

Whitehill School Magazine.

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A WORD IN SEASON.

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



MEDALS AND PRIZES.

Dux and Henderson Memorial Prize—

MARY R. C. SHEARER.
WILLIAM R. Y. MARSHALL. } Equal.

MacFarlane Gamble Memorial—

LEON L. MCGREGOR.

War Memorial Medals—

English—WILLIAM L. TAYLOR.
Mathematics—MALCOLM D. CANTLEY.
Science—MALCOLM D. CANTLEY.
Art—(To be decided).

Crosthwaithe Memorial Prizes, Latin—

Senior—(1) WILLIAM R. Y. MARSHALL.
(2) LEON L. MCGREGOR.
Junior—(1) ROBERT M. LOGAN.
(2) JANE GARVAN.

War Memorial Prizes—

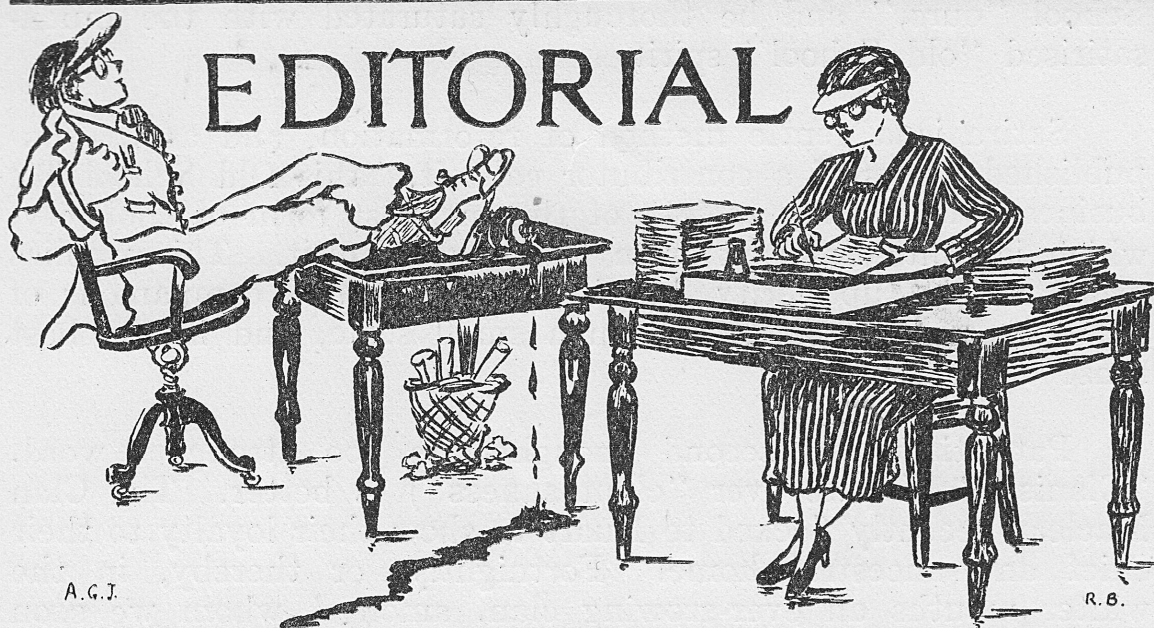
MARY R. C. SHEARER.
WILLIAM R. Y. MARSHALL.

Dux of Intermediate School—

ELLA M. LAMB (III. G.b.).
Prox. Acc.—GEORGE D. HODGKINSON (III. B.b.).

UNIVERSITY RESULTS.

Sir Walter Scott Prize Essay—Second, JOHNSTON R. MCKAY.
Scottish History and Literature (Higher)—Second, JANET M. REVIE.
(Ordinary)—First, JOHNSTON R. MCKAY
Medieval History (Ordinary)—First, JAMES SCOTLAND.
Third, OWEN LEARY.
Fifth, LUDOVIC GRAY.
English Literature (Ordinary)—Third, JAMES SCOTLAND.
French (Ordinary)—Distinction, JAMES SCOTLAND.



“Whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold,
as 'twere, the mirror up to nature.”—*Hamlet*.

WE have been delving in the archives where, in dusty age, the former numbers of the Magazine repose, and, on the three-times thirteenth page of the thirteenth Magazine, we found—

Andante.

Cloister, thou of most happy memories,
About whose stones my thoughts now fondly cling;
Renounce thy hospitable walls . . . Stern Fate's decrees
Reck not of the soul-torture that they bring—
Alas, I must, and with departure ring
Death-knell to hope (why is't that man is born
A little while to live and years to mourn?);
Loved dwelling, I my heart to thee restore
Ere I must say farewell for evermore.

JAXON (V.).

“Jaxon” is at this moment immured within his cloister, a member no longer of the budding fifth, but of the blooming English Staff. It may not be given for all of us to return, like Mr. Reid, to the seats of our youth, but the thought of Jaxon's little verse, often unexpressed, has passed through many heads.

Soon we, too, shall, for the last time as pupils, see the gates of the School close on us, and, out of our cloister, we shall feel, as Chaucer has it, “nat worth an oistre”—for a time at any rate. In the future, though there will be no place for

us here to listen to the Tale of Troy Divine, or wrestle with the sides and angles of triangles, we shall continue to call the School "ours," and be thoroughly saturated with the much-satirised "old School" spirit.

Satire is a gentle method of reformation, and as the unpublished works of a contributor calls it, "this Old School Tie business" is purging society of the meanest form of snobbery, which is quite different from the School spirit. This implies pride, not in superiority, but in the source and companions of education. It is patriotism on a small scale, and in the best sense of the word.

Patriotism, on second thoughts, is too strong a word. "Clanism" (I pass over "clannishness") is better. The Clan Maclean recently flocked to Duart to show their loyalty to their chief and ancestral home. Fortnightly, or thereby, in the winter months an ever-growing clan, amongst whom we soon may be, gathers in the precincts of the School for the sole purpose of enjoying one another's society and making strong the ties and friendships of youth.

Unity is the basic idea of School life. Only by uniting in the common cause could our predecessors have aspired to such a reputation in matters sporting and scholastic, and only by doing likewise can we hope to sustain the good name of the School.

And now, to our successors, who come to relieve us of editorial duties, we surrender the reins which they are already tugging from our hands.

"For this relief much thanks."—*Hamlet*.

As soon as I was asked to write
A poem for the mag.,
I sat me down upon a seat
And donned my thinking bag.

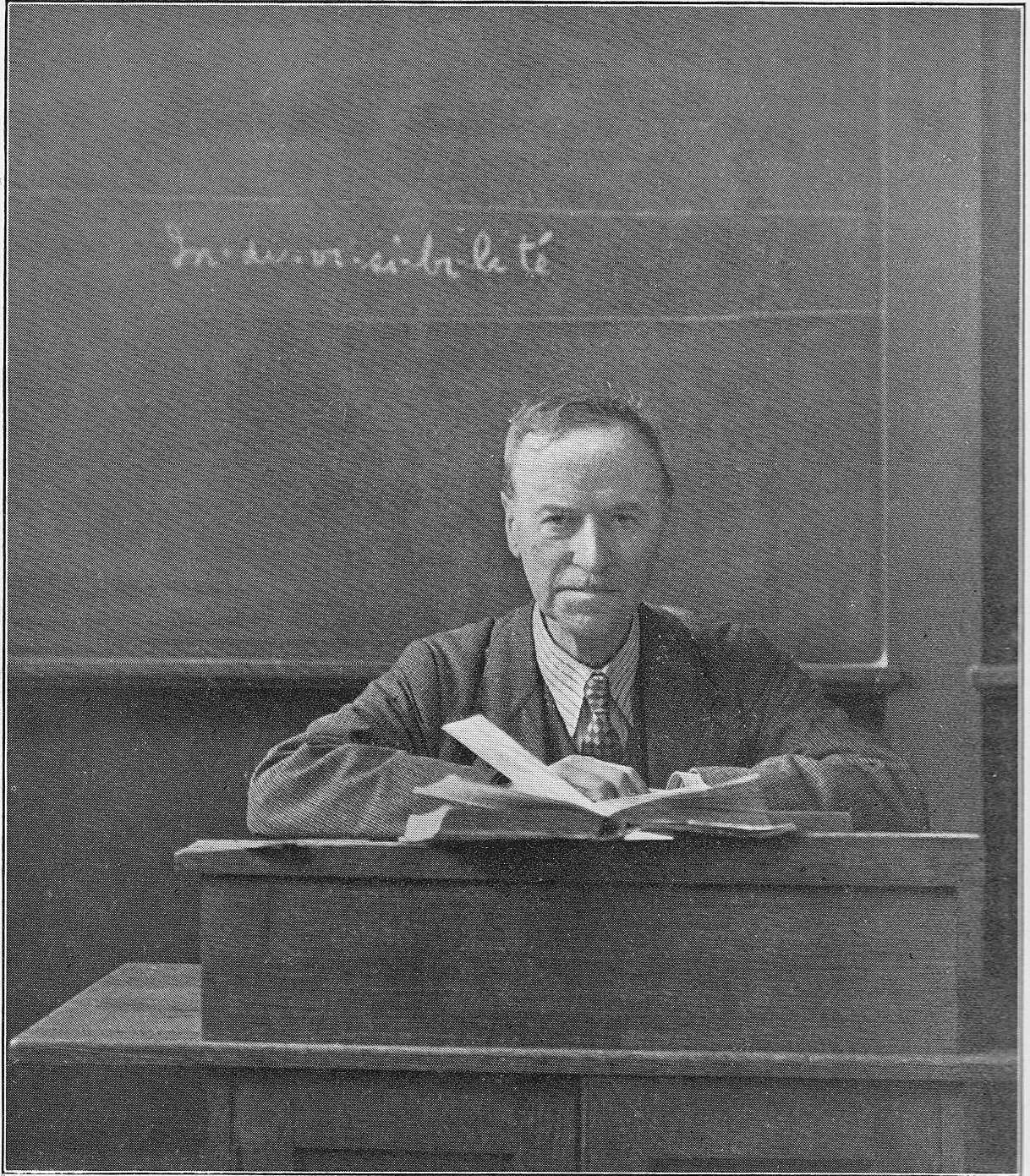
Now listen to my poem, friends,
'Tis not a work of art,
But just in case I fall asleep,
I'd better make a start.

