

# Whitehill School Magazine.

No. 32

Christmas, 1935

## Editors:

N. H. BUCHANAN.

M. L. McLEOD.

## Committee:

M. HAMILTON.

T. LITHGOW.

## CONTENTS.

Editorial, ... .. 3	The Seasons, ... .. 27
University Appointment, ... 4	Epigram ... .. 27
School Notes, ... .. 5	One who went Camping, ... 29
School Journey to Belgium, ... 6	The Family, ... .. 30
A Comparison of Schools in Belgium and Britain, ... .. 8	Overheard in a Whitehill School- room, ... .. 30
Illustrations:	Ping Pong for Health, ... .. 30
Prefects, ... .. 9	Little Bits of Bother, ... .. 31
Rugby, ... .. 10	Have you heard these? ... .. 31
The Big Pots, ... .. 13	Ben Venue, ... .. 32
Traffic Problem in Brussels, ... 14	Nova in Loco Antiquorum, ... 32
Illustrations:	Illustrations:
Attitudes at the Scottish Orchestra, ... .. 15	Ben Venue, ... .. 33
A Bottle might do, ... .. 16	Loch Triochatan, ... .. 34
Deutsch, ... .. 17	Glencoe—Loch Triochatan, ... 35
Autumn, ... .. 17	The Upper Gym, ... .. 35
Dr. Whatnot and Shellshock Bones, ... .. 19	Whitehill Notes, ... .. 37
Fiji, ... .. 21	Illustrations:
Oh, Doctor!! ... .. 23	Football, ... .. 39
Confessions of a Scholar, ... 23	Swimming, ... .. 40
Night Jars, ... .. 25	The Editor's Fast Asleep! ... 46
A Peep at the Prominent, ... 25	My Comfortable Bed, ... .. 46
	Parties, ... .. 48
	Lay of the Lost Minstrel, ... 48

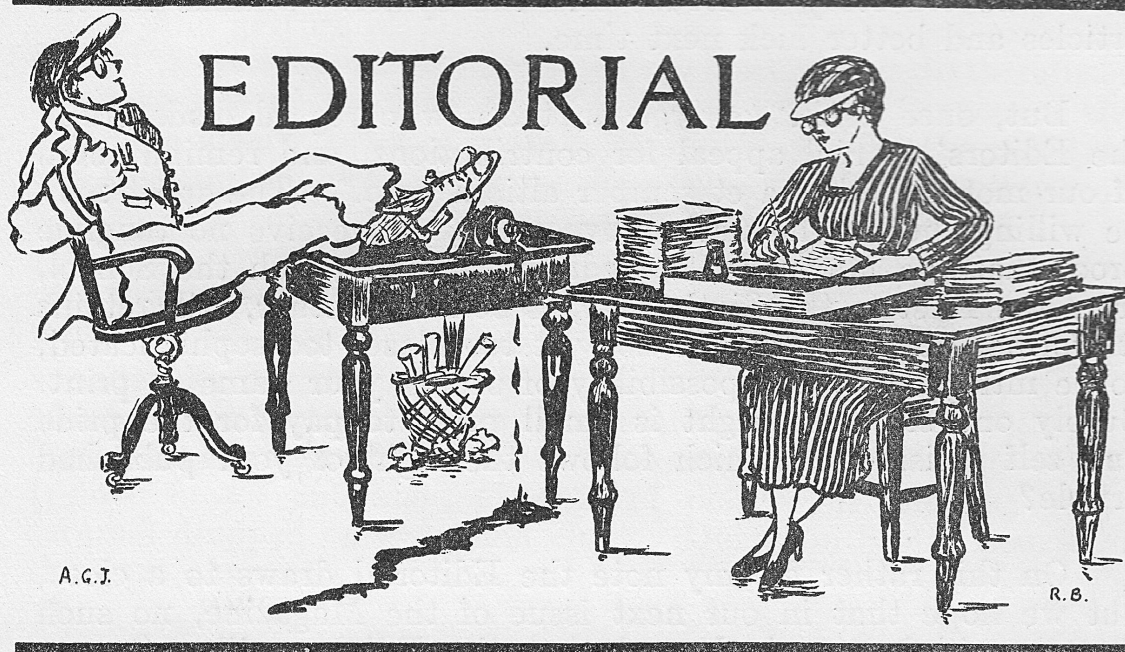
## A WORD IN SEASON.

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**





“**E**VERY rose has its thorn, and every magazine its editorial” . . . these words, written by some harassed editor of former years, are only too true. If the word “Editorial” makes you shudder and grind your teeth, you may derive some comfort from the fact that we Editors are equally loth to inflict this plague upon you, but, of necessity, of tradition, of sheer stubbornness, we are forced to do it, so let us to our “moutons.”

This is the fifteenth anniversary of our School magazine. How many changes have occurred in the School during these years! We of the Sixth still remember that eventful day, when the members of the staff sallied forth bashfully in the full regalia of their exalted calling. “The old order indeed changeth, giving place to new,” but, through all these years, never has the School gone backwards, but still moves on towards higher things.

In these fifteen years you pupils and former pupils have been urged, twice yearly, to unearth that buried genius of poetry, prose, art or satire, and to give to the world of Whitehill the benefit of your secret talents. You, perhaps, think it a colossal “bore” to be hounded, in the midst of much more important examinations, to write an article for the magazine, but, for the sake of the “Old School tie” . . . sorry, I meant, the “School tie,” we have found it our duty and our doubtful pleasure to rouse you once more, and to set you to your tasks.

We would like to say that our efforts have not been entirely in vain, and we thank all those who chewed penholders, and manfully bore ink-stained fingers and sore heads, to make this magazine the same success as it has been in former years.

To those whose articles have not been printed, we would recall the old story of Bruce and the spider. Thanks for the articles and better luck next time.

But, once again we urge on those who regard disdainfully the Editors' tearful appeal for contributions, and remind them of our motto, "Altiora et semper altiora peto." The spirit may be willing, but if the flesh prove weak, we receive no tangible proof that the Magazine, a medium through which the School, from the First to the Sixth Year, is bound together, still retains its former power. You are not yet too blasé, too sophisticated, to be intrigued by the possibility of seeing your name in print. Surely one sleepless night is small price to pay for the pride and self satisfaction which follows the sight of your published article?

On this rather gloomy note the Editorial draws to a close, but we hope that in our next issue of the Magazine, no such appeals will be required, and that the Editors will suffer no qualms as to the success of their Magazine.

To one and all, headmaster, teachers, pupils, and, last but not least, to our satisfaction, we present the compliments of the season . . . a happy Christmas and all the best for the coming year.

THE EDITORS.

---

### UNIVERSITY APPOINTMENT.

Whitehill takes commendable pride in the appointment to the Chair of English Language and Literature in the University of Glasgow, of one of her distinguished sons, Mr. Peter Alexander, M.A. In the realm of literary research he has proved himself to be a brilliant scholar, while as a lecturer and administrator he is generally acknowledged to be outstanding. In the ranks of the professoriate Mr. Alexander goes to join two other former pupils of our School, Professor Fordyce, of the Chair of Humanity, and Professor Browning, of the Chair of History, and we of this later age feel honoured by the valuable contribution to culture and learning made by Whitehill. We congratulate Mr. Alexander on his appointment and offer him our best wishes for his future success.



### SCHOOL NOTES.

A fine gesture of protest was made at the recent examinations. A well-known and fastidious damsel of the Sixth refused to make use of the School ink. Spent a whole sixpence, she did! on a lovely bottle of Swan! Strangest of all is the fact that she was immaculate as ever at the end of the examination.

Readers may be glad of this standard recipe for school ink. Take one inkwell freshly washed and fill to top with clean ink supplied by Mr. Wilson. Exhaust half the quantity by means of a fountain pen. Make up the quantity by adding the following ingredients as taste directs:—1 Cubic centimetre pencil shavings; 1 ditto eraser rubbings; 1 quid of played-out chewing gum; caramel dropped on floor and chalk; Quantum Suff. Leave for the next chap.

We wish to express our very real sympathy with Miss Goldie in her prolonged illness. We miss her and hope to see her soon amongst us again. The thought has crossed one mind, at least, that she must miss us. Fortunately, Miss Gemmell has come as a ray of sunshine in the winter of our discontent. May she be happy amongst us. Mr. MacRae has left us for the High School (Boys) and that is a real loss for us. He was a real part of the School. Our congratulations to "The High" on getting him.

Mr. MacPhail has come in place of Mr. MacRae, and Mr. Third has joined the Modern Language staff. They both seem to have made themselves at home already. We wish them the best of times amongst us.

Who is the young man who is so keen to see Mr. D. chin his 'cello? Of course, we know that the spike at the bottom is a difficulty. Still, if "X" asks nicely, perhaps Mr. D. will carry the case himself and let you try. Ask him!

Who was the ungallant youth "flown with insolence and a famous 'beverage' " who collided with the most excellent Miss ——? It has been said that she called him an uncouth, un"“kemp”"—but why continue? He deserved all he got.

A certain film star's double (or alleged double) dropped a Woodbine in English class recently. Was he mortified, OR WAS HE MORTIFIED? Atchacha!

On looking round the balcony at the Gala it was disappointing to find that Don Juan was missing. He was probably attending a concert of Bach and Mendelssohn, so we feel we must warn him that those sweet young nymphs transferred their affections for the evening to our very own "heilandman."

---

### SCHOOL JOURNEY TO BELGIUM.

AS usual, the School Journey was in every way a most successful and enjoyable affair. Dr. Russell was again in charge, and of all the schools represented Whitehill had the distinction of providing the largest single party—fifty all told. In the main the trip was a repetition of the one made to Bruges five years ago, but no one present then was with us on this occasion.

Already the record of the journey has been well set forth—by Miss Mitchell, Mr. Hendry, and Dr. Russell in their symposium at the Literary Society—and it only remains very briefly to outline our doings. The historic old city of Bruges, capital of West Flanders, was for ten days our headquarters, and in this period of time we certainly did much to advance our "education"—whether it were learning to "parly" a little supposed Flemish, trotting dutifully around umpteen cathedrals and art-galleries and museums, talking learnedly about queer people like Memling and Van Eycks (one of whom seemed to run our hotel), or acquiring a taste for black coffee, hot rolls (and possibly "hot dogs") and that supreme Burgeois delicacy, "Noeuds de Bruges" (which all the local "City Bakeries" sold in endless quantities—always to us). For the teachers concerned, it should be added, this list is not wholly inclusive (we have, however, a certain duty towards their parents in the matter).

