

Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 43

Summer, 1941



TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY NUMBER

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OUR ADVERTISERS—

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PRIZE



LIST.

Dux of School: James Henderson Memorial Prize and War Memorial Prize of £10—GODFREY PULLAN.

Second War Memorial Prize of £5—ROBERT STEWART.

Macfarlane Gamble Memorial Prize of £1—HELEN M. HODGE.

Dux of Intermediate School—JEAN LOCHORE.

War Memorial Prizes—

English—ROBERT STEWART. Classics—HELEN M. HODGE.

Mathematics—ROBERT STEWART Science—ROBERT STEWART.

Art—KATHLEEN MAXWELL.

Note.—Godfrey Pullan (first in English and Mathematics) is not eligible for these prizes, having won the Dux Medal.

Ralph Payne Memorial Prizes in Science—

1 GODFREY PULLAN, 2 Equal: RICCARDO VALENTE,
WILLIAM R. PRENTICE.

Crosthwaite Memorial Prizes—

Senior—1 HELEN M. HODGE. Junior—1 MARG. MACFARLANE.

2 GODFREY PULLAN. 2 ELSIE M. THOMSON.

School Prize for Artistic Appreciation, awarded by the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, also **Special Prize—KATHLEEN MAXWELL.**

Glasgow Corporation Drawing Competition—

Silver Medal—JAMES GORDON. Bronze Medal—NEIL PATON.

Commended—W. C. THOMSON, HARRY McNAB.

Whitehill School Club Prizes—

Form VI. (Boys)—ROBERT STEWART. Girls—MYRA BUCHAN.

Form V. (Boys)—GODFREY PULLAN. Girls—HELEN M. HODGE.

Form IV. (Boys)—ALEX. SIMPSON. Girls—VIOLET BERTIE.

Other Leading Prize-winners—

Form IV.—

English—Violet Bertie.

History—William Carruthers.

Geography—James Murray.

Mathematics—William Brodie.

Latin—Violet Bertie.

Greek—Evelyn Mackenzie.

French—Grace Jenkins.

German—Jean Anderson.

Science—William Carruthers.

Dynamics—William Carruthers.

Art—John E. Smith.

Commerce—Margaret Drewett.

Form III.—

Academic—Jean Lochore.

Commercial—Agnes Fisher.

Technical—Robert Stewart.

Form II.—

Academic—Louise Pullan.

Technical—John F. Wales.

Commercial—Barbara Adams.

Domestic Science—Jessie H. Smith.

Form I.—

Classical—John McNab.

Commercial—John Blackwell.

Modern—Marion Rutherford.

Technical—William S. Thomson.

Domestic Science—Elizabeth Alexander.

Preparatory—John Currie.



EDITORIAL.

Twenty-one years ago the first Editors of our School Magazine wrote their introductory Editorial. What they began and their successors maintained we are striving to continue in the face of great difficulties. In this issue it falls to our lot to thank those early enthusiasts to whom the Magazine owes its birth. Their zeal overcame all obstacles. Once more determined efforts are needed for the life of the Magazine. The steady increase in prices makes it difficult for business people to advertise, and the shortage of paper and rise in costs make the production dearer. Yet the Magazine must continue. It holds, as Shakespeare nearly said, the mirror up to the School. It must not be neglected; indeed in such a war as this it is imperative that it should persist in reflecting the spirit and character of Whitehill.

We have referred to increased costs. These had to be countered by revenue from advertisements, as we did not propose to raise the price of the Magazine. We resolved not to raise the advertising rates either, so there was only one course of action open—to get more ads. Our Advertising Manager, Mr. Alexander Robertson, and his assistants, Mr. Robert Rankin and Miss Betty Miller, set about this task to such purpose that they have secured the largest number of advertisements we have had for some years. In the conditions at present ruling it is a really remarkable achievement. The story of their campaigning, were it published, would provide lessons in salesmanship, tact, persuasion and determination. They have earned not merely our gratitude but also our respect. We thank our advertisers for the reception they gave our agents, and we call upon our readers to justify their confidence with their custom.

The sound financial position thus secured has enabled us to add new features which we hope will create a livelier interest among our readers. First, there are our two Lucky Magazines, the buyers of which will receive a prize at the Annual Prize Distribution on 27th June. Prizes will also be awarded for the most popular contribution from Forms I., II. and III., and from the Upper School. Among the upper classes, we regret to say, articles have been remarkably few. We deprecate this, censuring their abject laziness and disloyal disinterestedness severely. The lower forms, on the other hand, did fine work. In this connection we may mention another experiment—the appointment of class representatives, who have attended our committee meetings, helped to gather articles, and acted generally as liaison officers. We think they have helped us in our attempt to make the Magazine representative of the whole School. We want especially to thank Miss Johnston for her co-operation in Onslow Drive.

In quality the articles were not all that we had hoped. The verse was largely unsuccessful, and we suggest that most of our contributors would be happier in prose.

And now it is our pleasant task to thank all those on the Staff who by their interest and encouragement stimulated our efforts. Mr. Weir gave us much incentive from the interest he showed. We owe to him very many thanks which we gratefully pay. We are deeply in debt to Mr. Middlemiss, who (as it were) opened his arms to our Onslow Drive agents and made their path clear and straight. Mr. Williamson was very anxious to see how our efforts were proceeding and we thank him for his critical attention which we always value highly. Mr. Stewart of the Art Department kindly allowed our Art Editor, Miss Kathleen Maxwell, to enlist the services of the senior art pupils to design and execute posters. For this and for his willing expert advice we tender our thanks. Mr. Munro do we thank for his kindness in taking photographs—not all for publication. Mr. Macpherson rose promptly to our request for articles from the Staff; the Secretary, Miss Johnston, was patience personified when we plied her with requests; and Mr. Wilson has regularly allowed us facilities for meeting the class representatives. Lastly, and not least, but because he is rather shy, we take the liberty of thanking our co-ordinator and adviser, Mr. Meikle, for all he has done for us. We thank him for his hospitality while we were planning and arranging the Magazine.

It now remains for us on behalf of the Committee, to whom we are most grateful, to thank you, the readers, for your support.

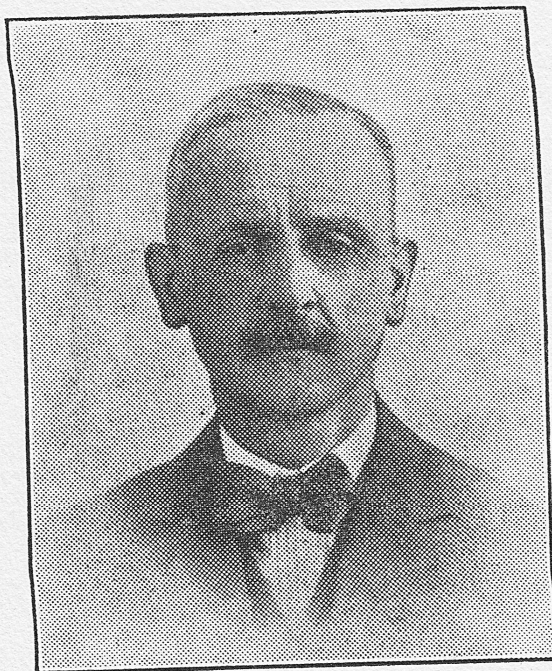
Adieu, and our very best wishes for the future.

THE EDITORS.

