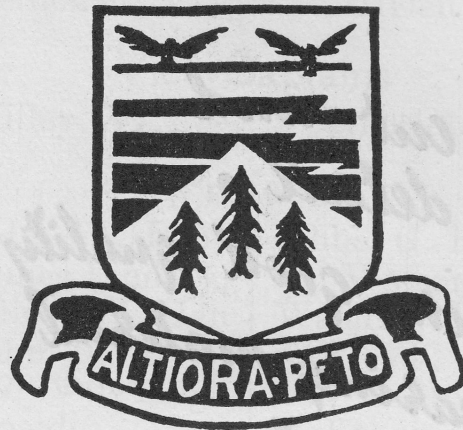


Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 59

Christmas,
1948



CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
School Officials	3	Chess	27
Editorial	5	Denmark In July	28
Roll of Honour	7	Whitehill Alphabet	30
Mr. R. S. McIntosh	9	Literary Society	30
For "Aspiring" Seventeen-Year- Olds	9	<i>Hockey Club</i>	31
Miss I. Jaffray	11	<i>Football First XI</i>	31
A Deed without a Name	11	<i>Rugby First XV</i>	32
<i>Drawing</i>	12	<i>Annexe Field</i>	32
Rugby	13	Football	33
F.P.s at University	13	After the Game	33
School Notes	14	Apologie for Amateur Theatri- cals	34
Operation "Tuber"	15	Dramatic Club	35
Characters	16	Sweet Deception	36
<i>Prefects, 1948-49</i>	17	To Mary, Queen of Scots	36
<i>Sports Day, 1948</i>	18	The School Concert	36
The Mermaid	19	<i>Drawing</i>	37
An Unpleasant Experience	19	The Bright Day is Done	39
Address to Editors	19	A Lassie in Lancashire	39
Under the Editor's Table	20	Swimming	41
An Appeal	21	On First Looking into Virgil's Aeneid	41
School Library	22	Corporation Art Competition	41
Confessions of a Sluggard	22	Calling all Former Pupils	43
<i>Classics Staff</i>	23	Expiration	43
<i>The 1948 Concert—</i>		Twenty Years After	43
<i>The Red Gown</i>	24	Hockey	45
<i>Rizzio's Boots</i>	24	The Garden of my Dreams	45
<i>Finale</i>	25	Puppet Theatre	45
<i>Modern Languages Staff</i>	26	Charities	47
At the Bazaar	27	Wicked Werses	47
Cricket	27		

SCHOOL OFFICIALS.

Captains

Robert D. Kernohan, VI. Helen L. Howes, VI.

Vice-Captains

Thomas J. Hilley, VI. Catherine Alexander, VI.

Prefects

Gordon E. Kennedy, VI, Iain Somerside, VI; James Lindsay, VI; George F. Milne, VI; Ian G. Hood, V; John B. Muir, V; John Rodgers, V; Hugh Muir, V.	Ishbel G. Pinkerton, VI; Helen H. Watson, VI; Susannah Y. Waddell, VI; Violet A. Crawford, VI; Mary I. Archibald, VI; Jenny Ronald, V; Anne McKenzie, V; Dorothy Blues, V.
--	--

Rugby

Captain: Gordon E. Kennedy, VI.

Vice-Captain: Thomas J. Hilley, VI. **Secretary:** Robert D. Kernohan, VI.

Football

Captain: William Crofts, VI.

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

Hockey

Captain: Ishbel G. Pinkerton, VI. **Secretary:** Margaret Colquhoun, V.

Swimming

Captain: Gordon E. Kennedy, VI.

Cricket

Secretary: Angus Cameron, V.

Golf

Secretary: Strathairn Lees, V.

Literary and Debating Society

Secretary: Robert Carswell, V. **Treasurer:** Catherine Alexander, VI.

Committee: Violet A. Crawford, VI; Robert D. Kernohan, VI; Margaret Burley, V; Alexander McGregor, V; Margaret Brown, IV; James McKendrick, IV.

Dramatic Society

President: Helen L. Howes, VI. **Vice-Pres.:** J. Campbell McQueen, VI.

Committee: Margaret Colquhoun, V; Anne McKenzie, V; John Rodgers, V; Ann W. Jarvie, V.

Magazine

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

Sub-Editors: Kenneth Eadie, V; Jenny Ronald, V; Janet McGrath, IV.

Committee: Violet A. Crawford, VI; Ann W. Jarvie, V; Sheena Grant, IV.



EDITORIAL

Among the many blessings bestowed upon us by the festive season, not least, we feel, is the Christmas number of the School Magazine. We, to whom has fallen the task of compiling this issue, have taken up the torch from our predecessors fully aware of the responsibility which is ours, and not less conscious of the fine tradition which has been built up by the School Magazine during past years.

We would remind the School they are the heirs of this tradition. Yet there is a strange silence from the Lower School—that band of energetic young people who chase madly over the Annexe field, and throw themselves with the greatest, and far from silent, vigour into everything they do. These people, we thought, would welcome an outlet for their youthful genius. But no! It is the Upper School who have answered our appeal despite their preoccupation with “higher” things, and to them we express our grateful thanks.

The majority of the articles we did receive were, however, of a high standard. A few were rather too ambitious and we would advise our youthful contributors to confine their attention to prose rather than verse. A few comments are made elsewhere upon the contents of our waste-paper basket.

We hope that our selection will appeal to the tastes of all sections of the School, including as it does the meditations of the select band of Form VI and the pastoral idylls of those as yet unoppressed by the cares of age. Those who feel they are above the perusal of the literary gems which adorn this magazine can find solace in the artistic photographs which are reproduced in our pages!

In closing, we offer our thanks to those of the Staff who have given us so much help and encouragement—Mr. Meikle, Mr. Cormac, and Mr. Cleland; to our overwrought Sub-Editors and Committee; and last but by no means least, to our invaluable office-boy, Oswald.

We wish to them and to all our readers, a Merry Christmas and a successful New Year.



ROLL OF HONOUR

We publish the list of names received so far of those who fell in Active Service in the 1939-45 war. We shall be glad to have the full name, address, rank and Unit of the Service of any Former Pupil whose name should appear on this list. Last date for receiving corrections or additions to the list is 1st February, 1949. Please send to Mr. A. C. Somerville at the School.

