
Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 41

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OUR ADVERTISERS—

We Commend them for Your Consideration.

PRIZE



LIST.

Dux - - - - - JAMES S. MARSHALL.
Prox. Acc. - - - - - A. MOWBRAY BRODIE.
Macfarlane Gamble - - - - - AGNES McADAM.

War Memorial Prizes—

English - - - - - AGNES McADAM.
Mathematics - - - - - A. MOWBRAY BRODIE.
French and German - - - - - JAMES MACKAY.
Science - - - - - A. MOWBRAY BRODIE.
Art - - - - - JOHN H. DUNCANSON.

Crosthwaite Prizes—

Senior—(1) JAMES S. MARSHALL.
(2) ARTHUR KENNEDY.
Junior—(1) VIOLET A. BERTIE
(2) JAMES AITKEN.

Intermediate Dux—

VIOLET A. BERTIE.

Corporation Art Competition—

ENA SCOTLAND, Bronze Medal.
HARRY McNAB, Commended.



EDITORIAL.

THIS issue of the Magazine differs in many ways from those that have gone before. The shortage of paper that the war has brought has now begun to make itself felt, so much so that the problem of future editions has become really serious.

In its content, too, this Magazine is very different from its predecessors. To you, who read it, it may seem that it is almost exclusively a Staff Magazine: but we, the Editors, believe that you would not have it otherwise. The members of the Staff who have left Whitehill for other spheres of activity, and those fine souls whom we shall never see again, were so important in our lives that we know you will appreciate our efforts to pay fitting tribute to them.

Some material from your hands has had to be omitted, but if you cannot find your own article here, do not be discouraged. Your chance will come.

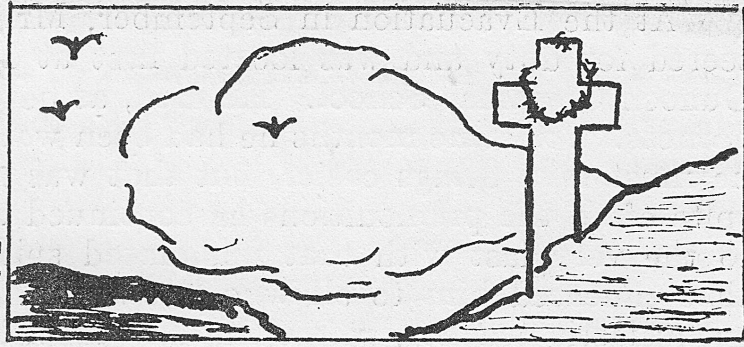
Yet let us not here create an erroneous impression that the Magazine Committee has been struggling with an overwhelming "embarrassment of choice," sitting with wet towels bound on aching brows, sifting the good from the bad, the better from the worse. It is a sad, but seemingly inevitable, condition, of the Summer Magazine, that the drift of articles is slow and uncertain. All things militate at this time against original composition: the blue skies and fleecy clouds call to golf course and tennis court rather than to study and writing-desk. But many members, especially of the Upper School, seem barely conscious of the Magazine. To them especially our message is addressed. As you read this issue of the Magazine, make the resolve, and keep it, that any future edition shall be yours, not alone by purchase, but by creation.

But doubtless you grow impatient with this sermonising, and wish our message at an end. Turn then the pages, and pass from our rather querulous, but inevitable, complainings, to the Magazine itself.

We must read in serious mood, for never before has any Whitehill Magazine seemed so much an "In Memoriam" number. With such sad material before us, and the dangerous circumstances of war around us, it is hard to turn to the airy and frothy nothings which so often fill our pages. This Magazine has been compiled in serious vein. Read it, we pray you, in that spirit.

THE EDITORS.

In Memoriam.



1940 will rank as one of the most tragic years in the annals of the School. Death, that fell reaper, has been in our midst, and in four short months has carried off three outstanding members of our Staff. These were men whose loss we could ill afford; the School is poorer by their passing, but richer in the memory of their devotion and their example.

ANDREW G. TWADDELL, B.Sc.

In A. G. T. the School came near to having the ideal teacher. For almost 16 years he was a member of the Department of Mathematics, a department on which he has left his mark. Respect and esteem, which quickly ripened into affection, marked his relations with all his classes. Nor could it be otherwise with one so highly gifted, so generous, and so endowed with never-failing courtesy and consideration. For the slower members of his class he had ever a cheery word of encouragement, and for those in difficulty an outstretched hand of friendly sympathy and help.

Outside the classroom, in the social life of the School, on the Playing Fields, at the Sports, and in his strenuous and exacting position as President of the Athletic Club, he was indefatigable. Few realise how many, many hours of his leisure he devoted to this voluntary task, and with what unflagging energy he gave his services for the School. As a colleague he endeared himself to all by his tact, his shrewd judgment and his forbearance. A. G. T. stood foursquare to the world; a man of the highest principles with a scrupulous regard for the verities of life.

We remember him with deep and abiding affection, and our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Twaddell and her three boys who mourn the loss of a devoted husband and father who was also a sterling man and a steadfast friend.

JAMES McCORKINDALE, M.A.

For almost six years Mr. McCorkindale was attached to the staff in Onslow Drive in the Department of English, and in that brief spell had won for himself a secure place in the esteem and affection of pupils and colleagues alike. Nor was this to be wondered at, for Mr. McCorkindale had from boyhood the gift of making and retaining friends. In the classroom his kindly manner and sympathetic insight drew his pupils to him. They looked upon him as a friend.

At the Evacuation in September, Mr. McCorkindale volunteered for duty and was located first at Eastriggs and later in Dunoon Grammar School. He died, as he would have wished, in harness. For some months he had been warned by his doctor that he must take things easier, but that was not in his nature. In spite of all the premonitions he continued to discharge his duties to the very last with that undaunted spirit and cheerful smile that endeared him to all who knew him. He was a keen and enthusiastic teacher, refreshing and inspiring, embarking on his duties with the spirit of enterprise and glorious adventure. Many will miss him, but will cherish the memory of his loyalty and devotion, his unswerving zeal, and his bright and shining example.

To Mrs. McCorkindale and her family we extend our deepest sympathy in their irreparable loss.

