

Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 63



Christmas,
1950

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SCHOOL OFFICIALS.

Captains

Charles M. Robertson, VI. Janet McR. McGrath, VI.

Vice-Captains

George T. Poston, VI. Janette I. Campbell, VI.

Prefects

Gordon H. V. Campbell, VI;	Isabella F. Turner, VI;
David L. Mathieson, VI;	Cynthia Boyd, VI; Margaret
Ronald Black, VI; Thomas	G. Brown, VI; Margaret A. T.
McNab, V; Henry Patterson,	Bull, VI; Mairi M. Weir, V;
V; Fraser Sutherland, V;	Jean G. D. Anderson, V;
Andrew Barr, V; George	Marjory A. Eadie, V; I. Jean
Marshall, V.	Campbell, V.

Rugby

Captain: Andrew Barr, V.

Vice-Captain: Crawford Lawrie, VI.

Secretary: Henry Patterson, V.

Football

Captain: Ian S. Irwin, VI.

Vice-Captain: James Walker, V.

Secretary: Thomas McNab, V.

Hockey

Captain: Janet McGrath, VI.

Secretary: Ann MacKay, V.

Swimming

Captain: Ian Jamieson, V.

Golf

Captain: David B. Mackie, V.

Secretary: Alan T. Cameron, V.

Chess

Captain: George Baillie.

Literary and Debating Society

Secretary: Ronald Hilley, VI.

Treasurer: James D. McKendrick, VI.

Committee: George T. Poston, VI; Cynthia Boyd, VI; Thomas McNab, V;
Jean G. D. Anderson, V; Alasdair Gray, IV; Evelyn M. Bell, IV.

Magazine

Editors: Janet McGrath, VI; George T. Poston, VI.

Sub-Editors: Mairi M. Weir, V; Ian C. Purdie, V; Elizabeth Donaldson, IV;
Alasdair Gray, IV.

Committee: Janette I. Campbell, VI; Evelyn M. Bell, IV;
Isabel Mackintosh, IV.



It is a little ironical that the editorial, placed as a sort of preface to the piece, is usually last to be read—if read at all. So we trust that this Christmas number has given the fullest pleasure to its readers.

We realise the responsibilities which are ours in compiling this, *your* magazine; and it is with the echo of its fine tradition ringing in our ears that we humbly present it for your criticism.

Our appeal for articles, although at first rather unproductive, soon gave rise to a heterogeneous collection of the aforesaid, which were handed, sometimes defiantly, sometimes surreptitiously, to the editorial staff. The Lower School and the Fourth Form rallied strongly—of the Fifth and Sixth, we will say nothing. However, we do appreciate that “facts and figures” come first.

In subject matter the contributions from the Lower School were, for the most part, original, and showed some thought—what kind of thought we will not venture to say. A few poignant character sketches provided considerable amusement, but, owing to a lack of subtlety in exposition were consigned—rather hesitantly we must confess—to the wastepaper basket. On the other hand there were a number of articles of high standard from these, and the other forms, which we have passed on for your enjoyment.

We hasten to add to those whose efforts have not appeared, that their work *was* appreciated, and we hope that they will be more successful in their future attempts.

During the course of last term, we had to say *au revoir* to several well-known and respected members of the staff; our good wishes go with them.

We desire to thank all who have made this magazine possible, especially Mr. Cleland, Mr. Cormac, Mr. Simpson and all other members of the staff who have given us valuable assistance. A special word of thanks is due to our Sub-Editors, Committees, and to Alasdair Gray for his excellent drawings. Finally, we must express our grateful appreciation to Mr. Meikle for his enduring patience and guidance in what has been a difficult task.

The piece is finished! It only remains for us to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

THE EDITORS.

School Notes

The month of June, which usually brings a sense of climax at the end of a School session, began with an exciting football match in the Playing Field between Staff and Pupils, the result being a victory for the Pupils. No concert was held, but very commendable performances, including a successful action-song, were given in the Gymnasium in aid of the War Memorial Fund. Mr. John A. Mack presided at the Prize-giving, which was held as usual in Rutherford Church. Mrs. Mack presented the prizes. Mr. Mack is Stevenson Lecturer in Citizenship at the University and one of our five Snell Exhibitioners, whom the School holds in honour. He distinguished himself in his speech by giving a very comprehensive greeting to everybody connected with Whitehill, from the pupils in the front rows to the parents in the back gallery, and from the youngest newcomers—the “Preps.”—to the old stagers of the Nineties, of whom there was a sprinkling.

At the beginning of the new session (28th August) we were glad to greet new members of Staff—Mr. Ian Wilson, Principal Teacher of History; Mr. Alex. Smith (Classics), Dr. John Boyes (Science), Miss Maeve C. Wilson (Physical Training), and Miss Marjorie Johnston (Art). Miss Johnston has come all the way from Templeton Junior High School, Vancouver, British Columbia, in exchange with Miss Wallace of our own Art Department. To Miss Wallace we send our best wishes for a happy year in Canada, and to Miss Johnston we give a special welcome. She has already become one of us, and we know she feels at home in Whitehill.

We were very sorry to lose at the end of June the very valued services of Mrs. Margaret MacPherson (History), and of Messrs. Edward T. Williamson and Harry Smith (Preparatory Classes). In September Miss A. N. R. Gray (Classics) accepted an appointment in the Girls' High School after a very pleasant nine years' association with us. Mr. Duff at the Staff presentation spoke very highly of Miss Gray, albeit about half of the speech was in Latin. To Mrs. Pirie (English), who retired in October, and Miss Margaret Brown, our Secretary, who resigned in November, due reference is made on other pages. Mr. David K. Wood (English) was transferred to Queen's Park School on November 1. Mr. Wood has served us well during these last eight years. His quiet manner grew on one, and there is a sense of loss at his departure. We wish him well in his new sphere.

More recent arrivals are Miss Alexa Youngson as Junior Secretary, Mr. John A. Bland in place of Mr. Wood, Miss Jean Wilson, our new Secretary and a Former Pupil, and Miss Agnes E. Orr (English), welcomed back by both Staff and Pupils after a year's transference owing to the shortage of staff in other schools.

Since last issue the appeal on behalf of the School War Memorial Fund has been launched, and contributions are now being received at the School by the Treasurer of the Fund, Mr. John S. MacIntosh, C.A., son of the late Mr. Robert S. Mac-

Intosh, a well-known member of Staff, who was closely associated with the Schools football in the early days, and with the steps taken to acquire Craigend.

WAR MEMORIAL

At a representative meeting in the school on 31st March, 1950, Parents, Former Pupils, and Staff resolved that a Memorial should be set up to commemorate those Former Pupils of the School who gave their lives in the Second World War. A Committee representative of Parents, Former Pupils, Pupils, and Staff was formed and the following Office-bearers and members of Executive were appointed:—

Mr. Robert McEwan, M.C., M.A., Chairman.

Mr. James C. Williamson, M.A., Vice-Chairman.

Mr. Howard Garvan, M.A., Vice-Chairman.

Miss Jane E. Garvan, M.A., Hon. Secretary.

Mr. Joseph Hamilton, M.A., Assistant Hon. Secretary.

Mr. John S. McIntosh, C.A., Hon. Treasurer.

Councillor Alexander Fraser, M.C.

Mr. Robert Lumsden, F.R.I.C.S.

Mr. D. J. E. Fyfe

Mr. W. D. Brown.

Mr. George T. Poston.

Miss Jan Campbell.

The Committee, bearing in mind the views expressed at the representative meeting, have decided that

- (a) a plaque in keeping with the 1914-18 Memorial should be erected in the School as a permanent record of the names of those who made the supreme sacrifice.
- (b) the existing War Memorial Prize Fund should be increased.
- (c) a contribution should be made for the improvement and development of the School Playing Fields, Craigend.

For the above-mentioned purposes the Committee has decided to make an appeal for £2,000 and earnestly requests support.

All who care to be associated with this Memorial should send contributions to Mr. John S. McIntosh, C.A., at the School. Donations large or small will be gratefully accepted and acknowledged.

Mrs. A. M. Pirie, M.A.

News of Mrs. Pirie's resignation (on 20th October) after almost thirty years' service in the English Department was received with great regret by all her many friends in Whitehill. She joined the Staff in January, 1921, in order to take a Preparatory Class. As Miss May Foster she became a household, or rather, a classroom word. She entered with verve and gaiety into all the School's activities, and especially into the teaching and training of girls in swimming. Many a Whitehill Swimming Gala was helped by the encouragement and enthusiasm she gave

to the swimmers. It was typical of her that she should come back after retirement to help in the social side of the Gala, held on November 3. At many a harvesting camp she did yeoman service, never relaxing in her work, as those who were at Kilmun, Yetholm, and Turriff (to give three examples) can testify.

Her pupils (boys as well as girls) are bright, and cheerful, and imbued with her spirit of courage which comes from love of mountaineering and the open. She can be serious; but very likely the next moment she sees the humorous side, and then we hear her "merry note." Sometimes she speaks French with always "le mot juste," and then we are overwhelmed with badinage, espièglerie, and joie de vivre. With what gaucherie do we reply!

But at least we can say in clear English that we remember with gratitude all she has done for the School. We wish very sincerely that every happiness (horticultural as well as domestic) will come to her and also to her husband, Mr. William Pirie, whom we think of with special regard as a Former Pupil and a member of a family well known in Whitehill.

Miss Phyllis W. McLintock, D.A.

We congratulate Miss Phyllis W. McLintock on her promotion as from November 20 to be Principal Teacher of Art in Sir John Neilson Cuthbertson School. We cannot congratulate ourselves, for we have lost one of our best teachers. She came to us in 1936, a very welcome addition to the Art Department. Although retiring by nature, she did splendid service in her own way, one instance being her Puppet and Marionette show for the Red Cross three years ago. This was a unique event and her artistry and skill in production were outstanding. Her most recent interest is in connection with textile printing and weaving and she has constructed a wonderful set of models to illustrate materials and processes.

She is one of ourselves in a double sense, for she is a Former Pupil as well as a Former Member of Staff and we sincerely wish her every success in all that she undertakes in her new post.

Miss Margaret L. Brown

Miss Margaret L. Brown, School Secretary since October, 1946, has received one of the appointments in the Youth Employment Service, which the Education Committee has recently taken over. When a School Office runs as smoothly as ours did during Miss Brown's tenure, the volume of the work done, the accuracy, planning, and the meticulous attention to detail are not obtrusive and by the less discerning might easily fail to be appreciated. Yet in the all day long interruptions to which the office of a large school is now subjected, Miss Brown retained her brightness of manner, her tact, and her unfailing good humour. Although her office duties were arduous throughout the School session, and especially so when the rest of us were on holiday, there was no School activity to which she did not

give a helping hand. Her assistance was not only clerical: a talented musician, she acted as accompanist in our School concerts, and at class parties; a strong accomplished swimmer, she took part in a memorable Staff relay race at the School Gala.

