

SCHOOL OFFICIALS.

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Ian W. Turner, VI. Jean O. Wylie, VI.

Vice-Captains

George Parker, VI. Frances J. Grant, VI.

Prefects

Robert Shearer, VI; Robert McAvoy, VI; Robert D. Kernohan, V; William Peat, V; Matthew C. Reid, V; Robert B. Forson, V.	Jean S. Buchanan, VI; Jenny McNeil, VI; Helen L. Howes, V; Isobel Loraine, V; Bethea F. Glendinning, V; Catherine Alexander, V.
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Rugby

Captain: Ronald Robertson, V.

Vice-Captain: Matthew C. Reid, V. **Secretary:** Robert D. Kernohan, V.

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Captain: William Peat, V.

Vice-Captain: William Crofts, V. **Secretary:** John Muir, IV.

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Captain: Frances J. Grant, VI. **Secretary:** Bethea F. Glendinning, V.

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Committee: Frances J. Grant, VI; George Parker, VI; Catherine Alexander, V; Eric Darroch, V; Patricia Shankland, IV; Ian Barrowman, IV.

Dramatic Society

President: Jean O. Wylie, VI. **Vice-President:** J. Campbell McQueen, V.

Committee: Helen L. Howes, V; Robert B. Forson, V; G. Ronald Telfer, V.

Golf

Captain: Robert Shearer, VI. **Secretary:** Strathairn Lees, V.

Magazine

Editors: Catherine Alexander, V; Robert D. Kernohan, V.

Sub-Editors: Isobel Loraine, V; Robert B. Forson, V; Georgina Gemmell, IV; Kenneth Eadie, IV.

Committee: Bethea F. Glendinning, V; Ann W. Jarvie, IV; Jenny Ronald, IV.



The task is done! At last after patient hours of labour, we present this latest Whitehill Magazine to an eager school, in the hope that it may satisfy the critical multitude.

Ours has been no easy task. In response to our appeals there poured in on us a flood of articles, from which had to be made a selection of the best and most suitable for publication. The result of our labours is to be found within this hallowed volume. Our grateful thanks go out to all who contributed, whether their work appears in print, or whether it has been consigned to oblivion.

Time rolls on, and a new school session is with us. Around us we see new faces and hear new voices, as the old familiar figures disappear into the wide world beyond our gates. The very face of the school changes. Have not strange new erections appeared on the once sacred ground of the Annexe Field? Yet, despite the changes the spirit of the school remains the same, and though new generations may come and go, Whitehill remains constant and unchangeable, an influence on the character and life of those privileged to sojourn within its walls.

In closing, we thank all those who have helped in the production of this magazine—the committee, to whose lot falls so much of the work and so little of the credit; those members of the staff who have assisted in various ways, especially Mr. Cormac, whose contributions and counsel have been beyond price; and last, but certainly not least, the man without whom publication would have been impossible—our wise counsellor and true friend, Mr. A. E. Meikle.

We conclude by handing this magazine to its authors, and by wishing to all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

THE EDITORS.

School Notes

Whitehill looks as if it is developing into a small township. During the severe winter and spring of last session extensions to the school (in our inaccurate parlance, "prefabs") appeared more or less silently in the open space next to the school. These six new classrooms and the gymnasium, now nearing completion, form a welcome addition to our accommodation. All we need now are some adjustments (and re-adjustments) and possibly "thick-pleached alleys" to shelter us from the wintry blasts. The Annexe (which this year celebrates its Silver Jubilee!) is taking on a new lease of life, providing more rooms for art, science and domestic science.

Two wireless sets have been purchased recently for use in school, one for the English Department and the other with gramophone attachment for the Modern Languages Department, the expense being borne by the Magazine Fund.

In connection with changes in the staff we have pleasure in welcoming the following new members:—Mr. T. P. Fletcher (Principal Teacher of Music), Mr. James McBride Hamilton (Mathematics), Miss Cameron (Modern Languages), Mr. Jos. Hamilton (Classics) and Miss Dunn (Physical Training). To the following we say farewell and send good wishes on their departure for other appointments:—Mr. John S. Bell (Science), Mr. James Millar (Mathematics), Mr. Aylmer (Classics), Mr. Faitelson (Modern Languages), Mr. Hugh Maclellan (Music), and Miss E. E. Smith (Physical Training).

Mr. Jas. Millar, who came to Whitehill in 1933, soon commended himself as an efficient teacher of Mathematics and as "a live wire" in the school generally. On his return from War Service he was appointed Convener of the Concert Committee, an appointment which demands great tact, energy and humour. All these qualities he showed. When his eye gleamed, it meant that someone had blundered; when he smiled, then be ready for the successful outcome of all his plans. We thank him for his services and wish him well in his appointment as Principal Teacher of Mathematics in Dollar Academy.

Chaucer's Merchant a la 1947

A Spiv ther was who hadde a motteley¹ tie,
His barrow was wel stacked with fruites hie,
Upon his heed of jette-blake haire
A centre parting went from 'ere to 'ere.
Betwixë Sauchiehaugh and Stockewelle
Wel coude he to the wifies tatties² selle.
Ful loudë was his crie, as I was ware,
"Com, swete ones, buy my lovely honey pare."
Certain he was a worthy man withallë,
And soth to sayn, I think he was a Tallë.

¹ Wide-o.

² Three-a-tanner.

If

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

If leaving school you find you've no resources,
And "calling up" is drawing very near,
When the time comes to enter H.M. Forces,
Then note the good advice that's given here.

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Then eat your meal and still pass no comment,
And then return unto the hut you're hating,
And bravely count your leisure there well spent;

If you can freeze when other lads and lasses
Have blazing fires with wood they've "pinched" from you,
If you can bear to see your week-end passes
"Slung out"—because there's church parade to do;

If you can suffer knaves and keep your virtue,
Converse with fools—nor lose your common-sense,
If neither guards nor church parades can hurt you,
And the C.O. thinks your leave no consequence;

If you can fill with "Brasso" every minute,
And history sheets with jobs that you have done,
Yours is the uniform, and all that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a "Regular" soon, my son!

Squadron-Leader (Acting A.C.2)

IAN STEWART.

The Judgment

I was dead. I knew I must be, for I felt as though I weighed absolutely nothing, and when I sat up in bed, the bed clothes didn't move, and I realised (somewhat to my surprise) that I was sitting *through* them.

"Aye, ye're a braw laddie," said the grey-haired old lady who was standing beside the bed, "and gey like yer Faither."

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Yer Granny Gray," the old lady replied. "Ye dinna ken me. A wis deid afore ye arrived, but noo A hae cam' tae tak' ye wi' me."

