

Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 44

Christmas, 1941

EDITORIAL.

You will immediately be aware that we have made some modifications in the Magazine. These have been forced upon us by War conditions; they are made with reluctance, but the choice was between reducing the Magazine and suspending it. We decided to publish, and take care that the space allotted to pupils' contributions should suffer as little as possible. Actually it has scarcely been reduced at all.

We particularly regret that this cannot be a Jubilee Number. The "New Whitehill School" was opened on November 16, 1891. Unfortunately we must postpone celebration of this anniversary till more propitious times.

This has been a difficult issue to produce. We wish to thank all who have helped us, and especially our Printer, who has battled with unprecedented difficulties.

Four valued members of the Staff have left us during the past term. We can give only the following inadequate extracts from the appreciations received:

Miss M. S. Wallace had a long connection with the School as pupil and teacher. The lasting influence of her quiet mastery of the art of instruction has moulded a generation of pupils who treasure the memory of the years she spent with us. She is now Senior Assistant in Townhead School.

Miss Joyce Moffett. The youngsters would have learned Shakespeare upside down to please her. The senior girls found their film heroines a hollow mockery. The senior boys wished themselves back in the Age of Chivalry to break lances in her honour. To the Staff she was an interested friend and charming companion. She has been seconded to the Voice Production Department of Jordanhill Training College.

Mr James Robertson arrived at Onslow Drive in 1924. His services in the cause of Life Saving brought honour and distinction to Dennistoun, culminating appropriately in the award of the coveted Wilson Memorial Trophy. He has gone to Riverside School.

Mr Howard Garvan, a distinguished former pupil of Whitehill School, and intimately associated at one time or another with all its activities, has given yeoman service to the fostering of that esprit de corps which characterises Whitehill. To his indefatigable energy as Secretary the Whitehill Dinner Club owes

its origin and success, and his many friends in the Club will be delighted to hear of his promotion to Craigton School as Second Master.

We shall miss these ladies and gentlemen, but we rejoice in their advancement. To them all we say, Good luck, and may joy be with you.

One happy intimation remains. The close association between the School and its F.P.'s is again demonstrated by the acceptance by Mr Alexander Fraser, M.C., of the Trusteeship of the Playing Fields Fund. Although busily occupied with business interests, Mr Fraser has always found time to spare for School activities, and he is a past President of the Dinner Club. We are glad to welcome a Trustee who so completely commands our confidence.

Finally, we cordially wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

JOHN W. KERR, Esq., M.C., M.A.

By the passing of Mr. John W. Kerr the School has lost one of the most esteemed and beloved members who have ever been on the Staff.

Until his promotion as Second Master in Dowanhill School, Mr. Kerr acted as Master of Music, and never was a post so adequately and efficiently filled. A born teacher, he was ideally suited for the important role he was called upon to fill in the organisation of the School. The popularity and success of the Choirs, the Orchestra, the Sextet Party bore eloquent testimony to his gifts—a charm of manner that endeared him to all his friends, a modesty that masked his power, and a magnetism of personality that exercised a powerful attraction on all who were privileged to experience its influence. His complete devotion to his pupils, whom he imbued with his own enthusiasm for music, made him oblivious of the sacrifices he so generously made on their behalf and placed the School under a deep and abiding debt. He carved for himself a special niche in the annals of the School, and as we pay homage to a respected colleague we cherish the memory of a dear and devoted friend.

To Mrs. Kerr and her son Ian and to the other members of the household we tender our sincere sympathy in their great loss.

R. M. W.

ARCHIBALD W. HUNTER, D.F.M.

We are delighted to record the news that Flight-Sergeant Archibald W. Hunter, who left Whitehill in 1933, has been awarded the D.F.M. The details are obscure because he himself does not say anything about it, but from another airman it has been learned that he was stationed at Malta, and one night, immediately after being wounded in a crash he volunteered to travel as navigator in another plane. In spite of very heavy A.A. fire and a concentration of searchlights he succeeded in his mission and got his plane back.

WHITEHILL SCHOOL—1891—1941.

"Whitehill School was opened on the 16th November, 1891, as a school for both Boys and Girls"—so reads an early school prospectus. Be it recorded that the Dennistonian grasped this opportunity for acquiring Higher Education, and before many years had passed Whitehill had gained an academic reputation second to none in Glasgow.

The original building has survived the ravages of time, but its sentimental value now far exceeds its practical value for education. Built in an era when a certain austerity was considered beneficial, luxury in furnishing had been discouraged, so that when "temporary" improvisations had been introduced to cope with an increasing roll, any modicum of comfort was extinguished. The change from gas to electricity has not been an unmixed blessing. The veterans can re-visualise the flickering glimmer of the gas jets which gave the class-rooms a Miltonic atmosphere of "No light, but rather darkness visible." To-day the position is reversed, and the blackboards are rendered invisible by light, the only pupils having an unobstructed view of them being those outside the range of vision.

