
Whitehill School Magazine.

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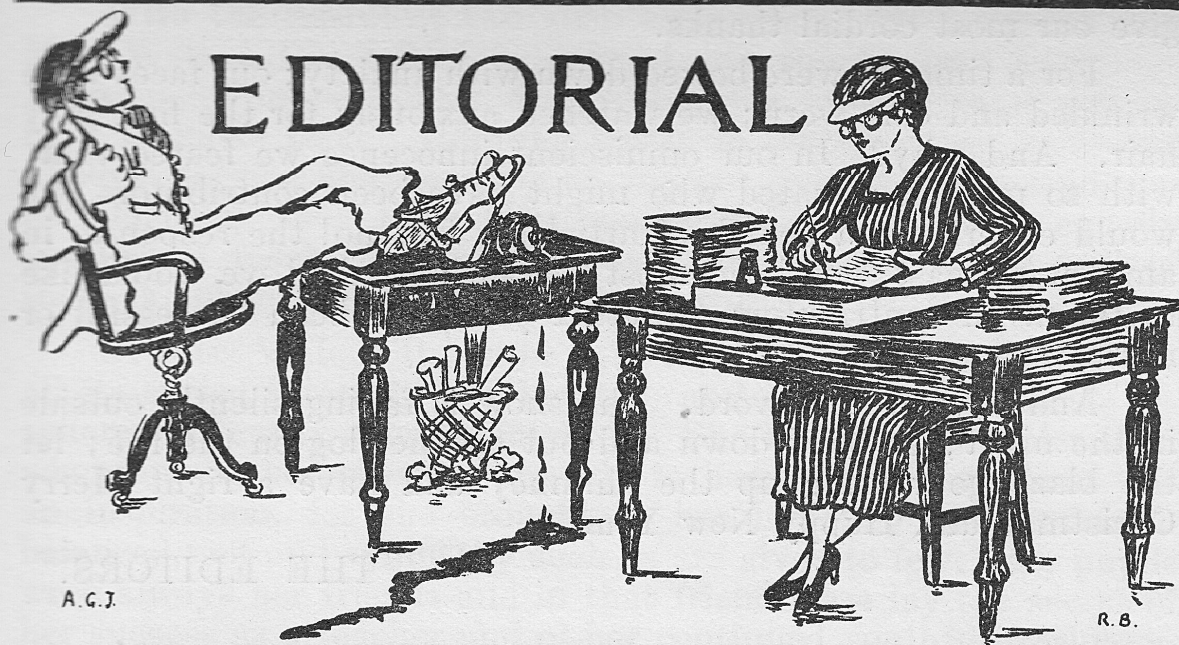


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OLD Mother Earth has rolled another 300 million miles on her eternal journey round the sun, and so once more minds have machinated, editors have edited, presses have printed and presto! the Magazine appears for your delight and entertainment. But this is an issue of the Magazine that is unfortunately unique in its annals. For this is the first War Magazine. Were it not for the ambiguity, we would hasten to add the hope that it will be the last.

The war has cut into school life in many ways. First, evacuation more than halved our numbers; then for a time we even ceased to exist as a school; for this ancient building, hoary with age, barred its doors to us; sport has been curtailed, and we can no longer eat ice-cream and "swing it" in the upper gym. But the Magazine can and does still continue. By its very nature it can perform at this time when the School is scattered and its activities interfered with; an important function.

It reminds us that we are members not only of Section Something, but also of Whitehill School. It serves as a link between the First Year and the Sixth Year; it unites the evacuated Whitehillian with his schoolmate here in Glasgow; it connects those who have left the School with those who remain. It preserves the unity of the School.

This year the Magazine has lost the services of Mr. MacGregor. For many years he has worked indefatigably in connection with it and by means of his photographs has frequently contributed to its artistic side. We miss him and would like to take this opportunity of thanking him for his work, which we so deeply appreciate.

Mr. Williamson has stepped into the breach; and to him, as well as to the Magazine Committee and our advertisers, we give our most cordial thanks.

For a time we were bowed down with anxiety; our faces were wrinkled and care-worn; we watched anxiously for the first grey hair. And why? In our omniscient innocence we feared that, with so many evacuated who might have been contributors, we would experience a dearth of articles. But no! the response, in amount at least, has been most reassuring. And we would like to thank all contributors (whether you have been successful or not).

And now, a final word. The snow is falling silently outside in the night; so bend down and put another log on the fire; let the blaze go roaring up the chimney and have a right Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

THE EDITORS.

Mr. WALTER H. MACGREGOR, M.A.

One day recently, when Mr. MacGregor paid a visit to the School, he remarked that it was "just like home again." We assure him in return that we still look upon him as one of our own, in spite of the fact that since September he has been on the staff of Possil Junior Secondary School as Head of the English Department.

It is difficult to think of Whitehill without him, so close was his contact with the School in nearly all its activities. In the course of nearly twenty years he did yeoman service in connection with the School Choir, the Library, the School Stock-room, and issue of books, the training of young Teaching Students, the Debating Society, and, perhaps most arduous of all, the School Magazine—surely a record in the School's history! One can accordingly picture him in many varied situations—in the early days, practising a madrigal with Mr. Douglas at the piano; later, wielding the conductor's baton and bowing with grave dignity on the platform of the City Hall; overwhelmed with an eager crowd of book-borrowers up in Room 35; or again, in his shirt sleeves "humphing" books in the Stock Room or getting others to do so! And always there is with him the poise of the head and the kindly look through the glasses (sometimes changed to a flash of fire when strong measures are needed!).

His enthusiasm has brought a reward which he will value even more than promotion, namely, the gratitude of his pupils, for they will remember the fine literary sense and scholarship of his teaching, and still more the keen personal interest he took in their individual progress and needs.

Our heartiest congratulations go to him and we hope that, war or no war, he may soon get the opportunity for service in his new sphere for which he is eagerly waiting.

Miss M. WATSON and Miss J. GORDON.

With the retiral of two such stalwarts as Miss Gordon and Miss Watson the School in general and the Modern Language Department in particular have suffered a loss which it will be hard to make good. Differing vastly in outlook, they were one in loyal service and devotion to the old School whose tradition for efficiency they have fully maintained. They were equally popular as teachers and colleagues, and that all spoke well of them is sufficient testimony to their worth.

Of Miss Watson it can be said with truth that the School in all its varied interests was her life, and any interest outside its sphere was easily subservient to it. She was never happier than when among her boys and merely to hear her talk of them was an inspiration, for she brought to her handling of them well-balanced tact and sympathy such as are given to few. Her pupils were always her friends and in that friendliness lay the secret of her success as a teacher and of her continued youthful freshness.

Miss Gordon was more the visionary with eyes turned toward more distant horizons. She, too, revelled in her work, but only as it gave her occasion to satisfy the inner craving for a wider interest in humanity. Those favoured to have come under her care will long remember loving and efficient guiding through the mazes of foreign grammars made lighter by tales of lands for them yet unconquered.

And so to our two friends we would wish many years in which to enjoy a well-earned leisure and to indulge the fancies they have long cherished. We are sorry that the war prevents us from giving them the rousing "au revoir" they so well deserve.

Miss MARGARET C. DALZIEL.

