

Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 50

Christmas, 1944



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Elizabeth A. McLellan, VI.

PREFECTS:—

James Dingwall, VI.; James B. Duncan, VI.; A. Martin Reid, VI.; Archibald Stewart, VI.; Alan N. Hay, V.; George C. Wylie, V.; Elizabeth S. P. Black, VI.; Rena Gracie, VI.; Dorothy W. Hunter, VI.; A. Margaret McKenzie, VI.; Betty R. Easson, V.; Kathleen M. Pryde, V.

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Vice-Captain:—Andrew T. Ford, IV.

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MAGAZINE:—

Editors:—A. Martin Reid, VI.; Kathleen M. Pryde, V.

Committee:—Duncan M. Lamont, VI.; Marguerita G. Fraser, VI.; James L. Stoker, V.; Betty R. Easson, V.; Elizabeth M. McKenzie, V.; Sheila Handyside, IV.; Joseph Porter, V.; Andrew T. Ford, IV.; Alan N. Hay, V.; Elizabeth S. P. Black, VI.; Jack Pollock, V.

A FOREWORD.

The Magazine has now attained its 50th Number having been started in May, 1920, by Dr. Wm. J. Merry, at that time Principal Teacher of English. Since that date it has been issued twice a year steadily without a break. Dr. Merry, who is now Rector of Hillhead High School, sends us a congratulatory message and the following reminiscence:—

It is a long time since that sparkling first number was issued; and what fun we all had with it! It was a new game to us all—editors, contributors, advertising agents; and everybody enjoyed it. There was much talk of galleys and proofs—we all talked of these, being the only technicalities we knew, and I can recall vividly the thrill with which one of us, I forget which, proudly wrote “stet” in the margin where a wrong correction had been made.

Then there was the trepidation with which we launched on so great expenditure. “Would it pay?” was the common question. We didn’t worry very much, at first at least, whether it would be popular or not. That could wait and did, for when every copy had gone, and they went quickly, then—then—we began to hesitate and shake in our shoes. Were we quite wise to let that indiscretion of Pongo’s go? and what would the Chief say of those verses that Tubby had produced?

Nothing very serious happened. The Magazine written by the girls and boys, edited by them, advertised by them, and with only a wary eye from a senior censor, had live sparkle and abundant fun; and while its brown and yellow jacket later vanished before the present colour with its design by the late Mr. A. L. Jackson, it has in many ways kept something, though it never can recapture all, of the joy of that first number. And the biggest thrill was in reading among ourselves with delighted chuckles those outbursts by the pupils which we had often reluctantly—for what explosions they would have caused—to deposit in the W. P. B.

THE EDITORIAL.

After many weary weeks of toil in their secret, underground, and badly-lit cellar, and after nights of headaches brought on by burning the midnight kilowatts, the staff take pleasure in bringing forth this sixth Christmas Magazine of the war. The nightmare is ended, our labour and anxieties are over, and we can weakly crawl back to bed.

In other words, the Magazine is yours; fit to treasure or to make into pipe spills, as you wish. Now, far be it from us to besmirch these hallowed pages with controversy or complaints; far be it from us to grumble about the poor response to our heart-stricken plea for articles, articles, and yet more articles!! Yet we do feel that greater interest could be taken. We assure you that a good number of articles must still be forthcoming before the editorial table will collapse under the strain. However, we sincerely thank all those who have supported the Magazine staff in their task.

Another series of staff changes falls to be recorded. For Mr. McIsaac and Mr. Wilson, the Janitor, reference has been made in special paragraphs. But we take this chance of sending them Editorial best wishes. These we also convey to Mr. Donaghy who has left to take up a post in Gordon College in Khartum, in the Sudan, and to Miss Macbean, Miss Whyte; Mrs. Frazer, Miss Arthur and Mr. Macdougall, the assistant Janitor. And here is a hearty welcome to Miss Rennie (Needlework), Mr. Scott, a former pupil (English), Miss Frances (Commerce), Miss McCallum (Science), Mr. Donald (Modern Languages), Miss Browning-Cockburn (English), and Mr. Ewart (Physical Training).

We much regret Miss Jaffray's illness and hope that her recovery, though slow, will bring a thorough cure. It is pleasing to report that Miss Wilson is back again after her spell of illness in the autumn.

For two years now, pupils of Whitehill have convened on a Tuesday morning in Rutherford Church. We express our thanks to all those, and especially the ministers, who have done so much to make this experiment an outstanding success. We, in the school, know what a benefit these morning services have been. No doubt the School Choir will be rehearsing enthusiastically for the special Christmas Service.

Before concluding, we wish to thank all those individuals who have helped—or hindered—in the publication of this Magazine; we must mention especially that friend and counsellor of the Committee, Mr. Meikle, who has done so much to make this Christmas Number possible.

Finally, let us once again express that old but aye sincere wish, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to ane an' a'."

THE EDITORS.



Rob

“Bit of a slur on the old School, y’know, John Herbert,
expectin’ us to seek these low thinks.”

Sent by Lieut. R. A. LIGGAT, R.A., now Serving in India.



ROLL OF HONOUR.

We regret to record the following deaths on Service:—

CAMPBELL, JAMES, D.F.C., D.F.M.	IRVINE, JOHN, D.F.C., R.A.F.
CHISHOLM, JOHN.	MACDOUGALL, ALEX. (1934-39), R.A.F.
GUNN, ROBERT (1935-40), R.A.F.	JONES, ADAM McCONNELL, R.A.F.

