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# Whitehill School Magazine.

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Number 42

Christmas 1940

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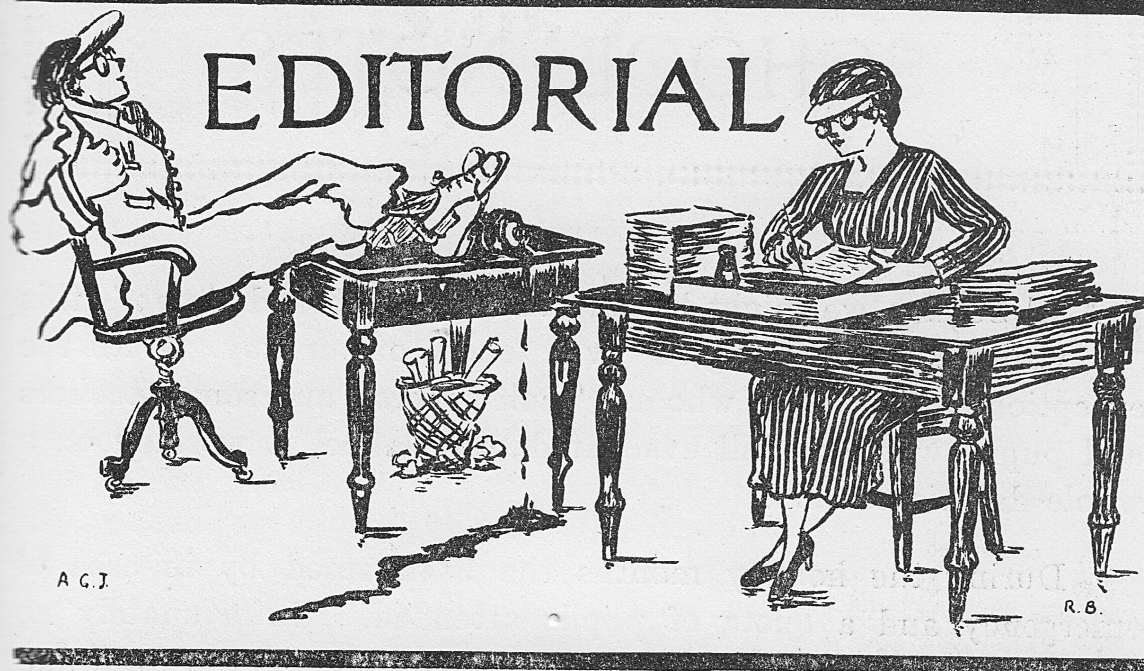
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### OUR ADVERTISERS—

*We Commend them for Your Consideration.*



ONCE again, contrary to expectation and despite the trials and troubles of war, we are privileged to offer you the School Magazine. We do not wish to conceal the fact that we have had our difficulties. The greatest of these,—paper scarcity,—has been successfully overcome, thanks to the printer. The number of articles received has been a large one, so much so that we have had to retain some for use in our Summer Edition, which we hope to carry on as usual. So, if your article is not in this edition, look out for it in the next.

We wish to give warm thanks to all who have made the production of the Magazine possible. Mr. Williamson and Mr. Duncanson gave whole-hearted advice and assistance. To them, as well as to all contributors, advertisers and, of course, to our Magazine Committee, we say "Thank you very much." Two members of our Committee have worked specially well. These are Messrs. Aitken and Ward of Form IV., who undertook the task of collecting the advertisements. We would like them to know that their hard work, willingly done, is greatly appreciated.

Now, in conclusion, we wish you, one and all, a very merry Christmas and a most successful New Year.

THE EDITORS.

# SCHOOL NOTES

LAST Session we might be said to have "marked time;" this year we are pursuing the even tenour of our way. With the exception of six classes who are "half-timers"—and some teachers and pupils who are still evacuated, the School is working on a whole day time table.

During the holiday months the Staff stood by in case of emergency and a quota of pupils attended. Unfortunately no record of work exists for this period! A number of the Staff and a goodly number of senior boys volunteered for forestry work during July and August. Another activity of those now far-off days was the teaching of English to Polish soldiers and officers.

Our interest in the Services increases with every month of war. Some of the Former Pupils have visited us recently and told us of their experiences at Dunkirk and in the Battle of Britain. Mention must be made specially of a visit from Gordon Easton of the R.A.F., who some weeks later came down in France and is now a prisoner in that country. His brother Harley we are sorry to learn is missing; as also are Wellesley Barrie, Jack McPhie and Frank McKinlay. To the many F.P's on service and to the members of the Staff also away—Messrs. A. M. Munro, W. Hamilton, J. Millar, D. Wallace and S. McKechnie—we send Christmas Greetings and wish them the best!

We have heard with very deep regret of the death (as the result of an accident) of Robina W. Hunter, M.A., who was in our Sixth Year five years ago. The memory of her gentle and gracious nature will long remain with her schoolmates and those who taught her.

Changes in the Staff since the Session began include the retirement, after nearly fifty years service in the School, of Miss H. S. Simpson from the position of Sewing Mistress, and the departure of Mr. Alexander, Head of the Art Department, at present acting as Supervisor in Art in the Education Offices. We give a hearty welcome to Miss Macbean and Mr. John Stewart.

who have come in their places. On 4th September occurred the death of Mr. Alex. Stevenson, for many years Principal Mathematical Master in Whitehill and one of her best known and distinguished teachers.

In about a year's time will occur the Jubilee of the School. We hope, if it is at all possible, to make our next issue a Jubilee Number of the Magazine, which at the same time will have reached its own majority. Will friends of the School let us have on loan, as soon as possible, any documents, letters, prospectuses, photographs, etc., which they may have in their possession. We can assure good care and do our best to return them speedily. Please send or address them to the Headmaster.