"What! me go with *you*!" I cried. "No fear. I am not going to risk oblivion, when I can have heaps of fun here as it is. Why, I have no human limitations. I can break the laws of space, gravity, and time. I don't require to eat or breathe and I am invisible to human beings."

Grannie Gray's reply to this was to seize me by the ear, yank me out of bed, and shake me like a rat, with my feet treading on air.

"Whit?" she screamed. "Have ma grandson growing into a miserable poltergeist? Oh no, ma mannie." And still keeping a tight hold of my ear, she made several passes through the air with her free hand, and gabbled hurriedly, "Trans luna etherae substrato."

I had the sudden feeling of being hurled on to a gramophone turntable. Everything went blank, and when I came to, I was standing in the Hall of Judgment. The hall did not appear to have a boundary. All around was a swirling mist that made everything vague, and when I spoke the sound was hollow and sepulchral. I was standing before a gigantic throne which was swathed in enormous veils shielding That which sat on it. I knew there was Something there, because a blue light shone from behind the veil.

As I stood shivering with terror a voice rang out.

"Hamish Brown," it thundered, "I have before me your life report, and I confess I am not very pleased. Let me see—you are 41 per cent. a mental coward, and 32 per cent. a physical coward. Tch, tch, tch. With that ability you should have done better."

"Why?" I asked tremblingly. "Is that very good?"

"Oh, about the average for your planet," was the reply. "The really good ones come from the constellation of Taurus. Humph, been pinching sugar from the pantry, and in these days of rationing too; dodged your home work, irritated your Mother, and drew nasty caricatures of your school teachers. Well, I don't know what the atomic era is coming to." The blue light trembled with rage. "I pronounce sentence upon you. You will spend seven eons relearning all the lessons you ever learned on Earth, after which you will stay at the Utopian Province of Eldorado. Hence!" With a terrific crash the darkness of a void closed in on me.

"Now, it's all right," said my Father, holding me down firmly by the elbows.

"What is it?" I gasped, sitting up in bed.

"Just a nightmare. You were shouting something about being dead. Now turn over and go to sleep."

A. J. G. I.1.

Golf



Although the weather is not the best for golfing, the season has commenced with the playing of team games against other schools. Our first game was against Eastbank Academy at Lethamhill, but somehow things didn't go to plan, and we suffered a 5—3 defeat. However, although there were adverse weather conditions everybody enjoyed themselves.

We hope to do better against Pollokshields Senior Secondary School at Deaconsbank.

We obviously lack experienced players—in which respect we resemble our professional exemplars, if the Ryder Cup result is anything to go by!

S. L.

Mr. John S. Bell, B.Sc.

Mr. Bell, who has recently been appointed Principal Teacher of Science in Eastbank Academy, came to Whitehill in 1931.

For many years he had been in charge of the teaching of Chemistry to the upper forms and from 1942 to 1944 he acted as Head of the Science Department. The high distinctions which several of his former pupils have recently gained at the University bear witness to the excellence of his methods.

As a colleague he was wholehearted in his support of school activities. He was a member of the well-known Whitehill Sextet formed in 1934 by the late Mr. John Kerr. Those who were at the School Camps at Yetholm and Turriff have happy memories of the bonhomie and wit with which he enlivened proceedings and of the valuable help he gave in counsel and supervision.

In congratulating him on his promotion we hope that he will achieve as much success in Eastbank as he has done in Whitehill.

Whitehill School Club

This year the Club is having a greater number of social evenings. School pupils will be welcomed to the meetings held once per fortnight. Watch the "Craigend Chronicle" for actual dates. In the Sporting Sections, there are greater opportunities than ever, with two Hockey teams, two Rugby teams, and four Football teams. Until such time as you participate, come along each Saturday and give your vocal support.

BETTY NOTMAN, Secretary.

News of F.Ps.

We are happy to record the following:

MR. J. K. MUIR, who left this country in 1911, has been appointed Assistant General Manager to the Dominion Bank of Canada.

MR. D. MACNAUGHTON, one of our trustees, who holds several important positions in the city, has added another honour to his list by becoming Deacon Convener of the Trades House.

MR. HOWARD GARVAN, who besides being an F.P., was on the Staff of Whitehill for some years, and was Secretary of the Dinner Club from its inception till he was made President this year, has become Headmaster of Hyndland Elementary School.

Graduations:

WILLIAM T. FULLERTON, M.B., Ch.B.

ROBERT PIRIE, M.B., Ch.B. (with commendation).

ALASDAIR I. MACDOUGALL, B.Sc. (with First Class Honours in Physiology).



[Photo by Laurie.]

PREFECTS.

Standing (l. to r.): Jenny McNeil, Robert B. Forson, Helen Howes, William Peat, Betha F. Glendinning, Matthew C. Reid, Catherine Alexander, Robert D. Keirnohan, Isobel Loraine, Robert McAvoy.
Sitting: Robert Shearer, Frances J. Grant (Vice-Captain), Ian W. Turner (Captain), Mr. McEwan, Jean O. Wylie (Captain), George F. Parker (Vice-Captain), Jean Buchanan.



[Photo by Laurie.]

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Council Ring

Our summer camp was installed in Indian Country in the Muscoka Highlands of Canada and so following the Indian custom of tribal gatherings we held a council ring every Saturday night. At the beginning of each camp session the girls had been put into four tribes each bearing an Indian name. Our tribe, for example, was called "Okontos." Then began the tests of brain and brawn.

Each tribe had its own chief, assistant chief, and scroll reader, whose duty it was to collect poems and articles written by members of the tribe to be read at the council ring.

A tribal song and yell were prepared and practised till a state of perfection was reached. Challenges were thrown out to the other tribes to show their skill in feats of strength and daring. Of course, no tribe refused a challenge.

The council ring was held in the Glen of Silence. As the tribes, wrapped in Indian blankets and weird headdresses, walked slowly down the slope a hush fell over the glen because no one was allowed to speak without permission from the Great Chief. When all were assembled the Chief came down from her rocky seat to light the fire in the centre of the ring. Then the tribes were called upon one by one to sing their song and give their cry. After that the scroll bearers read the contributions of their fellow tribesmen. If the other tribes approved of the article they showed this by saying "How, how" in unison. The Indian never clapped his hands in applause. It was now time for the challengers and challenged. Great deeds were performed at our Councils. Each winning brave was given a feather for her headband while the overthrown one was looked upon by her own tribesmen with scorn.

Then followed a prayer by the Chief to the "Great Manitou," the Indian name for God, for all His goodness.

The council ended by the singing of "Taps". As the campers sang the well-known words there was in their hearts a feeling of thankfulness for their beautiful country and for the fellowship at camp.

"Day is done, gone the sun
From the lake, from the hills, from the sky;
All is well, safely rest,
God is nigh."