JOHN HOLLINSWORTH, M.A. (HONS.).

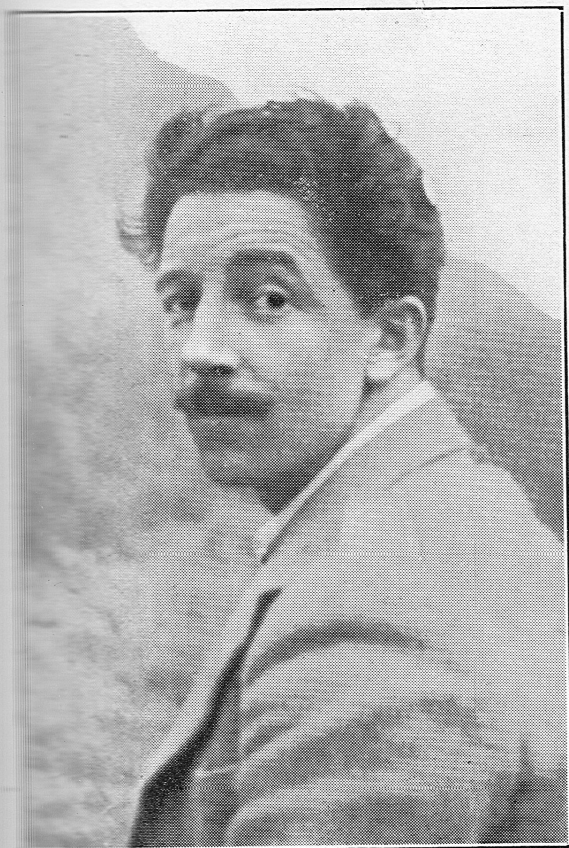
On 12th November, 1934, "Holly," as he came to be affectionally called, joined the staff of Whitehill, and from the first day one felt the presence of a new and vital force, a dynamic personality. A teacher of the highest academic attainments, he brought to his classes the refreshing influence of a most original mind. That creative instinct, so strong in him, he communicated to his pupils, encouraging them to originality of effort, and scorning all that savoured of mere slavish imitation.

Prodigal of his life and leisure, he threw himself with almost reckless abandon into every phase of our school activities. The K.O. Club with its magazine and its dramatic ventures, that perennial source of amusement and entertainment, the Country Dancing Section that charmed countless spectators at the Sports and in the Concert Hall, all owed their origin to his zeal and enthusiasm. The Annual Concert, the Staff Sextet, the many activities of the Playing Fields, were outlets for his remarkable versatility. In him there burned an ardent love of the country in all its moods; he loved the bens and the glens and revelled in conducting his Camping Club on moorland treks. His boundless energy sought ever new ways of expression and in September last he instituted the Gardening Club.

The magnetism of his personality drew everyone to him; his was a dear and lovable nature with deep wells of sympathy and affection. We miss his happy wit and humorous sallies, his whimsical jests, his cheery smile, and those delectable outbursts in the purest Doric.

Teacher, poet, artist, musician and thinker, he has passed on, but he has left behind an imperishable memory of a dear departed friend and the example of a life of service and self-sacrifice.

We tender to Mr. and Mrs. Hollinsworth, and to his brother and sister, our tribute of sympathy.



Mr. JOHN HOLLINSWORTH.



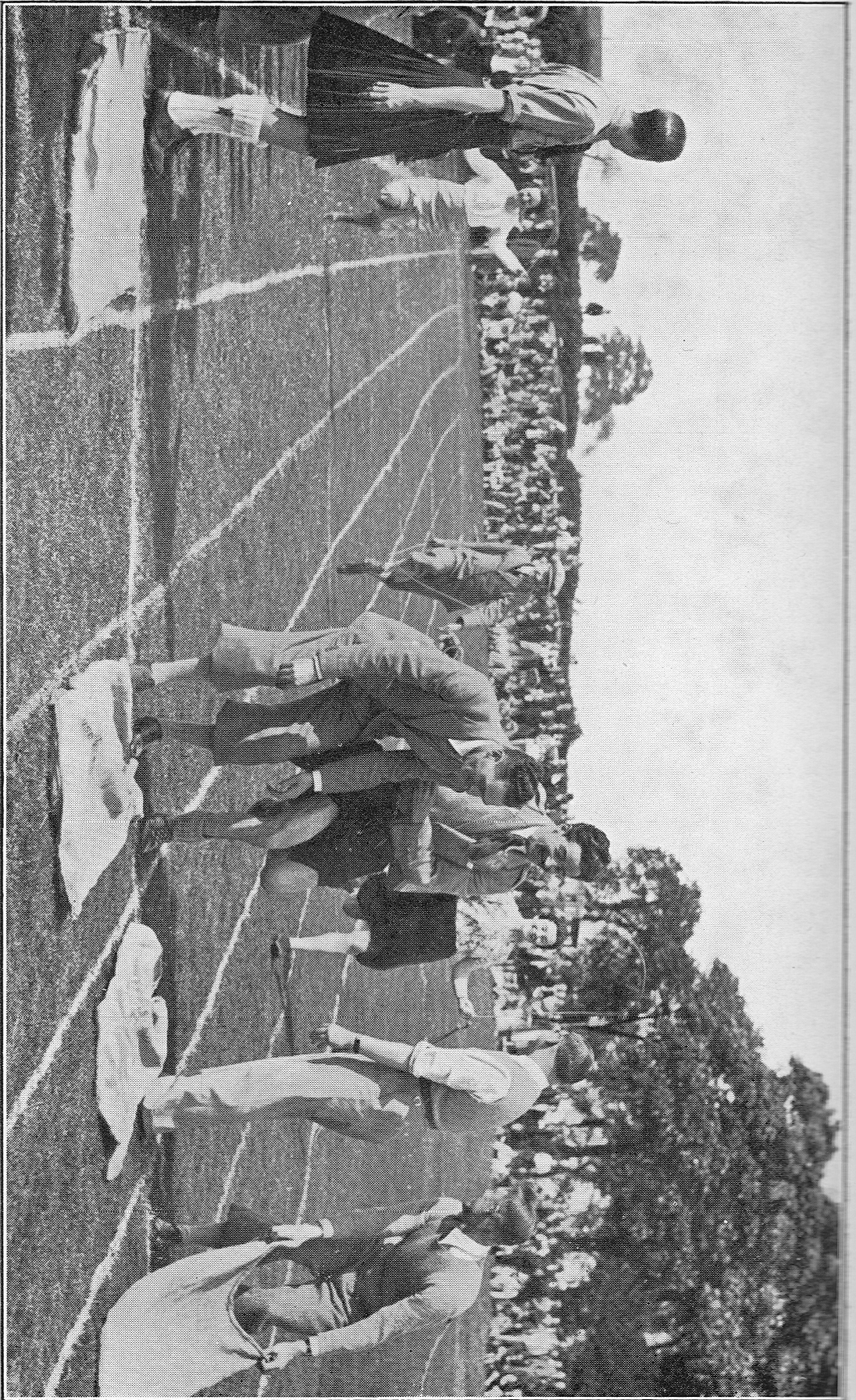
Mr. ANDREW G. TWADDELL.