In some ways, to use an Irishism, Bruges was better outside than inside. The weather, it is true, was not crushingly warm, but it was pleasant every other day to get off into the country or into another country altogether or down to the famous littoral (as they call the coast in these parts). On six different occasions it happened that we set off on such visits of exploration. The most poignant visit by far, of course, was that to Ypres and the Battlefields, where we were able to see all that remains to be seen of the Great War. Everything was described to us by an expert guide and was made wonderfully impressive. Especially were we struck by the trenches and dug-outs that remain on Hill 60, by the well-kept war cemeteries, and by the Menin Gate Memorial in the rebuilt city of Ypres.



Our longest outing was to Waterloo and Brussels—I think we would have enjoyed this more if the order had been reversed. We both went and returned by Ghent, where we had tea in the Sint Joris Hof, the oldest hostelry in Belgium, but while interested enough in Waterloo, as seen from the “Lion” pyramid, we felt that a drive through Brussels, with stops at historic places (not always hostelries) here and there, did nothing like justice to this magnificent city. Against this there was the very short excursion to Zeebrugge (“Bruges-on-sea”), but ten miles off along the canal. Here again we were treated to a slice of history, down in the former dug-outs, still lined with German cartoons of “John Bull.” This time it was the immortal story of the “Vindictive” that was told, in graphic if somewhat ungrammatical language, by a typical “old soldier,” and enjoyed by all of us, I think.

About the remaining trips—to Sluys in Holland and twice to Knocke-sur-mer on the aforesaid littoral—there was nothing at all educative or historical. Rather can it be said that we made “history” for them by our joyous antics and our real Scots—insouciance seems the only word to use. Never would one have believed it of such douce Glaswegians. In prancing and dancing we had Rothesay at the Fair beaten to a frazzle. At Sluys we were vaguely aware something was supposed to have happened—a battle or treaty most likely—but since it was long before our time anyway, we made common cause with a splendid Dutch tea, with the friendly natives in their “baggy breeks” or crinolines, as the case might be, and with a bewildering variety of souvenirs that made the customs officer, on the way back at the Belgium frontier, give up in despair. Yet, our gaiety at Sluys was, in the end, as nothing to our sheer madness at Knocke-sur-mer. This happens to be the most splendiferous resort on our friend the littoral (what we Scots would call a “posh” place), but this made no difference to us. We promptly monopolised it all—the North Sea, to begin with, for a few hours of splashing and surf-bathing, the draughty sands for a roughly equal amount of sun-bathing, and the spacious Piccadilly Café on the front for afternoon tea and a few knock-out rounds of patisseries (really a sort of glorified name for “cream cookies”). But most of all we monopolised it for its magnificent and unique fleet of miniature motor-cars; indeed, the memories of this whole trip will only fade when we manage to forget Mr. Henry, wild-eyed and trousers reduced for the nonce to “shorts,” steering one of these contraptions with complete joyous abandonment along the wide water-front. By rights a photograph of him caught thus should accompany these remarks, but there is still a law of libel, and at that we leave it . . . and Belgium.

“Good-bye, father, and don’t forget to write soon—even if it’s only a cheque.”

[The visits we have had during recent years from ladies and gentlemen from abroad have been for many of us most welcome and delightful. Colonial teachers have enabled us to see the world from new points of view. Other oceans surround them: undreamt of distances confront them: different nations stand upon their borders. Their hearts warm to a different past and their eyes look forward to a future which we cannot envisage.

Our insularity has been further broken down by visits of teachers from France and Germany. When these are as cultured and friendly as Monsieur Chevalier and Herr Pankoke, our sympathies are enlarged and national barriers considerably weakened.

This year we can avail ourselves of a new course of enlightenment on the dark ways of the foreigner. Alexandre de Maere and Ian MacFarlane have both come from Belgium to be fellow-pupils in Whitehill. The former gives us a glimpse, in the article which follows, into school life in Belgium. The latter gives us a British boy's impressions of traffic problems. He has lived for several years in Brussels. —Editor].

### A COMPARISON OF SCHOOLS IN BELGIUM AND BRITAIN.

**T**HE first remark that can be made upon the schools of Belgium is, that as a general rule they are not at such an advanced stage as British schools. This is due to political causes. Perhaps I can make my meaning clearer by referring to your own history. In the 18th century in England the spirit of toleration had not advanced as far as it has to-day. (The Protestants of the Church of England put severe restrictions on the dissenters, Protestant and Catholic, by means of the Corporation Act, the Test Act, and in Ireland by the Penal Code. As a result, these dissenters were deprived of education, and of civil and political power. They were kept ignorant, and shut out of positions of responsibility. That is all changed now, but in Belgium the same type of misfortune exists to-day.

Since 1884 the Catholics have been in power in Belgium, and have done little for the state-aided schools, in order to increase the power of the village priests, with the result that poor children have not been able to get a decent education. In the country schools, before the war, children learned only their catechism, reading, writing and a little arithmetic. The only good schools were the Catholic colleges and some private schools





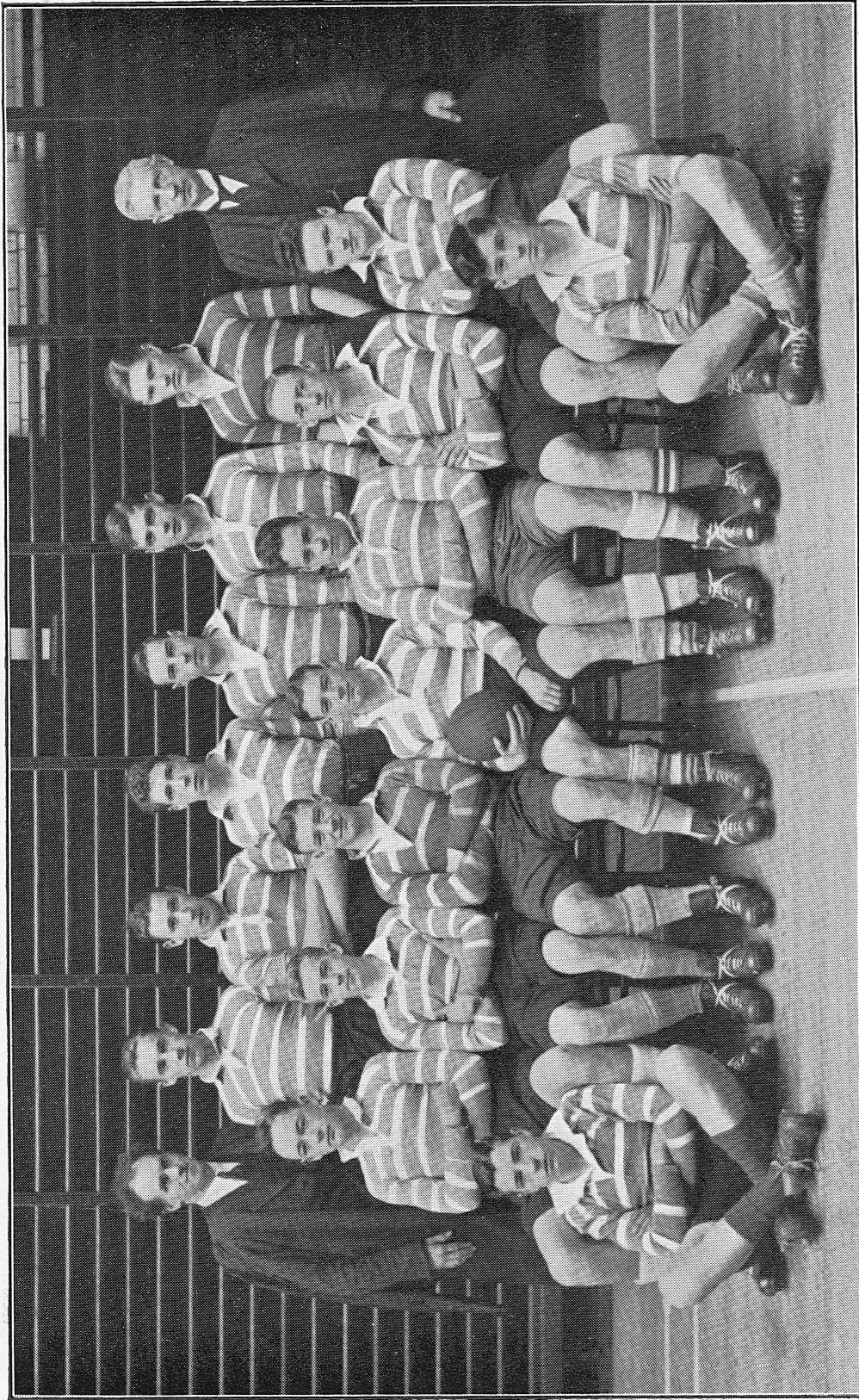
*Photo by Buchanan & Armour*

**PREFECTS.**

*Back Row:* J. Lewis, A. Johnson, M. Hamilton, R. Hunter, M. McCulloch, M. Logan, J. Thomson,  
N. Buchanan.

*Front Row:* A. Hendry, C. McLeod, T. Lithgow (Capt.), Headmaster, A. B. Weir (Capt.),  
J. Dunlop, A. Leith.





*Photo by Buchanan & Armour.*

**RUGBY.**

*Back Row:* Dr. Russell, R. A. Robertson, E. Stirling, A. S. Revie, J. T. B. McKay, W. Blackadder, I. Lauder, Headmaster.

*Middle Row:* J. Docherty, T. Cowie, W. D. McLachlan, G. D. McLachlan, J. Young, J. Inglis, T. Montague.

*Front:* J. Ogg, J. Drury.



for children of Anti-Catholics. From the Church point of view the country was nothing, the interest of their party and the Church being all-important.