S. G. III:1.

Why I didn't write an Article

Can't think—brain numb—
Inspiration won't come.
Can't write—bad pen—
No verse—Amen.

ANON. IV:1.

'Way up a 'Ky

Have you ever seen a comet? You know what I mean—those masses of luminous gas which drift about the universe. I hadn't, and it had always been my ambition to see one, so when the newspapers broke the news last year that the comet Giacabinizziner would pass "within visible distance from the earth," I was quite excited. The newspapers further told us that "a display of aerial fireworks is forecast as part of the comet, reaching the earth's atmosphere, will probably solidify into meteorites. Scientists will view the proceedings and record its effect on radar. The comet may be seen with the naked eye at approximately 10 o'clock to-morrow night."

Next day, however, proved to be disappointing. It was dull and overcast, and when half past nine arrived, the sky could not be seen for a blanket of thick cloud. "Well," said my Mother, "there doesn't seem to be much chance of seeing a comet to-night." "Ah well, you never know, we might catch a glimpse of it," I replied. At a quarter of ten I set out with my Sister (who would persist in coming with me) and walked to the flag-pole in the park. I thought it was the best place from which to view a comet.

We waited, or rather loafed there, for about twenty minutes, but nothing happened. Just as I was saying it was past ten-fifteen it happened. Suddenly, from beyond Carntyne, a rosy glow lit up the clouds. "Jings!" we gaped. "It's Giacacaca—it's Giacabibizz—it's the—the comet!" We stared awe-inspired for quite a minute. As quickly as it had come, the light went out.

After waiting for a minute we hurried home and poured out the story of the amazing occurrence to our parents. My Father listened carefully to the recital and when it was finished said, "You did say the light came from the direction of beyond Carntyne, didn't you? Well, hasn't it struck you it might have been caused by a furnace at the Clyde Iron Works?"

And so I am still waiting to see a comet. But there is really no need for despair, because if the astronomers are correct, I will be able to see Halley's Comet if I wait another thirty-eight years.

A. J. G. I.1.

Municipal Election

As dull November days draw near,
Our worthy City Fathers fer
The outcome of the next election—
"What is the feeling in my election?"

We hope those elected will endeavour
To make Glasgow flourish more than ever.
At present we cannot the verdict sway,
So meantime, Thanks for the holiday!

F. McK. IV.3.

November

"Hark! my friend," hear the billows roar,
As the waves strike the rocks on the distant shore.
The gulls screech loud as they sweep the sky,
The wind on their tails as they go by.

For summer's gone and cold winds blow
From North and East and the lands of snow,
For November's here with its wintry gales,
Its storm-swept hills and flooded dales.

E. H. II.1.

Comment

Whitehill is now neck and neck with Paris in the race back into antiquity. The former has adopted black stockings.

* * *

The ideal prefect is the person who is perfect in the eyes of both the law maker and the law breaker.

* * *

Since fashions seem to be running riot in Whitehill, we are looking forward to seeing the Upper School boys arrive with bowler hats and umbrellas.

* * *

The dancing enthusiasts of the Fourth Form are beginning to look out their new shirts and ties. Those of Form Five and Six consider their old ones quite good enough!

* * *

Did you hear on the radio that Maisie McFlannel had attended an orchestra concert with a member of the Whitehill Staff? The Fifth Tom Sleuth has several suspects under close observation, and hopes to make a statement soon.

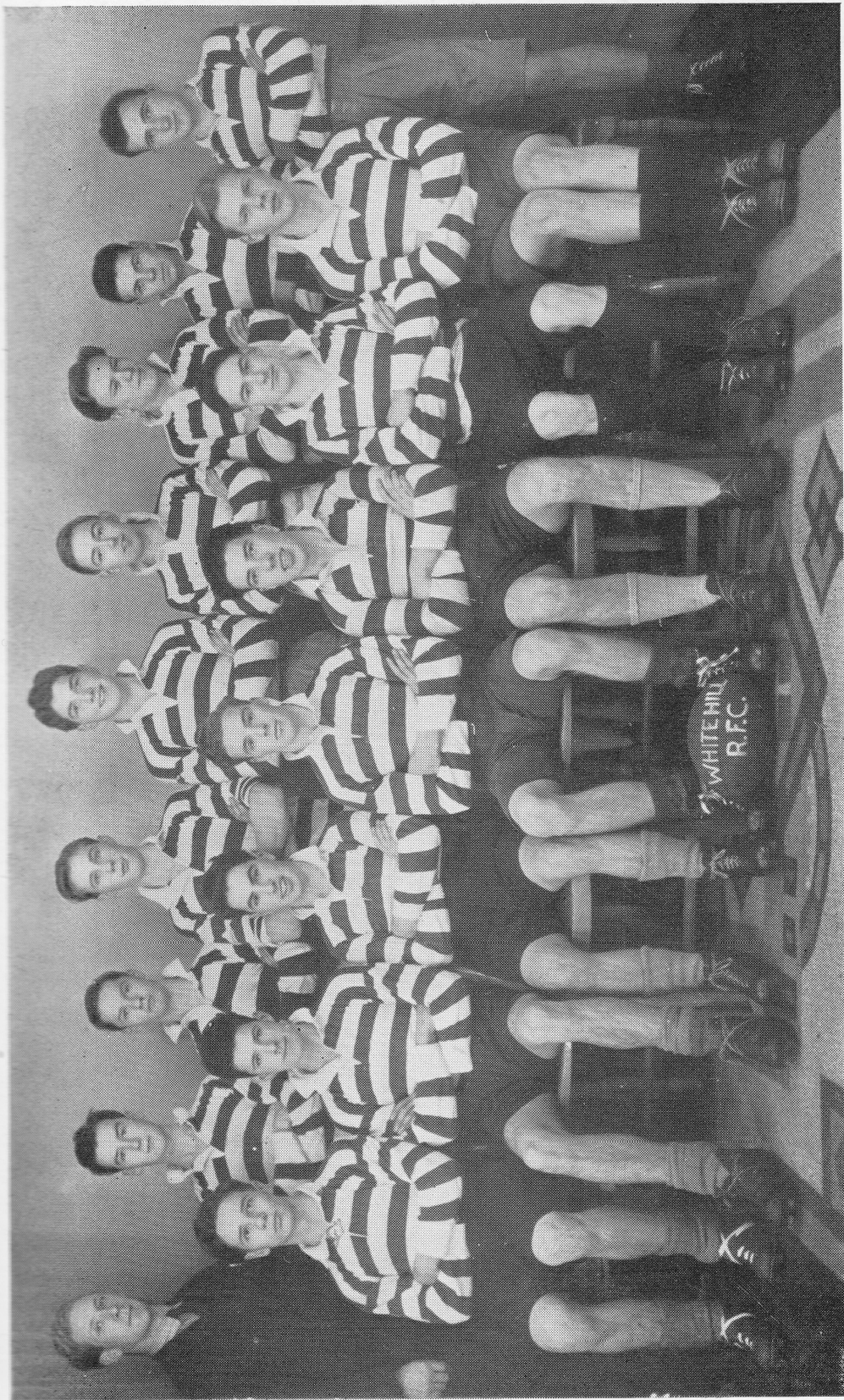
CYNIC V.

