
Whitehill School Magazine.

No. 38.

Xmas 1938



Editors:

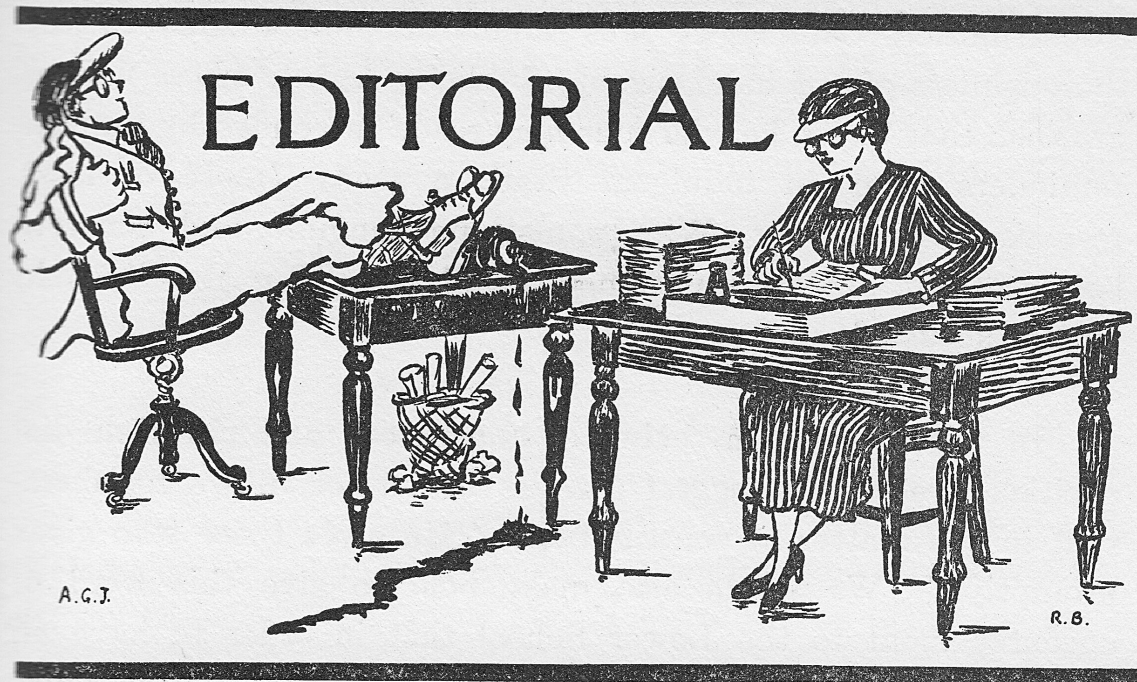
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EDITORIAL.

OF the fact that "Time and tide for no man bide" we have just had personal proof.

Aeons of time ago—to be more precise, at the beginning of September—the publication of our Christmas number with examinations, results, and all the other burdensome, if necessary, worries incidental to every School session, seemed events to take place in the distant future. We were not even mildly troubled. However, a week or two ago, our complacency received a rude jar. An exhibition of Christmas books in the Mitchell Library was advertised to take place immediately.

Imagine our chagrin—not to say consternation—when we considered that the Christmas books were already a tangible reality, while this Magazine—The Whitehill Mag., than which no other periodical could have a greater importance to any true Whitehillian—was little more than a project. Can you wonder if the troubled Editor had an air of abstraction about him at this time?

However, determinedly suppressing all feeling of panic, we decided that the only thing to be done was "to put a stout heart to a stye brae." Vigorous action was called for. Whitehill

must be awakened to a sense of its responsibilities. So our "Contribution Campaign" was launched, and thanks to the thoroughness of our indefatigable Publicity Agent, whose notices are such that "even he who runs may read," seconded by timeous reminders from an indulgent Staff, a ready (more or less) response was made. With something tangible and concrete before us, our anxiety was somewhat allayed, "Our Mag." would appear as usual.

In this connection, being of a generous and unselfish disposition, we would suggest for the benefit of future numbers, that in the matter of contributions, "He gives twice who gives promptly." We would also make bold to give this word of encouragement to the Lower School that in order to have an article accepted for the Mag. it is not by any means necessary to attempt poetry, or even rhyme (we would prefer reason). Neither is there any need to be funny, because humorists are born and you cannot become one no matter how hard you try. All that is wanted is something readable and of interest to the School. Have a shot at it for the Summer Number.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight."

In closing, we would like to thank Mr. MacGregor and all those who bestirred themselves to answer our appeal for copy, and would wish Staff and pupils a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE EDITORS.

Andrew Leishman was only a short time in the School. Even in his first term he gave promise of being a keen, conscientious, and true Whitehillian. He was eager to be a swimmer. Unfortunately, his heart was not strong enough, and to our grief he died while swimming. We wish to express our deep sympathy with his parents in their loss of such a fine-spirited little lad.

SCHOOL NOTES.

This year there have been more changes in the personnel of the School than for several years. Mr. A. M. Munro has been appointed to the English staff because of the increasing numbers in the first year. We regret that serious illness at home has necessitated the absence of Miss H. Gordon this session and we take this opportunity of offering her our sympathy. Mr. Neill has taken her place temporarily. Miss Miller has gone to North Kelvinside School and her place has been filled by Mr. H. Barter. In the Classics Department Mr. McCormick has taken the place of Mr. Muir who was transferred to become Principal in Classics at Jordanhill College School and Master of Method at the College. Our well-known figure Mr. Kerr was appointed Second-Master in Dowanhill School and Mr. Andrew has come from Queen's Park to take over this duty.

We would also bring before your notice two well-known figures in the personnel of the School: (1) A real live coleopterist. For further particulars apply Form VI.; (2) A budding Cleansing official (or does the exceptional assiduity of "Wee Davie" merely betoken a disinclination for pursuits involving more mental strain?). For further particulars apply Mr. Taylor, Janitor's Office.

Mr. JOHN A. MUIR, M.A.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus tam cari capitis?

ONCE again time's insistent demand has come to us. By the promotion of Mr. Muir to the post of Principal Teacher of Classics and Master of Method in Classics at Jordanhill, Whitehill has lost the services of another of her stalwarts. There are some men who are so strong that they are forbidding, and so silent that one never gets to know them. But Mr. Muir is not of this type. He can keep his council, but when it is asked, he gives it generously, and his strength is full of kindness.

His association with the School dates back over a period of eighteen years and he is in the true line of succession to men like

Crosthwaite and Montgomerie, names of happy memory in the Classical tradition of Whitehill. There are many former pupils, including not a few distinguished Honours Graduates, who look back with gratitude to him for the sound knowledge of the Classics which he gave them in the Olympic heights of Room 48 or (in later days) in Room 42. His range of general reading is wide and it was not unknown for the English Department to consult him on points of literary judgment. As for the man himself, nothing can stale his infinite variety. He is always at his ease whether he has to select a Greek particle, or deal with an awkward lie in a bunker, or solve a crossword puzzle, or play a Yarborough hand at Bridge.

As Master of Method he will find his orbit extend over the whole of Glasgow, a change surely from directing the traffic in the "New" School and nimbly stepping up thereafter (at rare intervals) to that Haven of Rest and Quiet—Room 45. As his former colleagues and pupils, we thank him for his splendid service to the School, congratulate him on his well-deserved promotion, and wish him great success in his new sphere.

Quando ullum invieniet parem?

NORMAN M. MACLEOD

(L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., L.C.V., M.R.S.T.)

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PREFECTS, 1938-1939.

Back Row: M. Turner, J. Miller, M. Smith, J. Welsh, J. Winton, J. B. Barclay, W. Marshall,

M. B. Donald, A. Terries, J. Dott.

Front Row: D. Rodgers, Margt. E. Dingwall (Capt.), Jack E. Brodie (Capt.), F. M. Turner,
A. Faichney.

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Mr. JOHN KERR, M.A.

“BEGONE, DULL KERR!”

That was his own joke. He was like that—he could give to a plain jest the brightness of his own genial temper.

A member of the Staff has made known to us a quotation from a lad's jotter—“Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Harry Roy and Mr. Kerr.” Mr. Kerr liked that one. “A fine climax,” he would say, “with Harry Roy well out of position.”

No, he wasn't too keen on the Harry Roy bunch—nor the Stravinsky set; he held after the old world and the giants of the past were his loved companions.

“Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Harry Roy and Mr. Kerr.” In one respect at least, I am sure, he must be at the top—for few men could surpass him in patience, forbearance, tolerance. His judgment was ever the kindest.

To his intimate friends Mr. Kerr is a pleasing character. They know the kindly feeling of his home, his precise water-colour sketches, his careful little etchings, his dog, his gold-fish, his readiness with a story of old Shettleston, or of a fishing expedition on a Border burn, his dexterity at the piano, his many struggles with the clarinet. I am sure Elia would have loved the little world that lies behind the privet battlements of Mr. and Mrs. Kerr.