Miss Brown leaves us to take duty with a Service not fully established, where the files afford no handy precedents, and new procedures have to be drawn up. She takes with her the good wishes of the School for her success, but we have not the least doubt that whatever the problem that faces her, she will with her usual sense, speed, and soundness of decision, and in the words of her war-time Service, always able to "cope."

Autumn Leaves

The autumn wind ran through the woods, and whispered merrily,
"Come, little leaves of red and gold, who'll dance along with
me?

We'll find so many things to do as fast we fly away,
So many things to talk about on such a lovely day."

The little leaves began to nod, and soon began to fall;
Not one was left upon the oak, or on the willow tall.

"We're coming!" cried the little leaves, and out from woodlands
brown

They danced along the country roads and scampered through the
town.

M. C. III 1.

The Problem

I was rudely disturbed last week. Mr. — told our class that everyone would have to write an article for the school magazine. As a rule I enjoy very pleasant dreams, but last night I had a horrible dream that someone was twisting my arm and saying, "Where is that article? Where is it?" I awoke and thought, "Good gracious! What am I to write about?" Everyone knows that I am hopeless at English. I think that school mags. should be abolished along with text-books, but grown-ups would never agree to that.

Now, about this article. I was speaking to some of the other fellows on the road to school this morning and they said they had found it difficult, but they had all written something. I have nothing, and I am beginning to have misgivings about what Mr. — will say when I can produce no article. The time has come when I really must make an effort to stop scribbling and write something decent. What shall I choose to write about? Wait though! These jottings are just about the right length and I have no time left anyway, for here is the teacher. I'll just give him this.

ANONYMOUS. III 1.

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Limited Objective

To-day as I
Came through the hall
A personage
To me did call,
And said, "I know
That you write verse;
It's pretty bad,
But I've seen worse.
Now, mark me well
And listen to
The thing that I
Would have you do:
A poem for
The Magazine
You must give me
At 4.15.

It may be gay,
It may be sad,
It may be good,
It may be bad;
One test alone
Will be applied—
It must be just
Two inches wide."

Now Editors
Must be obeyed,
And so unto
My Muse I've prayed,
With what result
You here may see.
It's not the greatest
Poetry;
It something lacks
The thund'rous sound
In Shakespeare or
In Milton found;
It does not bear
Comparison
With Wordsworth or
With Tennyson.
But even though
I may fall short
Of what they did
(Or what I ought),
At least I have
Done what I tried—
No line exceeds
Two inches wide.

O Me Miserum!

At 4.15 the school bell rang,
Informing all with awful clang,
That work that day was near its end,
And home our footsteps soon must wend.
Alas for me! I could not turn
My weary thoughts, which now did burn,
With righteous indignation, faster,
Towards him who was my Classics master.
He spoke with voice which filled with fear
The heart of one who sat quite near,
And shouted with accustomed ease,
"Your homework did me much displease.
You now will cast your eye upon
This page; and I shall hear anon
If you can say your Latin grammar
Without a stutter or a stammer."
And, having spoke, he left me thus
(By now I'd lost my usual bus)
To try if I could fathom if
Deponent verbs were transitive.
I tried to learn, and sore lamented
That Latin ever was invented,
And muttered, as I paced the room,
"Sequor, sequi, secutus sum."
At last a step came to the door;
I o'er my Latin book did pore—
I tried to cram, with utmost speed,
The verbs I had not thought to read.
My master entered in a hurry,
Approached me with decided flurry,
And said, "I have no time to-day
To list to what you have to say.
You'd better know it by to-morrow,
Or it, my friend, will cause you sorrow."
He quickly turned, and then was gone,
And I was once more left alone.

Now when I think of my past errors,
My being shakes with direful terrors;
And the one place I long to shun
Is Room—you've guessed it—Forty-one.

JULIANA CAESAR. V1.

Mr. D. D.—

"Whiles croonin' o'er some auld Scotch sonnet."—Burns.

Sensation at Rothesay

Two notable events occurred at once in Rothesay on Saturday, September 9. The importance of one may be judged by the fact that the "Rothesay Express" gave it a quarter of a page headed "Whitehill Teachers." The event so signalled was an excursion undertaken by a number of the Whitehill Staff.

The object of the outing was to entertain Mr. A. C. Somerville, till recently our Principal Teacher of History. In the event it seemed to most of us that in fact Mr. Somerville was entertaining us; anyway, everybody was vastly entertained.

The first difficulty was to rise in time to gather in the Central Station at the startling hour of 9.30 a.m. Most of us managed it, except the man with the tickets, who diverted himself by keeping us in suspense for ten minutes. Meanwhile a certain scientist confided to us that he had had no time to have breakfast.

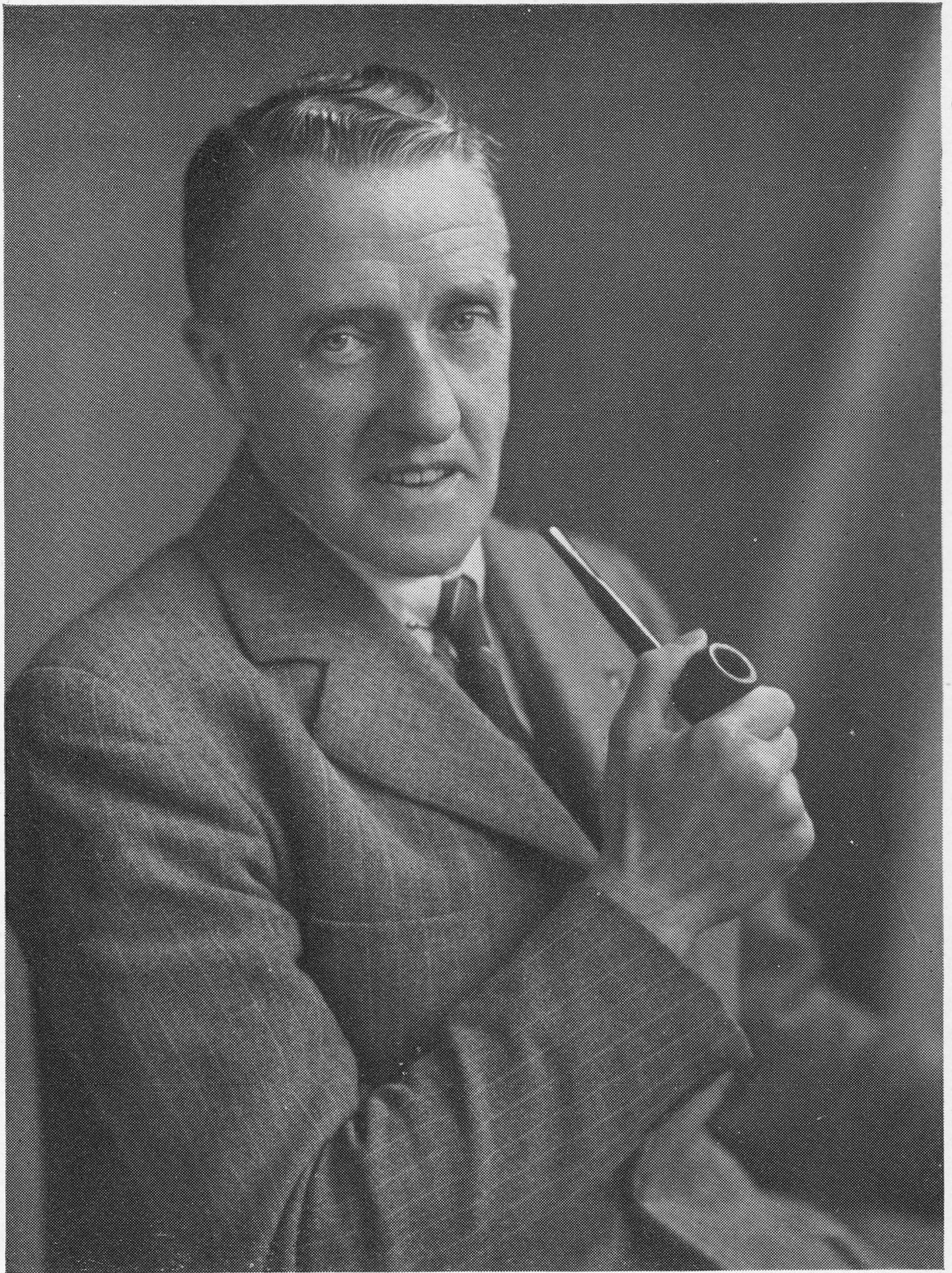
Looking round, we were pleased to see several former members of the Staff, with whom we happily reunited, and the wives of some present members whom we had not suspected of having such nice wives. We also noted that since we had paid our fares to the committee one of them had procured a most tasty yellow jumper, while another was sporting a very aristocratic overcoat.

Most of us caught the train, the committee discovering after three recounts that they had four tickets too many. The photographers were on the pier to meet us, but we regret that the only result we have seen is not suitable for publication. It shows a Modern Language teacher looking unusually distinguished even for him, and two members of the English Staff, one surprisingly normal, the other having apparently just defrauded the Customs, and liked it.

We then made our way to the most palatial establishment in the place, the Glenburn, where Mr. Weir stood at the door and received us. Here we draped ourselves round a sumptuous lounge and tried to look at home, and the presentation took place. Mr. McEwan made one of his customary polished speeches, and Mr. Somerville replied with his unique brand of unexpectedness. Mr. Weir followed, and at the subsequent lunch Mr. Williamson topped off the speeches with a happy account of the preliminary arrangements. His remarks were punctuated by squeaks from Miss Pirie.

We then toured the island, with two expert guides in Mr. Weir and Mr. Somerville. Most of us travelled by special bus, but a group of V.I.P.s took a private car. We stopped from time to time to inspect various points of interest, and had tea at Kingarth Hotel. At Kerrycroy we again took the air and surveyed the view, and here a car made a commendable attempt to run some of us down, but owing to our unexpected agility it failed.

And so home. We survived the pack on the boat and raced for our reserved compartments on the train only to find that



A. C. SOMERVILLE, M.A.

[Photo by Annan]

JUST HUMANS.



Above: Historical Expedition (*photo by Mr. McCrindle*).

Below: Oops-a-daisy! (*photo by Mr. Simpson*).

there were no reserved compartments, whereupon the committee attacked the British Railways, and compartments were immediately placed at our disposal.

What was the second event we mentioned? It was on September 9 that summer came to Rothesay this year. We had, from every point of view, a great day.

The Scripture Union

The numbers attending our meetings this term have greatly increased, and we hope they will continue to do so. There are members in every form in the school, from First to Sixth, but a larger representation of the Upper School would be appreciated.

For those who do not know what the Scripture Union stands for, here is a short account of its foundation and progress.

The Union was founded in 1879 and has a world-wide membership of about one million, the membership cards being printed in ninety different languages. Its aims are to encourage people, especially young folk, to read and learn more about their Bibles, by studying daily portions, which are given on each card. By this system practically the whole Bible can be read in five years, 1950 being the first year of the present course.