The retirement of Miss Margaret C. Dalziel from the post of Teacher of Music and Pianoforte marks the end of a long period of service in our School. Miss Dalziel's work, though not in the forefront, was none the less a real influence for good. At one time when it was difficult to meet the demand for piano teaching her sister helped her, and the Misses Dalziel were known to us all and took their full share in the life of the School. Gradually the demand fell away after Whitehill lost her exceptionally fine Elementary Department. But Miss Dalziel's connection with the School continued in spite of the passing of the palmy days.

We regret to lose her gracious presence. She has served the School long and faithfully, and we wish for her a restful period of retirement, although, alas! the times are overshadowed.

A MATHEMATICAL QUARTET.

IF Francis Bacon is correct in his statement that "the Mathematics make men subtle, Natural Philosophy deep," Whitehill School lost much of its subtlety and depth when Messrs. Duncan, Caldwell, Galbraith and Grieve were promoted to Mathematical principalships in June of this year. Rarely has the Authority raided our Staff on such a grand scale, and so, while we are delighted with this signal honour to our colleagues, we cannot contemplate with equanimity the departure of a quartet whose other accomplishments were at least on a par with their Mathematical abilities.

In Mr. Duncan we had a man of many words, quickly spoken. On his own confession he was a great Table Tennis exponent, and few will forget the craft he used in outdoor sports such as soccer and racing. We have evidence in a former School Magazine of the guile he displayed on one memorable occasion. "It has come to our ears," writes the contributor, "that Mr. Duncan has been charged with a breach of the peace, in that he did use his thumb and/or finger and/or chewing gum in order to win the Teachers' Egg-and-Spoon Race, and did thereby defraud the other competitors." Two other outstanding characteristics of Mr. Duncan were his ability to sow the seed of a Staff Room argument and his capacity for taking forty winks. Notwithstanding these furtive naps, he was a busy man, and he

"While other people slept
Was toiling upwards in the night."

In Mr. Caldwell the Staff had a first-class golfer, one who has taken his place in the best golfing circles in Scotland. For many years he captained our team against the boys, and some of those who in after years attained to International honours in the golfing world can bear testimony to his excellence both as a golfer and as a friend—in short, he was a man of few words and still fewer strokes.

In Mr. Galbraith we had another sportsman—of a robust type—if we can believe the School Magazine, which describes him as "a ninety minutes man if not sent off." This terse delineation scarcely covers the full range of Mr. Galbraith's personality. Genial, jovial, a master of repartee, he quickly became the life of any party. A genius at barracking, he was too wise to make speeches. His disposition, retiring even to the point of bashfulness, preferred the back-stage and the wings to the spotlight of publicity, and yet

"A merrier man
Within the limit of becoming mirth
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Last of the departing quartet to join us was Mr. Grieve. Endowed with the physique of a Highland athlete, he preferred the willowy wand of the musical conductor to the mighty caber,

MATHEMATICAL QUARTET.

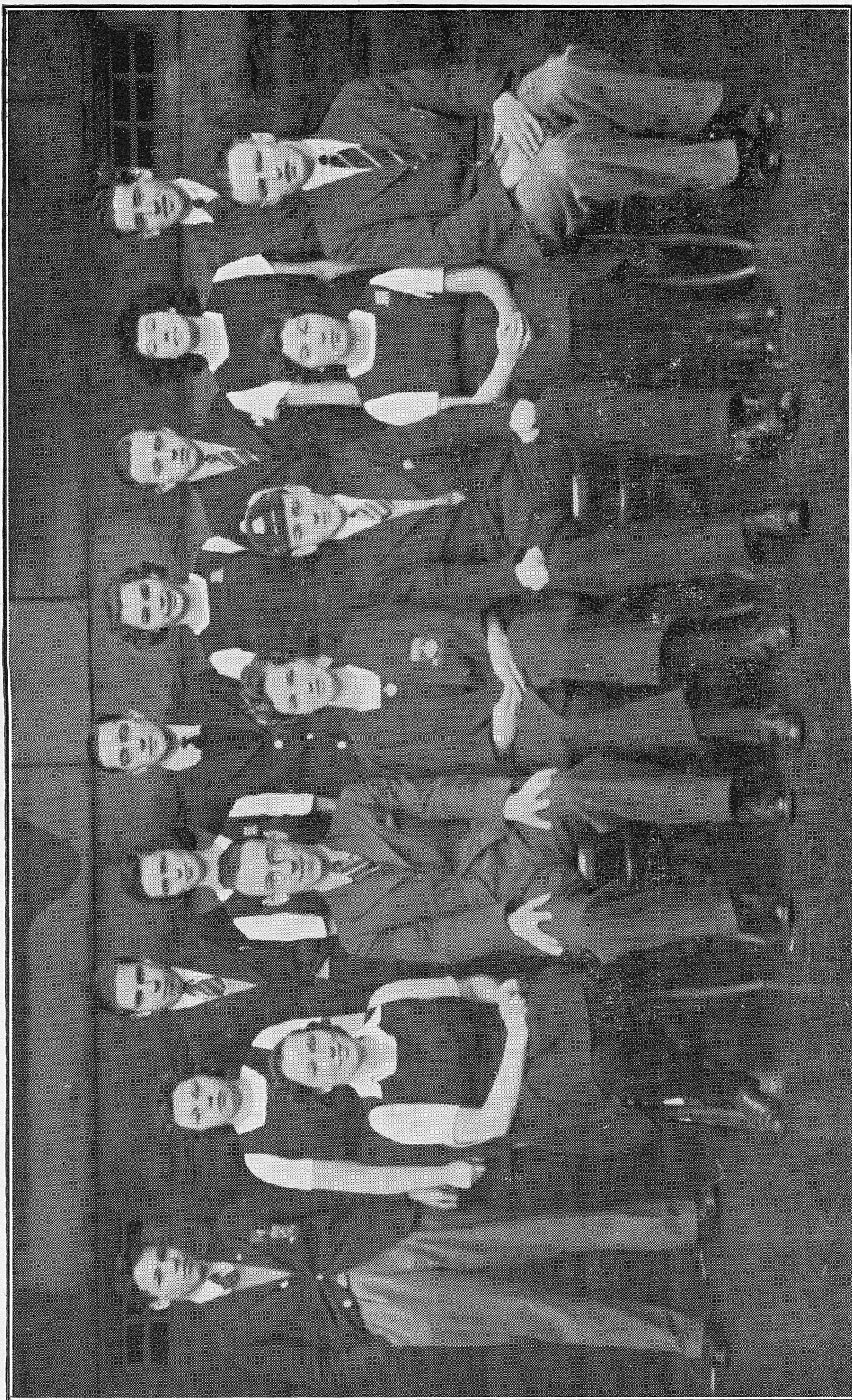
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PREFECTS, 1939-1940.

Standing: A. C. Kennedy, A. P. Macadam, T. Moore, E. M. Buchanan, J. H. Duncanson, M. J. Buchan,
J. Stevens, C. D. Brown, T. W. G. Donohoe.

Seated: J. Findlay, O. C. Muir, Rita P. Stewart (Capt.), James S. Marshall (Capt.), I. M. McKechnie,
A. M. Brodie.

and whilst some less bountifully equipped by nature wrestled for physical honours under the broiling sun at Cowal, he warbled sweet melodies in the glades of Rouken Glen. The greatest publicity agent that the Philharmonic Choir has ever had, has gone from our midst. To some extent Dr. Goebbels's propaganda will compensate for Mr. Grieve's, but the cessation of his wartime and other anecdotes will long leave an aching void. A faithful friend, a formidable enemy—such was Mr. Grieve.