We may forget how many times Whitehill choirs have borne the glee at competitions, or by how many points the School Orchestra led in the Glasgow Festival: but a picture in my mind for ever is the rows of gleaming eyes that shone at him from eager songsters, and music in my ears for all time the croon of a lullaby and the savage swing of “The Hundred Pipers.”

When he left us we told him how sorry we were to lose him and we wished the best for him in his new school. I have no doubt he is happy there and that his young pupils are learning to love and respect him as we did. He sends you all his kind regards and says: “I'll see you at the concert.”

As a First Year boy remarked, rather familiarly, “A nice fella, Mr. Kerr.”

Mr. D. W. J. CUDDEFORD.

Mr. D. W. J. Cuddeford was one of the earliest pupils in Whitehill School, his name being on the first pages of the admission register. This year he presented the School with two Ju-Ju heads from his collection of Nigerian curios. The School wishes to express its thanks for this gift.

He had a very distinguished war-time career and rose to the rank of Major. He is also the author of the well-known book, “And All for What,” which deals with his war-time experiences. The School is proud to reckon him among its Former Pupils.

FORMER PUPILS' SUCCESSES.

The following are the successes of the Former Pupils in the past year:—

ALBERT BROWN graduated M.B. Ch.B. with distinction in Midwifery.

SHANNA WRIGHT graduated M.B. Ch.B.

ALEX. MACFARLANE graduated M.B. Ch.B. and was also awarded the McEwan Medal for the Best Student in Surgery. This award is one of the highest in the British Isles.

JACK DOYLE gained 2nd Honours in Classics.

ALEX. DOW gained 3rd Honours in Classics.

JAMES SCOTLAND gained 1st Honours in English.

OWEN LEARY gained 3rd Honours in English.

DAVID CLARKE gained 2nd Honours in Modern Languages.

Our School Captains of sessions 1936-37 and 1937-38 also figure in the lists.

T. D. V. LAWRIE was awarded the Lorimer Bursary, value £20 for the Best Student in Zoology in the year.

G. HODGKINSON received the Gardener Bursary, value £18 for two years. This award was granted in the Modern Languages sphere.

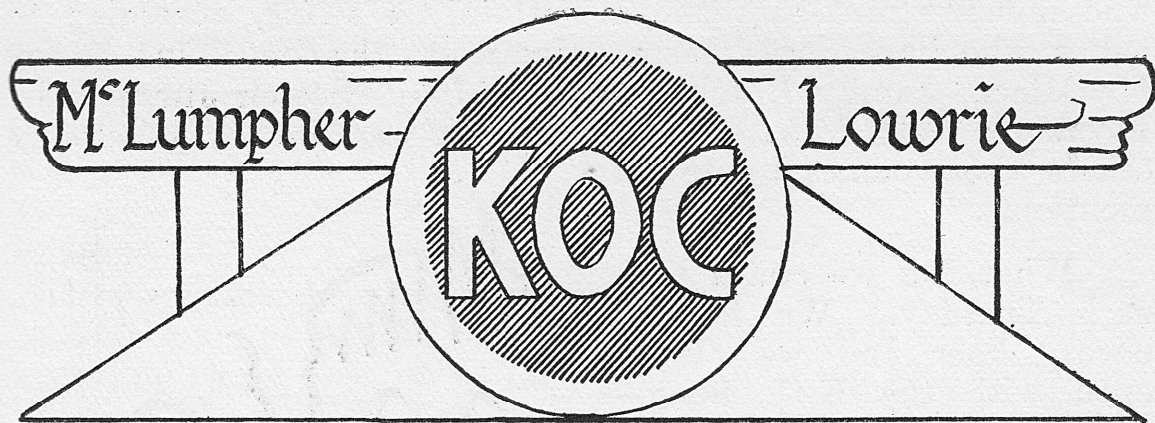
Mr. JOHN H. MACK of the Association of Tutors in adult education has been awarded a Travelling Bursary by the World Association for the purpose of investigating adult education in Switzerland. He hopes to begin his travels in the Spring, accompanied by Mrs. Mack (a graduate of St. Andrews). From 1923-28, Mr. Mack attended Glasgow University, studying English and Philosophy. He was awarded the Carr Medal in Moral Philosophy, was successful in the Snell Exhibition and went to Balliol College. He recently became the Editor of "The Tutor's Bulletin," the official organ of the Association.

Professor A. BARR, one of a brilliant Dennistoun and Whitehill family, has been appointed Moderator of the United Free Church.

FIND THE NAME OF A TOWN IN EACH SENTENCE.

1. Baby prattle and a boulder.
2. A hoop and a delivery truck.
3. A rock and a shelter.
4. I am going.
5. N and a river.
6. S and a piece of paper with a piece out of it.
7. A fish and a stretch of sand.
8. A scratch and a rabbit's home.
9. What I see with and what I eat with.
10. Not an old home of a rabbit.
11. Three hundred and sixty-five times a year.

Answers on page 47.



WHAT is K.O.C.? It is a game we play.

When is K.O.C.? Every Tuesday at 4—and at other times.

How is K.O.C.? Fine.

Why is K.O.C.? Because we like it.

Where is K.O.C.? Room 71 and other places.

The game began in 1936 with fellows who were in I. B.a. in 1935-36. The first move in the game was our magazine, referred to in the press, and, like Johnny Walker, still going strong. You wait!

We have had some grand fun at Cranston's Tea Rooms. The most recent of these grand evenings was on Friday, 9th December. It was a howling success.

The finest game we have yet played was entitled "An Clachan K.O.C.," situated in the Braes o' Doune. Despite the rainy fortnight, our high spirits were not in the least damped, and everyone enjoyed the experience immensely. We ate like the pigs we are said to resemble; only **our** food was of superior quality. Both Mucklebreeks and Weary Willie are said to have gained a stone in the fortnight, which disproves the idea that "constant dripping wears away stones"; for with the rain, the bathing, and the egg and scrambled sausage, we had plenty of dripping.

Sir Langrels Lowrie, oor heid-bummer, is an imposing figure even if he does lack the dignity of the poseetion he hauds. Wee MacGregor, the factor, has occupied the secretarial post since the game began, and it looks as if the heavy duties will rest on his unmighty shoulders till the final whistle. Of high state are the Editors, Blin' Harry, the Chronicler, and Hon. Valentine Velvet. They have had many strange experiences, including an interview with Dave Willis, an early private visit to the late Exhibition, and—but we won't go into that!

We must mention the venerable K.O.C.-er Mucklebreeks, of singing and cricketing fame; Sir Murgatroyd McLumpher of that ilk; Weary Willie, who cannot keep Epsom Down; the Gomeril,

who inhabits milk-bars and is certainly a swine, according to ladies who have dogs; Jasper MacGraw, the Bad Yin; Moses MacMince, Family Butcher (estab. 1745); Scotch Jimmy, the Plooman; Auld Jock, the kiltie wi' the moustache; and many others whose names I dare not mention.

What fun we chaps have each Tuesday. We have a cheery hour and we always open with the K.O. Song—someday somed'y'll sing it to you—but that's another story.

Oh, what a lot I could tell, but for now let me sign off—
Carry on!



A RECRIMATION ON THE EFFORTS OF THAT CREATURE—WOMAN.

A bonnie colleen, I'll confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e,
But wanting better qualities,
She's no' the lass for me. (He-he!)

But Joyce's looks are blythe and sweet,
And what is best of a'—
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw. (Haw-haw!)

Her lips more than the cherries bright—
A richer rouge has graced them.
They charm the admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them. (Hem-hem!)

Her smile is like the evening mild
When feathered pairs are courting;
And yet your cheeks show traces, child,
Of powder puffs disporting. (Purporting.)

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Baith decent and genteel.
And there's a something in her gait
Mak's any dress look weel. (The deil!)

A gaudy dress and gentle air
Not slightly touch the heart;
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart. (Ancien d'art.)

Cheerio, Felines!

LE BARON.

A STRANGE TALE.

FOR almost two weeks now search parties had been searching frantically in the wild winter weather. It was all in vain. One night the little girl, daughter of Paul, had retired with the rest of the family in that Transylvanian hamlet; next day she was gone. No sound in the night; only the vacant place in the morning.

It was blackest midnight; only the silent drifting snow. No star hung in the sky; the moon was obscured. Suddenly an agonising shriek rose up to the icy sky from the roof-tops of the village. Then it died away. A dog barked. A light shone. And again the horrible shriek rent the air. Lamps were lit and doors flung open. There, emerging from the house of Paul, came the lost child's mother, her hair streaming and her eyes staring. She was shuddering violently and moaning piteously to herself.