Mr. JAMES McCORKINDALE.



RALPH PAYNE.



IN MEMORIAM.

The headstone gifted by the School to Mr. Hollinsworth was set in its place at Cardonald Cemetery on 2nd May, 1940. It is of rough-hewn grey granite, and bears this inscription:

In Loving Memory
of
JOHN HOLLINSWORTH,
M.A.,
from the Pupils and Staff
of
Whitehill Secondary School.
1940.

RALPH PAYNE.

Less than three brief years have passed since Ralph Payne passed from the School into the wider and fuller life of the University. His years with us were years of happy memory. He was imbued with a deep and abiding affection for the School, a feeling that was reciprocated by all who were privileged to come into contact with him. Bright and buoyant, ever with a cheery smile, he readily placed at the disposal of the School his gifts and aptitudes. We recall his happy appearances on the Concert platform, his witty recitations and his dramatic gifts. He stood on the threshold of a brilliant career and had already distinguished himself in his medical studies, when all too soon he was called away.

We honour his memory and offer to Mr. and Mrs. Payne the assurance of our heartfelt sympathy in their great loss.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

This list must cover only a small number of the many former pupils of the School who are serving with the Forces. We should be glad to have from you the names and units of men not included below. Please send these to the Headmaster as soon as possible.



BARCLAY, Jack, - - - -	Royal Air Force.
BLACKADDER, William, - - - -	Royal Air Force.
BLAIR, David, - - - -	Royal Army Medical Corps.
BOND, Arthur R., - - - -	Royal Air Force.
BOTTOMLEY, James, - - - -	Royal Artillery.
BRAND, Eric, - - - -	Royal Air Force.
CAMPBELL, Malcolm, - - - -	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
CLARKSON, W. D., - - - -	Royal Navy.
CORMACK, William, - - - -	Royal Artillery.
COWAN, Mather, - - - -	Royal Air Force.
CUMPSTY, James, - - - -	Royal Army Medical Corps.
CUNNINGHAM, Gordon, - - - -	Royal Engineers.
DAVIDSON, William, - - - -	Royal Air Force.
DOCHERTY, John, - - - -	Royal Air Force.
DRUMMOND, D. W., - - - -	Royal Artillery.
DRUMMOND, H., - - - -	Royal Artillery.
EASTON, Gordon, - - - -	Royal Air Force.
EASTON, Harley, - - - -	Royal Air Force.
ESLER, Andrew G., - - - -	Royal Engineers.
FERGUSSON, James, - - - -	Royal Air Force.
FULTON, David S., - - - -	Royal Corps of Signals.
GORDON, George, - - - -	Royal Army Medical Corps.
GOVAN, R. M., - - - -	Royal Artillery.
GRAHAM, Johnston, - - - -	Royal Engineers.
GRAY, Andrew, - - - -	Glasgow Highlanders.
GREENSHIELDS, Thomas, - - - -	Royal Army Medical Corps.
GREENLEES, Walter, - - - -	Royal Army Medical Corps.
GROUNDWORK, William, - - - -	Royal Artillery.
INGLIS, James, - - - -	Royal Artillery.
JENKINS, David, - - - -	Searchlight Corps.
JOHNSON, Alan, - - - -	Royal Artillery.
JOHNSTON, Thomas H., - - - -	Royal Army Medical Corps.
JOHNSTON, Graham, - - - -	Royal Engineers.
JOHNSTONE, R. R., - - - -	Cameronians.
KAY, William L. M., - - - -	Royal Army Ordnance Corps.
LAW, Francis D., - - - -	Royal Army Medical Corps.
LEWIS, J. W., - - - -	Royal Artillery.
McCURDIE, James, - - - -	Royal Engineers.