The following have been listed as Prisoners of War:—

ADAMS, J. A. C., Signals.	BOYCE, JAMES, Scots Guards.
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Latest additions to the number of Former Pupils now on Service:

MEN.

ALEXANDER, ROBERT (1928-34), R.A.F.	McINTOSH, ALEX. (1939-41), R.A.F.
BARRIE, J., R.A.F.	McINTYRE, WILLIAM (1936-39), R.N.
BLACK, W. H. (1934-36), R.A.F.	MACKIE, ALEX. B., R.N.
BOYCE, ADAM, R.A.F.	MacNAUGHT, ALEX. (1939-43), Camerons.
BROWN, ARCHIBALD, R.N.	MARSHALL, DONALD (1937-39), R.N.
BROWN, J., R.N.	MARSHALL, WILLIAM (1935-39), M.N.
BROWN, JOHN D. (1937-43), Black Watch.	MERCER, W. S. (1937-39), U.S. Army.
BROWN, WM. D., R.N.	MILLIGAN, ERNEST (1938-40), R.N.V.R.
CAMERON, GORDON (1936-41), Fleet A.A.	MURDOCH, WILLIAM, Rifle Brigade.
CAMPBELL, IAN (1934-39), R.N.	MURRAY, JAMES S., Fleet Air Arm.
CAMPBELL, IAN C. (1936-41), R.A.F.	PARK, MAXWELL, R.N.
CONNELLY, ROBERT (1936-41), R.N.	PARK, ROBERT, R.N.
COOKE, WILFRED, R.A.F.	POTTER, LEWIS (1935-39), R.A.F.
CRUICKSHANKS, —, D.F.M., R.A.F.	PRESTON, ALAISTER (1937-42), G.S.C.
CURRIE, IAN ((1940-42), R.A.F.	PRICE, JOHN (1940-43), R.N.
DOBBIN, HUGH, 2nd Cameron High.	PURVES, JOHN (1938-39), R.A.F.*
DOBBIN, ROBERT, 7th Cameronians.	RENNIE, GIFFORD (1940-43), M.N.
FALCONER, WILLIAM, R.N.	ROBERTSON, ARCH. H. (1936-38), H.L.I.
FENDER, HUGH (1940-43), R.A.F.	ROCHE, JOHN, R.A.
GORDON, JOHN R. (1934-37), Airborne.	SALMOND, A., R.A.F.
GRANT, JAMES W., R.N.	SALMOND, J., R.N.
HODGKINS, DOUGLAS, R.A.	SIMPSON, ALEX. (1937-43), R.A.C.
KAY, ROBERT M.	STEELE, T., Royal Corps of Signals.
KENNEDY, WM., R.A.S.C.	STEVENSON, K., R.N.
KERR, ANDREW, R.A.F. (Glider Pilot).	STEWART, GEORGE (1937-39), R.N.
KERR, DONALD, R.A.F.	STEWART, JOHN (1937-40), Fleet A.A.
KERR, HENDRY, R.A.O.C.	THAW, ANDREW, R.N.
LAMB, THOMAS, R.A.F.	THOMPSON, IAN (1935-39), R.N.
McDIARMID, ALAN (1938-43), R.N.	WANDS, ROBERT (1934-38), R.N.
McDIARMID, IAN (1936-41), R.A.	WATSON, JAMES (1939-41), R.A.F.

WOMEN.

BISSETT, REBECCA (1935-38), W.A.A.F.*	MacINNES, MAY (1926-34), W.A.A.F.
DONALD, DOROTHY, A.T.S.	MacKECHNIE, SARAH, A.T.S.
DOW, ELSIE (1930-36), W.R.N.S.	MacNAUGHTON, ALICE (1929-35), M.P.
FOX, SYLVIA (1936-38), W.R.N.S.	MURRAY ELIZABETH, W.A.A.F.*
GROUNDWATER, J. (1934-36), W.A.A.F.*	RENTON, ELIZ. M. (1935-38), W.A.A.F.*
KAY, MAIRI (1932-35), A.T.S.	STRATTON, W., Land Army.
MACBETH, MARGT. (1932-34), W.R.N.S.	THOMSON, A. C., W.A.A.F.

* Royal Observer Corps.

REJECTED—WITH THANKS.

By The Sub.

Owing to shortage of space we are compelled to omit several articles, even although their authors may have considered them worthy of publication. To them we tender our most humble apologies.

There are others, however, whose work was excluded for aesthetic reasons. It is for the purpose of giving them a word of sympathy and encouragement in their disappointment, as well as some suggestions for improvement in the future, that we publish this column.

Form I. We are at a loss to understand it. Our office, and waste-paper basket, is crammed full of manuscripts, all emblazoned with the monogram of One, with its new "hope for English Poetry." Alas, there are some among you, who, hurrying through the clangorous halls of Shakespeare, and the green forests of Scott, to your eternal shame pass lightly over Burns, and release the following at an unsuspecting editor:—

A Joint (Not Meat) Effort.

We girls of 1-17,
Always heard and never seen,
In print we long to be,
Because we're proud to say we're free. . . .

Never mind, hen, you've had your wish.

Anon. Why not cut down your output? You wrote too much for this magazine.

J. F., 2-3 writes:—

His name is Dougie Wallace,
The champion of his side . . .
Of the team that comes from Shawfield,
As you know, that's the Clyde.

Tough luck, mate. This would have been published, but, you see, the Editor's a Rangers supporter!

