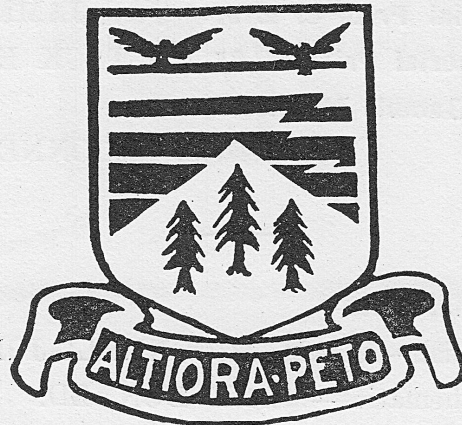

Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 39

Summer 1939

Editors :

A. TERRIES
M. E. DINGWALL



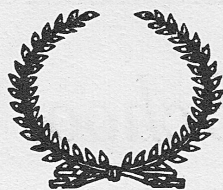
Committee :

J. E. DOTT
J. MILLAR
M. B. DONALD

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PRIZE



LIST

James Henderson Memorial Prize and Dux of School.

War memorial Prize of £10. - JAMES WELSH.

Second Memorial Prize of £5. - JACK E. BRODIE.

Macfarlane Gamble Memorial Prize—

ADAM McCONNELL-JONES.

War Memorial Prize—

English—ADAM McCONNELL-JONES.

Mathematics—MARY DONALD.

Latin and Greek—AGNES FAICHNEY.

French and Latin—JAMES OAG.

Science—JACK E. BRODIE.

Art—(to be decided).

NOTE.—James Welsh (first in Mathematics and Science) is debarred from receiving any War Memorial Prize for Special Subjects, having won the Dux Medal.

Adam McConnell-Jones (first in Latin and Greek) is debarred similarly, having won the War Memorial Medal in Latin and Greek last year.

Senior Crosthwaite Prize—

ADAM McCONNELL-JONES	} Equal.
JAMES MARSHALL	

Junior Crosthwaite Prize—

1. GODFREY PULLAN.
2. HELEN HODGE.

Dux of Intermediate School—GODFREY PULLAN.

Corporation Art Competition—

ENA SCOTLAND (IV.), Bronze Medal.
WILLIAM McCANN, Commended.



LIKE the little lady on the weather gauge who slips out in good weather, we emerge, nay, we stand forth boldly and triumphantly with the literary efforts of the School. A rather remarkable feature of those efforts is that they have been contributed mainly by the Upper School. They have, for the time being, abandoned their too, too bored attitude and given of their best. This was encouraging for us, but the shyness and modesty of the new Upper School may cause some anxiety to future Editors.

The year 1938—39 has been one of the most momentous of modern times. Few of us will ever forget the “dark September days,” when the shadow of war loomed ahead. How we waited with bated breath for the result of that, now historic, conference at Munich! In these anxious years, history is being made and many of us will be affected by the decisions taken during the crises. The sleeping lion began to stir. In April, Mr. Chamberlain, after much consideration, felt obliged to introduce a factor, wholly foreign to our ancient British traditions. Conscription will now play an important part in the lives of the future generation. Our King has also played his part towards consolidating the Empire. His tour of Canada and America will aid in promoting the interests of Peace. At this point, we venture to hope that you, as the future generation, will do everything in your power to realise Burns’ cherished dream, “That man to man the world ower shall brithers be.”

With the publication of the Magazine comes another joyous event—the summer holidays. Summer—what wondrous pictures does that season conjure up? Tennis, bathing, ices, and trips “doon the watter.” May you, dear readers, participate in some of those pleasures which infuse the spirit of the “joie de vivre.”

It is not without a little sadness that we say, "Adieu" instead of "Au Revoir." We console ourselves, however, with the thought that "Every dog has its day" and we have had ours. The new Editors are impatiently waiting on our doorstep and it is with pleasure, mingled with just a little regret, we give them the freedom of the Magazine.

THE EDITORS.

Mr. WILLIAM E. MUIR.

MR. WILLIAM E. MUIR, Lecturer in Greek at Glasgow University, died very suddenly on 14th February. An event so unexpected could not but shock even his most casual acquaintances. More intimate circles schooled themselves to fortitude in a double deprivation. It was hard to realise that a career, so rich in scholastic performance and promise, was abruptly terminated: yet harder still to regard as final this severance of a personality so uniquely gifted in head and heart.

The University of Glasgow, where his work as Lecturer had earned for him the most affectionate regard of colleagues and students, mourned the passing of "one of the most brilliant of her sons." Nor was the tribute unjustified. A recital of his achievements is impossible here: suffice it to say that from 1923, when he entered on his undergraduate career as First Bursar in Glasgow, till 1931, when he finished at Oxford, he won in steady succession every distinction, prize, or scholarship open to him at each stage.

Naturally, his old school followed with a lively interest and legitimate pride these successes of a former pupil. In contemporary numbers of the Whitehill Magazine and in headmasters' Prize-day Reports it strove to keep pace with them as best it could. It exhibits his portrait with the others in that unique collection of Snell Exhibitioners.

Proud it may have been to share in the reflected glory of these achievements, but it was not surprised: for already in his schooldays Willie Muir had given a foretaste of things to come. An all-round scholar who could challenge comparison with any other in the school's history, he shone particularly in Classics. His capacity for assimilating Greek was phenomenal, and in his schooldays he had already attained a proficiency in the subject that would have done credit to an Honours student. Yet he was no mere bookworm. He employed his undoubted literary gifts in the editing of the Magazine, he appreciated with shrewd judgment the best in music and drama, while on the golf course he could wield his irons with considerable dexterity.

Already at school he had endeared himself to teachers and pupils by those graces of character he retained throughout his career:—unruffled temper, tact, courtesy, a sense of humour, but above all, an innate modesty that no success could impair. “Wearing all that weight of learning lightly like a flower,” he assumed no airs nor sought publicity. But his sterling worth was known—not least to the students of the University, who, sensing a kindred spirit, conferred upon him the presidency of both the Mermaid and the Alexandrian Society.

And now he is gone, when his powers were at their zenith and the highest honours in his profession seemed well within his grasp. To former issues of the Magazine it fell to chronicle the achievements of his brilliant scholarship. We instead are compelled by “bitter constraint and sad occasion dear” to pay this last tribute to the memory of one who in his brief life brought lustre to the school, pre-eminent alike as a scholar and a gentleman.

Mr. WALLACE ANDREW.

He was not quite a stranger to us when he came to join the Whitehill Staff, for he had been for some time with Mr. Kerr in Room 50 as an interested observer. And yet, when he came to stay here his time with us was so short that there must have been many on the Staff who never really knew him. Every pupil though, from his ordinary classes of one period a week, to those who, in choir or orchestra, knew him more intimately, will remember well his genial brusqueness of manner, his boundless energy, and his superb skill at the piano.

Those of the Staff who knew him well will recall, too, the sly humour of his attitude and of his stories, ranging from the comic drama teams of Fife to the Glasgow “Keelies” who, to the astonishment of all, won their Festival class by “speaking fency.”

Music was the background of all his tales. His soul was centred in it, and, with a complete lack of pedantry, he would run through all the gamut from the great masters to jazz, from Chopin and Debussy to Billie Mayerl and Charlie Kunz.

Mr. Andrew's sudden death was a great shock to us, for in him we lost not only a fine musician, but a most congenial companion and a very dear friend.

ALEXANDER LOGAN JACKSON.

Mr. Jackson was principal teacher of Art from 1919 to 1928. He came to us with a fine reputation as an artist and a teacher. He had had a distinguished career as a student at Glasgow School of Art, where he gained a valuable travelling scholarship which took him to Spain, Italy, Germany and France in extension of his studies. During the Great War he served with the Argylls as Adjutant in Mesopotamia. At the time of his death Mr. Jackson was Deputy Supervisor of Art under the Education Committee of the Corporation of Glasgow. In this position he was a welcome visitor at all Glasgow schools where his ready and wise assistance, together with a charming manner, made all who met him friends henceforth. During the Empire Exhibition at Bellahouston in 1938 he did valuable work for the display of art from schools from all over Scotland.

In Whitehill some of us can still picture him dressed in heavy tweed passing along the top gallery with a long swinging stride, or engaged in conversation, and with a teasing twinkle in his eye, tempering the acerbity of some vehement criticism made by a colleague. In reminiscent vein he told a story well, in teaching his expositions were neat and masterly. The influence of his art was seen in the clearness of line, sense of composition and the feeling for colour manifested by his pupils. In those days when he was amongst us he was bent on turning out draughtsmen, and he did; but in later years he enthusiastically sponsored fine craftsmanship, whether in the art classes so called, or in the manual and sewing classes, which were to him equally deserving of being called Art Classes.

Whitehill owes his memory a debt of gratitude, for it was he who designed the School War Memorial, of which we have reason to be proud. Not that Mr. Jackson was satisfied with it. He was not, for, as often happens with artists who perform a public service, the final design was an adaptation to suit the ideas of others. A week or two before his unexpected death he spoke of finding an earlier design which was rejected and which he still thought the better design. It was one of his earnest hopes that, for the sake of the names commemorated by it, the memorial would one day have a more fitting position.

All of us who knew him, whether as pupils or colleagues, are poorer for his going but richer for having known him.

Sheila S. Young, of Class I. G.c., died half way through her first year course. She was an earnest, quiet little maiden and seemed likely to do well. We wish to express our sympathy with her parents, who have lost so sweet a little daughter.

Mr. ROBERT W. MCGILL, M.A.