The neighbours crowded round, wondering and a little frightened. Her husband called to her to tell them what troubled her. No answer save the insane gibbering. At length in Paul's kitchen she recovered sufficiently to speak.

"It's about my child," she gasped. "I dreamt I saw her up there in Black Ivan's mill."

A gasp broke out. Black Ivan the miller! It was rumoured that he was a vampire!

"And then," she continued, "I saw—I saw Black Ivan's leering face; and he grinned; and blood oozed from his lips."

Pandemonium reigned and many crossed themselves devoutly. At last the demand arose: "Let us go up to the mill! Rout him out! Kill him! Drive the stake through his heart. Let us go!" And with that they all streamed away to get staves and lanterns.

At last they were all collected, and as they looked up to the long low ridge where stood the mill, the moon gleamed out from behind the clouds and the vast black mass of the windmill stood out against the dark sky.

The light was burning in the mill, when at length they neared it. The snow had ceased and they crossed the thick white carpet in silence.

And now they are in the deep gloom of the sails. Stillness reigns save for the creaking of the vanes. A bat flies out from the roof. The leader steps bravely up to the door and knocks loudly.

"Open, Black Ivan, it is we!"

The door creaks. It swings open. The room is deserted. A guttering candle flame throws a fitful light over the apartment. The big chair; the skin rug; the dark chest and the table——

O God! The table is caked with blood!

M.

ON a dismal, wet morning we set off on our long journey to Dinard. The thought of going to a land where the sky is blue and the sun shines kept us bright and merry. We spent almost twelve hours in the train, and although we expected a tedious journey, the time soon passed and we were on the boat which was to take us to France. Unfortunately, the ship was crowded and we were unable to get berths, but we, the boys, and Mr. Sommerville made the best of it and slept on a hatch-cover. We were up early next morning to see the first sign of land on the horizon. As we came closer to the coast we could make out the different parts of the town. The sky was not the clear blue we had expected, but we could see the jagged rocks jutting out of the blue-green water in a hundred islands, and piled high on the shore, white villas and hotels appeared between the trees on top of the rocks; the water fringed by golden beaches which are dotted with gay bathing tents. From the boat we were taken by vedette to St. Malo, an ancient walled city with its towers and ramparts, its crooked alley-ways and houses squeezed inside the walls until they take on something of the proportions achieved by distorting mirrors. We were all tired and hungry by this time, but, in spite of this, were forced to stand at the Douane for an hour. When we arrived at Dinard we breakfasted, then some went to bed while the more adventurous explored the town. Dinard is the perfect town for a holiday if you wish to be comfortable: a well-run hotel, pretty walks built up with concrete, plenty of well-dressed people, a well-populated plage and every entertainment. Dinard looks gay from the water, piled up on the face of the rock and its bright shutters still closed. It is a place built for holidays, a place where the people from the drab, grey cities can sit, dream and forget all work and greyness in its colour, its green bay dotted with sails, its hotels with verandahs and bright shutters, its freedom, laughter and sunshine. We spent much of our time in bathing and having tea with Mr. Sommerville. We went several excursions to different places, Dinan, Chateau de Comburg, Sables-d'or-les-Pins, and Mont Saint Michel. Each has something different to offer the tourist. Dinan, an old-fashioned town where one can see the Brittany of the past. The town has changed little with the passing of years.

There are still the quaint old houses of the 16th and 17th centuries, many of which project into the streets. Chateau de Comburg, the home of the great French author, Chateaubriand. Here, there are many interesting relics of the poet's stay. Sables-d'or-les-Pins, one of the new holiday resorts where one can swim in the blue waters of the bay or play on glorious golden sands. Mont Saint Michel, a town perched precariously on a granite rock. It has architecture of several periods. La Merveille was founded in 709, the ramparts were erected in the 15th century, and a bronze statue of St. Michel was put on the Gothic tower

in 1897. During the French Revolution it was used as a prison. Here one walks narrow lanes, climbs numberless steps and lives in the past. Soon our fortnight was finished and we were returning home with memories of blue bays, golden sands, gay people, and tea with Mr. Sommerville.

M. L. (IV. A.).

WHAT A MAN!

With pen sincere I write a eulogy
Of him whose faithful image I would be.
How I would like to share his great esteem,
But there is no one like him, it would seem.
'Tis not in every mortal to command
Respect of every soul in every land.
It is not Hitler's praises that I sing,
To Downing Street no laurels do I bring.
To honour Mussolini I do scorn,
And Franco's temples I will not adorn.
However famous Roosevelt may be,
He is not worthy of my bowed knee.
This worthy man is feared and loved by all,
He keeps the best of order in the hall,
And with a tact so admirably able,
He shows the boys the right way round the table.
With brawny arm he rings the mighty gong
The only thing which causes joyful song,
For that same bell which sounds in every ear,
Means milk for pupils, and for teachers, beer!
But no one may disturb the silent classes,
Distract the thoughts of working lads and lasses.
On Fridays, when Debators hold the floor,
And Mr. Wilson "stays pit" at the door,
He puts a stop to all unseemly capers,
And bends his waist to pick up sweetie papers.
He watches boys as shepherds watch their flocks,
Reproves them when he sees their lowered socks,
For in his eyes 'tis so undignified
To see the boyish calves by maidens eyed.
This janitor, with nods and kindly becks,
Betrays a weakness for the weaker sex,
But disillusion girls when Cupid's darts
Have pierced and torn asunder tender hearts.
The females cannot get it in their head
That Wilson is, unfortunately, wed.
My pen exhausted, inspiration o'er,
And Mr. Wilson is not unsung,
But woe is me! The rascal's still unhung.

RANNYGAZOOSIX.



CHRISTMAS.

- Christmas is a merry season,
- Full of joy for every reason.
- Santa Claus will soon be here,
- Bringing with him fun and cheer.
- Crisp snow lying on the ground
In every cranny's to be found.
The frosty moon sails overhead
- While we are fast asleep in bed.
- Then the snowmen reappear
To welcome in another year.

B. T. (I. G.b.).

JOYOUS THOUGHTS.

Joyous shouts from children near,
Ringing glad with Christmas cheer,
On a snowy winter's day,
As they frolic, dance and play.

Snowmen stand against the wall,
All in row—such funny sights!
While the children laugh with joy
When they see them in their plights.

So we end this happy day
When indoors we troop away,
And for a cup of tea instead,
Then we scamper off to bed.

M. S. (I. G.b.).

A PROLOGUE WITHOUT A TALE.

By Chosser-Magonagal.

Whan that Novembre with his fogges broun,
Hath cast a motely coat upon the town,
To Whitehill Scole I went with manere meeke,
The wealth, methoughte, of lernynge for to seeke.
And ere the mornynge bell was ringynge there,
I seigh ful many a scolere and techere,
And I will show hem as it seemed to me
Was nowhere swich a goodly companye.

A faire leader seigh I in this traine,
A youthe he was, yclept scole capitaine.
Of his stature he was of evene length,
And wonderly deliver and of gret strength.
Ful fettis was he dressed, yet was nat gay,
He was as fressh as is the month of May.

Next came a techere with smyl for all,
And young she was, I guess, and nat right tall,
But of her height she was of pleasyng length,
But Englysh swete on tonge was aye her strength.
Her wavy hair was somdel short and neat,
Her gyfte of goodly dress was hard to beat.
It semed not she was in straunge stronde,
Yet her owene londe was greene Irelonde.

And then I seigh another techere wight,
Wel coude he daunce; but he could never write.
He wore no gowne—but blacke was his hair,
And semed aye as he had nat a care,
With lokkes crulle as they were laid in presse.
An Englysh master, he wore Hielonde dresse,
Ful wel he coude the Frensshe horn pleye,
Scotlonde did sounde in all that he did seye.

Another lad I would you all did knowe,
And of his height he was nat undergrowe.
In his brown hair there was a wave yseene,
Ful manye sidelong glances from his eyen.
The Hon. Sec. was he of the scole debate,
And manye straunge aventours coude relate.

Hem and others manye,
Over a thousand if anye,
Wendynge their waye to this abode,
Stondynge on a rysynge roade.

S. C. (IV. G.a.).

CHEDDAR GORGE.

The Cheddar Gorge is the nicest sight in all my travels. You start from the top and work down. At the bottom of this steep descent lie the caves. On either side of this road huge rocks stand and look as if they are guarding the gorge. To the right of the cave is a restaurant, and the beauty of this place is that while you eat you can see gold-fish swimming above on the roof. The reason for this is because the roof is of glass and is filled with about one foot of water. When we enter the caves the most marvellous sights can be seen.