One could amplify the list of imperfections, but fortunately the spirit which has permeated this relic of the gay 'nineties has risen superior to the material drawbacks. Half a century ago intellectual giants established a tradition, and succeeding generations have emulated their triumphs. Direct comparison cannot be made inasmuch as the whole social fabric has undergone radical changes, many of which impinge upon the scope and purpose of education. The teacher is charged with duties which would have appeared visionary if not actually fantastic to his predecessor, whilst the pupil has outside interests and distractions unknown to an earlier generation. The amazing feature of the modern Whitehill is the high standard of book learning reached by so many pupils despite the counter attractions of their world.

Of the changes in school organisation perhaps the most important and regrettable was the discontinuation of the Infant Department—the cradle of so many brilliant scholars. Perhaps that is the only spiritual difference between the Whitehill of to-day and the Whitehill of 50 years ago.

Like all other famous schools, Whitehill owes its prosperity to the wise guidance of its Head Masters, to the competence and devotion of their staffs, to the assiduity of the pupils, and last, but by no means least, to the intelligent understanding of the parents, without whose goodwill and interest the most conscientious efforts of the others would have been ineffectual. That it has weathered the vicissitudes of 50 years is the best earnest of its future prosperity, and it is fairly safe to predict that when the clouds of war roll away, a new school with the old spirit will rise from the ashes to bear the proud motto, "Altiora Peto."

J. E. CAMPBELL.

BEWARE.

Old Satan womankind did plan
To be the bane and plague of man,
And woman since the world began
Hath been so.

For be she more than common fair,
She is but Satan's mightiest snare;
Wherefore, then, her wiles beware—
They bring us woe.

Therefore, who'd lead a quiet life,
Unmarred by turmoil, care, and strife,
Avoid that dreadful thing called wife—
She'll plague you.

POPE (V.2).

RIDDLE-MEE-REE.

My first is in river but not in stream,
My second's in milk but not in cream,
My third is in clever but not in wise,
My fourth is in tumble but not in rise,
My fifth is in stove-pipe but not in heat,
My sixth is in sugar but not in sweet,
My seventh's in pay but not in tip;
My whole is a very famous old ship.

G. S. (II.2).

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MY WISH.

I wish I had an apple,
To keep me fit and well;
But—not to-day!
For (sad to say)
The shops have none to sell.
They'll come again, however—
I surely can't be wrong—
And some fine day
They'll come my way—
I hope it won't be long!

M. M. (I.16).

WELCOME TO A SOLDIER.

Polish up the windows,
Make them clean and bright,
Hang the crisp new curtains,
See the folds are right.
Give a final dusting
To the spotless hall,
In the crystal vases
Place the iris tall.
Peep into the larder,
Everything all right;
Then into the mirror,
Goodness, what a sight!
Now everything is ready,
My heart is beating fast.
Hark! The sound of footsteps—
My soldier's home at last!

A. H. (I.16).

HOME READERS

(If you can get them).

The Phantom Wing—By I. C. Spooks.
Stalky and Co.—By Wood N. Legge.
The Invisible Man—By Esau Nought.
Just So Stories—By Knotso True.
Some Animal Stories—By L. E. Phant.
Pirates of the Air—By Upp A. Kye.
How Horatius kept the Bridge—By
Itsa Sinch.
Sea Fever—By Haddie Spots.
The Twins—By Esau Double.
The Torch of Life—By C. Howit Burns.

G. S. (II.2).

THE JEWEL CASE.

First Prize for Profundity of Reflection to Form IV. for this one:

“There is no doubt Bovril is good for your health, but it would hardly save a person’s life when he is in a state of death.”

* * * *

Yet another Hamlet theory, from Form V.:

“Claudius was Hamlet’s mother’s wife.”

* * * *

Topical Touch:

Teacher: Who are the opposing forces in “Hohenlinden?”

General consensus said, “British and French,” but not one lad, who maintained that the British were fighting the Russians. Appealed to for documentary evidence, he triumphantly quoted, “Far flashed the RED artillery!”

* * * *

Teacher: What part of China belongs to Britain?

Third Year pundit: French Indo-China.

He’s not going to let Hitler have it all his own way in re-making the map.

* * * *

The same genius announced that he would expect to get camphor “Due East of Hong Kong.”

With rod, line, or net?

* * * *

Form II. at Latin:

Homo es: You are from home.

She certainly was out.

* * * *

Sensational revelation in Form IV.:

Question: What was Savonarola’s ultimate fate?