It seems only yesterday that we said farewell to Mr. McGill, as he went into well-earned retirement, and now he has passed from us so that we cannot again meet him at a match or sipping that "dolce far niente" which came to him all too late. He was a man of whom the men who passed through his classes will, as they have often done already, tell story after story. The "mythos" of Bob McGill is for men only, and grew steadily from 1905 to his death early this year. Some there are who remember him in those early days, a dapper little man, sparkling and wise: most will remember him in those toilsome days and nights that formed for so many years his life. He was widely read, and gifted with fine discrimination in books. Those of us who were with him in Staff Room 8 often wondered at his concentration which enabled him to correct copies, or write articles for the press while taking his part capably in the noisy and bantering arguments which were being waged around him. His contribution was often an effectively aimed quotation or epigram.

For many a day he was the Stentor of the Girls' Playground. The French classes remember his "in-di-vi-si-bi-li-té" but never suffered from his inaudibility. His articles on Schools Football under the nome-de-plume "Mentor" were sufficient to earn for him at times from his victims the title Tormentor. A larger football public knew him as "Onlooker" of the *Evening News*, and as the originator of that article which appeared before the Internationals under the heading "The Road to the Styles."

No more will he voyage in happy abandon in some tramp steamer to the sunny coasts of Spain with Rabelais for company. Perhaps in the Elysian Fields he sips a finer wine and trills another song than "I want to be an Angel."

F.P. SUCCESSES.

Ian S. Munro—1st Prize, Scottish History and Literature.

James Scotland—1st Prize, Honours History; 1st Prize, History Special; 1st Prize, Modern British History.

James Scotland, Dux in 1934, graduated 1st Honours in English, 1st Honours M.A. in History, and has obtained the Watson Historical Prize of £80. This award means a three months trip on the Continent for him.

John Paterson—2nd Prize, English Ordinary.

Jane E. Garvan—5th Prize, English Ordinary.

James H. Robertson has passed his L.D.S. George Mooney has gained in 1st year B.Sc. Pharmacy two Malcolm Kerr Bursaries: Botany £15, Nat. Phil. £15.

This year is the centenary of P. H. Ling—reputed to be the father of gymnastics. Three F.P.'s, Robert Gardiner, George D. Maclachlan and James Young, are members of the Scottish Gymnastic team which is going to the celebrations in Sweden.

Mr. JOHN J. REID.

THERE'S no art to find the mind's construction in the face; he was a boy on whom I built an absolute trust.' So quiet, so diligent. His large eyes followed one round the room unceasingly, but the mouth seldom opened except to answer wisely the cunningly devised questions that were set to trap him. He must have opened it to eat, for, look at him now. There are fables, too, of mischief in the late and revered Mr. Montgomerie's class in company of a "crimson tipped beastie" called Barton, who now gives physic to the simple Cingalese. Legend has it also that they sat in awe, mingled with an almost irrepressible delight at the mathematical ministrations of a certain Mr. Stevenson, alias "Pi." After all this we gazed in wonder and still the wonder grew to see what he had become. Long of bone and garrulous, versed in the success of the latest cinema pictures, or the place of someone's team at the bottom of the league, venting his own and other people's—bon mots or witticisms? Not at all. "Wisecracks," they must be called and were so called by you. He was also a fine English scholar, and would you believe it—after his successful career at the University he still wanted to be a teacher. A teacher, boys and girls—a teacher! But you know and I know that he was a teacher, and a good one, too, with whom you and the boys and girls next you came first in importance and himself last.



Between you and me there was something not just right about it. He had no dignity, was quite informal, something of an advertising agent and poster artist—you know what I mean. He would talk to anyone, even you. And these coloured chalks and magazine cut-outs and slogans. And then the wireless programmes, the flannel dances, the football teams and the . . . and the . . .

No, there was something not just right about it all. You see, it fell about in this wise, as they say in ancient books, he could never forget what it had felt to be a boy at school. Not that there was anything of Peter Pan about him, but, as Wordsworth did not say, "The child is father of the teacher," and he evidently felt that the teachers of his day stood afar off, too far off, from their pupils, so that both lost in the process. Therefore he was bent on being a different kind of teacher. You will know if he succeeded.

But, there must have been something not just right about him. Look what he has been and gone and done. He has become an inspector. The Education Department have seen that he won't get a chance of meddling in our pie and have sent him to terrify the youth of Edinburgh and Fife. We thought he was lost and gone for ever and with grief our heart was laden.

No, no, no, no, he couldn't keep away. He has Whitehill written on his heart, and some of you will know how many snapped their cameras at him at Craigend on Sports Day!

SCHOOL NOTES.

We have to intimate several Staff changes which have taken place since our last issue.

Mr. Reid has left us to become one of His Majesty's Inspectors and Mr. T. Jardine has taken his place. May he still remain a "Teacher"!

The tragically sudden death of Mr. W. Andrew occasioned the appointment of Mr. McLellan as Music Master.

We would congratulate Mr. Niven on his appointment as Director of Physical Education at Glasgow University. He takes up duty there next session. Our loss is their gain.

Miss Macartney is still on the sick list, but she is making good progress and we hope to see her soon in our midst again.

We regret that Miss J. Gordon is also on the sick list and wish her a speedy recovery. Mr. Campbell is at present deputising.

Our assistant Janitor, Mr. Taylor, has been promoted to Janitor at Camlachie School. We miss him, but are fortunate in having such a fine successor as Mr. McAdam.

The School was honoured this session by a short visit from Professor W. Rollo, of Cape Town University. As head of a Classical Department, he was interested in the photographs, which we have in our Hall, of "Whitehillians" who have gained distinction in Classics.

Mr. Johnston, a former pupil of the School, distinguished himself by gaining first place in the Institute of Bookkeepers' Exam., which is open to Britain and Colonies.

Our School Captain, Jack E. Brodie, is also in the limelight at present. He has had the good fortune to be chosen by the Rhodes Trust to be one of a party of British schoolboys who will spend the summer touring Canada. All expenses are paid by the Trust. Bon voyage, Jack!

Hats off to Mr. Wilson! He has realised a long-cherished ambition. Craighend has now profited to the extent of £100 from the Lost Property. Do not imagine he will reduce his charges!

Mr. Weir informs us that the first sod on the site of the "New School" will be dug in February **IF** everything goes according to schedule. "Everything comes to him who waits."

We have it on good authority that certain members of the Staff are still suffering from —?ache. Also that "Sloan's" is applied twice daily. We are led to understand that this unfortunate state of affairs dates from the 12th inst.

OLD CHINA.

SOONER or later, everyone of us must needs read Mr. Lamb's excellent little causerie on old china. It is a fate, from which there is no escape. An ultimatum of twenty-four hours will be given; within which Mr. Lamb must have been swallowed, chewed, and thoroughly digested. But, although in answer to inquisitorial meanderings, Master — may have informed his teacher that Mr. Lamb's style was familiar, that his whimsicality was amusing and that his intimacy and open confession of personal experience was touching, yet if you were to ask him in private (and in strict confidence, of course) for his opinion of Mr. Lamb, with a spontaneity and certainty, quite foreign to feigning and with a significant economy of words, he would reply, "Tripe."

In similar terse and categorical terms Messrs. Milton, Shakespeare, Pope, etc., etc., are condemned. To breathe a word in support of such people is rank heresy. To do so is to call down on one the imprecation of great masses of unbelievers in the Lamb fetish. One becomes an outcast, only to be avoided and pitied. Indeed, it would almost seem as though, just as in a certain school it is an unprincipled thing to do, to laugh at certain teachers' carefully-concocted jokes, so it were a violation of sacred principles not to oppose the advancement of the gospel of the Lamb fetish.

The conclusion might be reached that Master — had been guilty of "pre-judging" Mr. Lamb; that he had been guilty of prejudice. Prejudice pervades the whole of the framework of our civilisation. It is met with in ordinary social intercourse, in the arts and sciences, in politics and religion. Often it is at work unrecognised by anyone, least of all by the person whose frame of mind or opinions are being influenced by it. Indeed, that is one of the curious qualities of prejudice. There is no one, I am sure, who, on looking over his affairs of even one day, will not find some instance of the influence of prejudice.