G. P. (VI.)—"Had sighed to many, though he loved but one."
—Byron.

H. H. (VI.)—"She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."
—Pope.

IN MEMORIAM.



Fifty years ago in November, there appeared this entry in the first Admission Register of the School:—

No. 85. 16:11:91. Wm. Falconer, 6 Whitevale, Dennistoun.

From that date —the opening day of Whitehill School—until death took him from us on 17th May, Whitehill had in Mr. Falconer one of its warmest supporters. Throughout all these years his interest in the School never waned. He was one of its staunchest and most loyal members. In all our activities, social and athletic, he delighted to participate and did so, as was characteristic of him, with whole-hearted energy and devotion. The Sports Field, the Swimming Gala, the Prize Distribution, the Dinner Club, of which he was a Past President—all found him ever ready to assist with enthusiastic interest and unstinted generosity.

Having himself reached a position of eminence in the commercial life of the City, he took a delight in helping the young members of the School to plant their feet firmly on the ladder and by his example encouraged them to climb.

When the School acquired its Playing Field it was but fitting that one who had done so much for it should be marked with recognition and Mr. Falconer was appointed a Trustee. During the difficult times of reconstruction he was the soul of liberality and laid the School under a deep debt of gratitude by his helpfulness.

To few it is given to attain to such eminence and to preserve that unassuming modesty and kindly comradeship that mark the man and endeared him to his friends. We shall miss him sorely, but we shall cherish the memory of a devoted Former Pupil whose example is a bright and shining light.

To Mrs. Falconer and her family we tender our deep sympathy in their great loss.

R. M. W.

SEASONS.

In strawy nests the fledgelings raise their cry,
The spawning trout in icy pools do lie
Nibbling new-born reeds neath the water, whipped
By biting March as o'er the land he skipped.
In frosty dells the crocus rears her head
And daffodillies sway along a golden bed.

The sylvan glades resound to feathered lays,
And swallows wing along the watery ways,
Twittering above the sighing, swishing grain
Already swelled by gentle vernal rain.
Devising ploys for holidays, and games,
The children dance and skip along the rustic lanes.

The golden corn before the scythe has bowed,
The stranger birds are gone, and trillings loud;
Darkening shades across the country creep
As from the north cruel blasts begin to sweep
The auburn leaves against the harsh cliff face,
And howl in raging wrath through every open space.

O dour old earth, thy surface soon is cleft
By man where summer stubble still is left.
Phoebus draws off to travel southern ways,
Bequeathing us the gloom of shortening days.
Jack Frost in hoary, silent tears now cries,
While in white mantle snugly wrapped our dear land lies.

BACHELOR (V.1).

INTERLUDE.

It was a night in April.

The sky was a pale, misty blue, and the sun a golden glow sinking slowly into the dim west. Overhead a few stars twinkled mistily here and there. I saw a swallow, swooping and gliding, a dark moving spot against the sky. To my left a flock of birds were flying home, after a weary day spent building nests. The trees were beginning to bud, light green specks appearing against the brown of the trunks. As I looked closer I saw many splashes of colour nestling against the trees on the ground—croci. Everyone, young and old, could feel the happy awakening spirit.

Whatever man may do to smother it, Spring will triumph.

JEAN (II.2).

R. V. (VI.)—"The arts Babblative and Scribblative"—Southey.

M. B. (VI.)—"Sport went hand in hand with Science."—
Tennyson.

SCHOOL NOTES

Session 1940-41 has seen strange sights, such as our predecessors in those blissful Nineties and Edwardian days little dreamed of. In a certain black week of frost in January, transport was at its worst and the hour of starting varied considerably. One morning in April we picked our steps up to School through heaps of glass. During the first week of May we became night-birds and watched with interest the hands of the clock point to 2 a.m. (or was it 3 a.m.?). On Guard nights, some time later in the session, strange figures (yet with something familiar about the cut of their jib) could be seen in the precincts examining fire apparatus, or gazing at the moon, or trying to sleep, each in his narrow bed.

In spite of it all, it is a fact that School life has proceeded practically according to plan and in good heart. Activities like the Magazine, the Debating Society and the Sports are being carried on as well as may be in the circumstances. Our two full-dress examinations were held without interruption in or near "blitz" periods. However, next time we fix important dates, we shall, like Bottom, call for an almanac.

The Forty-ninth session of the School is drawing to an end. Soon we shall be celebrating our Jubilee, and it was originally planned that this should have been the Jubilee number of the Magazine. But it has been thought fit, for reasons with which all will agree, that the celebration should be postponed to a better time. Whether that be soon or late, we should like to begin now to collect material and we would ask all interested to preserve or obtain for us as many records and photographs of the past as possible.

Changes of recent date include the departure of Mr. R. B. Johnston to join the Royal Navy; the transfer of Miss Nicolson to the Modern Languages Department in King's Park School; the promotion of Mr. W. E. B. Wilkie to be Headmaster of Oatlands Public School; and the evacuation of over 100 pupils and five of the Staff to Kilmarnock. We also note the departure of Mr. A. J. C. Douglas to take up temporary duty at Auchterarder. To all we send heartiest greetings and good wishes.

In the first year of evacuation Miss Nicolson did yeoman service at Altachorvie, Lamlash, and many young residents of the district are deeply grateful to her for the interest she took in their welfare. We part from her with regret and wish her success in her new appointment.

The best wishes of the School go out to Mr. Wilkie, formerly Second Master in Onslow Drive, on his promotion. It is four years since he came to Onslow Drive School, and his services in the difficult period of the amalgamation of the schools and the war, have gained the respect and admiration of all who knew him as an urbane, courteous and cultured gentleman.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

In these last three issues of the Magazine we have published the names of 176 Former Pupils of the School who are serving with H.M. Forces on land, on sea, and in the air. There must still be a considerable number of our old friends of whom we have no record, and of whom we would welcome any information for our Roll of Honour.

BARRIE, RONALD, Air Ministry.
CLIBBORN, JOHN, Royal Army Ordnance Corps.
DUDGEON, GORDON, Royal Artillery.
DUNCANSON, JACK, Royal Army Ordnance Corps.
GLENN, WILLIAM, Royal Air Force.
HILL, WILLIAM, Royal Air Force.
LEGGAT, JAMES E., Scots Guards.
MUIR, JAMES S., Royal Artillery.
RENFREW, JOHN B., Royal Navy.
RENFREW, WILLIAM N., Royal Navy.
WILSON, RICHARD, Glasgow Highlanders.

STAFF.

CHISHOLM, DONALD (Maths.), Royal Air Force.
JOHNSTON, ROBERT B. (Classics), Royal Navy.
NEILL, ANGUS (Modern Languages), Royal Air Force.

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THE JEWEL CASE.

Little things, somebody or other observed, are sent to try us. Since we took on the task of producing this magazine, there have been many such little things. But we have our consolation prizes too. This brought the modest blush to our cheeks:

Dear Editor,

We would like to congratulate you, the Editress, and the Committee, on the 21st Birthday of the Magazine. We wish you success in every other edition and we know it will prosper under your talented leadership.—X.

Our heartfelt thanks, X. We hope we come up to expectations.

* * * *

That was from Form II. So was this:

Shakespeare an' Burns may a' be deid
But let them live in thee.

We fear internal disorder might result. But the gentlemen have not shown any interest in the invitation.

* * * *

Form II. once more:

With the cold steel blade the charge was made
And our foes disappeared in a trance.

The said foes seem to us to have got off somewhat lightly.