Answer: Death.

* * * *

Speaker at the Literary Society illustrating the ignorance of some people:

The Russian generals did not know how many fingers they had on each foot.

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(J. FOLEY)

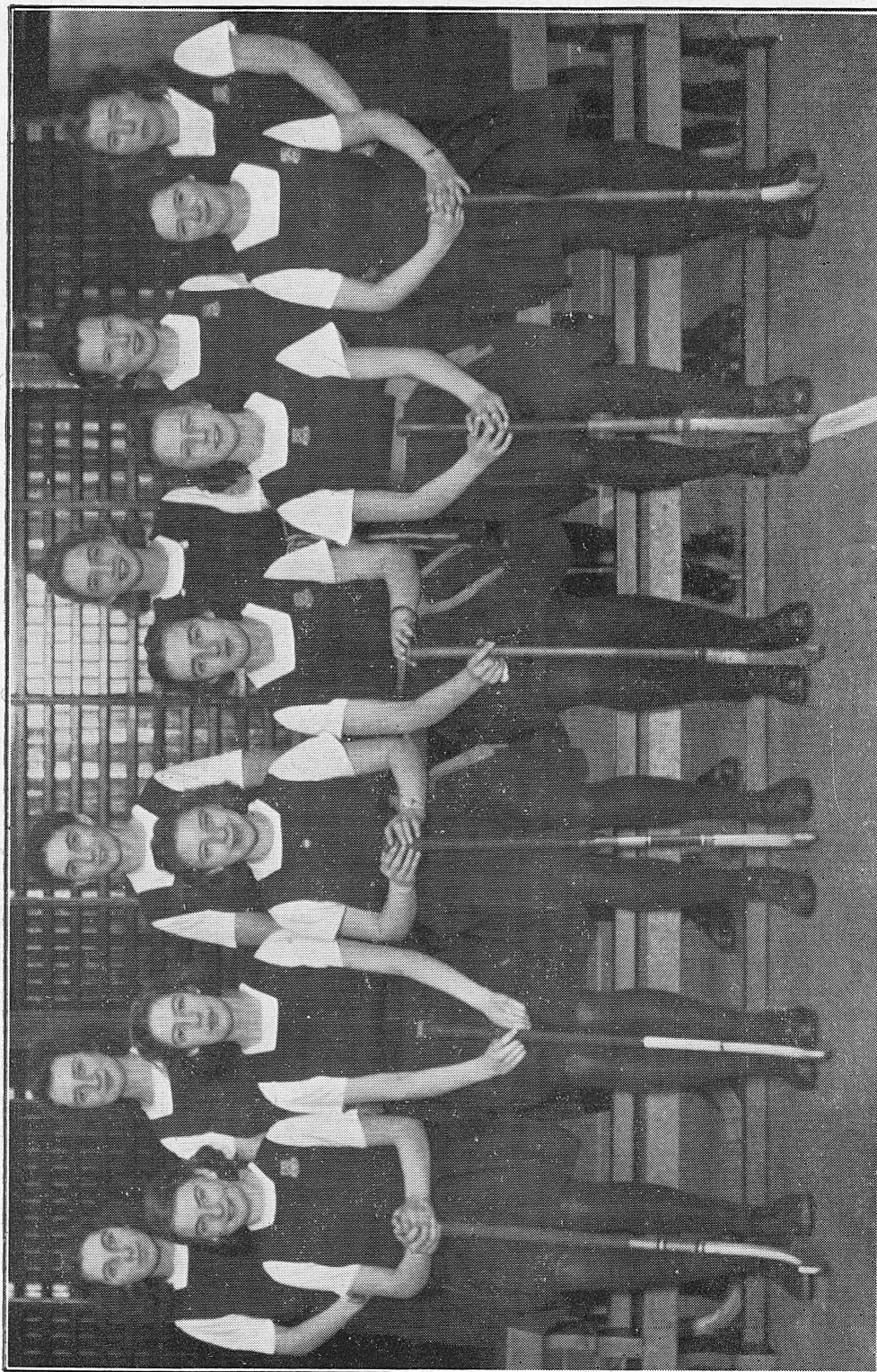
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PREFECTS.

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Front Row: John Barker, Elizabeth Miller, Wm. Fullerton, Mr. Weir, Helen Hodge, Robert Pirrie, Netta Adair.



HOCKEY FIRST XI.

Back Row: N. McKechnie, O. Hay, K. Currie, E. Miller, C. Marshall, R. Mackay.
Front Row: R. Condie, K. Johnston, D. Watson, N. Adair, M. Winning, J. Drummond.

THE HILL—HIS HEIGHT.