Shortly before the war, seeing that they could no longer keep schools from advancing, they tried another system. They pushed forward the Flemish Movement, which consists in casting out French studies from the Flemish part of the country and substituting Dutch in the official Flemish schools. As Dutch is not an international language, like English or French, it does not give any commercial power to any subject brought up to speak that language. Thus only Catholic scholars, having learned French in Catholic schools, can arrive at the head of the country, or of important commercial enterprises.

Since the war a vast improvement has been noted in education, though the Flemish are still grounded in Dutch and have only three hours of French in a week.

Apart from that there are not many differences between the Belgian and British schools.

One of the main differences is that in Britain sport finds a greater place. If, in Belgium, a boy desires to play football or to swim, he has to join a club which has no connection with the school.

I do not think that Belgian schools can compete with British ones in commercial subjects. Typewriting and shorthand are not taught in ordinary schools, but have to be learned in specialised commercial colleges called Industrial Schools.

If the schools are not so strong in commercial subjects, they are better in literary studies. Not only the Belgian and French writers are thoroughly studied, but also the Dutch, and, in Secondary Schools, English, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Northern literatures are taught in excellent translations.

The Belgians have also the advantage in languages. For example, a boy, who takes his Higher Certificate in Latin and Greek, knows at least six languages: French, Dutch, English, German, Latin and Greek. If he wishes to pursue his studies at a commercial college he must add a seventh language, either Spanish, Portuguese or Italian.

Yet it is not the educational methods that Continental folk admire most in the British. It is their social training, their home training. If Continental youths come across the Channel it is not only to learn English, but also to become gentlemen.

**THE BIG POTS.****MATHS:—**

He's so fond of equations, they say,  
 He does six before breakfast each day;  
 In front of his eyes  
 The x's and y's  
 Bow down and acknowledge his sway.

**FRENCH:—**

Travaillez, prenez de la peine,  
 And swot all night, moreover,  
 Vous pouvez danser sur vos têtes,  
 When the exams are over.

**SCIENCE:—**

He fills the air with  $H_2S$ ,  
 While  $SO_2$  gets in our eyes;  
 Then smiles benignly through the mess,  
 And tells us not to dogmatise.

**ART:—**

He teaches how to draw and paint.  
 If our attempts weren't good  
 He wouldn't even turn a hair  
 (Supposing that he could).

**ENGLISH:—**

A lover of poets is he,  
 Of Shakespeare and Milton and me;  
 His height is so great  
 He can appreciate  
 Things too lofty for others to see.

**CLASSICS:—**

She talks a language long defunct,  
 Her phrases seem disjunctive,  
 She daily crieth: "When in doubt  
 Use 'ut' and the subjunctive."

A. J. (V. B.).

From recent examination papers:—

The Lines of Torres Vedras stretched from sea to sea across  
 the mouth of the Tagus.

Sir Walter Raleigh was a man who invented tobacco,  
 potatoes, and bicycles.

A polygon is a dead parrot.

Milton wrote "Paradise Lost" and was a Roman Catholic  
 who graduated at Oxford; he also had a good education.

An octopus is an eight-sided cat.



### TRAFFIC PROBLEM IN BRUSSELS.

There is a story told in Brussels which, although the laugh is against our country, is regarded as a good illustration of the difference between the British and Continental temperaments.

The Brussels Police Force were finding the modern traffic problem somewhat beyond them.

Although signs announcing that the speed limit was 30 km. per hour were placed in prominent places all along the fine boulevards, they had no effect on the fiery motorists. Indeed, the usual speed for cars on those broad cement avenues was something approaching 60 km. per hour, *i.e.*, 40 m.p.h., and in the middle of the town! Fines were of no avail, for it was not only one or two motorists who dared to disobey, but all of them. The poor pedestrian had simply no chance.

This, however, was by no means the only evil to be overcome. Round about the Place de la Bourse, chaos itself reigned. Buses, trams, motor-cars, carts, bicycles, every imaginable vehicle would be impatiently trying to make its way through. And all the time pedestrians were dashing in and out among the traffic, trying to get across. It was almost beyond the poor pointsman to cope with the situation.

However, someone in the Police H.Q. had a brain wave. "Why not ask the English to send over a couple of policemen to teach us how they manage their traffic?" he said. So an invitation was promptly sent to London, requesting the help of two policemen.

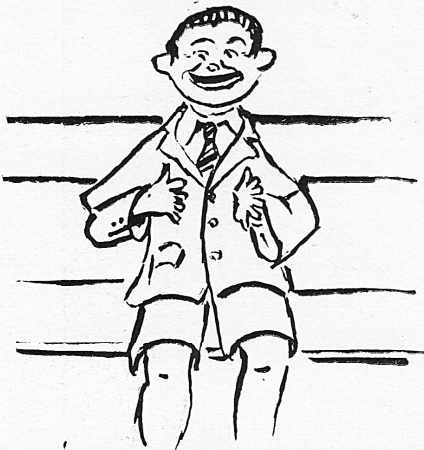
In due time the "bobbies" arrived, and next day they prepared to take over command at the Place de la Bourse. As usual, traffic was bustling along. Then, all spick and span, the representative of Great Britain stepped majestically towards the centre of the thoroughfare. He had not gone two yards from the pavement, however, when there was a sudden screeching of brakes, and a car skidded to a stand-still at his back, with only a few inches to spare. Imagine his surprise when he turned to find himself confronted by a livid face, whose owner was fiercely shaking his fist at him, and uttering words which, although French, are not fit to be repeated here!

Needless to say, after a few more such experiences, the poor Britishers gave up in despair. They must have been glad to get back to slow, but steady old London again!

Before we close we must mention that Brussels has now tackled its difficult problem with considerable success. The city has installed the new automatic signals in many places; these are controlled by a police officer from a switch-board on a raised platform. But, even so, he is surrounded by a shield of quarter-inch armour-plate as high as his chest!

I. MACFARLANE.

# ATTITUDES AT THE SCOTTISH ORCHESTRA



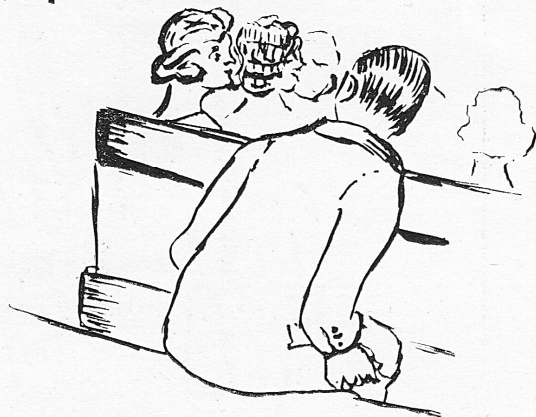
THE ASS IN  
"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S  
DREAM" TOUCHES HIM



ALL OUT FOR  
"THE MASTERSINGERS"



THRILLED  
— BUT NOT BY  
'THE ENTRANCE OF  
THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'



NOT A "SPANISH  
RHAPSODY"—







One bottle might do  
for the rank and file  
but not for a ———

**AUTUMN.**

The season of mists and fruitfulness crowns the year. It is summer dipped in woodland yellows, wine reds and warm rich browns. It is a jocund season when reapers bind their gleaned sheaves and pile high the laden wains. It is a season of flying gold and autumnal dusk, of hourly mellowing riches and all-golden treasures. Time has reached forward and touched summer with his Midas hand and autumn is ours.

It is as flower-filled as her sister summer. Late bramble-roses paint the hedges; dim violets bathe the brooks in the valleys, and poppies, like a scarlet ribbon, are spilt across the hillsides or toss their heads in the feathery-eared corn.

As summer wanes the green of trees changes to the flame of autumn. The wet winds bear many sounds on their misty wings and the winds whisper through the trees.

But golden autumn must give place to cheerless winter. The yellowed leaves brown and dwindle to a faint drab. They leave the branches barren, the paths choked, and furrows garnished with autumn leaves which emit the musty reek of age. The north winds rush round and round the gaunt trees until the last red leaf has been whirled away and with it the golden spirit of autumn.

B. B. W. (III. G.c.).

**DEUTSCH.**

In our German period

We have some right good fun,  
And when the period bell doth ring  
We're sorry class is done.

The teacher is so jolly!

She really is a scream——  
She piles on "übersetzung,"  
And then our faces beam.

We never think of sulking,  
We go like valiant men  
To do our German homework  
From four o'clock till ten.

And when our teacher tells us  
Exams are drawing nigh,  
We would not think of groaning;  
"Hoch! Hoch!" we gladly cry.

We take no meals for weeks on end,  
For German lore we're lusting.  
Heads clad in towels, for ice we send.

**Look out! My cranium's BUSTING!!**

GOETHE II. (III. B.b.).



**Dr. WHATNOT AND SHELLSHOCK BONES.**

(With apologies to Dr. Watson and Sherlock Holmes.)

"What do you think happened?" said Dr. Whatnot.

"Obviously the man has been killed," observed Bones.

"Marvellous!" ejaculated Whatnot.

"Elementary, my dear Whatnot," murmured Bones. "There lies the body."

"But what could have killed him?" questioned Dr. Whatnot.

"Not so elementary, my dear Whatnot," murmured Bones; "what do you think?"

"I don't think," remarked Whatnot.

"Quite so, quite so, my dear Whatnot," mused Shellshock Bones, "Ah! what have we here?"

"A glass," cried Whatnot.

"Precisely," murmured Bones.

"I see it all clearly," whooped Whatnot. "He was poisoned!"

"My dear Whatnot," purred Bones, "your powers of criminalogical detection are somewhat deficient. He was not poisoned!"

"Marvellous, Bones!"

"Elementary, my dear Whatnot. I have just analysed the contents of the glass. What do you think I deduce?"

"Arsenic, antimony, or tin?" suggested Dr. Whatnot.

"Not quite, my dear Whatnot, it merely contained water."

"Oh!" murmured Dr. Whatnot, sinking weakly to the ground.

"Come, come, Whatnot, you must not take it so badly."

"By gad!" cried Whatnot, jumping up, "I have a theory."

"Don't kid yourself," said Bones.