MACGREGOR, Gregor, - - -	Field Service Police.
MACGREGOR, Leon L., - - -	Royal Artillery.
MACINNES, Ian, - - -	Royal Army Ordnance Corps.
MACKAY, Johnston, - - -	Chaplain to the Forces.
MACKENDRICK, Ian, - - -	Scottish Rifles.
MACKENZIE, David, - - -	Royal Navy.
MACKENZIE, Hamish, - - -	Royal Artillery.
MACKINLAY, Frank, - - -	Royal Air Force.
MACLACHLAN, George, - - -	A.P.T.C.
MACLAREN, John P., - - -	A.A. Royal Artillery.
MACLAREN, Thomas, - - -	Gordon Highlanders.
MACNAB, T., - - -	Glasgow Highlanders.
MACVICAR, Robert, - - -	Royal Army Medical Corps.
MELLIS, William, - - -	Royal Artillery.
MELVIN, Thomas, - - -	Royal Army Medical Corps
MILROY, Alfred, - - -	Royal Air Force.
MONTAGUE, Thomas, - - -	Royal Engineers.
MONTGOMERY, William, - - -	Cameron Highlanders.
MORTIMER, Thomas, - - -	Royal Engineers.
MOTHERWELL, E. H., - - -	Royal Army Service Corps.
MOTHERWELL, R., - - -	Royal Artillery.
MUTCH, George, - - -	Royal Air Force.
NICOL, Henry, - - -	Black Watch.
OGG, James, - - -	Royal Artillery.
OGILVIE, Robert, - - -	Highland Light Infantry.
OLIPHANT, Mackinlay, - - -	Royal Artillery.
OLIVER, - - -	Royal Artillery.
PATERSON, J. M., - - -	Highland Light Infantry.
PETRIE, Craig, - - -	Royal Air Force.
POTTER, Lewis, - - -	Royal Air Force.
RILLIE, J. A. M., - - -	Royal Army Medical Corps.
REVIE, Alastair, - - -	Scots Greys.
ROBERTSON, R. A., - - -	Royal Air Force.
ROWAN, John L., - - -	Royal Artillery.
ROWAN, James F., - - -	Royal Scots Fusiliers.
ROY, R. J., - - -	Royal Air Force.
SCOTT, Alexander, - - -	Royal Artillery.
SCOTT, James, - - -	Royal Tank Corps.
SERVICE, Samuel, - - -	Cameron Highlanders.
SHEAL, Douglas, - - -	Black Watch.
SIMPSON, Adam, - - -	Royal Artillery.
SOMERVILLE, James, - - -	Royal Air Force.
STEVENSTON, James, - - -	Royal Air Force.
STEVENSTON, Thomas, - - -	Royal Air Force.
STEWART, Donald, - - -	Royal Navy.
SYMERS, David, - - -	Royal Army Medical Corps.
THORPE, P., - - -	E.F.T.S.
THOMSON, Norman, - - -	Royal Air Force.
WOOD, John P., - - -	Highland Light Infantry.
WOODROW, Alexander, - - -	Royal Artillery.
WRIGHT, Thomas, - - -	Gordon Highlanders.

'ORRIBLE THOUGHT.

Now we really shouldn't grudge it,
When they raise the war-time Budget,
For it's war, and quite a tiff, it seems to me;
And they say that we do battle
Just to slaughter nasty cattle,
Ten hundred thousand swine, and then be free.

So it's not much use complaining,
If the Government is gaining
On the prices and the taxes they contrive;
And although men can't keep frisky
On a rationed "half" of whisky,
The anticipation keeps them still alive.

There are some will feel like moaning,
When they think of all the phoning,
And the extra "kick" that they will have to pay.
They may think to write a letter,
But the postage is no better,
So they seem to have us any blinking way.

Consternation they're invoking,
When they raise the price of smoking,
And it's putting social custom on the shelf;
We may call the tax a "racket,"
And we won't hand round the packet,
For the cost will make us keep them to ourself.

Then the price of beer is rising,
And it's truly paralysing
If they can't afford to pay the extra price,
For to raise the workers' tonic,
Well, to say the least, is chronic,
More especially as water won't suffice.

So I'm glad I don't touch whisky,
And they say that smoking's risky,
And you'll never find me writing very much,
And you'll never see me groaning,
'Cause you'll seldom see me phoning,
And I don't indulge in beer—so life is such.

RIFF-RAFF (V.B.).

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THE AIR-RAID.

The wailing of the sirens sounded
As alien aircraft, flying high,
Approached the shores of misty England,
In that dark and drowsy sky.

Incessantly the batteries pounded
Flame and fire into their ranks,
While the huge birds dived and floundered,
'Scaping death by wily pranks.

Frightened people rushed around,
Seeking for a place of refuge,
While the gruesome, fearful sound,
Introduced the awful deluge.

Then the bombs and fierce resoundings
Fell with ghastly, horrid roar,
And in the wreckage of the buildings
People fell to rise no more.

When the dust and dirt subsided,
And the rain of torture ceased,
Scarrèd shells of houses ruined
Gave the homeless cause to weep.

Why must nations fight each other?
Why must countless brave men die?
All because some foolish leader
Chooses force as his reply.

In these days of strife and turmoil,
All must try to do their share
To defend and guard our soil
From the tyrant and the slayer.

J. R. (III. 5).

"GUARANTEED GENUINE."

Contributions from the May Examination.

First Year History: "Columbus was the man who convicted the Scots to Christianity."

Second Year History (speaking of the Feudal System): "Then came the yeomen, the villains, the idiots, and serfs."

Second Year History: "The Synod of Whitby was to decide whether the folk in England should be Christians or Roman Catholics."

Second Year English: "Portia had a casket with a picture of her inside."

Third Year Geography: "Moraine is a deposit brought down by the moving of glaziers."

Ditto: "The Durham coalfield supplies Tynecastle with fuel."

Fourth Year Latin: "Legatos ad Cæsarem miserunt."
"They sent an invoice to Cæsar."

CA' IT WHIT Y'WILL——but keep it clean.

Yin day ah saw them runnin' helter skelter,
As ah jaloused, towards an air-raid shelter,
An' coats an gas masks oot ahint were streamin',
An' in their eyes the licht o' battle gleamin'.

Ah jined the mob ahint, an' runnin' fast as most,
No seein' yin wis there, ah splattered ovr a post.
An' richt ahint was yin, a Maister Millar:
Ah couldna stop an' argue wi' the pillar.

The shelter reached, an' in the lads were filin',
An' ah wis glad to stop, for ah wis bilin'.
Yon gas masks, they wis fairly fun provokin',
Wha widna be excused fir nearly chokin'?

Then sudden-like the maister's visage soured,
On yin wee urchin staunin' there he glowered.
"Pit on yer gas mask, boy," the maister stuttered.
"Ah havna got yin, Sir," the wee yin muttered.

Ah saw the maister rise above, inflated,
Ah think the wee yin wis exterminated.
The caper finished, cam' oor quick dispersal,
To mak' an end o' yin air-raid rehearsal.

RIFF-RAFF (V.d.).

RECIPE FOR CONTENTMENT.

1 lb. of Experience well sifted, add 10 ozs. of Good Temper and 2 teaspoonfuls of Charity. Cream together. Take 1 breakfast cupful of Common Sense and as much Self-Control as will cover an exasperating situation, and mix thoroughly with the other ingredients.

Season the whole with a few pinches of Humour to taste. (This is to counteract any excessive sweetness.)

Allow the dish to simmer all day, but on no account let it boil over, as it may turn sour and spoil.

Serve when required with a sauce composed of equal parts of Patience and the Milk of Human Kindness.