Our labours on Kilmun Hill were conducted in that rarified atmosphere experienced only at great altitudes. Owing to the total absence of oxygen, oxygen-apparatus was useless and was not used.

Even at such altitudes we contrived to boil water, and so had the drink of tea so necessary to soften the lunch sandwiches.

We were, of course, far above the Snow Line, as was clearly proved by our observing no trace of snow, because it was snow there. Also, although the Scottish migratory birds are known to maintain their flight many miles above the ground, we had far exceeded the height of their tracks, for though it was July we saw no such birds, so that their high route lay far below us.

On clear days we could see the northern arretes on Ailsa Craig and the massif of Knock Hill at Largs, and easily in the far southern horizon could be made out the blue towering uplands which we judged rightly to be the Pyrenees and Cantabrians; while far in the Silver West beyond Dunoon appeared the peaks and passes known to every schoolboy—Yellow Head, Kicking Horse, and the majestic Rockies, their cols and nunataks glistening in the sun.

On several occasions members of our Scientific Staff examined the diameter of the sun with their opera-glasses and noted that it was larger by .000763 centimeters. This could only be accounted for by our being so much nearer to her than the planets below.

We made the ascent daily, and the hardier youths twice daily, but they made the descent much oftener than that.

On one occasion, a remarkably clear day, Jonathan King, very soon after we had commenced work, awoke me about 11.30, saying, "Do come and see a remarkable phenomenon in the eastern sky. Something is floating in the upper ether, and I visit not what it is." I willingly accompanied the sweet child, and distinctly saw a huge black shape suspended in mid-air. Jonathan, poor boob, thought it was a balloon, not realising that the highest balloon of our barrage must be miles below even when we commenced our ascent near the sea. The explanation came swiftly to me. I recognised it at once as the Coffin of Mahomet, which, as the Koran informs us, is suspended exactly mid-way between Heaven and earth. We could distinctly see the toes and lineaments of the Prophet, and read the name and office of the undertaker. I must say in fairness that it was hanging a little below us.

A final and conclusive indication of height. On divers occasions I had noticed several of our more handsome boys while working on the highest ridge talking and chatting to several lovely-looking girls. When I approached I found, as I suspected, that our boys were receiving approaches not from girls—but from angels.

THE BRAINGLESS TRUST.

I was recently granted a privilege never before to my knowledge accorded to a representative of the Press—I was permitted to be in the studio while the Brainless Trust staggered the listening millions with their uncanny information on all questions.

I looked round the table. Question Master Robert Cameron sat flicking through the question papers, an anticipatory smirk playing round the corners of his mouth. To his left was Major Sargent, fingering his prism-like glasses and limbering up with an occasional "Hic, haec, hoc" sotto voce. Next to him was the redoubtable Professor Plum, rotund, rubicund, cherubic, mischievous. He was spoiling for a fight, frequently drawing an impressive dial—or, as he would say, chronometer—from his poke and muttering dark hints about punctuality. He kept a wary eye on his sworn foe, Dr. Diedrich Pouledurstig, who sat austere drumming with his fingers on the table, lips pursed. The guests were Brigadier Bullseye, darting his gimlet gaze at each in turn, and MacKissack of MacKassock, who surveyed the company with the consciousness of superiority native to the true Highland gentleman.

The Question Master had been introducing the Trust while I looked round, and he now announced the first question: "It comes from a school teacher whose signature is illegible. He wants to know, 'If so, why not, and do you really?' Plum?"

P.—I wish to draw a distinction if I may. This question is in reality not one question but three questions. I am most concerned with the third, tertium, from which you will find the first, primum, and even the second, secundum, follow. MACKISSACK, are you attending?

M.—I am not. The whole thing is absurd. How can the first come after the third?

(Here the Question Master reproved the delinquent by informing him that if he did not attend he would be put out of the Trust altogether.)

S.—When I was in Lancashire—

P.—My authority is Ovid, quoted by Homer in the Epistles, who says, "The first shall be last . . ."

D. P.—But surely not. I agree entirely with Sargent.

S.—When I was in Yorkshire—

B.—Tommyrot. It's a matter of simple arithmetic.

P.—My caput is sanguineum, but—

D. P.—I still disagree. What the questioner really wants to know is who has, that is to say, *wer hat*—

S.—Gie's *wer hat*.

P.—The gallant Major is talking through it.

Q. M.—There you are, listeners. I am sure you will agree that the Brainless Trust has surpassed itself in failing to answer this question. See, Sargent, what do you mean by eating in class? Did you have no meat ration to-day? I'm getting about tired of this. We will now pass on to the next question, from an

ardent listener who has been deaf for ten years. He wants to know, "What is a horse, why has it a tail, and why does it not have false teeth?"