"I see it all clearly!" exclaimed Dr. Whatnot unheeding. "Someone threw the water in his face and drowned him. Bones, how diabolically clever! But why?"

It was now Shellshock Bones' turn to sink weakly to the ground.

"And why not, Whatnot?" he murmured.

"I confess to be puzzled," said Whatnot, helping him to his feet again.

"Naturally, my dear Whatnot," said Bones, pulling out his lollipop disguised as a pipe and sucking it contentedly.

"We must look for a motor, Bones."

"Be your age, my dear Whatnot, you mean a motive," corrected Bones.

"Exactly!" said Dr. Whatnot enthusiastically.

At this juncture a shophand entered the window to remove the dummy which lay flat where it had been knocked over some time before.

"Look, Bones!" cried Dr. Whatnot excitedly. "I say there, leave everything until the police arrive."

“My dear Whatnot,” grunted Bones, between sucks of his lollipop still disguised as a pipe. “Your powers of observation are failing you. Look above you!”

“Why, it says ‘50/- TAILORS,’ what does it mean?”

“Exactly, my dear Whatnot, very elementary indeed.”

“Marvellous, Bones!” said Dr. Whatnot, with a faraway look in his eyes, “I think we have brought this case to a very successful conclusion, what, what!”

“WE,” murmured Shellshock Bones, sucking hard on his lollipop (or maybe it really was a pipe). C. I. DIDIT.

### FIJI.

If I could woo my muse aright,  
To Fiji I'd some lines indite,  
And lilt her praise wi' a' my might  
That each may ken.  
Vouchsafe, oh muse, a little light,  
And guide my pen!

When sturdy Tasman found Fiji  
He little thought, in days to be,  
There Scots would go their weirds to dree—  
A gift from Heaven!

And spread abroad in that braid sea  
Their precious leaven;

And teach a race o' graceless loons  
The art o' using porridge spoons,  
Clead them in claith frae Scottish touns—  
For they'd nae breeks!

The lassies—they just wore festoons  
O' native leeks!

Waes me' nae heather fires the hills,  
Nae speckled trout sport in the rills,  
At gloamin' fa' nae Lapwing shrills  
Above the corn:

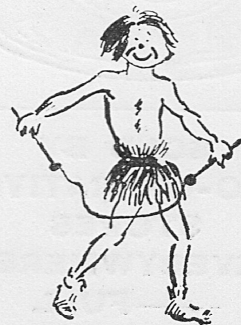
And—worst of a'—nae whisky stills  
The glens adorn!

But there are shining sapphire seas,  
Soft sunlight and the green of trees,  
And over all, the sea-borne breeze  
Croons out its song;

Nor frost, nor snow the senses tease  
The whole year long.

So, though we sing o' Auld Lang Syne  
And how we pu'ed the rowans fine;  
Fiji! a willie waught, in rhyme,  
We raise to thee!

Though heatherless, may gifts divine  
Thy portion be!



“THE GIRL FROM DOWN UNDER.”



**OH, DOCTOR!!**

Oh, 'twas in the English period  
 An awful row we made.  
 The walls they shook, alas! alack!  
 At what was there displayed.

The Doctor in a temper was,  
 His cheeks did match his hair.  
 He lined us up upon the floor  
 And near half killed us there.

The slaughter did continue,  
 And then a lecture came:  
 "What's this? I must have silence!  
 Does this not cause you shame?"

It didn't, so we told him  
 In language indiscreet.  
 The Doc. grew wild and acted——

**SPEED RECORD TO THE STREET.**

"STENTOR" (III.).

**CONFESSIONS OF A SCHOLAR.**

(After Burns.)

Fair fa' his honest, sonsie face,  
 The puddin' o' the teacher-race,  
 An' may it fa' an' fa' apace  
 Till oot o' sicht.

Not only wis it a disgrace,  
 It wis a fricht.

He said we'd but oorsel's tae blame,  
 "If we'd a' worked and played the game  
 We wad hae passed." But a' the same,  
 Whit dae we care?

That's no whit I will say at hame,  
 Ye may be shair.

I'll say oor teacher wis an ass,  
 Nae yin wi' him could ever pass,  
 He couldn'a even teach the class,  
 But staun an' holler.

For a' he did wis tae harass  
 The eager scholar.

I've jist perfected noo the airt,  
 In fact, I know it aff by hairt,  
 The pair auld teacher on my pairt  
 Noo takes the blame,  
 But oft ma conscience, like a dart,  
 says, "It's a shame."

B. (VI.).

**NIGHT JARS.**

Creak! Squeak! with "hardly" a sound the two shadowy figures softly raised the sash. For a second there was a dark outline in the window, and then another which merged almost immediately with the gloom.

The entry had been successfully effected. Not a soul moved; the house was deathlike in its silence as the two intruders crept noiselessly on. But what was that? Someone had been disturbed! But the noise was not repeated, so they continued along the passage. Yes, there it was again! They stood stock still, scarcely daring to breathe. Was someone waiting for them in the darkness? Screwing up their courage, by sheer power of will stilling their jangling nerves, they moved silently forward. There it was again! Plainier now! The rear-most touched his mate in front and recoiled, his scalp creeping horribly. Again that sound, clearer now—"Snore!" Their sighs of relief sounded like thunder in their ears as they proceeded again on their midnight jaunt. They reached a door, listened. No sound! Turned the handle slowly. The door gave with a kittenish squeal. Why couldn't folks keep their hinges oiled? Again they listened. Z-z-z-z-z or ugh! Sound asleep, the old bounder. Coast clear. They slipped into the room and risked putting the creaking door to. Clamp! Clamp! Clamp! Someone was awake after all! A shadow crossed the blind and the policeman was gone. Now to business. There was the writing desk, but it wouldn't be there. "That's the worst of working without a torch—leaves you groping." Ha, there it was, in the corner! Bill said there was a safe. Too many knobs on this one! Try 'em anyway. Five minutes flew by. Suddenly the safe talked back. "This is Station C.O.D. closing down. We hope you have enjoyed our programme, and we shall be back on the air to-morrow at 8.30. Goodnight everyone! Goodnight!"

"DEFECTIVE" (VI.).

**A PEEP AT THE PROMINENT.**

When down towards the chicken farm  
With Taylor I did go,  
We came upon a burly lad  
Who with a plough did mow.

We asked him where this road did lead,  
He only shook his head;  
A vacant stare we then beheld—  
Neck upwards he was dead!

Bob Black he told us was his name,  
As he sang a yokel song.  
It seemed to me he was as dense  
As Taylor's nose is long!



"DAISY" (VI. B.).



**THE SEASONS.**

When the trees with buds do bristle,  
 And the birds begin to whistle,  
 Then at last we all are certain  
 Spring is here.

When the sun has reached its strongest,  
 And the days are at their longest,  
 Then at last we all are certain  
 Summer's here.

When the leaves are turning red,  
 And the swallow's lately fled,  
 Then at last we all are certain  
 Autumn's here.

When the days are cold and grey,  
 And with snow we start to play,  
 Then at last we all are certain  
 Winter's here.

L. C. (III. G.b.).

**EPIGRAM.**

The Janitor lives up the stair;  
 His wife lives down below.  
 But which is nearer heaven—there!  
 I really do not know.

Sometimes he leaves his home above  
 To stoke the fires below.  
 I'm very sure he does not love  
 To have to shovel snow.

“BIM BAM.”

Enthusiastic.  
 Skating rink.  
 Had he only  
 Paused to think.

Little boy—  
 Hot water.  
 If not in heaven,  
 Somewhere hotter.

J. F. B. (I. B.a.).

Great Anna, whom six forms obey,  
 I really hope that this'll  
 Not offend. Long may you ha'e  
 'Nuff wind to blow your whistle.

WELLWISHER (I. G.a.).

### ONE WHO WENT CAMPING.

Having consulted many books on the subject, and spent many hours discussing pros and cons, we decided to try a camping holiday. Immediately, we raided the out-door stores and gathered together an extremely voluminous kit. So far, everything had gone according to the book.

At last the day arrived on which we were to set out on this great adventure. Cheerfully we set off, carrying nothing but a large ground-sheet, which somebody had forgotten to pack, a large parcel of provisions, and our heavy coats and waterproofs.

When we arrived at the village it was about three o'clock, and our first thought was for the luggage which had been sent on in advance. We were not far from the station, and in five minutes were attempting to convince the station-master that we were really ourselves. It took us some time to do this, but when he decided to accept our word for it, he said, in a slow, official manner, that we could take the luggage if we could find someone to take it to the camping ground. It appeared that the boy who generally did this was at home and could not serve us. We looked at each other in dismay. The only piece of luggage we could carry was the tent, and taking it with us, we set off disconsolately for the field.

We put up the tent and set about preparing a meal. This was to have been sandwiches and tea. Then we discovered that our tea-pot and kettle were in the hamper at the station. Hastily we opened every parcel, but did not find anything in which to make tea. Suddenly someone remembered we had a tin of sweets, and having emptied it of its contents, we used it as a tea-pot. It was rather a pity that the sweets were peppermints.

Night fell. Inside the tent we began preparations for sleep. The ground-sheet was laid on the floor, and using anything from a coat to a tin of fruit for a pillow, we attempted to sleep. Luckily we were sufficiently tired to ignore the greater part of the discomfort, but I do not believe that there is harder ground anywhere than the piece on which I slept.

Early next morning, a loud voice was heard demanding: "Will I put the luggage down here?" The luggage had arrived. Stiff and sore, we went out to unpack, and thanked our stars that the first night at camp was over.

LIZZIE (V.).

---

These are not barb'rous regions,  
Nor savage folk, and grim:  
Nor India's half-clad legions,  
But females in the gym.

GYMIMA (III. G.a.).



**THE FAMILY.**

My sister is an heiress richly left,  
 And I'm the heir to all her beastly chink,  
 She looks like living on for evermore,  
 So it will be another "trunk," I think.

My ma and pa have gone the final trip,  
 And I recall how they, their end did meet;  
 I shot them just about a year ago,  
 In order to attend the Orphans' Treat.