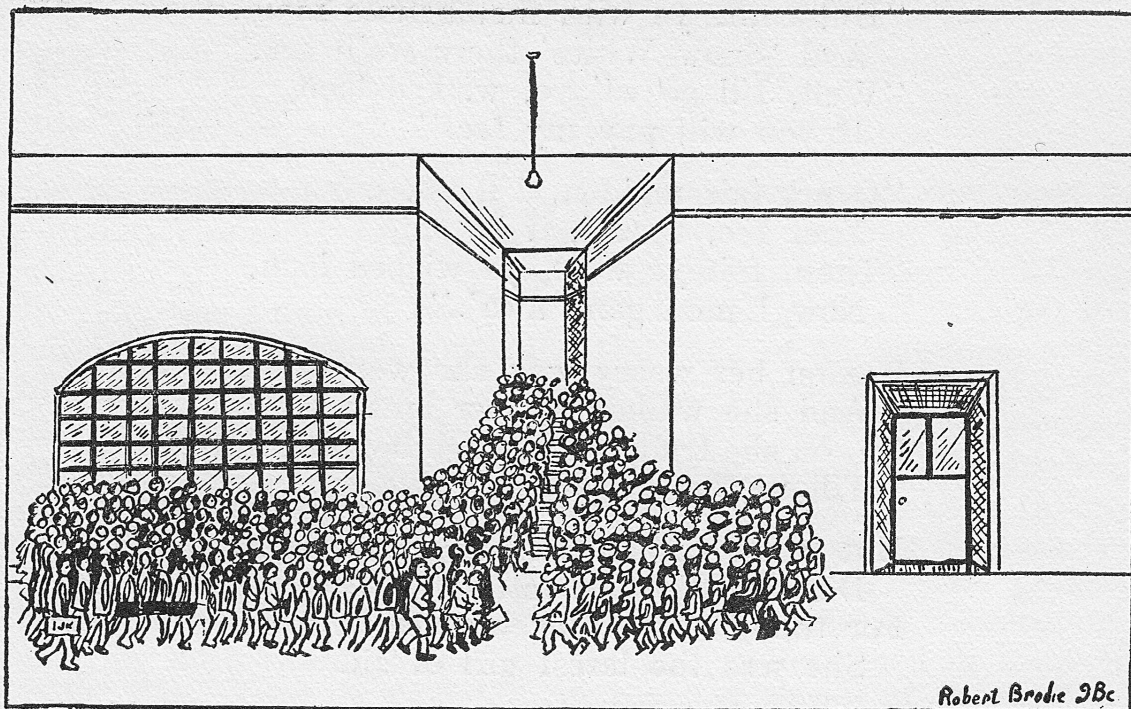
The first one we come to is The Fonts, which consist of a number of potholes formed by descending water and have most beautiful colours, red, brown, and green.

A Swiss village is formed by the reflection of the stalactites. On the top of a large cascade of stalagmite is King Solomon's Temple, a lovely and beautiful sight. On your way out there are side stalls where one can purchase postcards of the Cheddar Gorge or even a Cheddar cheese to send to your friends.

I. G. b.

SO NOW YOU KNOW.

I'm off to—Street, Riddrie,
'Cos I've got a pal, you see,
Who is quiet, kind, and friendly—
In fact, all a pal should be.
He greets me when I enter,
And he offers me a drink.
He dumps me on the sofa,
Then he makes the glasses chink.
His manners are the finest
That ever I did see.
I do respect old Tommy,
He's been more than chum to me.
Yet, when he sees me "comfy,"
He turns the lights to dim,
Then he saunters thro' the doorway—
That's the last I see of him.
But don't misunderstand me:
Tommy is the perfect host.
He is leaving me in splendid hands,
I am, in fact, on toast.
I'm sure you'd all love Tommy
If only you could see
The charming sister that he leaves
To pet and comfort me.



LADIES, BEWARE!

'Twas on a Monday morning,
 When at the break o' day,
 The bonnie Lady Helena
 Rose up and ga'ed her way.

A tear was in her bonnie e'e,
 Her lips were pouted full,
 For the bonnie Lady Helena
 Was going back to school.

And as she went along the road,
 She met a loon sae gay,
 "O, where be ye gaein', fair lady,
 O, where be ye gaein' to-day?"

Fair Helena heaved a sigh full sair,
 And a tear dropped frae her e'e.
 "O, I am gaein' back tae school—
 "'Twill be the death o' me!"

"But what binds ye, maiden fair,
 That thither must ye gae?"
 "O, I hae promised my teacher dear
 That I mon come to-day."

"Now, come ye with me, bonnie maid,
 To the Bellahouston Fair."
 "Nay, tempt me not, you wicked loon,
 For I will not go there."

"Now, come ye with me, bonnie maid,
 To the Picture House we'll hie."
 "Nay, tempt me not, you wicked loon,
 I'll not go there, O fie."

“But come ye with me, bonnie maid,
And ‘Snow White’ there we’ll see.”
“Well, I’ll go wi’ ye, wicked loon,
If you will pay my fee.”

“O no, fair maiden, I’ll not pay
Your fee, though it be sma’!”
“Then, fair ye weel, ye wicked loon,
Now I mon gang awa’.”

Sae on her weary way she went,
And she walked all her lane;
On, on she trudged, through bog and mire,
Till to the school she came.

But when she reached the iron gates,
Disaster dire did fall,
For though the gates were open wide,
She was the latest girl of all.

Then she went in her classroom door,
And on her seat she sate.
“A hundred lines,” the teacher said,
“For you have been late.”

Fair Lady Helena that night
Died with grief and remorse;
So take ye warning, ladies fair,
Don’t follow in **her** course.”

MINSTREL (II. M.).

LIBELLED LADY.

Three years past without a date.
Said I, “I must speed up this rate.”
So off I went to bed that night,
Hair fast’n’d in rags (I **was** a sight).
Next morn’ I did the rags unfurl,
Behold! my head was all in curl.
Then down to school with hair so sleek,
I sighed, “at last I’ll meet my Sheik.”
In English Room my curls did flaunt,
I hoped that I their dreams would haunt.
And thus from day to day I went,
My cup of joy filled with content
Until . . . a murmur . . . it arose,
Seized me by the ears, yea ev’n the toes.
James and Arthur did not approve,
And thus my locks I did remove.
My self-esteem had suffered shocks
For **they** had called **me** ROPYLOCKS.
Once more I am uncurred and staid,
I fear, alas, I’ll be an old maid.

C. S. C. (IV. G.a.).

THE STAMP ZOO.

THE collecting of stamps with various animals and birds incorporated in the design has become a favourite side line with many collectors.

A quick glance through a catalogue will show that next to portraits, animals and birds are the most popular designs for stamps. The first country which takes our attention is Africa. In 1926 the Union of South Africa issued a set of stamps, the lowest value of which contained the head of an antelope, while in the following year a 1/- stamp was issued with gnus as the main design. Both of these stamps have since been re-issued many times and have become very cheap, being easily obtained for one half-penny. Basutoland, which lies between Cape Colony and Natal, has a recent set showing a lizard basking beneath the king's head, while Bechuanaland has a set with cattle grazing under trees. Both sets were issued in 1932. A set of Edwardians, showing both the antelope and the gnu, were issued in Natal in 1903. The zebra is depicted on the 2/6 stamp of South-West Africa, while elands are on the 1/3 stamp of the same set. Southern Rhodesia in 1935 issued a stamp which had in its design the Victoria Falls, King George V.'s head, a giraffe, an elephant, a lion and an antelope. This stamp would be a small zoo on its own. Before the Union of Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika, the latter issued a set of small and large stamps with the head of a giraffe as the design, and after the union a set was issued in 1935, out of which two of the designs are suitable for this collection. One is of a lion, the other flamingoes. Liberia, a small state in N.-W. Africa, issued a set in 1906 which contained an elephant, a chimpanzee, a lizard and a hippopotamus. In more recent issues the panther, vulture, stag and snake can be found.

There is a fine specimen of a seal sitting on an iceflow on an early five cent stamp of Newfoundland. The caribou appears on many of this country's stamps. The horse appears on the 10 cent stamp of 1935 issued by Canada with a "Mountie" astride it. The beaver stamps, on very early issues of Canada, can be obtained, but are rather expensive. The United States of America does not aid us very much, although there is, of course, the bison on the 30 cent stamp of the 1922 issue. Guatemala is the only country in South America which adds to our collection with the quetzal, a bird which is part of the coat of arms of that country.

The world, as the land from France to China was known to the early inhabitants of this sphere, provides very few specimens for our collection, but the Far East is more animal-minded. India for a long time has used the elephant in the design of the one rupee stamp, also the higher values up to 25 rupees, and these stamps are easily obtained.

The bullock has made its appearance among the new George VI. stamps of the same country. Malay has the well-known

tiger, while Borneo has a complete zoo on its stamps, all of which are easily to be had, the majority quite cheaply.

The islands under the Southern Cross, of which Australia is the largest, add considerably to the number. There you have the kangaroo, the laughing jackass, and a host of beautiful birds too numerous to mention, but easy to obtain.

