlees.

J. Docherty. A. Cowie. W. Blackadder. R. Paterson. R. Robertson



CRICKET.

We can now look back on a very successful, if rather surprising, season. We had anticipated a great amount of trouble in team-building, but the discovery of several new, and very promising, players solved our difficulty almost immediately.

Let the figures speak for themselves:—

BATTING.

	No. of Innings.	Highest Score.	Runs.	Average.
J. Beattie ...	13	25	137	10.5
A. Guthrie, ...	16	27	137	9.1
A. Weir ...	13	30*	100	8.3

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
J. Hanson ...	92	47	112	31	3.62
J. Scotland ...	53.2	24	79	21	3.78
J. F. Bicket ...	102.5	41	158	33	4.78

We were unfortunate in losing I. S. Munro, J. Hutchison, J. Marshall, and other stalwarts, but our captain, J. F. Bicket, performed his trying office very creditably.

The institution of bowling and fielding practice next year should meet with general approval, and a proposition to form a First-Year League is under consideration. The officers are:— Captain, A. Guthrie; Secretary, J. Scotland.

Since some of our players will have left us before the commencement of the new season, there will be several vacant places. We expect a great number of new recruits.

J. S. (Hon. Secy.).

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FOOTBALL.

The football season, now in full swing, has brought us our fair share of success. The first eleven, which has dropped only four points, is second from the top of its league, and is playing strongly. The fourth, as usual, has attained a very high standard of play.

Such is the record of our success. The results shown by the second and third elevens, although by no means poor, are hardly so encouraging. This fact can, of course, be attributed, in the case of the second, to team building, and, in that of the third, to lack of support. Both teams, however, are definitely improving, and, before the end of the season, should regain their customary strength.

At present, we can do no more than urge any prospective players to join the Football Section as soon as possible.

J. W. W. (VI.).

HOCKEY.

Since its inception three years ago, the Junior Branch of the Scottish Women's Hockey Association has done much to raise the standard of Hockey in schools and to stimulate enthusiasm among school players. As an affiliated school, Whitehill has experienced the benefits thus extended.

At the beginning of this season some of our players were fortunate enough to be coached by Miss Arnold, England's International goalkeeper and renowned Hockey coach. Miss Bavin, another English Internationalist, assisted at the coaching, which was so much enjoyed by all who took part. In addition, "The Hockey Film" was seen by a great many of our Club members who had, at the same time, the pleasure of hearing a most inspiring and valuable lecture by Miss Arnold. Would that we had patience and skill to carry out the practice Miss Arnold advised!

It is most gratifying to note the tremendous increase in our School Club membership. There are now over 200 players, most of whom are in the first and second years. This augurs well for the future, though at present we are having a lean year with regard to match victories. May we attribute this condition, in part at any rate, to the fact that one pitch among 200 players creates a good deal of congestion? In spite of this, however, much healthy exercise is enjoyed at Craigend, our School estate and highly valued playing field.

E. G. M., Secretary.

SWIMMING (GIRLS).

We have had a fairly busy season with Inter-Schools gala, our own gala, and invitation team races. If there hadn't been a third prize at Pollokshields, we should have gone home empty-handed. At Inter-Schools, Peggy Hart distinguished herself by winning the 25 yards race (breast and free style), and she finished a close second in the Junior Championship. All those who made our own Gala a success, we thank most heartily. A rousing cheer for the losers! We managed a haul of four bronze medallions in Life Saving, besides a few odd elementaries and proficiencies.

SWIMMING (BOYS).

Despite the general high standard of sport in the School, the Swimming Section must be commended for its remarkable achievements. This has been a very busy season for the boys who have represented Whitehill at the various galas; but in individual and team events they have a record second to none—indeed, they have won every invitation race for which they entered. We have, for the fourth successive year, retained the Toc. H. Cup; we have re-captured the Western Counties Schoolboys' Swimming Championship; we have won the much-coveted Scottish Team Championship Shield; we have gained possession of the Glasgow Schools' Junior Championship. Is not that a record to be proud of?