This will be found a very popular dish and—goes far.

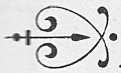
IVth FORM COOK.

A PUPIL'S CONFESSION.

At Maths. I am an awful chump,
At French I come down with a bump,
At English, too, I'm not so hot.
No wonder I'm not called a swot,
For if you swot you get a jeering,
And if you don't you get a swearing.

But swotting is an awful craze,
For days and days you're in a daze;
And after, at the term exam.,
You prove that you are still a "ham."

J. S. M. (IV. B.c.).



A FISH TALE.

A fishy old fisher named Fischer
Fished fish from the edge of a fissure ;
A fish, with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in—
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.

P. W. (I. 2).

There was a young fellow of Calais,
Who once tried to dance in a ballais.
If you had seen how he tried,
You'd have laughed till you died,
And now he lies down in our allais.

J. C. (II. 6).

There was an old fellow of Ayr,
Who went about town in a chair.
While once on the quay,
He fell into the sea,
And as far as I know he's still there.

E. W. (II. 6).

A murderous young scamp named Faber
Once slit his wife's throat with a sabre.
To prison he went,
And there his life spent
Eating dry bread with hard labour.

P. W. (I. a.).

There was a young man named Kildare,
Who went for a ride on a hare.
After running a mile,
He leapt at a stile,
And he's probably still in the air.

J. J. (II. 6).

A LETTER FROM EVACUATED ERNIE.

Dear Mum and Dad I'm writing, your minds just to relieve,
I'm having fun with hens and sheep and cows I can't believe.
The old man I am staying with is kind but rather rummy, and
Mrs. Brown, his dear betrothed, is just another mummy. The
pair of them just laughed and laughed as though it were some
jest, when I saw a pile of milk-bottles, and asked if t'were cow's
nest! I'm quite all right, no need to fret, but try to make the
journey. Kiss Dad for me, your Loving Son,

Evacuated Ernie.

W. M. (II.).

FROM THE NURSERY.

I'm but a little pilgrim here,
Riddrie is my home,
And one of Whitehill's welcoming tasks
Is that I have to write a "pome."

I know I'm not a Longfellow,
In fact, I'm rather short,
But this is my sincere attempt,
And don't you dare to snort!

I thought I'd just try one verse more,
And as I'm a true-blue Scot,
I must bring in our Rabbie Burns,
And now my final dot.

E. G. C. (I. G.h.)

A ROYAL ESSAY.

The pupils at a school were asked to write original compositions on "kings." The prize was carried off by a bright youth who perpetrated the following:—

The most powerful king on earth,	-	WOR-KING.
The laziest king on earth,	-	SHIR-KING.
A very pleasant king,	-	SMO-KING.
The wittiest king on earth,	-	JO-KING.
The thirstieth king on earth,	-	DRIN-KING.
The slyest king on earth,	-	WIN-KING.
The most garrulous king on earth,	-	TAL-KING.

P. W. (I. 2)

THE SUMMER DAY.

What a glorious day to-day!
See the frolicking lambs at play.
Watch them skipping to and fro
Over the meadows, there they go!

Hear the birds singing to the song of the trees,
Hear the trees rustling to the song of the breeze,
Now we must sing a merry lay
For all the things we have seen to-day.

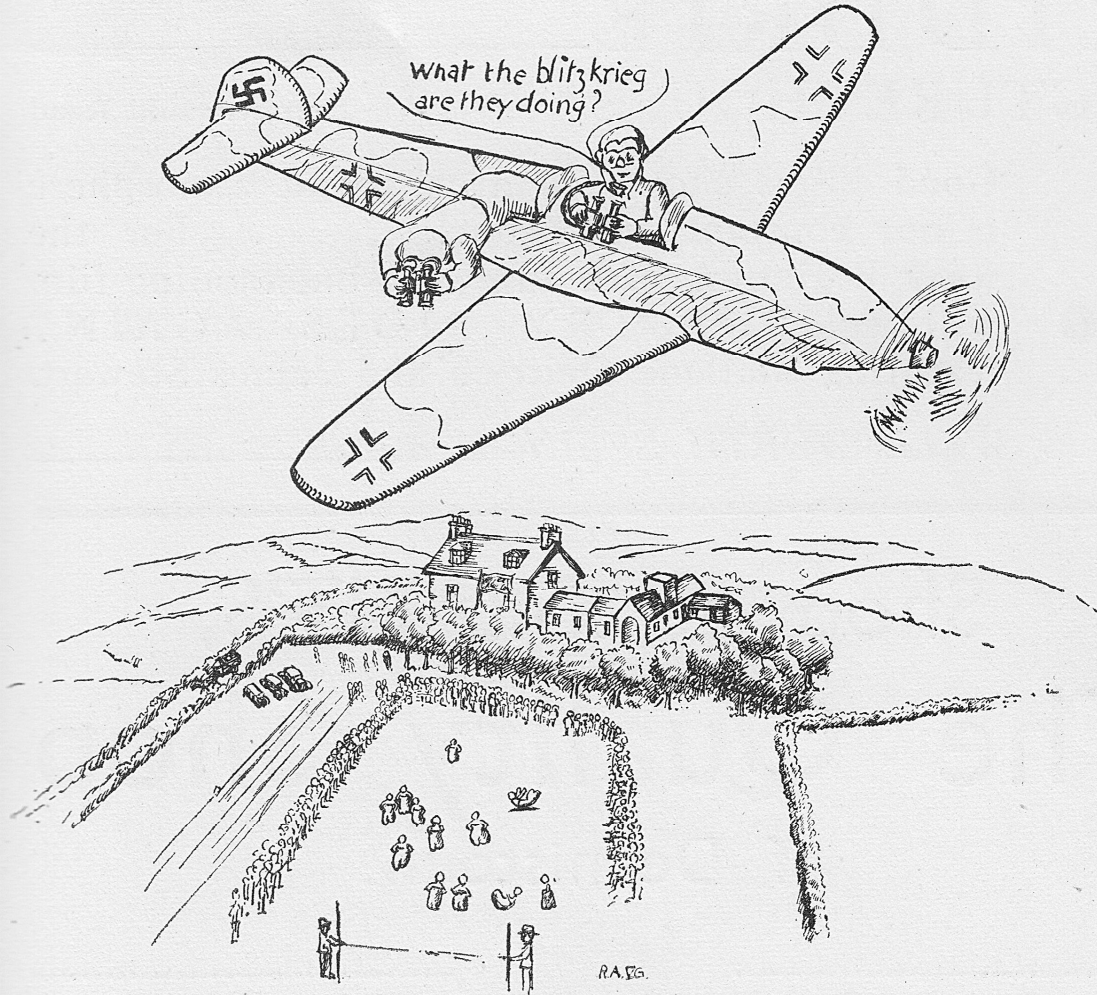
J. W. (I. 2)

SPRING.