German Teacher. Thank you. We enjoyed it immensely. Next time, though, you might try writing it in English. It does help.

Miss J. McK. Here is another Sitwell from Form One.

"Say it with flowers, say it with sweets,
Say it with kisses, say it with eats,
Say it with jewellery, say it with drink,
But always be careful not to say it with ink."

You said it!

Mabel, 1-17. Your masterpiece about an egg-cup is called "A Useless Article." Hear, hear!!

C.A. Form, 2-5, writes:—

The Swallow.

He swooped from the sky,
Just as I passed by,
And skimmed across the water;
He looked so grand from where I stood,
I watched him, all in rapture. . . .

Do you expect us to swallow this?

Highlander, Form I. I'm very sorry, but your story about the parrot and the minister is a little out of date. As far as we can discover from our reference volumes, the latest version is as follows:—The minister decides to teach a parrot to speak. The bird is sitting quietly in its cage, with its back hunched, and its eyes closed, when the determined clergyman approaches and says, "Hullo, hullo, hullo," for about five minutes. Finally the bird opens one sleepy eye, cocks its head, and snaps out "Sorry. Line engaged!"

But do not despair, contributors; it's all in good part; and—who knows?—some day you may attain the eminence of your Magazine Staff in the literary world.

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Mr. WILLIAM HAMILTON, D.A.

ob. 26th June, 1944.

Non omnis moriar.

With deep regret we record the death of Mr. William Hamilton, Assistant Master in the Department of Art, killed in action on 26th June.

Among the many casualties suffered by the School, none has left us with a more grievous sense of loss. He was one of the younger generation of teachers, standing on the threshold of a career of great promise. A certain boyish gaiety, a charming frankness of manner, and a great capacity for friendship endeared him to one and all. Perhaps his most outstanding quality was his intense earnestness. Having long pondered over the deeper truths of life he had arrived at a strong and abiding faith, rooted in a firm conviction, that enabled him to preserve a spirit calm and serene amidst all the turmoil and horror of war. One had the feeling that in less troublous times he would willingly have exchanged the classroom for pulpit, devoting to the Church those gifts and graces that adorned his career as a teacher. Such was not to be. Death has claimed him even before his prime, but he has left behind him the memory of a young life radiant with hope and an influence pervading and imperishable. His was a short race, well run.

To Mrs. Hamilton we extend our deepest sympathy in her bereavement.

R. M. W.



ABEUNT SENIORES.

Those with memories of the Whitehill of twenty years ago and more will learn with regret of the passing in recent months of some of the best known of our former teachers. It is many years since Miss Elizabeth Fish taught in Whitehill, but she was noted as a teacher of Modern Languages and still more as the first Lady President of the Educational Institute of Scotland. Mr. John Colquhoun, for long on our Mathematical staff, died suddenly last June when he was due to retire from the position of Headmaster of the City Public Senior Secondary School. Finally an old connection with the School ended with the death in August of Mr. Arch. L. Macquistan, who for many years was a teacher of Classics and Second Master under the late Mr. Fergus Smith. All honour to those who gave of their best days to the School and enriched its life with their scholarship, their patience, their discernment, and their high ideals.



Mr. WILLIAM HAMILTON, D.A.



Mr. ALEXANDER WILSON.

[Photo by Lawrie]

Mr. JOHN McISAAC, M.A.

For twenty years he lived among us and taught us, at all times advising and stimulating with the soft, persuasive accents of Argyllshire—never flurried, always active. Pupil and teacher alike will miss his steadying influence and pawky humour. On his promotion to the Second Mastership of Napiershall Street School, his adaptability, energy, and resource will have full scope. During his service in Onslow Drive and Whitehill, these qualities, which came naturally to him, he displayed at all times in the course of his many and varied scholastic duties.

As he leaves us, he enjoys, too, what is given to few pedagogues to experience after a quarter of a century's teaching—youth, mental and physical.

It is with a feeling of loss that we take our farewell and wish him success and happiness in his new post.



Mr. ALEXANDER WILSON.

There will be universal regret when, in a few weeks' time, Mr. Alexander Wilson retires from the post of Janitor which he has filled with such acceptance during the past sixteen years.

To have devoted almost a quarter of his lifetime to the service of the School, and in that time to have secured and retained the esteem and even the affection of a generation of pupils and staff are evidence of qualities of character and personality that are denied to the multitude.

As Bn. Sgt.-Major in the 1st Battalion, the Gordon Highlanders, Mr. Wilson served with distinction in the last war in Gallipoli, Egypt and France, being twice mentioned in despatches. In Hall and Playground his martial figure has commanded respect. Many who have visited his office, beneath the stair, to retrieve lost property and render the pence of forgetfulness will recall the kindly twinkle in the eye that belied the sternness of his admonition. Frank and forthright in his dealings, with a keen sense of duty and honesty of purpose, he has contributed to the School an example of ungrudging service and splendid loyalty.

In bidding him farewell we should be ungracious if we did not tender our sincere thanks, to Mrs. Wilson too for her never-failing courtesy and kindness, her readiness to assist in all our functions, and her lively interest in all the local social activities. We shall miss them both but they retain a niche in our affections and we offer them our heartiest wishes for many years of health, happiness, and prosperity in their retirement. R. M. W.

“ALTIORA PETIMUS. (?)”