Whitehill is a comparatively young branch, but other Scottish schools have had branches for many years. There is an Inter-schools Fellowship, and rallies are held every month in the Christian Institute, at which one of the high lights of the evening is the Inter-schools quiz, the first round of which was held last month. Whitehill was placed against Dumbarton Academy, and won by half a point, so will be competing again in December.

Anyone who feels he would enjoy our fellowship, please don't hesitate to come to our meeting in Room 50, at 4.15 on Fridays. You will find it is time well spent. And not only to the pupils is this invitation given: any member of the Staff who is interested and has the time to spare will be made very welcome.

M. M. W.

Thou Art

Whitehillian thou art and proud o't; and shalt do
Whate'er thy brains will: Yet do I fear thy Latin;
It is too full o' declensions and constructions
To catch the highest marks: It would be great;
Is not without some meaning, but without
The simpleness it should have.

Whitehillian thou art and proud o't; and shalt do
What thou dost want to: Yet do I fear thy manners;
They are too fond o' pushing in the bus queues
To catch good remarks: Thou would'st be great;
Art not without some talent, but without
The polish that thou should'st have.

WATCHER. III 4.

Under the Editors' Table

Once more the efforts that have not gone to the printer have come fluttering down for me to deal with. I find I must say again the wee piece I always say. First, please write distinctly. Some of you are hard enough to understand even when I can read your faint pencil writing. Second, what we want, strangely enough, is your own work. We know that Milton, Wordsworth, & Co. write even better poetry than you do, and we appreciate your efforts to raise the standard of the magazine by drawing our attention to some of their less familiar works, but we regret we cannot use them.

A similar modesty afflicts those who append neither a name nor a class to their contributions. If they are too shameful for your real signature, at least give us a pen-name. Some of our anonymous friends, by the way, use the device in order to pour scurrility on their enemies. If it exorcises ill feelings it does some service, but we should not be made to read these outpourings. You know we won't print ill-natured personal references, so write them if you like, put them on the fire, and then write us something we can consider for publication. And your class must be given. We do not judge First Year and Sixth Year by the same standards.

That does not entirely explain the relative fewness of the Fifth and Sixth Year articles to be found in these pages. One writer complains that we aim at the Lower School. One reason is that the Upper School don't aim at us. But we exempt the Fourth. They have done their bit.

As to quantity—well, you were slow, some of you, but soon after we had promised to give the printer the final batch we began to receive a good flow. The honours go to I12, I8, I9, I11, and IV1.

The topics varied from amateur photography to elegies on Al Jolson. The Gala was a popular topic. R.W., II9, on the subject referred to our swimming experts

floating
Just like a piece of sponge.
A IV5 writer was more complimentary:

But the praise must go down
To whom? And you frown—
But of course, to the ladies,
The four water-babies,

Misses Hay, Johnston, Cameron, and Brown.

Another Fourth Year bard apologises to Wordsworth for misuse of his meter. That is not merely a discourtesy—illegal.

R.M., I1, says

In English I don't do too bad.

One wonders.

And of course the rhymsters were in form. From I4 we

She teaches the gyming
And also the swimming.

From J.S., I8:

I tried my best, last night at home,
But I just couldn't write a pome.
We get it. But the wildest attempt was from I12, where
"Thomson" was rhymed with "lonesome."

A.D., III6, gave us a good drawing, but it was pointless without the article, and the article was not quite up to standard

We have an exceptional number of near misses. We hope all the following will put out just an extra ounce of effort next time and reach the honour of publication:

G.B., IV1; D.H.A., IV1; A.A'H., III1; A.P., III1 (subject too specialised); R.G.M., III1 (good attempt at novel metre); ECILA, III4; M.M., II1; G.G., II2; I.P., II2; D.McM., II4; R.T., II6 (see A.P. above); H.B., II6; R.W., II7; B.A., II7; E.W., IIC3; S.M., IIC3; C.S., I2; S.McK., I6; M.B., I8; A.M., I9; J.T., I9; N.G.M., I12.

OSWALD THE OFFICE-BOY.

The Gymnasium (A Serious Poem)

Blood and gore
Have stained its floor,
Skulls have been smashed upon its mat,
And abdomens have been squashed flat.
Its walls have known shrill scream, loud roar;
Its walls have known the aching crack
Of fractured rib and breaking back,
The severed veins,
The crushed-in brains,
The wound through which the life-blood drains,
The wound through which the ruby blood
Pours, in an ever-widening flood,
And drips beneath the door.

A. J. G. IV.1.

Blue Moon

A blue sun shone in the sky one day;
Really, we did not know what to say!
The moon shone blue as well that night—
It gave some people an awful fright.

Next day a great professor said
The sun shone blue, and a kind of red;
But to most of us, the sun was blue,
Truly, a most peculiar hue.

These strange appearances meant, said some,
That the end of the world was about to come,
But the sun and the moon still hang above—
So what's Mother Nature's next new move?

M. B. I8.

The Prefects

When we arrive they're standing there,
If they're not in the hall they're on the stair.
They stand in groups and talk and have fun,
But when the bell rings they're off at the run.
They stand at the gate and constantly wait
To pounce on us if we come in late.
So now you see how all the year
We try to please our prefects dear.

E. M. IIc3.

The Art of Advertising

A few weeks ago I was due to visit a friend some distance away and went by train. Before boarding the train I purchased a magazine at the station bookstall. Once I had settled down and the train had started I began to look at the pictures; then after reading some articles I became tired and turned to the advertisements. There I found an unexpectedly rich mine of interest and information, not to mention amusement. There was an abundance of small, odd advertisements for such articles as pens, watches, tyres, hardware, insurance guarantees, polish, dog-powders, rat-killer, writing-paper, perfumes, and face-creams. I found two or three advertisements for cars, bicycles, sweets, sauces, toothpaste, and "home-perms." Soon I became quite familiar with all the different kinds of soap powders. It took me a while to discover which brand of cigarettes had the coolest and most fragrant flavour, and I could have spent a long time studying the various feminine clothes and fashions. But I took a real interest in, and almost alarm at, the incredible number of patent medicines, and all kinds of health restorers. I counted over a dozen in the one magazine.

Next I began to imagine things. Did I really need a cure for that "throbbing nerve pain and headache," or was it merely the effect of the small boy beating a drum in the opposite column advertising the "world's finest home dye"? I cleared my throat to convince myself I did not need to "suck a Zube." My mind wandered to the other advertisements. I had better not open my mouth and expose my teeth with the "film" on them. Bother! I had to hold up my magazine so that the other passengers would not spot my collar, which was not washed with "Persil," and I ran my finger round inside it for I feared it was not "Sanforized," and therefore must be shrinking. I even pushed my feet under the seat because they did not have a "Cherry Blossom" shine.

As I neared my destination I must have turned my wandering attention to those unlucky people who cannot sleep at night without the correct nightcap, "and even wake up tired." I must resolve to take one of these hot drinks to help me sleep. . . .

Next thing I knew I woke up three stations past my destination. There is a real power in advertising!

A. S. IV 1.



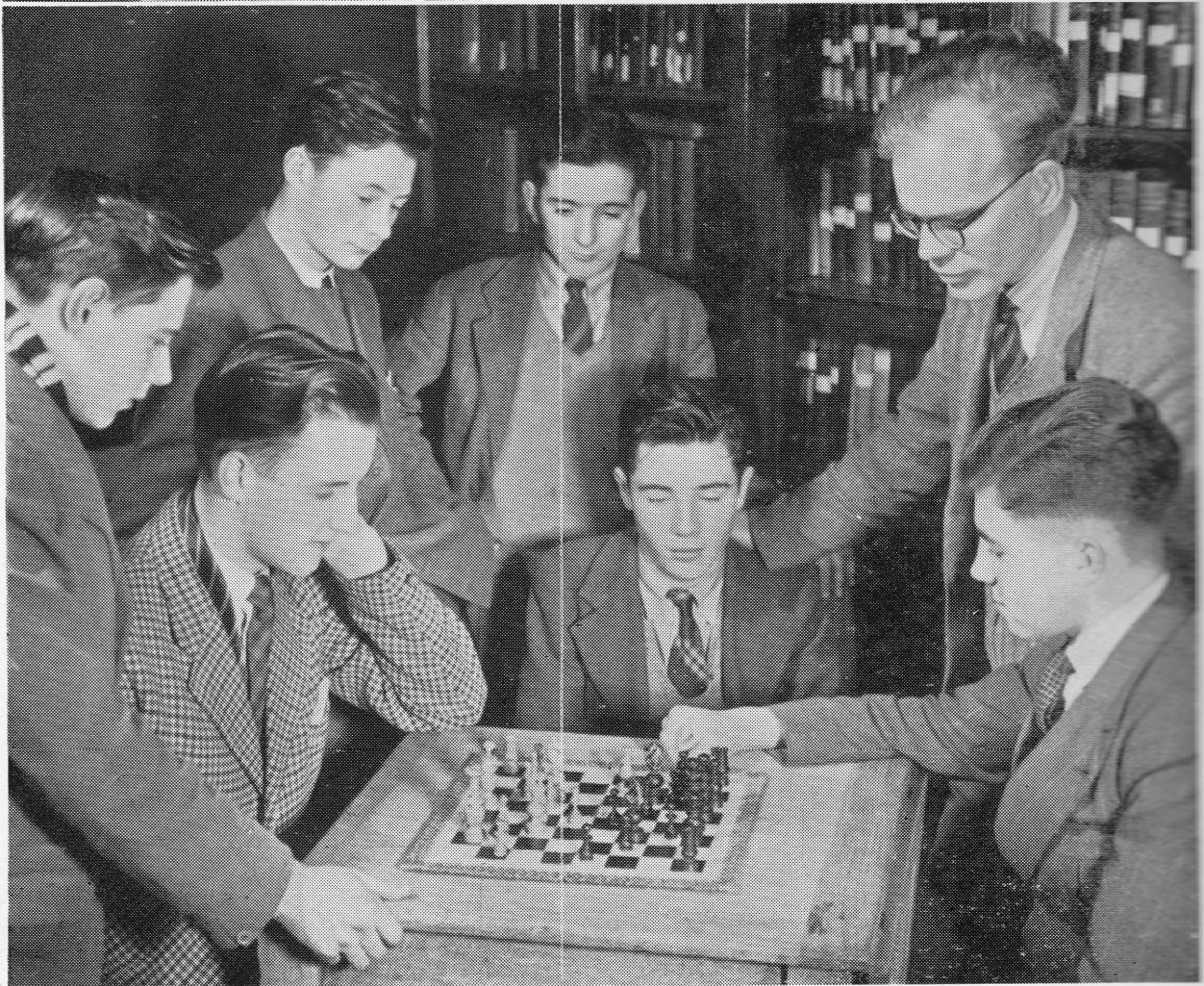
[Photo by Lawrie

THE PREFECTS.