I saw a yellow primrose blooming
As I wandered down a lane;
I saw the buds upon the hedges
Bursting into green again.

I saw the yellow catkins swinging,
Swinging from the hazel trees—
"Winter's gone and Spring is coming,"
Sang a gentle little breeze.

M. H. (II. 6)



MEIN SWINE.

This war is just a beastly thing,
Hit. thought he'd catch us on the swing,
But Winston has them on the hop,
Did it surprise old Ribbentrop?
He riles them every night and day,
About the great Graf Spee display;
So Haw-Haw has a query loyal:
Who sunk the wonder ship Ark Royal?

And then there's medal-laden Goering,
"Sir Cumference"—and is he boring?
In bulk no other can compare,
Like all balloons, it's just hot air!

But next is propagandist Goebbels,
He's just one more of Hitler's nobles:
He has a manner most pedantic,
Which sends his listeners nearly frantic.

Another is our friend Herr Himler,
His secret methods are quite similar
To those portrayed in modern books,
One is condemned by just one's looks.

And still another, Hit.'s friend Hess
To every question answers "Yes."
That wizard of finance called Funk
Has saved the Nasties' being sunk.

For fools like these we have no fear,
But why, Sir John, put up the beer?

J. J. S. (V. B.d.).

HOMEWORK.

We work all day, and we work all night,
Ours is really a sorry plight,
For the x's and y's and the sin's and cos's
And the jolly old German Construction laws
Are floating around in my brain.

The alphas and betas are doing a dance,
And the figures like horses do gaily prance;
If a tan + a tan is equal to this,
O give me that moment of perfect bliss
That's floating around in my brain.

MATILDA (V.).

SCHOOL NOTES

DESPITE the war, Whitehill has to all intents and purposes returned to normal conditions. On 26th February, full time-tables were begun, and, although still in use as a Fire Station, Onslow Drive School became available for our classes. Compulsory attendance was restored as from 9th April. As a pre-requisite, air-raid shelters were erected in various parts of the School precincts, and A.R.P. practices were carried out. There are still a few of our pupils evacuated and some of our teachers are taking turns of duty in the various reception areas.

A winter of exceptional severity has left its mark upon us of depression and sorrow. We mourn the loss by death of three whom we could ill spare: Mr. Twaddell, Mr. McCorkindale and Mr. Hollinsworth. They seemed to be the very antithesis of death; theirs were vital presences; their voices and looks, their gaiety and laughter, live with us still. Miss Wilson, whose second illness this session has necessitated her going to hospital, is much in our thoughts, and we send her our sincere wish for a quick and thorough recovery.

Staff changes to be noted are the transference to Hillhead High School of Miss MacLeod, Principal Teacher of Classics, and the retiral of Mr. Lunam after many years of fine service in the Science Department. Mr. Dalrymple of the Gymnastic Staff has now joined the Black Watch, and Mr. Robert Gardiner, a former pupil, and also of the Gymnastic Department, has been transferred to Govan Secondary School. Mr. Ross, who had been lent to the Mathematics Department for a few months, has now returned to Greenhead Special School. To all these we send greetings. We heartily welcome Mr. Duff, who comes from the High School in place of Miss MacLeod.

Miss McLaren, our School Secretary, who has served the School faithfully, is receiving merited promotion and now goes to the High School as Registrar. No one can quite realise the work Miss McLaren has done for us, on the human side as well as on the clerical. We thank her. Miss Johnston, her successor, comes at a time of difficulty and uncertainty, but she can rest assured of a welcome.

One of our former pupils, Ralph Payne, died recently on the eve of a medical career full of promise. A very generous gift has been given to the School in his memory by his parents. We acknowledge with deep sympathy and gratitude their generosity in gifting the Ralph Payne Memorial Prizes in Science which are to be awarded this year and each year hereafter.

The Annual Prize Distribution will take place in Rutherford Church on 28th June. One of our distinguished former pupils, in the person of Professor Allan Barr, son of the Rev. James Barr, B.D., M.P., has consented to preside, and we look forward to welcoming him and Mrs. Barr, who will present the prizes.

Mr. William Bogle, who presided at last year's Sports Meeting, very generously promised a Cup to the School. This promise he has implemented with the presentation of a solid silver cup in memory of his uncle, Mr. Thomas Bogle. The competition for the Cup is open to all girls of the School in a 300 yards handicap race. We take this opportunity of thanking the donor most heartily for his handsome gift.

Mr. G. LUNAM.

By the retirement of Mr. Lunam, after twenty-two years' service in Whitehill School, pupils and teachers alike feel that something of the older spirit and regime of the School has departed.

No one could know Mr. Lunam without being influenced by his personality. His very unobtrusiveness and humility were potent factors in demanding the respect and affection of his fellows. Only to his intimates, and then almost apologetically, did he occasionally betray his wide and intensive culture. Few knew that he was a skilled musician, or that he had done intricate research work in what was to him the science of sciences—botany.

His kindly and equable disposition made him approachable to all. To colleagues and pupils his wide experience as teacher and student made him an asset whose value they will appreciate not only now but in the years to come.

We know that his retirement will give him what he long desired—more time to pursue his botanical researches and studies, and by his tramping over his beloved hills and Hebrides let us hope that he will retain that greatest of all possessions, his simplicity and youthfulness of spirit.

Miss M. MACLEOD.

For seven happy years we have enjoyed Miss MacLeod's presence, but now Hillhead High School, from where she came, has once more claimed her as its own.