B.—I can tell you that. A horse is an animal with four legs, one at each corner, something like a dog, only different. There are several types of horses—race horses, cart horses, and clothes horses, which are different from other horses because they wear number nine in shoes instead of fourteens like other horses. The tail is to keep the flies from the blacksmith's head when he is shoeing it—the horse, I mean, not his head. I don't know about the teeth.

D. P.—Well, you know the old saying, "Never look in a horse's mouth, 'cos he might bite." It is well established that most people heed the warning. Consequently the chief horse, Horse Power, the only horse which scientists have so far failed to isolate, decreed that horses must not wear false teeth.

S.—I don't get it.

Q. M.—Yes, well, I think that is now quite clear. I must congratulate the Brainless Trust on being so unbelievably brainless. The next question comes from a lady who signs herself "Granny." She wants to know the source of the quotation, "Mary had a little lamb."

B.—"That's not the correct quotation. It's—I forget exactly—"Little Mary . . ."

S.—I once met a girl called Mary when I was in—

M.—The name is not Mary, but Maire. My girl.

D. P.—Au contraire. Mary, Mary, quite contrary.

P.—She couldn't have been a little lamb. Your Mary's wrong.

M.—But Maire's right. Quite all right.

B.—I've got it now. "Little Mary had a little lamb."

S.—It sounds like indigestion to me.

P.—De gustibus.

D. P.—Not at all.

P.—But according to Horace—

D. P.—You can't understand Horace. Only Winnie can do that.

S.—When I was in Poona—

D. P.—Poona what?

B.—Pun' o' lamb.

M.—You mean mutton.

D. P.—Revenons a nos moutons.

But an announcer came in and reported that the transmitting apparatus had not been working for half-an-hour owing to a technical hitch, and the session broke up in disorder.

W. B. (V.1)—(He could) "Resolve by sines and tangents strait
If bread or butter wanted weight."—
Butler.

WHITEHILL NOTES

The Library. Once again the Library is in full swing, being open twice a week for a while during the lunch hour. It is being well patronised.

The Literary and Debating Society. The meetings so far held promise an excellent season from both a literary and a debating point of view. Meetings will be fortnightly, except at examinations. All pupils of IV., V., and VI. are cordially invited. Watch the notice boards for details.

Rugby. The first XV., with little to show so far, are unabashed, and confident that the second half of the season will bring them better results. The Junior XV. have done well, losing only two games. The Second XV. would like more fixtures. Their form is good.

Football. The first XI. have won their last four games, and their victims include the top team of the League. They are also in the second round of the Shield Competition. The Intermediate team, though to the small side compared with some of their opponents, are in the right half of the table. The Elementary section stand an excellent chance of winning the Shield. They are at present high and dry at the top of the League, and are undefeated.

Hockey. After a season of reduced activity, hockey has returned to a more normal state. Practice games are played at Craigend every Saturday morning, and in the few matches which have been played the girls have acquitted themselves creditably.

Gardening. The crop last year was not so large as we at first hoped, but profiting by experience, our tillers of the soil have got further forward with the work this year, and are now ready for action when the planting season comes.

Music. The violinists' classes are continuing under Mr. Norman MacLeod, A.R.C.M., L.R.A.M., L.C.V., and they will be very valuable to the orchestra when it resumes. It is intended to make a start at an early date.

T. K. (V.1)—“Tom is a person of honour so nice.”—Swift.

A. S. (V.1)—“It is not half so innocent a thing as it looks.”—Dickens.



FOOTBALL FIRST XI.

Back Row: J. Barker, I. Buchan, J. Barrie, D. Hutcheson, A. McDiarmid,
N. Smith, R. Duncan.