“An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth
An' they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.”

And so we bid adieu and God speed to four ex-service men (in two senses of the phrase). That the social fabric of Whitehill School will not crumble but will readjust itself in time to the changes in Staff we verily believe, but it will take a long time to obliterate the many, many happy memories of “Charity,” “Buster Keaton,” “Gallie,” and “Wallace B.”

FREE ENTERTAINMENT.

I awoke one morning to discover that everything was shrouded in a heavy mantle of pure white snow. In the garden the branches of bushes and small trees were weighted down by the glistening flakes, and it all looked just like fairyland.

As I sat at the window at breakfast-time, I was entertained by the actions of several kinds of birds. One of the bushes in the garden had bright red berries, while between the bird-bath and the leafless aspen tree was strung a row of pea-nuts. My first visitor was the well-known hedge-sparrow, who breakfasted gaily on crumbs of bread and fat scattered on top of the frozen water in the bird-bath. Next came smooth-backed thrushes and greedy starlings, followed by a tiny tit. This little fellow was very interesting to watch, for he balanced upside down, catching on to the string very firmly with his feet, and eagerly pecking at the nuts prepared for him. A few minutes later, another of his kind joined him; and together they feasted grandly. Another welcome visitor was the perky red-breasted robin. He, however, refused to mix with the other birds, because there were some crumbs on the window-sill, unnoticed by the rest and untouched. Here Robin thoroughly enjoyed himself, till suddenly, a footstep was heard on the crisp snow, and my feathered friends flew away, leaving me to my solitary meal.

NATURE-LOVER (IV. G.a.).

The late Mr. JOHN FAIRBAIRN, M.A.

With the death of Mr. John Fairbairn, which occurred last August, another link with the early days of Whitehill has gone. Mr. Fairbairn's service in Whitehill School as Teacher of Mathematics began at the commencement of the century in the days of Mr. Henderson, the first Headmaster, and continued to the period of his retirement about ten years ago.

Mr. Fairbairn came to be regarded in his time as one of the pillars of the School. It was his pleasure to be of help to others, whether pupils or colleagues. As he came round with the Register Book (written up so beautifully), there was always a smile, especially when you had your summary right! Pains-taking in his work, he had also an enthusiasm for the lighter side of life, for he loved a good story, he loved to sing in the School Choir, and above all, he loved chrysanthemums. He has left behind him a gracious memory in the minds of those who knew him.

The late Mr. WM. PHILLIPS, M.A.

"I knew that thou wert an austere man." What shall I more say of William Phillips than this that his pupils might have said? A fleeting figure, ever driven by some daemonic urge. Self-contained and strangely retiring: for so many years a hard-working member of the English Staff.

"Who one summer morn forsook
His friends. . . .
'Tis said he left them and returned no more—
But rumours hung about the countryside
That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied."

Not "long was seen to stray," for all too soon his quick step was missed upon the accustomed Mugdock hill. Grievous illness bore him down until this, our fateful autumn, gave his soul release.

Who now will remember his love of the beautiful and the felicitous phrase, his desire to see talents well used, his trance-like disquisitions on the Shakespearean text whilst the young barbarians before him rested from their untried labours?

In what stream do you cast your line? Piscator, adieu!

SCHOOL NOTES

THE effect of the War upon the School may be summed up in the statement that at the time of going to press the School is working on its fifth time-table for session 1939-40. It is to be regretted that at present facilities for instruction are very limited in the case of the Junior Forms. Should circumstances permit and accommodation be obtained in neighbouring schools, we shall endeavour to give a fuller time-table to Forms I. and II.

These first three months of the session may possibly rank as the most historic in the School's history. Not only did a war break out, but a Greater Whitehill was in the process of being evolved by the amalgamation of Whitehill and Onslow Drive Schools. We also approached very near, but not near enough, to the cutting of the first sod for the building of a palatial new school. War has intervened, but we keep on hoping!

The period has been remarkable for the extraordinary number of changes in the Staff. Chief among these has been the exodus from the Mathematics Department of four of its most experienced teachers, owing to their promotion to Headships of Departments in other schools. Mr. Alex. Galbraith has gone to King's Park, Mr. Thos. B. Duncan to Riverside, Mr. Walter F. Grieve to St. George's Road, and Mr. David Caldwell to Lambhill Street. Mr. Walter H. MacGregor, of the English Department, has been promoted to the Headship of English in Possil Junior Secondary School. To all these gentlemen we express our hearty congratulations and our sense of appreciation of their long and faithful service in Whitehill.

Other changes falling to be reported are the retiral after long service of Miss Margaret Watson and Miss J. Gordon in the Modern Languages Department, and of Miss Margaret C. Dalziel who for many years taught music and the pianoforte. For the sake of old times we regret parting from these ladies, and wish them well in the days of retirement. We are sorry also to report the transference of Mr. Wm. Buchanan of the Art Department, to Petershill School. The son of Mr. Peter Buchanan, a well-known member of the Staff in the old days, he has done notable work in the School not only in his own subject, but on the Sports side, especially in golf and football.

To all teachers who have joined us owing to amalgamation or to replacement we extend a hearty welcome.

About 30 of the Staff and a third of the pupils have been evacuated to reception areas, extending from Huntly in the

North to the Solway Firth. We are not forgetting them, and send them all, and especially the Largs contingent, Christmas greetings.

A number of parents offered their houses for instruction at a time when the School was in very difficult circumstances. We take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. McConnell-Jones, and Mrs. Burgess for surrounding us with every comfort (except a black-board!).

THE QUARREL.

"Give me my dolly," the little girl said,
Giving a toss of her curly head.
"I want my train," from the tiny boy,
Trying to grasp that precious toy.

"Oh no, you shant!" said the maiden fair,
Grasping her darling dolly's hair.
"Give me my engine—maybe then
You will get her back again."

But the nurse's voice broke in again:
"Give those playthings back again!"
"Come let's play dolls!" "Come play with my train!"
And so it starts all over again.

THE SHEETS OF VICTORY.

In our house when darkness falls,
We perform some fol-de-rols;
Mother steps upon a chair,
And arranges with great care

A curtain here, a blanket there—
No, there's still a little glare:
Another sheet, a piece of paper;
Sister says, "Oh, blast this caper!"

But, although we groan and frown,
Those darkening sheets must not come down,
For if our foes we wish to rout,
We dare not spoil the Black Black-Out.

M. McK. (Sect. 8).

FAN MAIL.

Dear Editors,

It grieves me deeply to think that your earnest solicitations for literary effort have produced no cerebral erethism in your panurgic servant.

You will, of course, after reading this, sincerely doubt even my profectitious qualities for epistolary communication and, therefore, it should not be difficult to prove my congenital inability to write magazine articles. The mere speciousness of my anfractuous ramblings would alone debar them from such a magazine as this.

If I were to embark upon an encomiastic appreciation of the macrobiotic polyhistor of this polythalamous edifice, I would be rebuked as a mere adulatory sycophant, while exhederation or ostracism would be a merciful sentence for the crime of revealing their facinorous habits.