Those of us who, either as staff or pupils, knew her best, could well testify to her further qualities. Her strength of character was none the less marked, though tempered by classical restraint. Thorough scholarship, with a student's attention to detail, produced in her case no lifeless, pedantic teaching. Gratefully, too, we think of her fine courtesy, her keen zest in life, her kindly humour, her homely interest in even the smallest and least

intelligent of her pupils, the breath of freshness which gave life to all things she touched—in fact, the real “humanitas” which illumined so brightly alike her teaching and all dealings with everyone with whom she came in contact.

There are, it is said, few women (apart from wives!) who are able to exercise authority over men and still retain their affection and esteem. Miss MacLeod was one of this rare type, and she made it a pleasure to serve her. To say that the Classical Department ran smoothly under her mild and genial sway is to be guilty of an understatement—the Department seemed to run itself. This is a proof, if proof were needed, of the perfect “boss,” efficiency without the cause being in evidence, authority disguised as helpfulness.

“Nobis dum praesens haec adfuit ipsa placebat
Absens quae memorum mentibus usque manet.”

Miss C. McLAREN.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Miss McLaren who has been transferred to the post of Registrar in the High School of Glasgow—a striking example of promotion well and truly earned.

For the past 13 years Miss McLaren has become so closely identified with the working of the School that it is difficult to think of the School without her. Her most loyal and generous services on the administrative side and her admirable resource, initiative, and tact, have contributed in marked degree to the efficiency of the School.

Her intimate acquaintance with every detail of school organisation was due to the enthusiasm with which she entered into every branch of the School activities. She attended all the social functions; she was with us on the Sports Field; she joined heartily in our foreign excursions. No one knew individually so many pupils, and none contributed more to the harmonious working of the School.

And yet amidst the ever-increasing bustle and rush she preserved that calm and happy nature, that placid serenity that enabled her to carry out her duties with never-failing courtesy, cheerfulness and unruffled temper.

A special word of thanks is due from the Staff. Her helpfulness and willingness at all times, her resource and initiative in moments of stress, and her ungrudging services so freely rendered, have carved for her an imperishable niche in our memories and in our hearts. With one accord we unite in wishing her in her new position that happiness, joy and success that have so signally distinguished her in the post she has just left.



Mr. LUNAM.



Miss McLAREN.



Miss MACLEOD.



CRICKET 1st XI.

Standing: R. Richards, W. Park, R. Gunn, D. Storer, W. Sutherland,
D. Logie, G. Milne.
Sitting: J. Blackburn, J. N. McKinlay, J. Duncanson (Capt.), O. C. Muir,
D. Milligan.



FOOTBALL—INTERMEDIATE TEAM.

Standing: D. Welsh, G. Neave, J. Finlay, M. Brown, T. Hogg, D. Milligan,
I. Buchan.
Sitting: J. Ross, G. Alexander, I. Harper, W. Shepherd, J. Brown.

THE SCHOOL SPORTS.

AS usual, the Sports were held on the last Saturday in May. The weather didn't seem to know what to do with itself—whether to whip up that delightful (?) Craigend mud, which is so familiar to our Rugby teams, with ample torrents of rain, or give us a firm footing and show us that it could behave itself sometimes when it tried.

If the weather was undecided, such indecision was quite absent from the racing work done by the competitors. The championships provided us with real examples of Whitehill's physical calibre. All those eligible for the championships entered, and each race was thus fought out in a splendid fighting manner. The winner won only because he was so much better than his opponents. George White, by now a well-known figure in our sporting circles, added yet more laurels to his reputation by triumphing in the Senior Championship. He was sturdily opposed in each race, and that he prevailed in each race by a short lead is no small credit either to himself or to the abilities of his opponents. The Girls' Senior Championship was won by Myra Buchan under similar circumstances. The Boys' Junior Championship was won by A. McDermid, and the Girls' by M. Macintosh. In these Junior events also there was displayed that same fighting determination which makes sports really worth watching and sharing. The boys' open half-mile was won by John Potts. For the first time the girls' open 330 yards race was run for the Bogle Cup, presented to the School by Mr. Bogle. The honour of being the first to have her name inscribed on the cup was secured by M. Davidson.

In the inter-form relay race of the Upper School, our Fourth Form girls did themselves every justice in smashing through to the post with a speed incredible. They showed an outstanding example of the proper spirit required for team work.

Our School's relay team put all they had into a straight fight between themselves and Queen's Park. Our best runners gave their best, but it was Queen's Park which proved to have the better team. Our team went down. However, we must, and willingly do, congratulate Q.P. on their fine performance.

The re-appearance of many former pupils and members of the Staff impressed on us who still are in the old place the great changes which have taken place, yet despite all these changes of faces, Whitehill, for the 22nd year, has shown beyond all doubt that still she retains the same sporting spirit and the same sporting outlook which characterises Whitehill and Whitehillians all over the country in every walk of life.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Mine will not be judged the best;
Weary hours I've spent from slumbers
Writing poems while others rest.

Shall I write of joy or sorrow?
Shall salt tears bedew my cheek?
Nay, we'll smile for glad to-morrow,
Tears were shed when poems were Greek.

Cricket's good and hockey's better
(When the right one's in the goal),
But these things are but a fetter
For a poem craves Christine's soul.

Lives of seniors all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Sometimes quite a decent rhyme.

(IV. E.).

FOR VICTORY.

A war is now upon us,
A fight to keep us free,
The people frown, for round the town
Come cries of "Victory!"

We save each piece of paper,
And all our jotters, too;
We mustn't spoil our silver foil,
To show that we are true.

We save our pocket money
To buy a war-time share;
Do not relent, it's wisely spent
Though you've no dough to spare.

We next buy our allotments,
And start to plough the land:
Up with the dawn we give our brawn
To beat the Nazi band.

We really must stop travelling
In order to save fuel.
Don't use the ships for week-end trips:
Now, don't you think that's cruel?

For all the war's discomforts
No grouse is voiced at all,
'Cept by the Huns, the only ones
Who know that they must fall.