At the Glasgow Schools' Gala, our successes were as follows:

Senior Championship—2nd, J. Young.

Junior Championship—1st, R. Paterson; 2nd, R. Robertson.

Life Saving Shield—1st, R. Paterson and R. Robertson.

50 Yards Junior Race—1st, W. Blackadder.

25 Yards Back Stroke—1st, W. Blackadder.

Team Championship—2nd, Whitehill Senior Team.

These results are more eloquent than any chronicler could ever be. Mark them carefully, and come to the Club meetings on Fridays at 4 p.m.

WHITEHILL SCHOOL GALA.

Have you ever noticed how popular the Gala is, not only among the Present, but also among the Former Pupils? One look around Whitevale Baths on Gala night was sufficient to convince anyone of that fact. The gallery, the waterside seats, even the reserved enclose, were packed, and one could see, standing at the back, the unlucky and disconsolate late-comers who had failed, through accident or design, to secure a seat. Among the happy juvenile faces there appeared older ones; through the blue and white there ran a thin brown stripe; in other words, our F.P.'s had, as usual, turned out in force. We must thank these loyal scholars of other days for the whole-hearted support which did so much to make the Gala a success.

The swimming was, of course, of a very high standard. Whitehill, to the great joy of its pupils, was first in both invitation team races; but we must thank Pollokshields, who were second in both cases, for two very hot contests. Great praise is due to Peggy Hart, who performed the amazing feat of winning both Senior and Junior Girls' Championships, and to J. Young and R. McDougall, who carried off the Senior and Junior Boys' Championships respectively. The race for the Junior Boys' Championship was one of the best seen for years; hard luck, the losers!

And now, before closing, mention must be made of a Cup for the Senior Girls' Championship, to be presented by Mr. McNaughton. This has been more fittingly set forth elsewhere, but we must, here and now, assure Mr. McNaughton of our thanks and appreciation.

"The Gala? It was great—as usual!"

GALA RESULTS.

BOYS—

McBriar Cup—J. Young.

Senior Championship—1, J. Young; 2, L. McGregor.

Junior Championship—1, R. McDougall; 2, R. Paterson, J. Docherty.

Team Race—1, Whitehill School; 2, Pollokshields School.

25 Yards Handicap—1, L. Gourlay; 2, G. Hatton; 3, G. Wilmot.

50 Yards Handicap—1, J. Ferguson; 2, R. McDougall; 3, W. Blackadder.

50 Yards Breast Stroke—1, D. Cunningham; 2, G. Oliver; 3, A. Johnston.

GIRLS—

Senior Championship—1, P. Hart; 2, T. Smith.

Junior Championship—1, P. Hart; 2, M. Turner; 3, I. Henderson.

Team Race—1, Whitehill School; 2, Pollokshields School.

25 Yards Handicap—1, J. Murdoch; 2, M. Cairncross; 3, B. McConnachie.

Balloon Race—1, M. Turner; 2, I. Henderson; 3, P. Hart.

Pyjama Race—1, E. Turner and M. Hislop; 2, M. Hirst and M. Logan

RAMBLING.

The fourth session of the School Rambling Club has now been completed—a fact of which you may or may not be aware. The Club may now lay fair claim to forming part of a proverbial expression; anything which commands a ridiculously small attendance may safely be compared to the Rambling Society. Our carefully-planned rambles, and the invaluable aid of Mr. Lunam, are completely wasted; for, however keen our few enthusiasts may be, they can never, in their extreme loneliness, attain that spirit of absolute cheerfulness which characterises every successful excursion on foot.

Let us take this opportunity of extending a hearty invitation to the members of our Upper School, and to the staff. The Committee for the arrangements with regard to next year's rambles will be elected in the near future; and a little extra encouragement may help to bring a ray of sunshine into the sombre darkness of their worried young lives.