A tremble and quiver is felt on the ground,
The air is filled with a horrible sound,
And certain 'tis the gods must shake
And in their glist'ning haloes quake
To see the fearsome mob that comes
Shouting and yelling to burst your ear drums,
Scratching and fighting and tearing like mad,
A sight to make Saint Peter sad—
These dreadful humans striving in vain
With all their might and all their main
Towards a useless, worthless prize
With fearful shrieks and horrid cries,
And, being thwarted, cursing their fate
And shaking their fists in venomous hate
Towards the Superior Beings who say,
With mocking smiles and words so gay,
Expressions calm, serene, and cool,
“I'm sorry, no more, the bus is now full.”

M., V.3.

ODE TAE MARY HULL.

Ah'm jist a common sodger, that comes frae Mary Hull,
Forced tae jine the army, an' do their tirin' drull.
They send me tae a furrin land, faur oot in the East,
We thocht we wir gaun tae Paradise or a harem at least.
Ye've nae idea hoo hot it is an' hoo the desert's sandy.
It's awfu' hard on ma puir legs fur they're a wee bit bandy.
We went tae view thon great big hulls, an' where the auld Sphinx
sits,
But ah've had lots mair fun at hame, eatin' fish an' chips.
We also saw the blue, blue Nile (they say there's nothin' finer),
Ah've seen better doon the Clyde, to wit—the Molendinar.
Ye widna credit plants roon here, they're a' that fu' o' jaggies,
Ah fur ma boyhood days yince mair, at the pondside, catchin'
“baggies”!
They have'ny got a picture hoose or even a wee Palais,
Ah'm jist fed up wi' yon black tarts they're a' that peely-wally.
But soon ah'll be at hame again, wi' the East yince mair out faur,
An' racin' madly doon the road tae catch that auld green caur.

A LASSIE, V.3.

BERRY-PICKING.

The berry-picking, it was grand,
It helped our appetite;
We liked helping on the land
And going out at night.
About the food? Oh, it was great—
But please don't ask how much we ate.

M. D., III.5.

THE CAMPS.

Camping in summer has become a regular feature of our school life. It started with Forestry, but this year it was decided that our services could more valuably be employed elsewhere, so for the first time since the outbreak of war we were not hewing timber. Instead we took part in a variety of unfamiliar duties in the country. We brought in the harvest in Aberdeenshire, we picked berries in Fife, and we lifted potatoes in Kincardineshire and Perthshire. In all nearly 300 pupils took part in these tasks. Here are some impressions from members of the Staff who supervised the camps.

Turriff.—“We had 57 boys, and altogether 17 teachers, though not all at one time. The quarters were good: we were in Nissen huts, vacated by the Army when “D” Day drew near. Equipment also was good and the demand for our labour was heavy, but—so was the rain, so that we had the misfortune to



lose much valuable time waiting for the weather to improve. Nevertheless the experience was very enjoyable, and we did what we could to help in the harvest. We have the satisfaction of knowing that the farmers and the Agricultural Executive Committee were very appreciative.”

A somewhat different story comes from Fife, though similar in that the camp was also a happy one:—

Carnock.—“A party of about 60 girls and Staff took part in this year’s berry-picking camp at Carnock, Dunfermline. This summer the berry-pickers enjoyed two improvements in comparison with previous years, for they were housed in the local school, and the rates of pay were considerably increased. Although it was feared that owing to the lateness of the season there might be little berry-picking during the first week, this difficulty was overcome by the girls undertaking light agricultural work. The weather was excellent, which added greatly to the enjoyment of the camp.”

The Perth and Kincardine contingents were both engaged in potato lifting. This account from the larger establishment will give an impression of their routine:—



Laurencekirk.—“Probably the impression most outstanding in one’s mind after managing 100 youngsters for three weeks is of the compound word “Pleasesir” repeated roughly ten thousand times per day. That impression fades, to be replaced by that same hundred, in squads now, in their oldest and shabbiest working clothes, standing, shivering but cheery, in the half-light



of early morning, waiting for the tractors to take them to the fields. See them later, a full day’s work over, eating a colossal dinner in the dining-hall, then complacently sallying forth, to buy, of all things, pies and chips. Behold them last of all, three weeks’ stout labour finished, standing laden with gear, on Laurencekirk platform. They look now rather like the rebel army on the march, for the word has spread, and chickens have been acquired, some slung in their full glory of flapping

wings over sturdy shoulders, some rather more discreetly clothed with a little body-belt of brown paper round the middle. This year’s potato-lifting camp at Laurencekirk was in every way highly successful. As big in numbers as any in Scotland, it was responsible for bringing in, on the average, every day, about 250 tons of potatoes. The crop, unfortunately, was the poorest for years, and the weather rather unkind, so that unlike last year no records were created, but a sound and valuable job was well and willingly done.”

Thanks and congratulations are due to all who staffed these camps—our own teachers, one or two former teachers, and those others who joined us for the occasion and contributed so materially to the efficiency and enjoyment of the undertaking.

CHRISTMAS ROSE.

“Hush, hush,” the wind is sighing,
The flowers are all asleep.
It’s only the little Christmas Rose
That doth a vigil keep.

A.P., I.3.

ART THOU TROUBLED ?

When the day looks kin’ o’ gloomy
And your chances kin’ o’ slim,
And the situation’s puzzlin’,
And your prospects awful grim,
When perplexities keep pressin’
Till your hope is nearly gone—
Just bristle up, and grit your teeth,
And keep on keeping on.