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- | | |
|--|--|
| BARCLAY, John Bell (1934-39), Sgt.-Pilot, R.A.F. | LANDIES, William (1932-37), R.A.F. |
| BARRIE, Wellesley (1931-36), R.A.F. | MACALPINE, Robert (1929-31), Sergt., Green Howards. |
| BLACKADDER, William Smith (1933-38), Pilot Officer, R.A.F. | MACCONNELL-JONES, Adam, (1933-39), R.A.F. |
| BLACKBURN, John (1936-41), Junr. Radio Officer, Merchant Navy. | MACDOUGAL, Archibald, D.F.C. , Lieut., R.N.V.R. |
| BRODIE, A. Mowbray (1934-39), F.A.A. | MACDOUGALL, Alexander (1934-39), Sergt., R.A.F. |
| BURKE, John B. (1935-40), R.A.F. | MACGARVA, Alexander W. (1931-36), R.A.F. |
| CAMPBELL, James, D.F.C. , D.F.M. , R.A.F. | MACGREGOR, Leon L. (1929-35), R.A. |
| CANT, James Sutherland (1929-35), Flying Officer, R.A.F. | McINTYRE, Dugald, Merchant Navy. |
| CHISHOLM, John, Cameron Highlanders. | MACKAY, George (1938-39), R.N. |
| CLYNE, David J. R., R.A.F. | MACKAY, John (1933-35), A.C.I., R.A.F. |
| COOKE, Wilfrid Hulme, Sub-Lt., R.N.V.R. | MACKINLAY, Frank, Sergt., R.A.F. |
| COULL, John (1934-38), Pilot Officer, R.A.F. | MACLEISH, James C., D.F.C. (1931-34), Pilot Officer, R.A.F. |
| CURWEN, George, R.N. | MACLEOD, Angus, Major, London Scottish. |
| DOTT, Archie S. (1935-39), R.A.F. | McNAUGHT, Alexander B. (1939-43), Black Watch. |
| EASTON, J. Harley (1931-36), Sgt., R.A.F. | MACPHERSON, Robert (1935-39), Flying Officer, R.A.F.V.R. |
| FAULDS, Eric (1933-36), Merchant Navy. | MACVEAN, Duncan (1934-37), Lieut., H.L.I. |
| FORD, George W. (1932-35), Flying Officer, R.A.F. | MUNRO, John (1935-37), Sergt., R.A.F. |
| FRASER, James Sidney (1936-40), Sergt., R.A.F. | ORR, Alistair G. (1929-35), A. & S.H. |
| GARRITY, Daniel, R.A.F. | RIACH, George (1933-37), Pilot Officer, R.A.F. |
| GUNN, Robert (1935-40), Sherwood Forr. | RICHARDS, Robert (1936-40), R.A.F. |
| HAMILTON, William, Art Staff, Glasgow Highlanders. | ROY, C. James (1934-37), Sergt., R.A.F. |
| HARDING, William D. (1932-37), Lieut., R.A.C. | SIMPSON, Arnold G. (1935-37), R.A.F. |
| HILL, Robert, R.A.F. | SMITH, Harry, Captain, Chaplain. |
| HILL, William (1933-39), R.A.F. | STIRLING, Evan McGregor (1932-38), Captain, R.A.M.C. |
| HOWIESON, Robert, R.A.F. | WILSON, James R. (1935-41), R.A.F. |
| IRVINE, John, D.F.C. (1933-36), R.A.F. | WINTON, Jack, R.A.F. |
| KAY, Robert S. (1932-37), A. & S.H. | WYLIE, John B. (1932-35), Commended, Third Officer, Merchant Navy. |
| KIPPEN, E. M., D.F.C. (1932-35), Pilot Officer, R.A.F. | |

The Late Robert S. McIntosh, M.A.

On the 17th September died one whose name will be ever honoured in the records of the School—Mr. Robert S. McIntosh—whose connection with Whitehill, begun in 1915, lasted for over twenty years. At first associated with the Elementary Department in which he taught the Qualifying Class with great success, he later joined the Mathematical Staff in the Secondary Department. He soon became interested in Glasgow Schools Association Football (being a footballer himself), and eventually was a distinguished member of committee of the Glasgow Schools Secondary League. Many successful Whitehill teams were trained by him; photographs of these may be seen hanging in the middle flat of the School Hall. How well these prints recall R. S. M. with his eager, smiling expression, his highly pitched Scottish voice, and his courageous yet kindly forthrightness of character! Many when they leave lose interest in a school, but with him it was the opposite. In the years that followed his promotion to a Second Mastership he devoted himself in association with Mr. Robert M. Weir, our Headmaster-emeritus, to the raising of funds for Craighend. It was a notable partnership.

We mourn his comparatively early death. His last visit to us was at the Sports and it seemed then that we should welcome him back to his old school for many a year. To his wife and to his son and daughter, both of whom are Former Pupils, we send our deepest sympathy and kindest remembrances.

FOR "ASPIRING" SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLDS

The Central Council of Physical Recreation has opened Glenmore Lodge, in the foothills of the Cairngorms, as an all year round training centre in outdoor activities. Young people *of seventeen and over, who are interested in the various branches of open-air life, will find all their enquiries welcomed by the Warden at the Lodge.*

Courses are held in Map Reading, Route Finding, Camping, Rambling, Hill Walking, Rock-climbing, Sailing, Canoeing, Swimming, and Expeditions, and you can select whichever you wish to pursue each day. The course lasts for one week—a week of strenuous (or not *too* strenuous) physical activity during the day, and happy comradeship in the evening, when you can relax in a comfortable lounge or indulge in a spirited eightsome, according to the state of your feet! The course ends with "Expedition Spartan," a two-day expedition to the hills, when a night is spent under the stars, or in a bothy or Nissen Hut.

The charge for any one week is £5 (inclusive)—and the catering is adequate for healthy appetites.

ALTIORA PETO.

Miss Isabella Jaffray, M.A.

It has been our privilege, on several occasions, to congratulate a gentleman of the Whitehill Staff on promotion to the Headship of a school. In this issue, for the first time, we believe, in our history, we congratulate a lady member of the Staff on being promoted Head Teacher. Such appointments are rare, and we are proud indeed that this honour has come to our Miss Jaffray, who became Head Teacher of Rosemount Public School at the beginning of this session. While we are deeply conscious that Miss Jaffray's promotion entails a serious loss to Whitehill, we rejoice that her great gifts as teacher and as organiser have been recognised.

A graduate of Aberdeen University, Miss Jaffray came to Whitehill in 1920. During the years she has been with us, her pupils have had the benefit of her outstanding powers of teaching. Many of them owe to her their entrance to a professional career, and all of them have had some vision of the first essentials for those who would study mathematics—truth and courage.

Memories of school functions will include pictures of Miss Jaffray busy with kettles, teapots and tables laden with good things that were good even in the days of austerity. Her quiet efficiency in producing a delectable tea for hungry dancers will long be remembered.

We wish to express our gratitude to Miss Jaffray for all the loyal service she has given to Whitehill, and we send her our good wishes for every success and every happiness in Rosemount School.

A Deed without a Name

You as a reader of this, the most popular of periodicals—"The Mag."—are doubtless happy to know that this Christmas Edition of the "Mag." has been chosen by me, as the book in which "My Work of Genius" will appear.

My first effort to solve this world-shaking problem came to me as I meandered over the "Green, green and pleasant" field of Craigend. The priceless title of this priceless gem (it is still paste) of literature was to be "The Rugby Team Scores," but that try was rather common and galled me so it paid the penalty and I dropped it. My next spasm of thinking came as I sat 'neath the "soft" lighting in that palatial palace which houses the dinner-school. This idea was that my masterpiece should be known simply as "Bread." That idea also went by the board as it was rather short and in any case it was stale. All these brilliant (?) sallies left me rather exhausted so I almost decided to do as my great friend and fellow genius once did and name "My Work of Genius" "As You Like It," but as I already know you would like it consigned to the flames, I have passed the honour of naming "My Work of Genius" to the editors (whom we all know and love), but if you have any ideas keep them for the exams and do not pass them on to

GEE-NIUS, V.2.