Rising to higher spheres, I thought to present a lampoon dealing with Mr. Weir and his rural activities, but fearing that this obloquy, far from exciting any dithyrambic expression of homologation, would rather have reprisals so polyergic that I would consider a chthonian existence empyrean in comparison, I refrained.

Descending, in trepidation, therefore, from these supernal heights, I thought of levelling my ebullitions at the suffrutescent heads of my fellow-members of this microcosm.

While remaining on their sidereal, scholastic course, although some of them may be partly and occasionally dianœtic, I could not refrain from what would be umbrageous comment on the moron spissitude of these pachydermatous class-mates, and since it was obvious that my systolic murmurs in this direction would rudely shatter that soderlity so dear to us in these acroamatic meetings, I turned to expatiate upon their field diversions.

However, when I pondered upon the game of rugby, carried on amongst smaragdine scenery, all the more remarkable for the ever-present lacustrine panorama, and on the epigeous, sub-simious, atavistic and, in some cases, limaceous antics of the first fifteen, I realized that any eructation of such diachastic remarks would be extremely indiscreet.

Having, therefore, no desire of any vespiary connections through heteromorphic utterances seismic in their after effect, I thought it better, instead of producing banal eulogies or mere sententious twaddle, to maintain a dignified silence, and to remain

Yours sincerely,

“FURTHERMORE” (V. B.a.).

P.S.—After making some heuristic remarks as to how this cacophonous macrology might be received, I am now leading a troglodytic, solivagous and also proteen life.

MACBETH.

Macbeth he was a Highland lad,
Who met three witches slightly mad;
They gave him news which pleased his ear,
Then disappeared to L—d knows where.

They told him honour would come his way
And he would be the King some day.
He rejoiced and was exceeding glad.
And decided to kill the King—the cad!

A plot he made to kill the King
Over a bottle or two of gin;
He prepared his plans with Lady Mac,
Which resulted in Duncan getting the sack.

Now, Duncan was a goodly Scot,
A King whom Scotland long had sought;
But, sad to say, he was a flirt,
And paid attention to Mac's bit skirt.

This annoyed Mac to such an extent
To kill the King became his intent;
He invited Duncan out to his keep,
And bade him there the night to sleep.

Duncan came safely to Mac's castle
And greeted well the spouse of his vassal.
In his honour they held a spree,
Where beer and whisky both ran free.

Mac was drunk, there was no doubt,
He saw floating daggers flying about;
Though the doctors called it hallucination,
Everyone knew it was intoxication.

Within the castle there rang a bell,
For Duncan the King it sounded the knell.
Hitching his kilt, out of the room Mac staggers,
Having tested the edge of his trusty daggers.

Mac, finished his work, returns with a knife,
Receives a "tonguing" from his beloved wife.
"The Hot Boys" played "Hold that Tiger"
As Lady Mac she grabbed the dagger.

[Apparently at this point the Muse expired.—Ed.]

WHAT IT MIGHT BE LIKE.

Sniff; Sniff! Sniff!

The sound of inquisitive snuffing rose above the monotonous drone of the teacher.

Sniff! Sniff! Sniff!

Jeany MacWhirter was troubled.

This was her first year in Whitehill, and, as yet, she had not become properly acclimatised. It seemed to her, as she sat with her complex thoughts, that a multitude of strange things were going on, and Jeany didn't like things happening, unless she knew all about them.

What was troubling her so much was an odour—no common odour, but a highly specialised odour which Jeany visioned seeping through the floor-boards, floating in at the open window, curling in under the door, the vague swirling mists of a pungent odour pervading the stilly atmosphere of the classroom.

Gas!!!

Jeany jumped.

Could there have been an air raid, and the siren hadn't gone off?

No. Hardly that. She would have heard the bombs dropping.

Maybe there was a leak in the school gas supply! Maybe it was sabotage.

Oh! maybe it was . . .

Hundreds of thoughts and suspicions flashed through Jeany's imaginative brain in a confused jumble.

Suppose she was right? Suppose it was gas? She'd better warn the class.

What? Gas?

Panic spread through the room like wild-fire. Vainly the teacher bleated for order. The door crashed open and the troop of young horrors poured out of the room with gas masks on, to be confronted by a pop-eyed janitor.

There was a hurried consultation between janitor and teacher. They turned their backs on the fidgeting gargoyles and conversed in low tones. Frequently there were suspicious glances cast at the top flat. Once or twice an arm pointed vaguely in the direction of the science rooms.

Watching all these actions intently, Jeany wrinkled her brow in thought beneath the clammy protection of a rubber gas mask.

Suddenly enlightenment spread over her perplexed features, and taking off her gas mask she turned on the dazed mob.

"Jings!" she said, "it's that man McPhail making stinks in Room 27."

WARDEN.

A MODERN FAIRY STORY.

ONE day Snow-White's mother said to her, "Now, run along to your grandmother's cottage and take her this gas-mask to see if it fits her. And remember, don't talk to strange men in the wood." Snow-White then set out, gaily humming "A-tisket, A-tasket," and tripped on through the wood. Suddenly she met Robin Hood playing with his Seven Dwarfs.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid? he asked.
Snow-White, being a good little girl, replied:

"My mother said
I never should
Play with the gypsies
In the wood."

Robin Hood was so annoyed with this insinuation that he ran after her. Snow-White naturally fled, only one of her shoes came off in her hurry. Robin Hood picked it up and said, "If ever I catch the dame whose foot fits this shoe, I'll bump her off." You see, in this story Robin Hood is the villain.

Meanwhile little Snow-White continued on her way to her grandmother's cottage saying to herself as she went, " $\sin^2 A + \cos^2 A = 1$." When she arrived there she found the Three Little Pigs building an A.R.P. shelter. They were most upset as the wolf had blown down two previous shelters and the Air Raid Warden told them they were in danger of losing their contract.

"Dear, dear," said Snow-White, "I must meet this Air Raid Warden. Who is he?"

"Oh, he is the Prince Charming. Talk of the Devil and here he comes."

Prince Charming appeared. He was tall, dark and handsome, and was the kind of man who ruled by the dirty look in his eye. When he saw little Snow-White (since this is a fairy story) he fell for her.

In the meantime Robin Hood, hunting for Snow-White, came along on Black Bess, yelling, "Tally-ho, Tally-ho," and followed by the Dwarfs. When he arrived at the grandmother's cottage he found Snow-White mending one of Prince Charming's socks.

Robin Hood came dashing up crying, "Oh, what big feet you have, Snow-White. If this shoe fits you, you must die."

"It's bound to fit me, Dopey, as it is my shoe," said Snow-White.

Undaunted, however, Robin Hood made her try it on. One of the Three Little Pigs now came on the scene and, seeing Snow-White's plight, picked up his bow and arrow and shot Robin Hood. Then the Dwarfs sang, "Who killed Cock Robin Hood?" This was silly because they saw perfectly well who killed him.

Snow-White fainted on the spot. Prince Charming, of course, arrived on the scene at this moment and was most disturbed. He was very worried about Snow-White, so one of the Three Little Pigs whispered to him, "She usually recovers if you kiss her."

"That's a great idea," said Prince Charming, who stooped and kissed little Snow-White.

Naturally, they were married and lived happily ever after.