Back Row: M. Brown, J. Anderson, M. Bull, C. Boyd, M. Eadie, M. Weir, J. Campbell.

Middle Row: H. Patterson, F. Sutherland, T. McNab, A. Barr, D. Mathieson, G. Marshall, R. Black.

Front Row: G. Campbell, J. Campbell (Vice-Captain), C. Robertson (Captain), Mr. McEwan, J. McGrath (Captain), G. Poston (Vice-Captain), I. Turner.

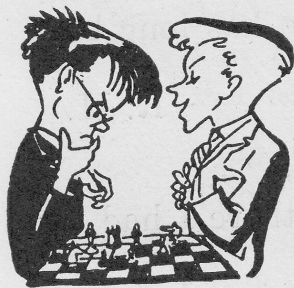


[Photos by Mr. Simpson]

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

CHESS CLUB.

Chess



The club started at the beginning of October and the turn-out of pupils was very good. The membership stands at 34 and we are sorry that no more pupils can be admitted this season.

The school has entered the Glasgow Schools Chess League this season and we are competing against Glasgow Academy, Allan Glen's, St. Mungo, Glasgow High and Colston in Section A. The first game of the season was against Colston and we won by four games to three.

G. B.

Literary and Debating Society



This year, despite the loss of many prominent speakers, we hope to have a very successful season, in which new talent will spring to the fore.

Once again we take this opportunity of inviting all members of Forms IV, V, and VI to attend our meetings which are held every alternate Friday evening at 7.15 p.m. in Room 4. We urge all those who have business or political careers in view to come along and take part in our meetings, as the successful person (man or woman) is one who can express himself (or herself) clearly and concisely.

In the course of the session, we shall have six speakers and six debates on subjects ranging from Communism to the sacred state of matrimony. We had hoped to have the eminent journalist and former pupil of the school, Mr. Jack House of "The Evening News," to open our session on the 20th October, but unfortunately, he was unable to be present. Due to this, our start this year was postponed to 10th November when we had a debate on Communism, in which the principal speakers were David Hogarth, IV, for the affirmative and Alasdair Gray, IV, for the negative.

Also included in the syllabus this session is a Mock Election in which we have four candidates for the Whitehill Constituency. The Conservative candidate in this election will be George T. Poston, VI, who is a prominent member of the local Young Unionist Association. The Socialists are represented by Ronald Hilley, VI, who will be speaking in support of the present Government. The Liberal Party will be represented by Colin L. Barnes, IV, and the Scottish Nationalist candidate will be Gordon H. V. Campbell, VI, who will no doubt turn up for the meeting in full Highland dress.

Mr. McEwan is again Honorary President, Mr. Williamson President, and Mr. Scott Vice-President. Our Secretary and Treasurer are R. Hilley and J. McKendrick, while the committee consists of C. Boyd, J. Anderson, E. Bell, G. T. Poston, T. McNab, and A. Gray.

One regret this year has been the poor response from the female sex to our appeal for speakers, but despite this handicap, this should indeed be a very successful session, under the guidance and counsel of Mr. Arthur Scott, M.A., who has long been a stalwart of the "Lit."

R. H.

A Whitehillian at Iona

Iona—how that name rings in history! And there I had the privilege of walking this year.

My knees were tapping a little with excitement as I stepped ashore, gripping my suitcase just a little too tightly, but a pleasant person smiled and said easily, "Are you for Community House?"

"Yes, sir," I replied promptly in the best Whitehill manner.

"Put your case and oilskin in the motor lorry and come with us," I was told, and so I was completely at my ease and shaking hands with the intelligentsia of the Christian Church.

After prayers the Leader looked over his followers, and the communal tasks were distributed. His eye fell on me. "You will tend the Reilig Odhrain and assist with the kitchen chores." Thus I had come from a great school to become a cemetery keeper to the Scottish and Irish kings, and a scullion to the Community. I rejoiced to do these duties where Columba once toiled. No doubt each of the twelve working visitors had his own particular ideal of helping to rebuild the Abbey Church of Saint Mary. Probably some pictured themselves standing behind Callum, the master craftsman, as I did. That, however, is the privilege of older workers.

One inclement day three young ministers, a final year science student from St. Andrews University, and myself went down on our knees and scrubbed the Refectory floor. This was the first time it had been scrubbed for four hundred years, for it had just been restored. Yes, these ministers, minus "dog collars," shirt necks open and sleeves rolled up, were human enough, and knew how to work all right!

Hard manual work is interspersed with periods of worship and reflection, and toleration of thought is fundamental. A Bishop addressed us one day, though he was not of my Church. I rambled with an Episcopalian monk over the sands where Columba grounded his coracle. He had come from the South of England to experience Iona. Men come from as far as Canada and Australia—ecclesiastics who lay aside their vestments and bare their arms, and labour in great boots and hodden grey.

Graduates of Oxford and Cambridge were there, labouring on the edifice and preparing a thesis before entering the Church of England ministry.

Thus the happy days went by till the time of parting by the sea shore, where we were accompanied "even unto the ship," like Saint Paul. There the Leader, Dr. Macleod, asked us, "Are you coming back next year?"

You can guess our answer.

R. T. II 6.

Your Parents

I like to waken up in bed
And see the sun all bright and red;
I'm glad to have another day
For all my different kinds of play.

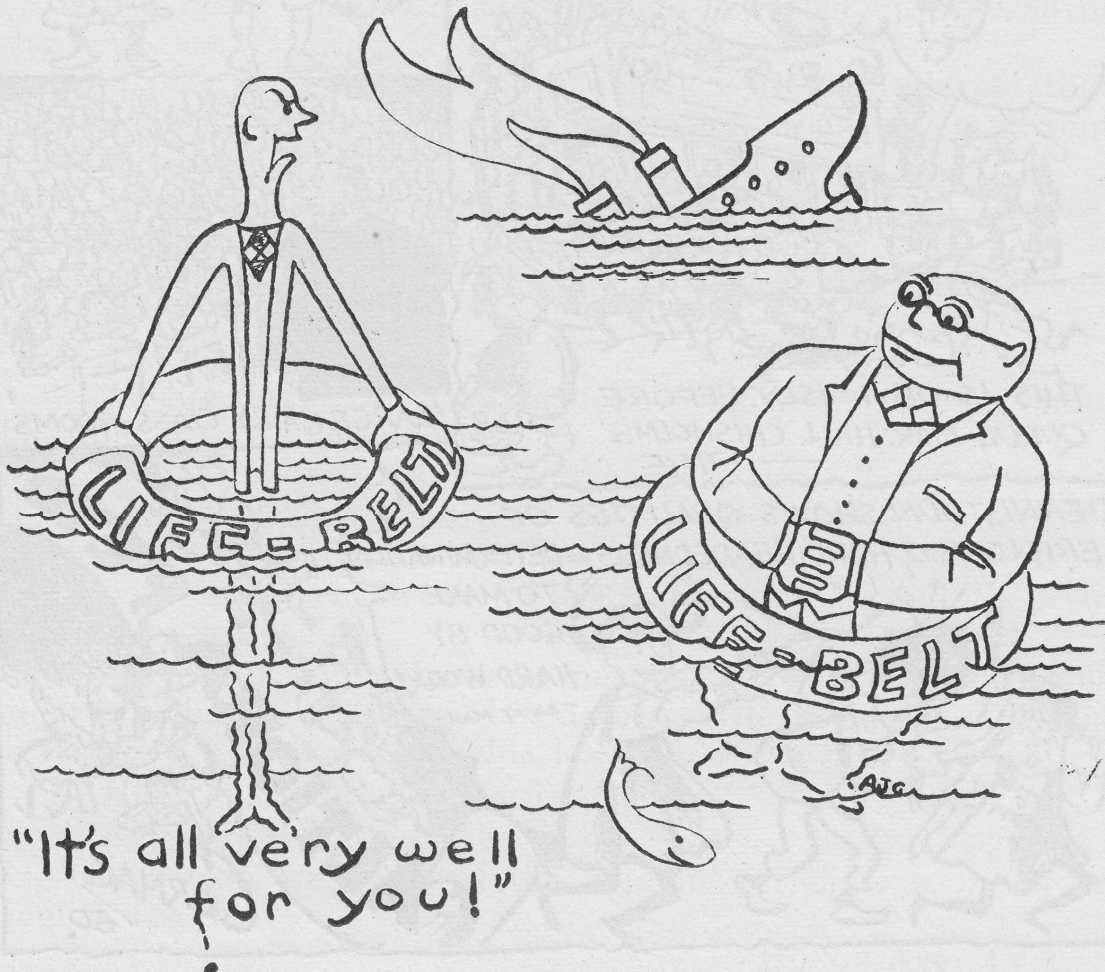
There are so many things to do—
They keep you going the whole day through,
But grown-ups always get so vexed,
And wonder what you will do next.

They like you best to play with tops,
And toys in boxes, bought in shops;
They do not even know the names
Of really interesting games.

They do not understand the way
To get the most out of your day;
They do not know how hunger feels,
Nor what you need between your meals.

And when you're sent to bed at night,
They're happy, but they're not polite;
For through the door you hear them say,
"She's done enough mischief for to-day."

S. L. 113.



SOME SNAP-SHOTS FROM THE WHITEHILL ALBUM

INSPIRED BY
THE DAILY MAIL!

GOING TO
SCHOOL
IN THE
'GAY
NINETIES



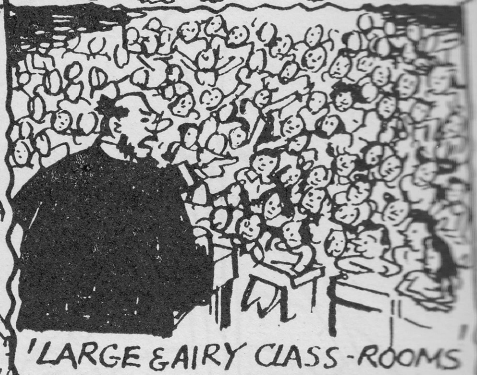
THE
CHIVALROUS
TYPE -
CARRYING
HER BOOKS
YOU'LL
NOTICE



THE SCHOOL
FOOTBALL
TEAM &
2
SWIMMING
CHAMPS!

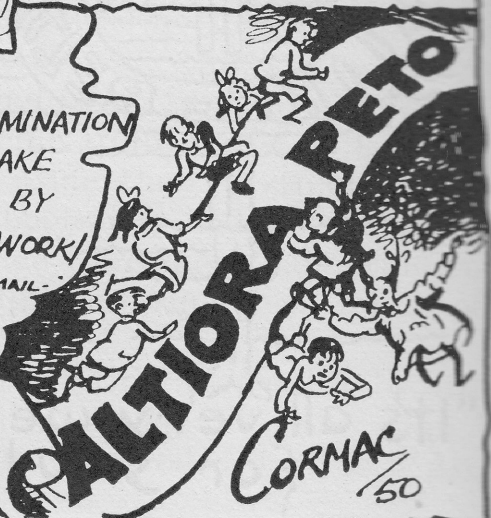


THIS IS OBVIOUSLY BEFORE
QUEUE-MARSHALL CHISHOLMS
TIME



'LARGE & AIRY CLASS-ROOMS'

DENNISTOUN SHOWS QUALITIES OF
SERIOUSNESS, HARD-HEADEDNESS & DETERMINATION
TO MAKE
GOOD BY
HARD WORK!
-DAILY MAIL-



The Compleeshun of Eddykashun

Scene: A railway carriage on a train bound for Paris.