At last the inspiration comes.
My heart goes pounding fast.
I've found a word to end my poem—
The word I want is "last."

A. S. (I. B.c.).



W. J. MERRY, D.LITT.



R. W. MACGILL, M.A.

Dr. MERRY.

WE pupils of Whitehill have never been quite conscious of the imperishable traditions of our School. It may be because we are unable to trace our origins back to the mists of antiquity, or because our contacts with School and School life have at the best been so short; and somehow or other those traditions which we do cherish have always been associated with some member of the staff rather than with the pupils.

And Dr. Merry is one of those with whose name there will ever be associated the mellow reminiscences of happier days. During the last twenty-three years he was such a dominant figure of the old School that recollections of our life there seem inevitably to take their deepest colours from memories of him. His scholarship, his unusual powers of expression, his intellectual stature were universally recognised: to many of us he it was who first revealed that wisdom which is not to be bought or sold in the markets of the world, who first opened up vistas of knowledge and appreciation, leading to a new vision and a keener insight. To be taught by him was a thrilling experience, and every new stage in the course served but to emphasise the unique abundance of his mental resources, the breadth of his intellect, and the sensitiveness and sureness of his touch in all questions of taste. Which of us will forget that subtle, ironic, intriguing half-smile, that slow, benign nod of the head, or that tumultuous denunciation with which he was wont to scatter our forces of hypocrisy and ignorance? Even the stoutest of us quailed before the wrath of this offended diety, and considered ourselves fortunate indeed to have withstood the glittering shafts of irony and scorn, the rapier and bludgeon strokes which fell in such breathless succession. Yet his respect for human personality was such that his forces were always called in before the last defence fell.

He always loved the best in literature and in life, and with a sure instinct he never sought to hide this from his pupils. He had explored so many by-ways of knowledge, his fund of anecdote was so rich, his handling of the language so racy and vivid, that those rare days of old are stamped on the memory as enduring things. Sympathetic, kindly, tolerant, he had the larger understanding of human nature, and he found a common ground with everyone. The departure of such a rich personality as Dr. Merry is a matter of profound regret, because men of his mettle are rare and can ill be spared to the School, but with memories that are entirely happy, and with grateful acknowledgment of what he did for us, and all that he meant to us, we bid him Goodbye and Good Luck,

Mr. R. W. MACGILL, M.A.

IN the prospectus of Whitehill Higher Grade School for 1905-06 appears for the first time the name of R. Wilson MacGill, M.A., teacher of French and German. During the intervening 30 years, the name has become a household word in most Dennistoun homes, and in many far beyond the immediate environs of the School. It was with genuine regret, then, that we bade him farewell in February of this year, on the occasion of his retirement from scholastic duties.

It is impossible to assess in words the value of Mr. MacGill's teaching, but when one remembers that he has given an unbroken, painstaking and diligent service of over 30 years to day and evening teaching of modern languages in Whitehill School, one can at least imagine in a vague sort of way the number of pupils to whom his virile personality was known and by whom he was respected, both for his masterly conception and teaching of his subject, and for his friendly and sympathetic attitude towards his classes.

Few men (except National dictators) possess the energy of mind and body displayed by the genial "Bob," and we feel that casting him adrift from his profession in his prime at 65 years of age will serve mainly as an incentive to excel in some other walk of life where the youthful outlook is really appreciated. His wealth of knowledge and experience, his ready wit, his fund of stories and his one song endeared him to his colleagues, and a new generation of teachers will have arisen before the Staff Room in the Old School will be tenanted by those who knew him not.

An outstanding example of a man who improved each shining hour with labour, he richly deserves the benison of his employers, his pupils and his colleagues, and in wishing him a long and happy future crowded with experiences and opportunities for self-expression, coupled with the continued prosperity of his wife and family, we give him his heart's desire.

Mr. J. ROBB, M.A.

THE appointment of Mr. Robb to a Classical headship in Shawlands Academy is a fitting termination to his eleven years of loyal service in Whitehill. We are glad indeed that his scholastic brilliance and ripe experience have thus won official recognition: we ourselves had already learned, from these and other qualities, to appreciate his worth.

His versatility in languages, though exercised with unobtrusive competence, did not altogether escape our notice. On the Classical side, to quote one instance, he gave us, as evidence of his prowess in Latin Verse Composition, the words of the School Song: yet in Strathbungo, his previous school, he was a Master of Modern Languages.

An expert acquaintance with the niceties of foreign idiom he might and undoubtedly did have, but it was informed with a spirit of true "humanitas." We saw in him the ready wit of a cultured mind, combined with a kindly sympathy for young, and at times perhaps less gifted mortals, grappling desperately with the perplexities of *Oratio Obliqua* or hacking their way blindly through a riotous undergrowth of ablative absolutes and subordinate clauses—to come bewildered at last upon the main clause of a "Cæsar" sentence.

Does mere imagination prompt the conjecture, or may one detect some subtle manifestations of his influence on a member of our own staff who, in his impressionable years at Rothesay Academy, learned his Humanity from Mr. Robb?

In our selfish moments we may regret the loss to us of one of Nature's gentlemen, yet, as in honour bound, we wish him all happiness and success in his new post.

OBITUARY.

James L. Skerrett, A.C.I.S.

It is with profound regret that we have heard of the death of James L. Skerrett at the early age of 28. He was a pupil here from August, 1920, till March, 1924, and is remembered as a quiet, slim, fair-haired lad, sitting in a corner saying as little as possible, but keenly observant of the humour of character that passed before him. James had a decidedly mathematical and practical bent, and a strong sense of direction. After his schooldays it was a pleasure to meet him, and to note the quiet capability of his manner, which gave promise of an effective life.

We offer our deepest sympathy to his parents and to his sister Barbara in this great sorrow.

THE LOST WORLD.

Recently there have been some very interesting discoveries made in some of the classrooms. I refer to certain fascinating traces of a long-forgotten race of men.

These carvings take different shapes. In Room 42, we find rows of dots strongly reminiscent of "noughts and crosses." These have all been done by some sharp instrument or other, probably a flint knife. You can just imagine a skin-clad Briton, probably "doing time," slowly cutting out these signs. Poor fellow!

In various rooms we have a design which in a rude way resembles two hearts traversed by an arrow. This mysterious sign has baffled those members of the staff who have been questioned about it. On the whole it is safe to regard it as a sacred sign connected with the religion of the race. No doubt the mystery will be solved in due time.

Again and again we find such strange words as "Atcha" and "Attaboy." Opinion is divided on this point. Some say that this is a war-cry, others that it is Anglo-Saxon for "Alas," and similar expressions of sorrow.

Similarly we find that some poor fellow, imprisoned, no doubt, for his beliefs, has written in Room 42, "Me miserum."

When one sees these carvings, probably dating back countless ages, one cannot but be thankful that one lives in the present.

(IV. B.b.)

THE SNOWDROP.

The snowdrop stands in her leafy green gown,
Down in the valleys and dales,
Nodding her head as white as down,
When the wind howls along in gales.