Topsy Turvy

'Twas one September morning in October, last July,
The moon lay thick upon the ground, and the mud shone in
the sky;
The flowers were sweetly singing, and the birds were in full
bloom,
When I went down to the cellar, to clean the upstairs room.

'Twas early Tuesday morning, one Thursday late at night,
I saw ten thousand miles away a house just out of sight.
The doors were turned round backwards, the front was at the
back;
It stood alone between two more, and it was whitewashed black.

NAMELESS. II.1.



[Photo by Lawrie.]

RUGBY FIRST FIFTEEN.

Standing (l. to r.): Mr. Forgie, Robert Shearer, Ian Barrowman, Charles McEwan, Matthew Reid, Ian Ross, James Chester, Allan Paterson, Thomas Hilley.

Sitting: Robert Carswell, Harry Campbell, Robert Aitken, Ronald Robertson (Capt.), Robert Kernohan, George Parker, Andrew Barr. *Absent*—Gordon Kennedy.



[Photo by Lawrie.]

THE DREAMWOOD
at the Athenæum, June, 1947.

A Dream Wood in the Kelvin Hall

When Youth was at the prow and Recreation at the helm in the Kelvin Hall in September, Whitehill was asked, inevitably, to contribute to the series of musical displays in the Concert Hall there. As the new session was just starting off, we had perforce to revive the very successful "Dream Wood" scena from the June Concert, involving a good deal of hectic rehearsing, refurbishing of nymphs' draperies, and re-pluming of angels' wings.

However, by Friday the 12th the last leaf was in place and the last halo replaced, and in our private bus we drove in state to the Kelvin Hall. The tiny dressing rooms there meant that our young ladies had to be in their woodland of angelic dress, plus a little make-up to heighten their own charms, and their triumphal progress from one end of the Exhibition Hall to the other caused no little stir amongst the crowds, and a certain pleasant embarrassment amongst the young ladies themselves.

Despite the cramped stage and make-shift scenery, our singers, our dancers, and not least, our charming little Hansel and Gretel were as attractive and successful as ever. Never did performance race through so swiftly, never was anxiety to be on the stage so keen—a speed and enthusiasm explained when almost the entire cast disappeared immediately after—on skates!—to the nearby rink.

A School Concert

Have you ever taken part in one of our school concerts? If you have not you have certainly missed a marvellous experience.

You enter by the artists' entrance with a feeling of superiority over the poor people going in as an audience. This feeling, however, is soon squashed as a teacher shouts at you, "Get into your dressing room."

You hurry along till you get to a door marked the same as the piece of paper clutched in your hand. Timidly you open the door and step in—a spot of leg-tan hits you in the face.

At last we are all ready and as we are not on for an hour, we decide to go out. I am the first to attempt it but I have just opened the door when a teacher rushes along the passage and almost shuts my nose in the door in his haste to have it shut. You are not allowed out——.

Finally, you are standing on the stage waiting for the curtain to rise. Being on the stage is a small detail compared with what follows. As we trip off we are informed we have ten minutes to get dressed and take off the grease-paint before the dressing-rooms are locked.

It is pandemonium in the room and teachers keep opening the door to tell us to hurry. At last we are out—but only to discover that we have some paint still on. Well, it is worth it, I suppose.

S. S. IV.3.

Dramatic Club



It is perhaps yet too early in the session to forecast with any certainty the achievement of the present club. Our numbers, though large, could bear increasing, especially if more members could be obtained from among the senior boys. The club meets every Monday at 4 p.m. in the upper gymnasium. Recruits will be welcomed at all times:

Junior Citizens' Theatre Society

This is a new venture, begun in June, and sponsored by the Education Committee as a link between the Citizens' Theatre and the schools of Glasgow. The society receives the benefit of special matinees (at special prices) of suitable plays produced by the Citizens' Theatre, and of lectures, meetings, and demonstrations by famous persons of the theatre world. One such performance has already been given—Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton" on the 28th of October.

The annual subscription is 6d. Intending members (pupils or staff) should get in touch either with myself, or with the Pupil Representative—Campbell McQueen, V.4.

J. D.

The Revolving Year

Summer soon comes round again,
All is fresh from April's rain;
The trees are green, the grass is too,
And every flower blooms anew.

Now the Autumn calm is here,
The leaves are scattered everywhere;
The little squirrels are wide awake
That nobody their nuts shall take.

Dreary Winter now has come,
Everybody stays at home;
Down in the woods, which are so deep,
The animals are fast asleep.

Of all the seasons Spring is best.
I think the plants have had their rest,
And now are showing what they can do
To help the world to do well too.

E. B. I.3.

A Bouquet

We have received a long letter from Mr. Inglis, the Church Officer of Rutherford, paying tribute to the conduct of last year's senior pupils. He acknowledges their willingness to help whenever occasion arose, and he sends them good wishes for the future. This is a tribute we are proud to have earned, and we hope that present and future pupils will always be found upholding this tradition.

Catering Capers

Every society, team, and club is paid due honour in this peerless magazine, but there is one committee which so far has hidden its light of versatility under a bushel of anonymity. Please, reader, do not be put off by your pal reading over your shoulder—obey not his injunction to “Turn over!” Read on.

Probably not one in two hundred of you knows what I am referring to. So I will explain. This plea from the heart is for the Tea Committee which weekly graces Craigend with its presence.



This trio of maidens is chosen not on account of their catering abilities—far from it! They are chosen on account of their personal charm, the idea being so to entrance the visiting team that they fail to notice the suspicious quality of the pies and other provender.

Another necessary attribute they must have, of course, is a strong pair of arms to wash up the masses of dirty dishes.