Time: Flies.

Characters: Doubtful.

In the carriage there sat a rather large lady with a queer-looking haircut and quite stylish clothes, maybe too stylish for her large figure. Beside her sat a small man, presumably her husband, looking the worse for wear, with a jacket having well-upholstered shoulders. Sitting across from the couple was a Frenchman, deep in thought, gazing out of the window.

"We could hiv hid a jist as guid a hoalidy doon at Roathesay; instead, ye've goat tae drag me tae a country whaur ye canna tell whit people are sayin," the small gent murmured resentfully to his wife.

"Ach, don't be daft, Tam. It's only the coammun herd that goes doon the watter. Ye've goat tae travel tae develop yer eddykashun."

"Hey, Jeannie?"

"Imphm?"

"Whaur in Pete's name are we? If only that dummy sittin across frae us could talk a dacent language. . . ."

"Ach weel, he canna help his ignorance," replied Jeannie.

"Ach, Ah'll jist hae tae talk ma French lesson. Noo, hoo did yon thing stert? Ah want je vex. . . ."

"Ach, don't be daft, Tam. Ye've goat tae be polite and stert with pardon monsuer."

"Aw richt. Hey Charlie, pardon, monsuer, je vex savor whaur we are?"

The poor Frenchman was so startled by this address that at first he stared at his fellow-passengers, and then a torrent of French proceeded from his mouth.

"Jings, he musta had an awfu loat o' French lessons, Jeannie. Je ne comprends pas you, Charlie."

"See, Tam, whaur's oor tickets? Here's the ticket-collector."

"You've goat them."

"Ah hiv noat. Ah gave them tae you whan we cam ontae the train."

"Weel, they're loast. Ah hivna goat them."

At this alarming discovery the couple searched feverishly for the lost tickets on the carriage floor and on the seats. Then Tam spoke in a very weak voice: "Jeannie, Ah hid them in ma hauns aw the time."

"Ach, whit on earth made me mairry you? Ye've goat as much intelligence as a wee chuckie-hen. Oh in the name! Wid ye credit it? That wee bauchle his passed this door!"

"Hey, is that the Eiffel Toor there?"

"Ay, so it is. Ah, Paris. . . ."

The person who created this blinkin' article now needs an English lesson.

HONOR AFF. IV.1.

The Gala

The return of the Annual Swimming Gala to the School Calendar will be universally welcomed. The baths have no superior as an amplifying chamber. The number of decibels generated by a healthy yell is highly satisfactory, and the junior section of the spectators availed themselves generously of their opportunities. We ourselves had from time to time to retire from the scene of battle in order to converse at anything less than a bellow with our companion. Another stimulating feature is the possibility of entering the water with such éclat that you drench all the dignitaries in the Best Seats without fear of incurring the charge of contempt. This line of action was also exploited to the full, so that we found ere long that we were in fact standing in two inches of water, and as we happened to be wearing navy blue socks at the time the results were not pleasing.

The event of the evening was undoubtedly the Headmaster's Race, when we marvelled at the scientists and other intellectuals who plunged into the wet as stoutly as Horatius, and did buffet it with lusty sinews. We could not be sure whether the resultant uproar indicated admiration for the winners or ghoulish joy at the defeat of the others, but certainly the prevailing mood was one of approval. One other item evoked a similar demonstration—the Invitation Relay Race for Boys, when the home team won narrowly from very hot opposition.

Talking of the relays, we were struck by the instructions issued to the Staff in charge of the reception of the visitors. They were directed to meet the teams in the vestibule, and conduct them straight to the wash-house. We trust the visitors had not a literal understanding.

A Dream

I floated away on a cloud so white,
And around me all was clear and bright,
Then suddenly—bump! We stopped with a jerk—
We'd fouled the spire of the village kirk.

My cloud it struggled with main and might,
It soon got free, but imagine my plight,
Suspended in space by the weather cock's beak!
Then he crowed and let go, the horrible sneak!

I started earthwards in jet-propelled flight,
Screaming and yelling with panic and fright,
Contacted the ground with an ear-splitting roar,
Then—awoke safe and sound on the bedroom floor.

R. A. III 2.

November the Fifth

This morning when I wakened
I had something to remember . . .
Oh, yes! This was a special day—
The Fifth Day of November.

To-night we have the fireworks,
Big rockets and the rest,
For I have saved my money
To buy what I like best.

Of course we want a bonfire;
We have a guy, you see;
And we shall stay up later,
Which seems really good to me.

R. E. II 8.



Cumb, Cumb
Some girls are dumb,
Some dumber;
I hope I meet sumb
This sumber.

J. P. IV 5.

Excursion to France, 1950

"A wonderful success." The description is not extravagant, for everything favoured us on our travels.

The school party left Glasgow on the 30th June and returned on 20th July. In the meantime we had visited Les Sables d'Olonne, on the Bay of Biscay, and Paris. A tribute to Les Sables is contained in several pupils' question, surely unique, "Do we need to go to Paris?"

Les Sables d'Olonne is a large holiday resort and busy fishing town and port with an excellent harbour. The chief catches are tunny, sardines, lobsters, and oysters, and many an interesting morning was spent there watching the harvest of the sea and admiring, with many artists, the myriad colours of the fishing boats. But the chief attraction was the beach—miles of fine golden sands, excellent bathing, and, of course, the sun, which shone all day and every day. Here friendships were quickly made. We have the most pleasant memories of the friendly local school boys. Swimming, football, invitations to picnics—all made us feel more welcome.

All this contentment was built on the solid foundation of comfortable quarters and good food. We have to thank the Oeuvre Universitaire du Loiret for receiving us at Les Sables. The large modern building, with spacious dormitories and dining-rooms, was on the sea front, with woods and heathland at the rear. The finest hotel could not rival it for situation.

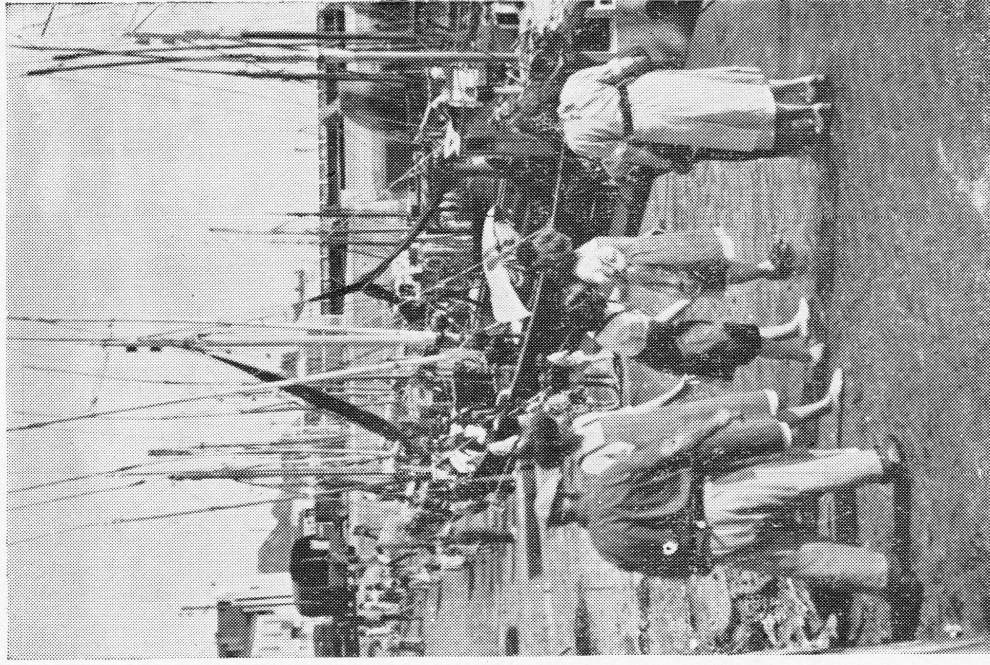
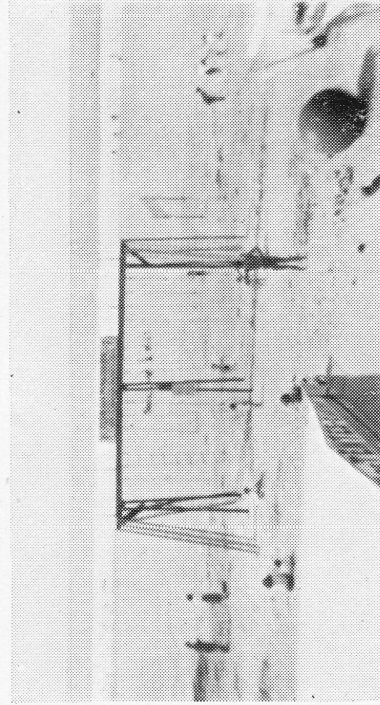
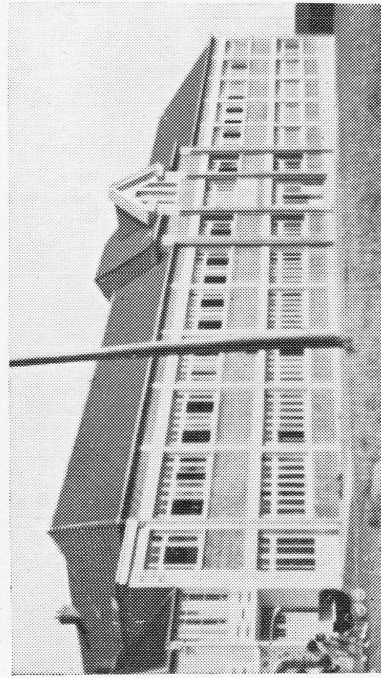
No one will forget the unceasing efforts of M. and Mme. Motet to ensure our comfort. Food was on a lavish scale, and where a few appetites hesitated at some French dish they soon gave way to the gentle persuasion of Mme. Motet.

The Whitehill party was well known in Les Sables, owing to the efforts of M. Roger Montaron, of the well-known French newspaper, "Ouest-France." It was pleasant to be told, therefore, at our departure that we were leaving "a very good impression."

Little need be said of our visit to Paris. Once again we were welcomed at the Lycée St. Louis, noted for comfortable dormitories and good food. Here we met old friends among the staff. The party visited the great museum of the Louvre to see such treasures as the Venus de Milo and the Mona Lisa; Notre Dame; Versailles; the Palais de Justice, and the prison cell of the unhappy Marie Antoinette; the Sainte Chapelle—a glittering jewel of Gothic architecture. But the high lights of our stay were the excursion to the Chateau of Fontainebleau, with its forest, caves, and mysterious gorges; the ascent of the Eiffel Tower; the great military parade on the 14th July; and the magnificent fireworks display over the Seine at night.