J. J. S. (V. B.d.).

WHITEHILL NOTES

Football. The First XI., contrary to its usual record, did not have a very successful season, gaining only 2 points out of a possible 12. As usual, we wound up the season with a game against the teachers, defeating them by four goals to one. The Third XI., although they were knocked out in the second round of the Shield, won their section of the League and met Hyndland in the first play-off.

INTERMEDIATE LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAY-OFF.

When League Football was re-started in January, the different leagues were divided into sections; the Intermediate League into three. At the end of the season, the leaders of these sections were Hyndland, Whitehill and Queen's Park.

The game between Hyndland and Whitehill was played at Rosebery Park on Friday, 17th May, the winners to play Queen's Park.

From the kick-off Whitehill swept down on the Hyndland goal area, but after much pressure had been withstood, the Hyndland right wing broke away to score a grand goal. Shepherd levelled the scores shortly afterwards. Play then swung from end to end, though the Hyndland area saw most of the ball. A period of pressure by Hyndland resulted in their second goal shortly before the interval.

After the resumption both teams seemed spiritless. Brown on Whitehill's left wing was still active. Aibly and, as usual, unselfishly aided by Harper, he scored the equaliser. The same player, after a piece of grand play on the part of the whole team, added a third. But Hyndland refused to be beaten, and were soon on level terms again with only a few minutes to go.

It was during these few minutes that Neave sent in a shot that struck the bar like a rocket. Seldom can Neave have played a better game.

The whistle went with the score at 3-3. Twenty minutes extra time was entered, with corners to count. Hyndland started off well with an attack on the Whitehill goal. Finlay was there, however, and the half-time saw no scoring. The last ten minutes had only started when Hyndland were two corners ahead. Somebody must have jagged the Whitehill extreme right wing, however, for it suddenly woke up, "got dug in," and sent several beautiful crosses into the centre of Hyndland's goal area. In the last minute Alexander scored, and Whitehill had won, not only the game, but a well-earned rest. Well done, boys! It was the team spirit that won.

Cricket. As a result of the war the ground at Meadowpark is, unfortunately, no longer available to us. A barrage balloon has been anchored in the middle of the pitch, with distressing results to the wicket. Our opportunities for practice and for games have, therefore, been much curtailed.

A series of "away" matches has been arranged and so far we have sustained a heavy defeat from Dalziel High School and achieved a narrow victory over Eastbank Academy.

Practice games will be held each Saturday at Craigend. These are intended chiefly for younger boys but they are open to all who are not members of the first eleven.

Rugby. This year has been rather an unfortunate one for all school activities. The rugby section lost many of its members owing to the late re-opening of the schools and to the evacuation scheme.

The frosty winter weather compelled the postponement of games from December to February. Thus the rugby season was cramped into the months of March and April. In spite of these disheartening conditions, the games were hard fought and thoroughly enjoyed by all the players. Let us hope that the ensuing season will prove more favourable to all sporting activities.

All those wishing to play rugby during the following year should hand their names to Mr. McMurray or myself.

Support of the Rugby Club need not be confined to active play. If you can neither shove in the scrum nor convert a try, give us all the aid you can by coming to Craigend on Saturday mornings and shouting for us.

J. D.

Literary and Debating Society. The somewhat abnormal conditions prevailing interfered with the usual running of the Society. It was impossible to obtain a room in which to hold meetings without at the same time lighting a beacon for German aircraft or else sitting in outer darkness. However, with the changing of the clock it was possible for meetings to be held in daylight. So since April, three meetings have been held, more with the intention of preserving the continuity of the Society than from any other motive.

At the first two, Sex Equality and Class Distinction were debated. The turnouts were good, nor were the speakers shy. The last meeting took the form of a "hat night." Business that had to be settled was settled. Mr. Munro was elected Vice-President, Miss Buchan, Treasurer, and Mr. Godfrey Pullan, Secretary. Along with a Committee they will do their best to continue the "Litt." next year.

J. S. M.

Golf. Owing to war conditions it has been impossible to play any of the usual medal competitions or arrange matches with other schools. There has been a good entry for the Allin Shield, however, and this contest promises to be very interesting. The annual "Teachers versus Pupils" match will be played in the near future and, as many of the Staff "stars" have left, we hope to avenge a long series of defeats. Later in the term the School Championship will be decided.

J. D. S. (Secy.)

Gardening. We gardeners have felt most acutely the two bereavements which the School has experienced since the last edition of the Magazine. Mr. Twaddell did much in procuring for us a plot of land at Craighend and he had always maintained an active interest in our doings. Mr. J. Hollinsworth was our companion and guide, sharing with us all the rigours of the work.

However, under the guidance of Mr. R. Hollinsworth, who heroically filled his son's place during his illness and has continued to instruct us, we have, despite an extraordinarily hard winter, cultivated a considerable plot of land.

Our number, which includes third, fourth and fifth year boys, is large enough at present. However, Mr. Weir, who has promised to take charge, will be pleased to receive the names of boys willing, next season, to help Whitehill to do its bit for the nation.

J. C.

The School Library. The Library has increased steadily in popularity since the School was fully re-opened. This year there has been no assistance from outside sources, but the generous support of the Staff has allowed of some additions. The object has been to assist the pupils in their sports and interests, and such books have been most popular.

The following are the books added during April:—

LIBRARY LIST—

- "Girl of the Limberlost," G. Stratton Porter.
- "Anne of Green Gables," L. M. Montgomery.
- "Daddy Long-Legs," Jean Webster.
- "Mike," P. G. Wodehouse.
- "Whose Body?" Dorothy Sayers.
- "The Nine Tailors," Dorothy Sayers.
- "The Light that Failed," Kipling.
- "The Prisoner of Zenda," Anthony Hope.
- "1940 Stamp Catalogue," Stanley Gibbons.
- "Loch Lomond and the Trossachs," ... I. F. Anderson.
- "Cycling," "Scout Camps," "Canoeing," "Warships at a Glance," etc.

PENGUINS—

- "Many Cargoes," W. W. Jacobs.
- "Trent's Last Case," E. C. Bentley.
- "Digging up the Past," Leonard Woolley.
- "The Dark Invader," Von Rintelen.
- "Ten Minute Alibi."
- "Ghost Stories of an Antiquary," M. R. James.