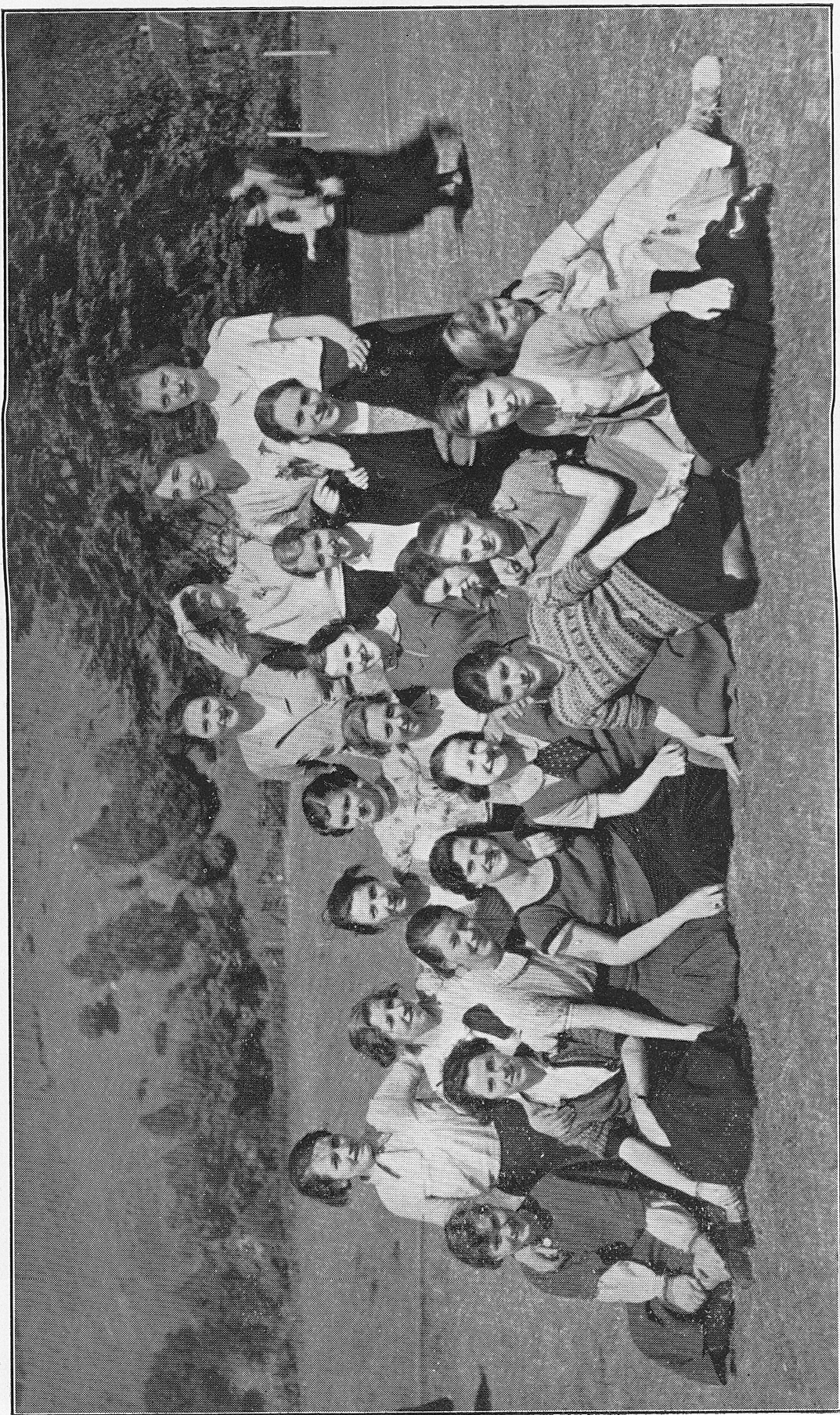
How really lonely she must be,
When in the winter there isn't a bee
To sip the nectar from her flowers,
As they do to roses in the ladies' bowers.

Alas! no summer joys she'll see,
For soon a withered flower she'll be.
None of her left save a bulb in the ground.
To bloom again when next spring comes round.

B. B. (I. G.e.).



MR. J. ROBB AND MR. WM. MCCULLOCH
AT CRAIGEND.



SENIOR GIRLS.

THE FIJIANS.

By the Girl from Down Under.

THE Fiji Islands are a group which lie in the Pacific, between South America and Australia, nearer to the latter. The name Fiji has been adopted by Europeans from the dialect of the Lau Islands, but Viti is the corresponding form in the dialect of MBau, the recognised Fijian language. Fiji is a Crown Colony, that is, it is governed by public officers under the control of the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

The natives of Fiji have a wonderful wealth of tradition and folk-lore. They belong to the Eastern branch of the negro race. The resemblance between the Fijians and certain East African tribes, both in personal appearance and in language, seems to show that the forefathers of the present Fijians lived in Africa. They live in small communities. Each community has one or more "kors," or villages, which are often fortified by a fence and a ditch. Besides the village, the community owns an extent of land which provides food and other necessities, such as reeds for making houses and fish-traps, and grass for making mats. Crayfish from the rivers, turtles and shell-fish from the sea, form their staple diet. The usual drink is water.

The natives' houses are of the ordinary gabled pattern, having a single room, with thatched roof and sides. Generally the floor is of hard earth covered with grass and a layer of mats. There are doors on three sides. The furniture consists of a bed formed by raising the floor at the doorless end of the "bure," the "yanghona" bowl, mats, baskets, tapestry made from the bark of trees, drinking vessels of polished coconut shell, and the weapons of the household.

The early Fijian was undoubtedly a ruthless savage, a stark fighter whose pastime seemed to be war. In this he spared neither woman nor child, and, in the treacherous methods to which he resorted in overcoming an enemy, he showed great cunning. As a cannibal, he took first place in the world's history, his country becoming known to early navigators as the "Cannibal Isles of Fiji." Yet, side by side with these barbarous practices, he evolved a wonderful social culture and a ceremonious code of customs far ahead of any of his Melanesian brothers. As a craftsman, he stood alone among them, his houses and huge sea-going canoes being unrivalled. As a potter, he showed what was in the South Seas unsurpassed cleverness, although the principle of the potter's wheel was unknown to him.

Undoubtedly one of the finest of the native races, the Fijians have travelled far along the path of development during the fifty years they have been under British rule. War, cannibalism, polygamy, and all such evils, are now but memories of that dark past from which the Fijians have emerged loyal sons of the Empire. Visitors who have the time to tour among their many picturesque villages will find a docile, contented people who extend a ready welcome to travellers.

MILK—"PROPAGHANDI."

Readers! let misapprehension
 Not thy nimble brain deceive.
 Of myself had no intention
 Of infliction, but believe
 Mine own hand uninterèsted
 Was, and so 'twould have been yet,
 But that I would be detested
 Evermore. This was the threat.
 So that such reproach I might miss
 I commenced in a trice
 Pen to wield. Now will you let this
 As the prologue, friends, suffice?

* * * *

Illogic thought, sans sanity,
 O wit, as quick as shambling cub,
 To appease wrath of humanity
 I assign this to the "Rambling" Club.

In this edifice of learning,
 In these cultured spheres around,
 We for higher things are yearning,
 Which, alas! are seldom found.

This ideal may be perfection,
 Yet I would some change propose.
 In the future, retrospection
 Will of us be "Heroes those!"

And my scheme to such laudation,
 Eulogy and gratitude.
 Simple is the explanation.
 Execution?—fortitude!

Year by year the great vacation
 Hope produces yet anew
 Of a perfect re-creation,
 But as often proves taboo.

My proposal is that we
 Should strive as educated folk
 To stop the phrase "Doh! call it Me,"
 From being mixed with "Hic, haec, hoc."

And the annexe demolition
 Is another ideal high—
 Load yourselves with ammunition,
 Blow the veteran to the sky.

Tears will not be shed at parting,
 Helpers' hands won't ring for grief.
 Time for cheers will then be starting.
 Long, loud sighs will sound relief.

Oh! be not by jubilation
 Hindered. Start on something new.
 Let not laurels be temptation.
 There are noble works to do.

By our efforts soon we ought to
 Reach a high and worthy peak.
 Where we'll change our striving motto
 Into "Maneamus hic."

And you can accomplish this feat,
 Turn to iron wills of silk.
 Place Utopia in Whitehill Street,
 And to do this, drink more milk.

L.

A SOUND POLICY.

A clean sheet and a flowing pen,
 A sigh that follows fast,
 And echoes in the silent room,
 Throughout an industrious class;
 A diligent class of girls (poor things!),
 Whose master hawk-like stands,
 And spares not one of these poor dears,
 Working with inky hands.

"Oh, for a loud and noisy bell!"
 One hard-worked pupil sighs,
 "But I must finish this one sum,
 Or I won't win a prize.
 And I will get no marks (ah me!),
 This constant study is too great.
 I think I'd better leave the school
 Before it is too late."

But when exams have passed away,
 Our minds are quickly changed.
 We must uphold the old school tie
 For which Whitehill is famed.
 So let us play the game, girls,
 Always play the game,
 And when exams come round again,
 We'll honour the school's good name.

M. B. (II. G. a.).

MONSOON.

BILL Thompson, with a nervous sweep of his arm, sent the enamel plate and mug clattering to the floor, and ran his fingers through his greasy hair. For over a year he had been rotting in that small outpost, seven hundred miles from humanity, with Lloyd, the meteorological expert, and his nerves were beginning to give way under the strain. It was his tedious job to transmit Lloyd's observations on the path of the Monsoons to Hyderabad in the Indus Valley. Blast Lloyd! he was entirely unmoved by the terrific heat which preceded the Monsoons.