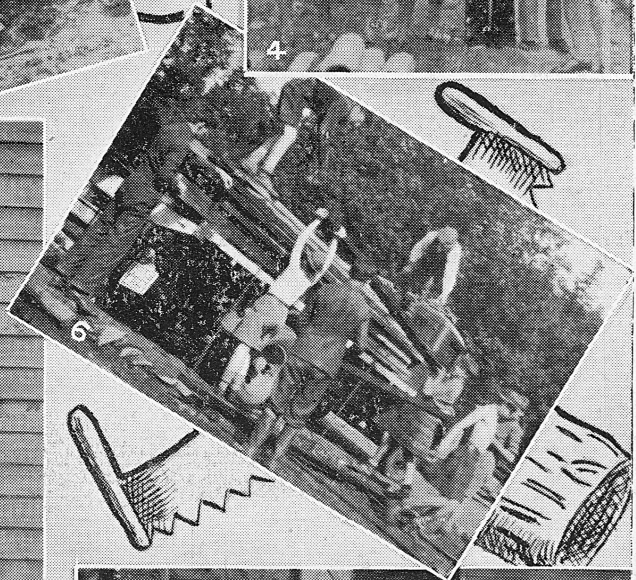
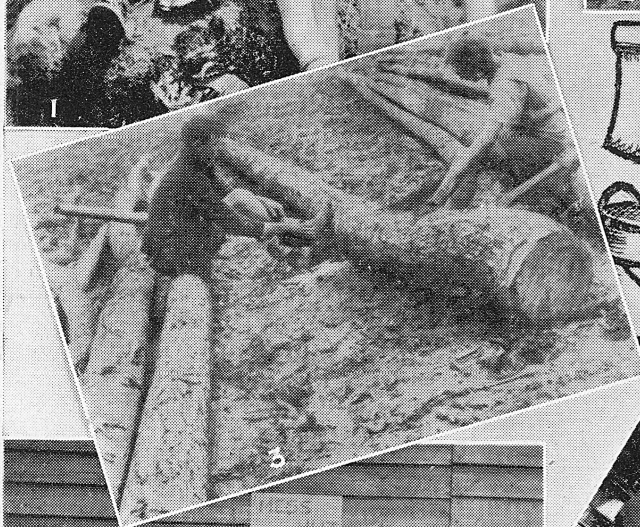
Front Row: A. Blair, W. Fullerton, Mr. McLachlan, G. Alexander, J.
Mackay, J. McKerrow.



RUGBY FIRST XV.

Back Row: J. Leitch, T. McAllister, I. Law, G. White, J. Hunter, T.
Kennedy, I. Couper.

Front Row: T. Kearsley, A. McNaught, D. Nimmo, A. Simpson, G. Milne,
J. Brown, A. Hay, C. Crawford.



KILMUN.

July-August, 1941.

1. "Stout fellas."
3. "Cross cutters."
5. "The mess coming out."

2. "Altiora . . ."
4. "Just humans."
6. "Take a load of this."
7. "Sun worship."

ECHOES OF THE FOREST.

"It ain't gonna rain no more."—Ancient Fallacy.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods" (?).—Byron.

"To the woods and bring your knitting."—Prentice.

We had to work on a hillside at varying heights up to a thousand feet above sea level. The work generally consisted of ramping, and loading lorries in the lower yard; cross-cutting, stacking, and chuting in the upper yard; and the stacking and burning of brushwood on the upper slopes—this last location being popular on account of the freedom from midges and the (comparative) freedom from mud. In August there was also some pleasant work at Puck's Glen Sawmill; while, in spite of exhortations and imprecations, the officials declared themselves thoroughly pleased with all branches of our work.

Most of the time was spent in the upper yard sawing "sticks" 30 to 60 feet long. The only amusement was the study of the teachers, or still life. But "up the hill" in good weather we had an unbroken view of the Firth as far as Ailsa Craig, and the exhibition of shipping beneath us afforded a source of argument which became an essential feature of camp life.

Conditions in the actual camp were surprisingly pleasant. The Kilmun ladies did handsomely by us in July, rising to their supreme heights in plum pudding—or was it black pudding? The lady teachers who followed them produced some novelties of their own, but on the whole the effects of the two regimes were similar.

In bad weather the majority of us withdrew to our "flea-bags" immediately after dinner, some writing, some reading, others playing chess, or (more frequently) stowing away bread, scones, cakes, and any other available edibles. In good weather, however, there were bikes to be seen to, bakers' shops to be patronised, letters to be posted, and the river to be swum. Two of our boys on one occasion were so enthusiastic that they plunged in fully dressed in an attempt to navigate a floating cable drum.

The camp concerts were highlights, the most outstanding items being the male voice quartette (Messrs. McLean, Brown, Somerville, and Meikle), Mr. Meikle's choirs, Mr. Kayser's impressions of a classical pianist (enjoyed especially by the "swing-fans"), and above all the teachers' presentation of "Macbeth" (adapted).

At the close of the holiday a few boys remained behind to tidy up, and "Granny" Foster and "Aunt" Joyce waited to "kiss the boys good-bye." Unfortunately Miss Murray had departed a few days earlier.

We are glad to express here our gratitude to all the teachers who did so much for the camp—Mr. Somerville and the other men who organised it and worked with us, and the ladies who gave up their holiday to make camp a home. Kilmun can be written down as a definite success.

N. T. and J. M. W.

ALL PALS TOGETHER.

Mary's in the A.T.S.,
And Jean has joined the Wrens.
Marjorie and Elizabeth
Prefer the Home Defence.
George is in the Air Force,
Jack prefers the sea;
Tommy's in the Training Corps,
Jim likes the A.R.P.
They all are helping in this war,
And, neighbour, so must you;
So wherever you go, whatever you do,
Remember the Red, White and Blue.