The only drawback now is Sister Anne,  
 So in a trunk to Brighton she must go;  
 And then, when she's discovered piece by piece,  
 I'll go and lay my hands on all the dough.

JACK THE RIPPER (III. B.b.).

**OVERHEARD IN A WHITEHILL SCHOOLROOM.**

"Good-morning, Mr. Burke" (cheerily).

"Good-morning, Mr. Hare" (with more dignity).

"We are running short, Mr. Burke" (warming).

"We are, Mr. Hare" (gravely).

"I think we should snatch one, Mr. Burke" (slyly).

"I think we should, Mr. Hare" (approvingly).

"When shall it be done, Mr. Burke?" (still more slyly).

"Well, Mr. Hare, there is no time like—well, you know,  
 Mr. Hare."

"Then, Mr. Burke, the present it shall be" (with satisfaction).

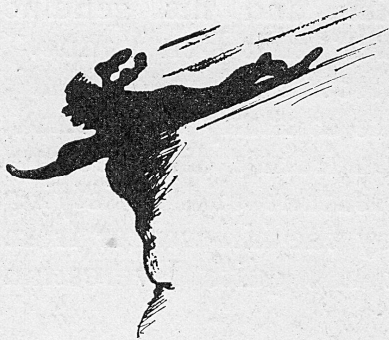
Whereupon the two conspirators pounced upon a body, removed it from its place of repose and retired with it to a quiet corner. Once out of sight of the prying eyes of the mob, they removed the top of the body (the brutes!) and proceeded to remove the contents with the aid of two tubular devices known as straws!

ROBERT LIGGET (III. B.c.).

**PING PONG FOR HEALTH.**

White  
 Hill  
 Impatient  
 Teachers  
 Eat  
 Hastily.  
 I  
 L  
 L.

BUZZ (I. B.a.).

**LITTLE BITS OF BOTHER.**

Sonny Jim,  
Edge of cliff.  
Paradise  
Half-a-jiff.

Rugby fan,  
Kicks galore.  
Lower regions  
Feeling sore.



Christmas time,  
Hale and hearty,  
But attended  
First Year Party.

Tiny Tim,  
Razor sharp.  
Now has wings—  
Plays the harp.

J. F. B. (I. B.a.).

**HAVE YOU HEARD THESE?****Some Blunders from the History Class.**

Nelson was mortally killed at the battle of Trafalgar and died shortly afterwards.

The Black Prince took his arms off the blind king of Bohemia.

Queen Victoria was the longest queen on the throne.  
The Kodak is the Mohammedans' Bible.

**And Some from the Geography Room.**

Nearly at the bottom of Lake Michigan is Chicago.  
New York is behind Greenwich time because America was not discovered until very much later.

Buddha is worshipped chiefly in Buddha Pest.  
Certain areas of Egypt are cultivated by irritation.

**And a Few Sideslips from the English Class.**

A furrier is a man who takes you across a river for twopence.

A singlet is a young swan.

The feminine of friar is none.

Coolies are men who are never warm.

A tomahawk is a pet hawk whose name is Tom.

Contributed by "F." (IV.).



**BEN VENUE.**

Scott, with his romantic imagination and his genuine adoration of hills, ventured to call this peak "high Ben Venue." It is really one of the little hills that in Scotland have a knack of rejoicing on every side, and that can, like so many of its kind, give points to its more lofty brothers. Seen from a distance and viewed from the South, it has all the pleasant and satisfying qualities of symmetry, while interviewed by the hill-walker from close quarters on a snowy winter day, it has quite Everestian dignity and impressiveness.

Time was when one could pedal the old bicycle along the rutty roads close-by and meet only an odd coach in the season: but not so now. Ben Venue still maintains all the dignity she had at the beginning, as she surveys the manifold editions of motorists and cyclists pressing on to their desired havens. Time was when you rather reluctantly paid your toll of sixpence for the old bone-shaker as you bumped your way along Dukes' Road and irritatedly dismounted to open gates at either end.

But now the King's highway stretches before you in all the beauty of modern emancipation, inviting you to pursue your smooth mechanical route through a district where the grouse and ptarmigan still linger and the mountain-hare shares his territory with the wild-goat.

**NOVA IN LOCO ANTIQUORUM.**

Long have the poets vaunted in their lays,  
 Old times, old loves, old friendships and old wine.  
 Why should the old monopolise all praise?  
 Then let the new claim mine.

Give me new strong friends when the old prove weak,  
 And fail me in my darkest hour of need.  
 Why perish with the ship that springs a leak,  
 Or lean upon a reed?

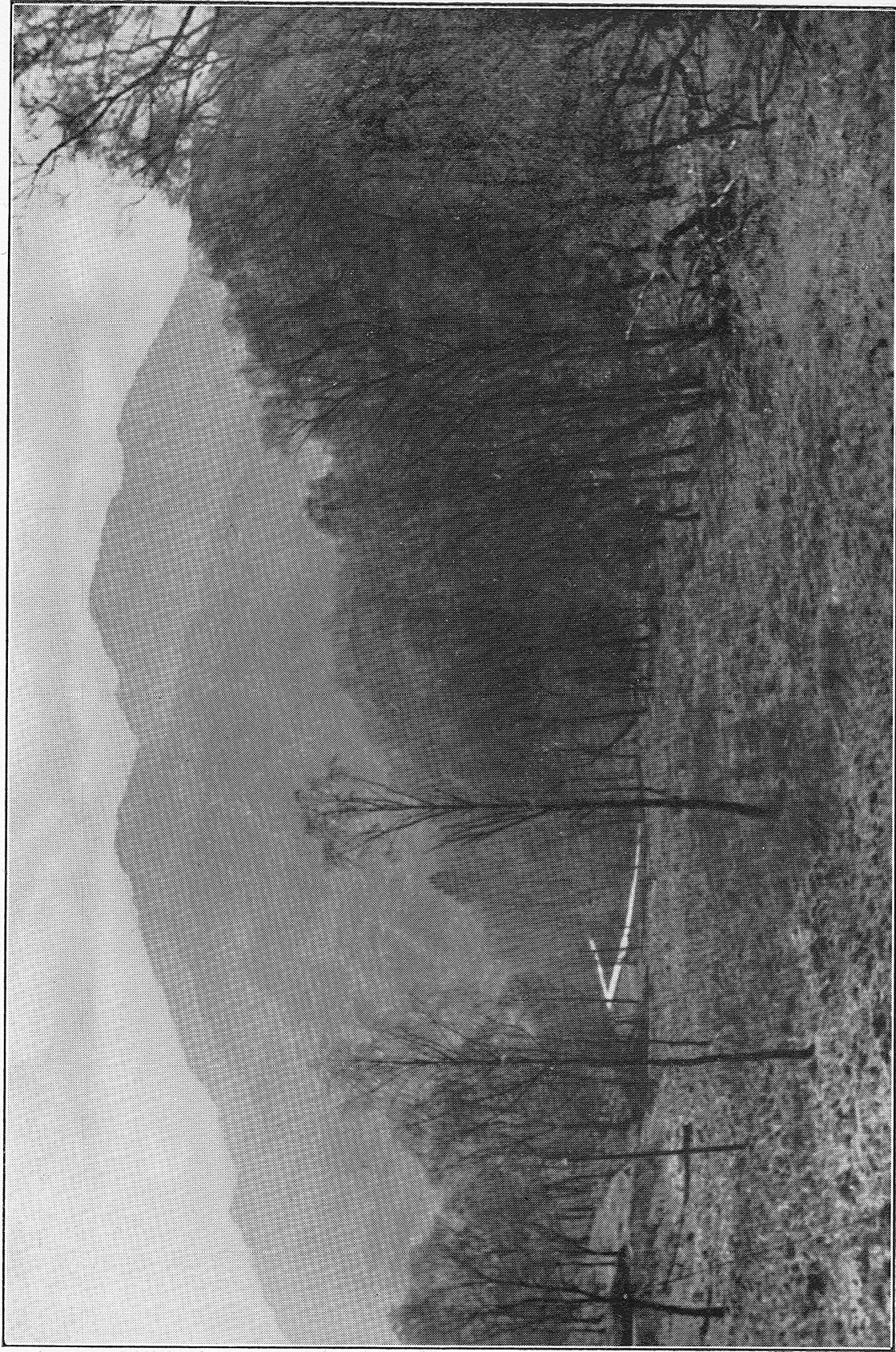
Give me new love, warm, palpitating, sweet,  
 When all the grace and beauty leave the old,  
 When, like a rose, it withers at my feet;  
 Or, like a hearth, grows cold.

Give me new times, bright with prosperous cheer,  
 In place of old tear-bottled, burdened days.  
 I hold a sunlit presence far more dear  
 And worthy of my praise.

When the old creeds are threadbare and worn through,  
 Or all too narrow for the broadening soul,  
 Give me the fine, firm texture of the new—  
 Fair, beautiful, and whole.