S. M., I.15.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM FRONT.

We hear about the Battle Front,
The Home Front and lots more,
And all the things that must be done,
If we would win the war,
But don't you think that you and I,
Have each our parts to play,
To make our school a Battle Front,
Where victory's won each day?

We know that we must first begin,
To put our own selves right;
Be honest, true, unselfish, just,
Depending not on might.
We can make our school a pattern,
If pupil and teacher can say,
We work as a team together,
And bring victory nearer each day.

So let's all make a decision,
To join in this great fight,
And add to Whitehill's tradition,
As we battle for what is right.
It's certain the future of Britain
Depends, girls and boys, on you.
So, Whitehill, be in the vanguard
Of a war for a world that's new.

M. R., II.3.

JERRY FRITZ.

Jerry Fritz, both strong and wild,
Came over when the night was mild;
He found out when our guns were fired
His time for flying had expired.

J.L., I.11.

MIRABILE DICTU.

A literal translation from the Latin.

The neighbours gather, man and wench,
To gaze upon the mighty trench
A-gape across the thirteenth green,
Which lay untouched at yestere'en.
"That hole," they cry, "was never made
So soon by mortal man with spade!
No navvy have we seen with pick,
We cannot comprehend this trick!"
But in that yawning cave profound,
A scatheless golf-ball may be found;
And standing by the pit I dug,
I indicate, with modest shrug,
The niblick dangling from my hand:
At which they nod and understand.

JULES, V.

F.P. CLUB NOTES.

At the first meeting of this session the Committee for the year was elected. After a rather hectic time the following were elected to office:—Convener, Miss E. Palmer; Secretary, Miss C. F. MacKay; Treasurer, Mr. W. Lang; with Miss E. Jeffrey, Miss K. Johnston, Miss M. Hawthorn, Mr. A. Gillies, and Mr. J. Foard.

Since then many enjoyable meetings have been held, including a party, and a musical evening which everyone present voted a "howling" success.

The number of new members who joined this year was disappointing. From last year's Fifth only a small percentage has come forward, and none have come from the other years. The reason for this may be that they think the only people eligible for membership in the Club are those who leave in the Fifth and Sixth Years. This is not the case. The only qualification you require is that you were on the register of the school for a period of not less than a year.

The larger the membership, the more ambitious can the plans of the Club be. We would like to start a Dramatic Society, and an Orchestra, but are kept back through lack of numbers, so if you have any ambitions in either of these spheres why not come along to our meetings?

The first meeting in the new year will be on Friday, 12th January, at 7.15 p.m. The meetings are held in the Music Room. Any enquiries should be addressed to Miss C. F. MacKay, 345 Ruchazie Road, Carntyne.

And remember, a cordial welcome awaits you at the Club.

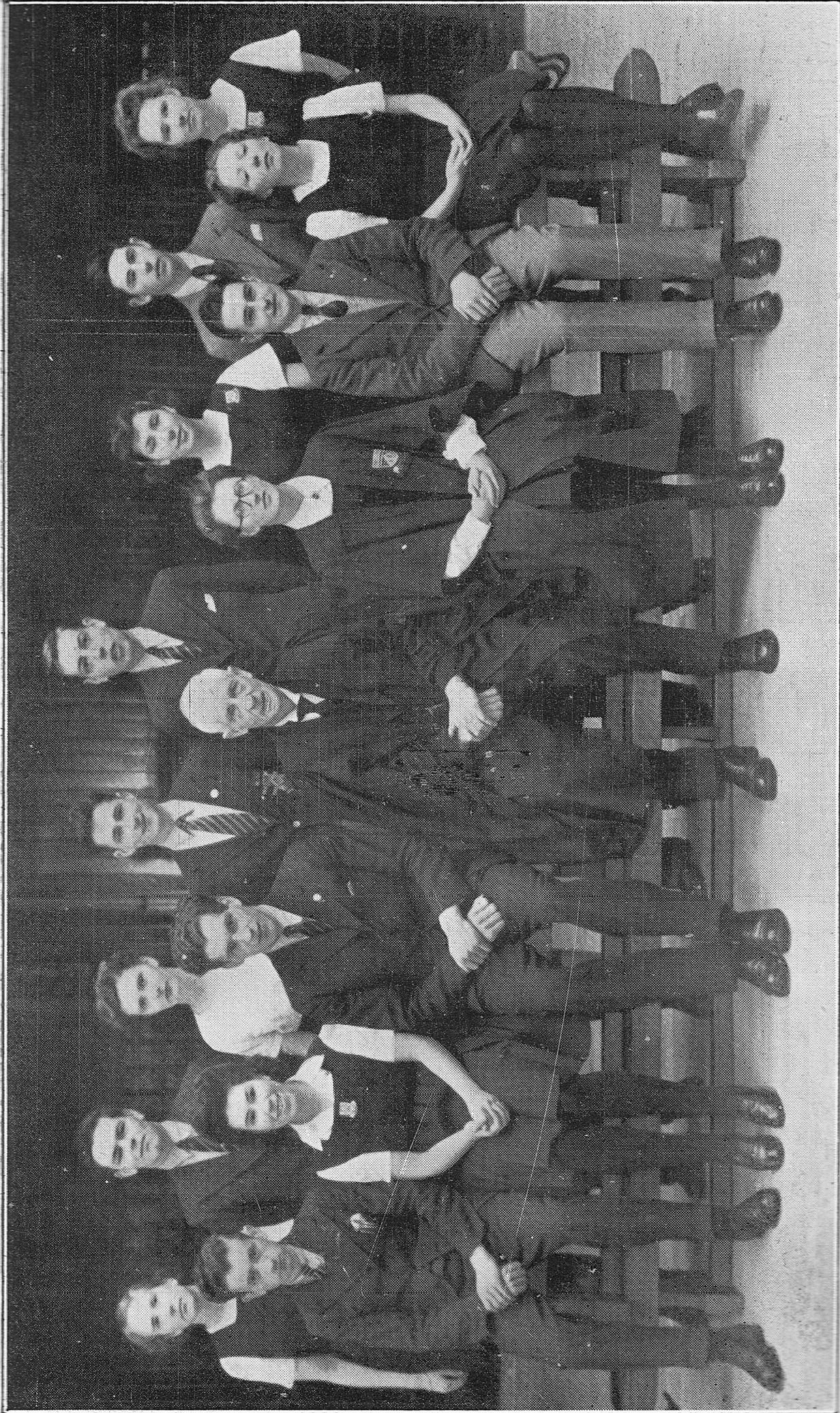
TO Mr. D.

Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels us to write of our teacher here,
To all who knew his size eleven feet,
Also his sideways movement in the street,
His wiry hair and jovial, manly face;
He was a man of kindness and grace.

At History we used to get
Digressions on the National Debt,
On Friday it was Gibson's "Hare,"
On Tuesday came old Hamlet's "Swear!"
Of Chaucer and his Pilgrims' walk
On Thursday morning we would talk;
Then "Standard English"—beetling brow—
It regularly meant a row.

For twelve odd months he saw us through,
Tirelessly showing us what to do.
Now he has gone to spread his knowledge
To students in a foreign college.

J. L., J. D. G., V.



PREFECTS.

Kathleen M. Pryde, James Dingwall, Margaret McKenzie, Alan N. Hay, James B. Dufican, Dorothy W. Hunter, George C. Wylie, Eliz. R. Easson, Archie Stewart, Eliz. S. P. Black, Thos. J. McAllister, Mr. Weir, Eliz. A. McLellan, A. M. Reid, Cath. Gracie.

[Photo by Laurie



[Photo by Laurie]

RUGBY FIRST XV.

Back Row: W. Montieth, T. Wood, F. Carruthers, N. Miller, J. Duncan,
A. Youngson, L. Tait, I. Campbell, W. Winning.
Front Row: J. Dingwall, A. Ford, T. J. McAllister (Captain), A. Hay,
J. Pollock, R. Pollok.



[Photo by Laurie]

FOOTBALL FIRST XI.

Back Row: G. McNab, D. McDiarmid, H. Baird, I. Stewart, R. McVean,
R. Howitt, and J. Cresswell.
Front Row: G. Scott, W. Johnston, D. MacKay (Capt.), D. Park, J. Sandison.

AIR TRAINING CORPS.

The Whitehill Flight was formed in November, 1943, and has carried on since then with a nucleus of half a dozen cadets. Until recently, the position of the Flight was anomalous, and therefore no attempt to augment the roll was made.

On its formation the Flight was attached to 1710 Squadron, A.T.C., with headquarters in Gartcraig School. Recently, however, 1710 Squadron amalgamated with 1089 Squadron, A.T.C., and the new 1710/1089 Squadron has headquarters in Shettleston. These comprise Orderly and Adjutant's rooms and a canteen, while a near-by building, owned by the Squadron, houses a shooting range, a signals room, and an engine room. More theoretical classes are held in Eastbank Academy.

Cadets in the Whitehill Flight parade in Onslow Drive School on Tuesdays from 4 p.m. to 5 p.m., at Alexandra Parade School on Wednesdays and Fridays from 4 p.m. to 5 p.m., and on Sundays at Shettleston from 2.30 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. Other parades, which are entirely voluntary, include swimming in Shettleston Baths on Thursday evenings, shooting practice on Wednesday evenings, and a model-making class on Sunday evenings. The Squadron also runs a monthly dance.

Membership of the Whitehill Flight enables a boy to receive his pre-entry training for the Royal Air Force, Royal Navy, or Fleet Air Arm with minimum expenditure of time, since he overtakes in his school work, subjects which he would otherwise require to study in the evenings under A.T.C. Instructors.

It is almost certain that in the near future a period of military service for all fit men will be compulsory. Pre-entry training in the Air Training Corps, besides helping you to enter the service of your choice, will remove much of the strangeness inevitable on entering that service.

THE VERDICT.

They badgered me, they pestered me,
They coaxed, cajoled, and threatened,
"You must, you must, you must write one!"
They had me nearly deafened.
(That doesn't rhyme, but then, you know,
They said that anything would go!)

They bullied me for days; I swore,
"I will not write it!" and lots more,
Until my conscience smote me sore—
"Will it be such a ghastly bore?"
So I gave in, and wrote this ditty
For the cruel, heartless Mag. Committee!

I gave it them, and waited for
Their judgment, "Fair" or "Stormy."
It came, pronounced with awful scorn—
"It's corny!"

M. E., IV.1.

his entry, the dog looked at him with glowing black eyes, gave a canine grin, then described one leisurely gyration with a stubby tail. Sir Philip disliked this intruder, but try as he would, he could not get rid of it. In fact, as time wore on, he found himself beginning to hate the dog and yet fear it in a vague sort of way. There was something Mephistophelean in the way it grinned at him. To our fanciful friend there was mockery in that grin, in the lazy wag of the tail. Those beady little eyes seemed to say, "You are a fool, Sir Philip-de-Marchant!" Gradually his hatred became an obsession. He felt the brute was somehow damaging his self-respect. Then the climax! He would rid himself of this "spiritual blight." The murderer, however, must be an affair of finesse. Nothing so basely moronic as poisoning or drowning. Sir Philip disdained to sink to the primitive—psychology was the answer. Hypnotism!