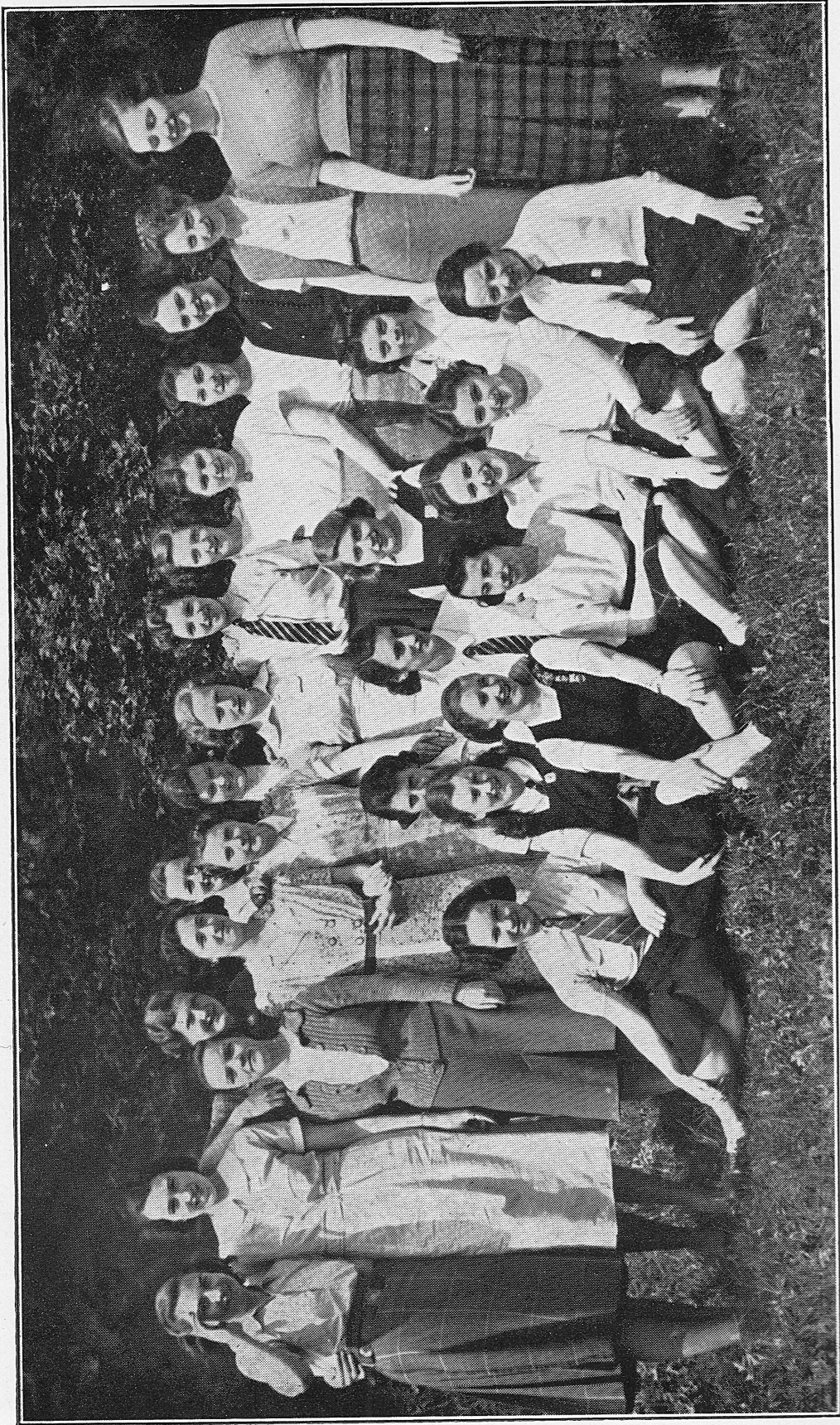
Unreasonable judgments or prejudices are often nourished by a careful selection of those facts calculated to support the prejudice and by ignoring other facts. Sometimes it happens that our prejudice is clung to because it would hurt our self-esteem to relinquish it. It is at times so strong as to distort facts in its favour. A story is told of four Englishmen, two Communists and two anti-Communists, who witnessed an assembly in Moscow. On their way home to their lodgings they split into two groups, each containing a supporter and opposer of Communism. In one group, the Communist said to his companion, "You can't deny that you have never seen a more contented and loyal set of folk"; while in the other group the non-Communist said, "You must admit, they were a half-starved, mutinous rabble."

But we seem to have digressed, and since we must needs submit to the tyranny of convention, something must be said about old china. But, after all, it's a "dumb" subject.

"M" THE THIRD.



Mr. WILLIAM E. MUIR.



SENIOR GIRLS.

Secretary's Report.

Perhaps the most interesting meeting of this highly successful year was that at which a certain Mr. Weir spoke. It appears that this venerable, bearded old man was the last headmaster of Ye Olde Whitehill School and he held his amazed audience spellbound with his tale of the terrible conditions that prevailed when he held sway. The old man, crippled by rheumatics, which were inevitably brought on by the dampness of the old building, still had the ring of authority in his voice and his eye still sparkled like old vintage, although he had to be wheeled to and from the meeting in his bath chair.

He outlined graphically the history of the building from the year 1939 to its complete and expected collapse during one windy March day in 1960. It appeared from the manner in which he spoke that the school building was not the joy of his, or any other heart. He told us how, on his knees, he had gone from the Town Council to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals to try to get it pulled down; how he had tried to sell it secretly—as an extension to the Meat Market and how it had been refused as such because its lack of ventilation would be cruel to the animals, both dead and alive. The old headmaster then went on to tell us of the measures he had had to adopt to prevent the old building from falling down. Football in the playground was frowned upon as the walls were being shaken to their foundations by the rebounding ball. Boys were not allowed to wear their stockings round their ankles in case the school might also adopt such a position and collapse about their ears. Loitering between classrooms was banned because a necessary part of loitering takes place in leaning against walls. All explosive mixtures were taken away from the ambitious science teachers as soon as ever they made them. To those who doubted the veracity of his remarks, he said that no better proof was available than the example of jerry-building, kept intact by hidden ropes and pulleys, at present in the City Art Galleries. This, he asserted, was actually a part of Whitehill, standing slightly apart from the main school and known by the outlandish name of the “Annexe.”

The meeting closed suddenly when a small, sprightly man, wearing what was then known as a “bowler,” appeared, announced that it was bed time, and disappeared with the bath chair and its owner. Rumour has it that this small man was the trusted lieutenant of Mr. Weir in the dark days, and then and since then has served him with a dog-like fidelity.

FURTHERMORE (IV. B.a.).

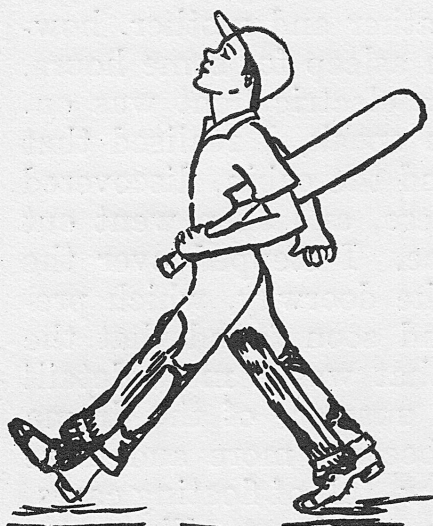
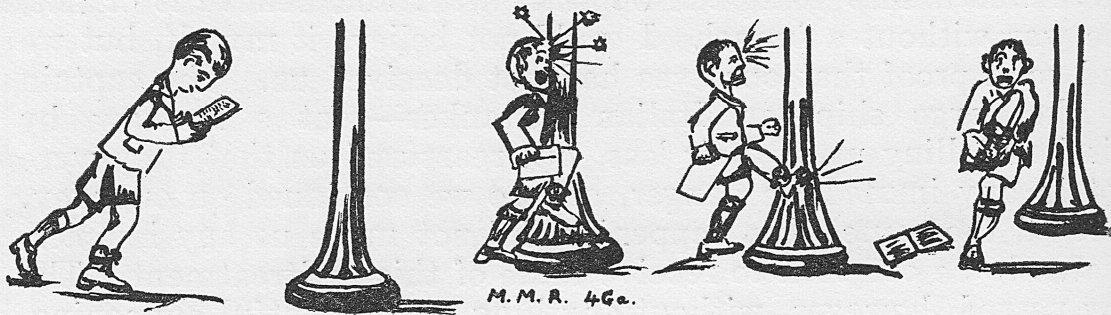
FLOATING CASES.

IT was in the Bay of Biscay. We had been warned that there were rough seas ahead, and soon we knew it to our cost. The s.s. "Baradine" bravely continued her way, undaunted by the ferocity of the seas ahead. The second day after leaving Gibraltar, the seas grew rougher and rougher. The ship sank into a deep abyss now and then, and the waves threatened to engulf her any time. But as the two mountains of water rushed to meet each other, the ship would rise up suddenly and seem poised in mid-air almost to the point of over-balancing. This happened every minute, and our insides did not seem very contented, nor were we. As for us, we dared not venture on deck and in any case we were not allowed to, although I managed to run the blockade that morning. Perhaps unaware of the danger that threatened me, or because I was enjoying it all, I went for my daily or morning run, undaunted by the huge waves and the spray. When I returned, I was upbraided for being a silly little fool, and indeed I well deserved a scolding. In fact, I had been playing with death, and although I didn't realise it at the time, I realised it the following day. After lunch that day, I was sitting in the lounge, when I heard an excited babbling of voices, and, going to the faraway window, I joined the gaping throng. The scene that met my eyes made me gape also, for there was a ship going the opposite way, and believe it or not, she was without a funnel. I could not believe it myself, but we had soon proof that our eyes had not deceived us. The captain of the cargo ship—an Italian oil-tanker—sent a message by wireless telling us of their loss, but reassured us that they were not in any immediate danger, and so we continued on our way. But all the same, this happening did not make us any happier. It was to be our turn to receive some of this maltreatment. The day passed, however, without anything more eventful happening. We ate a scanty dinner at eight o'clock that evening, and went miserably to bed a few hours later.

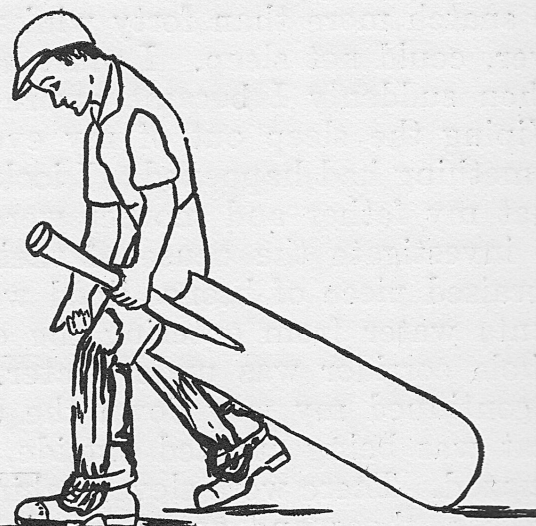
To attempt to sleep was futile for many, although I managed to snatch more than forty winks. My father and mother, however, could not sleep. I must have been asleep for some hours, when suddenly I became aware that the electric light was on. Wiping the sleep out of my eyes, so to speak, I realised that something had happened. I looked around the cabin, discovered that my father and mother were not there, and then went out to investigate the cause of their absence. I stepped over the upraised piece of bronze-lined wood at the doorway, which prevents water from entering the cabin, and soon found that the whole corridor was under water. But that was a mere detail! I continued my way down the corridor, unaware of the drama that was being enacted outside, and I became more and more amazed. There were eleven cabins in a row, full of floating cases, dresses, shoes and every imaginable piece of dress. The occupants of the cabins looked on dismally, whilst about a score of



A SHINING EXAMPLE.