* * * *

A First Year examination impression:

The school wall looms up tall and still,
And we all wish that we were ill.

We are glad the school wall was unshaken.

* * * *

Talking of examinations, the history papers yield this:

In 1901, Parliament were advised to send the rogues and vagabonds to Australia, and so the Australian Government was formed.

* * * *

This from an essay:

Whatever may happen to Scotland in this war, she always has her porridge to fall back on.

A bit messy. What?

* * * *

The Staff have their moments too. One Head of a Department to another recently: "Mr. M—— wants to see you on the 'phone.'"

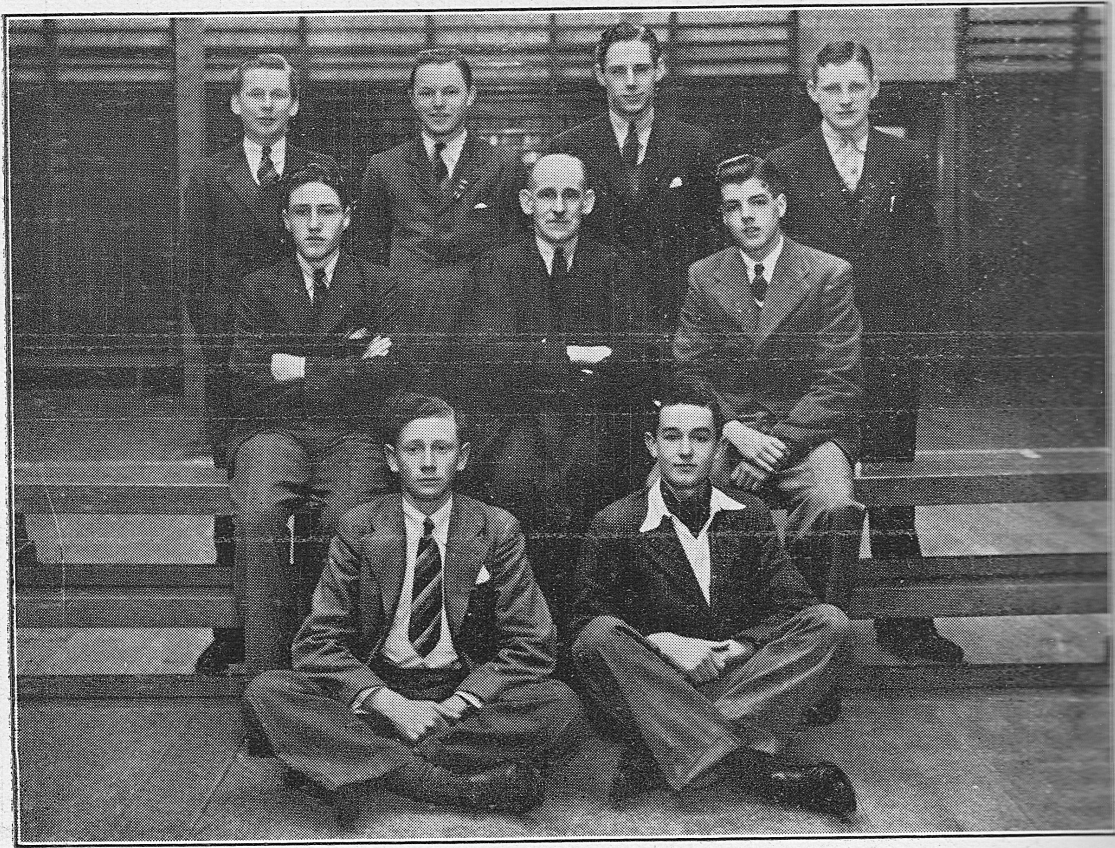
Or was it Fünf?

* * * *

Who said the Latin for "Onslow" was "festina lente"?



FORMS V. and VI.



GOLF TEAM.

Back Row (left to right): W. Garrett, W. Sutherland, J. Gordon, A. Gentles.

Middle Row: G. Alexander, Mr. Campbell, R. Connelly.

Sitting: D. Coulter, A. Fyfe.



COOKERY.

“Double, double, toil and trouble.”

THE VILLAGE "BOBBIE."

Donald Mackerracher was the only policeman at Drumachnie, one of those little places where everyone knows everyone else.

Every morning at half-past seven, as he swung leisurely down Auldstane Road, feeling very official in his smart black uniform with its silver buttons, of whose shine he was so proud, he would see Mrs. Brown taking in the milk from her doorstep. He would see too, the elderly business gentlemen racing to their buses, while their white mufflers became seriously entangled with spectacles. This had once provoked a smile from Donald, but it had now sunk into that inexplicable monotony which is vaguely termed everyday life. So also had become the pleasant greetings of the local housewives as they hurried, baskets in hand, on their various errands.

No, "Bobbie" in an ordinary village was not exciting; and as he did his beats he always hoped a burglar would appear, or a motor car from town would exceed the speed-limit which was painted on a new sign just outside the village.

In bad weather Donald could be seen in his little station, reading. Tom, the butcher's boy, said he was playing shove-ha'penny with himself; but then, policemen don't do these things, and anyway, Tom couldn't be relied on as being strictly truthful.

It happened that, on a dull day when raindrops softly tapped on the windows, Donald was feeling, not unnaturally, rather bored. He wasn't the sort that wants excitement, but he would like something to happen now and again, "just to break the monotony," as he so often told himself.

Frequent bumps and slight explosions brought him quickly to the window, from his seat. Outside his little iron gate a van had drawn up. Out of it jumped a policeman, with a sonorous squeaking in the ankles of his boots. Donald hurried out to meet him.

"Ah, how are you, Inspector Macintosh?" he said, shaking the hand of the other vigorously.

"Fine, and how's yourself, Donald?" asked the inspector.

"Indeed I'm as well as ever I was," was the reply. "Apart from those soldiers and their balloon there's no change in Drumachnie."

"You're in no hurry?" suggested Donald.

"Not at all," the visitor assured him. "You see, there are two balloon-barrage men in the van. They asked for a lift to the next Balloon Unit. Well, they're soldiers, so I just forgot about the wee bye-laws about lifts."

Donald inwardly was shocked. To violate police vans with anyone but criminals! The last war wasn't like this; he knew, he'd been in it, but—well, wars were coming to something when this could happen.

"I'll go and ask them to come in. You'll be a while reading the year's records," he said, after a moment's careful checking of the words which rushed to his righteous "Bobbie's" tongue.

"Aye, I'll just go in if you don't mind. It's getting pretty wet," rejoined the inspector, fitting action to word.

Donald went strolling down the path to the van. (Strange how he'd developed that legal gait; he'd never noticed it before, but then you notice everything when there isn't really much to notice.)

He was just about to turn the door handle when he heard a woman's voice crying:

"You brute! Leave me alone!"

There was a pause. Donald decided the voice came from inside the van.

"I can't ever do it!" the voice went on.

"That's strange," thought Donald, scratching his grey head, unusually bereft of its tall hat. "I thought there were only two soldiers in there. There seems to be a woman. However, it's just what I suspected: foul play."

Then a man's voice inside said ominously: "You tell me where your father is or——"

He did not finish, but the woman screamed.

"Put that gun down!" she cried.

This, thought Donald, was a clear case of kidnapping, murder, blackmail, and fifth-columnist activity. As an officer of the law he must intervene. But he'd wait a while, just to get more proof.