GRIMHANS (IV.).

EVACUATION.

On Sunday, 1st September, 1939, Betty and myself gaily set off on our journey. We proudly marched up the steps of D—— School, gas masks slung over shoulders, small week-end cases in our hands. A "little" man, bristling with importance, rushed forward to greet us.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "You are the young ladies from White-hill. Will you please help with the infants?"

Big-hearted Arthur wasn't in it, we fairly flew to the classroom. Ah, delusion! Instead of finding model babies, mothers' dreams, we were faced with stern reality. Tired, jammy-faced cherubs gazed at us stolidly. Nervously, I smiled. It broke the tension. Howling set up. One poor woman, burdened with umpteen kids and two huge suitcases, seemed to be in need of help, so I volunteered.

"Ah, weel," she said, "you can tak' Jock, he's a wee bit restless."

She put it mildly. There seemed to be no end to his wants.

"A' wa-ant up! A' wa-ant doon! A' wa-ant a piece!" How I pitied myself.

At last we were all settled in the railway carriage. Luckily it was a corridor train. In our compartment there were Mrs. T—— with her umpteen kids, Mrs. L—— plus her small flock, Betty and myself, not forgetting "wee Jock." The mothers were not believers in fresh air, so windows and door remained shut. Can you imagine it? A small confined space, absolutely reeking with the smell of oranges, two mothers placidly discussing the situation, babies whimpering, not-so-young babies yelling their heads off, small boys, including "wee Jock," wrestling on the floor, and caramels everywhere. Betty and I, fearing a disaster, tried to separate the pugilists. It was hopeless. The mothers, with knowing smiles, said, "Och, let them be, as long as they're happy!"

We arrived at L—— late that night, where we were met with open arms. Although the welcome was everything to be desired, I could not help likening myself to the "Irish Emigrant." That night Betty and I laughed and giggled, lying in a warm, comfortable bed, over the day's happenings. The people with whom we were living were most kind to us and pressed us to stay longer. A week-end, however, was enough. On the Tuesday we returned to Glasgow, wiser but not sadder.

J. F. (V.).

ALPHABETICAL REVIEW.

A is for Algebra, a subject I hate.
B is for Botany, considered first rate.
C is for Cloakroom, with fun galore.
D is for Dancing that I adore.
E is for English which I love best.
F is for French parlez vous and the rest.
G is for Gyms which we truly need.
H is for Holidays welcome indeed.
I is for Interval which too soon ends.
J is for Janitor, everyone's friend.
K is for Classroom, pardon the spelling.
L is for Latin beyond all telling.
M is for Monitor with a badge of tin.
N is for Nonsense when teacher is not in.
O is for Oxygen, prepared in the lab.
P is for Physics that leaves me quite sad.
Q is for Questions always in the fore.
R is for Rhyming, oh! what a bore!
S is for Swimming, a sport we all like.
T is for Test, a topical dislike.
U is for Uniform we must all wear.
V is for Vision, an asset rare.
W is for Wallbars which we wearily climb.
X is for Xmas with holidays sublime.
Y is for Yearning a genius to be.
Z is for Zealous, I'm afraid that's not me.

M. B. (IV. G.a.).

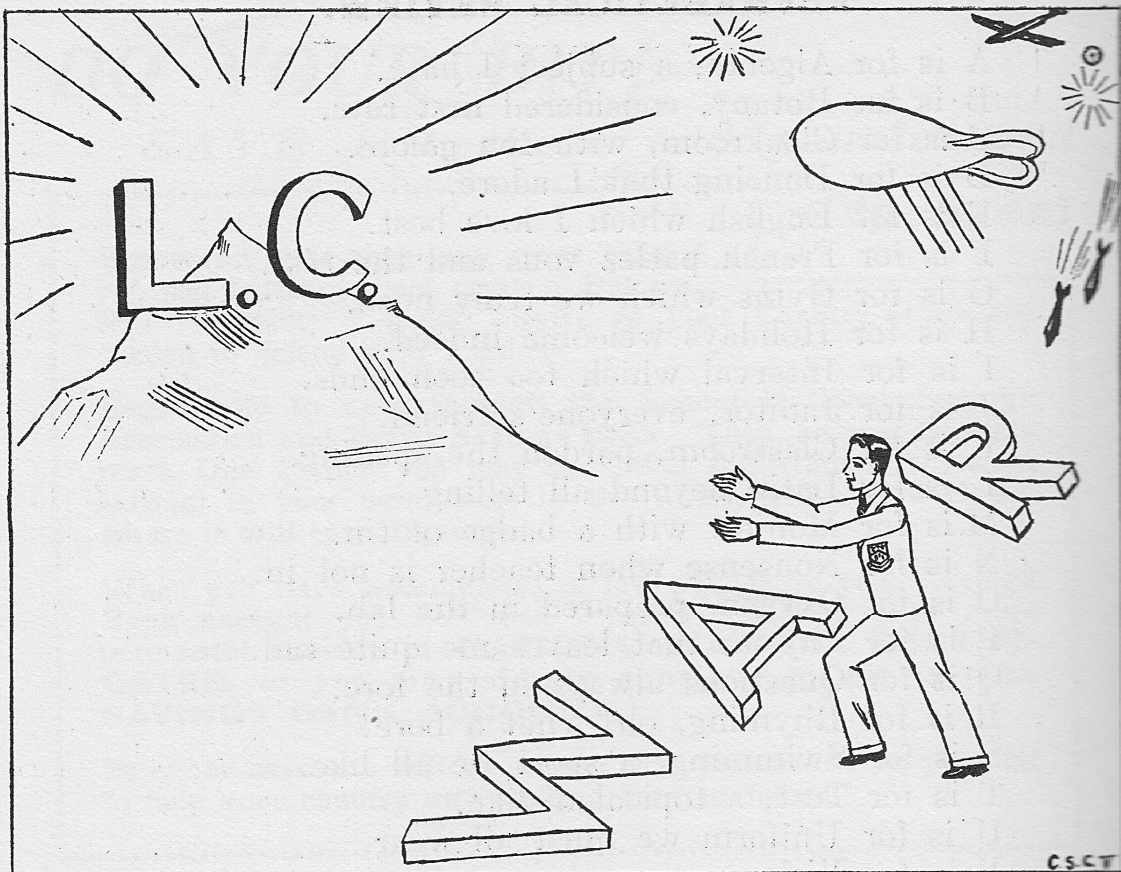
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BOOK.

I am a text-book lying in the Janitor's room. Not so long ago I was taken out of a parcel, bandied about from one person to another, and marked at least twice with big purple stamps. One day a kindly gentleman with glasses came in, followed by a crowd of boys. I was lifted up with the words, "Here! You take this one!"