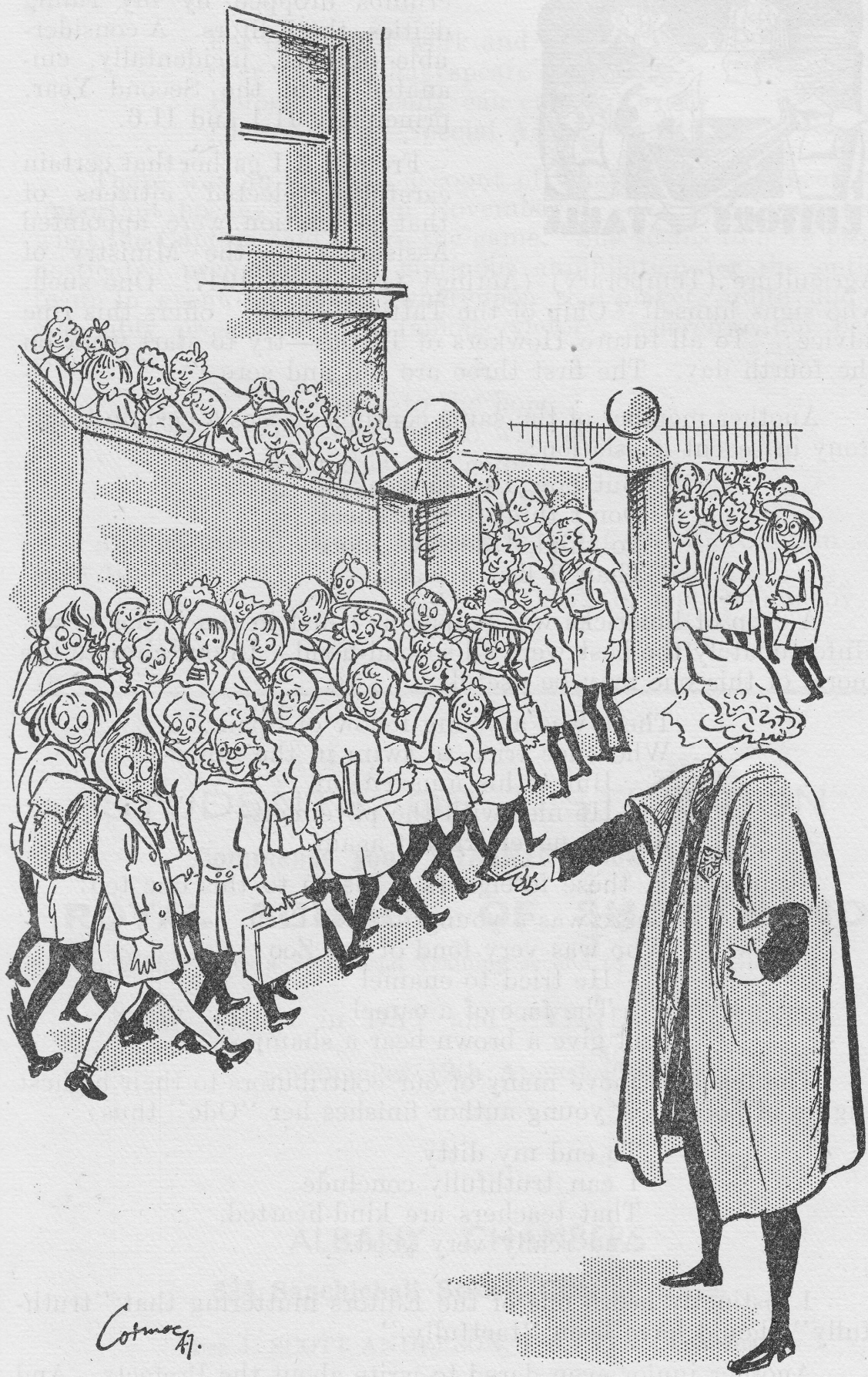


pouring out the said tea is far from congenial. The “Angels of the Urn” usually end up with hair hanging down in wisps and faces beetroot red. Scarcely glamourising, but there you are!

The ingenuity of these females is well-nigh miraculous. How they managed to spread out one quarter of a pint of milk among twenty boys is the biggest mystery since the black-stocking craze set in! One joker brightly queried, “Is this stuff dehydrated?” The rapid answer was, “No, brother, very much ‘hydrated!’”

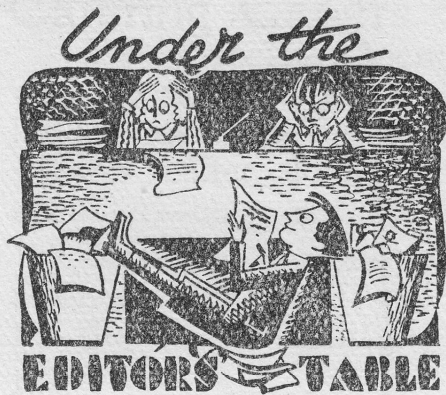
On no account must they have delicate constitutions! The sight of mobs of starving boys gulping down scalding tea and cake is enough to weaken the stoutest heart. The process of

THE SUCCOUR.



Cormac 71.

[Drawn by R. Cormac.]



I have had some very nice crumbs dropped by my ruling deities, the Editors. A considerable number, incidentally, emanated from the Second Year, principally II.1 and II.6.

From II.6 I gather that certain carefully selected citizens of that generation were appointed Assistants to the Ministry of

Agriculture (Temporary) (Acting) (Potatoes) 1947. One such, who signs himself "Chip of the Tattie Brigade," offers this ripe advice: "To all future Howkers of Tatties—try to start work on the fourth day. The first three are sad and sore."

Another member of the same contingent sees a certain tragic irony in recent legislation:

But now I'm so weak,
Don't think I've a cheek
To think I deserve more
Than 3 lbs. a week.

A crop of limericks was reaped as usual in the junior years. Unfortunately the best were all second-hand. In our climate the moral of this one may be useful:

There was a young fellow of Spain,
Who once tried to swim in the rain;
But to his amazement
He met with the pavement
And so never tried it again.

Strange folk, these foreigners. Listen to this one too:

There was a young man of Peru,
Who was very fond of the Zoo;
He tried to enamel
The face of a camel
And give a brown bear a shampoo.

The teachers move many of our contributors to their highest flights of poesy. A young author finishes her "Ode" thus:

To end my ditty
I can truthfully conclude
That teachers are kind-hearted,
And really very good.

I distinctly heard one of the Editors muttering that "truthfully" should have been "tactfully."

Another junior even dared to write about the Prefects. And these last two subjects almost managed to combine in a poem which referred to *Miss Wylie*!

Coming to the Fourth Year, here is a person of modern tastes who has reluctantly decided that the homework must be done before we can relax:

For men must work and women weep
O'er Willie Shakespeare's pageant,
Before they really can enjoy
Dick Barton—Special Agent!

There was an exciting account of what must have been an important hockey match on November 8. We were even told what the Captain said before the game. She seems to have prognosticated premature and glutinous annihilation for the entire team in event of defeat, whereupon the players quite understandably proceeded to a famous victory, wherefore our bard concludes:

So here's to the hope
That we cherish with pride
That this epic game
Is the turn of the tide.