"You can't, you daren't do that!" shrieked the woman.

"You're not the first to say that, nor yet will you be the first to be painfully disillusioned," menaced the man.

"Hm, sounds mighty like a rather suspicious character," said the policeman to himself.

Then began a series of mixed screams and entreaties, until Donald couldn't stand it any longer. He convinced himself it was his duty to interfere.

"Look here," he said, opening the door, "what's all this about?"

"What's what about, officer?" asked a Southern voice, as the noise suddenly ceased.

"You'd better come out here, my lad," said Donald, in his best Police tone, "and that other fellow too."

Two young men in Air Force uniform jumped out of the van. Donald cast them one of his nastiest looks, and thrust his head in the van. Not seeing what he expected to, he turned to the two men.

"Now, I want no lies, my lads," he said. "Where's the woman?"

The Southerners looked at each other incredulously.

"What woman?" they asked in one voice.

"None of that," reproved Donald. "Where's the woman one of you was speaking gey suspicious to, eh?"

"Woman?" queried one airman.

"There's no woman here as far as we know," said the other.

"Oh, and if there's no woman in there, just tell me who or what was screeching its head off in there?"

To the policeman's unutterable indignation, the two men began to chuckle, then to roar in an unmannerly and certainly a disrespectful manner.

"I'll have to take your names," said Donald stiffly. "This is contempt of law."

"Say, officer, you've made a mistake somewhere. If you look inside, all you'll see is a radio set. We're taking it to a unit dug-out in an uninhabited moor. Listen!"

And the young man sprang into the van and turned a switch.

" . . . You have been listening to Episode three of our serial spy thriller, 'Iago turned Nazi.' "

It was the calm voice of the announcer.

Donald stood dumbfounded. So nothing interesting had happened at all.

But he was a sensible fellow. He thought of how difficult it had been to control Miss Prodletter when her cat was lost. It would have been worse to help a young woman whose life had been threatened. So he apologised for his mistake and invited the airmen in to the Station for tea.

L. P. (II. 2).

MY PONY.

I've got a little pony,
I call him little Jack,
And merrily he carries me
About upon his back.

He's very fond of sugar,
And takes it from my hand,
And always while I saddle him
Quite steady will he stand.

And then along the green lanes,
And through the meadows wide,
When lessons are all over,
He takes me for a ride.

T. G. (II.5).

K. M. (V.3)—

"What a whirlwind is her
head."—Byron.

L.R. and C.M. (V.1)—

"Regardless of their fate,
The little victims play."

—Gray.

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AUNTY ANSWERS.

To "Shorty."—No dear, I'm afraid you cannot become hostess in a bomber plane.

By the Way.—If all the wool used since the war began was stretched round the world it would give the unemployed something to do.

Little Lonesome Corner.—A poor lonely chorus-girl would like to meet a lonely millionaire. (So would I.—Aunty.)

If You'd be Feminine.—Wear low heels, thick socks, slacks, pull-overs, have an Eton crop, no jewellery, and smoke. In other words try to be masculine.

Q.—"Dear Aunty, is there any cure for a cold besides whisky?" (Pop.). (A) Who cares?

NEIL (V.2).

SCHOOLGIRL'S WISH.

When I am old I want to be
A lady, sweet and gentle,
With all my children asking me,
Just how I did my mental.

M. R. (I.2).

OXTRORDINARY.

A magical man of Foochow
Had a quaint mathematical cow;
But it got in a tangle
Bisecting an angle:
(Ox)³ is its function just now.

P. W. (II.1).

STORY IN SONG.

One night "Mr. Johnny Pedlar" met "Sierra Sue" in "A Little Grey Home in the West." He said, "I'm Riding on a Rainbow." She said, "It's Foolish but it's Fun." They took a stroll in "The Chapel in the Moonlight" and saw "An Old-fashioned Lady" "Dancing on a Dime" with "A Dirty Old Tramp" "Along the Santa Fé Trail." They all then joined forces and went "Strolling Home with the Sandman," "Arm-in-arm Together." When they were "Within a Mile o' Edinburgh Toon" they met "Annie Laurie" "Comin' thro' the Rye." Then they all had "A Tiddley at the Milk-bar," after which they continued on their way to find "Blue Skies around the Corner."

J. S. (II.4b).

Vth Form Boys—"Wise and foolish, great and small
March-of-Intellect—Boys all."—Southey.

J. W. (V. 2)—"Secret and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster."—Dickens.

THE CLIMBER.

Clutching the rock fiercely, the boy held on grimly to his precarious perch, but he felt he could not hold himself up much longer.

He wished now that he had not come looking for eggs. His mother had warned him not to, but he never thought there was any danger.

The place he was trying to climb to was just above his head. He could never reach it now, but his disappointment was overshadowed by terror at feeling himself falling!

His fingers were slipping—slipping—slipping. He tried to get his feet on a ledge below him, but it was too far away. He lost his grip and fell like a stone.

“Willie,” cried his mother, rushing in and picking him up unhurt, “didn’t I tell you there was no more chocolate eggs on the top shelf of the pantry? Just look at your hands—all sticky with rock!”

A. McC. (II.4b).

A CLERK THER WAS . . . ”

If anyone should ask you how Whitehill School is standing up to the difficult conditions of wartime, refer them to the recent examination held by the Corporation of Glasgow for the Selection of Junior Clerks. There were vacancies for 188, and our School secured no fewer than 35 of these places. Of the successful candidates, 13 were girls and 22 boys. So far as we can find, this is very easily a record performance.

We particularly congratulate the pupils of the Fourth Form who took high positions in an examination usually regarded as Fifth Form standard, and Helen M. Hodge, V., who surpassed all opposition with the excellent average of 89.8 per cent.

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Clerkship
Examination.



GODFREY PULLAN,
Dux of the School.

WAR EFFORT.

I've brought my knitting pins and all,
I've wound my wool into a ball,
I've bought a pattern—'taint half pretty,
And now I'm going to have a try
To be the apple of the eye
Of a certain maiden aunt I pity.

Oh boy! I bet I'm going to stump her
By knitting wool into a jumper.

She sits for ages while I mock,
And knits a funny, shapeless sock;
And then she says in accents clear,
"I do *my* share without a noise—
I knit comforts for the boys,"
And round a bend she'll carefully steer.

I'll soon be at the work she loves,
And knitting tons of socks and gloves.

And if perchance a stitch I drop
(Most likely quite an awful lot)
She'll say with mien as dark as pitch,
"When I was only half your years,
I knitted socks quite fit for peers
And never *once* I dropped a stitch."

She'll tell me such fibs by the score—
I bet *she* dropped them too, galore!

I'm sure my knitting will be swell,
I'll cover soldiers' tootsies well,
Unless a bathchair I've to hire
Before this jumper's off the wire.

K. C. (IV.1).

JOTTINGS. By Jiff.

Mr. Weir—

“High sacrifice and labour without pause.”—Wordsworth.

Mr. Middlemiss—

“ . . . has a lean and hungry look.”—Shakespeare.

Mr. Williamson—

“His was the lofty port—the distant mien.”—Byron.

Mr. Duncanson—

“He was a care-defying blade.”—Burns.

Mr. Campbell—

“In all thy humours whether grave or mellow,
Thou’rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow.”—Addison.

Mr. Duff—

“Who can mistake great thoughts?”—P. J. Bailey.

Mr. Roberts—

“I wish he would explain his explanation.”—Byron.