Everything seemed to be going to plan. There was the hateful object seated opposite him, watching intently the slow movements of his slim fingers. The room was in darkness, but for the flickering light of a log fire. A mild autumn breeze stirred the drapings of the open window. "Go to the window! Go to the window!" Sir Philip knew he could superimpose his will upon that of a lower animal. Two pin-point eyes burned steadily across the leaping shadows at him. Suddenly Sir Philip found himself thinking that they were the most uncanny eyes he had ever seen: "Go to the window!" he murmured again, slowly, sonorously. Still those bright eyes—never moving, never blinking. They seemed to be stabbing into his own like white hot needles. Unconsciously Sir Philip had ceased trying to impose his will. His thoughts about the window were now vague and confused. He felt incredibly tired. Still those eyes seemed to sear mockingly into his very brain. "Go to the window! Go to the window!" The phrase kept recurring in his tired mind like a dirge. He went limp for a second—the window! As if in a dream he rose. The eyes followed his every move. His feet sank into the thick Persian rug as he moved slowly, deliberately across the room towards the great oriel window. For a moment there was silence, then a crash of glass and splintering wood. A strangled cry of terror startled the still night.

The dog looked into the dying fire. His black lips parted in a grin, and his tail described one leisurely gyration.

GUMPS, IV.6.

SOMETHING ABOUT—

There is, or should be, something about a sailor and a soldier, and also an airman, in any reputable School Magazine, so we proceed to print something about those who have favoured us with visits lately. Anxious to be scrupulously correct, we consulted a particularly learned member of the Staff to find what we should say. He closed his eyes (like Chanticleer) and delivered himself of this: "We wish all to know how very pleased we always are to shake hands with those absent faces, once so

familiar in the classrooms and dunnies of Dennistoun. If you are passing don't let us detain you, but come right in and shake one hand (not so hard as last time) and we shall be pleased and proud to welcome you again—until you mention money."

Which may be what we want to say if we could understand it. Now, who have been up to see us? Lindsay Ramsay has been once or twice, each time looking handsomer than before. He is in Signals, and tells us he is kept very busy with the telephone girls. Now he is East of Suez. Tom Wilson wears a white flash in his R.A.F. cap. He is having a flighty time at Ottawa. He seems to have contacted a more experienced airman called Cupid. We were delighted to greet Alex. Terris again, one big sailor, and hope he endures the Atlantic gales. If all the Mowbray Brodies were projected ever so far in one straight line it would not take many of them to stretch from here to London, which is absurd.

Is George Boal growing or come to a stop?

The subject is tender. We'll let it drop.

Jack Holborn, back from the Near East, like a true Britisher, has a mighty poor opinion of all who live in France, Italy, Egypt, Partick, Germany, and Staffroom 8. His account of affairs is one of the most interesting we have heard. Alex. McNaught is happy. For a time he was afraid the war would be over before he could get properly into it, but now feels more optimistic. He sends his condolences to all who are not in khaki. Mr. McKechnie, R.N.V.R., has been round the rooms, looking very much the seaman and the heman. He is clearly not having a thin time of it.

We hope they will come again, and not stop coming when they once more return to Civvy Street. Meanwhile, wherever they may be, we cordially wish them the merriest possible Christmas and the happiest conceivable New Year.

TRAGIC TALE.

This is the story of a boy
Named Percival Joseph Tim McCoy,
Who, coming from a high-class home
Was always using brush and comb.
His hair he wore in centre-shed,
And kept well plastered to his head.
Wherever he might chance to roam
He always carried brush and comb.
Weeks and months went past, and then
His hair began to feel the strain.
By constant brushing, you can guess
His hair was growing less and less.
Till ultimately with dismay
He found that it was clean away.
He wished he had not been so posh,
As he had lots more face to wash.
That was the story of a boy
Named Percival Joseph Tim McCoy.

H. W., IV.1.

WHITEHILL NOTES

Red Cross. This year the response to the weekly Red Cross collections has been even more generous than usual. There have been occasions when a few classes have sent in the grand sum of 4½d., but there have not been many. To these we gently suggest that they could be more enthusiastic; to the others we give well-deserved praise, and ask that they continue the good work.

Literary and Debating Society. Although only one debate has been held so far, the attendance and enthusiasm shown on that occasion promise well for future meetings. We extend a hearty invitation to all those in the Upper School who are interested in debating to attend our Thursday meetings. The entire Society regrets the departure of Mr. Donaghy. In him Whitehill has lost an outstanding teacher, and the Debating Society a very fine friend. His place as Vice-President has been willingly and ably filled by Mr. Duncanson.

Football. The football teams have started the season quite well. The First Eleven have only taken one point from two games, but their chances of returning better results are bright. The Intermediate Eleven have won recent games in convincing manner and they seem capable of keeping up this good form. The Elementary Team started off badly but they should improve as the season goes on.

Rugby. Although few games have been played this season, each team has played with the usual indomitable Whitehill spirit. The Rugby Committee wishes to thank Mr. Anderson and Mr. W. Carson for the interest they have shown in the Rugby teams.