For a collection of this description a small loose-leaf album would be necessary, and a most interesting set of animals and birds could be gathered together.

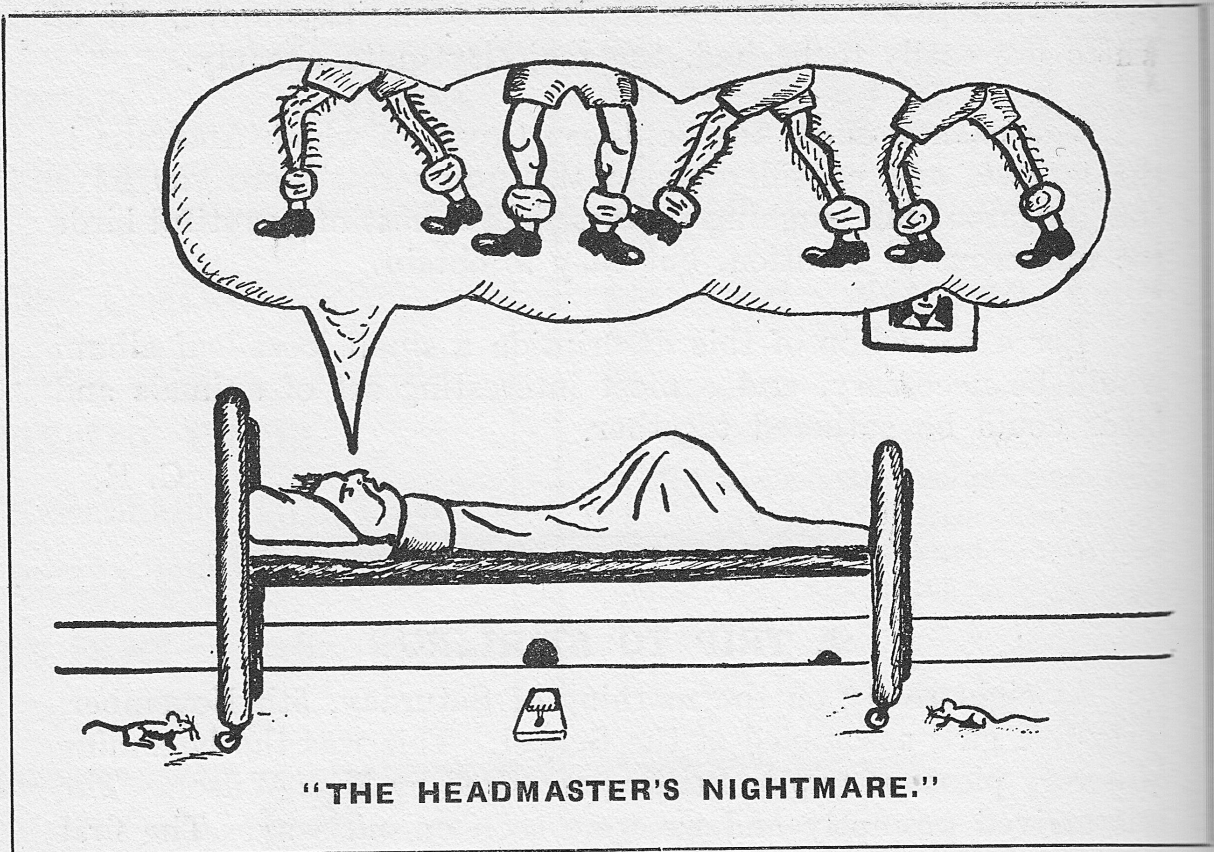
C. E.

A TRIP TO STIRLING.

At eight-thirty on the morning of Saturday, 5th November, forty-five girls assembled at the School. This was the beginning of a very pleasant trip to Stirling arranged by Miss Wilson. The bus arrived promptly and we were soon on our way. The first stop we made was at Beaton's Mill. Here we saw a well, at the side of which James III. was murdered after fleeing from the Battle of Sauchieburn on 8th June, 1488. From there we walked a short distance to the scene of the Battle of Bannockburn. This spot is marked by a flagpost, at the top of which there is a battleaxe. It is an exact copy of that used by Bruce during the battle. Stirling is so full of historical places that it would take too long to tell of all we saw. One of the most interesting places was the Rude Kirk. We found the surroundings of the Kirk very interesting, and in it we saw a visitors' book containing the signature of Queen Mary. This book is in the room where Mary Queen of Scots came to worship. We also found many other interesting features, including a window with a rose and a thistle on it in memory of James IV. and Margaret Tudor. Stirling Castle, too, we found most interesting and full of historical lore. One, two, three, four—we were climbing the two hundred and forty-nine steps of Wallace's Monument. As you can imagine, we had a very good view of the Links of Forth and the surrounding country. Our last visit was to Cambuskenneth Abbey and so we finished our day of sight-seeing.

But our trip was not at an end. We had the freedom of Stirling for an hour and then tea. At six-thirty we joined the bus again and set out for home. We have to thank Miss Wilson, Miss McLulich, and Miss Smillie for a very enjoyable day, which we will not easily forget.

M. H. D. (I. G.a.).



AH WUDNA MIND!

Ach! Wha wad be a prefect? their life's an awfu' drudge,
 And on their conduct copybook they darena hae a smudge.
 With stern, unbendin' countenance they staun' aside the gate,
 An' take the names o' they puir souls whit happen to be late.
 They wander round the playground, wi' steady, measured tread,
 An' mak' the youngsters pick up the papers after they hae fed.

Ach! Wha wad be a prefect, an' bully a' the weans?
 But maist o' prefects show experience in pickin' "Janes."
 Of course, ye ken the Sixth Year, wi' a' the members huggin',
 An' little Johnnie Millar at his usual game o' buggin'!
 It's wunnerfu' the way in which he knows o' every flee,
 Its mither, faither, grandmama, its very history.

Ach! Ah wad be a prefect, an' hae a right fine tear;
 Ah wadna mind the winchin' pairt beneath the New School stair.
 Ye might be shair that laddies could hing on tae their pea-
 shooters,

'Cos Ah wad no be just as strict as a' they "perfect" footers.
 Aye! Ah wad be a prefect. 'Twould be an awfu' scream
 To tell the Head to order me some strawberries an' cream.

SMEE.

THE EXAMS.

HERE we are, folks, in the hall of Whitehill School, Glasgow, for our annual commentary on the exams.

I am standing on one of the balconies which run round the inside of the building, looking down on the gay, or not so gay hall.

There are five minutes to go before the exams begin. Below me the teachers are standing, sweating, round a large table, on which are piles of examination papers, and also plain sheets for the writing. The examination papers are generally all used up, but the writing paper is used very little. Every now and then, a teacher will dash into the hall, search among the papers frantically, then dash out again, waving a sheaf of papers in his hand. The atmosphere is tense.

Here's a tall, broad teacher coming, wearing a scowl which would frighten a ghost. I'll ask him what he thinks of the exams.——

“What sort of a teacher are you?”

“A good one, what do you think?”

“No, no. I mean, what do you teach?”

“I teach the scamps mathematics.”

“And what do you think of the exams?”

“Haven't time to tell you now. It would take too long.”——

Well, listeners, that's a teacher's point of view. I see two boys talking together. I'll try to find what they are talking about.——

“Do you think it'll be easy?”

“Och aye, the Great White Chief said it won't be hard if you have learned the stuff.”

“That's all right. But what if you haven't learned it?”

“That's your hard luck.”——

These were two First Year boys. Here's a boy who literally towers above all others. He is standing talking to two other boys, one tall and well built, the other smaller. Let's listen to their conversation.——

“Who did you play against last Saturday?”

“What do you want to know for?”

“Aw, for fun.”

“Leave ma collar alone. You're aye pinchin' ma pin or pu'in' oot ma tie or something.”——

THEY are talking about **rugger** and the exams. start in three minutes. There is a small boy coming along, reciting something out of a book. Let's listen.——

“Me, te, se, nous, vous, before le, la, les, before

He, ladies and gentlemen, is doing French.

We haven't long to go till the gong rings for the start of the exams., yet the classrooms are nearly all full, for this is one of the few days in which the boys and girls are in their rooms before the bell rings.

The teachers are dispersing now, and in the only two rooms into which I can see, the boys and girls are being told to take their books to the front, which they do **very** reluctantly.

The Janitor is consulting the big clock which is set in the wall on my left above the top balcony. There are two of these balconies, by the way, in this part of the school. I am on the first. He raises his hand, pauses, then down it comes, and the exams. have started. The papers are out, and it is now the pupils' turn to sweat. This commentary is concluding for the present. The end of the morning exams. will be broadcast at twelve o'clock.

Twelve o'clock.