Unforgettable? Yes! But more so the two football matches, between Whitehill and a team of French negro students (every one a Billy Steel!) played in the courtyard of the Lycée. Such games make friendships between nations and make travel worth while.

WHITEHILL IN FRANCE.



1. At Les Puits d'Enfer.
3. Our "Hotel" at Les Sables.

2. Four of our Guardian Angels.

4. A Sports Club on the Beach.

5. Landing the tunny.



[Photo by courtesy of Kemsley House

KEMSLEY PARTY AT BRUGES.

Kemsley Scholarship Tour, 1950

Whitehill had three representatives—Mr. Meikle, who had to keep the boys in order, Andrew Brown, one of last year's prefects, and myself. We had a fortnight in Belgium along with 18 other scholars, Miss Crawford of North Kelvinside, and Mr. Oliver of Kemsley House.

After a quick look at London we reached Brussels on the evening of 30th June. The things that first impressed us about Belgium were the flatness of the country and the food! We had only two main meals a day, which was really fortunate, as otherwise we should have been sick—strong coffee, white rolls, steaks, fresh whipped cream!

Andrew and Alastair McNeil (Eastbank) brought their bagpipes, and they frequently stopped the traffic with their skirling, while the rest of us, all in kilts, danced reels.

From Brussels we had several trips in luxurious private coaches. We visited Waterloo and Antwerp—where the Burgomaster gave us each a glass of "something" for singing "Cool Siloam." A full day in the Ardennes included a trip on the largest subterranean lake in the world. In Brussels we laid a wreath at the tomb of the Unknown Warrior and were received at the Town Hall. We also enjoyed sprees among shops crammed with nylons and chocolate.

In glorious weather we toured the old-world textile town of Ghent, trying to understand the rapid French commentary of our guide. Then we went to Bruges, a charming place with its winding streets, canals, and medieval buildings. Our hotel was in the style of an old inn, appropriately called "Venise du Nord." We were shown round Bruges by a retired school teacher (!) who spoke perfect English, and went on the canals, seeing the town from a new angle. Most of us brought home exquisite hand-made lace which we saw actually being made.

Finally we had a holiday at Knocke. There was a "golden shore," where we had picnics, games, and, of course, a swim, on several occasions. The weather was warm, if a trifle breezy, and we all achieved either a smooth tan, or, alas, in some cases, many and dark freckles. The only accident occurred here when a blood-vessel was broken—not, surprisingly, one of Mr. Meikle's!

It was a wonderful trip with grand company, an excellent programme, and the best possible supervision. We were left with a strong impression of the warm hearts of the Belgian people, and the gallantry of their recovery from the occupation; with many new and valued friends; and with memories of a holiday perfect in every respect. We shall always remember with gratitude the generosity of Viscount Kemsley, and not least Whitehill, for giving us this opportunity.

B. McGRATH.

Off Day at School

From my desk by the window I can see
A little brown wren on a sycamore tree.
He looks so frisky, he acts so gay,
He makes me want to run out and play.
There are so many outdoor things to do,
If I started right now, I'd never get through.

Was that my name? Oh I can't recite
With the sky so blue and the sun so bright!
I can't make my answer come out quick—
This is no day for Arithmetic!
So blame the wren and the sycamore tree,
But, Teacher, don't put the blame on me.

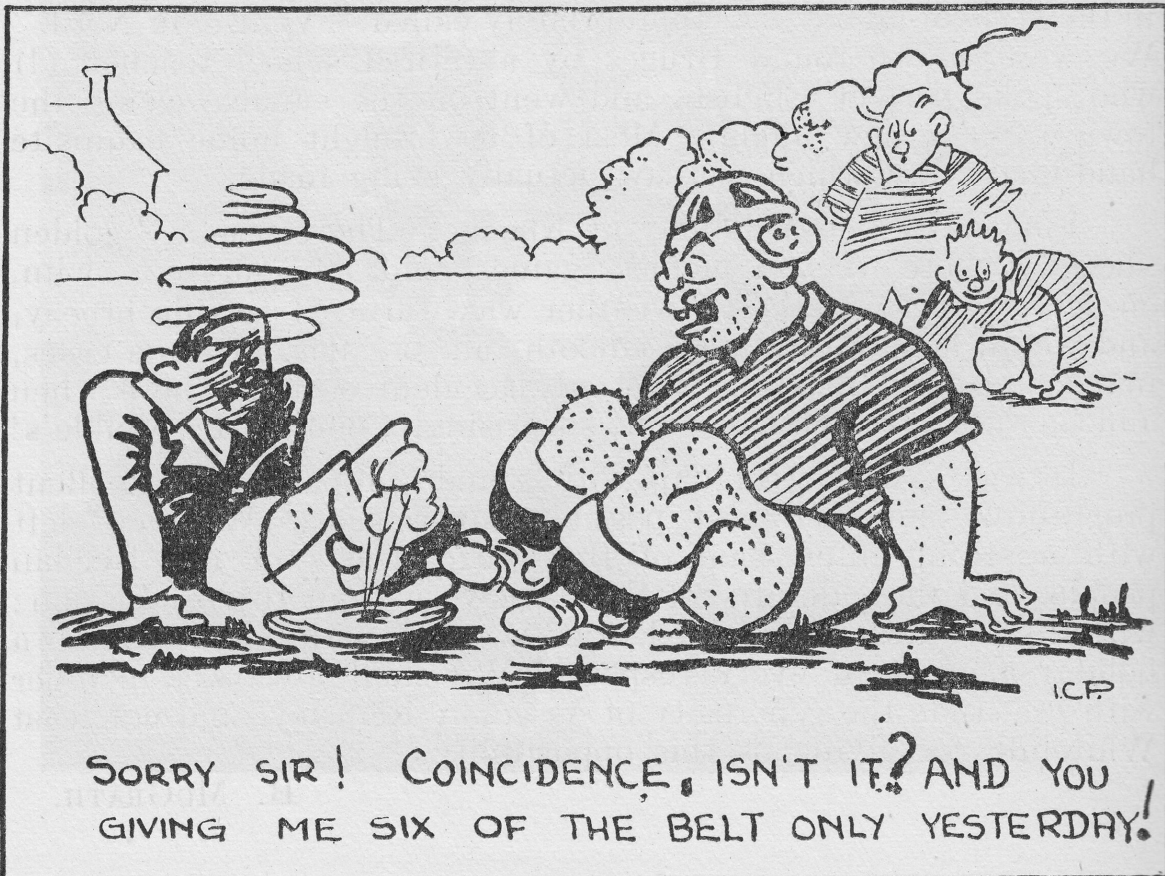
S. S. II 5.

Mis-spent Youth

To Whitehill School a Prep. I came,
Great knowledge to acquire,
And hoped by being diligent
To set the world on fire.

Alas! I've been here months and months,
And find to my vexation
I haven't even struck the match
To start the conflagration.

E. H. I 4.



Holiday in Denmark

On Saturday, July 15, the 47th (Rutherford) Troop of Boy Scouts set out for their annual summer camp, which this year was in Denmark.

We left Central Station at 9.5 after a great send-off from parents and friends. We were all so excited we could not sleep and when we arrived in London at 7 a.m. we were too happy to feel fatigued.

We spent Sunday in London visiting as many places of interest as possible, Buckingham Palace being one of them. We also had a sail on the Thames up to the Tower Bridge. At eight o'clock we left for Harwich and at ten o'clock we set sail for the Hook of Holland.

We docked at six o'clock in Holland and had our breakfast on board ship. At eight o'clock we boarded the Scandinavian Express, which was to be our home for the next ten hours. We travelled through Holland. Then in the early afternoon we entered Germany. At eleven o'clock in the evening we crossed the German border into Denmark.

Our first stop in Denmark was Fredericia, where we had to change trains, and it was there that we had our first opportunity of spending Danish money. After two hours in Fredericia we boarded a train for Randers. In Randers we were the guests of the Neils Ebson Troop of Boy Scouts. We stayed in Randers for one-and-a-half days and then set out by bus for Grenna, which was to be our camping ground. The spot at which we camped was only three kilometres from the sea.

During our camp in Grenna we were flooded out of the tents by a violent thunderstorm which swept Denmark. Some of the Danish folk asked us if we were girls, as we all wore the kilt.

We had a day excursion to Ebeltoft, an old-fashioned town where we saw what is believed to be the oldest and the smallest town hall in the world. It is over 300 years old.

At the end of our stay we returned to Randers, where the Danish Scouts had arranged a camp-fire in the town hall. The next day we spent sight-seeing in Randers, and that evening we left with sorrowful hearts on our journey home. Two days later 32 Scouts returned to Glasgow brim full of tales and adventures.

I. G. III 6.

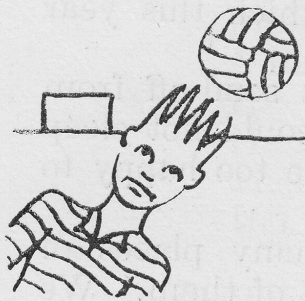
Kindness to Animals

Let the gentle robin come
For the crumbs you save at home;
As his meat you throw along,
He'll reward you with a song.

Never hurt the timid hare,
Peeping from her green grass lair.
Let her come and sport and play
On the lawn at close of day.

Z. M. J. I12.

Football



Have we a potential shield-winning First XI this year? If not, we have a good, sound team which should give a good account of itself in League and Shield matches. The First XI have won three games out of four, their only setback being a 6-4 defeat at the hands of Irvine Royal Academy.

The form of the Second XI has been very encouraging, as they have not yet lost a game, and must be considered potential winners of their

section.

In the Third Division A, the Intermediate XI have played only two games, winning one and losing the other, and have not yet gained steady form. They were unfortunately beaten 1-3 by Queen's Park in the first round of the Intermediate Shield.

The Post-Primary XI have lost none of their three games, and have conceded only one point.

In the Fourth Division D, the First Elementary XI have played only two games, one of which they have won, but they cannot be said to have settled down yet.

The Second Elementary, after a disastrous start, when they were beaten 4-0 and 7-0 in consecutive weeks, had a good 5-1 win against Govan, and may yet secure a good position in their section.

So there we have it. It is too early yet to pick out any possible champions, but we must go to Craigend on Saturdays, and hope.

T. McN.

Rugby



We began this year with great expectations and all our critics forecast a successful season. The standard of play in the 1st XV is gradually improving, especially in the three-quarter line; this is a contrast with former Whitehill teams in which forward play was the strong point, and is the result of patient coaching by Mr. McKean, who trains us for the fray each week. The 2nd XV is not doing quite so well at present but no doubt they will settle down to play in the traditional manner as the season progresses. Our three junior teams are, as usual, playing very well, and under the able guidance of Mr. Forgie and Mr. Gardiner they form a good investment for future 1st XV's.