And so say all of us. Otherwise, what *will* the Captain say next time?

OSWALD, THE OFFICE-BOY.

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Miss J. SCOTT ANDERSON, F.F.T.Com., Principal

commences 5th January, 1948.

“Tattie” Camp, 1947

Next time you buy your “threepence worth,” as you hold them cosily wrapped up in the latest bad news, odorous and succulent, spare a thought for the “heroes” who toiled at our Pitlochry Potato Harvest Camp. Alas! England will receive most of the three hundred and fifty tons representing their contribution towards the future maintenance of the lunch table and the fish and chip shop.

We arrived at our school billet to find that whispers of “No Mean City” had penetrated by grape-vine telegraph and bush tom-tom to the remote and exclusive fastness of Pitlochry! Drawers and cupboards were heavily barred and sealed against our rapacity and looting propensities!

A pocket edition of Mrs. Beaton with a quaint Aberdeen accent helped our ladies and soon the boys were dining like aldermen. A special bus called at the school gate each morning and disgorged them there at night. At first, muscles ached, then gradually recovered, and, to their credit, no boy fell out.

Balnacraig, Knockdarroch, Balchandy, Braes of Tullimet, Balnacree,—these names bring back memories of pleasant days in keen, bright, autumn weather, the smell of newly-turned earth and of paraffin exhaust fumes from the tractor. We had snags and troubles, but, thanks to a sense of humour and to good comradeship, that job was successfully completed.

SEEMAC.

A False Fair One

He told the shy maid of his love,
The colour left her cheeks.
But on the shoulder of his coat
It stayed for many weeks.

OSCAR. II.1.

Unpleasant Episode

As I stumble along the dark corridor of a big gloomy house, a friend's would-be reassuring hand clasps mine although nothing on earth could comfort me at this moment. We enter a little room in which we wait expectantly for the worst. It has come, for I see a misty figure hovering at the open doorway. He beckons me to follow him. I do so against my will. Suddenly we turn into a brightly lit room so different from the last, but almost as frightening. Bright instruments of torture glint wickedly at me from their beds of cotton wool.

A terrible nausea engulfs me and so I sink into oblivion. I think about all my kind friends whom I have left behind me in this world. I remember nothing until I wake up, only to be given a drink of some poisonous pink liquid which I am told to spit out again into a little bowl.

Where have I been? Need you ask?

J. B. IV.3.



PITLOCHRY CAMP.

Our picture shows how the campers spent their time.



[Photo by Lawrie.]

BACK VIEW OF SCHOOL.

This back view of the school shows eight of our nine buildings.

Hockey



The Hockey season is once more in full swing. So far the weather has been fairly good and has not prevented our usual Saturday morning games and practices. Although the First XI has been victorious only once so far this season, the play is rapidly improving. As yet the Second XI have not played very many games, but they show a certain amount of promise. The response from the lower school was not so good as was expected.

We would like to remind those who are new to the school that there is a practice at Craighend every Saturday morning.

F. J. G.

Modern Burns

Is there in Whitehill Senior School
Prefect, Captain, and a' that,
Who does not emphasise the rule
Of punctual arrival and a' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
You must never be late and a' that.
Your fate is just inside the gate—
It's a hundred lines, and a' that.

What though on Latin prose we dine,
Scoff Julius Cæsar and a' that;
If you're not in by five to nine
It's just too bad, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Pythagoras' theorem, and a' that,
When the bell has chimed, Geometry won't find
A good excuse, for a' that.

Then let us pray that soon one day,
If you don't feel like lessons and a' that,
You just stay away and laze all day
And forget about Science and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
I must finish this poem for a' that,
If to school I don't hurry, I shall soon have to worry
O'er a long "punny ecky" for a' that.

M. W. III.1.

Library

Recent additions to the Library shelves are:—

- "Makers of Modern Italy," Marriott;
- "Years of Endurance," Bryant;
- "Scotland," Meikle;

and also several works of fiction. Contributions, either of money or of books, will be welcomed.

J. E. G.



There is no need in this short article to remind our readers of the place which the School Concert holds in the life of Whitehill. It has long been part of a well-established tradition and in each succeeding session the tradition has been maintained and enhanced.

Last session, however, we became even more bold. It had been felt that we could not, within the limits of one performance, be seen by all our friends and admirers. Accordingly, we leased the Athenaeum Theatre for three evenings in June. That the experiment was fully justified was borne out by the applause of large and appreciative audiences.

One of the most pleasing features of the Concert was that it represented the work and play of so many pupils and of so many of the school activities. More than 150 pupils took part and there was a pleasing variety in the type of performance. Music was presented by the Senior and Junior Choirs and the School Orchestra. The Dramatic Club presented two plays and there were two displays of Physical Training, one by girls and the other by boys. The balance of the programme was also maintained by some individual items.

Emboldened by last year's success, the Concert Committee have again leased the same theatre for three nights in June. Once more we are all looking forward to a series of enjoyable concerts. We shall have to do well to maintain our previous standards, but it can be done.

A. M. M.

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Rugby



This season the School has shown great enthusiasm for Rugby, so that we are now fielding five XV's. The 1st XV is playing quite well, although against stronger opposition than last year, and is still undefeated at home. The 2nd and 3rd XV's are also keeping up a fairly good record, and make up in enthusiasm what they lack in experience. The outstanding feature of the year, however, is the keenness of the Juniors, who possess a number of very promising players.

Finally we must express our thanks to all who have assisted us in our endeavours. We thank Mr. Forgie and Mr. Gardiner for their coaching and ever-ready assistance, the other members of Staff and F.P's who have helped in various ways, Mr. and Mrs. MacLachlan, and last but not least the girls who have given generously of their time and skill in catering for visiting teams at Craighend.

R. D. K.

Given - A Title

We entered the classroom. Stopped. Looked at the blackboard. Gasp! and sat down. There on the blackboard were titles for a magazine article. We tried hard and these were our combined efforts:—

A: What about "A Scented Letter"?

B: All right. How does it begin?

A (indignantly): I don't know. I've never written one. Ask the teacher.

B: How about "My Darling Sweetheart"?

A: You've said "darling," why put in "sweetheart"? That's redundant.

B: What does "redundant" mean?

A: It doesn't matter, I've heard it somewhere. What about "Dearly Beloved"?

B: Isn't that what they put on gravestones?

A (giving up): What about trying "A Fourth Year Nightmare"?

B: Och! that's impossible. There are too many teachers in the fourth year.

A: Well, let's do "My reasons for loving Whitehill."

B: I haven't got any.

A: Can you write poetry?

B (very definitely): No!

A: How's this, "Ode on Standard English"—

O wondrous book of knowledge wide

Who at an exam. I wish I had by my side.