Hullo, folks! here we are back with you once more in the hall of Whitehill School, to give our second commentary on the exams. The boys and girls are coming out of their rooms, some happy, some gloomy, but all talking. I have a girl here and I will ask her to say a few words.———

“What age are you, Betty?”

“14 Sir.”

“And how did you get on do you think?”

“Oh, not so bad. You see I have been swotting all week, 'til about half past eleven every night and as the papers were not too hard, I think I have got on all right.”

“Thanks Betty.”———

Now, here's a boy.———

“Well, Willie, what did you do?”

“I got up this morning at 7 o'clock, took my breakfast and took out my Trig. book. I learned Trigonometry and Geometry all morning, even in the bus.”

“But what did you do in school?”

“I was in the school about ten to nine and spent most of my time writing out formulae on the desk.”

“What kind of formulae?”

“Oh, eh, $\text{SIN}^2\text{A} + \text{COS}^2\text{A} = 1$, or $\text{TAN A} = \frac{\text{sin A}}{\text{cos A}}$,”

“So that's what you do!”

“Yes, sir.”

“You said you were not good at French. How did you manage that?”

“That's a secret.”

“Won't you tell the listeners?”

“All right. I've got a pocket French Dictionary.”

“Thanks, Willie.”

“Oh, that's all right, sir.”———

So now, ladies and gentlemen, you see what goes on behind the scenes in an exam. Good afternoon, everybody.

ANON. (IV. B.a.).

HOWLERS.

1. Test for oxygen. Place a glowing spinster in the jar.
2. Cum nongentis equitibus. With the non-tribal cavalry.
3. Tam O' Shanter and Snooter Joney took a donner over to the inn to wet their thirst, and stayed till Monday morning.
4. Smuggling in excelsis. And all that nervous tension for a necklace, or in olden days a keg of rum or Joie de Vivre!

DID YOU KNOW?

On examining certain things carefully, it is strange what one can discover, e.g. taking the name "Whitehill School" and then substituting the numbers which denote the position in the alphabet of the corresponding letters, i.e.:—

WHITEHILL:

$$23 + 8 + 9 + 20 + 5 + 8 + 9 + 12 + 12 - - = 106$$

SCHOOL:

$$19 + 3 + 8 + 15 + 15 + 12 - - - - = 72$$

In the same way "socks" and "late-comers."

SOCKS:

$$19 + 15 + 3 + 11 + 19 - - - - = 67$$

LATE-COMERS:

$$12 + 1 + 20 + 5 + 3 + 15 + 13 + 5 + 18 + 19 = 111$$

Now, by adding "Whitehill" and "School" you can obtain 178. Similarly, by adding "Socks" and "Late-comers" you can also obtain 178. From these facts one may conclude that there is a probability of some distant relationship between certain things.

XYZ.

SWING!

There was a "Cowboy" and a "Lady in Red" in the "Chapel in the Moonlight," and they met on the "Beach at Bali-Bali." He was singing "Serenade in the Night" as she dreamt of "San Marino." He said, "Let's have a tiddy at the Milk Bar," but she said, "I'd like a nice cup of tea." They couldn't agree, so they "Asked a policeman" and he said, "Have a banana."

Outside the "Café Continental" "Where the café lights are gleaming" they saw an "Old Irish Lady" doing "The Lambeth Walk" with "MacDougal, McNab and McKay." Along came "Old Man River" with "Mother Machree" and said, "Mamma dear, come over here," and see them doing "The Highland Swing." It was the "Greatest mistake of his life."

They all "Packed up their troubles" and sailed down "Swanee River" in their little "Old Canoe" and saw "Red sails in the sunset" at "Three o'clock in the morning," while the "Moon of Manakura" still shone bright.

J. A. (III. B.b.).

IF!

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

If you can keep your head when all around you
Are tossing theirs, and wondering what to do;
If even Mathematics can't dumfound you,
And you can with Inspectors parlez-vous:
If you can sit whole periods never budging,
Or being whispered to, you whisper not,
Or, being nudged behind, don't deal in nudging,
Nor show you think the teacher's talking rot:

If you can draw (but not the drawing master),
If you can paint without a single smear,
If you can conjugate without disaster,
And spell your German as it should be—queer:
If you can bear to see your answers written
Up on the board to make a laugh for fools,
Or find your dinner-piece by others bitten,
And stoop and pick the crumbs from under stools:

If you remember all you've ever swotted,
And risk it on one term exam.,
And fail, and start re-writing what you've blotted,
And never breathe a word of all you cram:
If you can make your fountain pen continue
To write when other pupils are having lunch,
And so write on, though there is nothing in you
(Except the will to beat the blinking bunch);

If you can answer right, and yet not mumble,
If you can walk (don't run!) across the hall,
If you can reel off dates without a stumble,
Or tell of kings—not mix them up at all:
If you can pack each single period wisely,
With forty minutes' worth of lessons done,
Yours is the pile of prizes on the prize-day,
And—which is more—you'll be a Marvel, Whitehillian!

A. C. W. (IV. G.a.)

REPLY TO A DESCRIPTION.

I know not who you are, m'lad,
Or what your age or class,
Or why you should so pick on me
To be the dusky ass;
I do not hail from Ethiope,
Nor do I lack a bar of soap,
Therefore, m'lad, why should I be
"That Dark-skinned Prefect?"

A VISIT TO A PLACE OF INTEREST.

Of all the many interesting places in Lewis I chose Aignish for my day's outing. Aignish is one of the most historical places on the island. This little village, whose only significance is the graveyard, is situated out of Stornoway on the jutting peninsula of Point, buffeted by the winds of the Minch. It did not take us long to reach our destination as it was a nice breezy day and we did not feel the time passing.

Arriving at Aignish, we made straight for the Eye Cemetery. In this dilapidated place is the ruined chapel of St. Columbus. The roof is now off, but the inside is quite intact. In the interior are the graves of the Chiefs of McLeods. Surrounding the chapel are other gravestones overgrown with weeds, but all can still be read. Some of the people were carried over thirty miles owing to it being the only burial place in that part of the island. On reaching it they would lay down the corpse, saying "Aignish," which means "at it now," so giving it the name "Aignish."

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

LIMERICKS.

[We are always suspicious of limericks. Like eggs, they are often of doubtful freshness. We cannot vouch for these specimens, but serve them up for what they are worth.—The Editors.]

Whatever trouble Adam had
No man in days of yore
Could say, when Adam
Cracked a joke,
"I've heard that one before."

M. McL. (I. G.b.).

There was a young boy of Howe
Who was sadly pursued by a cow,
And when he was tired
He suddenly expired—
That charming young boy of Howe.

There was a hiker down Somerset way
Who fell off a high stack of hay.
He landed on the ground
With an unpleasant sound
And said, "The stars are out early to-day."

There was a young man of Coblenz;
The size of his feet were immense;
He went with one prance
From Russia to France,
That charming young man of Coblenz.

E. W. (III. B.b.).

THE ODD SPOT.

When my friend, Donald Dawson, rushed up to me on Friday and proudly announced that he was playing Rugby for the School on the morrow, I gallantly volunteered to come up and cheer him on, as you might say; this, mark you, although I was a football fan, and had never seen a game of Rugby in my life.

Anyway, I managed to reach Craighend just as the game was about to start. As there had been a considerable amount of rain in the previous few days, the going appeared to be somewhat sticky. Yes, sir! In fact, the mud on the pitch was about four inches deep.

The Whitehill team lined up, trim in their blue-and-white jerseys; and one of the opposing team paddled up and kicked off amid cheers from the spectators—all three of us. The ball soared right into the arms of young Donald, who clutched it lovingly and neatly hooked it back. Now, perhaps I should explain that Donald has a mop of bright, red hair. Maybe it was this which annoyed the other team—Bagwash Academics, let's call them. Anyway, Donald had only just caught the ball when a mob of humanity galloped up and fell upon him—a fraction of a second after he had kicked the ball, if you see what I mean. One by one the Bagwashers got up and raced after the ball. Slowly Donald rose to the surface and shook himself. Peering around him dazedly, he discerned the horde struggling about at the Bagwash end of the field. Tottering across, he arrived just in time to be gathered in, wallow about in the juice, and have a couple of heavyweights stroll over his face. But Donald could "take it" as the saying is. Rising to his feet, he removed a good-sized lump of Craighend from his eyes, uttered a mournful howl, and raced for the ball. It was almost submerged in the mud, but Donald gathered it up skilfully, speeded for the Bagwash line, and just as a tidal wave of Bagwash fell on him, he planked the ball over the line. Whitehill had scored!

And so it went on. Being a keen football fan, I had always rather despised Rugby players. But that has changed. You can take it from me that the lads who play Rugger are just about the last word in toughness.