The following honours have been gained by our pupils:—  
A Glasgow Educational Trust University Bursary of £50 for four years to Arthur Kennedy, a Lanarkshire Educational Trust Bursary (£40 for three years) to James Marshall, and six Senior Bursaries out of the 35 awarded each year by the Glasgow Educational Trust—giving a total value of £270—won by Ann Forsyth, Alex. Simpson, Wm. C. Wright, Ernest G. Fyfe and Violet Bertie.

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#### Miss HELEN S. SIMPSON.

The retirement of Miss Helen S. Simpson brings to an end an association with Whitehill School which must be unique in its length and continuity.

Practically her whole educational life has been associated with this School: first as a pupil in its predecessor, then as pupil teacher and for over forty years as a mistress. In fact her name appears as a pupil teacher on the first page of the log-book of the present Whitehill School.

But while such a record of continuous service is in itself outstanding, it is only one factor in assessing the debt which this School owes to her. In Miss Simpson the School had one to whom its history, tradition and welfare had become almost a passion. In the interests of the School or pupils no demands on her help were ever too extortionate and no labour ever too great.

If any testimonial were needed as to the affection her pupils bore her, one could point to the visits of former pupils who rarely departed before insisting on renewing their friendship with a teacher whose influence on them in their youth they now appreciated and whose gentleness and fairness of mind were still pleasant memories.

Their spoken tributes must be for Miss Simpson some of her most treasured recollections.

Her long association with the School made her on numerous occasions the final arbiter on disputed points dealing with the School's history and the history of former pupils, while her legacy to the School (a collection of class and staff photographs) will be for all time a preserved and treasured possession.

And now that Miss Simpson has officially severed her connection with Whitehill, by staff and pupils, past and present, she will always be remembered as a charming colleague and a delightful friend. Her service to the School was unstinted and her loyalty unbounded.

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#### Mr. JAMES ALEXANDER.

To Mr. Alexander, our Art Master, has come promotion, well and worthily earned. After twelve years in Whitehill as Head of the Art Department, he has been asked to undertake the duty of Supervisor of Art in Glasgow Schools, a post for which we know him to be admirably suited. Artistic gifts, craftsmanship of a very high order, intimate knowledge on the technical side and outstanding ability as a teacher, all combine to make him the right man in the right place.

The pages of our Magazine have shown at each issue his readiness to assist our youthful artists with helpful suggestions, while over and over again the bright posters on the Notice Board have been witness to his genial humour and his artistic skill. His pawky wit, his kindly manner, his tact and his unfailing courtesy have earned for him the esteem and affection of pupils and colleagues alike, and in bidding him good-bye, we wish for him all happiness and success in his new post.



**Mr. JAMES ALEXANDER.**



**Miss HELEN S. SIMPSON.**



**PREFECTS.**

*Standing* (left to right): A. Robertson, D. Storer, H. Hodge, G. Pullan,  
N. Adair, T. Latto, L. Grant.

*Sitting:* W. Sutherland, C. Gilchrist, R. Stewart (Captain), Mr. Weir,  
M. Buchan (Captain), B. Miller, D. Smith.

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Mr. ALEXANDER STEVENSON, M.A., B.Sc.

It is with deepest regret that we have to record the death on 4th September of Mr. Alexander Stevenson, M.A., B.Sc., for many years Principal Teacher of Mathematics in this school. The passing of "Pi" Stevenson, as he was affectionately known to generations of Whitehillians, definitely cuts one of the slender cords which bind the Whitehill of tradition to the Whitehill of to-day. A genial personality, both in the class-room and out of it, he had a host of mannerisms which are recalled wherever and whenever Whitehill pupils of the "Gay Nineties" meet. An enthusiastic golfer, a first-class photographer and a first-rate mathematician, he was nevertheless a man of very retiring disposition and shunned every form of publicity. The intrinsic value of his work as a teacher, however, could not be hidden, and the innumerable successes of his pupils at Gilmorehill and elsewhere brought lasting fame to Whitehill School. It would be impossible to assess just how much of the glory of the old school was due to the Head of the Mathematical Department, but it is certain that he established an extremely high standard for any successor to maintain. His own work, a model of neatness and accuracy, was assiduously emulated both by his staff and by his pupils and in that "sincerest form of flattery" we find the spontaneous recognition of his greatness.

To Mr. Stevenson's relatives we convey our deepest sympathy and the assurance that although he has gone from our midst, his memory will live forever in the hearts of all who know and love the old School.

O optime magistrorum, ave atque vale!



## ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

The following names on our Roll of Honour are additional to those already published. The Roll is still imperfect and we would welcome from you any information you can give of former pupils of the School who are serving in any branch of the Forces.