OUT FOR A CENTURY.



OUT FOR A DUCK

stewards mopped up this unwelcome water. I met my mother and father, and we all returned to our cabin, very thankful that we had escaped this totally unexpected inrush of water.

The following morning, we all learned with deep sorrow that the night watchman had been killed almost instantaneously by the self-same wave that struck the whole row of cabins on "A" deck. It appeared that a stupid woman was in the habit of leaving her cabin porthole open every night, in order to give her canary an airing. This very night, whilst enormous seas were running, she had put her canary in its cage at the cabin window, as she had done since the beginning of the voyage. The night watchman, on his rounds, noticed that this particular cabin porthole was open, warned the lady that it was far too dangerous to have her cabin window open in such stormy seas, and told her to shut it. On making another round of the ship an hour later, he again noticed that this self-same window was still open. It was while he was shutting it that the fatal wave struck the whole side of the ship, smashing windows and railings to smithereens. The ship's doctor found him a mere mangled mass of flesh and bone, hurled against the staunchions.

And thus a man had lost his life through the negligence and carelessness of a woman. If she had not left her window open, there would have been a chance that he would not have been there, and that he would have lived to describe the size of the wave which struck us that night.

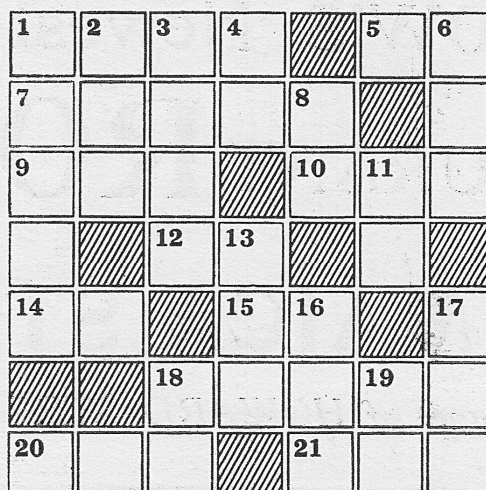
The day after this happening, he was buried at sea, and his body now lies in many fathoms of water in the Bay of Biscay. We all attended the service, and we could not hold back a few tears which found their way mysteriously into our eyes when we saw the coffin slide quickly and surely into the water, and sink into the depths of the ocean. The Bay of Biscay, that bugbear of every seaman and ship, had claimed yet another victim.

The ship's carpenters soon got to work and patched the windows by means of bare planks of wood. The next day we were out of the bay and into the English Channel, which indeed almost equals the Bay of Biscay for the roughness of the seas. The day after that we crawled up the Thames looking as if a tornado had struck us. All eyes were on us and seemed to ask where we had been. Soon we were docking at Tilbury, and when I put my foot on the dock, I looked up at thirteen thousand tons of massive structure and gaped as others had done during our passage up the Thames, for the ship presented a strange spectacle. My own cabin was very conspicuous, for it stood alone, beside the eleven barricaded ones. Railings were twisted, woodwork was smashed, and everything had suffered from the effects of the salt water.

To all whom it may concern, I say, "Avoid the month of November in the Bay of Biscay."

"SOUTHERN CROSS."

WHITEHILL CROSSWORD



CLUES TO CROSSWORD.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Tropical tree.
5. Slang for "good."
7. Upright.
9. Kind of monkey.
10. A tree.
12. Abbreviation of "République Française."
14. French for "the" (masc.).
15. Preposition meaning "again."
18. Holy place of Mohammedans.
20. Kind of snake.
21. To add up.

CLUES DOWN

1. Gem found in oysters.
2. Air Raid Precautions (Abbrev.).
3. To glance with malignity.
4. Roman numbers for "One thous. and, one hundred."
6. Initials of famous American gang.
8. Preposition meaning "towards."
11. Abbreviation of "Anno Domini."
13. Short for "French."
16. Anagram of "etc."
17. A small rodent animal.
18. Slang for "mother."
19. Short for "company."

The diagonal from left to right will read the ambition of every first year boy and girl.

K. K. (H.M.).

N.B.—Solution will be found on a later page.

CRYPTOGRAMS.

EVERYONE knows what a cryptogram is; ciphers and codes are only synonyms for cryptograms. A cryptogram is a secret method of sending messages which renders these messages unintelligible to any person who does not know the key.

A simple cipher which all schoolboys have used at one time or another is the well-known "first-letter" code. To find the message hidden in the meaningless string of words:

"MEAN EAT EVEN TO A TIME SIX ILL XMAS."
all that is necessary is to take the first letter of each word.

"MEET AT SIX."

This is an example of a NULL cipher, in which a large proportion of the letters in the message sent are not used in the actual message, but only serve to disguise it. The two other main types of cryptograms are the TRANSPOSITIONAL and the SUBSTITUTIONAL ciphers.

Here is an example of a transpositional cipher. Take the message:

"MEETING AT FIVE. BE THERE."

Now place the letters in the following W fashion:

"M E I G T I E E H R
E T N A F V B T E E."

Write down the complete top line: MEIGTIEEHR. Add to this the bottom line: ETNAFVBTEE, and you send your coded message: "MEIGTIEEHRETNAFVBTEE." The decoding procedure is, I trust, obvious. It is also evident why transpositional ciphers are called such; many of the letters change places.

The substitutional code will prove the most familiar type of cryptogram to my readers. What schoolboy has never used the famous "reverse alphabet" cipher, in which for z we put A, for Y we put B, for X put C, etc.? The simple substitutional cipher can almost always be solved by the "E" method. E is the commonest letter in the English language, and therefore, if there is a preponderance of a certain letter (or symbol) in a coded message, that letter ninety-nine point nine repeater times out of a hundred will be found to represent E. (This rule, however, only applies to SIMPLE substitutional ciphers. In intricate codes, the E-frequency is easily dodged.) Substitutional cryptograms, however, can be rendered much more difficult by the simple procedure of giving each letter of the alphabet two or three code-symbols, *e.g.*, A = x, N, 21; B = W, v, 3; C = 42, z, A; etc.

In conclusion, I would like to give a word of warning to those optimists who believe that the foregoing is a sufficient education in cryptograms. By no means! The way of the would-be cryptographer is a long and tiresome path—Higher Mathematics, let me say, is easier in comparison with Higher Cryptography—and it is only those made of the stuff they make dictators of, who can ever become interested in codes and ciphers as a hobby.

ALPHA OF PISCES (Vb.).

BALLAD: THE ROBBER AND THE MAID.

The sun was sinking in the west,
Upon a peaceful scene.
The meadows with the grass were wrapped,
In glorious emerald green.

Just then the stillness was disturbed,
An eagle hovered high,
While in the distance there was heard
A woman's rending cry.

The reason for this cry was clear,
A robber bold and free,
Was bearing off a maiden fair,
Who shrieked most piteously.

Her eyes were blue, her hair was gold,
And fair her soft white hands,
The silken dress which she had on,
Was tied with golden bands.

He put her on his milk-white steed,
And he himself did mount.
He left as quickly as a flash,
And rode out past the fount.

And many an hour had long gone by,
And they were far away.
Up the ridges and down the dales,
They rode both night and day.

Then were her brothers filled with shame,
When they had found her gone,
And there upon that spot they swore,
They would avenge this wrong.

Then after him they did pursue,
With all their might and main.
They were a tireless, dauntless three,
They would not search in vain.

At last the robber they espied,
And hot their hatred glowed,
But in the fight that lasted long,
From them the red blood flowed,

The maiden then her plight did see,
And had to make a choice,
The scoundrel she would have to wed,
Or never more rejoice.

The maiden soon her mind made up,
Produced a gleaming knife,
Into her breast she plunged the blade,
To end a gracious life.

J. W. (II. B.b.).

CANKER-WORM.

Bill Sykes was a burglar, not out of a craving to steal, but out of cold necessity. He hated the business, but there it was. The clock struck twelve. He shivered as he let himself into his shabby little apartment. There was a terrible chill in the air, and he glanced round furtively.

When would they discover the theft? Had he left anything which would lay the blame on him? Furtively he searched his pockets and brought forth a selection of jewellery, each piece shining malignantly on him, causing him to gloat and tremble in turn. He shivered again with cold clammy fear and hid the "swag" under the mattress. He lay down to rest and shut his eyes, but with a terrible cry of despair he shot up, unable to blot the thought of arrest from his overwrought imagination. He tried a cigarette, but couldn't get the match to stay steady.

Once more the cold sweat broke out and he began to pace the room. It was no use! His own footsteps frightened him. They seemed to echo, like the tread of Death. Once more he tried to sleep, and once more the visions of prison kept that blessed rest from overpowering his panic-stricken mind.

No man could envy what Bill Sykes passed through. Without sleep, without food, all but a shattered wreck, he inspected the haul once more. They were even more bright, more malevolent than before. Their glitter blinded his blood-shot eyes. What was he to do? He had a fortune within his grasp, but he could never use it. He had been a fool. No fence would take them off his hands. They were too "hot."