B: There's too many words on the bottom line.

A (huffily): Well, if Milton can do it so can I!

PERIOD BELL.

A. & B. IV.1.



[Photo by Laurie.]

**A "CRIT." LESSON.
Mr. Stewart reviews homework.**



[Photo by Laurie.]

FOOTBALL ELEMENTARY ELEVEN.

Standing (l. to r.): James Shannon, James Galt, John Hunter, Thomas McNab, Charles Paterson, John Hogarth, Mr. J. M. Hamilton.

Sitting: Ernest Hendry, Ian Martin, John Brewster (Capt.), George Aitkenhead, George Baillie.

Football



Five teams are playing this session—one in the First, one in the Third, and two in the Fourth Division of the Secondary Schools League, and one in the Post-Primary and Elementary Schools League.

By the end of October the teams had settled down and the school policy was being carried out. A clarification of this might not be out of place at this time. Each team and its reserves is a group by itself, and, as long as that team has a fixture, no other can call upon its players. From the team point of view, this is much to be preferred to the alternative of promoting a good 4th or 3rd XI player to an older team and so disheartening the younger ones.

The teams have met with varying fortunes, but all are playing in the best of spirits.

The First XI have secured only two points from three games but show signs of improvement. The Intermediate team may bring honours to the school, as they have been defeated in only one league game, and are also in the second round of the Shield.

The First Elementary have been the most successful team, being at the top of their section and having gained maximum points from their four games. The Second Elementary have played only two games and have gained one point but, like the First XI, are making improvement. Finally, there is the Post-Primary XI which, although having to date played only in the Shield, was unfortunately defeated in the first round. Our thanks are due to all those of the Staff who have shown an interest in the various teams.

J. M.

My Dog and I

I have a dog, his name is Roy,
To me he is a source of pleasure.
His escapades I do enjoy,
He really is a treasure.

He follows me all o'er the place,
And enters into all my ploys,
Sometimes we two are in disgrace,
But Mum just says, "Boys will be boys."

My pals are calling Roy and me,
To come and join them in some fun,
But that ain't possible, you see,
With half my homework still undone.

With Roy beside me I'll see it through,
And do the best that e'er I can;
Some day I shall not have to stew,
That is, some day when I'm a man.

I. F. W. I.6.

Music



At the present time the following musical activities are being carried on in the school: a Senior Choir and a Former Pupils' Choir, both mixed voices (Mr. A. E. Meikle), School Orchestra (Mr. D. B. Miller), Boys' Choir and Junior Girls' Choir (Mr. T. P. Fletcher).

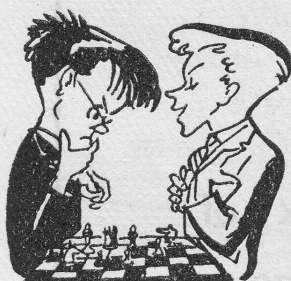
The greatest difficulty facing any school orchestra is the supply of new players, and in this connection we are hoping to arrange for a violin class to be formed.

There were over 200 applications for membership of the Junior Girls' Choir, while for the Boys' Choir we have selected 80 members by voice test. The Boys and the Senior Choir will be heard at the Carol Service on 23rd December, the Senior Choir will be singing for two organisations of Rutherford Church early next year, and we hope that the Junior Girls and the Orchestra will have an opportunity of performing before long.

As this is the first time I have been called upon to write these notes, may I be allowed to say how much I appreciate the work being done by Mr. Miller and Mr. Meikle, and also the interest shown by many members of the staff in the Orchestra. It is clear that music is warmly supported in Whitehill both by staff and by pupils.

T. P. F.

Chess



The Upper School having decided that study (or other pursuits) took precedence over Chess, the Club was thrown open to the Second and Third Forms (who never study, anyway). Having survived the Flood, the Club is now proceeding on its normal course. Membership stands at 24—a very gratifying and promising condition. There are still a few vacancies as, thanks to the kindness of the Concert Committee, we now possess 15 chess sets.

It is hoped to run, before the session ends at Easter, an American Tournament. The entering of a team in the Glasgow Schools Chess League is being seriously considered for next session. So, carry on, Chess Club! G. R. N.

Fashions (after Tennyson)

Black, black, black,
On thy long thin legs, each lass!
How we wish that we dared to differ—
Just a lone rebellious class.

UNFASHIONABLE. II.1.

Charities



This session we are again taking weekly collections for charity, but up till now the donations have been disappointingly small. The Lower School has lost its old enthusiasm, and its contribution comes mainly from a few "regular" classes. The Upper School has become a little more interested, but here, as in the Lower School, the donations come from the same classes every week. We know that the school can do better.

We don't ask much from you—a penny, or even a halfpenny, from every pupil would help enormously—and the charities appreciate your help very much.

We wish to thank all those who have supported the collections, and to make it known that we have not yet decided the charity or charities to which we shall contribute. This decision we intend to leave till the end of the session.

I. W. T.

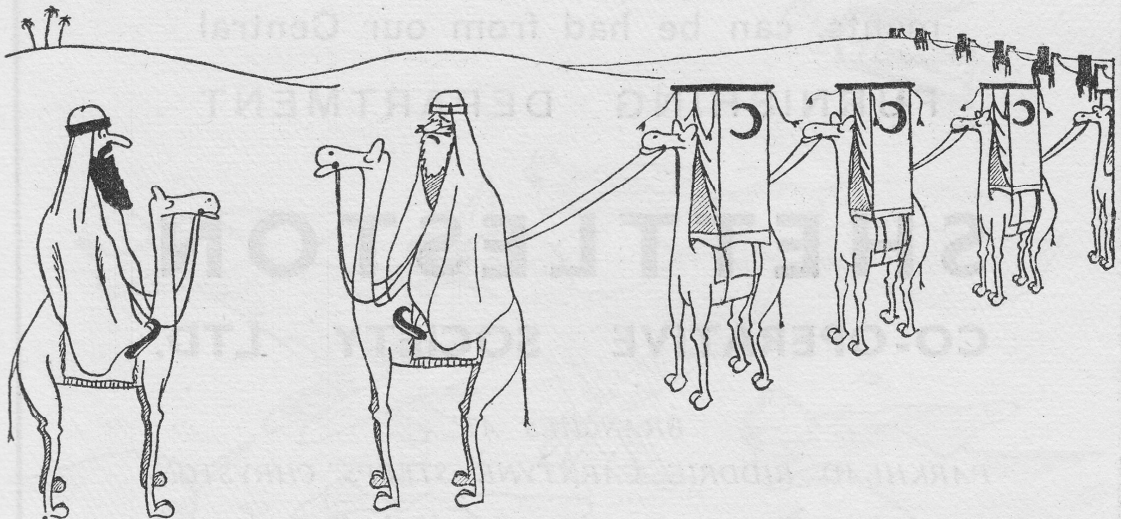
The Man in Black

Strange plays and plots are heard by lots
Who twiddle and turn at the dial,
As they try to locate that narrator so great,
None other than Valentine Dyll.