ALEXANDER, Robert, Royal Air Force.  
BARRIE, Wellesley, Royal Air Force.  
BLACK, Andrew.  
BLACK, W. G., Royal Artillery.  
BOAL, James, Royal Army Service Corps.  
BRAND, Eric, Royal Air Force.  
BRAND, Robert A., Anti-Tank Corps.  
BROWN, D. H., Royal Army Medical Corps.  
BROWNE, John, Infantry Training Coy.  
CAMPBELL, Duncan, Cameron Highlanders.  
CAMPBELL, John, Royal Artillery.  
CARSLAW, Royal Navy.  
CRAWFORD, Donald, Royal Artillery.  
CRESSWELL, John, Royal Artillery.  
CUNNINGHAM, John, Royal Artillery.  
CURWEN, George, Royal Navy.  
DOW, Alex., Argyll & Suth. Highlanders.  
DOYLE, John A., Royal Air Force.  
DUNCAN, Andrew, Royal Army Ord. Corps.  
DUNCAN, Thomas, Royal Air Force.  
EVANS, D. K., Royal Artillery.  
EWING, William, Royal Artillery.  
FERGUSON, J., Royal Army Service Corps.  
FLOYD, Peter, Scots Guards.  
FROOD, Thomas B., Royal Army Ord. Corps.  
GIBSON, Ian, Royal Artillery.  
GILCHRIST, Bernard, Merchant Navy.  
GORDON, A., Royal Army Ordnance Corps.  
GRANT, George, Royal Artillery.  
GUTHRIE, Alexander, Royal Engineers.  
HALLEY, Charles.  
HART, David, Royal Air Force.  
HAY, John, Cameron Highlanders.  
HENDRY, John, Royal Air Force.  
HENNELL, Charles, Royal Artillery.  
HOWIESON, Robert, Royal Artillery.  
HUTCHISON, John, Royal Air Force.  
KENNEDY, John S., Royal Corps of Signals.  
LIGGAT, John, Royal Artillery.  
LORIMER, John, Royal Artillery.  
McCARTHY, Robert, High. Light Infantry.  
M'COLL, Archibald, Glasgow Highlanders.  
McDONALD, Donald, Royal Artillery.  
McDOUGALL, Ronnie, R. Corps of Signals.  
MACFIE, Jack, Royal Air Force.  
M'GUIRE, John, Royal Artillery.  
M'HOUL, Ian, Scots Guards.  
MACFARLANE, James, R.A.M. Corps.  
MACKAY, Colin, Royal Air Force.  
MACKAY, John, Royal Air Force.  
MACMILLAN, Hector, The Black Watch.  
MATTHEWS, Alfred, Royal Artillery.  
MOLLOY, Eric, Royal Artillery.  
MUNRO, David, Pay Corps.  
MURPHY, Thomas, Royal Navy.  
ORR, Alastair G., A. & S. Highlanders.  
POSNETT, W. A., Scottish Rifles.  
QUEEN, Peter, Royal Army Ordnance Corps.  
RENWICK, Allan, Royal Engineers.  
SCOTLAND, James, Heavy Artillery.  
SCOTT, Arthur, Royal Artillery.  
SHANKS, Robert.  
STARK, J. B., Royal Navy.  
STEWART, George, Royal Air Force.  
STEWART, Stanley O., High. Light Infantry.  
STRUTHERS, James, Surgeon, Royal Navy.  
SWINTON, D., Royal Army Service Corps.  
TAIT, James, Royal Artillery.  
TAIT, Murdoch, Fleet Air Arm.  
TEMPLE, Alexander, Royal Air Force.  
TODD, William, Royal Air Force.  
WEST, John, Royal Engineers.  
WILLIAMS, David, Royal Artillery.  
WILSON, Thomas M. F., Fleet Air Arm.  
WILSON, James, Cameron Highlanders.

### STAFF.

CAMPBELL, Malcolm (Mod. Languages), Royal Artillery.  
DALRYMPLE, Robert (Gym.), The Black Watch.  
HAMILTON, William (Art), Highland Light Infantry.  
M'KECHNIE, Stewart (English), Royal Navy.  
MILLAR, James (Maths.), Royal Artillery.  
MUNRO, Archibald M. (English), King's Own Scottish Borderers.  
WALLACE, David (Maths.), Searchlight Regiment, R.A.

## TO A MOUSE.

Ye cheeky, scurryin' theivin' beastie,  
O' my maths. ex. you've made a feastie,  
I'll clip ye ower the heid fu' hastie,  
Wi' murderin' bootie.  
Wi' bits o' wood and gymn-shoes paste ye,  
Ye squeakin' clootie.

Thy close-lined hoose o' rags and paper,  
Has cost thee many a midnight caper,  
Ye would hae ruined a very draper  
Wi' teeth and claws.  
But I will stop ye noo, ye japer  
Within these wa's.

If thou stayest there a moment later,  
Thou't never more see thy dear mater,  
Thou wilt with corpses be a rater,  
A carcass too.  
Thy poor defence did never cater  
To stóp a shoe.

I'll set a trap, o' cheese fu' baited,  
So that some night when thou'rt belated,  
Thy hunger wants to be abated,  
Wi' cheesy treat.  
At early dawn I'll find thee crated—  
Revenge is sweet!

K. C. (IV.).

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## CONSOLATIONS AND HOME TRUTHS.

In Greek I learned how to write alpha and beta,  
In Trig of the cosine and tangent of theta.  
In Science I swotted up sulphur, and carbon,  
Nitrogenous compounds, sulphuric and argon.  
In Latin we tried to read Virgil and Cæsar,  
I'd like to dot Cicero one on the beezer.  
In Fourth Year we started to read Geoffrey Chaucer,  
I wish he'd write English, the silly old josser.  
We're told of equations, proportion and logs,  
They're as clear as November, in one of its fogs.  
We read of Queen Dido and funeral pyres,  
We swot all the tripe we can find, for our Highers.  
But when they are o'er and we're told we have passed (?)  
We're sorry to think that this year is our last.  
Take this piece of advice from an old 'un to new,  
Though known to so many, 'tis practised by few.  
If in lessons you're stuck and you can't understand 'em,  
Let my motto be yours, just say, "NIL DESPERANDUM!"  
LITTLE SOCRATES (V.a).

## FRIAR TUCK.

Robin Hood had a merry band,  
A merry band had he,  
He had a friend, the fat Friar Tuck,  
As fat as man can be.

He measured four feet round the chest,  
And weighed twelve stone or more,  
Each night he had to do his best  
To squeeze right through the door.

He'd wriggle up, he'd wriggle down,  
He'd wriggle round about,  
But after all his vain attempts  
He found he couldn't get out.

When supper time was coming near,  
He could not budge an inch,  
He'd stand beside the roasted deer,  
And some of it would pinch.