A good indication of our good form is given by the rise in number of the spectators. These are chiefly made up of the hockey teams at Craigend but there are also some supporters who travel with us.

This season the 1st XV is playing in scarlet strips which are referred to by envious football players as Communist-inspired, but they certainly impress (or depress) our opponents.



[Photo by Lawrie

FOOTBALL THIRD DIVISION "A" ELEVEN.

Standing: J. Mackenzie, G. Tennant, N. Cooper, S. Milliken, R. Ramage, Mr. Needle.

Sitting: T. Willows, H. Farrell, G. Ford, A. Currie, F. Paterson.

In Front: I. Rae, J. Paterson.



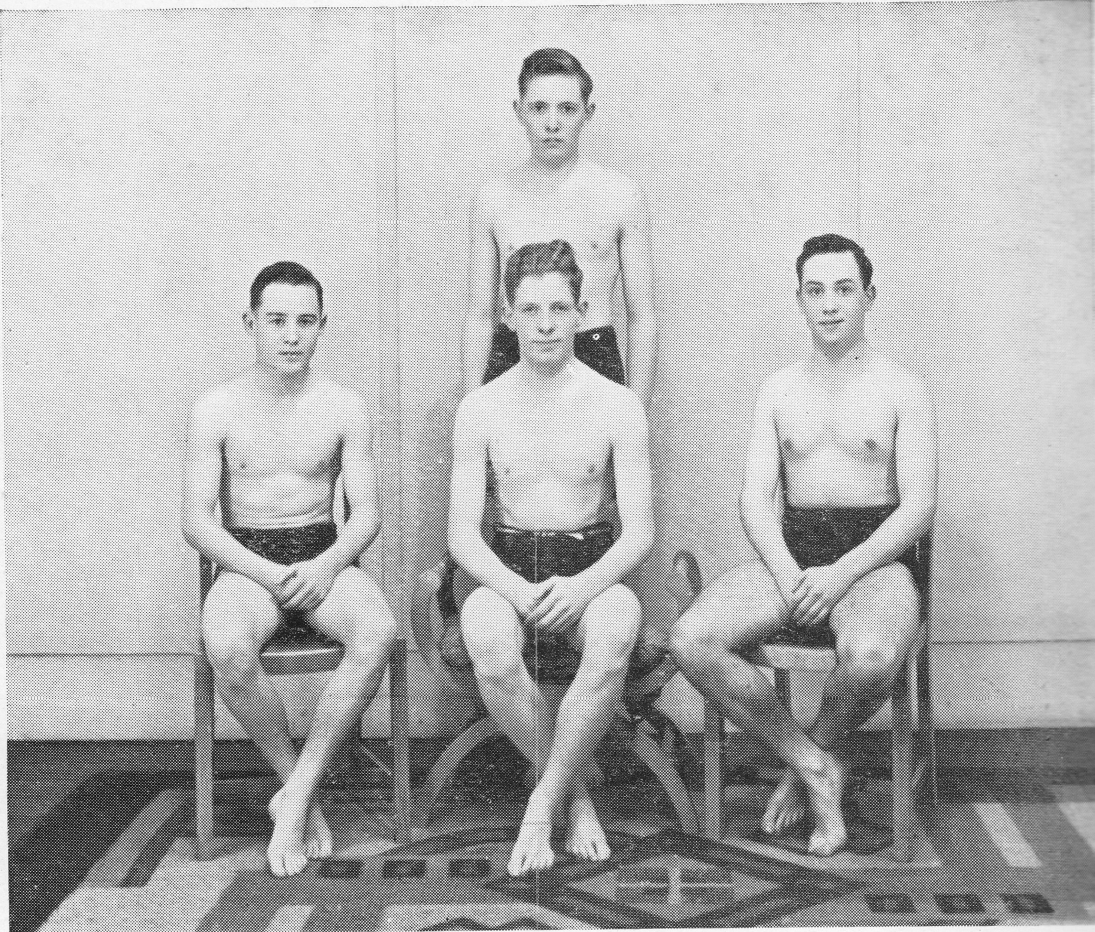
[Photo by Lawrie

RUGBY FIRST FIFTEEN.

Back Row: R. Lorimer, W. Steele, T. Simpson, J. Quinn, W. Greenock, J. Duff.

Middle Row: W. McIntyre, C. Lawrie (Vice-Captain), A. Barr (Captain), H. Patterson (Secretary), F. Sutherland.

Front Row: A. Russell, I. MacLean, R. Cresswell, G. Campbell.



[Photo by Laurie

BOYS' SWIMMING TEAM.
Senior Champions of Glasgow.

Standing: A. Cameron.
Sitting: S. Durk, I. Jamieson, A. Russell.



[Photo by Laurie

HOCKEY FIRST ELEVEN.

Standing: S. Macdonald, E. Bell, N. Muir, A. Rice, E. Smart.
Sitting: R. Sutherland, A. McKay (Secretary), J. McGrath (Captain),
P. Wilson, E. Donaldson.
Absent: J. Stewart.

Once again we must thank the "ladies of the tea-urn" for welcoming and catering for the visiting teams. Without their help many of our fixtures, such as those against Greenock Academy and Rothesay Academy, would be impossible.

Well, here's to our twenty-seventh season of Whitehill rugby. May it bring more honour to our school.

H. P.

Hockey



Once again we have started a new season. So far only a few matches have been played, and, although neither the First XI nor the Second XI has been victorious, the play has been evenly contested, and there are many more opportunities for success in the forthcoming fixtures. The weather has been favourable to us up till now, encouraging many new enthusiasts, and we hope to form other elevens.

Practice games take place every Saturday morning at 9.15 at Craigend, and any who are interested should report there, where, before their own practice, if a match is in progress, they can spur on the team, and if not, they can partake in the usual practices. This invitation is especially extended to the Upper School.

A. McK.

Swimming



The swimming season this year got off to a fine start through Sydney Durk, II 9, who won the Brookes Toc H Cup in convincing style. It is about 12 years since this cup was last in Whitehill. Our Junior Team lost the Robertson Cup to Hillhead in a close finish, but as three of our team are available to swim next year we do not feel too despondent.

In the heats for the Glasgow Schools Swimming Gala all our entrants swam well and obtained standard time certificates. Those who succeeded in reaching finals were:—

150 Yards Championship (any age)—I. Jamieson, V 2.

75 Yards Junior Championship (under 14)—S. Durk, II 9.

50 Yards Free Style (under 13)—D. Waddell, I 5, and A. Weir, I 1.

25 Yards Breast Stroke (under 13)—A. Kewell, I 1.

In the area finals for the Scottish Schools Championships two boys from Whitehill qualified to represent the area: in the 100 Yards Breast Stroke—Tom Simpson, V 2, and in the 50 Yards Free Style—Sydney Durk, II 9. In all a most commendable representation.

Life Saving passes to date:—

Bronze Medallion—I. McLean, C. Stewart, J. Aitken, J. McNeil.
Bar to Bronze—T. McEnany.

Intermediate and Elementary Certificates—W. Humphries, R. Douglas, F. McFadyen, J. Baillie.

Elementary Certificate—G. Edgar, W. Hamilton, R. McMillan.

Good progress is being made among the younger girls who have a weekly lesson in Dennistoun Baths. At the end of last session Elementary and Intermediate Life Saving Certificates were gained by I. Brown, E. Bruce, M. Donald, J. Fiddes, C. Fisher, J. McConnell, R. Skeldon, M. Stewart.

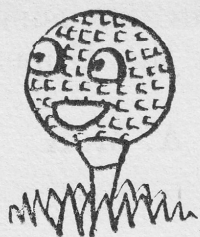
Instruction in Life Saving will again be given during the present session when it is hoped many more girls will become proficient Life Savers.

Even girls who do not have swimming in school hours may enjoy this healthful and useful form of exercise by going to Whitevale Baths, where expert instruction is given, or by joining Dennistoun Baths as private members.

Finally, after a lapse of a year our Gala was held on 3rd November, again proving a most enjoyable evening.

D. C.

Golf



The entry for this year's Allan Shield was very poor and we are hoping for a larger response next year. The Shield, which is on the handicap basis, was won by David Mackie and the Club Championship won by his brother George.

Our notable former pupils, S. L. McKinlay and J. C. Wilson, had quite a successful season, both reaching the fifth round of the British Amateur Championship at St. Andrews, only to meet each other, Wilson being the winner. He fell in the next round to the prominent English amateur Cyril Tolley. Wilson did extremely well in the British Open Championship at Troon to be among the forty to qualify for the last day's play.

We hope there may be more McKinlays and Wilsons in the school and that they will be among the larger entry we are expecting for the Allan Shield next year. The club will be starting about Easter, the exact date being announced later.

A. S. C.

PHONE: BRI 3114

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ORDERS CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

The Scottish Schoolboys Club

S.S.C.



The S.S.C. was founded in 1909 and began with short Sunday meetings. This Club started in Edinburgh, but now it has spread throughout Scotland and in Glasgow there are five branches. The meeting which concerns our school is called the Central District. It is led by four young men who each give a talk every Sunday evening. It is held at 9 Woodside Crescent, near Charing Cross, at 7 p.m.

The Club is not new to our School, but unfortunately during the years of war our association with the S.S.C. faded. However, some boys are renewing the interest in this Club and we have large attendances at the meetings. There are eighteen boys in our school committee and while half of the committee attends to the First, Second and Third Forms the other half serves the Upper School.

Meetings are held on Saturday nights, when boys from the other branches meet and play each other at table tennis, darts, and many other games which can amuse any boy. There is also a library which any boy can enter. There is tea with cakes, and sometimes we manage to have pies.

The Club is not only active during the winter months. When the Easter and Summer holidays approach camps are held. The one in Easter is restricted to the Edinburgh and Glasgow Clubs and it is usually held in Peeblesshire. The one in Summer is more extensive and boys come from schools all over Scotland. This camp is held in Perthshire at a place called Bruar. It is five miles from Blair Atholl and twelve miles from Pitlochry. The camp is pitched at the fork of the River Bruar and the River Garry and any boy who likes fishing can do so.

As I have already stated, Whitehill is well represented in the S.S.C., but we would like to see more boys coming along to our meeting. If *you* want to come along you will be sure of a hearty welcome.

B. G. IV 1.

Right Here

W—wonderful (or is it?).

H—hiss (that's all).

I—irritable (it sure is).

T—terrible (you're kidding).

E—escape (or can you?).

H—haberdasher (whatever that means).

I—interesting (Friday, 4.15).

L—limpet (we have to stick).

L—leather (which we often get).

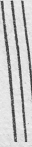
D. F. H. II 4.