Mr. Maclellan—

“Tallest of boys or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four feet ten.”—Barham.

Mr. Meikle—

“A finished gentleman from top to toe.”—Byron.

Miss Jaffray—

“Nothing is so useless as a general maxim.”—Macaulay.

Miss Muir—

“A soul as full of worth, as void of pride.”—Pope.

Miss Bremner—

“No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.”—Milton.

Miss Moffett—

“The young men’s vision and the old men’s dream!”—
Dryden.

Miss Foster—

“Of all the girls that are so smart.”—Carey.

Mr. Wilson—

“A mighty hunter and his prey was man.”—Pope.

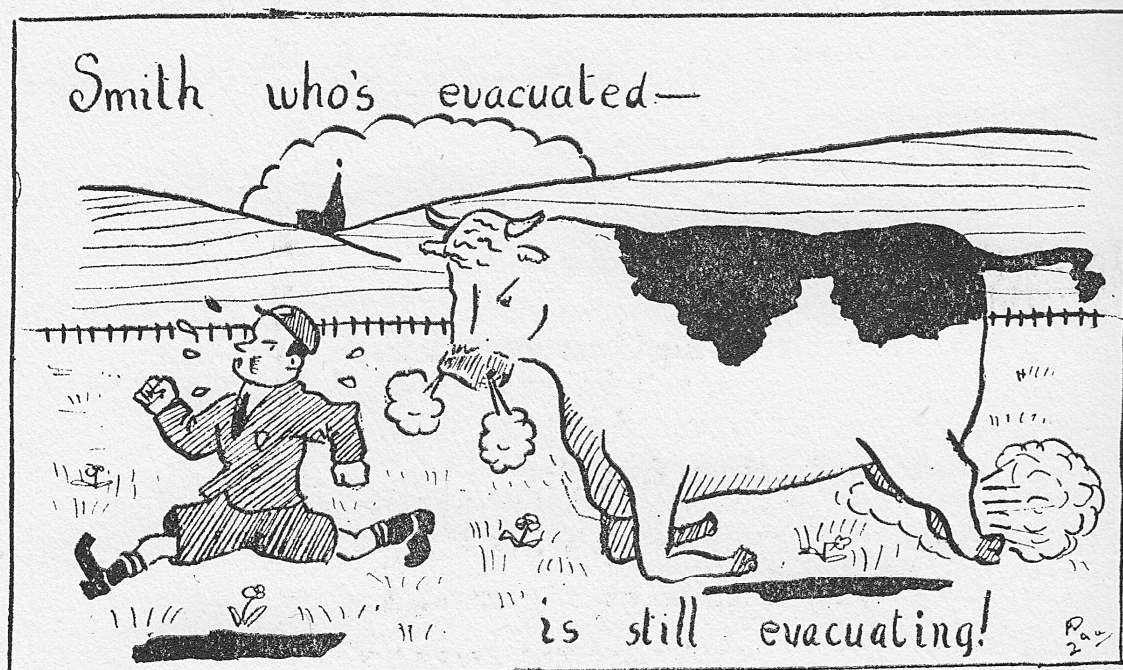
MORNING.

I looked from my bedroom window
In the grey of morning light
To the hills on the horizon,
Awed at nature's silent might.

Then I watched the sun arising,
Filling heav'n with radiant glow,
Shining at the brink of morn
On hills and valleys far below.

Then there rose from out the moorland,
Straight towards the morning sun,
A lark, who carolled as he rose
To greet the world with joyous song.

M. S. D. (II.4b).



THE ADVENTURE OF THE HIKE.

It is a day in June; the sun scorches the oaken desks and the class has relapsed into a blissful state of mental torpor, but the pale faced perspiring pedagogue refuses to be overcome. His pointer taps rhythmically on the coloured map of Scotland hung over the blackboard:

“The Dee, the Don, the Deveron,
The Dee, the Don, the Deveron.”

The tattoo on the blackboard reaches a crescendo:

“Loch Lochy, Loch Oich, and Loch Ness.
Loch Lochy, Loch Oich, and Loch Ness.”

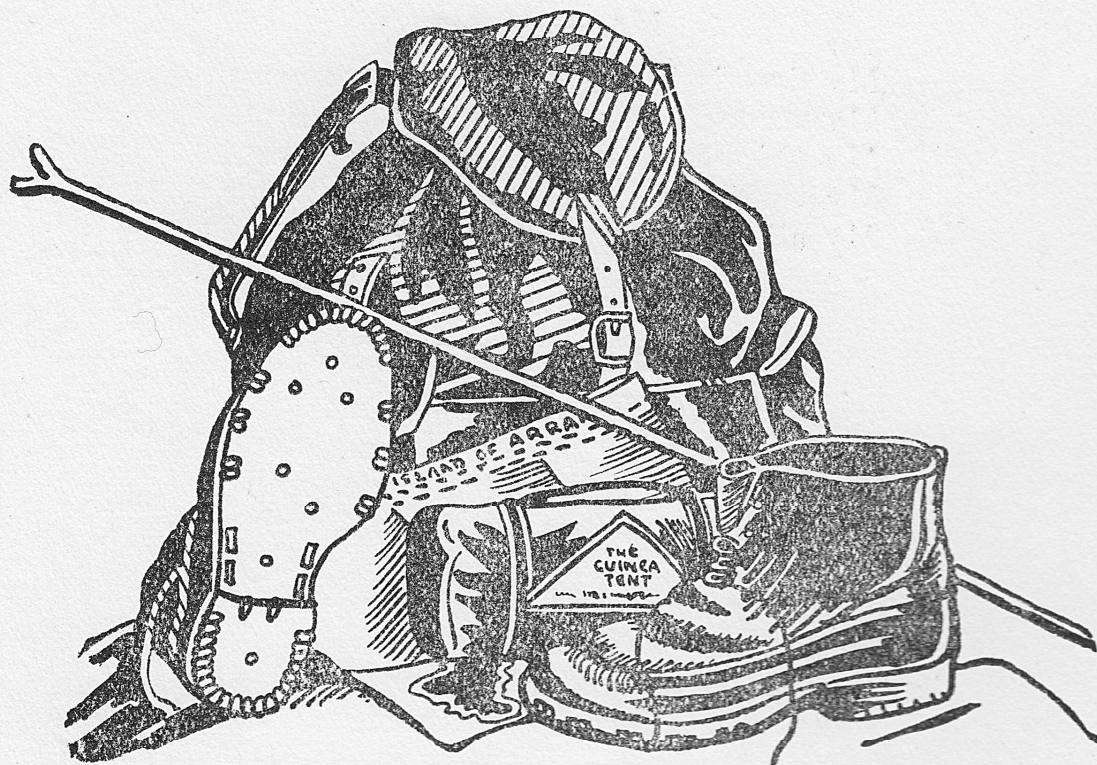
Words, words, words, meaningless and empty to everyone in the class except one, Johnny McTavish, dozing in the front seat as though under an anaesthetic. He is in the land of David Balfour and Alan Breck. He follows them with dirk and claymore, dodging the Red-coats among the heather, dining with Cluny McPherson in the cage on Ben Alder. He was there last Easter with his big brother and they stayed at Loch Ossian Youth Hostel for a week. He can still feel the heather on his bare knees, the icy coldness of the burn to quench his thirst, and the joyful smell of ham and eggs and coffee after a 15-mile hike. Will he ever forget the sunrise on the Dee valley from the dormitory window at Ballater, or his hunting expedition for the monster of Loch Ness, when he stayed at the crofter's cottage hostel at Buntait?