NOM DE PLUME (II.8).

WORD WANGLES I.

I am a fish of letters five.
Now, rearrange these and you'll find
That you have portions, also snares,
And then a strip with which you bind.

G. S. (II.2).

E. M. (VI.)—"This nymph, to the destruction of mankind."—
Pope.

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DETENTION.

The teacher had worried and fretted,
His face had been dark with a frown;
The boys had been right when they betted
That his plan was to nail Jackie Br-wn.
The bell rang, the class all departed,
When his finger to Jackie he wags;
“Er, James—er, Jackie,” he started,
“O, Jack, where d’you get all your fags?”

(III.4).

A GORY TALE.

He plunged his deadly weapon deep,
The blade was red with gore;
He pulled it out with fiendish sweep,
To plunge it in once more.
And then he paused, his grim work done,
And, as in doubt, looked round:
“I beg your pardon, sir,” he said,
“Did you say—half-a-pound?”

HOPEFUL (III.1).

ALLITERATIVE SQUARES.

This puzzle is designed particularly to annoy you. Every word reading across is a six-letter word beginning with “s.” The third vertical column, reading downwards, spells a nine-letter name which should quickly occur to you. Answer on page —.

Clues (across).			1	2	3	4	5	6
1. Flattery,	-	-	1				
2. Plan,	-	-	2				
3. Smother,	-	-	3				
4. Decide,	-	-	4				
5. Fixed,	-	-	5				
6. College,	-	-	6				
7. Buckler,	-	-	7				
8. Morose,	-	-	8				
9. Choose,	-	-	9				

A. McQ. (IV.1).

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REMEMBRANCE DAY.

As we bought our bright red poppies
From the sellers young and old,
They brought to us the memories
Of the men who were so bold—
The men who fought in Flanders fields
Amid those scarlet flowers;
Who died because they would not yield
To cruel tyrannic powers.
The sons of those who fought and fell
Fight now a world-wide fray;
The pealing of the victory bell
Will bring a **new** Remembrance Day.

A. T. (III.3).

THE TOLL OF THE BELL.

(With apologies to Thomas Gray.)

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
A motor-car speeds swiftly o'er the lea;
A pedestrian homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world quite unexpectedly . . .

J. C. (II.3).

CAREERS COUNCIL.

We wish to remind pupils that they should not leave School before they get a situation, and that if they contemplate leaving they should get in touch with a member of the Careers Council, who will be able to help them regarding a position. The Council consists of Mr. Scoular, Mr. Hendry, Miss Bremner, Miss Gordon, and Miss Hood.

V. B. (V.1)—“There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress.”—Addison.

J. McK. (V.2)—“What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave?”—Burns.

A. P. (V.2)—“A sort of inexplicable visitation.”—Smith.

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AUTUMN.

When golden leaves come tumbling through the trees
And scamper madly in the autumn breeze,
When every crevice, ever so remote,
An inmate bears,
And withered particles round corners float
In boisterous pairs;
When sudden showers surprise the wanderer bold,
And purple mists intensify the cold,
When every step sinks deep in sodden ground
And clinging soil,
And puddles make the man on pleasure bound
In haste recoil;
Then autumn in her russet cloak has passed,
And next arrives chill winter's stormy blast;
But ere she goes she takes a fond farewell—
A last embrace—
The few remaining leaves forsake the dell
And end the race.

ARGOSY (V.1).

IF I.

If I can sit and keep my nose from running,
And sigh not for a warmer atmosphere,
If I can think of France—of heat—of sunning—
In classroom number forty-two, right here;
If I can keep my mind upon my lesson
And not upon those freezing pipes so near,
If I can keep the ice from my expression—
Perhaps I'll live to swot another year.

I. C. (IV.3).

IT HAPPENED ONE DAY.

City-dwellers do not often have the opportunity of learning about Nature except from books. However, one summer, when on holiday, my uncle and I were taking the dog for a run on the hills. Suddenly the dog darted forward and stood perfectly still in front a little grey feathery ball. We hurried forward and found a baby owl sitting on the ground. My uncle picked it up and carried it carefully home. It seemed dazed by the light, but what a beautiful little thing it was, with its pale gray feathers and big brown eyes, shaded by long sweeping eye-lashes, that any film star would have envied. We laid it in an open box and put it in the wood-shed where it was dark. When dusk fell we heard the hooting of an owl in the distance, and thinking it might be the mother, we took the baby owl back to a wood near where we found it. It seemed to be on familiar ground, for it fluttered off into the darkness. I often wonder if it got safely home.