The Mysterious Intruders

One wintry evening, I sat reading an eerie story on the couch beside the fire. When I had finished I felt afraid and kept looking over my shoulder to see if anyone was there. I decided to have my tea to see if I would feel a bit better after it. I had my tea, and I did feel a bit better, but I still had that feeling of fear all over me. I sat for a while on the chair and then, feeling tired and drowsy, I went up to bed. But I did not sleep I tried to, but something seemed to disturb me. I sat up in bed and I thought I heard voices downstairs in the room I had just left. I decided to investigate, and arming myself with a poker I quietly crept downstairs and found that I had left the door ajar and could see through the slit where the hinges are placed. I still heard the voices and I could see a light in the corner of the room, even although I remembered putting the light out before I went to bed. I did not want to shout for the servants, because I knew that by the time they arrived, the intruders would be clean away. So I decided to dash in, switch on the light, and try to see who the intruders were. I plucked up courage and ran in, but to my surprise there was no one there. I looked all around, behind curtains and chairs, but found no one. Then, looking over at the corner where I had first seen the light, I found that I had left the wireless on.

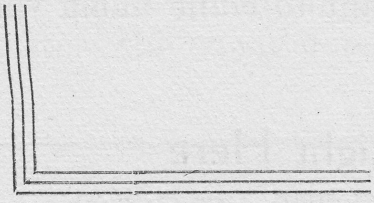
R. C. III1.

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School Club

The Club has been very successful this session, both as regards the General Club, which holds its meetings fortnightly, and the sporting sections—Hockey, Football, Rugby, and Badminton.

We have had excellent attendances at all our meetings and we are glad to see that pupils recently left school are coming along and joining in.

A welcome is extended to all pupils leaving school in the near future to come to the Club, where we try to cater for all tastes.

There is no need to lose contact with your school friends. Come along to the F.P. Club and continue your friendships.

We are holding our Christmas Dance in the Ca'doro on Tuesday, 26th December, and I would be pleased to supply tickets to all F.P.s desirous of attending this function.

I shall be glad to answer any enquiries you wish to make concerning the Club.

MAMIE DALGLEISH, Hon. Secretary,
100 Gala Street, E.1.

Drama in Everyday Life

(The Teacher speaks to his class.)

Teacher: Come, place your homework jotters on my desk
For me to mark, which I shall shortly do;
Either within the Staff Room's warm recess,
Or else at home, where, aided by the wife,
I'll show each error with a neat red line.

(*All pass their jotters in except William.*)

Teacher: Why sit you glum and stolid at your desk,
Nor pass your homework jotter to the front?
Whine me your reason, snivel your excuse,
Pass a pale hand across a pallid brow,
And then in accents humble and contrite,
Say why this thing is so.

William: I do not snivel, grovel at your feet,
Whine to you pale excuses, pass a hand
Across a pallid brow.
Your heart is form'd from out the toughest flint,
And not my warmest tear can soften it,
Therefore I boldly state my reason for it thus,
With no more hesitance: I have forgot.

Teacher: "I have forgot!" A sorry tale, I ween,
More fitted to the timid infant lisp,
Of boy from Allan Glen's, or Glasgow High,
Than one from Whitehill Secondary School.
Take for your carelessness three hundred lines:
"I must remember *never* to forget."

A. J. G. IV. 1.

Cricket



Our Cricket XI did not have a very successful season this year, winning only four out of our eight matches. A number of fixtures had to be cancelled owing to bad weather. Our defeats were mainly caused by rather weak batting, although the fielding was of quite a high standard. Then of course we had no home ground on which to practise. This difficulty was overcome to some extent by obtaining permission from Golfhill Cricket Club to practise on their concrete wicket two days a week. We owe our thanks to this club, because without that very necessary practice we should have been in a much worse position than we were. We must also thank Mr. L. F. Thomson and the other teachers who helped us throughout the season.

Towards the end of the season we laid a wicket at Craigend which proved to be quite successful, and we hope to practise there during the coming summer.

G. M.

Christmas

It won't be long till Christmas,
When at parties we shall play;
It won't be long till Christmas,
With presents all so gay.

The shops are all so bright again,
With gifts of every kind;
Sometimes it's cold and foggy,
But no-one seems to mind.

It always is exciting
When Christmas comes our way,
And after that there comes, of course,
Good old Hogmanay!

M. L. III 1.

The Junior Red Cross Link

The Junior Red Cross is once more active for the session 1950-51. Appeals are being launched for a greater collection of silver paper and used postage stamps (British and Foreign).

The Cadet Unit for girls is doing so well that it has been decided to form one for the boys. All boys between the ages of 12 and 15 are cordially invited to join the Unit. They will be taught First Aid among other things, on one evening per week as yet to be fixed in a school in the district. A qualified Officer of the Red Cross will instruct the class. As soon as we have sufficient names the class will be formed. All boys interested in the work of the Red Cross (particularly First Form Boys) are invited to get in touch with Miss Cameron, Room 83, where incidentally, the sacks for the tinfoil are lodged.

Junior Citizens' Theatre Society



There is an encouraging increase this session in the membership of the Society. Our roll now numbers 63, of whom 57 were fortunate enough to witness the first matinee of the year on 1st November—a very fine rendering of "She Stoops to Conquer."

All pupils from Form III upwards are eligible to join, and membership of this junior branch confers most of the privileges enjoyed by the Senior body—the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre itself. Members are admitted to special meetings, e.g., visits backstage at the theatre, special lectures, etc., and the special school matinees in Autumn and Spring. The annual subscription is 6d.

J. D.

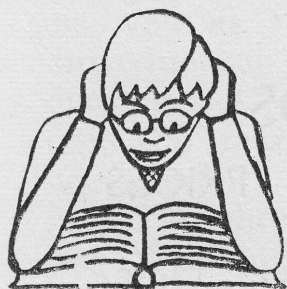
The Results

I don't mind sitting exams so much as receiving what inevitably follows—the results. Teachers don't make the ordeal any easier. First of all there is the jocular type who delight in supplying wisecracks with every paper, which make everybody laugh, except the poor individual who owns it. Then there are those who enjoy prolonging the agony by arranging the papers in order of merit, and who distribute them with dramatic pauses between the excellents, the brilliants, the not bads, and the hopeless. This gives a horrible feeling of despair as the pile of papers slowly diminishes. But worst of all are the ones who say to you in a low voice, "I'm afraid you've only got about one-third the marks you had last time." This sets you racking your brains to remember and then divide by three.

Don't you think it would be a better idea to put the catastrophes in the report and let us receive the blows all at the one time?

SHOCKING. IV 1.

Library



Our Library has been doing a brisk trade this term, especially on Monday mornings, when Room 35 is invaded by Form I boys. There have been several requests from our readers for books on special subjects, such as stamp collecting, engineering, camping, and "Life in Burma."

We hope to add a number of books to the shelves early next session.

New members will be welcomed at 8.50 a.m. on the following days:—

Monday: Boys of Form I.

Wednesday: Girls of Form I and Form II.

Friday: Boys of Form II, Boys and Girls of Form III.

J. E. G.

Letter from O.W.S. "Weather Recorder"

The summer months in the North Atlantic have been very acceptable after the dreary winter. The comparative smoothness of the sea has enabled experiments to be carried out with two reflector buoys to obtain some idea of wind and swell drift. The results are as yet far from conclusive, but in time we hope to produce some comprehensive figures which will greatly assist us in the computation of the ocean currents in this part of the North Atlantic Ocean. Research is also being carried out with different types of rain gauges.

The international aspect of the Ocean Weather Service has been somewhat modified. Since April the number of weather ship stations has been reduced from 13 to 10. This has effected a certain economy without seriously reducing efficiency, and has spread the work around a little more. We now share our southern station with the Netherland Weather Service, the Dutch vessels doing five voyages a year to our station "J" as well as filling in with the French station "K" and the American station "A".

On 15th April the Netherland O.W.S. "Cumulus" arrived at station "J" to take over from the "Weather Recorder." Captain Ford of the "Weather Recorder" went over to the "Cumulus," and after welcoming the ship to the station on behalf of the Director of the British Meteorological Office, Sir Nelson Johnson, K.B.E., inspected the ship from truck to keel. Captain Groen of the "Cumulus" then inspected the "Weather Recorder." This exchange of greetings was much appreciated by all, a sound and friendly relationship with the Ocean Weather Ship of another nation being firmly established.

Under the new arrangement each British Weather Ship has a long period in port each year. Many things can be done during a lay-up. Work that has accumulated in the past can be taken in hand, Officers and others can go on refresher courses in Meteorology, Radar, or Air/Sea Rescue, and the crew can have long leave. Our rest, from 22nd August to 8th November, was well earned, as we had then completed 25 consecutive voyages.

Our "club" aboard the ship is going great guns. Contract bridge, darts, and other competitive games are arranged nightly as well as rubber dinghy races on fine days, and the recent introduction of jujitsu classes on the after deck each evening has proved of enormous interest. Our film shows are of course still the main attraction and Saturday evening is looked forward to eagerly.

The ship's company were indeed sorry that they could not see Whitehill School doing battle at Hampden Park last May, but they trust the school team acquitted itself honourably.

Staff Meeting—

"They glide like phantoms into the wide hall."

Odd Essay

"The sublunary species of the pseudonymous ptarmigan is partial to fish and chips," he went on. "It is noteworthy that pusillanimity awarded to the bissextile is zymotic and a close relation of the above, herewith, before embarked on, previously mentioned pseudonymous ptarmigan. The procession of precipitation proceeding from the pale pink portals of the upper region of the atmosphere has been prevailing upon us in great profusion, so vexing the protoplasm of the numerous members of the commensurable, homodermatous, general body of persons constituting mankind, regarded as a community. Heterophemy is not one of the shortcomings allotted to me by that which cannot be herewith defined. Now, should any ostentatious member of the aforesaid community express amusement, scorn, or exultation by inarticulate sounds and the convulsive movement of the face and body, which are the involuntary effects of such emotions, at this peril of wisdom, his (or her) brain has a propinquity to that of a skink, and he (or she) is laughing at the exuberance of my own, worthy, verbosity."

HOMOR AWAY. IV. 1.

Home Readers

Detective Stories, by Iva Clue.

Your Eyesight, by I. C. Spots.

The Bargain Store, by Adam Swindler.

The Red Flame, by C. Howit Burns.

Your First Cake, by Miss Terry.

The Bank of England, by Ida Pennie.

The Furniture Shop, by Wood N. Legge.

Ghost Stories, by I. C. Spooks.

M.M. and A. McC. III 4.

Comment

1st XV Supporters—

"So ladies in romance assist their knights."—Pope.

1st XI Football—

"And wow! Tam saw an unco' sight."—Burns.

Mr. J. C. McP.—

"Believing where we cannot prove."—Tennyson.

Miss O. H.—

"A souple jade she was."—Burns.

Senior Mixed Choir—

"All discord, harmony not understood."—Pope.

C. B.—

"A voice, a voice well trained."—Shakespeare.

Mr. A. M. M.—

"E'en though vanquished he could argue still."—Goldsmith.

Prefects—

"The guardian seraphs had retired on high,
Finding their charges past all care below."—Byron.