One day the sun was shining bright,  
Friar Tuck was feeling good,  
A bumble-bee came after him,  
He cried, "Oh, Robin Hood!"

When Robin Hood came on the scene,  
He nearly had a fit,  
He missed the bee and hit Friar Tuck  
On the place where he did sit.

With his last breath the Friar gasped out  
"I guess I'm going to die,  
Before I go, I'd like to have  
My share of that steak pie."

M. M. (III. 1).

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## THE ONLY FAITHFUL LOVERS.

They cannot speak. Surely you understand,  
A cold nose nuzzling gently 'gainst your hand,  
Just a reminder, lest you might forget  
"I haven't had my lump of sugar yet."  
A touch of velvet paw which says "Oh please,  
"I'm feeling lonely; take me on your knees,"  
Or best of all—the eager soul lit glow  
In faithful eyes "Mistress, I love you so."  
Dumb?—not a whit!—if you can't comprehend  
You're deaf—heart deaf—my most unhappy friend.

V.

## SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

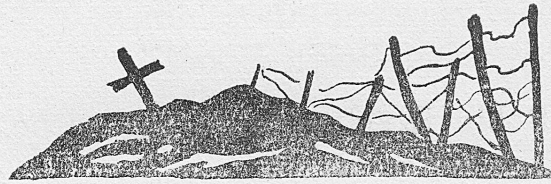
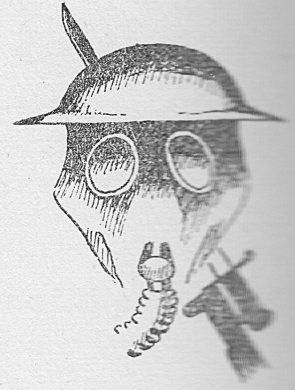
Somewhere in France a man lies dead,  
Curiously twisted and bent—  
Half of his face is shot clean away,  
And blood slowly drips from the rent.

A few feet away from the outflung hand,  
A Bible sticks up in the mud—  
A present from mother before he came,  
Now sticky with his blood.

Already the worms begin their feast,  
Wriggling from out of the ooze—  
While far away in his native land,  
A telegram breaks the news.

Who is this lad who lies so still?  
To what country does he belong?  
It matters nothing,  
He is only one of the wretched throng.

The throng that fell in this game called War,  
A game which we can't comprehend—  
For if man helped his fellow more,  
Then war would have to end.



## WAR TIME BLUES.

This war has been responsible,  
As we can clearly see,  
It's changed daylight into darkness,  
But we are all alee.

We've A.R.P. and W.V.R. and  
Shelters by the score,  
And though lots of them are standing,  
They are building many more.

We've evacuees and refugees,  
Some are here and some are there.  
The Government's "dumfooned,"  
And that we know is rare.

There's classes in and classes "out,"  
Some sit for just an hour;  
While others are at normal times,  
"Frae half-past nine tae four."

But we are worried in Whitehill,  
But not with "rationing o' hams,"  
But just to know if Maister Weir  
Is thinking o' exams.

M. S. (IV.a)

## HAWKS (1940).

In nineteen-forty's autumn fine,  
    When Huns came snooping to the West,  
The gallant Royal Air Force who flew the British sign,  
    Came flying forth to bomb them out of Brest.  
The ports of France were crowded, the quays of France a-hum,  
With thirty thousand barges of Nazis doped with rum;  
For marching time was over and swimming time was come,  
    When Huns came snooping to the West,

'Twas long past dusk of a mild September day,  
    When Huns came snooping to the West,  
They fired the anti-aircraft guns in Quiberon Bay,  
    But the 'planes came buzzing over full of zest.  
Up among the cloud-banks, roaring out of sight,  
Fiercely beat the Blenheims, darkly fell the night;  
But they took the flares for pilot and the searchlight's glare for  
    When Huns came snooping to the West. [light

The Heinkels turned like a covey down the wind  
    When Huns came snooping to the West,  
A dozen crashed down burning, the British pilots grinned,  
    And the dog-fights in the air took the rest.  
The guns that should have conquered us they rusted on the shore;  
The men that would have mastered us they sank to rise no more;  
For Britain was Britain, and a mighty brood she bore  
    When Huns came snooping to the West.

TYPRO (II.5).

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## THE WOOLLY WEST (Modern Version).