Cotnam 48.



Rugby

This year we celebrate the Silver Jubilee of Whitehill Rugby, and although the season is still young, it shows promise of being one of the best the School has had for some time. We are fielding no fewer than six XV's, three of them composed of junior players. Lack of pitches, however, is handicapping our activities.

The team of the year is undoubtedly the 1st XV. With several "veterans" as a nucleus we have built up a very strong side. It is no reflection on other sections of the team to say that our main strength lies in the weight and power of the forwards, two of whom, Ian Hood and Robert Kernohan, have been selected to play in a trial match for the Schools' Inter-City. So far our record is impressive. All seven games played have been won, among our victims being such formidable rivals as Marr College, Greenock Academy and Lenzie Academy. Inspired by this fine beginning we await the remainder of the season with confidence.

After a shaky start the 2nd XV has been welded into shape and has won three of its recent matches in convincing form. The records of the other teams, while not brilliant, are certainly sound.

The future of Whitehill Rugby is secure. The enthusiastic Juniors are being patiently coached by the Gym Staff both at Craigend and in the new "playing-field" adjacent to the School. The thanks of the Rugby Club go out to these coaches—Messrs. Forgie, Gardiner, and McKean,—to the other helpers among Staff and F.P.s, to Mr. and Mrs. McLauchlan at Craigend, and to the ladies of the Tea Committee.

In closing, we acknowledge the assistance of the unofficial "Supporters' Club" who cheer us on to victory from the touch-lines at Craigend.

We shall do our best not to let them down!

R. D. K.

F.P.s At University

The following awards have been made to our Former Pupils at the University:

Degree of M.A. with Honours:

JOHN A. M. RILLIE (English).

KATHLEEN JOHNSTON (English).

LOUISE PULLAN (English).

GODFREY PULLAN (Maths. and Nat. Phil.).

Degree of M.A.: MARGUERITA FRASER.

Degree of B.Sc.: JAMES MCKERROW.

HERBERT DUTHIE obtained Distinction in the First Professional M.B. Examination in Botany, Chemistry, and Zoology.

School Notes

May and June were stirring months; there was the usual excitement over Examinations, oral and written, the School Sports, the School Concert in the Athenæum, the very colourful Senior School Dance, and finally, Prize Day, when Bailie Jas. S. McNeill presided and Mrs. McNeill presented the prizes with a handshake and a word to each winner. A new feature of the term was the Puppet Show successfully staged in Room 68 by Miss McLintock and pupils of Forms III and IV. Perhaps one might also mention an attempted Sale of Lost Property. History does not say whether the Sale was completed!

A contingent of pupils under Messrs. Cleland and Scott and other members of Staff assisted in potato harvesting from 2nd to 22nd October, with Crieff as their centre. Their high standard of work was appreciated by the farmers they served. During the summer the open space which had been the site of the East-End Exhibition was levelled and laid out in preparation for division into pitches. This playing field is now open to all pupils at the intervals. On various occasions this term our School Choirs have been distinguishing themselves, especially in broadcasting, and many tributes have been received by Mr. Fletcher as conductor.

We regret to record the death on 3rd November of Mr. Alex. G. Wilson who for many years was our Senior Janitor, retiring in 1945. His genial relations with Staff and pupils, his devotion to duty in the difficult years of war, his soldierly bearing and brave spirit in spite of illness are all clearly recalled. We send Mrs. Wilson and Tom our sincerest sympathy.

The Staff changes for the period are as follows:—Departures—Miss I. C. Macdonald (Geography) to Park, Miss I. McQueen (Sewing) on the occasion of her marriage, Miss I. Jaffray (Mathematics) to be Head Teacher at Rosemount, Miss H. M. Hood (Commerce) to Bellahouston, Miss J. S. Michie (Commerce) to Hamilton Crescent, Miss M. C. Blair (English) to Shawlands, Mr. I. MacPhail (English) to be Principal Teacher of English at Alloa. Arrivals—Miss Strang and Miss Watson (Commerce), Miss Orr (English), Mr. H. Hutchison (History), Miss Begg (Geography), Mr. Jones (Mathematics), Mr. Forrest (Science and Mathematics), Miss Ralston (Sewing). We welcome all our new colleagues and send our best wishes and Christmas greetings to those who have left us. Miss Macdonald did valuable work in helping to build up the Geography Department; Miss McQueen's keen interest in her classes was much appreciated by Miss Rennie; Miss Hood and Miss Michie will always be remembered for their thorough efficiency, their cheerful spirit, and the remarkably fine service they rendered to the School Camps throughout the war years. For these and many other duties which they took upon themselves so freely, we thank

them heartily. We thank Miss Blair and Mr. MacPhail also for their hard work for the School, both within and without their Department. Mr. MacPhail especially was distinguished for his skill in handling advanced classes in English and History, for his inspired directing of the arrangements for the School Concerts, and for his "adding to the gaiety of nations" in that wide world of Whitehill Secondary School.

Operation "Tuber"

It was the grey dark of early morning, and the room was silent save for the rhythmic breathing of fifteen young bodies plunged deep in healthy slumber. A figure stole silently into the room, switched on a light, stood for a moment to survey the peaceful scene, and shed a tear or two for the crime he was about to commit.

But he knew his duty and braced himself to perform it. Then his gentle voice sounded pleasantly in the room, softly penetrating the veil of sleep.

"Boys! It's half-past six! Time to ri-i-se!"

No second bidding was necessary. The boys leapt lightly from their warm beds, smiling happily, and dressed themselves, a cheerful song or merry whistle on their lips; and so with the other three dormitories. A new day had begun in Whitehill Senior Secondary Potato Harvest Camp, domiciled in Crieff Public School.

Do you smile ironically and say, "Now, pull the other one!" Well, perhaps there is a slight element of fiction in that account of the matutinal activities at Crieff. But no one can deny that the camp was a happy one, quite apart from its outstanding success as a Potato Lifting Expedition. Ask any of the sixty boys who took part in it.

The credit for its success must in large measure go to the camp leader, Mr. W. P. Cleland. His supreme organising ability ensured that there was never a hitch in the conduct of the camp from the first moment of its establishment; his benignly boisterous personality and his almost paternal solicitude diffused an atmosphere of harmony everywhere.

No small praise, however, is due to the boys themselves whose Trojan labour in the fields by day, and whose conduct in the town of Crieff and its environs in the evening was always in the highest Whitehill tradition. A gallant band! They were held in great esteem by the Janitor of Crieff Public School; and what pleases a Janitor must be good indeed!

A word of thanks also to the members of Staff and the two students who assisted Mr. Cleland, to the magnificent staff who fed us so well, and to the Headmaster and Janitor of Crieff School who helped us out in many ways.