W. G. B. (IV. B.a.).

—Special Christmas Show of—
Jewellery ● Watches ● Clocks

at keenest cut prices . . . much lower than city prices

NEIL McNAUGHTON

352 DUKE STREET, DENNISTOUN

INSPECTION INVITED

DELIRIUM.

I'm in bed—
Ah, in bed!
Yes, in bed,
As I said,
And I came into bed with a scramble,
My eyes just half peep,
So you'll have to excuse this short ramble.
Yet when'er I try to close my eyes and wrap myself in sleep,
A nasty feeling stirs within and 'wake I've got to keep.
It's not a guilty conscience or such that troubles me,
But simply just the prestige of dear old I. B.b.
The Editor's ne'er seen to stop;
He's rushing all day long.
We often think the chap will drop,
He is so far from strong.
But articles, just articles, comprise his daily cry,
And so, for all these lines of verse, that's one more reason why.
And some day, I was dreaming—
Oh, do not think it foolish,
Although it foolish seems—
But Editor I might be
And fill that lofty rôle,
And if no poems reached me
I too'd be up the pole.
So Editor, dear Editor, accept this simple line,
It may not be poetic, but—just think of it—it's mine!
And if you can, please stick it in some corner or small space,
Even if it's just to bring a smile of pride to mother's face.
And so here ends my story;
I feel now quite all right,
Inside's just hunky dory,
So Editor—Goodnight!

AN OLD HORSE.

I am an old horse, and retired a few weeks ago. As I look at those automobiles, as they are called, I feel disgusted at their being exchanged for horses. When I was young, you never did see a horse breaking down with engine trouble, or a carter throwing tools at it in anger! No, there was none of that. There were sturdy young horses pulling away wilfully to earn their oats. Besides, you don't have to juggle with levers to get a horse started, nor change hoofs. You might change shoes, but they last longer than tyres!

(IX.).



WHITEHILL SCHOOL CLUB.

Once again we have to thank the Editors for giving us the opportunity of bringing our activities to your notice.

I think we can say with all truth that our meetings so far have been very successful, and our speakers most entertaining.

One thing we will admit, however, is that no matter how hard we try, there is always a discrepancy between the numbers leaving School and those joining the School Club. So may we ask for your help in remedying this?

We know that we may have missed several potential members, so if you have any friends whom we have missed, will you please ask them to forgive us, and either get in touch with us or come along to the next meeting. We can assure you that they will be made very welcome, and will meet many old friends whom, I am sure, they would be very sorry to lose touch with.

Although our meetings have been so successful, the best is by no means past, and some very fine nights are still assured.

Can we depend on your help? I am sure we can!

Our sections are all keeping the name of the Club well to the fore in West of Scotland sporting circles, and both from the point of view of numbers and results, are very strong.

The Rugby Section had three players honoured by being selected for the Junior Inter-City, while the Soccer had six players in the Former Pupils' League Team in a recent representative game. The Hockey Section is also doing very well and have several most promising players.

In conclusion, may we remind you that there is a standing invitation to the senior pupils and members of the staff to attend all our meetings, and we will be delighted to see you any time you can manage.

ROBERT WEIR (President).

ALEX. T. FORSYTH (Secretary).

WHITEHILL NOTES

FOOTBALL.

Despite a defeat in their first game of the season at Camphill, the 1st XI. have had a successful season to date. They have also a big say in the destiny of the Shield, as they have reached the third round at the expense of Eastbank and St. Aloysius.



Although the 3rd XI. have not gone unbeaten, they have maintained the standard of previous elevens. They were unfortunate in losing to Holyrood in the first round of the Shield. The 4th XI. are running neck-and-neck with Queen's Park in a struggle for the Championship and have hopes of being the ultimate victors.

Of course, we might even do better with some vociferous efforts from supporters.

C. M. M.

RUGBY SECTION.

The season has started well for the 1st XV. Out of the seven games they have played they have lost only four. We were very glad to see such a number of last season's 1st XV. coming back. The 2nd XV. have not been doing so well, having won only one game out of the four they have played. The 3rd XV. have done very well up till now, not having lost a single game. We have a very good team in our Junior XV. Unfortunately, however, they are very small and have been outweighed so far. Practices have started for 1st and 2nd XV.s in the Gym. and are being run by Mr. Niven. A greater number are beginning to take an interest in Rugby, but we can still do with a lot more.



W. D. B. (Hon. Secy.).

HOCKEY.

We have not had many fixtures so far this season, but in those matches we have played we have had a fair measure of success. Some of us attended the Hockey Film at the Commercial College and enjoyed the lecture given by Miss Doman. Our three XI.s are really playing quite well this year and we hope to continue the season successfully. There has been a good response from the First and Second Years, and there are quite a number of newcomers who I am sure will be playing for their School in a year or two. (Keep it up!) There is still plenty of room for others at Craigend on Saturday mornings at 9.15.

M. T. (VI. G.).

SWIMMING (BOYS' SECTION).

The boys of the Swimming Section have had a very successful session.

Junior Section.

In the Scottish Team Race Championship (Sladen Trophy) the boys swam a fine race to finish second.

In the Toc H., G. Milne swam a magnificent race to win comfortably.

In the Glasgow Junior Championship, G. Burt was first with his schoolmate, A. Simpson, second. These boys gained fourth and fifth places respectively in the Lord Weir Cup.

Senior Section.

The Team Championship of Glasgow was again won by Whitehill.

The team has been undefeated in all invitation races.

In the Senior Championship of Glasgow Schools, J. Burt swam a good race and finished second.

Any boy who is interested in this sport can see Mr. Macmurray at Whitevale Baths any Thursday night from 4 till 5.

J. B. (Secy.).

SWIMMING (GIRLS' SECTION).

This year there seems to be more enthusiasm among the Juniors than among the Seniors. We have some very promising young swimmers, but the Upper School girls seem reluctant to swim in the Gala.

At the Inter-Schools Gala, Mary Turner and Wilma Jones won the new Life Saving Shield, and Mary Turner gained third place in the 75 yards Free Style.

Our team gained first place at Pollokshields School Gala.

Thanks are due to Miss Murray for the lively interest she takes in this section, and to Miss Fisher who so ably helps her in the arranging of our Gala.

M. K. S. (Secy.).

TENNIS SECTION.

In submitting my report on this section, I'm afraid I have not very much to boast about. Last season we were unsuccessful in all our matches with other schools. In the match against the Staff the pupils managed to gain their first victory. It was a very pleasant game and we are looking forward to giving the Staff their revenge next season.

Miss Hood has resigned her position as Staff Representative and we are to be under Mr. Hamilton's guidance. May we take this opportunity of thanking Miss Hood for all she has done for us.

The Junior Scholars are very keen players and we have sometimes difficulty in arranging courts for them. To them let me say—Keep it up! You are the team players of the future, and the School needs you.

The Senior boys attend well, but there are still quite a few who have not let the School have the benefit of their talents and I would like to see them coming to practice.

The Senior girls boast about six players, and I am sure there are more who have not yet come forward. Please come along, you girls, and you will be greatly appreciated!

M. K. S. (Secy.).

CRICKET, 1938.

The results of the 1st XI. during last season were:—

Played.	Won.	Lost.
14	11	3

The principal batting averages were:—



	Innings.	Not Out.	Runs.	Av.
J. Burt - -	11	1	236	23.6
A. Gordon - -	9	2	158	22.6
J. Gordon - -	10	-	150	15
G. Allan - -	13	-	169	13
J. Oag - -	8	3	60	12
G. Boal - -	14	4	89	8.9
J. E. Brodie - -	14	-	116	8.3
H. M. Carson - -	12	1	86	7.8

The principal bowling averages were:—

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Av.
J. E. Brodie - -	154	50	294	70	4.2
G. Allan - -	107	25	272	43	6.3



FOOTBALL FIRST ELEVEN.

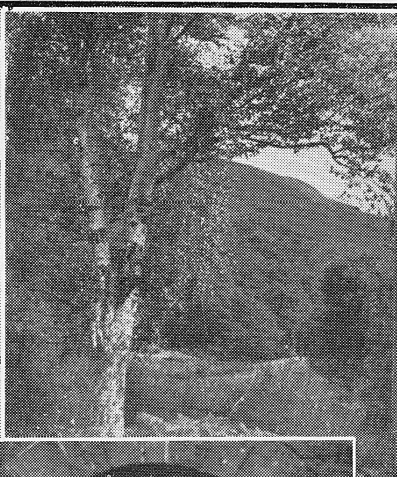
Back Row: Mr. Twaddell, R. Cochrane, J. Goudie, A. Hendry, A. Terries,
Front Row: A. Beattie, D. Smith, Mr. Reid.
 C. McNaughton, W. Rodger, C. McLean (Capt.), W. Richards, J. Wilmot.