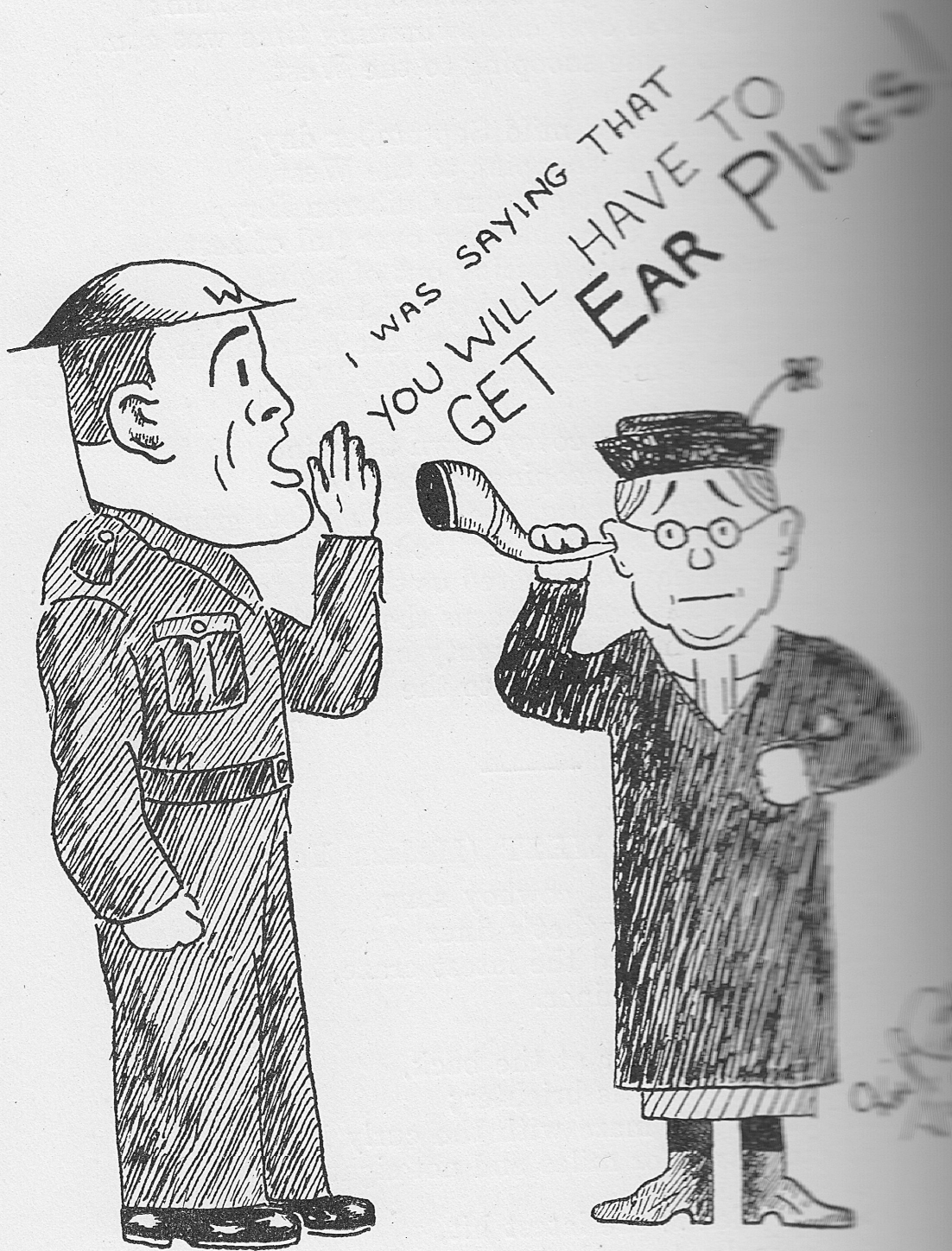
You know the usual cowboy song  
There's not a song that's finer.  
But have you heard the latest craze,  
It's little Morris minor.

With a little trailer at the back,  
Life on the range is brighter;  
And, as for the mare with the curly hair,  
You can travel for miles and not sight her.

One new idea is the latest hit,  
It is, namely, to cycle to town,  
And when pay-day comes round and the boys hit the spree  
The tinkle of bells rings around.

On the great wide range, there's a bicycle parked,  
And besides, there's a lowdown hotel there;  
But the cowboys don't come on their steeds no more,  
They free-wheel down hill on their bykes there.

JOE.



## TAFFIE-TIFFY.

A small man of medium build,  
With fingers thin and long,  
Came to us some months ago  
In charge of music and song.

We took the wee man to our hearts  
And took to him in a jiffy,  
He is beloved by all of us,  
And his name is Taffie-Tiffy.

He has a priceless winning way,  
With a wit that's quick and good,  
And he can keep us in our place  
Irrespective of our mood.

He's always giving notes away,  
Sweet harmony to rend.  
This wee man in charge of music  
And the voices he tries to blend.

Some day, when time shall be no more,  
And we cross the rolling tide,  
I'll bet we'll see our Taffie-Tiffy  
Standing at St. Peter's side.

M. S. (IV.a).

---

## ODE TO THE GLAMOUR BOY.

(In Free Verse—very Free.)

Who is he in the Rugby fifteen,  
Who is the glamour boy, star of the team?  
He is the mighty Monteith, my lads,  
The boy of the moment, he's the goods.  
He is the one who is known far and near,  
A boy of the lumber gang, whose fear  
Is nil. He is the bravest of the brave.  
In the rugby scrum his side he can save,  
But, if he's not playing, then all is lost.  
That strength, run, shot, has cost  
The other teams many a game.  
(Just look at the scores which are always the same).  
Whitehill has triumphed again, I know  
As I come in on the Monday morn  
With hero Monteith on the side to show  
His skill. Be not forlorn,  
The genius James will show you aye,  
That genius of his in the schoolroom by,  
Oh, James! We would be lost without you.

JOE.

## BALLAD TO FREEDOM.

(With apologies to Ballad to Queen Elizabeth.)

The Reich leader has vaunted his claims ;  
He has sworn for a year he would sack us ;  
With an army of fair-headed knaves  
He was coming to torture and rack us ;  
With the edge of his sword he would hack us.  
And shatter our navy of fame ;  
But we had God Freedom to back us,—  
Now where is his army of shame ?

Let his majesty hang to St. James  
The sword that he sharpened to hack us ;  
With his saints and his heathenish names  
He sought like an egg-shell to crack us ;  
To his camps in Berlin he would pack us  
To haul at his pulley and chain ;  
Alas! that his genius should lack us!—  
But where is his army of shame ?

(ENVOY.)

Britannia! the Hun may attack us,  
Whenever his stomach be game ;  
He must reach us before he can hack us, . . .  
Now where is his army of shame ?

E. CLIFTON.

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## EXAMINATIONS.

(With apologies to "The Burial of Sir John Moore.)

Not a sound was heard, save some funeral notes,  
As our pens to and fro did hurry,  
The term examinations were on,  
And we were all of a flurry.

We began our efforts at stroke of nine,  
With a master towering above us,  
Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we ruefully thought of the marks we would dread.