When solitude and excessive heat are combined, they can do strange things to a man's mind. At present Thompson was planning in all seriousness to murder his irritating companion. One day, some time soon, Lloyd would sit down after his morning coffee and would never rise again, for arsenic is swift and deadly. Seeing this, he himself would immediately send out news of his friend's "suicide," and, after a holiday in Bombay to attend the inquest, he would return with a new companion and start afresh.

So ruminating, Thomson went out for his evening stroll. Lloyd watched him go, and, lifting a file, entered the wireless room. For over a year he had suffered Thompson's nervousness and impatience, and he was tired of it all. To-morrow Thompson would send out a message, and, due to a little tampering on Lloyd's part, the radio apparatus would suddenly and inexplicably run down. A radio-operator who cannot take care of his apparatus is worse than useless to the Meteorological Society, and Thompson would be withdrawn.

It looked like stalemate.

Next evening, after Thompson had sent out a Monsoon warning, his apparatus failed. A glance showed him that the machine, an old one, would take fully a week to repair. Here was indeed a blow to his plans.

Hours later, he was still working at the wireless. Suddenly the piercing drone of a ship's siren broke the stillness of the night. He started up, and ran to the shore. A small skiff from the tramp "Alsatian," whose lights were just visible, had landed at the jetty. A sailor lept ashore and delivered a few letters to Thompson, asking him for any mail for home. The mail ship had come five days too soon. Quickly he scribbled out a note reporting that Lloyd had committed suicide, how, unable to stand the heat, he had taken arsenic. Thus was his plan carried out, in spite of the broken wireless. There remained only to poison Lloyd's morning coffee.

Next morning the poisoned beverage awaited Lloyd in vain. He had died through the night, quite naturally, of heart failure,

and the news of his "suicide" was on the way to Bombay. Attempted homicide, they would say when they investigated the case.

Ruin loomed up before Thompson. Panic seized him as he returned to the living room. He sat in the window seat, and, looking out to sea, saw a dull grey blur on the horizon. Only too well he knew that a storm was approaching. Mechanically he switched on the receiving set, which was in quite good order, and suddenly a great wave of relief swept over him. On a short wave came a message, an S.O.S. from the tramp steamer "Alsatian," sinking fast in the Arabian Sea with not a ship within a hundred miles.

PROF. (V. B.).

Speed, bonny boat, like a bird on the wing,
Over the sea to Ardgoil.
Carry the pupils who joyfully sing,
Freed from their worry and toil.
Glorious trip,
Beautiful ship,
Excellent biscuit and pie.
Speed, bonny boat, like a bird on the wing,
"Forward!" the scholars cry.

E. B. B. (II. G.b.).

A SONG ABOUT NOTHING.

In "London on a Rainy Night" I met "The Girl with the Dreamy Eyes" who had just left the cart of "Sweetmeat Joe," the Candy Man," where she was feeding "Old Faithful" "Underneath the Harvest Moon." She was dressed in "A Little Jacket of Blue," which was admirably set off by "A Little Green Hat." We strolled along and entered "St. James' Park" to watch "The Easter Parade," which was headed by "Cora's Accordion Man." "Popeye the Sailor" became objectionable and I had to give him "Two Lovely Black Eyes" so that he would not "Steal Ma Gal." We hopped into a cab, and she said, "Home, James, and Don't Spare the Horses," but I said, "No, No, a Thousand Times No!" whereupon she said, "A'm Gonna Wash Ma Hands of You." Next day I told her "I Never Slept a Wink Last Night" because of my "Goodbye Blues." She, however, would accept no excuse, so I said, "Oh Sussana," "Here's to the Next Time."

WE THREE FELLOWS (II. M.i.).

JUBILEE DAY.

The sixth of May was Jubilee Day;
That night there were bonfires and fireworks so gay.
The moon blinked an eye and said, "Oh my!"
When she saw all the rockets ablaze in the sky.

There were many Scout beacons alight in the parks,
And plenty of noise and great showers of sparks
That lit up the nearby fields with light,
And sent a red glow far into the night.

But now 'tis o'er, and to their homes
The weary crowds have all dispersed.
Three cheers for King, Queen, Country, we say,
Three cheers—loud cheers for Jubilee Day!

C. L. (I. G.a.).



OH, CHEESE IT!

We have been taught by enterprising Maths. teachers that a cubic foot is equal to $6\frac{1}{4}$ gallons of water, milk, or beer. With such instilled (or distilled knowledge), we will now proceed to work out a few facts.

A third of a pint of milk is (or was before we drank it) equal to 12 cubic inches, and so, if a number of boys drank 1,371 third-pint bottles in two months, they consume 16,452 cubic inches of milk. If this milk was laid in one huge block one-tenth of an inch wide and one-tenth of an inch high, it would stretch 1,645,200 inches along Duke Street. Taking a policeman's foot as 14 inches long (what a lie!) this would equal $58,757\frac{1}{2}$ policemen standing one foot in front of the other. It would go round the edge of a football park and leave enough to refresh the players at half-time. If there was a hole down through Whitehill Street, it would probably reach the Molindinar.

But I have been twisting this milk (1,645,200 inches long, of an inch wide, and of an inch high) about so much that I have become dizzy, and the milk has become a chunk of butter, large enough to keep a family of four in butter for a week, or, if stretched into the same diameter as string, it would equal—

oh, cheese it!

RAIL (VI B)

SCHOOL NOTES.

Fuller notices will be found elsewhere. Suffice it to mention that Mr. McGill has retired from teaching us accentuation in French by means of his favourite *indivisibilité*; that Mr. Robb is now principal Classics Master in Shawlands Academy; and that Dr. Merry as Headmaster of Hamilton Crescent School may suffer hurt if Mr. A. C. Munro scores a boundary for "West of Scotland." "We shall meet and we shall miss them."

Will those budding authors, who now appear in print, be duly thankful to Dr. Merry who started this Magazine fifteen years ago?

And now it falls to me to welcome Mr. Williamson, or should I say, to gather him back into the fold? Mr. Williamson is no stranger to us, and in his new capacity as principal teacher of English will be able to continue the very real interest he has taken in the School.

To Mr. McLaren we also extend our very hearty welcome, and trust that he will be happy among us. We are glad to have made his acquaintance already in the Golf Outing at Bonnyton Moor.

Although sorry to lose Mr. McGill from our French dept., we are sure that Mr. Henry, who has come in his stead, will prove a worthy and welcome successor.

The School v. Staff Tennis match has been arranged for Tuesday, 11th June. A prominent member of staff has actually bought an up-to-date racquet complete with gut. A large attendance is requested to "keep the ba' in the park." The Relay team have bravely volunteered to retrieve the ball—ba'—from any point in Armadale Street and immediate vicinity.

Thanks to Mr. Lunam, the School Hall is burgeoning forth into a very pleasant Botanical Museum. It has come as a surprise to many that what they thought of as a buttercup might quite easily be a wood anemone, a goldilocks or a silver-weed. Consequent upon this, the science department is suffering from an outbreak of elementary biology. It has even been suggested that one gentleman has turned vegetarian. Perhaps he is only learning to make broth, and is steeping the peas.

Have you heard that the School is to have a new coat of paint? Already the art treasures in the annexe gallery have been put in store and are heavily insured.

With the change of tenants, that took place after Easter Recess, the rooms of the School have become resplendent with mural and other decorations, which reflect the idiosyncracies of the staff. Miss Gordon has brightened up the former boudoir of the Vith girls with "The flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra la," and

"We welcome the hope that they bring, tra la,
Of a Summer of roses and wine!"

We have to put on record the gratitude of a certain mathematical genius to the Whitehill Aspidistra Club for their kind assistance in his efforts to embellish his room.

The weather, recently so inclement of an evening, graciously looked down on a bevy of beauteous maidens, and a stalwart band of youths who, on the 7th of June, defied the elements in light summery rig-out, to gyrate upon the glassy floor and "find perpetual motion, if they could, if they could." There was a lovely sickle moon that night.

Let us express a deep and wondering thanks to the generous donors to the Lost Property Fund. But what does Mother say?

The consumption of milk by the Vth Year boys sets up a new record of two bottles per caput or paunch. It is even rumoured that there is a four-bottle man among them. Total to date, 2,000 bottles.

I must not lose this opportunity of referring to the new system of traffic regulation now in use in our built-up area. Many queries, pertinent and otherwise, have been asked. May I append a few, submitted by our friend, D.R., of II. B.e.?

1. When will the system of level-crossings, automatic signals and Belisha beacons be used in the School?
2. Why are the teachers not given lessons as traffic policemen?
3. Where could the 30 m.p.h. built-up areas be established in the School?
4. How would the School prosper if these new systems were applied and there was no time left for lessons?

By the way, did you buy this Magazine?