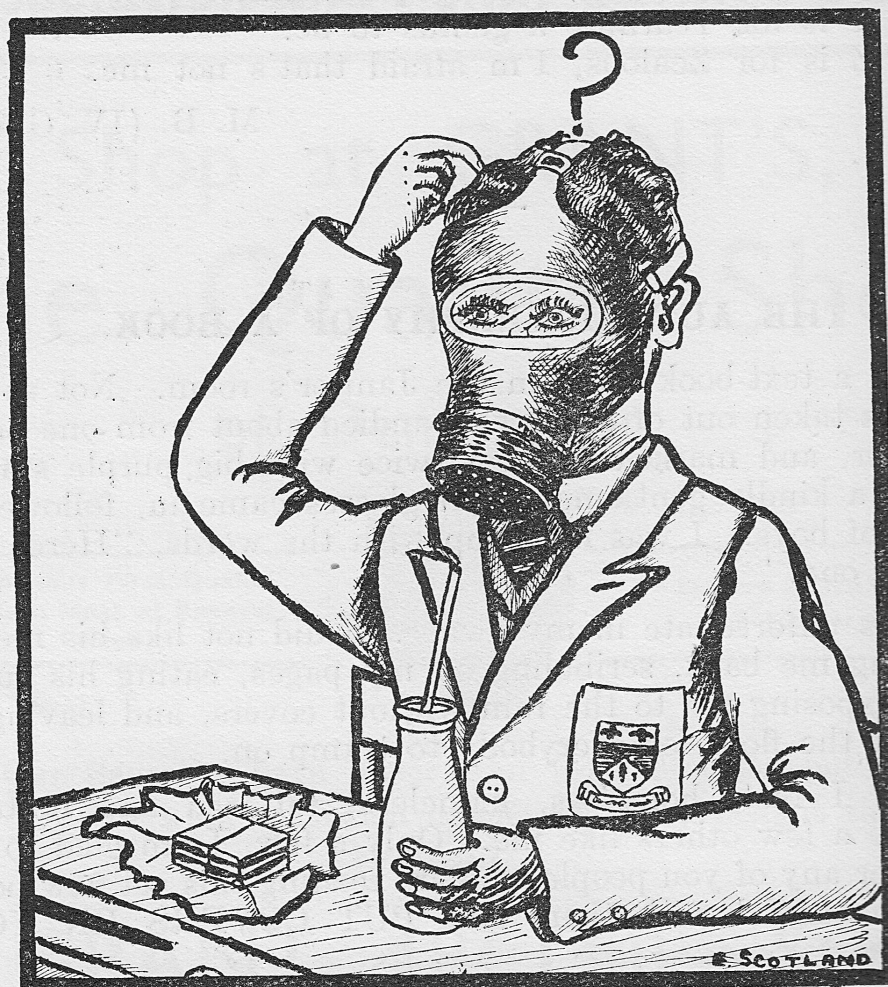
I was unfortunate in my owner. I did not like his method of bending me back, scribbling on my pages, eating his supper off me, exposing me to the rain without covers, and leaving me finally on the floor for everybody to tramp on.

Here I rest, homeless, nameless, tattered and battered. There are a few others like me. Only a few, I am glad to say, but if ever any of you people who are reading this get new books, please be careful with them and **PUT COVERS ON YOUR BOOKS.**

"OLD CHRISTMAS."



ALTIORA PETO ET IN BELLO.



A SLIGHT TECHNICAL HITCH.

THE SOUND OF A VIOLIN.

The sun sinks in the Golden West,
And all the world has gone to rest;
But the calm evening silence breaks,
When a haggard old man his violin takes,
And at the street corner, he brings forth a melody fine,
And I recall the childhood days that once were mine.
In a moment, those memories great and rare
Come back, as I sit in my cosy arm-chair.
I lie back and think of the days gone by;
The strains of the violin tell me how years do fly.
But the music stops, has the musician gone?
Yes, gone when I thought life's battle was won;
Gone, when I decided my search was over,
And home was the place for me, a rover.
That violinist was surely sent from Him above
To tell me I'd be happier with the ones I love.
I will take that advice and go home,
Never, never more to roam.
I thank Him and that artist with all my heart.
I know, when I go home I will never part
From that land of the heather-clad hills,
Where the pibroch sounds and thrills,
In that home of song divine,
That dear "Hame o' Mine."

S. C. (V. G.)

SAEEDA'S TEMPTATION.

The gay crowds throng Benares
On a velvet summer night.
Gay garlands deck the houses,
The street-ways blaze with light.
The bright saris of dancing girls,
The Moslem's turban green,
The soldier's scarlet uniform
Lend colour to the scene.
Saeeda steals away at last,
She can no longer stay,
She knows that two small, sleepy heads
Are still engrossed in play,
When deep in slumber they should be
By Kue the Dream-God led.
So home she hastes to lay them
'Mong the pillows of their bed.

N. C. (Section III. 7.).

THE LADY AND THE CONDUCTOR.

She seemed such a nice old lady, too. I met her on an East-bound tramcar one evening when the Exhibition was running. She boarded the tram at the same stop as I did and tendered the conductor a half-crown for her fare, asking in a soft, low educated voice, "One to Glasgow Cross, please."

The conductor gazed speculatively at her for quite a while before he ventured: "This is a bad half-crown, madam, and I can't accept it."

"But that's impossible. I got it from my bank only this morning," the old lady replied.

The conductor seemed nonplussed at this, and looked at her even more closely, but there was nothing about her to tell whether she had a bank account or not. Then he answered:

"I shall have to take your name, madam, unless you have another coin."

By this time the incident had aroused the attention of all the passengers, and the lady flushed under the accusing barrage of eyes. She gulped and started crying. This clearly worried the conductor, who admitted:

"I'm sorry if I've upset you."

"It's all right, young man, you were only doing your duty. As a matter of fact, I knew it was a counterfeit coin. You see, I've fallen on bad times lately and needed the money to buy some food." At this point she burst into a fit of sobbing and I thought it was time that I took a hand in the matter.

"I'm sure we should all be glad to help this poor woman," I began, tentatively, taking off my hat and popping a coin in. At this there was a chorus of approval, and the hat was eagerly passed from hand to hand. Even the conductor made his humble contribution and the total amounted to no less than twelve shillings. The hat was returned to me, and the old lady, after a series of protestations, accepted the money.

It was only a short time after this that the tramcar arrived at Glasgow Cross. This was also my destination, and I alighted along with the old lady. She waited until the car had almost disappeared before she turned to me and said in a curiously young voice:

"We shall be able to go to the pictures to-night, Ben. We've had a good day."