Soon half of our dreaded task was done,  
And soon we'll be retiring,  
We hear the gong—no distant gun,  
Which the foe, Mr. Wilson, is firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid our pens down  
With no hope of fame or great glory.  
The teachers will score out many a line,  
But that is another story.

A. (V.1).



## MUSSO'S SONG.

(With apologies to Yeats.)

I will arise and go now, and go back to Italy,  
And a large fortress build there of steel and concrete made,  
Nine large guns will I have there, far from the Ionian Sea,  
But farther still from the noisy Grecian raids.

And I might have some peace there, even though it comes extra  
slow,

With bombs dropping from the veils of the morning to where  
the cricket used to sing.

Here midnight's all aglimmer as searchlights are all aglow,  
Trying to catch a glimpse of Grecian aircraft's wings.

I will arise and go now for always night and day

I hear the sirens moaning as I run for the nearest door.

While I lie in my shelter, or hide among some hay.

I hear them in the "deep hearts core."

---

## THE MAN OF GERMANY.

There lived a man in Germany,  
And a great fat man was he;  
He had some pals which he called "The Tals,"  
And he went to sail the sea.

He tried to conquer Britain,  
But all of no avail,  
For the British guns spoke loud and fast,  
So he could not help but fail.

His bosom pal was Hitler,  
(Not forgetting Mussoline),  
And himself without his medals,  
Outside was never seen.

The German Air Force it went out,  
To try and bomb our Navy,  
But now they're captured they sizzle with rage,  
Like sausages in gravy.

J. S. (I. 1.).

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## THE TWO TOOTERS.

A tutor who tooted the flute,  
Did tutor two tooters to toot,  
Said the two to the tutor, "tis harder to toot,  
Than to tutor two tooters to toot.

J. McM. (II. 4a).

## THE HAND OF FATE.

With arm half raised and eyes glued on the rearing head of the cobra, he stopped and considered. His keen eyes sought quickly for some way out of the danger, but he realised instantly that he was in a very tough spot. At first there seemed no possible chance of avoiding the threatening reptile, but he was an Old Contemptible and refused to give up. There was one hope. It depended entirely on luck; but he must act quickly, and the gamble had to be taken. Staking everything on fate, he rolled a perfect six with the dice, and moved the counter up the long ladder to win the game.

R. C. (II. 6).

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## TRUE HUMOROUS STORIES.

A boy of six tender years, was asked by his teacher the day after an air-raid, to write a composition about the air-raid. He handed in this (made up of two lines):

“What a nite of boms. Robbie Smith  
And a bloon came down.”

A small boy was asked by his teacher during a history lesson, “And what’s your name, sonny?” to which he replied, “Walter Scott.” The teacher smiled, and asked him if he knew anyone else with the same name. “Yes, sir,” he answered, “my father.”

In a hospital during the last war, lay two wounded tommies, facing one another. By a strange coincidence their names were Cornes and Bunion.

JEAN (II. 3).

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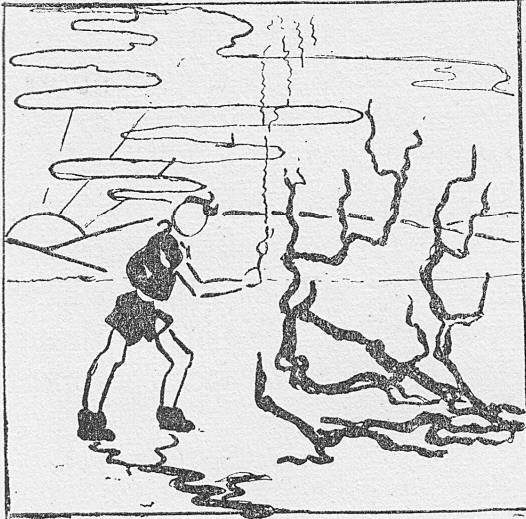
## OOR ADDIE.

Have you heard of painter Adolf from the city of Berlin,  
For the way he carries on is certainly a sin,  
He thinks he has an air force of Junkers 103,  
But when they sight a Spitfire they turn around and flee.

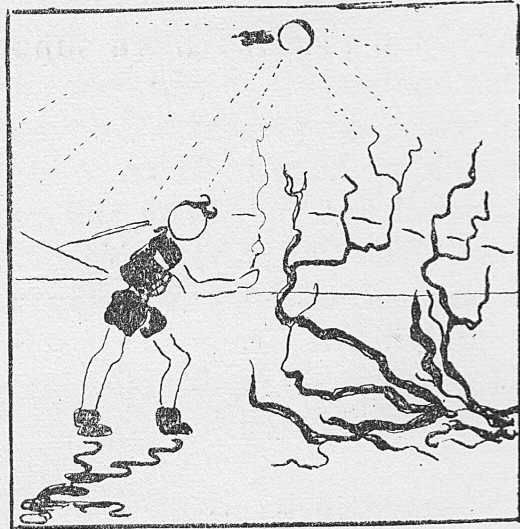
He conquered many countries but made a big mistake,  
When he tried to conquer Britain but finds it hard to take,  
For everytime the sirens moan his knees begin to knock,  
Because the town of Hamburg has fallen on his top.