Statistics? Hundreds of tons of potatoes were harvested. Hundreds of pounds of food were consumed. Hundreds of Perthshire hens went into mourning.

A. S.

Characters

C. A.: An eye full of gentle salutations—and soft responses.—
STERNE.

M. I. A.: Then she will talk—good gods, how she will talk!—LEE.

D. B.: A simple maiden in her flower.—TENNYSON.

V. A. C.: Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye.—LOVER.

T. J. H.: Woman's at best a contradiction still.—POPE.

I. H.: In my life I never saw a man so full of woe.—WHISTLER.

H. L. H.: On her face a glow is spread,
A strong emotion on her cheek.—ARNOLD.

G. E. K.: With silent smiles of slow disparagement.—TENNYSON.

R. D. K.: I am not arguing with you; I am telling you.—
WHISTLER.

J. L.: He was the mildest mannered man.—BYRON.

A. McK.: She lookt as butter would not melt in her mouth.—
HEYWOOD.

G. M.: Sombre of mien, yet wise.—WHISTLER.

H. M.: A moral, sensible, and well-bred man.—COWPER.

J. M.: Bashfulness is an ornament to youth.—ARISTOTLE.

I. P.: With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
Forever most divinely in the wrong.—YOUNG.

I. R.: A frame of adamant, a soul of fire.—JOHNSON.

J. R.: That capability and godlike reason.—SHAKESPEARE.

I. D. S.: A man of hope and forward looking mind.—WORDS-
WORTH.

S. Y. W.: 'Tis known she could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak.—BUTLER.

H. H. W.: Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.
—SHAKESPEARE.



[Photo by Laurie

PREFECTS, 1948-49.

Back Row: James Lindsay, Gordon E. Kennedy, John Rodgers, Ian G. Hood, John B. Muir, Hugh Muir, Iain Somerside, George F. Milne.

Middle Row: Dorothy Blues, Mary I. Archibald, Susannah Y. Waddell, Jenny Ronald, Isabel G. Pinkerton, Violet A. Crawford,

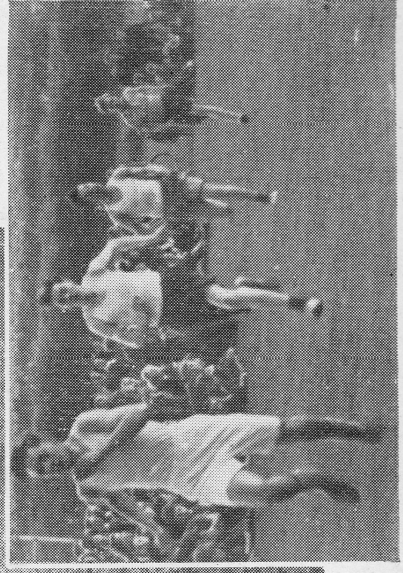
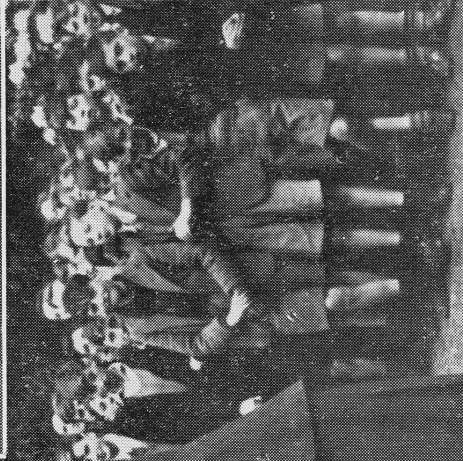
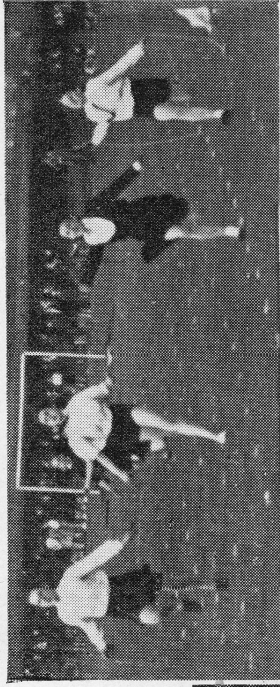
Helen H. Watson, Anne McKenzie.

Front Row: Catherine Alexander (Vice-Captain), Robert D. Kernohan (Captain), Mr. McEwan, Helen L. Howes (Captain),

Thomas J. Hilley (Vice-Captain).

Sports Day

May
1948



Photos by Mr. W. P. Cleland

The Mermaid

Come beloved, come along
And leave the city's bustling throng.
Forget your cares, and haste with me
To the cool of the green and shimmering sea.

The breakers are rolling,
Miranda is calling,
Miranda is calling you down to the sea.

Come beloved, come along,
And dwell my spacious caves among,
Where I will sing a lullaby
As in my loving arms you lie.

With music enthralling
Miranda is calling,
Miranda is calling you down to the sea.

KAY, VI.

AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE

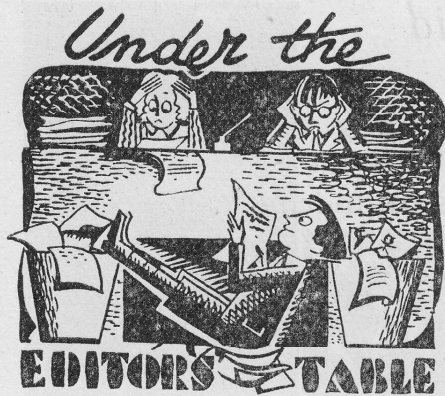
Have you ever experienced the eerie sensation of walking alone on a pitch-black night with only the vaguest notion of the direction in which you are travelling? I found myself in this position one night recently, and as I walked along, strange thoughts kept pressing in upon my mind. It was with some relief that I came to a railway line, and as this would be a guide to my uncertain footsteps I decided to follow it. After walking a little way I heard a noise which seemed to sound a short distance away. I realised to my horror that a train was approaching. The low rumble grew to a mighty thunder and two headlamps glared at me like the eyes of an enormous giant. Fiery sparks sprang high into the air and mingled with the smoke. I heard the clanging of the wheels on the metals and felt that my end was near. As the iron monster bore down on me I shrieked and jumped aside, and presently found myself on the floor at the side of my bed from which I had fallen with the alarm clock trilling an unpleasant reminder that it was now time to get up.

C. C., II.2.

Address To Editors

If a poem ought to rhyme
All the time,
Then I fear poetry
'S beyond me.

I try to make it scan
If I can;
But you want meaning too—
No can do.



Where have you been, children? I have never had so small a basketful. And most of the pages I have seen have come from the Upper School, which is no good to me, because people in the Upper School do not make mistakes, or say what they don't mean, or do any of the things I can write about.

Or am I wrong? I have just noticed an article from IV.1 which talks about a "geometry proposition." Well, it's not the first time somebody has stuttered over a geometry whatsit.

From IIC3 came a sensitive character study beginning:

He wears a white striped jersey,
A mask and coat of black,
And in this wide and weary world
There's no safe he can't crack.

It is hoped that no reference is intended to any of our teams. The "white striped jersey" is uncomfortably familiar.