Suddenly his heart froze. He remembered now. He had taken off his cap in order to manipulate the safe, and then—he had forgotten it. He could see it now, just as he had left it when he thought he had heard someone moving about and had fled. They would come in the morning, and then—prison, a black mark for life. Life, what was it worth? With a queer look in his eyes, he slipped out into the dawn.

As he went, his heel ground over the morning paper, where it lay, opened out. One visible headline, had he only seen it, would have stopped him. It read, "Burglar steals cheap imitation. Police are dropping the search." But Sykes had gone for ever, towards a deep, dark river.

F. B. (IV. B.a.).

THE OLD MAN.

AN old man paused by the School gate,
And he sighed as he leaned on the wall,
For the pupils were playing around him,
But they never looked near him at all.
Alone in the world and friendless,
He liked to go back to the days
When *he* used to play in that playground,
And was ever devising new ways
Of dodging his homework and classes,
Or of driving his teachers mad
By putting carbide in the ink-wells—
He was always a bit of a lad.
“The teachers will all be dead now,
My own life will soon be done.
Oh well, I suppose I can’t grumble,
I am proud of the race I have run.”
And the mention of races and running
Took his mind back a full three-score years
To the days when he’d broken three records,
To the sound of vociferous cheers.
He beamed as he thought of the pleasure
He had had in the days gone by;
As he thought of school parties and dances,
A gleam came into his eye.
He had always been fond of the girls
And they once had been fond of him.
He had many a time been reported
‘Cause he’d played Postman’s Knock in the Gym.
But slowly the smile changed to sorrow,
His thoughts journeyed back from the past.
He was back in the colourless present,
Quite alone—with his life ebbing fast.
He turned up his shabby coat collar,
And slowly he moved away
From the scene of his happiest moments;
Where his schooldays had flitted away.
And the children played on, all unconscious
Of the stranger who’d been at the gate.
Their interests all lay in their own lives,
They cared not a rap for his fate.
So children, when next—I beseech you—
You see an old man in the street,
Don’t think that because he is ageing
His heart is as old as his feet.
Just pause for a minute, dear reader,
And throw him a cheerful smile,
You are young and gay at the moment,
But you, too, will be old in a while.

OBSOLEScent.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT.

We'd never done it before. We never meant to do it, but here we were. We jolly well had to do it.

"Hec! I guess we'd better get begun," and opening an enigmatic-looking bag, we hauled out various weird and mysterious implements. Two hours later we sat nursing our bruised thumbs, but with a glorious feeling of achievement. You know, "Something attempted, something done."

The tent was up.

The sun was sweltering.

"Gosh! Let's leave our bikes and the primus and things outside, and launch 'Endeavour.' We'll sort the stuff when we get back."

Gee! It was glorious on the loch, until—well, it rained some; it thundered. Another two hours later, with aching backs, blistered hands, and our legs navy with the dye from our soaking slacks, we crawled to the tent.

Our bikes were lying three inches deep in water; the primus refused to go; and as for the food—the less said about that the better. To crown all, we'd forgotten the essentials of camp—a frying-pan and a tin-opener.

Supperless, with more than our spirits slightly damped, we blew up the Lilos.

Then picture to yourselves, dear readers, two people sitting with flash-lamps vainly endeavouring to find those once knife-edged creases, which had completely vanished from our slacks. Sadly, we folded them into the line which we thought they had had, when they left Marks & Spencers', and put them under our sleeping-bags.

.

"Oh! Hec! gerroff m'can't ye?"

"Oh! Shurup!"

"Thanates and Morpheus, there's something on top of the tent."

"Sh! Don't look now, but I think it's a cow."

A cow. I'll say it was. We both squeezed in to the far-away bed, and left the cow, happy and contented(?) in the other. Next morning we took our wrecked bikes, packed up our gear, and rather disillusioned, we decided to spend the rest of the holidays with the family.

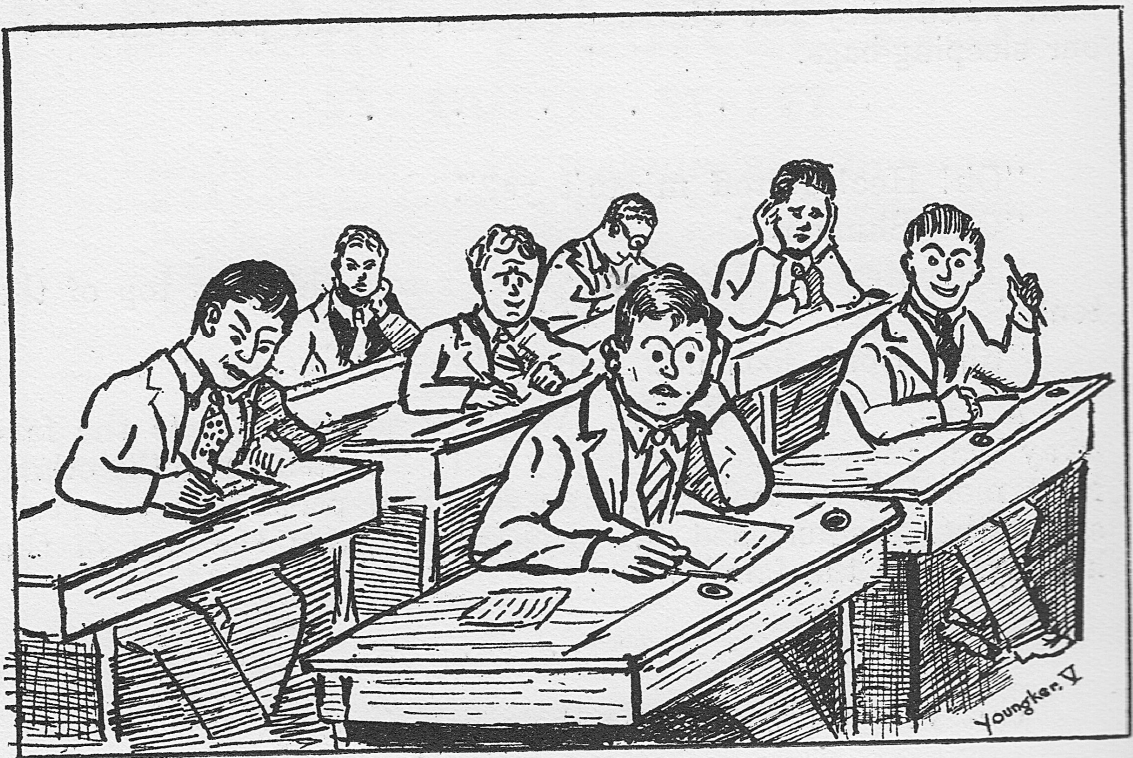
.

This year we're going on the school journey!

KAYANN.



FATHER—"A'm glad to see ye're interested in Algebra, John!"
JOHN—"It's great!"



EXAM. ROOM.

WHITEHILL SPOTLIGHT.

Spring has come, and Cupid seems to be in good form, for we hear he has been shooting his arrows freely and favours the kilt as a target.

What maidenly heart nearly pegs out on hearing the song, "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING"? Or do you know the young female whose heart CHAPS on beholding the MICHAEL ANGELO of the Vth year?

We also hear that a budding aviator has acquired a uxorious affection of late, and is quite resigned to his fate.

By way of a change, we must mention the dusky maiden of the Vth who thinks that "Variety is the spice of life," although her bosom companion has almost persuaded her to take up a serious study of football.

I wonder if a certain young gentleman of the IVth had "Ants in his pants" when going to meet the girl-friend? They certainly made him sprint, and he landed at her feet in the true oriental fashion!!

A little bird told us that Whitehill is well represented in the back seat of the REX, but perhaps the Country Dancers could tell us more about it.

Who is the siren of the IVth who adopts a "Kelvinside Accent" as her passport to romance, and does she ALTIORA PETO?

Now that the clock has been put on, it is quite entertaining to witness the "Great Trek" to Hogganfield Loch via Drury Lane. Although this may not be your favourite Brand of pleasure, it is the sure way to become a good burgher to Burgess.

For those who want information on the affairs of the heart, we say—The Staff is at your disposal always!

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US YINS.

?

I swotted???

I entered.

I sat down.

I thought.

I wrote.

I thought again.

I chewed my pen.

I looked around.

A wandering eye

I smiled.

I viewed the sky.

I thought.

I listened.

What was that I heard?

I heard it.

'Twas the bell.

SOLUTION: Chemistry Exam.

C. A. C. (IV. G.a.).

FISH FOR BRAIN.

Along Duke Street wee Bella strolled,
She looked both miserable and cold.
Next day, you see, th'exams would start,
And from the bottom of her heart
She wished some swotting she had done,
Instead of having tons of fun.
Now geometry was what came first,
And at this subject she was worst.
Suddenly a poster she espied,
"Fish for Brain!" it loudly cried.
That set her thinking, don't you know,
And as she hurried home to go,
She thought, "If plenty fish I eat,
Perhaps I will not then repeat;
I won't be slung out on my ear—
No fear—
I'll pass into the second year!"
To this her mother soon agreed,
So for her dinner she'd a feed
Of filleted fish and H.P. Sauce.
To eat more she was at a loss,
Till she noticed a tin of sardines fat—
Wee Bella made short work of that!
For tea there was a kipper tasty,
Made Bella's face go rather pasty;
She thought perhaps she'd been too hasty
To eat so much fresh fish.
By supper-time all qualms had passed;
Wee Bella's mother looked aghast;
Upon my word, how Bella cackled—
Alone a big fish-supp'r she tackled!
But in the night came nasty dreams
Of whales and snails and ghostly screams.
And now it falls for me to tell
Of what the next bright morn befell.
Half-past eight—she had slept in!
'Twas ten past nine when she crept in
To Room 16 of Whitehill School.
The master glared; she felt a fool.
And then at last she settled down
And gaped at "Geometry" with a frown;
I wish you could have seen her capers
When, starting out to write the papers,
She realised that in her rush
She'd left reclining in the bus
Her mathematics instruments!
The moral of this poem is:
That swotting should not wait
Till the very night before th'exams.—
'Cos then it is too late.