Hockey. The Saturday morning practices have started once again but owing to winter conditions our activities have been hindered considerably. Matches have been arranged and it is hoped that results will prove worthy of our efforts. As there is still some difficulty in obtaining hockey sticks, Miss Fisher would be glad to hear from anyone wishing to sell a hockey stick.

Music. The School Orchestra has resumed practices for the session. It is hoped to present an entertainment as usual at Christmas. Owing to the number of members who have left school, it is more than ever necessary to have a full attendance on Mondays at 4 p.m. New members and Former Pupils are welcome. The Choral Society is continuing on Thursdays. We have now two choirs, First Year pupils meeting with Mr. Browning, while Mr. Meikle takes the Seniors. Both choirs will combine in the Musical Service in the Church on 19th December.

Junior Dramatic Club. The Dramatic Club is held on Wednesday at 4 p.m. and consists of First, Second, and Third Year pupils. We have two or three plays going, so that everyone gets a part. We are rather short of boys. The Dramatic Club contributed to the last concert, and the play seemed to be quite a success. Mr. Morrison is leader of the Club.

Country Dancing. Since the beginning of the session we have not had many meetings, but these have been very successful and pleasant to us all. The Country Dancing class is now an "after-four" activity. We are extremely grateful to Miss McNab, Miss Bremner, and Mrs. Smith for the great interest and patience they have shown and we tender our sincere thanks to them all.

The Library.

Librarians:—Here in the Library we sit
Amid rare volumes richly bound (?).
A mine of cleverness and wit
From authors everywhere renowned.

Lower School To-day their words seem flat and stale,
Boys:— Their culture fills us with disgust,
We want that crude, hard-fisted tale
Where Biggles' victims bit the dust.

Lower School Give us the tales of island schools,
Girls:— And schools on Alps remote and high.
Where Jan and Katie flout the rules
And lessons never raise a sigh.

Upper School The learned authors we eschew,
Give us the Famous Poison Trials,
Mysteries, notorious and true,
Of arsenic and strychnine phials.

Librarians:—Here in the Library we sit—
We appreciate your enthusiasm for books which is
NOW permeating the Upper School, but we wish
you would treat more tenderly the book-shelves,
the books, and the toes of the librarians in your
midst.

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PRIZE LIST.

Dux of the School: Henderson Memorial Medal and Prize, War Memorial Prize of £10—CATHERINE GRACIE.

Proxime accessit: War Memorial Prize of £5—A. MARTIN REID.

Macfarlane Gamble Memorial Prize of £1—DOROTHY HUNTER.

Dux of Intermediate School—ALEX. NAISMITH.

War Memorial Prizes—

English—DUNCAN LAMONT. Mathematics—CATH. CONDIE.
Classics—ELIZ. McLELLAN. Science—DOROTHY HUNTER.
Modern Languages—MARTIN REID Art—WM. C. THOMSON.

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

Crosthwaite Memorial Prizes—

Senior—1 ELIZ. McLELLAN. 2 D. HUNTER and K. PRYDE.
Junior—1 IAIN KEDDIE. 2 GEORGE PARKER.

Sandy Robertson Memorial Prize in Commerce—TOM McLEISH.

J. T. Smith Memorial Prizes in English Literature—Not known in time for publication.

Prize for Citizenship (presented by the Rotary Club)—MARTIN REID.

Prizes for Needlework (presented by Miss Margaret Cunningham)—Not known in time for publication.

Corporation of Glasgow Drawing Competition—

Silver Medal—JOE PORTER. Bronze Medal—JOHN MOORE, WM. C. THOMSON, A. THOMSON, ELIZ. HEWITT, W. ARMSTRONG.
Highly Commended—D. BUCHANAN, J. THOMSON, I. WYATT.

Whitehill School Club Prizes—

Form VI. Boys—A. STEWART. Girls—CATHERINE GRACIE.
Form V. Boys—JOHN McNAB. Girls—KATHLEEN PRYDE.
Form IV. Boys—H. DUTHIE. Girls—MARGARET DUNLOP.

Subject Prizes—

	VI.	V.	IV.
English E McLELLAN	B. EASSON K. PRYDE	M. MACANNA C. McLACHLAN
History	B. EASSON L. TAIT	WM. ROACH ANN ROBERTSON
Geography	J. DINGWALL M. THOMSON	D. FULTON M. STEENSON
Mathematics R. GRACIE	K. PRYDE J. CHAPMAN	J. MOORE G. FISHER
Latin D. HUNTER	K. PRYDE J. CHAPMAN	P. BITTLE J. ALLAN
Greek E. McLELLAN	T. NEIL	T. LANG
French M. REID	K. PRYDE B. EASSON	J. MOORE J. REDMOND
German M. REID	A. YOUNGSON	M. MURRAY
Science R. GRACIE	K. PRYDE W. S. THOMSON	H. DUTHIE G. FISHER
Dynamics	K. PRYDE	S. HANDYSIDE J. HOOD
Art	J. PORTER	J. O. PATERSON
Commerce	T. McLEISH	M. WILSON
Technical	J. SUTHERLAND	L. RAE

Other Leading Awards— III.

	III.	II.	I.
(Classical) A. NAISMITH	B. GLENDINNING	I. HOOD
(Modern) M. ALLINGHAM	I. LORAINÉ	S. HUTCHISON
Commercial H. McVEAN	E. AITKEN	
Technical I. TURNER	J. WELSH	
Domestic Science	J. MILNE	