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

MR. CARR met Mr. Bibby in the Turkish Bath. The Bath was attached to the rather select Club to which Mr. Carr belonged, and to which only the comfortably off were proposed for membership. By its exclusiveness, therefore, Mr. Carr recognised Mr. Bibby as an equal, if not a superior, and it would not harm his reputation to be seen talking to him. Talk he did; and in due course he found that their tastes were almost similar. The same authors impressed them; the same music delighted them; the same political parties were supported by them; and, while they steamed in the hot rooms, admiration and respect for one another seized them both. When they parted at last to dress, Mr. Carr mentally promised to wait outside for Mr. Bibby.

He dressed quickly, and, in his well-cut suit and overcoat, he strolled up and down the pavement outside. He had had to wait for some time to be properly cooled down before leaving, but Mr. Bibby could not have left yet. He wondered idly who he was, what he did, whether that handsome Rolls-Royce at the kerb was his.

Then a man, obviously in a hurry, came through the swing-doors into the street. Mr. Carr stepped forward eagerly, and then stopped, checking the greeting on his lips. This man was shabby, very shabby. His clothes were shiny, and his hat frayed at the edges; he had no coat. Mr. Carr was about to turn away when the lamp-light fell on the other's face.

"You—you are not——" he gasped in amazement.

"My name is Bibby, sir," said the man.

"But I—I spoke with you in there!" He jerked his hand at the swing doors.

"Yes, sir, I'am afraid you did," said the other humbly.

"Good heavens! I believe I even invited you to dinner to-night."

"Yes, sir, you did say something about it. I'm very sorry."

"So you ought to be, sir! so you ought to be! I've been made a pretty fool of! With my reputation and position, too! How did you get in? Out with it, now!"

"My brother, sir—he's an attendant. He——"

"Oh, I see! I'll report this to the committee, and have him dismissed to-morrow. Mark my words, sir!"

And with that Mr. Carr swept into his waiting limousine and was driven off. He was angry, insulted, and embarrassed. He'd show that little imposter.

Then, suddenly, his anger evaporated, and left him nothing but regret. He had few friends; he had been too busy. Oh, what a pity it had happened as it had! The little dinner, and the pleasant evening afterwards was lost. Why? yes, why?

His position? Who was there to lower that? Had he not just been regretting that he had no intimate friends? Yes, but——.

“My dear,” he said to his wife when he was home, “my dear, I am going out to look for a friend of mine. I met him at the Club to-night. I shall bring him back for dinner.”

D. R. M. (V.).

A TREATISE ON NOTHING.

“Well,” I can hear my reader say, “if you are going to write about nothing, you’re not going to write about anything, and that’s you finished.” The fallacy, gentle reader, lies in the fact that nothing is something. After all, if you have nothing in the world, you have something—nothing.

Nothing is generally written 0. Whether it should be pronounced “nought” or not, I cannot tell. It is a knotty point—I mean the 0, “nought” or not, not what I have just said. 0 also symbolises a duck’s egg, which is always a bad thing, as anybody but a curate will tell you. Thus, by elementary logic, we arrive at the fact that nothing is a bad egg.

This, however, is bad grammar. It should read, “Nobody is a bad egg,” which is untrue, therefore something has gone wrong somewhere, probably the egg. In fact, in this treatise nothing is right.

But it is an established fact (as any boy who has attended a First Year party can tell you) that nothing is left. And so left is right and I am wrong, which is not the point, and just demonstrates how the pursuit of nothing leads nowhere.

Then nowhere is anywhere, so it must befall that the pursuit of nothing leads anywhere. Anywhere, being a place, is something. But anything is something and something anything, so anywhere is anything; then nothing leads to anything.

Now, nothing has been proved equal to a bad egg. One can substitute anything for anything, so let us assume that anything is Mussolini. Then Mussolini is a bad egg, an opinion which I have held for some considerable time.

Mussolini is a Somebody who is Everybody. A bad egg is nothing, and nobody. Therefore, everybody who is somebody is nobody.

Being nobody, I have no right to write anything about anything, far less anything about nothing, and so I will close these remarks by remarking that it is a remarkable world where such remarks as these are nothing. Since they are nothing, they have taken up none of your time, so I have nothing on my conscience (or is it my brain?).

SCHOOL NOTES.

WHITEHILL SCHOOL CLUB.

We are again greatly indebted to the Editors of the Magazine for the opportunity of bringing ourselves to your notice, although we are now beginning to flatter ourselves that you are not entirely unaware of our existence. Since the new School Club was formed three years ago, combining the Social Activities of the old School Club with the pursuits of the Athletic Club, we have been happily conscious of your growing interest in our Club and what it stands for.

When you leave School, will you not want to again meet the friends you made there and to recall and have a laugh over the many amusing incidents you must have experienced? Of course you will! And as one of the main objects of the School Club is to maintain and strengthen the friendships formed at the School, the conclusion is obvious. Join up!

Our meetings are held on practically every second Friday from October to March and our syllabus is arranged to cater for all tastes. Those of you who attended our Annual Joint Meeting with your Literary and Debating Society received a sample of our fare. We also run three dances, two in the gymnasium in October and March, and the other, "The Event of the Season," on Christmas Eve in the Ca'doro.

Then there is the athletic side of our activities. We have at present three sections, Hockey, "Rugger," and "Soccer," and they all keenly look forward to an influx of new blood from the School at the beginning of every season. You have not failed them yet, and we are confident that next September will see you turning out and enrolling at Craigend in even increased numbers. From what we observed at your Sports, you certainly have an abundance of athletic talent. During your School careers you have helped considerably to make Craigends what it is to-day, and it is only reasonable that you should continue to reap the advantages.

Our annual subscription remains the same—two shillings and sixpence for ordinary membership and one guinea for life membership—which, considering the value received, nobody should find prohibitive.

LESLIE W. BLACK, President.

PETER S. CHISHOLM, Secretary,
17 Craigielea Street, Glasgow, E.1.

FOOTBALL.

During the past season, though no shields have been won, the School teams have upheld the standard set in previous years. The First Eleven came very near to winning the Glasgow and District Schools League Championship for the first time in the School's history, only being beaten by one goal in the extra time of the third game. The Elementary Team lost only three points during the season, but were beaten by Clydebank in the championship decider. The other teams, though not quite so successful, were fairly high in the Leagues.

This season Robert Gardiner was chosen to captain another Glasgow team against the Rest of Scotland. Gordon Easton and Alfred Souter were chosen to play against Bradford and the Rest of Scotland respectively.

CRICKET.

The 1st XI. has been quite successful up to date, having played nine games, won six and lost three. Notable victories were recorded against Dalziel High School and Ayr Academy; but we were soundly beaten by Hamilton Academy and Keil School. No games have been postponed with the exception of the "Tigers v. Rabbits," which was postponed because of the holiday week-end.

The batting and bowling averages are at present headed by G. H. Easton and J. Brand respectively. The largest individual score of the season so far was recorded against Dalziel High School, viz., 52 not out, and was scored by W. Todd.

The Second Eleven have been very successful up to date, having lost only one game—to Dalziel High School. Good wins were recorded against Eastbank School and Bellahouston Academy.

K. H. V. (Hon. Secy.).



GOLF.

Owing to a disappointing lack of interest in golf during the winter months, only two medals were played. These were won by R. Rae (73) and J. Moncrieff (83). The Allan Shield, however, is now in full swing, the semi-finalists being C. Boal and J. Lewis, R. Rae and A. Souter.

The golf outing of the year, the match against the teachers, was played at Bonnyton Moor. We were again fortunate in having a glorious day. Although we only halved one match and lost the others, we had, at least, more than half the enjoyment.

We are now looking forward to a number of school matches, and we hope to be very successful.

A. G. K. (VI.).

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES.

Efforts in drama have this session been confined to the Junior Section of the School Dramatic Club. After many weeks of hard work, at rehearsals which, for the most part, seriously encroached on the dinner hour, they performed with notable success at the City Hall, and later, under very adverse conditions, at the Century of Progress Exhibition.

“A vote of hear’y thanks” is due to all the pupils who took part in these performances, and to that willing band of “Old Faithfuls,” who receive all the knocks and none of the glory—the understudies.

J. D.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni.

And so another session ends. Treasurers, secretaries, and committees, like little meteors, may come and go unheralded and unsung; but we must voice our regret at the loss of our President and Founder, Dr. Merry. We ought to be pleased at his promotion, but the pleasure is all Hamilton Crescent School's. We shall miss his vigorous humour, and it is hard to conceive of a Hat Night without his benign influence.

The past season has been as successful as usual.

As for the attendance—“O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!” Next year, we hope the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth will rally to the support of the new President, Mr. Williamson, Mr. Thomas Lithgow, Secretary, and Miss Annie B. Weir, Treasurer.

W. R. Y. M. (Hon. Secy.).

TENNIS.

This recreation still retains its power of filling the courts with members of both Senior and Junior Schools.

This year there is a girls' team as well as the usual School team. These teams have been playing very well indeed, although success has not always been theirs. I would take this opportunity of reminding all interested of the tennis match with the staff on 11th June.

M. L. D.

SWIMMING (BOYS).