Boy, O boy! That's the life! A kilt, a skian dhu, and a rucksack; then over the hill paths to explore Scotland for ourselves. Let's climb the Cairngorms from Aviemore Hostel, visit the Argyll National Park from Loch Eck, or park our rucksacks at Creag Dhu Hostel in the Trossachs, and all for 6d. a night.

A deathly hush descends on the classroom—'must be a thunderstorm coming up over the ben' . . .

"McTAVISH!! Are you asleep?"

"Edinburgh, Leith,
Portobello, Musselburgh, and Dalkeith."



With kind permission of Black's of Greenock.

N.B.—If you would like any information on Hostelling and Hiking in Scotland, ask Mr. McPherson, Manual Room (Wed. and Fri.), Onslow Drive, or Mr. Meikle, Whitehill.
Could we arrange a Hike or start a Club?

J. McPHERSON.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

In days of old, when knights were bold,
And clothed in suits of mail,
They'd no H.E.'s or incendiaries,
Or sirens' banshee wail.

They fought behind their shields of steel,
To save them from the arrows;
To dodge the whacks, from battle-axe,
They hopped about like sparrows.

If those brave knights woke up to-day,
To watch a modern battle,
With planes and bombs, and guns and tanks,
Their knightly knees would rattle.

No armoured suit from head to foot,
The soldier wears to-day.
No guardian shield has he to wield
To keep the foe at bay.

'Midst screaming shells and bursting bombs,
And machine guns' rat-tat-tat,
Our modern knight goes out to fight
'Neath a battered old tin hat.

AGNES (II.3).

Mr. _____

My first is in agger but not in mensa.
My second's in puer but not in soror,
My third is in nomen but not in rosa,
My last is in multi but not in clamor,
My all is not vir, but in diligentia.

M. C. (I.2).

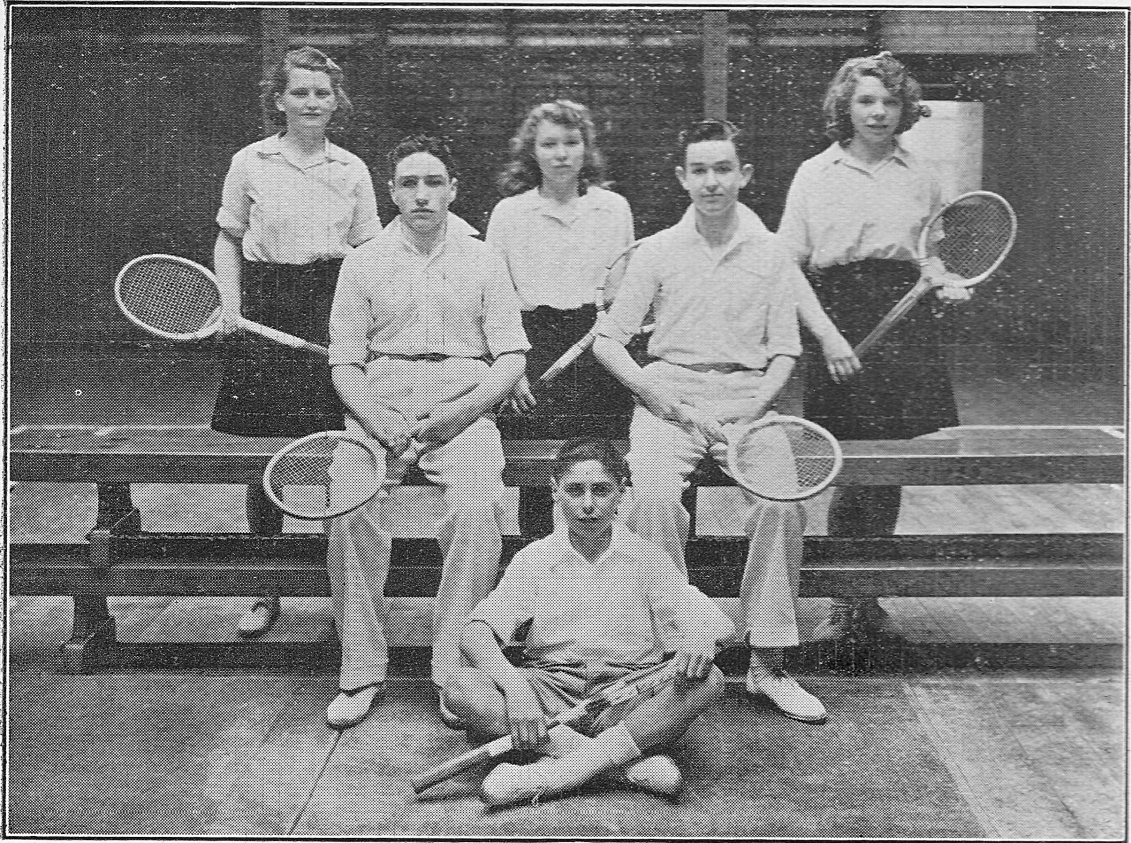
A SOLDIER'S CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas Eve in the billet;
They were serving up turkey and rum.
As dear Sarge shouted out, "Do not spill it,"
I was fishing out flies with my thumb.

Then next came a big Christmas pie,
It nearly reached up to the beam.
And just as we all said, "Oh, my!"
I woke up and found it a dream.

TOMMY (I.1).

T.D.L. (V.1)—"There's no trusting to appearances."—Sheridan
T. McG. (V.1)—"The sweetest lamb of all our fold."—Brown.
J. H. (V.1)—"Poor sinless little girl."—_____



TENNIS TEAM.

Back Row (left to right) : J. Haigh, B. Dawson, J. Brown.

Middle Row : G. Alexander, A. Fyfe.

Sitting : J. King.



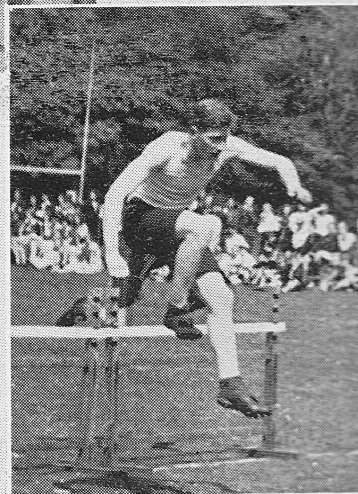
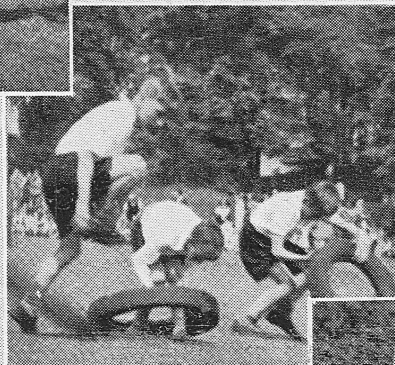
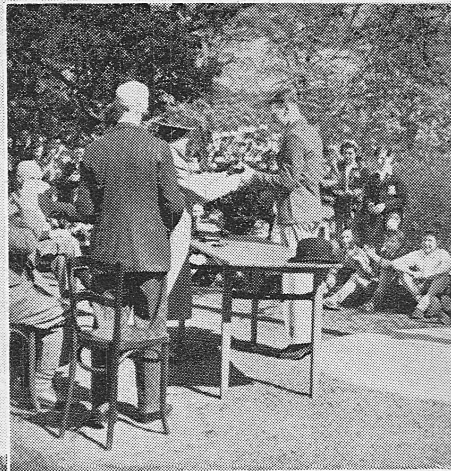
CRICKET TEAM.