From I.2:

When I was in the South of France
All the ladies liked to dance
France we know is famed for Grapes
Just as Africa is famed for Apes.

ROBERT SIMPSON

Newsagent and Tobacconist

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BRIdgeton 2606.

We were keenly interested to know what followed from this intriguing collection of thoughts, but unfortunately that is the whole poem.

We must confess the thoughts of I.2 leave us far behind quite often. Here is another:

As I was walking down the street
I met a lady with lily feet.

We wondered about that for a moment, but what really pulled us up was the further disclosure,

It turned out to be a government doll.

We have never, so far as we know, met such an one, but in future we shall look with more interest at the pedal extremities of ladies.

I.2 are to be congratulated, however, on the number of their contributions. The Editors specially mentioned S. Q., whose article was very well written but unfortunately not very suitable for this magazine.

Another class who produced some attractive work was II.1. E. B. very nearly achieved the dignity of print. A. M. had one verse that deserves to be preserved:

Don't you think Mr. ——'s a menace?
(Have you learned your "Merchant of Venice"?)
Mr. —— can't believe his eyes—
Full marks for my home exercise!

A. S. had an account of the week, placing Sunday at the end instead of the beginning, by which rearrangement he came by this conclusion:

S is for the next day too, which of course is Sunday;
It passes all too quickly, and we're back again at Monday.

We all recognise the feeling.

I'll tell you a secret before I leave you. The Editors sent me down an article which I was about to pulverise, when somebody informed them that it was written by A Teacher. So it was plucked from my unhallowed hands and it appears on another page. I hope you enjoy yourselves guessing which it is.

OSWALD THE OFFICE-BOY.

An Appeal

You who embroider'd with our crest
Your garments rich and rare
With fingers deft and fair,
And who look on as we contest
To gain your smiles and honour's prize,
The precious laurel crown;
Can you gaze silent down
And let no tears bedew your eyes?

SCRUM, VI.



School Library

The keynote of Library activity this session is "Bright and Early." A "flying start" is given to the week by Form I boys, who surge upstairs and invade Room 35 at 8.50 every Monday morning. On one morning of the week, at least, there are many schoolboys who do not creep "like snail unwillingly to school." We trust they will never lose this commendable habit of appearing at school, bright and early, on a Monday morning!

Wednesday morning sees the girls of Forms I and II chattering their way up to the Library, also in large numbers.

By Friday a heavy week's work has taken its toll of Forms IV, V, and VI, who have not the strength to reach the Library.

Our grateful thanks are due to the Girls' Captain and her Prefects for their able and willing assistance each morning.

J. E. G.

Confessions of a "Sluggard"

When I reached the age of ten I paid my subscription and my name was entered in the Sluggards' Register. I was given a book of rules, but I had no difficulty in complying with them. Rule One states that I must not rise before nine o'clock in the morning. Now, spiritually I am an early riser. I rise at 7 a.m., wash, shave, and have breakfast before 8 a.m.

Then I wake up, and fall asleep again.

If you have ever been on a walking tour (what a thought) or a cycling tour you know that early rising is the key to the whole business. One of my friends (a fellow-member) was cajoled into going on a walking tour this year and he came back a reformed character. He offered to try to reform me—a sure sign of his conversion—but I am physically a sluggard and have less hope for myself than my friend has.

However, he has stung me to shame. When I meditate on my life I shudder. No; whether from the point of view of business or pleasure, worldly wisdom or spiritual satisfaction, there is no defence for us. We are the dregs of humanity.

* * * *

To my surprise, I rose this morning fifteen minutes before my usual time. It was a great effort, and secretly I am proud of it. With training I can reform myself. I must prepare myself for a rigorous course. How shall I prepare? I think perhaps I should take a fortnight in a rest-home.

A. C., VI.



[Photo by Laurie

CLASSICS STAFF.

Standing: Mr. J. R. Cuthbertson, Miss M. W. Taylor, Mr. J. Hamilton.
Sitting: Miss Js. C. Muir, Mr. D. M. S. Duff (Head of Department), Miss A. N. R. Gray.

THE 1948 CONCERT THE ATHENÆUM



"THE RED GOWN."

[Photo by Lawrie



"RIZZIO'S BOOTS."

[Photo by Lawrie

John Knox: Robert McAvoy. Mary: Helen Howes. Marie: Jean Wylie.
Rizzio: J. Campbell McQueen. Darnley: Robert Forson.



[Photo by Laurie

THE 1948 CONCERT: THE FINALE.



[Photo by *Laurie*

THE MODERN LANGUAGES STAFF.

Standing: Mr. W. O. Brown, Miss H. M. S. Gordon, Miss H. B. Shearer, Miss M. E. Cameron, Mrs. M. C. McWilliam, Mr. D. Donald.
Sitting: Mr. C. Hendry, Miss M. J. J. Bell, Mr. J. M. Hutchison. (Head of Department) Miss H. M. Watt, Mr. A. G. St. C. Neill.

Denmark In July

At 7 a.m. on the 6th of July an eager and excited group of boys and girls assembled in Queen Street Station. These were the fortunate representatives of fourteen Glasgow schools, who had been awarded the twenty Travelling Scholarships presented by Viscount Kemsley to enable parties of young people to travel abroad each summer to further their own education and foster international friendship. This year Denmark was the destination and Whitehill was worthily represented by Helen Howes and Iain Somerside. Mr. M. C. Oliver, Chief Reporter of "The Evening News," was in charge of the party.

The journey to the Danish border could not have been more interesting. London—Harwich—the Hook—through Holland and across Germany—Osnabrück, Bremen and Hamburg, all showing the marks of devastating air-raids—Flensburg, and across the frontier to Fredericia. Arriving at 1.28 a.m., after an 18 hours' journey by rail, the party was soon asleep in the palatial Vasegaarden Hotel and next day, fortified by a Gargantuan breakfast, we set out on what proved to be an uninterrupted procession from one banquet and reception to another. On these occasions the fluent, impeccable Danish of Miss Fawcett of Albert Secondary School, who had been interned in Denmark during the War before escaping to Sweden, impressed our hosts immensely, and useful practice in after-dinner oratory was afforded the boys and girls, for each had to take a turn in proposing votes of thanks.

From Fredericia we proceeded to Odense, the birthplace of Hans Andersen, and visited the museum where even his school report is exhibited. We toured the island of Funen by motor coach and saw Nyborg Castle and the Viking Ship at Ladby, dating back to 950 A.D.

Here we spent three crowded days, visiting the spacious amusement-park of the Tivoli, the celebrated Carlsberg brewery, a nursery-school at Utterslev and the Old Folks' Town at Guldbergs Have, Frederiksborg Castle and the fortress of Kronberg at Helsingør (Elsinore), where we walked the battlements immortalised by Hamlet's father's ghost. We watched weavers, potters, and silversmiths at work and sampled some of the world-famous sandwiches of Oskar Davidsen, of which 170 are on the menu daily.