J. W. (I.7).

N. S. (V.1)—“Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose.”—Pope.

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VOICES OF SPRING.

It was a morn in May
Spring was in the air;
Overhead so gay
Birds sang without care:
Eager songs poured from their throats
Like cascades of silvery notes;
While the young lambs gambolled
In the fields of green,
Leaped and ran and tumbled
So joyfully serene.
Oh, it was a thrilling sight,
Nature blooming forth so bright.

(I.5).

WORD WANGLES II.

I am a word of nine letters.
My 7, 5, 8, 9 is a story.
My 1, 2, 3 is not old.
My 3, 5, 6, 7, 9 is to destroy.
My 1, 9, 5, 7 is tidy.
My 8, 5, 6, 7 is a shoemaker's tool.
My whole is an English town.
What am I?

G. S. (II.2).

OUR GIRLS.

Leaving factories, homes and flats
With a look so grand,
Going away to join the A.T.S.,
Fighting for our land.
Girls who go to join the W.A.A.F.'s,
Help up in the air,
Working next our loyal R.A.F.'s,
Never think of fear.
W.R.E.N.'s who work beside the boys,
Boys who sail in ships,
Sharing sorrows and their joys
On the great sea trips.
So the girls are working,
Side by side in war;
Nobody is shirking:
Fight, or live no more.

M. S. (II.9).

Solution to puzzle on page —:

- | | | | |
|------------|-----------------------------------|------------|------------|
| 1. Sawder. | 2. Scheme. | 3. Stifle. | 4. Settle. |
| 5. Steady. | 6. School. | 7. Shield. | 8. Sullen. |
| 9. Select. | Third vertical column: Whitehill. | | |

A. I. McD. (V.1)—“Falling asleep in a half-dream.”—Tennyson.

PRIZE



LIST.

Dux of School: Henderson Memorial and War Memorial Prize of £10—
HELEN M. HODGE.

Proxime accessie: War Memorial Prize of £5—ROBERT PIRRIE.

Macfarlane Gamble Memorial Prize of £1—WILLIAM T. FULLERTON.

Dux of Intermediate School—LOUISE PULLAN.

War Memorial Prizes—

English—ROBERT PIRRIE. **Mathematics—**WILLIAM T. FULLERTON.

Science—ROBERT PIRRIE.

Ralph Payne Memorial Prizes in Science—Not known in time for publication.

Crosthwaite Memorial Prizes—

Senior—1 HELEN M. HODGE. 2 ROBERT PIRRIE.

Junior—1 LOUISE PULLAN. 2 DOROTHY W. HUNTER.

Glasgow Corporation Drawing Competition—

Bronze Medal—Joseph Porter, Norma Cobb, John E. Smith.

Commended—Wm. Thomson, Betty Leitch, Alex. Denniston, Mae Harper,
Betty McKay, Louise Pullan, May Sinclair.

Prizes for Artistic Appreciation—Margaret S. Craib, Norman Neilson.

Whitehill School Club Prizes—

Form VI. Boys—WM. FULLERTON. Girls—HELEN HODGE.

Form V. Boys—WM. CARRUTHERS. Girls—VIOLET BERTIE.

Form IV. Boys—WM. HODGINS. Girls—JEAN LOCHORE.

Subject Prizes—		VI.	V.	IV.
English,	R. PIRRIE.	VIOLET BERTIE.	JEAN CAMERON.
History,		WM. CARRUTHERS.	JOSEPH FISHER.
Geography,		GRACE JENKINS.	AGNES FISHER.
Maths.	WM. FULLERTON.	WM. CARRUTHERS.	JEAN LOCHORE.
Latin,	HELEN HODGE.	A. MACDOUGALL.	EDITH PALMER.
Greek,	HELEN HODGE.	JOHN McDONALD.	ALEX. McCracken.
French,		ERNEST FYFE.	MARGT. TAYLOR.
Science,	R. PIRRIE.	WM. CARRUTHERS.	M. MACFARLANE.
Dynamics,		WM. CARRUTHERS.	JEAN LOCHORE.
Art,		JOHN E. SMITH.	DAVID McGUFFIE.
Commerce,		GRACE JENKINS.	MGT. STEVENSON.

Other Leading Awards— III.

	III.	II.	I.
Academic,	... LOUISE PULLAN.	KATHLEEN PRYDE.	E. WOOD (Classical). S. HANDYSIDE (Mod)
Commercial,	... BARBARA ADAMS.	JANE WHITELAW.	JANE McKENZIE.
Technical,	... WM. T. CUTHBERT.	WM. THOMSON.	ALAN BRUCE.
Domestic Science,	...	AGNES TURNBULL.	ALICE HUGHES.
Preparatory,	... W. TEMPLETON.		