The main item of note since the last issue of the Magazine is the Olympic Training Scheme meeting held at Renfrew, at which the School teams gave a very creditable display.

The attendances at the Whitevale Baths at 4 p.m. on Fridays have been diminishing. While this is regrettable, consolation is to be found in the fact that next year shows signs of being an outstanding season, especially among the Senior boys.

SWIMMING (GIRLS).

There was a pleasant visit to the Jordanhill Gala, which we thoroughly enjoyed, but, beyond that, life has been uneventful. With these warm days upon us, it is a blessing to be still in the swim.

HOCKEY.

Alas! Hockey this year has not met with an uninterrupted series of successes. Yet, despite our consistency, hockey has a great hold over the members of the Junior School, and this is a laudable feature.

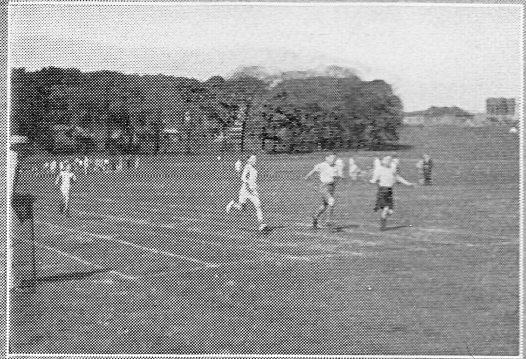
The hockey teams take this opportunity of expressing their thanks to the lady members of the staff for their continued kindness in accompanying the teams in their away fixtures.

M. McK.



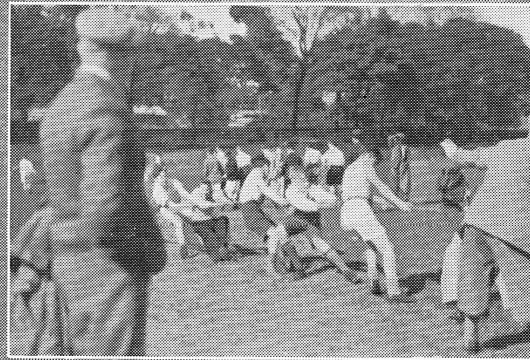


FPs 220 YDS.



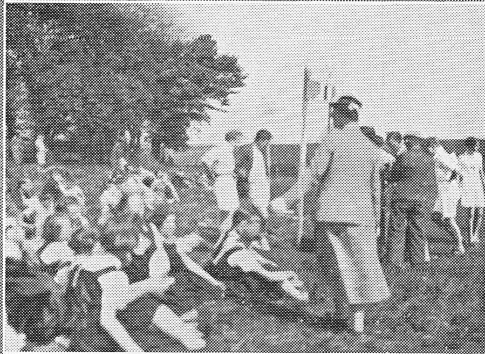
UNDER 14 (BOYS) 100 YDS.

CRAIGEND
MAY

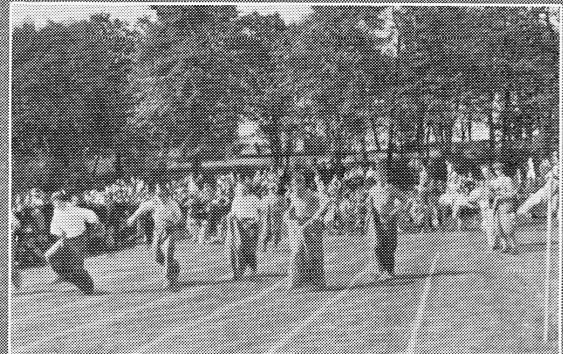


1ST YEAR. TUG-OF-WAR.

SPORTS
1935



MISS FISHER IN ACTION

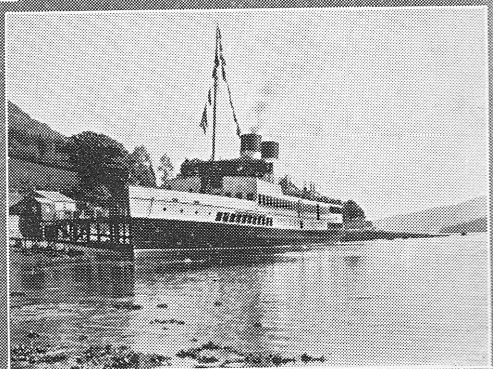
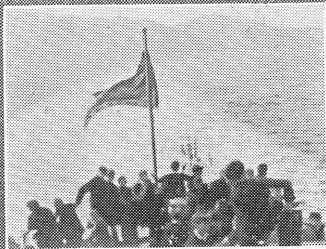
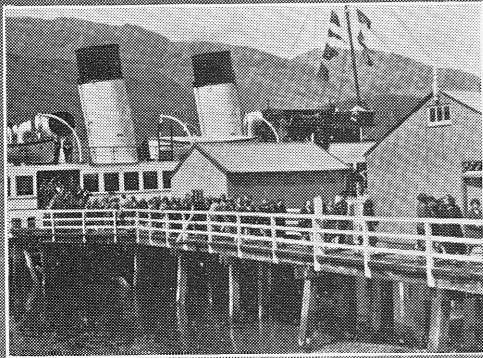


BOYS' SACK RACE.

PRESS
TABLE
1934.



ALL
ABOARD



THE ROAD TO LOCHGOILHEAD.

“Hence, Loathéd Melancholy.”

THIS exorcism of Milton's was never needed on Wednesday, 29th May, when the pupils of Whitehill had their sail to Ardgoil; on the contrary, their mood was all allegro. The start itself was inauspicious, the weather being cold and our feet likewise. But when we left the playground, four deep, and marched down Whitehill Street, the full realisation of our great numbers quite astonished us. Then, too, the members of VI.B. started off, as they finished, in friendly rivalry with IV.B. These two facts served to revive our drooping spirits and we looked quite cheerful as we boarded the trams. This journey was uneventful except for those who endeavoured to smoke surreptitiously. Having reached the boat, we embarked with more or less dignity according to our respective standing. But all pretence of dignity was shattered when I. B.g. and VI. B. alike were presented with one small box of chocolates and two coffee buns.

Like most school functions, the trip had a very sticky start, which was not eliminated by the fixed determination of a certain section of the School to enjoy themselves at everyone else's expense. But as the boat gained speed, so did our enjoyment, and by the time the Cunarder was reached, our Scottish reserve and shyness had worn off, and we bubbled, and we sparkled, and we scintillated, and we fizzed, and we glowed, and we effervesced, and generally spilled ourselves all over the boat. We were, in fact, one big happy family, the “matey” feeling of the First Year boys for the Fifth and Sixth Year girls being expressed in “caveman” tactics. However, except for the loss of a few belts, or berets, or a little dignity, the girls reached Ardgoil safely.

Arriving at Ardgoil in glorious sunshine, we found the band waiting for us, together with the Mayor and Town Council to give us a civic reception and the freedom of the city. Having received this, to the accompaniment of songs and shouts, we moved, in heaps, towards our ultimate destination. Here we received more food, after which we were “off the chain.” We were free! but there was a fly in the ointment, for the Headmaster parodied Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and said:

“If you think you're going out boating,
If you think you're going to bathe,
If you think you're going into the woods, my lads,
There's another think coming your way.”

The next part of the programme cannot be divulged to the vulgar curiosity of the masses. Let it suffice to say that we enjoyed ourselves immensely and assembled in the field at the proper time. Here the gloom of departure was lightened by the

Herculean efforts of two small boys to descend a hill in a hurry ; nor must I fail to chronicle the tremendous endeavours of a certain Fifth Year boy to eat everything that his friends left over. Then, except for a few halts by the roadside, we reached our "luxury liner," and departed amidst the weeping and wailing of the entire population of Lochgoilhead, both of whom we had kissed on leaving. Our trip home was uneventful, except for the fact that, regardless of whether the cruise was to celebrate the Civic Centenary or the Jubilee, the pupils displayed an admirable faculty in adapting themselves to circumstances and celebrating both with equal enthusiasm. Might I mention, in conclusion, that the spirit of enjoyment did not pass over the staff ; on the contrary, it seemed to imbue them more than the others, if we can take their miraculous sartorial arrangements as any criterion.

WISHES.

I'd like to be able to creep at dusk,
 Into a hollow tree,
 And spend the night by a glow-worm's light,
 I, myself, and me.
 And the great horned owl in the branches above
 Would sing his merriest song,
 And keep his watch by my front porch,
 The whole dewy night long.

And the squirrel who lives in the hole high up
 Would come down ere the night was half gone,
 And we'd cheerily speak of events of the week,
 While the moon in the sky crept on.
 But the hour that is darkest of all,
 The hour before dawn breaks grey,
 Would find my head on my little bed,
 Dreaming the dark away.

And ere the flush of rose in the sky
 Had changed or grown more bright,
 I'd be up and away to welcome the day,
 And bid farewell to the night.
 And the wind would be catching my long, long hair,
 And twirling it round and about.
 I'd be throwing small stones at the rabbits' homes
 And calling them all to come out—
 For it's up and away
 To welcome the day,
 And bid farewell to the night.