J. R. (V.).

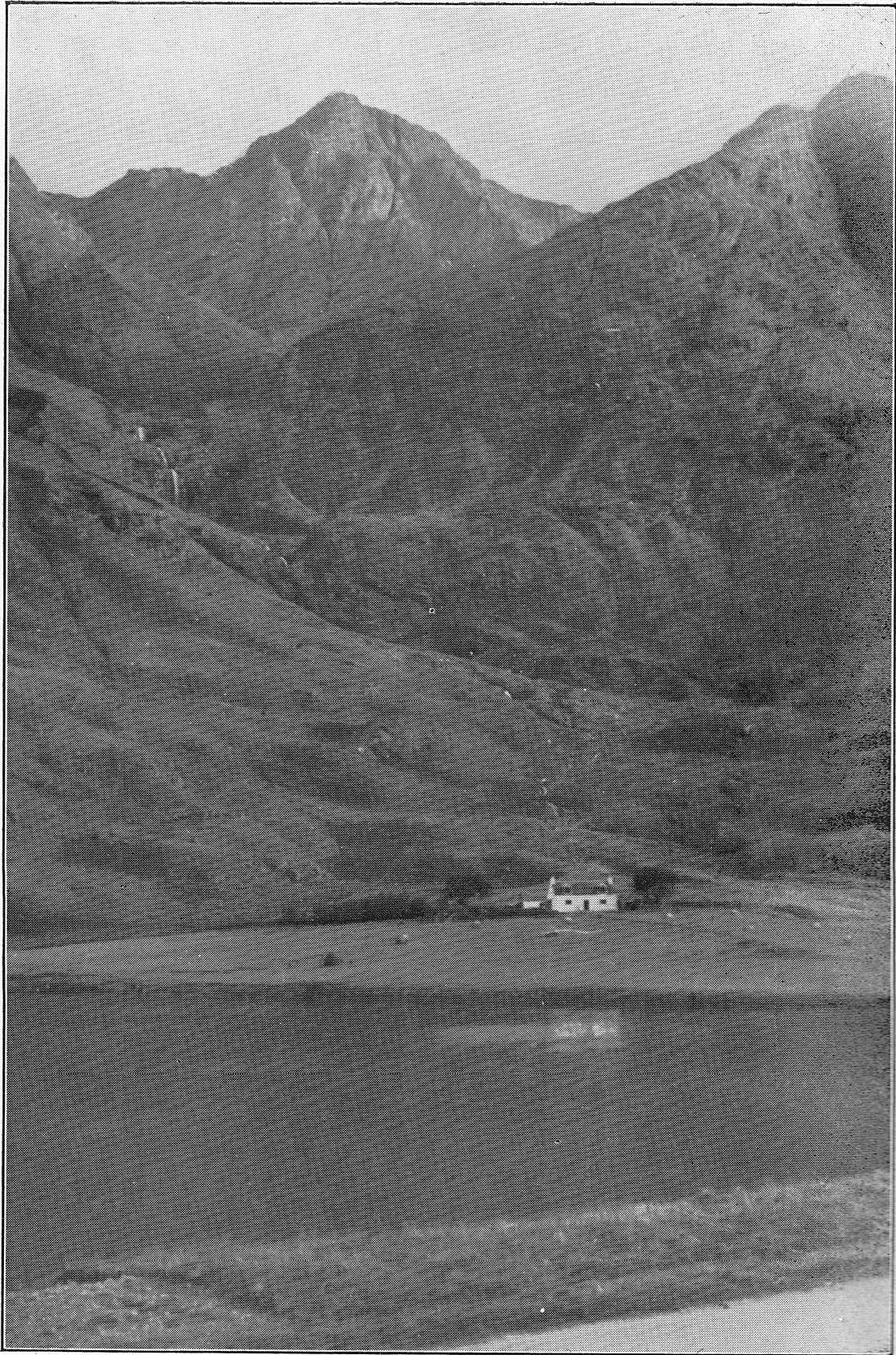




*Photo by A. Garrick.*

**BEN VENUE AND PATH THROUGH THE TROSSACHS.**





*Photo by A. Garrick.*

**LOCH TRIOCHATAN, GLENCOE.**



**GLENCOE—LOCH TRIOCHATAN.**

A "naked house" certainly and "bleak without," but surely no palace had ever so magnificent a background!

Such is man's indifference to the sublimity of his environment that, here, in this district, man found it possible to massacre his fellow man. Loch Triochatan still bears a rusty red tinge that the credulous find easy to associate with that act of butchery. The dancing alt and the sunlit hill have wisely agreed to forget about it in a return to all their primitive, untroubled delights.

Should you follow up the line of cascades, you will eventually arrive at the highest peak in Argyllshire, Bidean nam Bian, which refuses the glory of isolation and stands aloof in some distant rear, so that his three sisters, subordinate spurs, may receive photographic publicity and flattering attention from those who pass through the glen.

The wide-awake awareness of everything in this picture is enchanting, but only with a moon and stars can you appropriately capture that lurking magic so subtly released when day gives place to the milder sway of night.

**THE UPPER GYM.**

(With apologies to Tarantella by H. Belloc.)

Do you remember the Gym, Miranda,  
 Do you remember the Gym?  
 And the humping and the dumping  
 Of the buck for the jumping,  
 And the "skelfs" that tease on our bare little knees!  
 And the draught that howled through the door.  
 And the shorts and the blouse that were causing all the rows,  
 For they put all the girls in a kind of quand'ry.  
 Do you remember the Gym, Miranda,  
 Do you remember the Gym?  
 And the shorts and the blouse that were causing all the rows,  
 For we didn't have a penny,  
 And we weren't paying any,  
 And anyhow we shivered in the thing!  
 And the clip, clop, clap  
 Of the snap  
 Of the tongues, to the whirl and the swirl  
 Of the girl gone pining,  
 Whining,  
 Going and resigning;  
 Making such a clatter and a din!  
 'Twas a sin.  
 And the ding, ding, donging of the bell.

"FISHY" (VI.).



# WHITEHILL NOTES

## WHITEHILL SCHOOL CLUB.

WE are extremely glad to be able to report that the increased interest we have felt you have been taking in the activities of the School Club, within the last year or so, has borne fruit in the large number of last year's pupils who have joined up this session.

As you know, the objects of our Club are to promote the interests of the School and to maintain and strengthen the friendships formed there. Consequently, we do our best to compile a syllabus to give as wide an appeal to all as possible. We hope you will take the opportunity of sampling our wares at our Annual Joint Meeting with your Literary and Debating Society on Friday, 20th December. We are to have an address on that evening from Mr. Hal. S. Stewart, "The Gangrel" of the "Daily Record," and what he has to say will no doubt be a successful antidote to the depressed feeling following exams. (at least, there was always one in our time).

The playing sections, hockey, "rugger," and soccer," are pursuing their activities with their usual enthusiasm and success. The former, unfortunately, have only been able to run one team owing to a very small influx of new members from the School. The results obtained, however, have been very good, and it is hoped they will soon be at full strength again. The "rugger" section has been doing exceptionally well and has excited very favourable comments in the Press. In addition, it has brought some honour to the School by having four of its players selected for the Western District Trial, two of whom, Messrs. W. I. McIntyre and H. C. Colquhoun, went forward to the further Trial game against the East.

We are delighted to be able to congratulate you on again winning the Sladen Trophy and on bringing several other championships to the School. Meritorious performances indeed, which are noted with pride by all former pupils.

As we have no doubt this magazine will be read by some former pupils who are not members of the School Club, we would like to appeal to them to join up. Our subscriptions remain the same—two shillings and sixpence per annum for ordinary membership and one guinea for life membership.

In conclusion, we would thank the Editors for their kindness in again giving us the opportunity of bringing ourselves to your notice.

LESLIE W. BLACK, President.

PETER S. CHISHOLM, Secretary,

17 Craigielea Street, Glasgow, E.1.



### FOOTBALL.

Football is once again in full swing in the School. The 1st XI. have, so far, been unfortunate in gaining only two points out of a possible six. However, by convincing victories over Dumbarton and North Kelvin-side, they have reached the third round of the Scottish Shield.

The 3rd XI. are at the top of their division, having gained full points in all their matches. They are, however, out of the Intermediate Shield, having been beaten in the first round by St. Mungo's.

The 4th XI.s are doing quite well in their respective divisions and are helping to maintain the high standard of football in the School.

J. S. THOMSON (Hon. Secy.).

### HOCKEY.

The greatest feature of the season is that the hockey teams have tasted the fruits of victory. This experience has not been the lot of the section for some time, hence our jubilation. The Junior School is still as enthusiastic as ever.

Special mention is made of Annie Reid (V. G.), whose excellent play as goalkeeper has been a noteworthy feature of the 1st XI. matches, and is one of the goalkeepers on trial for this year's W.D. teams.

Helen Murdoch.—Captained Eastbank 1st XI. where she played centre-half. Came to Whitehill where she ultimately played goalkeeper in 1st XI. Joined Cartha and soon occupied the goalkeeper's place in 1st XI. there. Chosen for W.D. 2nd XI. last year.

A. B. W. (Secy.).

### Great TABLE TENNIS Revival.

**TABLE TOPS.**—Regulation Tables, 9ft. x 5ft. 30/-  
 heavily battened to prevent warping: 8ft. x 4ft. 25/-  
 hinged in centre and painted green, 7ft. x 3½ft. 17/6  
 with official white line.

Sets, ... 2/6 3/6 5/- 7/6

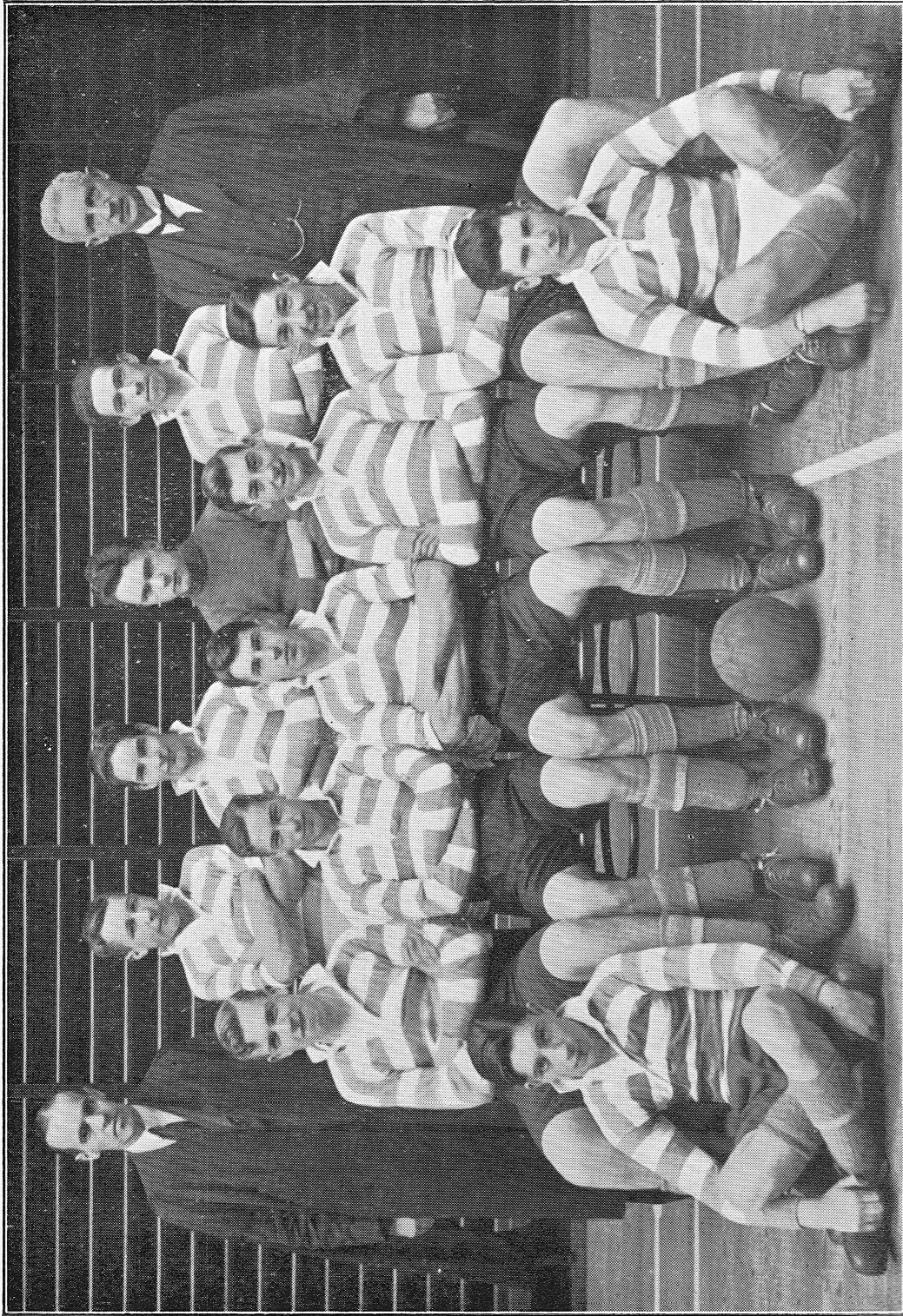
### Miniature BILLIARD Tables.