Back Row (left to right) : A. Simpson, G. Alexander, D. Hutcheson, W. Garrett.

Middle Row : J. Sim, J. Gordon, D. Storer, G. Milne, D. Logie.

Sitting : J. King, R. McKee.

SPORTS DAY



1941.

THE SPORTS.

Undaunted by wartime conditions, we held our sports on the last Saturday of May as usual. The weather was perfect, almost the only cloud in the sky being the decorative pattern formed by the exhaust of a plane which one of the teachers (a trained expert) cheerfully identified as a Heinkel 111. Nobody paid much attention to the Heinkel. The spectators—and there were a large number—lay back enjoying the brilliant sunshine, while the competitors underwent Turkish bath treatment. It was hot—very hot. The ice-cream vendor did a brisk trade selling “ersatz” ice-cream (very tasty) to charming young ladies in summer frocks and to the gallant young gentlemen who followed in their wake instead of competing in the races. Indeed, even some of the Staff, who appeared in summer frocks, or flannels, or kilts, and “bunnets,” degraded themselves still further by indulging in a “tup’ny wafur.”

Everyone seemed to enjoy the sports. Event succeeded event slickly, so that no one felt time to be dragging. The competitors strove in the friendly rivalry to which we are accustomed. There was one flaw: there was no Staff race. We all know that the Whitehill Staff are wonderfully fit, and that when they were at the University they were outstanding athletes. Why can we not see their powers now that they are teachers?

The champions all finished with a comfortable lead in points, but they had none the less to exert themselves fully to secure their positions. There were no collapses by “favourites,” or spectacular successes by “outsiders.” A. Gentles easily established himself as School Champion, with D. Storer runner-up. The Girls’ Championship was won by E. M. Miller, well ahead of A. Rodger, who just managed to surpass M. Buchan, the holder. The Junior Champions are T. McAllister and D. Watson. The Coronation Cup, presented for an 880 yards open handicap race, was won for the first time by a back marker, D. McIntyre, V. In the 300 yards race for the Bogle Cup, things went just the other way. The girl with the longest start led the field from start to finish. The Fifth Year secured another first place in the inter-form relay for which they entered an exceptionally good team. Perhaps the most exciting event of all was the five-a-side football, although the players were somewhat fatigued before they started.

Mr. Weir, in welcoming the guest of honour, Bailie Archibald, spoke with pleasure of the presence of the other two Town Councillors for the district. Mrs. Archibald presented the trophies.

We cannot escape the war altogether, and we were reminded of the international situation when we saw the bare table where the prizes should have stood. But what is the value of a material prize in comparison with the honour of winning? Well, perhaps you are right, but we won’t grumble while the war lasts.

SPORTS RESULTS.

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP (BOYS).

100 Yards Flat—
1 A. Gentles, 2 C. Murdoch, 3 D. Storer.
220 Yards Flat—
1 A. Gentles, 2 A. Nimmo, 3 D. Storer.
880 Yards Flat—
1 A. Nimmo, 2 C. Murdoch, 3 L. Dunlop.
100 Yards Hurdles—
1 A. Gentles, 2 A. McDermid, 3 A. Nimmo.
High Jump—
1 D. Storer, 2 J. Leitch, 3 J. Gordon.
Broad Jump—
1 D. Storer, 2 J. Gordon, 3 A. Nimmo.
Putting Weight—
1 A. Gentles, 2 J. Gordon, 3 I. Campbell.

Boys' Senior Championship.—1 A. GENTLES (20 points), 2 D. STORER (12 points).

Girls' Senior Championship.—B. MILLER (23 points), 2 A. RODGER (11 points).

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP (BOYS).

100 Yards Flat—
1 T. McAllister, 2 A. McCracken, 3 A. Ford
220 Yards Flat—
1 T. McAllister, 2 A. McCracken, 3 A. Hay.
440 Yards Flat—
1 T. McAllister, 2 A. McCracken, 3 A. Hay.
100 Yards Hurdles—
1 J. Buchan, 2 T. McAllister, 3 T. Young.
High Jump—
1 A. McCracken, 2 T. Young, 3 R. Griffiths.
Broad Jump—
1 T. Young, 2 A. Ford, 3 T. McAllister.
Putting Weight—
1 J. Buchan, 2 A. Ford, 3 T. McAllister.

Boys' Junior Championship.—1 T. McALLISTER, 2 A. McCRACKEN.

Girls' Junior Championship.—1 D. WATSON 2 M. BURNETT.

100 Yards Flat (Boys under 13)—R. Howat.
100 Yards Flat (Boys under 14)—J. Malloy.
75 Yards Flat (Girls under 13)—A. Christie.
100 Yds. Hurdles (Boys under 14)—R. Scott.
Shuttle Relay (I. Form Boys)—Team I.3.
Inter-Form Relay—V. Form Girls.
Obstacle Race (Boys under 16)—G. McAvoy.
Obstacle Race (Open—Girls)—
M. McKechnie.
Three-legged Race (Girls under 14)—
H. Wallace and A. Hunter.
Three-legged Race (Girls over 14)—
B. Miller and A. Rodger.
Three-legged Race (Boys under 15)—
G. McAvoy and L. Anderson.

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP (GIRLS).

100 Yards Flat—
1 B. Miller, 2 M. Buchan, 3 A. Rodger.
220 Yards Flat—
1 B. Miller, 2 M. Buchan, 3 A. Rodger.
120 Yards Flag—
1 B. Miller, A. Rodger, 3 M. Buchan.
High Jump—
1 B. Miller, 2 M. Buchan, 3 A. Rodger.
Netball—
1 A. Rodger, 2 B. Miller, 3 J. Haigh.

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP (GIRLS).

100 Yards Flat—
1 D. Watson, 2 M. Burnett, 3 M. Frame.
100 Yards Flag—
1 D. Watson, 2 M. Burnett, 3 H. McDonald.
High Jump—
1 R. McIntosh, 2 M. Sinclair, 3 I. Henderson.
Skipping Rope—
1 D. Watson, 2 M. McDonald, 3 N. Wylie.

Sack Race (Boys under 15)—M. Kearsley.
Sack Race (Girls over 14)—A. McCreamer.
Sack Race (Girls under 14)—H. Graham.
Egg and Spoon Race (Girls under 14)—
V. McIlvene.
300 Yards Open Handicap (Girls) — (Cup
presented by Mr. Bogle).—
1 A. Reid, 2 O. Blackley, 3 E. Lindsay.
880 Yards Open H'cap. (Boys)—(Coronation
Cup presented by Mr. George McBriar)—
1 D. McIntyre, 2 M. Ross, 3 E. Allan.

ME.

I'm just a wee evacuee,
As nice and sweet as I can be.
I love to play
Wiv little girls
And pull out handfuls
Of their curls..
Wiv my wee sling
I'm pretty hot—
I hit the parson
Wiv every shot;
The hens they know me
Well, by heck!
'Cause if one's caught
I wring its neck.
The farmer loves me
Well, it's true—
He'd love—to beat me
Black and blue,
'Cause if I want
A little fun,
I simply kick
His shins and run.
But though I'm just a wee 'vacee
I'd rather be a tough guy, See!