Everywhere we were warmly welcomed and entertained with lavish hospitality. The Scottish kilt attracted almost embarrassing attention and provoked enthusiastic demonstrations of friendship. It was at the Youth Hostels, however, where for the most part we spent the nights, that we were best able to fraternise with the young people not only of Denmark but of France, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland. The common-room would echo to the folk-songs of many nations and finally, linking hands, we would bring the programme to a close with "Auld Lang Syne."

Leaving Copenhagen we sailed by night through the narrow

channel dividing Denmark from Sweden, passed the bright lights of Helsingör on the left and Helsingborg on the right, and reached Aarhus on the following morning. The latter part of our stay was passed amid the pleasant woods and lakes of Jutland. Here we visited Denmark's highest mountain—500 feet—and bathed in brilliant sunshine near the quaint little village of Aebeltoft.

To remind us, no doubt, of the educational aspect of our tour we spent our last three days at the Folk High School at Vestbirk. Here Principal Erik Dahlerup Pedersen, and his wife Elin Appel, a prominent feminist and M.P., were our hosts and mentors and gave us insight into the Folk High School Movement and the Danish political system. Dormitory rags after lights-out in true boarding-school tradition, far from disturbing the harmony which prevailed throughout, brought pupils and staff into even closer personal contact. Our sojourn culminated in a concert and dance in the village hall, followed by supper in the school-house. Then we were escorted in a torchlight procession at midnight to the station, and left with the songs and farewell greetings of friendly voices ringing in our ears.

The Danish tour will be memorable for all who took part. Friendships were made within and without the party which will strengthen with the years. We were loth to take leave of our guide Richard Wagner Hansen, who in the short space of ten days endeared himself to everyone, and we shall not forget Sigurd Mammen, prince of interpreters, and Messrs. Nilsson, Marcusson, and Andresen who were so gallant to our girls. We are indebted to Viscount Kemsley for many heart-warming encounters with friendly people, for a horizon permanently widened, and for the opportunity to penetrate the mists of ignorance, and indifference and prejudice which so often conceal the true character of foreign people and which personal contacts can so effectively dispel.



[Photo by courtesy of Kemsley Press.]

Helen Howes makes a presentation to Viscount Kemsley on behalf of the party.

WHITEHILL ALPHABET

(With Apologies to Lewis Carroll).

A is for Arthur, the toast of his classes,
B is for Bennett, who swears by the gases,
C is for Cuthbertson, constant to Horace,
D is for Duff, who interprets him for us,
E is for Ewart, with bounce and agility,
F is for Fletcher, with Orphean ability,
G is for Gard'ner, to rugby devoted,
H is for Howes, for her dignity noted,
I am the author, a rhymer erratic,
J is for Jenny, who's always emphatic,
K is for Kernohan, eager reformer,
L is for Lorimer, politics' stormer!
M's for Munro, who for concerts is famed,
N is for No-one who *always* is blamed.
Oliver's O, Orthodoxy's disdainor,
P is for Peggie, whose attitude's plainer.
Q's for the questions we never can answer,
R is for Rodgers, an actor—or prancer?
S is for Somerville, strong on legality,
T is for Thomson whose factor's normality,
U are the critic whose censure alarms me,
Violet's V, whose integrity charms me,
W's Williamson, prop of the Rector,
XY is Paul's name for a radius vector,
Z is the last of the troublesome band,
It's the zest of the school that's the best in the land.

OMEGA.



Literary and Debating Society

This year our season was a little later in starting, so in consequence we have had fewer meetings. The season was opened with a Parliamentary Evening which was conducted with a solemn propriety which shows itself only on Parliamentary Evenings. This season we are fortunate in having some very well-known speakers to lecture to us, and we hope a large percentage of Forms IV, V, and VI will pay them the compliment of attending.

We extend a vote of thanks to all members of the Staff who have assisted us, and particularly to Mr. Scott who nurses the Lit. through all its trials as only Mr. Scott can.

R. C.



[Photo by Lawrie

HOCKEY CLUB.

Back Row: Dorothy Blues, Anne McKay, Sheila Morgan, Margaret Wilson, Jean McKerrow, Edith St. Aubyn, Marjory Henderson, Helen Thomson.

Middle Row: Morag McKay, Joyce Stewart, Jean McLaren, Anne Marshall, Isobel Smith, Cynthia Boyd, Margaret Gowdie, Phoebe Wilson.

Front Row: Margaret Burley, Jessie McCreath, Margaret Colquhoun (Secretary), Ishbel Pinkerton (Captain), Rhona MacRae, Janet McGrath, Fay Brown.



[Photo by Lawrie

FOOTBALL FIRST ELEVEN.

Back Row: Strathairn Lees, David White, Clifford Gough, William Parker, Stanley Easdale, Ian Irwin, Mr. Jardine.

Front Row: James Cree, William Thomson, William Crofts, John Muir, Ronald Black.



[Photo by Lawrie

RUGBY FIRST FIFTEEN.

Back Row: Angus Cameron, Douglas Black, Crawford Lawrie, Ian Hood, Henry Gribbon.

Middle Row: Henry Patterson, Alexander McGregor, Iain Somerside, Mr McKean, Crawford Gray, Andrew Clark, James Chester.

Front Row: Andrew Barr, Thomas Hilley (Vice-Captain), Gordon Kennedy (Captain), Robert Kernohan (Secretary), Robert Carswell.



[Photo by Lawrie

THE ANNEXE FIELD, 1948.



Football

The hope expressed at the end of last season has materialised—the School now has five teams entered in the Secondary Schools League—a First, a Second, a Third, and two Fourth Division teams. In addition, in the Glasgow Schools Association the School has entered a Senior League team and also a Junior Shield team. (The School is the present holder of this Shield.)

The First Eleven, after a shaky start, seem to have settled down, and are now producing the type of football for which the School has long been noted. To date, they have played five League matches and gained six points. In the Scottish Secondary Schools Shield they have been drawn against Bearsden Academy at home in the first round and should they be successful they will receive a bye into the third round.

The School's venture into Second Division football has, so far, met with no success. After a disastrous start in their opening game against Albert Secondary, the Second Eleven have been rather unfortunate in losing their three succeeding games by the odd goal.

Apart from two friendly games, which they won, the Third Eleven have played only one League match and the first round of the Intermediate Shield. In both matches their opponents were Eastwood Secondary School and from both matches they emerged worthy victors.

In the Fourth Division, matters have not run very smoothly and both elevens have still to find their form. So far, from four matches played, the First Elementary have gained only two points and the Second Elementary only one.

Fixtures in the Glasgow Schools Association have not yet started and it is with interest that we await their outcome.

J. M. H.

AFTER THE GAME

The Strong Pupil hurried home in a state of high glee from his first rugby match. "Mum," he cried, as he charged into the house, "just look what I've got!" and he rolled an object on to the hall table.

"Peter!" cried his mother. "Your first head! How did you get it?"

"Well," said Peter, "it was in the scrum. The ball had been put in, and we were just heeling it out, when the whole thing cracked up, and the front line were lying at our feet."

"And then?" inquired his mother.

"We kicked their heads off, of course," Peter replied. "I got two heads really, but later some silly ass stood on one, and it was smashed."