J. S.

GOLF.



The activities of the School golf season have now re-commenced, and we fully anticipate carrying on just as successfully as in previous years. Our membership this year has shown a marked improvement and it is interesting to note that the members of the Junior School have given us more whole-hearted support than usual. This year the numbers of the Senior School golfers have been unavoidably depleted and we are looking to the Juniors to maintain our golfing reputation.

This year the September, October, and November medals have been played, the successful competitors being A. M. McKey, J. Pattison, and R. Shanks respectively, with net scores of 77, 75, and 88.

In our Inter-School games last season we were very successful. We included two new fixtures with Allan Glen's and Ayr Academy. In the former we were unluckily defeated by one match, and in the latter we won the first game and halved the second. In our usual games with Shawlands we were successful both times.

We were again defeated in the Masters v. Pupils game, but this time by the narrowest margin possible—one game. We almost put an end to their unbroken sequence of victories, and this year we hope to do so at last.

D. W. (Secy.).

DRAMATIC CLUB.

This festive season would surely be incomplete without the resurrection of the D.C., and we can promise that, before the old year is out, you will be entertained as of yore by the stars that twinkle in the dramatic firmament. All the old constellation will be there, and some lesser luminaries will seek to blaze a trail to stardom. The nature of the production is still a dark secret, but in due time all will stand revealed.

Of your charity

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The session now in progress has been notable chiefly for a very gratifying increase in attendances, and for a remarkable lack of reserve among the members.

Added interest in the Society has been aroused by the increase in patronage of the members of staff. Our meetings, which have so far been very enjoyable, give promise of a lively session.

We should like to remind pupils that an Inter-School Debate with Dumbarton Academy on the motion "That the State Has the Right to Censor Literary Output," has been arranged. We anticipate a large attendance.

Remember the date, January 12th.

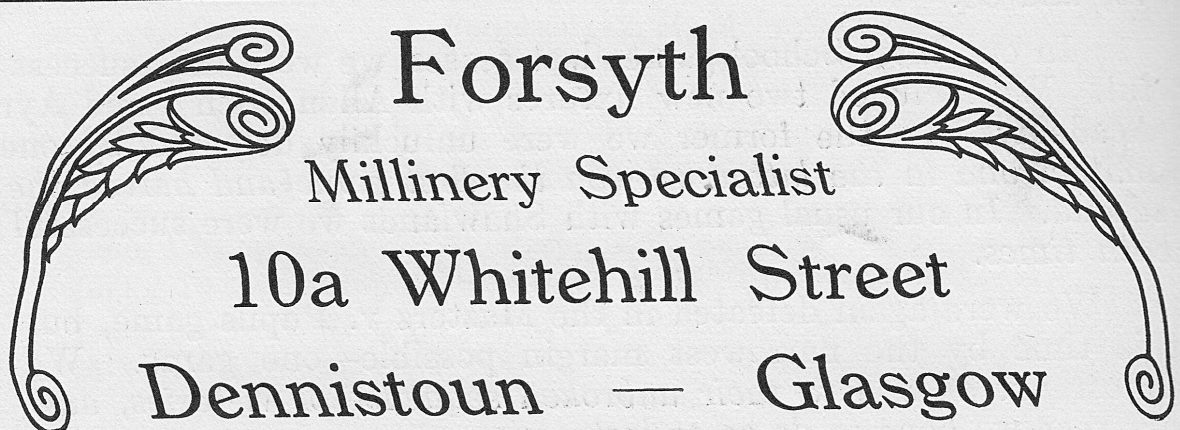
J. S. (Secy.).

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.

We are still waiting for the much-needed addition to the School buildings which will set free Room 35 for library purposes alone. The Committee are preparing a list of new books to be added to the Junior Section. These books will be added within the next fortnight.

There has been a falling off in the demand for Senior books. The Committee attend every Wednesday to assist you.

W. H. M.



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