W. G. B. (IV. B.a. and KOC).

THE PARROT.

Mrs. MacSpadgeon was going for a holiday. "Me an' the bairns, an' Johne. He's comin' doon on the Seturday. We're goin' tae Girvan." That was how she put it when she came into our house to see if we would take care of her parrot for a fortnight. You know—at least I am going to tell you—Mrs. MacSpadgeon is our next-door neighbour. Such a fussy old busybody you never saw in all your life. However, we took the parrot in its cage and put it near the window of one of the rooms. The parrot would look at you with its head to one side, blink a little, and then say, "Pretty Polly! Clever Polly!" Sometimes it would say little nursery rhymes that "Johne" had taught it. One time it said,

"Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross
To fetch a pail of water.
Pretty Polly! Clever Polly!"

But alas! when we tried to get it to say anything else, it simply refused to do anything of the sort.

Although we tried to coax it to say something by giving it a tit-bit, we could do nothing. Once we forgot to replenish the bird's water and it nearly screeched our ears off, but not a word would he utter.

At the end of the fortnight, our neighbours duly returned, looking much better as the the result of their holiday. Mrs. MacSpadgeon came in to take her pet away. As soon as the bird saw her it burst out, "Heil, Hitler! Clever Polly captured Spain! Clever Polly went to France!" Father's readings from the newspapers at the crisis had not fallen on deaf ears.

K. K. (II. M.).

TO NIGHT.

O cool, calm lady, robed in starlight,
To thee I pay this homage, unworthy
Of one so great and fair.
You travel swiftly, and are gone
When I arise at skylark's call,
And on your throne I see a day,
Radiant, flushing with proud happiness.
I long for you, my quiet companion,
All through the time of bustle and rush,
And when you come, my soul is filled
With peace and joy. In you I find
Comfort, easing the troubles which bow my shoulders,
And make heavy my heart. I look unto the sky
And see you riding, like the Moon, in your
Chariot, drawing together the veils of night,
Shutting out glitter and radiance, till all is
Still. You reign supreme, the Queen of Heaven,
And I, mere dust, bow before you.

E. M. (III. G.a.).

MEN TO REMEMBER.

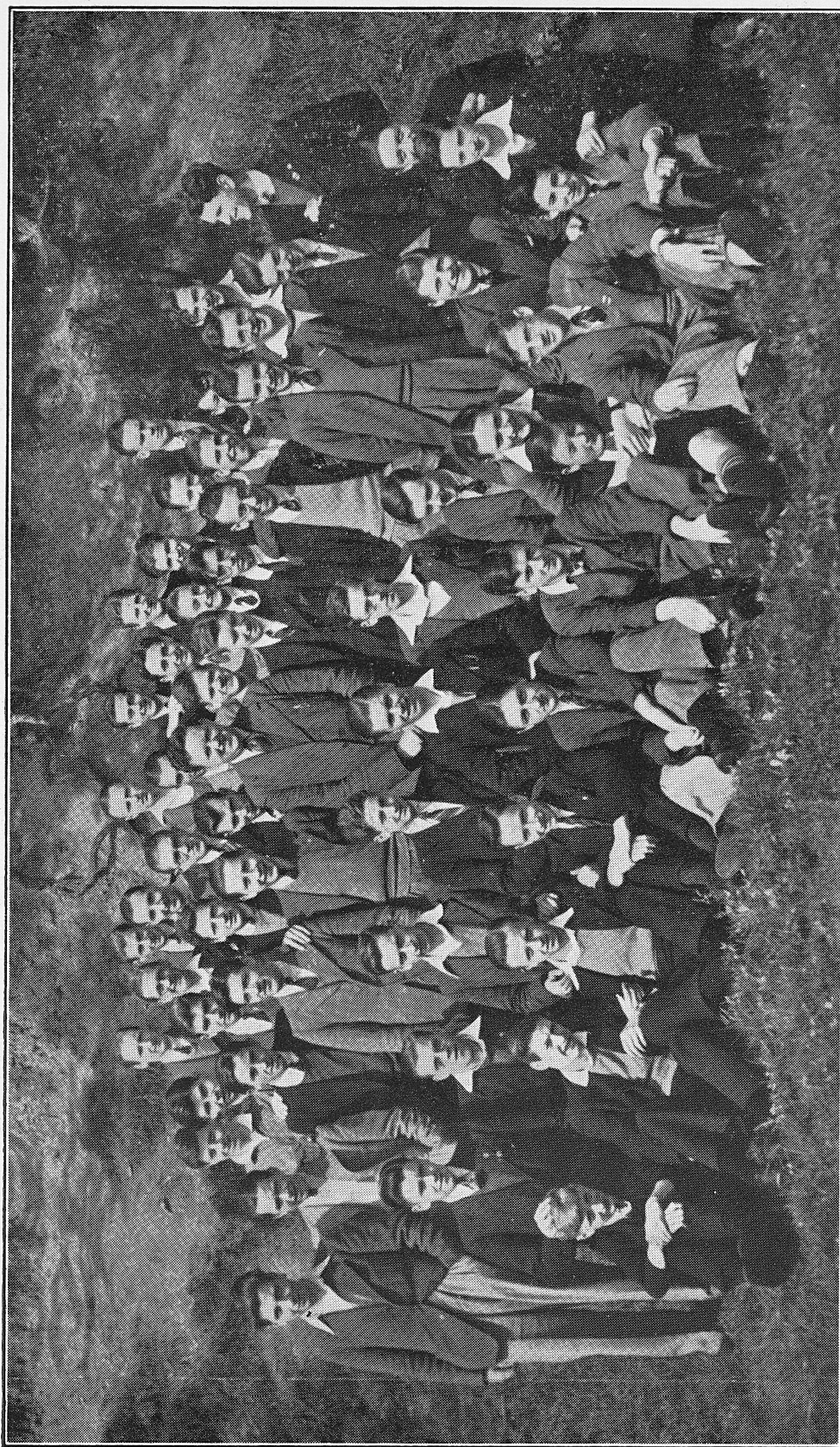
Walk eastwards along Ingram Street, keeping to the left, till you come to St. David's Church. There on the pavement, a few yards past the entrance, you will find a cross cut on the stone with the scarcely distinguishable initials, "A.F." and "R.F." Tread softly, you are standing on the grave of the brothers Foulis, whose fine printing was known throughout Europe two hundred years ago.

All day the stone resounds to the hurrying footsteps of the city's busy thousands; only at night is there quiet. A quiet broken by the drone that must stir the brothers where they lie. It is the drone of the giant printing presses of the "Scottish Daily Express" a short distance away in Albion Street—presses that are the descendants of the simple machines used by Robert and Andrew Foulis.

The eighteenth century was but seven years old when Robert Foulis was born. Andrew first opened his eyes on the world five years later in 1712. No one could have guessed the sphere in which the brothers were to find fame, because Robert practised as a broker and Andrew was trained for the ministry. It was about 1740 that Robert set his footsteps in one of the branches of printing, becoming a bookseller. Two years later, when he was appointed printer to the University, there began the publication of the volumes which were noted for their accuracy and fine printing. Robert and Andrew were responsible for the issue of five hundred works, mostly editions of classics. But in the success of their printing business lay the germs of the ill-fated venture that was to ruin them financially and to contribute in great measure to their death.

With their printing profits the brothers, in 1753, founded an Academy of Arts in Glasgow. Into it went all the genius and the money of Robert and Andrew Foulis. Scotland, however, was not ripe for such a project and in September, 1775, Andrew Foulis, worn out, died. It was the end. Eight months later Robert sold off the Academy. He followed Andrew to the grave in Ingram Street in June, 1776.

Once Robert and Andrew Foulis lay in the yard of Ramshorn Church, but as Ingram Street grew wider with the years, so the churchyard grew smaller. There came a day when it was decided to move the church railings to where they stand now. Robert and Andrew Foulis, printers to the University of Glasgow were not moved, however, and that is why their tombstone is part of the twentieth century pavement.



SENIOR BOYS.



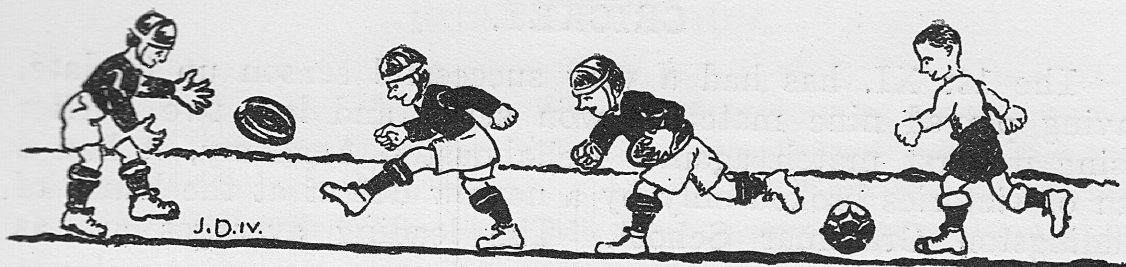
SWIMMING TEAMS.

M. Cowan, A. Robertson, T. Cartmill, J. Burt.
B. Duncan, N. Good, W. Jones, M. Turner.



CRICKET TEAM.