"Good for you," said mother. "And now, dear, would you mind taking the head up to Grandpa? He'll stuff it for you, and then we can hang it up in the hall. And remember to bring back the brains, will you? They'll help out the meat ration," she called after him as he left.

A. G., II.1.

Apologie for Amateur Theatricals

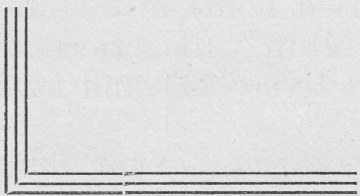
One optimistic day, with the inspiration of Sarah Bernhardt warming my heart, I joined the Dramatic Club. Strange to relate and even stranger to imagine, I was allocated a part in one of the productions. It was a play which Polonius might have described as comical-historical. There was a pleasant blend of wit, sarcasm, love, intrigue, and nonsense which endeared it to me. I threw myself into the acting of my part with all the fervour and enthusiasm of a seventeen-year-old.

I had never known the sensation men call acting and all I can say now is that it is closely akin to sheer terror. I always had a horrible dread at the back of my mind that I might give the wrong cue or forget my lines. Of course, I invariably did no such thing because I had committed my lines so diligently to memory that they seemed to come naturally. Yet I never achieved that feeling of "living the character," until the actual performance. Perhaps the audience had something to do with it. We humans are essentially actors and an audience inspires us to greater feats. Have you ever seen a pretty girl walk down a road? Someone whistles. Immediately she alters her mode of walking. She is subconsciously doing unnatural things, swinging her glove, taking short steps, holding her head at a more attractive angle, in fact, she is acting. Because—she has an audience.



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I felt very exalted gesticulating and posturing on a stage in the glare of the footlights, and very secure, ostrich-wise, behind a layer of greasepaint. I think I gleaned my little store of confidence from the fact that ten feet away from the dressing-room mirror I hardly recognised myself. My nose was thinner, my eyebrows arched symmetrically, my mouth was larger, my eyes were lustrous with blue shadows, my complexion was the peach-bloom of a wax doll.

On the first night, before the curtain swished up, my nerves were taut. I remember glancing at my strained fingers clutching the arms of my chair, and surprisingly enough they were trembling as though I had a palsy. What is perhaps more surprising was that I did not even know they were trembling.

My first speech, and what agony! My tongue would scarcely move. A light perspiration seeped through the clinging powder on my face, my cheeks flushed redder than the rouge. Then, suddenly, my tension was gone, and I was halfway through the speech before I realised it. And so it went on to the end of the play.

Then the applause broke, and amidst the rattling of the curtains we had to spread our skirts to catch all the glitter of the footlights and attempt the difficult art of graceful curtsy. Did we bring it off? I could not say—everything now was happening in a dream.

One optimistic day I had joined the Dramatic Club. Had it been worth it? The six months of hard rehearsals—memorising words, drilling in attitude, gesture, facial expression? What profit had I? Just the most enjoyable experience of my life!

H. L. H. VI.



Dramatic Club

This year's club effort has begun strongly, though we are handicapped, as always, by the small number of male members. We appeal to all boys of Forms III, IV, V, and VI to conquer their shyness, and come and tread the boards (the stone floor of the pre-fab gym) with the best. Until they have tried, they have no idea how much fun they are missing.

A new venture this session is the presenting of two one-act plays before the School Club on the night of 10th December.

Remember, new members, especially senior boys, are always welcome—meetings every Wednesday at 4.15.

The JUNIOR CITIZENS' THEATRE SOCIETY has a large membership: 49, mainly from Forms III and IV. Any pupil (from Form III upwards) who wishes to join should consult Mr. Duncanson as soon as possible.

J. D.

Sweet Deception

Let not beauty sway your mind,
Nor charm, nor poise, nor graceful walk,
Nor pearly teeth, nor lively talk;
All that's lovely tends to blind.
Yet, having care in ev'ry thought,
And, judging, thus are never caught
 In those sweet snares,
Still—being free from beauty's guile,
And suff'ring nought from frown or smile—
 So free from cares!—
Take heed, that not before you die
You find life's joy has passed you by.

THE BEGUILLED, VI.

To Mary, Queen of Scots

O Mary, Queen of Sorrows and Romance!
You came at circumstance's sad command
To rule a turbulent unfriendly land.
Austere and cold it seemed to you, who once
Had known and loved the fairer land of France
For which you pined; and many sought your hand,
But could not gain your heart, nor understand
The sadness of your tragic pride. Perchance
Your haughty beauty wanders lonely still
Round Holyrood of poignant memory;
Perhaps your spirit still laments the day
Your cause was lost at Langside's fatal hill;
Then haunts the scenes of your captivity,
And lingers with pale smile o'er Fotheringay.

KAY, VI.

The School Concert

It is, perhaps, almost unnecessary to write an article about the School Concert since it is, and has become, an annual event in the life and work of the School. Last session's concert, which took place in June, was an unqualified success from every point of view. It is specially noteworthy that the concert showed talent and abilities in many activities—in music, in singing, in acting and dancing.

Since previous concerts have been so successful, the Committee has been encouraged to look forward to the concert to be held in June, 1949. We have already booked the Athenæum Theatre and plans are being worked out for next year's show. It is too early yet to divulge the arrangements, but this much can be said. We are looking forward and preparing for the best of all possible shows with the maximum number of performers.

A. M. M.



“That’s smashin! It works!”

The Bright Day Is Done

A long, sad sigh trembled through the twilight,
Lingering caressingly, fading like the day,
And lone thoughts longed
For peace in forgetting,
Telling of a maiden who dreamed her life away.

Coldly the moonlight filtered through the darkness,
Frowning on the warmth that she could not understand,
Warmth of a joy
Wilder than moonlight,
Born in all the life of a gay and sunny land.

IRAS, VI.

A Lassie In Lancashire

"Pensioners and schoolboys queue here," ordered the gruff Lancashire voice of the policeman on duty, as I stood rather bewildered at the entrance to the "popular side" of the Old Trafford cricket ground (in Manchester) one day during what passed for a summer in the year of grace 1948.

So I, feeling desperately conscious of the fact that I could not be described as a schoolboy, joined the long line of cricket enthusiasts which zig-zagged along the wall of the ground, and looked hopefully around for some fellow-females. Not finding any I gave it up and, as befits one who has strayed from the fold of Whitehill, I fixed my mind on higher things, such as the possibility of an English victory in the Test Match which I had come 220 miles to see.

At last, passing through the turnstile, I stood within the sacred precincts, and beheld the wonderful green turf of Old Trafford. I was going to see my heroes in the flesh!

Or was I? As I squatted on the boundary line, having duly purchased a souvenir programme and a sample of the "British Soft Cushion Co.'s" ware, I peered between the heads in front of me and wondered if I could see very much. When a policeman parked himself in front of us, just as the players were coming out, I wondered still more. Policemen's helmets are apt to obstruct the view.

I had not counted on the Lancashire crowd, however. No bobby could block their view with impunity for long, and the Arm of the Law soon removed the offending headgear.