His voice so deep causes restless sleep
For it thrills you right to your marrow,
And the mounting suspense to a climax tense
Your horrified soul will harrow.

He tells with delight of the man in the night
Who kills by the poisonous phial,
And gloats on the thought of the dastardly plot
Unfolded by Valentine Dyll.

A. B. I. I.



[Drawn by I. W. T.]

"Allah only knows how the Sultan expects us to take the wives to the pictures if he stops the basic water ration."

Literary and Debating Society



The debates the "Lit." has held so far this session have not only been extremely invigorating and entertaining to the partakers, but have produced similar effects on those who spectated. The talks have also proved extremely successful. These facts I mention, hoping they will encourage those in the upper school who have been too shy or—otherwise (!) to come to our meetings. We who are faithful attenders feel that those who are not, are missing something of value to themselves.

Our next meeting is with the F.P. Club. It is followed by a talk on psychiatry by Mr. O. Alexander, which we are sure will interest many.

We are sailing forward with a strong wind behind us in the shape of our steady supporters, and under the good guidance of Mr. Scott, our invaluable pilot. We wish ourselves, and all who sail with us, "Bon Voyage!"

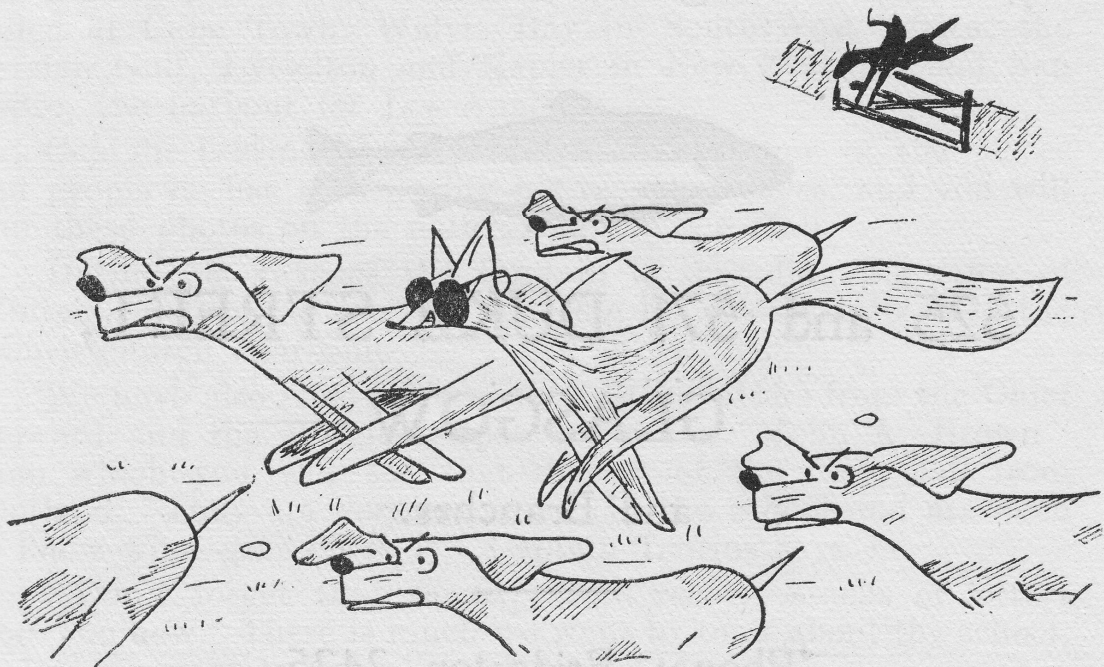
B. G.

The Call

I love the fleecy, fluffy clouds that drift serenely by
With gorgeous white and silver hue against the blue, blue sky.
The fir and pine reach from below, as if to try in vain
To catch a puff of cotton cloud and make it shed its rain.
The forest on the mountain side and sunlit meadowland
And happy little creatures there are from the Maker's hand.
And when their call has reached your soul, then you will know
'tis true

That what dull men call Nature is Fairyland to you.

R. H. IV.3.



[Drawn by I. W. T.]

Our Adopted Ship

In the Hall you will see soon a new picture. It is a photograph of the "John A. Brown," the ship which Whitehill School has adopted.

Captain Lewins, the Master of Our Ship, spends his life seeing other countries which we read about in our Geography books. Ports which are only dots on the map to us are the places he is visiting, and he is keen to tell us all about them.

When he sent us the photo of his ship, this is what Captain Lewins said about her:—

"The 'John A. Brown' is a large ship, a motor ship—that is, one where the main propulsion is given by a Diesel engine, and it is what is known as a tanker, i.e., a vessel specially designed to carry liquid cargoes, mainly petroleum products, in bulk. A tanker is easily distinguishable by having the funnel aft. Owing to the dangerous nature of the usual cargo we carry, such as motor and aviation spirit, it is necessary to have the engines and boilers as far away from the cargo as possible, hence the practice of having the engines aft.

"Between the two extremities of the ship is a large superstructure, four different decks one on top of the other, somewhat like tiers on a wedding cake. This is 'amidships,' containing the accommodation for the navigating officers, the saloon, and the pantry, and it is surmounted by the 'bridge,' where the ship's navigation is controlled from.

"Two masts support the pipes that carry the dangerous petrol fumes well clear of the ship and also carry the wireless aerial. The total length of the ship is 507 feet, maximum beam 70 feet. Fully loaded the ship draws 30 feet 6 inches of water and displaces 22,150 tons of water, 14,500 being cargo, the rest bunkers, fresh water, stores, and weight of the ship."

During the past few months the "John A. Brown" has called at Cape Town, Walvis Bay in South-West Africa, the Persian Gulf, Lyttelton and Napier in New Zealand, and San Pedro, the harbour for Los Angeles.

Captain Lewins has sent us photos of some of the places and people he has seen during his recent voyages, and you will find these photos on the notice-board in the Hall.

During his voyages the Captain is spreading the fame of Whitehill School, as you will see from his reference to us in the "Christchurch Star-Sun."

We have also received very interesting letters from the Chief Steward and the Wireless Operator of the "John A. Brown" from which you will see that several of the crew hail from Scotland. They are very interested in the school and are keen to know what goes on in it. Captain Lewins says:—

"Don't forget that we expect to receive stacks of letters from you now. There is much we want to know about the school, in fact we want to know everything!"