A. M. (III.).

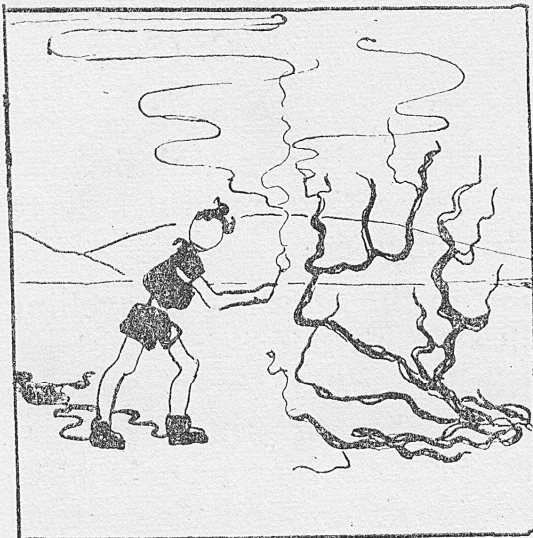
Extract from a letter from the Forestry Camp:  
"Our work here is very interesting and varied.  
For instance we burn branches . . . . .



We burn them in the morning



noon



afternoon



and night

and sometimes for a change we burn our fingers."

# WHITEHILL NOTES

**Rugby Section.** The season started disastrously for the 1st XV., who lost the first four matches. Since then, however, we have received more support from the Upper School, which has enabled us to win four and draw one out of the nine matches played. At present we have a margin of 39 points in our favour, which we hope to increase in the future. The Junior XV., which is small but very keen and good, is giving more than it is receiving. The 2nd XV., which has just been formed, shows signs of being successful. Any boy wishing to play will be able to have a practice at Craighend on a Saturday morning. We must thank H. Carson, Wm. Marshall and A. Lawson for the keen support they have shown.

D. S. (Secy.).

**Football Section.** The First XI. has started to a very good season with five points out of a possible fourteen in the League. They have gained the Third Round of the Shield, defeating St. Aloysius and Eastwood in the previous rounds. The Third XI. has only lost one game in the League, although they were unfortunate to be defeated in the Shield. The Fourth XI.'s have, as usual, their ups and downs, but are doing not too badly.

J. C. (Secy.).

**Literary and Debating Society.** This has assumed a most important position this year, in being the only non-athletic club at present functioning. Two very interesting meetings have already been held, and more are being planned.

The Secretary regrets that owing to the danger of travelling in the black-out and the possibility of air-raids, it has been deemed advisable to hold the meetings, for the time being, at 4.15 p.m. on Fridays. This throws into abeyance the traditional privilege of the Former Pupils, and for this he can only offer apologies and the assurance that air-raids are beyond his control, and when the lighter nights come round the old time will be reverted to.

He desires more offers of speakers to lead in debates, and suggestions for future meetings. Speech-making is not nearly so bad as many imagine. Anyone who wishes to speak would oblige by coming to him or to any member of the Committee.

G. P. (Secy.).



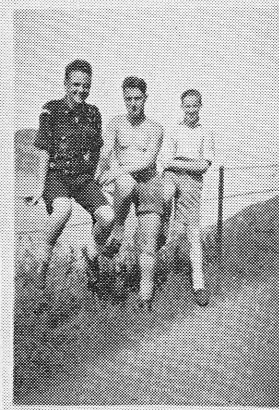
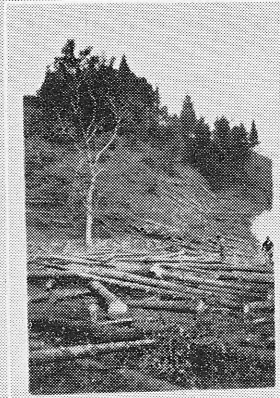
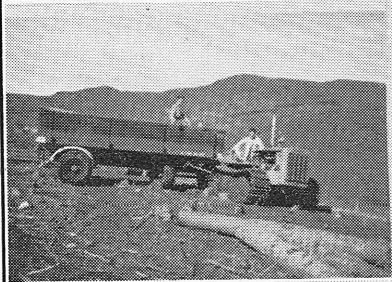
**FOOTBALL.**



**HOCKEY.**



**RUGBY.**



# NATIONAL DUNACH SERVICE

## THE FORESTRY CAMP.

When Mr. Sommerville's clarion "call to arms" came for volunteers for forestry work, twenty-five boys agreed to go in July and another twenty-five agreed to go in August. So on the 1st of July, 1940, twenty-five eager and spirited "huskies" were deposited at the "Schoolhouse," Durach, near Oban. The camp had been erected the day before so that all we had to do was move in and settle down. So we thought. But the only snag was the settling down. The palliasses had not yet been filled and,—well the ground was hard, to say the least of it.

However, the night passed and then came the dawn, (both literally and metaphorically). The first nose to be pushed above the blankets was promptly turned blue and drew back. It was cold. We dressed, and with spirits only slightly damped, we sallied forth to meet and find our day's work.

Two days later we were into the way of things, and, what's more important, liking it tremendously. Soon we became acquainted with the men on the estate and settled down to a month of enjoyable work.

The work entailed: burning, loading, stacking, measuring, cross-cut sawing, sawmill jobs and if one was lucky, a little felling and snedding (cutting off branches of fallen trees). Of those, the burning was the only one which was not enjoyed. The term "burning" takes in a lot of things. For instance, one had to gather branches, tips of trees, etc., pile them into a heap and set fire to it. Then one had to keep this fire under control so that the standing timber did not catch fire as well. In one day a party of boys under Mr. Sommerville cleared four acres of fallen timber in this way, thus enabling the Commission on the estate to send out six thousand logs.

The people who were working on the estate included four students from Edinburgh. Their friendship, or rather friendship with them, was cultivated by all the boys, and intensively so by a certain Mr. S——, who always had to go to the nearby store where they were staying. They were ladies. We were delighted to find too, that an old Whitehillian, to wit "Jock Hamilton," was working on the estate.

So the month was passed, working for our country, doing something ungrudgingly, not only because it was interesting and pleasant, but because it was for Britain. The work was hard; no one who was there can say it was not hard. We worked hard, not because we were "green" and did not realise what we were doing, but because we were proud to be able to answer the appeal that was made, and to answer it well.