Then play started, and, tucking my feet under me and keeping my head down, I settled down on my "soft" cushion. Sardines have a comfortable existence compared with those who squat on the boundary at a Test Match.

At the end of the most wonderful day of my life, I had cramp in one leg and felt more than a little stiff in the joints. But who cared? Compton had saved England and made a century, and I could tell the world I had seen Don Bradman.

CRICKETOMANIAC, V.1.



Swimming

After the lapse of a year the School Swimming Gala took place on Friday, 26th November, in Whitevale Baths, when we had our usual good evening's entertainment and enthusiasm.

The entries, although equal in quality to former years, were not equal in quantity. Quite a number of pupils seem to be hiding their light under a bushel. You should enter for school functions even though you think you have no chance of winning, and so support your School. Winning isn't everything. A good loser is much better than a poor sport.

The School is still to the fore in the Glasgow Schools' Gala.

We secured the 50 Yards Team Championship of Glasgow, open to boys of all ages, and with it the "Citizen" Cup. The team was: G. Kennedy, A. McInnes, A. Cameron, and R. Cuthbert. Congratulations to them, and to the other boys who reached the finals.

D. C.

On first looking into Virgil's Aeneid

Much have I travell'd in the realms of school,
And many wise and clever (?) teachers seen;
Round many gloomy classrooms have I been,
Which are on Monday mornings more than cool.

Oft by the Upper Fourth had I been told
That old Aeneas was "a toughish lad";
Yet did I never realise how bad
Till I heard Virgil speak out loud and bold.

I felt like one of very little size
When a new torture swims into his ken,
Just when the teacher looked with eagle eyes

Upon the humble efforts of my pen.
She scanned the page with critical surmise,
And bade me write the whole thing out again.

G. H., IV.1.

AWARDS IN CORPORATION ART COMPETITION, 1948

- Gold Medal: - - JOHN MACKINTOSH.
Silver Medal: - - ELIZABETH McMASTER.
Bronze Medal - - ALEXANDER KENNEDY, WILLIAM R. KELLY,
MARION GRACIE, ANNE MacKAY.
Highly Commended: ISABEL TURNER, ALASDAIR FORREST.
Commended: - - ALASTAIR FLETCHER.

Calling All Former Pupils

Whitehill School Club commenced Session 1948-49 on Friday, 3rd September, at 7.15 p.m. in the School and has met fortnightly since. Our numbers attending meetings are far in excess of those of recent years but we would like to see even more people coming along.

Meetings held so far have been Opening Social, Dance, Tait of "Tait's Smile," Quiz. Your suggestions are invited and considered, so make the Club *your rendezvous*.

There you will meet representatives of the Sporting Sections who will be pleased to supply any information you may wish regarding their particular section.

To members of the School I would say that we look forward to meeting you in the near future.

Watch your notice board for School v. Club events.

EVELYN MCKENZIE, Hon. Secretary.

Expiration

I am the million-millionth wave to have broken upon this shore.

On the rugged crag by the edge of the sea

I dash in a flurry of foam and spray—

Then ebb away and exist no more.

Born in the midst of the lonely sea underneath the Atlantic sky,

I surged irresistibly on to my end,

Expiring now on this rocky strand;

And my only dirge is a sea-bird's cry.

KAY, VI.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

One day I decided to visit the scene of my former conquests (or otherwise)—my old school. I slowly mounted the steps, worn thin by many pairs of tired feet. I wandered in and out of class rooms where I had vainly tried to learn Pythagoras' Theorem or the irregular Latin verbs. To me, it did not matter if the square on the hypotenuse never equalled the—equalled the—well, does it matter? and all Latin verbs were irregular. I touched the desks tenderly (in case they fell apart), remembering how I used to sit dreaming, the dull droning of the teacher's voice lulling me into oblivion, and the crack of the belt bringing me out of it again in a hurry. I thought of examinations, when a peaceful air hung over the room and all one could hear was the strangled sighs as some pupil sought for inspiration.

As I left the school it was all I could do to quell the natural instinct which arose in me to run my hardest down the road.

B. C., IV.1.



Hockey

It is gratifying to know that our numbers have increased this year and that we have so many eager youngsters ready to take the places of the older girls. The First and Second XIs have a very full programme in front of them and there are a few matches arranged for our newly formed Third XI. So far the weather has been kind to us and we have managed to have most of our Tuesday and Thursday practices. These practices have helped us a great deal and we admire the Gym Staff for their patience in guiding our sticks! We know the teams will do their best and hope that it will be a successful season.

There is a practice every Saturday morning at Craighend for those who are interested.

M. V. C.

The Garden of My Dreams

When by my fire I sit at night,
And see the flames leap up so bright,
'Tis then my thoughts build in the air
No castle, but a garden fair.
It would have phlox, and pansies blue,
And flowers of every size and hue,
And grass so green, and trees so tall,
With me the owner of it all.
None would say, "Don't do this or that,"
Or, "Mind and wipe your feet on the mat."
None would keep me from my play,
And I'd rejoice the livelong day.

I. T., II.1.

Puppet Theatre

The Puppet Shows were held on 9th, 10th and 11th June. There were sixteen performances in all, including one for parents. The show was enjoyed by all, and one member of the Staff attended no fewer than seven times! All who took part enjoyed doing so very much, both in the rehearsals and in the actual show. Only those who took part, however, realised how much work must be done before such a show can be staged. We have lost several promising artistes, owing to their leaving school, so others will have to be trained to fill the gaps. A stage, lighting, curtains, scenery, etc., had all to be made to stage the show at all.

Miss McLintock wishes to thank all members who turned out so faithfully, week after week, to rehearsals.

D. G. H.



Charities

Last session a considerable sum of money was raised in the school on behalf of various charities. Cheques were sent to the R.S.S. P.C.C., Quarrier's Homes, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and the Scottish National Institution for the War Blinded. Their gratitude has been sincere. Here are some excerpts from their letters to the Headmaster:

"The Directors are deeply grateful to the pupils for this welcome gift and for the generous thought which prompted it."

"As neither Newington House nor St. Dunstan's has been taken over by the State, but will continue to depend on the generosity of the public, it is good to know that the war-blinded ex-servicemen have such kind friends amongst the young people."

"This very generous contribution is greatly appreciated."

"It is with very grateful thanks I have to acknowledge receipt of your letter enclosing cheque from the pupils of your school."

"We are deeply impressed by this evidence of the pupils' practical interest in our work."

WICKED WERSES

If he ever was a small
Boy at all,

Was our Captain
Ever strapped on?

Perhaps Helen Howes
Knows.

Tom Hilley
Could tell us, but will he?

Cathie Alexander
Says it would be slander

Now that Kernohan
Is a man.

(This is far from Gilbertian,
I'm certian;

So I fear it won't be seen
In the magazine.)

RUGBY FIRST XV: Charge, Chester, charge! On, Hilley, on!
Were the last words of Kernohan.

—"Marmion" (slightly adapted).

Whitehill School Magazine

WHITEHILL SENIOR SECONDARY SCHOOL



With the compliments
of the
Headmaster