Joe Davis Models, 4ft. 37/6 4ft. 6in. 52/6 5ft. 63/-

**THE SPORTSMAN'S EMPORIUM**

103 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.





*Photo by Buchanan & Armour.*

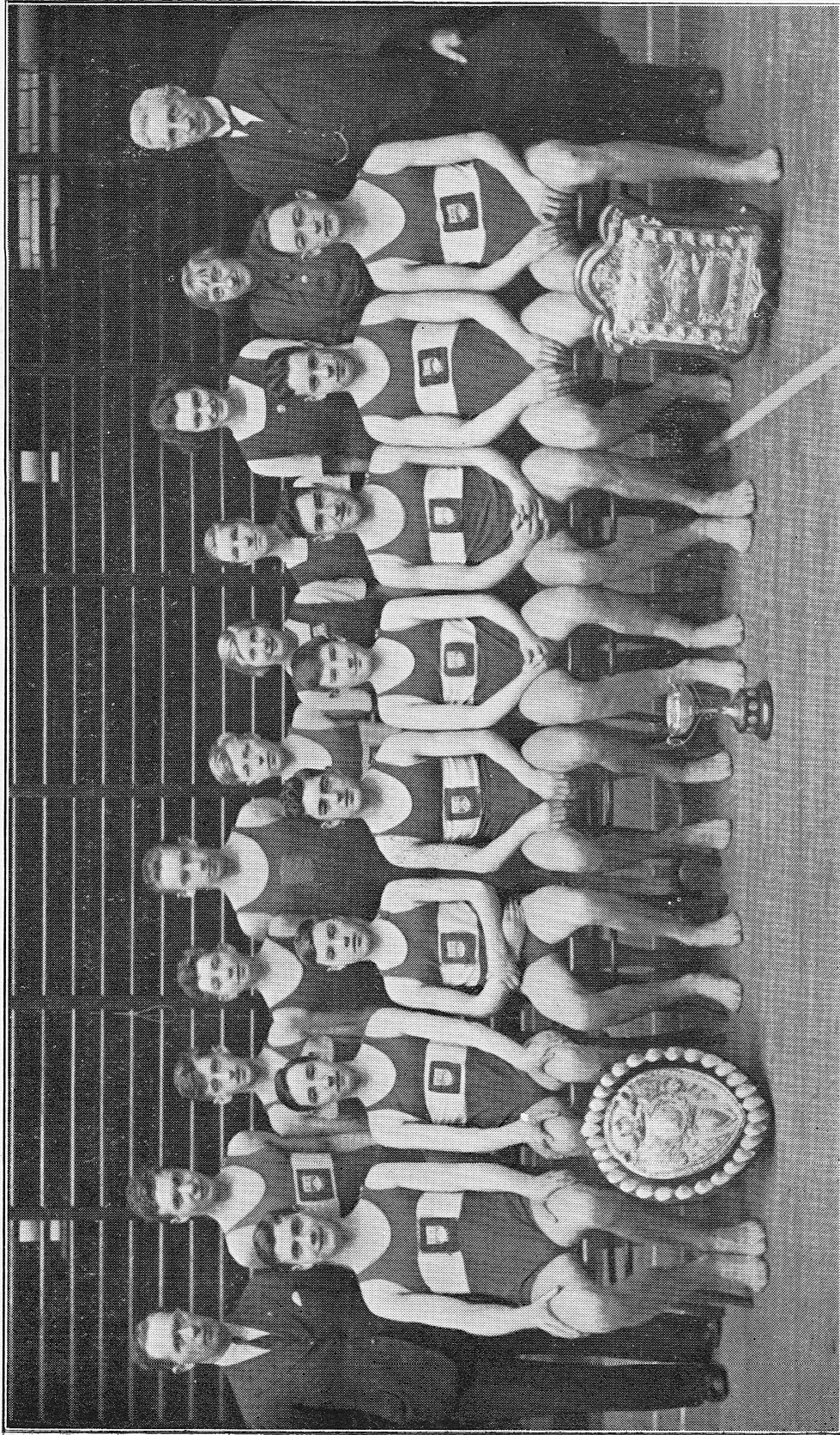
**FOOTBALL.**

*Back Row:* Mr. Reid, G. Hendry, R. McCarthy, J. Dunlop, N. Thomson, Headmaster.

*Middle Row:* A. Smith, A. Hendry, G. Easton, I. S. Thomson, J. Lewis.

*Front:* J. Thomson, J. Walker.





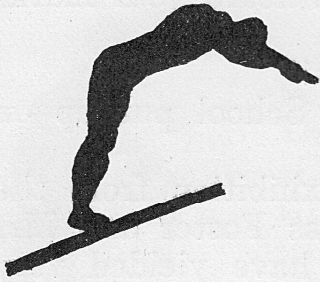
*Photo by Buchanan & Armour.*

**SWIMMING.**

*Back Row:* Mr. McMurray, J. Sommerville, J. G. Young, A. Matthew, R. A. Robertson, W. Robertson, A. Pearston, E. Turner, M. McCulloch, Miss Foster, Headmaster.

*Front Row:* W. S. Blackadder, J. Burt, J. Winton, D. Wright, A. M. Cowan, J. Young, J. Docherty.



**SWIMMING (BOYS' SECTION).**

The Section has had another very successful season. R. A. Robertson and W. S. Blackadder are Scottish Junior Champions. The former in Breast Stroke and the latter in Free Style. Both also won Western Counties Junior Championship, and in addition, W. S. Blackadder won the Gordon Cup (the Scottish Junior Championship for members of Private Baths, and the Back Stroke Championship of the Western Counties).

Our team regained the Scottish Schoolboys' Team Championship at Dundee after a very stiff fight with Forfar. The Senior Team won the Glasgow Team Championship and we got the "Glasgow Herald" Shield for Life Saving.

The results of the Glasgow Schools' Gala were:—

150 Yards Championship of Glasgow—2, W. S. Blackadder; 3, J. Somerville.

75 Yards Championship of Glasgow—3, Jas. Winton.

Breast Stroke (under 13)—1, A. M. Cowan; 3, J. G. Young.

Back Stroke—2, A. Mathews.

50 Yards (Boys under 13)—1, A. M. Cowan.

Team Championship—1, Whitehill.

Life Saving Championship—1, Whitehill.

Our own Gala was held on the 29th November and was a howling success. Jas. Young won the Senior Championship Cup for the third successive year in record time—61  $\frac{3}{5}$  secs.

W. S. Blackadder won the Junior for the second time in the record time of 44 secs.

**Other Results.**

Breast Stroke—1, R. A. Robertson; 2, J. Matthews; 3, W. Robertson.

25 Yards (under 14)—1, J. G. Young; 2, A. McKenzie; 3, J. Marshall.

50 Yards Free Style—1, J. Winton; 2, W. S. Blackadder; 3, J. Somerville.

**SWIMMING (GIRLS).**

Never has there been a more enthusiastic set of mermaids. There have been times when the pond has had the consistency of one of those stodgy milk puddings which is part of our bitter lot in childhood. Not even the advance of winter has damped the Club's enthusiasm. This had its happy effect on entries for our own gala. The same amount of prodding or angling was not necessary, and our entrants offered themselves, willing sacrifices, on this watery altar. We are glad Muriel and Elsie won the Life Saving honour for Whitehill at the Inter-Schools Gala, and we congratulate Ada on coming in third in the 25 yards event.

### GALA.

“What makes you so happy, haven't you heard your marks yet?”

“Yes, but I've just come from the Gala!”

And so you should be at the show the School put up on Friday night.

The evening opened with a delightful exhibition from the Junior School for which we must thank Miss Foster and Mr. McMurray. Their coaching (and coaxing) have yielded very favourable results and possibly even a future champion.

Talking of champions, James Young gave a fine exhibition in winning the Senior Championship Cup for the third year in succession, and also gave a very good account of himself in the Invitation Team Race. Between swims, this “young” gallant strutted about with a towel tied round his waist, and it is rumoured, in exclusive circles, that one short-sighted gentleman remarked that he did not know Ghandi had returned to this country.

The Whitehill boys' team won the Invitation Team Race against Pollokshields, Queen's Park and Glasgow High; the girls' team, however, was not so fortunate in their attempt, coming in third.