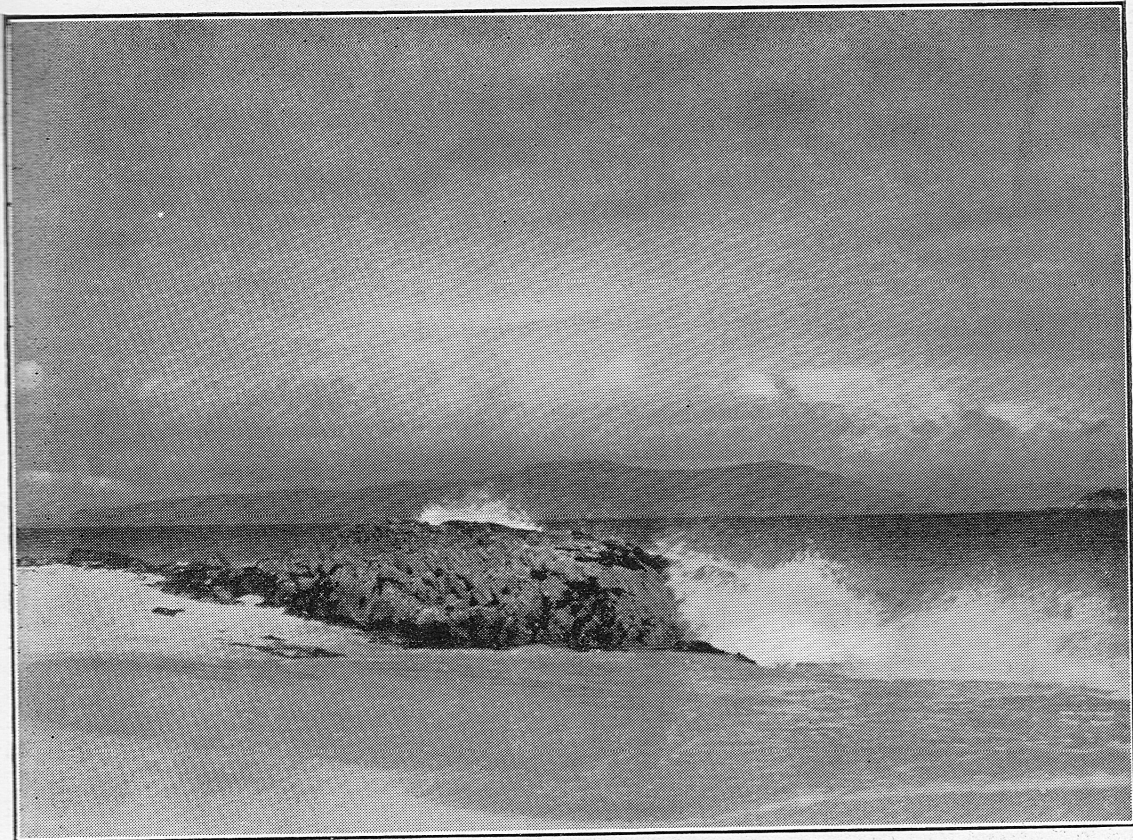
You see, she was my wife.

W. S. (Section IV. B.).

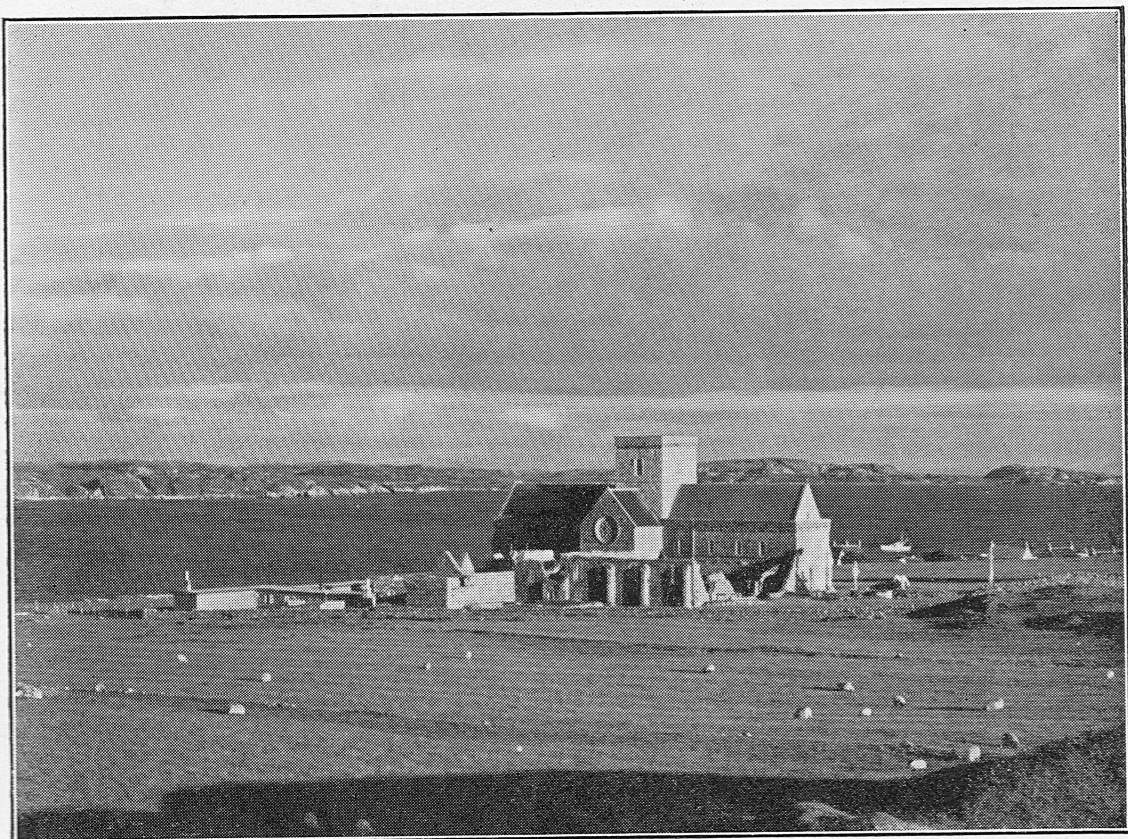
A SAILOR'S THOUGHT.

Green fields of England! Where-so-e'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
Your image in our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, everywhere.

W. S. (I.).



ULVA'S ISLE.



IONA.

Photos by Mr. W. H. MacGregor.



DINARD, 1939.

IF it is true that first experiences are the most powerful, our young travellers to Dinard this year were indeed blessed, for when we hove to off St. Malo "pour permettre aux passagers de partir par le train," the morning sun was gilding the ramparts, and throwing into keen relief the clear beauty of Dinard in its emerald setting across the bay. The interest of watching the little Breton fishing-craft, or the tender with its blue-bloused porters and customs officials in dark uniforms and carpet slippers, soon made everyone forget the sickness and the sorrows that had attended a rough passage through a bitterly cold night.

But who could remember seasickness in recalling the joys of the town itself; its fine beaches, with the clear green water curling in great waves that swept the careless bather off his feet, and long stretches of sand soft and warm in the sun-glare, where even the oldest of us dug castles and drove tunnels without a care in the world.

So the glad, lazy days sped on, though those who sought an outlet for their energies could find it always in scrambling over the rocks of the Point du Moulinet, breakneck bicycle rides (not always strictly on the right-hand side of the road), or vigorous swimming races in the Casino "piscine," a fine salt-water pool, though its décor was rather more suggestive of a Moorish temple than a swimming-pond.

Our pupils found much to interest them merely in wandering around the town. Dinard has many fine shops, and specialises in confectionery, so all Whitehill pupils felt very much at home. Some of them made a daily pilgrimage to the old man who baked the "Crêpes Dentelles" and who was once rash enough to offer them samples of his ware. "C'est la spécialité de Dinard. Goûtez, monsieur, goûtez." Others again spent all their spare centimes at the "shows," in shooting-galleries, or in a glorious riot of laughter and bad language known as hand-football.

A short trip by vedette took us to St. Malo, the very cradle of romance, the haunt in old times of the corsairs, the fierce old "loups de la mer." Here we wandered to our hearts' content, prying into queer little shops in search of souvenirs, or strolling on the massive ramparts that enclose the narrow, steep, and winding streets of the old town. Its privateering days are over, but the sight of the old fishwives at the street corners reminded us that St. Malo still sends out its fishing-fleet to the Grand Banks, and that the modern Malouin still keeps alive the spirit of Jacques Cartier and Robert Surcouf.