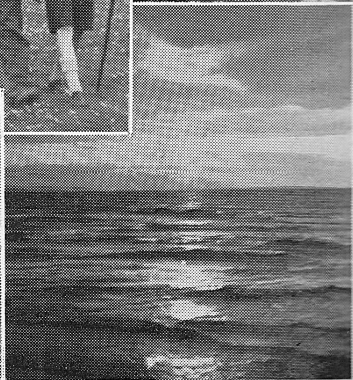
RUGBY FIRST FIFTEEN.

Back Row: W. Robertson, D. Storer, A. Honeyman, J. Duncanson, J. Barclay,
 A. Robertson.
Front Row: R. Gray, A. McKie, Wm. Milne, W. J. Marshall (Capt.), H. Carson,
 J. McCrudden, A. Calderwood.
Sitting: A. C. H. McC. Jones, M. Lawson.

SCOTLAND



FRANCE



MEMORIES

WERE SOME-

TIMES GLOWING

GOLF SECTION.

At the first meeting of the section this session, the following office-bearers were elected:—Captain, A. F. Hendry; Secretary, J. Bell; Committee—W. Hill, R. McVicar, and N. McKinlay.



It was decided to play the medals on the first Saturday of each month. So far only one has been played, the result being a tie between W. Hill and N. McKinlay.

The Masters v. Pupils match was played at Hayston—this being arranged by Mr. Campbell, our new Staff Representative—and resulted in a glorious (?) victory for the masters. This, however, did not prevent the pupils from having a very enjoyable afternoon and evening, and we must thank the masters for a most enjoyable outing.

J. B. (Secy.).

PIPE BAND.

The Coronation of King George and Queen Elizabeth in 1937 was an outstanding incident in the history of Britain, but the inauguration of the School Pipe Band during that year will be outstanding in the history of this School.

Looking back to last year's social activities, the first appearance of the Band in public (Sports Day) was a satisfying and pleasant surprise to the members of the School, and gave that little extra that is required to make a School function all that is desired.

It is proposed to carry on the Band this coming year, and so boys (pipers or drummers), who are interested, are requested to give their names to us as soon as possible. With regular attendance at practices, and with the assistance of our able tutor, Mr. Williamson, of Carntyne, there is no reason why the Band should not meet with even greater success than last year.



R. McV.

COUNTRY DANCING.

The Gymnasium on a Wednesday is as lively this year as ever before. All ages meet there; First form experts rub shoulders—or join hands—with novices from the Fifth and Sixth—or even F.P.'s—and this is a good thing.

But we are aware how unsatisfactory our work is—how many keen dancers are being neglected; but we have the difficulty of accommodation and no means of conducting two classes—for advanced pupils and beginners. That **would** be a good thing.

We are grateful to Mr. Miller for his help at the piano—and to Mr. James Dott, too.

PHILATELIC SOCIETY.

The Society is in the midst of a most ambitious, and so far very successful, session. For the first time, a Committee has been formed, and it has worked nobly, proving itself a real asset to the Society.

We have not been without our setbacks. No member of the Committee will ever forget the 24th of November and the previous two days. We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Taylor for his hectic run to the town, and also Mr. Munro (English Staff) and Mr. Grieve for their generous co-operation with regard to our Third Form Committee member. We hope to possess an episcopo of our own soon,—we may have it when you read this,—and it will add greatly to the interest of our meetings.

The School Stamp Collection is growing. We would like to have **one thousand** stamps by the end of June, so it's up to you (the pupils) to attend to this. We must not forget to thank our very kind friend in Aachen for the stamps which she sent to us. "Thank you very much."

Great interest is being taken in the Competition, arranged by Mr. Gent, our President. All entries will be exhibited, together with the School Stamp Collection, on Parents' Day. The prizes will be presented at the Christmas Party in the Royal Restaurant on Wednesday, 21st December.

We will welcome new members to the Society, so come along on the advertised dates—you won't regret it!

J. E. D. (Secy.).

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The attendances at the meetings have so far been very gratifying, and, with many of the most interesting subjects still to come, we expect that they will become even better. The syllabus this year costs only 6d. For this 6d. you may come to all the meetings till the end of the session. Surely 6d. well spent!

A special word of thanks is due to the many members of the Staff who have given such whole-hearted support. It is also worthy of note that at our meetings a larger number of Fourth Year members are appearing. Please keep it up!

J. B. (V. B.).

THE REASON WHY.

Sing a song of misery,
A paper full of rot,
Nine-and-ninety marks lost
Because I did not swot.

And when exams. were over,
And marks we had received,
Although I had expected it,
I did not feel relieved.

My father was the first one,
With whom I had to deal,
And he performed his duties
With energy and zeal.

Even now, when all is over,
I still feel very hot
When I think of all the marks I lost,
Because I did not swot.

A. K. C. (III. M.2.).

A RELIC OF ANCIENT DAYS.

Away to the East of this Island I live in, a huge city, unsurpassed in beauty and wonder, once stood erect in the midst of a sun-scorched country. This was the once famous city of Pompei. Amid all this luxury lived a strong, contented people, who feared nothing except that fiery monster—Vesuvius. Even with this thought in mind, they still beautified their city, and made themselves the most civilised people in the world.

For years Vesuvius smoked, till the people became forgetful of it. But, alas! one day they were rudely awakened by a deep rumbling of molten lava, pouring on them. The lava moved so quickly that people were buried at their work and play. For centuries the city was lost to human sight, and just remembered as a relic.

With the “springing up” of a new nation, with new ideas, the lust for exploring was born; until, in our modern days, excavators are busy at work bringing back to “life” that long-lost country.

INVENTUTI!

'Tis yours to crest the wave, lad,
And climb the mountains high,
'Tis yours to mount the Arab steed
And o'er the desert fly.
'Tis yours to view the land of Gold
That Age may never see,
Yours is the prize to take, lad,
'Tis yours, and it is free.

'Tis only free to Youth, lad,
So take it while you can,
And may each tiny part of it
Make you a better man.
For Aye, with all its care and toil,
That prize may never hold,
It passes on with Youth, lad,
Like a story that is told.

PREFECT (VI. B.).

REVISED EDITION (KIPLING).

A maid there was and she breathed a prayer
For brains enough and lots to spare,
That her work would be beyond compare,
And reprimands exceeding rare—
Even as you and I.

A youth there was and he breathed a prayer
That excellent would be his share
Of skill in games of do and dare,
That, as he passed, the folks would stare—
Even as you and I.

A fool there was and he breathed a prayer
To a ball and a club and a hole out there;
He damaged the greens beyond repair,
But the fool he thought that he had a flair—
Even as you and I.

J. T. A. (II. M.).

Answers to Names of Towns in each Sentence.

- | | | |
|----------------|-----------------|---------------|
| 1. Gourock. | 5. Nairn. | 9. Eyemouth. |
| 2. Girvan. | 6. Stornoway. | 10. Newburgh. |
| 3. Stonehaven. | 7. Whiting Bay. | 11. Dailly. |
| 4. Leven. | 8. Scarborough. | |

D. M. (I. B.b.).

WHAT I THINK OF TEACHERS.

English teacher in the Old School.

At geography she talks and talks,
At grammar up and down she walks,
I daren't speak or turn around,
She'd make me grovel on the ground.

Maths. teacher in the Old School.

He loves to slap me on the back,
I'd like to see him on a rack
With rivets stuck through all his nails,
I'd love to hear his gruesome wails.

ANON (III. M₂).

PONG PING.

Perhaps your hobby is football, draughts, peever, or perhaps you collect stamps. But not so with John McVean, because he hates football, and draughts bore him. Stamps just don't interest him. He certainly doesn't play peever! No. He plays table tennis. He is really frightfully keen on it, and you can see him any night, his sleeves rolled up, smacking away at the little celluloid ball.

Yesterday I met him in the playground.

"Hullo, John," I said, by way of opening up the conversation, "how are you getting on?"

"Fine."

"Are you going out to-night?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied with a smirk. "I'm going out with Jemina."

I goggled at the fellow. Yes, I goggled. You see, I've known John McVean for quite a while, and I have observed that whenever he is confronted by anyone who can claim to be a female, he goes green to the gills, and wriggles about as if someone had dropped a jellyfish down his back. So you can imagine my amazement when he stated without a blush that he was going out with a girl. And no ordinary Margaret, or Jessie, or Jean, mark you! Oh, no! Jemina. Yes, Jemina. Phew!

By the time I had come out of the trance, the bell had rung and he was gone.

I met him to-day.

"Hullo," I said. "Did you have a good time last night?"

"Oh, grand!"

"Is she nice?" I asked, trying to appear casual.

"Who?"

"Jemina, of course."

"Eh? Oh! Ha, ha, ha! Perhaps I should have explained to you yesterday," he exclaimed, cackling all the while, "Jemina's the pet name I've given my new table tennis bat."

W. G. B. (IV. B.a.).