The Junior Championship was won by W. Blackadder in record time. Good work, William!

For the girls, C. Surgenor won the Junior Championship with some fine swimming, while the Senior Championship was gained by Mary Turner. The weaker sex again excelled themselves in the Pyjama Race. Apart from spoiling perfectly good pyjamas, it afforded great amusement all round; it is even hinted that the competitors themselves enjoyed it! This, however, is doubtful, judging by the look of disgust on the face of the girl who arrived first without her “legs,” or by the perplexed expression of the young lass who forgot how to put on pyjama trousers and had to give up for want of breath.

No swimming gala is complete without a display of diving. This was very gracefully provided by James Stevenson, James Young, J. Greig and R. Menzies, whose exhibition was well up to scratch.

Last, but not least, we are indebted to the F.P.'s “A” and the F.P.'s “B” for supplying a thrilling and exciting Polo Match, which admirably rounded off a very enjoyable evening.

### RUGBY.

The 1st XV. have had a very unfortunate season, having lost six of the seven games. The 2nd XV. seem to be sharing the same fate as the 1st XV., but the 3rd XV. are holding their heads above water, having won most of their matches. The Juniors, too, are doing well. More players from the Upper School are urgently required.

J. T. (Secy.).



**CRICKET.**



The 1st XI. redeemed a bad start and achieved more success than any previous School team. Of 16 matches, 10 were won, and 6 lost. The victories were achieved over such redoubtable opponents as Greenock Academy, Paisley Grammar, Dalziel High and Ayr Academy, and with one exception the defeats were by narrow margins. The Greenock match, which provided the best finish, was won by an excellent performance on the part of the Easton brothers.

To Keith Veal the team was indebted for many a good send-off and also for consistently good wicket-keeping. The highest score of the year—a hard-hit 82—was put up by him against Jordanhill College School. Todd, Gordon Easton, and Harley Easton batted well on occasion. Todd distinguished himself with a good 52 against Dalziel. The bowling lacked variety, but generally sufficed to dismiss the opposition for reasonably small scores. Brand, Boal and Arnold were the most successful bowlers.

**BATTING RESULTS.**

	Highest Score.	Average.
K. H. Veal, ...	82	16.8
W. Todd, ...	52 n.o.	16.2
G. H. Easton, ...	37	14.6
J. H. Easton, ...	22 n.o.	21.1

**BOWLING RESULTS.**

	Wickets.	Runs per Wicket.
J. Brand, ...	25	4.7
C. Boal, ...	32	6.0
H. Arnold, ...	23	6.6
G. H. Easton,	27	8.6

The 2nd XI. won 6 games and lost 5. The Junior XI. played 4 games and won them all.

Most remarkable, however, was the improvement shown by the staff team. On a historic occasion in August they defeated the School side in convincing fashion. There are now so many competent cricketers on the staff that the Committee can afford to omit batsmen who make "ducks" and bowlers who deliver "wides." Outstanding among many fine feats were those of Mr. Buchanan, in taking four wickets, and Mr. Reid, in bringing off two spectacular catches at silly-point. Mr. Hollinsworth, too, deserved praise for his characteristically quiet efficiency behind the wickets.



FRANK MERTON.

**FRANK MERTON'S BAND**

FOR  
**Dances, Weddings, Dinners, Etc.**

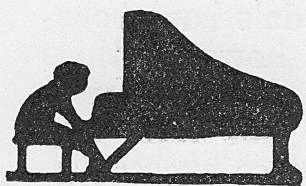
ALSO  
**MERTON SCHOOL OF SYNCOPATION.**

Piano, Piano Accordion, Guitar,  
Banjo, Saxophone, etc. : : :

**551 Sauchiehall Street, Charing X**

Telephone: Douglas 188.

### MUSICAL NOTES.



The School Orchestra is in a flourishing condition, and this year is stronger numerically than it has ever been since its inception three years ago. We have no less than 24 violins, or as many as the Scottish Orchestra! There is also a complete brass section consisting of a cornet, french horn and tenor horn, which has already done some fine team work, and will add a welcome variety of tone-colour. Our two 'cellists are still going strong, and we still rely upon the valuable assistance of Mr. Allan Ferguson with the double-bass.

I would like to thank all the pupils who have made the orchestra what it is, and also the staff members, Messrs. Livingstone, Bell, Ewan, Duncanson and Hollinsworth, for their ungrudging assistance and boundless enthusiasm.

Another interesting item falls to be recorded. At their fifth concert for schools on 12th December, the Scottish Orchestra will play Haydn's "Toy Symphony." Mr. Barbirolli agreed to perform this work on condition that the toy instruments were played by selected pupils. Whitehill will supply the selected pupils. These should give a good account of themselves, as they are all excellent readers and know their parts well. To mention one, James Oag is an absolute virtuoso on the "cuckoo."

The Choir is busy rehearsing for the Eastern Festival on 3rd December. We are competing for the Orpheus Choir Challenge Shield and the Onslow Trophy, both of which we have held for the past two years. By the time this appears in print we shall know whether Mr. Wilson has to keep them polished for another year or not.

J. W. KERR.

---

### Musical Awards.

The School has once again maintained its high reputation in the musical world, as will be seen from the undernoted results at the Glasgow Eastern Festival:—

VOCAL SOLOS (Senior Boys)—1, Charles Shankland (II. B.d.).

VOCAL SOLOS (Girls under 18)—1, Georgina Cowie (V.).

VOCAL SOLOS (Scots Song)—2, Jean McLellan (I. G.a.). (Only one mark less than winner).

SCHOOL CHOIRS (Post-Qualifying Class): "Onslow" Challenge Trophy—1, Whitehill Secondary School Choir.

SCHOOL CHOIRS (Open Class): "Glasgow Orpheus Choir" Challenge Shield—1, Whitehill Secondary School Choir.





### GOLF NOTES.

The golf season has now commenced, but owing to very poor weather no medals have been played as yet. It is encouraging, however, that although the great majority of last season's members has left, the numbers this term are greater than usual. We were not so successful in last year's inter-school matches as we expected, but the number of young members in the Club indicates a bright future.

I. M. L.

---

### THE EDITOR'S FAST ASLEEP!

(With profound apologies to the General and all responsible for "The General's Fast Asleep.")

There won't be any Magazine!  
 You won't get any, though you're keen;  
 Sad to say, he's hit the hay,  
 And the Editor's fast asleep!

Assistants stand in a mighty row,  
 They've been told where they ought to go,  
 Sad to say, he's hit the hay,  
 And the Editor's fast asleep!

The Printer's mad and the School is blue,  
 The Captain's sad, and the teachers, too.  
 I guess the Mag. will have to keep;  
 It's enough to make all Glasgow weep!

Look, oh look at his worried face!  
 It seems that he couldn't stick the pace;  
 Sad to say, no Mag. to-day,  
 'Cos the Editor's fast asleep!

"EDITRESS."

---

### MY COMFORTABLE BED.

I am the Fairy Queen. I sleep in the heart of a beautiful red rose. Instead of blankets and quilts, rose petals cling to me and keep me warm. Around my bed, glow-worms hover, like tiny bedlamps. After a comfortable night's sleep, I open my eyes to find a host of fairy folk waiting to assist me to a dew bath. The air is filled with the constant droning of bees; they bring my early morning meal. When arrayed in a bluebell frock, I feel fresh, and prepared to do my good deed to the mortals on earth.

M. McK. (I. G.b.).

## THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

From the four meetings that have been held, it would seem that this year will be a record. The average attendance is 70. Our thanks are due to the Staff for their very real interest in the Society. A warm welcome awaits them all at our meetings.

We take this opportunity of welcoming Mr. Williamson as President, in the assurance that under him the Society will continue to prosper as it did under his predecessor.

An inter-school debate was held with Lenzie Academy. This was a success. It was also novel insomuch that Lenzie opposed Whitehill. A return debate will be held at Lenzie in the new year.

A joint meeting of the F.P. Club has been fixed for the 20th December. All members are expected to attend. This will be a most enjoyable meeting.

There are still many pupils in Forms IV., V. and VI. to whom the Society is still only a name. We entreat them to attend. Finally, our meetings would be greatly improved if more members would get up and talk. Remember this when making New Year resolutions.

T. L. (Secy.).

**MAKE NO  
MISTAKE** with your  
**daily milk**

*It's right—if it's Ross's*

**There is a BRANCH in your district**

**ROSS'S DAIRIES, LTD.**

**572 DUMBARTON ROAD, GLASGOW, W.1**

**'Phone—Western 3650**



## PARTIES.

Theoretically, the staff and pupils were present to maintain order. This, however, was "a false creation of the mind." The parties were very similar to those of last year. The ladies and gentlemen of Forms I. and II. still possess stupendous appetites. Of course, who could not eat when attended by such charming creatures as the members of the staff? The vocal power is still as great as ever, as was clearly shown at community singing. The conjuror did strive to entertain, and was indeed successful. After this the party began. The programme consisted of games, these being, for the most part, the Grand Old Duke of York and BEE BAW BABBITY. Despite all attempts of the heid y. to subdue the predominance of these, they claimed just as large a portion of the programme as formerly. The smallest girls have still the same passion for the biggest males, and the biggest males for the smallest girls. The whole occasion was hectic, the children being awfully daft, but the staff a whole lot dafter.

LEXY.

### LAY OF THE LOST MINSTREL.

In Whitehill School I lost my way,  
 In faring to and fro;  
 I asked our good old janitor  
 The way that I should go.  
 He gave a nod, and then a wink,  
 And told me: "To get there,  
 Go straight across the playground  
 And then right up a stair."

I thanked him very kindly,  
 And on my way I went,  
 But puzzled very greatly  
 As to what he really meant,  
 For, when I reached the music-room,  
 Two stairs were to be seen;  
 I didn't know which one to take,  
 Which did our "Janny" mean?

Eventually my room I found,  
 And sat me down to swot  
 At Latin, Mths and Science, too.  
 Oh dear! I did feel hot.  
 Now, when from the annex you come,  
 All girls turn to the right,  
 Then if the Old School is your goal,  
 Trudge up the longest flight.

R. N. D. (I. G.b.).