T. Donohoe, W. Marshall, J. Burt, G. Boal, G. Brand.
R. Newton, J. Brodie, H. Carson (Capt.), J. Gordon, J. Oag.
J. Sim (Scorer). J. McKinlay.



WHITEHILL NOTES

FOOTBALL.

The season just finished has been one of the most successful in the history of the section, although we may not have managed to bring home many trophies to prove it. The 1st XI. reached the semi-final of the Scottish Shield, but were unfortunately beaten by St. Mungo's Academy. In the league we finished second top—St. Mungo's again depriving us of the honour. We wound up the season with the annual game v. the Staff, and despite an excellent display of goalkeeping by Mr. Gould, the ignorance of some of the Staff of the rules (football), and the drawing-room tactics indulged in by the pupils, we succeeded in defeating them.



The 3rd XI. had a moderately successful season and have some promising players. The 4th XI. finished equal in points at the top of their section with Queen's Park, but were defeated in the play-off. Here again there is the makings of a good team for the future.

We were given recognition in representative games, when A. Beattie was chosen to play for Glasgow v. Rest of Scotland, London, and Bradford; and Campbell McLean v. Bradford. In the three games mentioned the Glasgow team scored eight goals and A. Beattie scored seven of them. Well done, Alex.!

Before closing I would like to thank several people. Firstly, on behalf of this section I would like to thank Mr. Reid for the time and energy he devoted to it; secondly, the noble band of supporters who followed us faithfully throughout the season; and last, but not least, the girls who so kindly provided tea for us on Saturday mornings at Craigend.

A. T. (Hon. Secy.).

CRICKET.

The 1st XI. has had a very successful season up to date, having played nine matches, won seven and lost two. After losing its first match against Bellahouston Academy, it had a run of victories broken only by a narrow defeat at the hands of Uddingston Grammar School. The leading averages are as follows:—

BATTING.

		Inns.	N.O.	Runs.	Highest Inns.	Av.
J. Brodie,	...	9	1	143	39	17.9
J. Gordon,	...	9	—	131	42	14.5
H. Carson,	...	8	1	80	22	11.4

BOWLING.

		Overs.	Maid.	Runs.	Wkt.	Av.
J. Gordon,	...	78	26	144	33	4.4
J. Brodie,	...	97.3	31	184	30	6.1

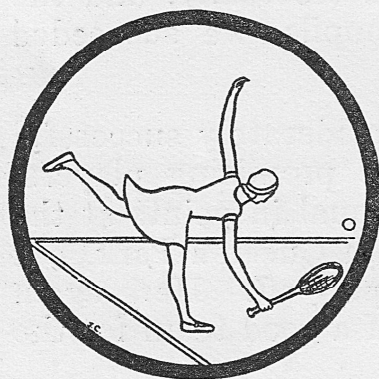


The 2nd XI. have also been quite successful

J. G.

TENNIS SECTION.

This season has been more successful than last season. The team is playing well and has been successful in four matches out of seven. The following are on the Selection Committee: Misses B. McNaughton, F. M. Turner, M. B. Donald, and Messrs. G. Brand, J. Burt, and J. Oag.



The number of Upper School boys playing this year has increased and the Junior numbers are still as large.

A tournament is to be held in the month of June and there is a fairly large entry.

M. K. S.

RADIO CLUB.

The above club was inaugurated on Friday, 6th January, 1939, under the direction of Mr. Chisholm. Up to date we have built two one-valve sets and are now adding another valve to one of them. On 23rd May a visit was made to the British Broadcasting House in Glasgow. The visit was greatly enjoyed and we hope to visit the transmitter at Wester-Glen. There is only a limited number of members, but we may admit more in the future.

W. M. R. (Secy.).

RUGBY SECTION.

The Rugby Club is pleased to say that it has had quite a successful season. The 1st XV. finished having won 5 games, lost 8 and drawn 2. The 2nd XV., though not doing too well at the beginning of the season, began to pull its weight towards the end. The 3rd XV. won all their matches except one, and the Junior XV., although they fought very hard, did not do very well. We thank Mr. Niven, Mr. Hollinsworth, and Mr. Hendry for the interest which they showed and the services which they rendered. We hope Mr. Niven will continue the weekly practices and that Mr. Hendry and Mr. Hollinsworth will travel with the various teams. (Don't be deceived—they have all expenses paid.) Mr. McMurray must also be thanked for his usual good judgment in picking teams, etc. In closing, I would like to ask all you Rugby players who have friends coming into the School next year to induce them to play Rugby. If they do not like it, then they can try something else, but they must try Rugby first. Here's wishing luck to next year's Secretary.



W. D. BROWN (Hon. Secy.).

COUNTRY DANCING.

Interest in the Country Dancing is always high. The ordinary class on Wednesdays has been very pleasant. The two important events since the opening of the New Year have been the Concert and the Sports.

At the Concert, where the Country Dance item is still very popular, the team was:—Violet Bertie, Jean Duffus, Marion Duffus, Jeannette Esler, Edith MacFarlane, Marion McGhee, Nan. MacKechnie, Helen MacNidder, Margaret Taylor; Robert Clarkson, David Clubb, Watson Graham, Gordon Milne, John MacCallum, John Sleigh, Cyril Strathearn, Douglas Welsh.

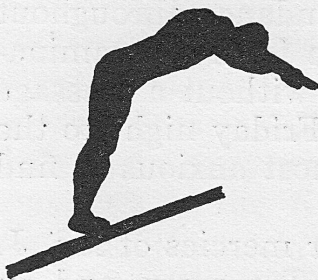
We thank Mr. Millar and the members of the Staff Sextet who have played for us.

SWIMMING.

The swimming teams have been fairly successful this year, the Boys' Team in particular. They have won almost every race in which they have participated.

We would like to give a word of encouragement to the Junior swimmers. You are the team members of the future, and it is up to you to maintain the high standard which has been set.

M. K. S. and J. B.



GOLF.

Owing to unfavourable weather during the season, few medals have been played. The following winners go forward to the medal finals:—N. McKinlay, W. Hill, A. Hendry, R. MacVicar, and J. Bell.



Three matches have been played against other schools and so far we have not been very successful, losing two matches and drawing one.

All the pupils who have been chosen to represent the School against the Masters are hoping for an excellent game, the ever-enjoyable afternoon, and a win to break our run of "bad luck" in the past.

The Allan Shield Competition is being played off just now and A. Hendry, I. Campbell and R. Connelly have reached the semi-final.

J. B. (Hon. Secy.).

PIPE BAND.

The Pipe Band had a dramatic finish this year. After practising all winter so that on 27th May we might give our school-fellows a treat, we discovered that on the same day the majority of the boys would be engaged with their respective Boys' Brigade Bands. What luck! (No, not for the spectators.)

The following boys played in the Band this session:—

Pipers—Alex. MacVicar, Donald Smith, William Williams, William MacLuskey, Douglas Brown, William Proctor, George McCann, Robert Yeates, Tom Taylor, Douglas MacInnes and George Grant.

Drummers—Joe MacLuskey, David Lawrie, Tom Martin and Orrock Muir.



Since this is the last article for the Mag. that I will write, I would like to thank all the boys who have supported the Band for the last two years, and I hope that next year they will be more fortunate and will gain, as well as seek, "higher things."

R. S. L. MACVICAR.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

Another session has already faded into the dim and distant past. We have had a very encouraging attendance throughout the year, in spite of counter-attractions in the form of examinations. All those in the Upper School with or without a message to give to the world are invited to come on a Friday night to the Lit. and take part in our debates. We are most anxious to find more speakers.

Next session you will be left to the tender mercies of Mr. J. Marshall as Secretary, Miss Wilma Jones as Treasurer, and an efficient Committee. And the syllabus is a measly tanner! Au revoir, mes enfants.

J. H. O.

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

The Orchestra has just completed a most difficult year; but I think that we may be satisfied. The departure of Mr. Kerr was a great difficulty which we had anticipated, but the loss of Mr. Andrew was in itself a great blow and made Mr. McLellan's job a very difficult one.

We struggled hard to keep unbroken our series of school concert performances—and succeeded. We had much work before entering to make a sportsmanlike failure in the Festival which we won last year—and we succeeded. We congratulate the High School on their victory.



We are pleased that Mr. Kerr is making a good recovery, and we give our best wishes to Mr. McLellan, who at time of writing is very easy on the pedals.

PHILATELIC NOTES.

The Society has now come to the close of its most successful session. Since the publication of the report in the Christmas issue of the Magazine, many notable events have occurred in the affairs of the Society.

We have acquired an Epidiascope and it has proved its worth. Mr. Gent has given a series of talks to the Classic sections and these have been greatly enjoyed by both pupils and staff. We may have more of these ere the session closes.

The Classics Inspector was duly impressed by the Stamp Show and considered it worthy of very high commendation.

A very enjoyable dance was held in the Royal Restaurant on 5th April. For the success of the evening we would give our most grateful thanks to J. R. Lopes, J. H. Oag and to Miss Bremner for their services in the musical part of the programme. We would also thank Mr. Hollinsworth, a very worthy compere, and James Adamson who acted as M.C.

The School Stamp Collection has now reached the mark of eleven hundred!

Another competition and exhibition has been arranged to take place on Parents' Days. Prizes will be awarded.

All these successes mentioned above are due to the untiring efforts of our President, Mr. Gent.

Mr. Gent went along to the Literary and Debating Society on one occasion and there, by means of the Epidiascope, he delivered a very witty stamp talk. He also gave a talk to certain members of the K.O. Club.

The time has come to hand over the reins of office. The new Secretary is Ian C. Campbell and it is to be hoped that the Society will give him their full support.