**PURPLE PASSAGES PRESENTED BY
Miss SOUSA SOAPSUDS.**

No. 1—On a Chocolate Box.

Oh little box, how small art thou, and I can see thou art empty now. When first I heard we were to have a box, I really thought we'd have some chocs. But when, Oh box, I saw your size, my hefty frame did heave with sighs; and when inside you I did peep to see what things within did sleep, I counted out, with ardour keen, the magic number seventeen. Ah, then I knew that someone had pinched a drop, the awful cad. Thus sorrow upon sorrow steeped, made this, my cruise, in gloom deep-steeped. But Ah and Tcher! Revenge is sweet, I'll drop you, box, in Ardgoil's street.

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No. 2—"Queen Mary II." on the morning of—.

Princess, what fury incarnate is let loose here? Princess, what mean these shrieks which I do hear? Can it be the breeze which rustles through the trees, or is it then the chirping of a myriad of fleas? Or might it be a battalion of noisy pneumatic drills? No, my dear, these would not supply the cadences and trills. Listen, hearken to these shouts again. I have it, 'tis the First Year "off the chain." Ah, the little lambs, how they do play; now what does the poet Ahlavah Racher say?

"'Tis all a confused babble worse than Bedlam,
Wherein the First pinch berets from the Sixth—
And wham,
Scamper off, the Sixth in pursuit hot,
Till one of them, back from the crowd, doth stot."

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THE OBSTACLE RACE.

With a clear, shrill noise the whistle blows,
And every girl's away on her toes,
Fat girls, thin girls struggle 'neath the net
To come out, probably, all upset.
Then the athletes forward fly
Scaling hurdles, high and dry,
And the foremost, there she goes!
In her sack she puts her toes.
In her mind a doubt arises—
Will she reach the end she prizes?
On she stumbles, fighting gamely,
And the cheers her follow mainly.
When at length the tape is gained,
She the winner is proclaimed.

L. C. (II. G.b.).

DEATH ON THE HILL.

It was one of those glorious afternoons when everything seems half asleep, and day-dreaming is the only congenial occupation. My friends and I had just finished packing up the remains of our picnic, and were coming slowly down the hill discussing books. The particular book we were discussing was a "thriller," centering round the finding of a headless body. Since we had nothing better to talk about, we each were telling what we thought would be our probable plan of action if we found such a thing. The plans were all very level-headed and sensible, but it was surprising how soon they were forgotten when, at a turn in the path, underneath a large tree, we found—a headless body.

Instantly we began to ask each other questions which no one could answer, and which no one was expected to answer. As everyone spoke at the same time, the noise was terrific.

"Whose body?"

"Where was the head?"

These were questions which we could not answer, but the latter was answered for us, for, about a hundred yards from the body lay the severed head—a horrible sight!

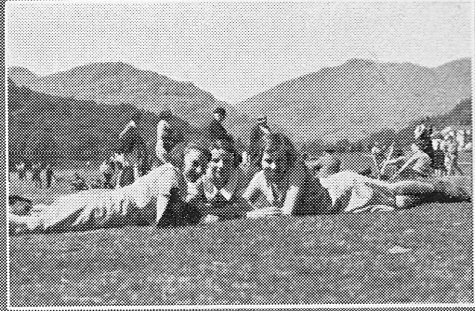
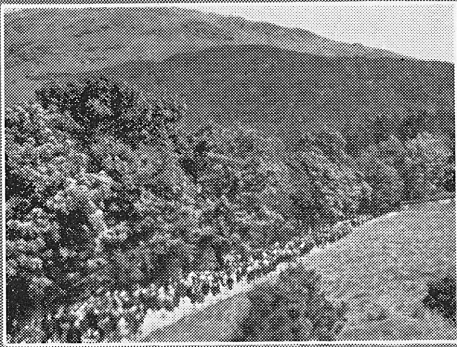
However, we soon calmed down and walked briskly away, not for the police, reader, but home for tea, because we saw no use calling in the police force (one man) to investigate the cause of a sheep's death.

L. M. D. (IV.).

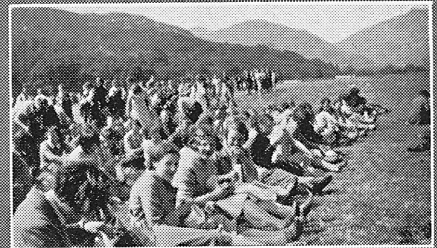
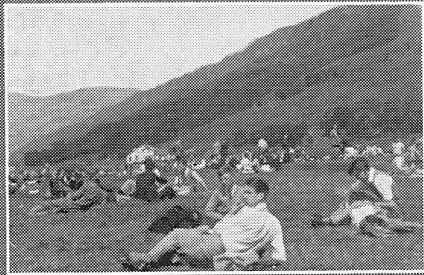
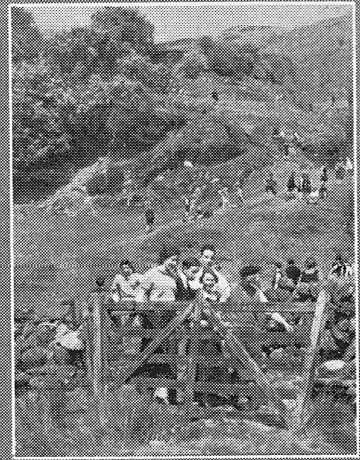
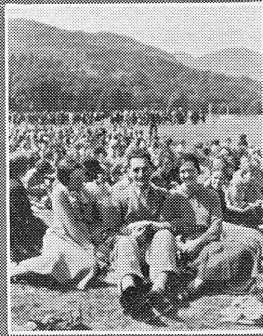
A TEACHER IN 2035 A.D.

The room was long, the room was cold,
 The teacher was infirm and old.
 His withered cheek and tresses grey
 Seemed to have known a better day;
 The strap, his sole remaining joy,
 Was borne by many a naughty boy.
 The last of all the masters, he
 Taught his class Ge-om-etry.
 For well-a-day his date had fled,
 His learned brethren all were dead.
 And he, neglected and depressed,
 Wished, like his pupils, to be at rest.
 No more on dais ranting roar,
 And stretch his pupils on the floor.
 No longer honoured and obeyed,
 While on the 'board he plied his trade
 And poured to boys and girls gay
 The "unpremeditated lay."

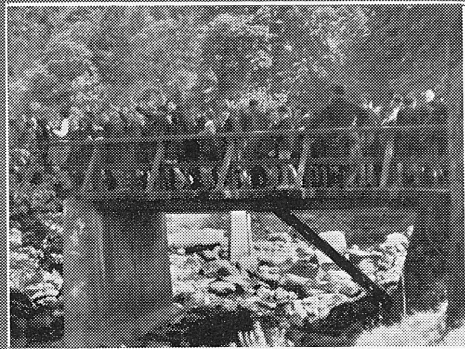
J. B. S. (IV. B.b.).