Organised excursions were few, and interesting, the most memorable of all perhaps being that to Mont St. Michel, though memories of the Mount will probably take second place to those of the incredible lunch we had at Pontorson. We talk of it yet—the fine historic setting of the Hôtel Montgomery reminiscent of Sir Hugh de Montgomberry of ballad fame, the salads, the omelettes, the beer and cider "ad lib."

But our last memory of France is unforgettable. At St. Malo quay lies the ship, ready to depart. The rail is lined with passengers, but the dock is crammed with yelling, gesticulating "Gyppo" curio-sellers, who spread out their leather cushion-covers till the plain stone quay looks like a Persian bazaar. The air is a babel of shouting: "Hey, George! How much you give? You wanna buy a pouff-pouff?" while the bargaining goes on at top speed, and trinkets and coins fly back and forth between ship and shore. How different it all is from the cold austerity of our own docks at Southampton, but how strangely typical of the gay, light-hearted, and sunny land we have left behind.

I WONDER . . . !

For five long years through school I've wandered,
Therein on many things I've pondered,
But of them all there's one that sticks,
And sometimes when I'm in a fix,
I find myself begin to wonder
Why the teacher doesn't thunder,
And if, beneath that guileless calm,
There is a wolf disguised as lamb,
Or if he has some inner raving,
That thus, would show us, him behaving—

"Now, children dear, I'm going out,
I don't want you to sing or shout
(You lazy bunch of little louts,
I'd love your ugly ears to clout).

"Your comps. I would like without a blot,
Less slang from you would help a lot
(Youse wise guys think you're very hot,
But I can put you on the spot)."

I wonder if, on Parents' Days,
He thinks one thing, tho' another says—

"Yes, Mrs. X, 'tis very true,
Boys like your John are, sadly, few.
(You old war-horse! Thank goodness, too,
For brains, he must have Irish stew!)"

Some day a teacher I might be,
And Whitehill scholars teach with glee (?),
Then hard experience will make clear
The inner thoughts he holds so dear.

C. S. C. (V.).

LINES COMPOSED IN WHITEHILL SCHOOL.

X and Y, those weary signs,
They haunt my brain by day and night.
By day, in long and straggling lines,
They dance before my aching sight.
X and Y, they come and go;
The reason why, I do not know.

When nightly I seek sweet repose,
And think to rest my weary brain,
They throng upon me, heaps and rows,
A ghastly, long and dreary train.
X and Y, they come and go;
The reason why, I do not know.

K. M. M. J. (I. G.a.)

CHRISTMAS.

It won't be long till Christmas,
Till everyone goes gay.
It won't be long till Christmas,
When at parties we will play.

The shops won't be so attractive now
With all the bright lights out,
And all the shop blinds pulled right down,
Because of this black-out.

I hope 'twill be exciting,
And, in the usual way,
We shall try to make others happy
And gay on Christmas Day.

O. C. R. (Section 44).

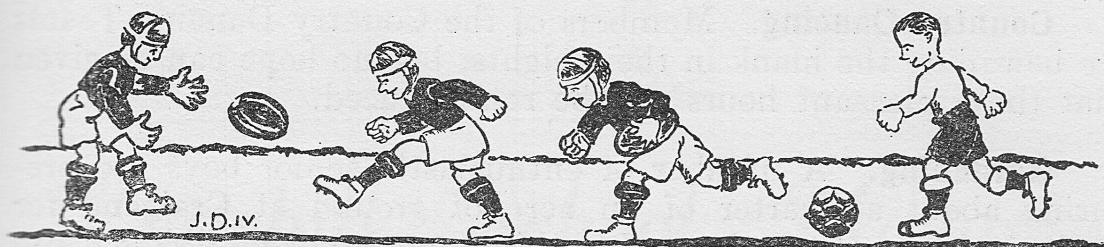
MEMORIES.

I shall always remember
Whenever the sky is blue,
Whenever the sun is shining,
I shall remember you.

Dawn, when the birds are wakening,
Night, when the moon is new,
In the glow of a lingering sun-set,
I shall remember you.

Murmurs, of a mountain stream,
Silence, of a lowland mere,
The beauty of a sparkling fountain,
Will keep your memory dear.

I. M. J.



WHITEHILL NOTES

WEATHER conditions have been good during the session and the various pitches at Craigend are in perfect condition for playing purposes. The number of pupils using the field on Saturday forenoons increases steadily, but there is ample room for many more pupils.

Pupils, whose schoolday finishes in the forenoon, can and should go to Craigend at least one afternoon per week. Facilities and all necessary material are provided.

Hockey. Saturday forenoon practice games have been started and a warm welcome is promised to any newcomers.

Association Football. The competitions for the Scottish Secondary Schools Senior and Intermediate Shields are being carried through as usual.

Rutherglen Academy, a strong, well-balanced team, were worthy winners of the 1st Round tie played at Craigend. The first friendly of the season resulted in a School victory over Eastbank by three goals to one. The return fixture, played at Shettleston, resulted in a victory for Eastbank.

The Intermediate XI. travelled to Bearsden and a very exciting game ended in a one-goal victory for the School XI. The 2nd Round tie against Rutherglen Academy will be played on Saturday, 16th December. A good game is anticipated.

Fixtures have been arranged for both teams to the end of the year, and by next term it is hoped that the Glasgow and District Secondary Schools League will be restarted and that the usual exciting games will be seen at Craigend.

Rugby Football. A curtailed fixture list has been arranged for the senior boys and already several enjoyable games have been played.

Fixtures are at present being arranged for junior boys and soon Craigend should have two Rugby games each Saturday forenoon.

Swimming. One of the bright spots of the winter session, the School Swimming Gala, must be foregone, as Whitevale Baths are at present closed to the public.

It is good to know that boys who are members of Dennistoun Baths are continuing enthusiastic in their attendance at practice.

Country Dancing. Members of the Country Dancing Teams are bewailing the blank in their nights, but no hope can be given that these pleasant hours can be reintroduced.

Gardening. A number of enthusiastic senior boys are preparing about a quarter of an acre of ground at Craigend for gardening. In the early Spring this ground will be divided into a number of plots and boys interested—especially boys of Form IV.—should seek further information from Mr. J. Hollinsworth or T. Donohoe (V.).

Even in these abnormal times, the School should be able to provide some activity for every pupil. Pupils desiring information on any of the School Athletic activities should see:

Hockey—Miss H. B. Fisher.

Association Football—Mr. G. R. Needle or Mr. J. Jardine.

Rugby Football—Mr. W. MacMurray or J. Duncanson (V.).

Swimming—Mr. W. MacMurray.

ON SERVICE.

A good number of Former Pupils are already in His Majesty's Forces or in the Mercantile Marine. We shall be glad if parents and others will send to the Headmaster **as soon as possible** a note of the full name, rank or designation, and unit, of any former pupils who are related to them.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

It will be readily understood that some of the School Societies are in abeyance meantime. This applies to the Choir, the Debating Society, the Philatelic Society, the Dramatic Club, the Pipe Band, and the Former Pupils' School Club. However, pupils can take it that the various representatives are watching the situation and that any opportunity for renewal of activity will be taken.

Mr. _____
and girls of Class _____
somewhere in _____.