J. E. D.

SPORTS DAY.

THE birds were twittering soulful overtures, the sky was a hazy blue, and the grass a vernal green—SPORTS DAY, 1939. Truly, "the Lord had blessed us!" If the weather was a gratification, so also was the number of spectators-to-be, wending their dusty way towards Craigend. Many entered by the gate, in the orthodox manner; many didn't. As the crowd increased, the spirits of the mass were kept high by the studying of fashions, etc. Among those who favoured us with their presence were Mr. and Mrs. Bogle, Mr. R. L. Scott, Mr. MacBriar, Gizzi, an Air-Forcer, a sailor, Mr. Reid, and a smasher wee blonde!

But the chatterings of the anticipating throng were hushed by the sonorous announcement, with a background of squeals and shrieks from a helpful microphone, that the meeting was about to take place, and "would all but officials keep outside the rope!"

Well, the first half hour or so produced a whirl of events that fairly set the appreciative spectators' heads a-birling. Between sooks at wafers and "ginger," they watched Jack Barclay do a fine piece of running in the 100 yards S.C.E., covering it, as he did, in just under eleven seconds. The girls' sack race gave us more entertainment than the contestants themselves imagined. One prefect, especially, gave us a very fine show, much to her anguish.

The afternoon sped onward. Races were run and won, people were recognised and conversed, ices were consumed and finished, and everything was going well.

The Country Dancing was a **howling** success (the accompaniment of bagpipes prompts the use of the adjective)—Whitehill lost the Invitation Relay Race, by a short head and a weak ankle, the Staff Race didn't, and Barclay again gave a powerful exhibition in the "880," drawing ahead just at the tape.

The "five-a-sides" came last. The Senior game produced more fun, the Juniors taking the sport more seriously, and the spectators howling delightedly as Carson limped lamely on to the field in his somewhat grotesque plus-fours. Special mention is due here to Boal, who slid (in more ways than one!) the ball past our Gilbertean figure, for a goal, on no less than two occasions.

Then came the Prize-giving. Ah me! the glory of the scene. A happy throng, milling round the platform high and invulnerable from its clutches, watched, as Mr. Weir introduced Mr. Bogle, an enthusiastic F.P. He also mentioned that a key and an empty purse had been found and could be had at the usual fee. ("Duty unto Death.") Mr. Bogle gave a very fine little speech in a delightfully racy manner, saying that he didn't know that there were so many girls who ran quickly; he didn't know they were so fast! After the applause had died down, our guest hoisted the new Union Jack, for which we owe the anonymous

donor—"a parent of an F.P."—our deepest gratitude. We sincerely hope that the 'Hill will keep its flag flying for a very long time yet.

Mrs. Bogle then commenced presenting the flushed winners with their prizes. Jack Brodie had a narrow win over Barclay in the Senior Championship, only three points being the difference. Peggy Myles made a successful entry in the Girls' Championship, coming out on top, despite her stature!! George White deservedly won the Junior Championship, winning every event in so doing, and Isobel Wallace was the Junior "Champ." in the Girls' Section. The Coronation Cup was won by W. Perry and, judging by his expression on receiving it, one would imagine he had expected some liquid contents.

After all the various prizes had been distributed, the Headmaster made an unexpected announcement. "Mr. Bogle," he said, "has very kindly suggested that, since the boys had a cup for the 'Open 880,' it is his intention to present the girls with a similar trophy." Loud cheers greeted this announcement, and after little more ado, all departed well pleased with the day's entertainment.

N.B.—Mention might be made that "Fly" hopes to provide another Trunk Mystery.

ORIGINAL LIMERICKS.

There's a teacher whose nickname is "Holly,"
Whom the boys thought terribly jolly,
But they found it was folly
To meddle with "Holly,"
For then, "Holly" wasn't so jolly.

There was a headmaster named Weir,
From whom boys had nothing to fear,
If they pulled up "their socks"
And put oil on their "locks,"
That pleased this headmaster named Weir.

A gym. teacher called McMurray
Aye seemed to be in a hurry.
If you couldn't do your jerks
He'd give you the works,
That gym. teacher McMurray.

There was a schoolboy of Whitehill,
Who twice yearly was taken ill,
The thought of exams.
Gave him the jim-jams,
That "sturdy" schoolboy of Whitehill.

A. K. (I. B.d.).

PLUNKING UP TO DATE.

(With apologies to "Anon.")

("Two pupils were severely punished for 'plunking' a Maths. Inspector."—Whitehill Times.)

I've plunked a pickle periods frae French an' Maths. an' a',
I've plunked frae Music, Gymns an' Milk, an' still I'm awfu' raw,
For ou' it seems an unco' thing, an' juist a mad conjecture
Hoo ony mortal could contrive tae plunk a Maths. Inspector!

I've skippit past the "Janny," while at ither things he toiled—
The gate is unco' squeaky an' could dae wi' bein' oiled—
But I doot that I wad need a guid stout "rear protector",
Gin I should try to beat them a', an' plunk the Maths. Inspector.

I mind hoo me an' Maggie plunked oor Milk tae gang tae Clews,
And brocht back Ayton Sandwiches, a' shakin' in oor shoes,
For eh! The canny Prefects had telt it tae the Rector,
Yet Prefects maun be bairnies' play, besides a Maths. Inspector.

I thocht I kent o' plunkin' juist as muckle's ither men,
But noo I see there's still a twa-three things I dinna ken.
An' noo I canna rest mysel', an' if there's nae objector,
I'll wait till next he's comin', an' plunk the Maths. Inspector.

M. K. S. (V.).

EXAMS.

The time of torture is now past,
I can sit back and rest at last,
But still the doubts do linger on,
Of all the sums which I had wrong.

I'd done no homework for a week,
And all that time I dodged the beak,
So, wrathful, now he'll make me wilt,
But, there's no use crying o'er milk that's spilt.

But in the end I'll turn out trumps,
No longer am I in the dumps,
I'm heading for the second year,
And for a time I need not fear.

But time of torture will come back,
And shall I then find that, alack!
At last I'm almost bound to fail,
Or shall I to the third prevail?

HERE'S HOPING! A. S. (I. B.d.).

RAYINGS.

O, HOW to slumber
Beneath a shady tree;
I, myself, my shadow,
A bottle of—milk, and me!

O, how to gamble across the open meadow,
And to ramble and scramble until you're nearly dead-oh!
Ah! how to feel the grass under your aching feet!
And not to care a darn for the blistering heat!

Away in the solitude,
In blissful lassitude,
Free from vicissitude,
In any old attitude,
You sigh with gratitude,
For the lovely man who first invented leisure!
With voluable loquacity
And sincere veracity,
Perhaps with audacity,
You praise without mendacity
And eat with voracity
As you taste what is really meant by pleasure!

The heat is pestilential
In every darned essential,
But the quiet is influential,
And you don't complain.
You think of differentials,
Wander on to exponentials,
Amble back to the potentials,
As maths. and science grip your brain.



“Je suis, tu es, il est,” you scream,
Wandering beside the stream.
French, my lad, will come to you
As you see her eyes—sorry, the skies so blue.

Lying on your back,
Feeling very slack,
For your braces have burst and you'll have to turn back.
Leaping o'er a brook,
In some shady nook,
And a gamekeeper spotting you and thinking you a crook.

Oh me! oh my! For the open I cry,
For it's out in the country I feel free.
And if on any day, to the fields you take your way,
You'll find me 'neath the shade of a coconut tree!

Ah, ha! a man approaches.
 He wears a peaked cap;
 On the brim is the word "Keeper."
 What does he keep on tap?
 I'll ask him!
 I'll unmask him!
 No, I won't! He's come, you see,
 To inform me
 (Or to warn me)
 That Napoleon's come to tea!

THE MATHS. MAESTRO (V.).

REPLY TO SMEE.

(See Christmas Number.)

Aye! Wha wad be a Prefect? It's no a life at a'
 Fur, a' the time, ye're fechtin' wi' yer back agin the wa'.
 Yer heid's fair in a muddle, wi' names o' thro'ither boys,
 An' whit they did, an' how, an' where, an' a' their youthfu' ploys.

"Sax theorems, cheynge the letters, or ye'll be feelin' sair.
 Ye'll haud yer hauns an' screech like mad, and write them twice,
 whit's mair.

An' if ye wander on the field, ye're fur it, sure as death,
 Sae mark ye weel yer habits, an' yer mainners (mind them
 baith)."

Aye! Wha wad be a prefect, an' listen tae the hiss
 O' ilka Fourth Year laddie, for, be shair, they'll never miss,
 An' wha wad staun the insolence o' laddies, late ower often,
 Wha think that, by sheer impidence, the prefects' herts they'll
 soften?

O ye wha follow after us, tak' this ae hint frae me
 (If ye be sae determined that a prefect ye *maun* be):

Hae a hert o' cauld, cauld iron,
 An' a skin as tough as hide,
 An' then ye'll be richt ready tae face the comin' tide.

GUESS WHA FRAE!

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD.

ACROSS.

- | | | |
|-----------|----------|------------|
| 1. Palm. | 10. Oak. | 18. Mecca. |
| 5. O.K. | 12. R.F. | 20. Boa. |
| 7. Erect. | 14. Le. | 21. Tot. |
| 9. Ape. | 15. Re. | |

DOWN.

- | | | |
|-----------|-----------|----------|
| 1. Pearl. | 6. K.K.K. | 16. Ect. |
| 2. A.R.P. | 8. To. | 17. Rat. |
| 3. Leer. | 11. A.D. | 18. Ma. |
| 4. M.C. | 13. Fre. | 19. Co. |

The ambition of every first year boy and girl is to be a Prefect.