Next year we hope to go back again, back into the lovely Scottish scenery, back to the tall whispering pine trees, and there to fight without weapons against the enemy. The wood we cut and cleared is now guarding the entrances to our lochs and rivers, so the products of our work are helping to fight the enemy.

A. S. R. (V.).

## THE PIG OF BERLIN.

When Hitler goes to bed at night,  
He does not think it really right  
That British bombers all so fine  
Should always bomb, from half-past nine.  
He really thinks that it's all right  
When he gives us a real "Blitz" night;  
But then when we give him a night of his own,  
He doesn't lie down like a dead fir cone;  
He runs to his shelter. The coward is he,  
Crying, "Run, boys, run! They are aiming at me!"

J. B. (I. 1).

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## THE MARTYRED CITY.

A beautiful city was Coventry,  
Her people so bright and so gay,  
Till the Huns came across by the thousand,  
And bombed her by night and by day.

The death roll was great on that terrible date,  
When those merciless Nazis came past  
And rained down destruction and terrible hate,  
That the world stood appalled and aghast.

Her churches and houses were shattered,  
But her peoples' morale did not break,  
And at last when the Nazis are beaten,  
Their city anew they will make.

H. L. MacF. (III. 7).

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## THE FOREIGNERS.

We never liked the Germans, Italians or the Japs,  
And always thought that Frenchmen were comic sort of chaps.  
Hitler, Goring, Hess and all are really funny, too,  
When you think of all the curious things that they are apt to do.  
The Italian with his violin, the Frenchman with his wine,  
The Spaniard with his onion, the German with his Rhine,  
Whatever foreigners may say, whatever they may do,  
Won't alter our opinion or change the British view—  
That foreigners of every kind do make an awful row,  
In thinking they can cancel all our ancient British vow.

(III. 7).



## A JUNGLE GRUMBLE.

A leopard with ninety-nine spots,  
Complained, "Half a score would be lots.  
With so many—oh, dear!—  
I am looking, I fear,  
Like a writing-pad covered with blots!"

S. W. (II.).

---

We have a dog his name is Bill,  
At times his deeds are somewhat ill,  
His silky hair is black and white,  
His two brown eyes alert and bright.  
He loves a stone, and adores a bone,  
But he cannot leave a cat alone.

E. K. (I.a.).

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## AN ATTEMPT TO WRITE POETRY.

There is a valley over yonder  
Into which I'm wont to wander  
There to contemplate and ponder  
How to write a poem.  
I think of words and what they mean,  
I think of grass and then of green,  
Then think of the surrounding scene,  
And how to write a poem.  
My pen cannot produce my thoughts,  
The paper's full of blots and jots,  
The lines are bad, the metre's wrong,  
In fact, the whole things much too long.  
The words, themselves, don't seem to rhyme.  
I'll have to try another time.

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## THE JUDGEMENT.

An icy fear had gripped them all,  
They sat as in a trance;  
The black-cloaked figure from his throne  
Surveyed them with a glance.

He looked around, and grimly smiled.  
They trembled, some with fear.  
What was the news, what was their fate,  
To tell to those so dear?

This deadly silence, so profound,  
Contrasted with his barks.  
He cleared his throat, and then read out  
The examination marks.

MILTON (II.5.).

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## THE SPORTSMAN.

I'd love to be a sportsman,  
The champion of Whitehill,  
As well as a learned person  
Like dear old Doctor Squill.  
But my bandie legs they are so short  
And my feet they are so large,  
That when I try to run a race  
I'm like an old, old barge.

I'd like to be a sportsman  
And win the "Powderhall,"  
And run against Goliath,  
The man that was so tall.  
But, alas, my poor wee bandie legs  
Oh, yes, they are so frail,  
I run just like an elephant  
And travel like a snail.

So I've come to this conclusion,  
I cannot run at all,  
Because my feet they are so big  
And my bandie legs so small.  
So I'll learn all my lessons  
And try to be the dux,  
So to keep my brain from shrinking,  
I'll wash my head in Lux.

J. S. (II.4a).

## **"NAE BOTHER."**

Murmured a dear old lady to a member of the Bomb Disposal Squad, "How wonderful you are to tinker about with unexploded bombs at the risk of your life, and how brave!" The hero shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, its nothing mum," said he. "As a matter of fact, I hadn't much to do with the last bomb we handled. It was my pal who took the detonator out; I just sat on the bomb to keep it steady."

S. W. (II).

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## **A CLEVER WEE MOUSE.**

Old Mr. Mouse and old Mrs. Mouse, and old Mr. Mouse's old mother, young Master Mouse and little Miss Mouse, and little Miss Mouse's wee brother, all went out one day to have tea in the hay. A cloth on the grass they spread and took from a basket some milk in a flasket, some apples, some cheese and some bread. They soon did appease their hunger with cheese, but the flasket they could not uncork. "Oh! how thirsty I am," cried out the Mama, and the others all echoed her wail. Then little wee brother said, "I'll tell you what Mother, I'll pull the cork out with my tail." He not only said it, but cleverly did it, this little wee thing of a mouse. They drank his health in the sweetest of milk, and scampered off home to their house.

E. M. W. (III. 7).

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## **THE DREAM VALLEY.**

Let me go back to the valley,  
Where at the break of dawn  
The sun sheds forth its golden rays  
Into the golden morn.

Let me go back to the valley,  
Where the yellow cowslips grow,  
Where the tall grass sways in the scented breeze,  
And the silver birch leans low.

Let me go back to the valley,  
Where the blackbird builds her nest,  
Where the cattle graze 'neath the grey blue skies,  
And the sun sets red in the west.

Let me go back to the valley,  
Where during the twilight grey,  
The moon creeps over the silent hills,  
All aglow in her silver ray.

W. E. (II. 6).