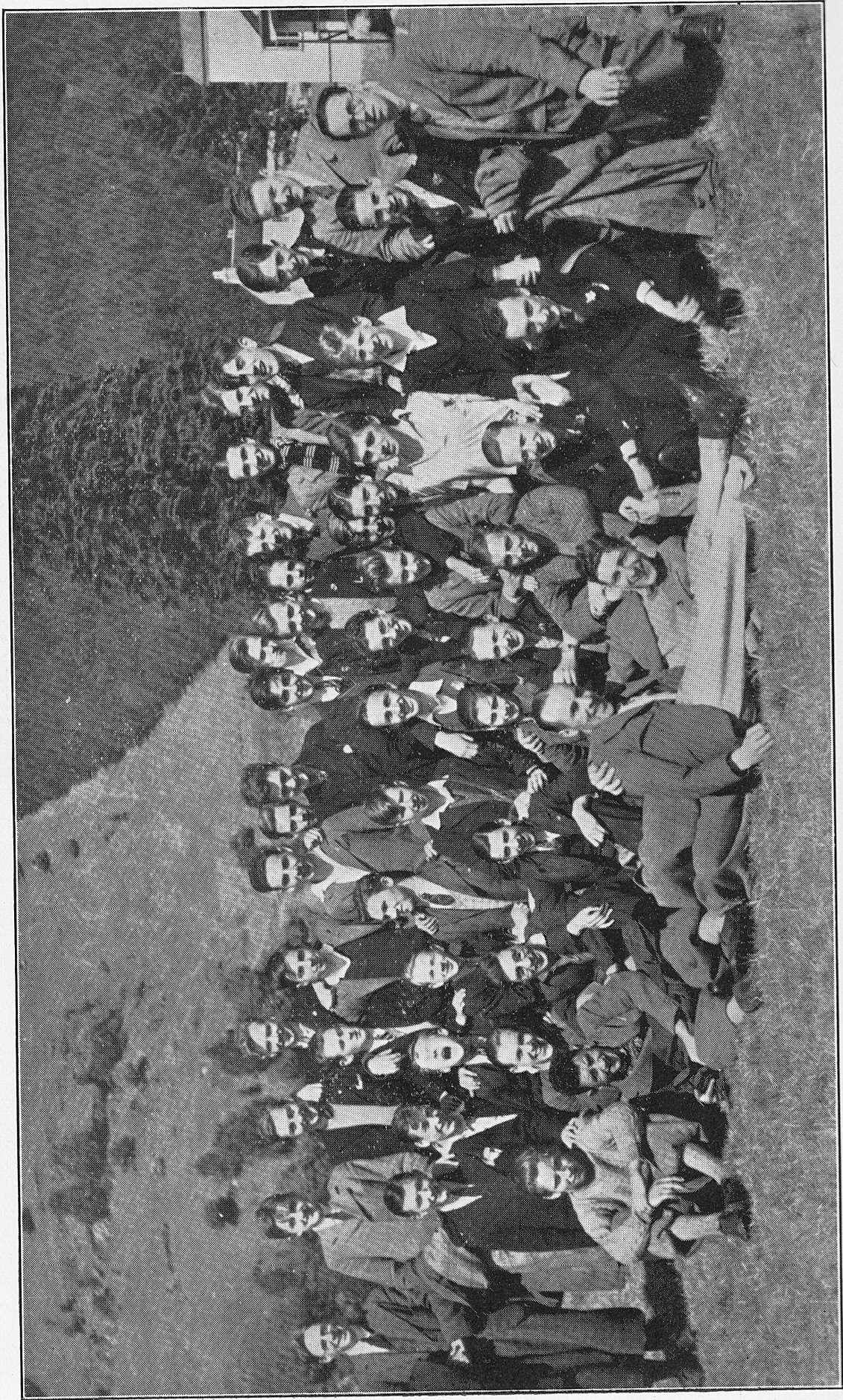


TRIOLE



TRIOLE





SENIOR BOYS.

SCHOOL SPORTS.

As befitting the glorious occasion of the Sports Day, the Weather Clerk was in jovial mood, and Craigend was bathed in warm sunlight when the gun went for the first event. From beginning to end, competitors and spectators, pupils and F.P.s showed an infinite capacity for enjoying themselves, and the general atmosphere was one of pleasant good nature. There was as fine a display of athletic prowess as has been seen for some time, and there was as fine a gathering of public figures as at the Opening Display last year. Among our distinguished visitors were Bailie Rennie Archibald, Bailie Stewart Reid, and Mrs. Hourston, who presented the prizes, Councillor Taylor, and last, but not least, our old friend and benefactor, George McBriar. The results of the various championships were as follows:—

- School Champion—A. G. Jenkins, with 15 points.
- Girls' Champion—M. McCulloch, with 18 points.
- Boys' Junior Champion—N. Harris, with 30 points.
- Girls' Junior Champion—P. Hart, with 11 points.

N. Harris has set up a School Record in having amassed the highest possible number of points. A. G. Jenkins, with firsts in the 220 yards and high jump, a second in the 100 yards, and thirds in the 880 yards and long jump, proved a popular winner. M. McCulloch, in a close contest, proved a worthy Girls' Champion, and P. Hart again took the Junior Girls' bay. I will now close with a vote of thanks and an appeal. The vote of thanks is for the ladies of the staff and the F.P. ladies, who gave their services so unstintingly in the Tea Room, and who made it such a success. My appeal is directed to the Senior Boys now leaving: please remember that as long as there are School Sports, so long will there be an F.P. race, and so roll up next year and show us your heels.

Principal Results:—Boys—

- Senior 100 Yards—1st, W. Shields; 2nd, A. G. Jenkins.
- Senior 220 Yards—1st, A. G. Jenkins; 2nd, W. L. Taylor.
- Senior 880 Yards—1st, R. Gardiner; 2nd, W. L. Taylor.
- High Jump—1st, A. G. Jenkins; 2nd, A. M. McKay.
- Long Jump—1st, W. McLachlan; 2nd, N. Thomson.
- Putting the Shot—1st, A. M. McKay; 2nd, W. McLachlan.
- Junior 100 Yards—1st, N. Harris; 2nd, J. Brodie.
- Junior 220 Yards—1st, N. Harris; 2nd, J. Brodie.
- Junior 440 Yards—1st, N. Harris; 2nd, H. Swann.
- High Jump—1st, N. Harris; 2nd, H. Swann.
- Long Jump—1st, N. Harris; 2nd, H. Swann.
- Putting the Shot—1st, N. Harris; 2nd, H. Swann.

Girls' Results:—

Senior 100 Yards—1st, M. McCulloch; 2nd, I. Hamilton.

Senior 220 Yards—1st, I. Hamilton; 2nd M. McCulloch.

Senior 120 Yards (Flags)—1st, M. McCulloch; 2nd, M. McKellar.

Net Ball Shooting—1st, E. Turner; 2nd, I. Hamilton.

High Jump—1st, M. McCulloch; 2nd, E. Turner.

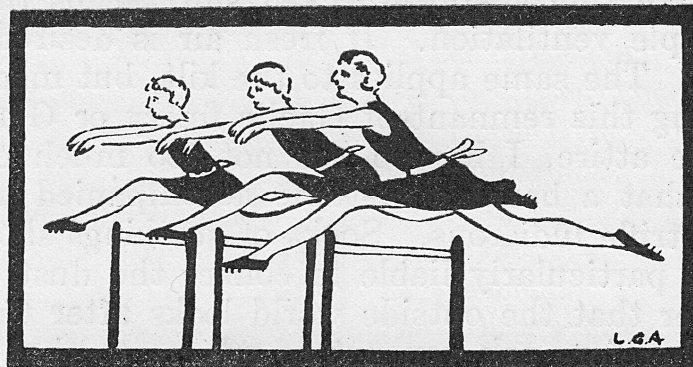
Junior 100 Yards—1st, B. Myles; 2nd, N. Mackay.

Junior Sack Race—1st, P. Hart; 2nd, M. Somerville.

High Jump—1st, S. Morton; 2nd, P. Hart.

100 Yards (Flags)—1st, B. Myles; 2nd, P. Hart.

[Addendum to above:—It has come to our ears, through the case being raised in Court, that Mr. Duncan, a teacher in Whitehill School, has been charged with creating a disturbance and a breach of the peace, in that he did use his thumb and/or his finger and/or chewing gum in order to win the Teachers' Egg and Spoon Race, and did hereby defraud the other competitors. The evidence for the prosecution was a photo from a prominent daily paper, in which Mr. Duncan's finger is in a suggestive position. The defence contended that "it was a pack of lies and a frame-up." Without leaving the Court, the jury found the defendant "Not Guilty," and allowed him to keep his boat.]



THE RAMBLING CLUB.

Owing to frequent holidays and other diversions on Saturdays, the Rambling Club did not ramble in the Merry Month of May. However, on the very first day of June, we had a very successful outing to the "Auld Wives' Lifts." Needless to say, we did not reach our destination—a detail which seems to be quite in accordance with the tradition of rambling clubs.

The Committee would like to see a greater response to the intimations of outings which appear on the notice boards. So roll up in your throngs and enjoy the beauties of the countryside in company with the Whitehill School Rambling Club.

L. L. McG. (Secy.).

THE MAG. SONG.

(To be sung to the chorus of "I'll String Along With You.")

I'd love to have the School Mag.,
 But my tanners are so few;
 So, until the time that one trots along,
 I'll borrow one from you.

I'd love to read the School Mag.,
 The cricket passage, too;
 But, until the time a Mag. jogs along,
 I'll borrow one from you.

G. B. (II. B.e.).

Thank you for the warning, George.
 We know what we shall do.
 When Colin buys the School Mag.,
 We'll see that he buys two.

THE EDITORS.

HIKING.

(By our Special Correspondent.)

No hard and fast rule can be laid down as to correct attire for hiking. Wearing an open-necked shirt keeps the body cool by giving ample ventilation. If fresh air is desired, why wear a shirt at all? The same applies to the kilt, but modesty forbids my disparaging this remnant of Gaelic finery or Glasgow Pawn. As for female attire, I hope I am not too much of a Grundy if I suggest that a bathing costume accompanied by hobnailed boots looks a trifle ludicrous. Socks or stockings should be worn as ankles are particularly liable to collect the dust of the road. But remember that the outside world looks **after** the hiker, not **at** him. I therefore ask you not to adhere to that maxim, "A good hiker never looks behind."

Now for the hiker's utensils. A stove is invaluable to the ardent enthusiast, but, if he is wearing a kilt, care should be taken to keep the knees well away from the flickering flame of the stove. Those who smoke should avoid allowing ash to fall on the chin or legs. Singed hair is not odourless and may be mistaken for smouldering bracken. 'Ware gamekeepers!

Take a good supply of cooked meat in case you forget matches. Two hot-water bottles as preventives of insomnolence, a small bottle of brandy in case of bilious attacks or toothache are indispensable. Some campers will insist upon an emergency tent, and those who fear lumbago or sciatica should carry a large bottle of Ehniman's Horse Embrocation and a metal-framed bed with box springs. (See our advertisement pages.)