NEIL (V.2.).

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It is with deep regret that we
record the names of three out-
standing former pupils of recent
years who have fallen:—

JOHN BARCLAY, R.A.F.
WELLESLEY BARRIE, R.A.F
ALASTAIR G. ORR, Q.O.C.H.

THE CAPTAIN'S LAST ADVENTURE.

"All hands aboard!" was the vicious cry
When the water washed the deck.
We toiled all night that there might be hope,
But, alas, the ship was a wreck.

"Take to the boats!" was the captain's command
As he stood on deck all alone.
And ere the cold water covered his breast
We could hear his pitiful moan.

Alas, an effort we all put forth
To save the one whom we loved,
Till we carried him dead to the storm-tossed barque—
The storm of this life he had roughed.

We carried him home to his mother dear,
Who wept o'er her laddie's face.
And alas, he's departed out of this life,
And he lies now alone in peace.

J. C. (II.9).

A SONG OF SUMMER.

Sunshine and Summer and skies of blue,
And wind blowing sweet and true—
These make a song that is always new;
These make a song for me and you.

M. R. (I.6).

THE SOLITARY LIGHT.

The wind was high, the sail was low,
The ship was tossing to and fro;
O'er the deck the waves came crashing,
Swirling, twisting, twirling, lashing.
But out of that black and treacherous night,
A ray of light shone strong and bright.

O'er the sea this light came clear,
Sending its rays of hope and cheer
To all the sailors on the main,
A hope of seeing once again
The ones who were to them so dear:
"This way, helmsman: this way steer!"

M. McK. (II.4b).

B. S. (VI.)—"His face, the tablet of unutterable thoughts."—
Byron.

J. P. (VI.)—"Whose youth was full of foolish noise."—
Tennyson.

FANTASY.

In the never-never land there is a dream school which is situated about ten miles from the nearest town. In the winter the snow is so deep that the pupils cannot hire conveyances to run to school and so, very miserably, they troop every afternoon to the pictures, or similar devices, to pass away the time, instead of working away at their beloved lessons.

Surrounding the school is an almost impenetrable wood. There is only one path through the wood to the school and if you happen to stray from it you will find many unbleached bones strewn about—relics of admirable pupils and courageous teachers who have endeavoured to reach the school in the search for wisdom.

Upon leaving the wood (if you penetrate its mysteries) you come upon a very dark, stagnant and evil smelling moat. When it has been crossed (nobody has ever yet succeeded) the gateway to the wonderland of knowledge is open for you.

But one day all this will change and these poor children will be able to learn their lessons and share the joy and torture of exams. and results like us ordinary pupils—but I'd like to attend a school in this condition. Wouldn't you?

(III.2).

PASS, FRIEND.

He passed the bus,
He passed the car,
He passed the bottle brae.
He tried to pass between two trams
And now he's passed away.

T. H. (II.9).

A TRIBUTE.

When first I saw your glum wee face,
And glowering deep set e'en,
I thought you just the quaintest pup
That ever I had seen.

These bandy legs, that sturdy body,
A coat as black as tar,
With tail erect, a challenge flung
To canines near or far.

There was no need to doubt you, Jock,
My Scottie staunch and true,
The love I gave a gruff wee dog,
Is well repaid by you.

Long may these feet stand squarely set,
And tail like flag unfurled,
A challenge thrown out, "Scotland yet!"
Undaunted to the world.

A. W. (I.5).

The Library. The Library is now bringing to a close a session of great activity. The addition last year and again this March of books more suitable for younger readers and of particular interest for these times, has brought such big business to the golden stairs that Parnassus has had to have three openings per week instead of one. On the question of readers' tastes we find that adventure books, of which there is now a large selection, are easily the favourites, but these are hard pressed in popularity by the great Detective Yarns and the pamphlets on Aircraft Identification; with, of course, the never-failing requests—the Stamp Catalogues.

Of the educational value of our Library there can be no doubt. Are not "Mathematics for the Million" (645 pages) and "Science for the Citizen" (1090 pages) on our shelves making an instant and compelling appeal to I.2 or II.5? "Mr. Chips" has been considered valuable as giving a new slant on old teachers; while "1066" (in constant request) is evidently regarded by the Second Year as a reliable cram book in History and its influence is plainly seen in many interesting ways in exam. results.

We are indebted to several members of our Staff who have in a most generous way given many books of just that right sort which are always in demand and so are always "out" and never "in." We wish to thank those ladies and gentlemen very warmly for their gifts.

There are 270 pupils members of the Library.

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WHITEHILL NOTES

Literary and Debating Society. A meeting of the above has not been held since February of this year, but until that date a number of enjoyable meetings had been held. It was owing to a series of almost incredible obstacles that we were compelled to abandon temporarily any hopes of regular meetings. The Secretary himself has been unfortunately seriously handicapped for some time now owing to pressure of work. He regrets this and hopes to arrange for at least three meetings before the close of the session. Our art editor, Miss Maxwell, will very kindly supply the necessary information for members on her brilliantly executed posters. So keep a look-out on the boards for information of our next meeting, and come along, **AND SPEAK!**

G. P., Secretary.

Rugby Section. Although many games had to be cancelled because of the very bad weather, 1941 proved to be a successful year for the 1st XV., which was defeated only once. Out of the 16 games played during the whole season the 1st XV. won 9 and lost 6, the other being drawn. Our forwards, the stronger part of our team, were generally superior to the opposing packs, even those of the teams which defeated us. The 2nd XV. was not so successful as usual, but showed signs of supplying some good players for next season's 1st XV. The Junior XV. also showed signs of producing some very good players. I must again thank those F.P.s who continued to give us support. D. S.

Cricket. This year's 1st XI. is obtaining much better results than last year's did. So far, we have won 4 out of 5 matches played—3 with ease. We were, however, easily defeated by Uddingston. All our matches are again being played away from home because we are still unable to have the use of Meadowpark.

J. Gordon is leading both batting and the bowling averages, his best performances being a 57 not out, and 7 wickets for 5 runs. D. S. (Capt.).

Tennis. The courts in Armadale Street are now open for play each evening from 4 till 6. A Tennis team has been formed and it is hoped to arrange several matches with other Schools. Forms I. and II. are especially invited to come along on the evening allocated to them. J. B.

Football Section. In spite of many difficulties this branch of the School activities has continued to expand. In addition to the First and Intermediate XI.s, two Elementary XI.s have done useful work in developing talent among the younger boys.

The First XI. managed to hold their own in the League, but did even better in the Shield competition, in which they were defeated by Falkirk Secondary at the semi-final stage. That four of this XI. have had a trial for Glasgow, and one, George Alexander, has been selected to play at Falkirk against the Rest of Scotland, shows the high standard of play served up by the team.

Despite evacuation and consequent loss of some fine players, the Intermediate XI. has succeeded in finishing the season in the upper half of the League table. If it has failed to do so well as last year's combination, it is not through any lack of courage and determination. On more than one occasion they have turned defeat into victory by simply refusing to give up. Throughout the season the team has suffered from lack of balance, due to the fact that no Elementary team was running last year. However, with the help of some experienced players from the Elementary nursery, the Intermediate team looks forward with confidence to next year's competition.

That this expectation is no mere pious hope is warranted by the high standard of play attained by individual members of the two Elementary XI.s. The teams are not brilliant but they give promise of maintaining the Whitehill football tradition. This is more important than individual match results, and it was for this purpose that the experiment of running two such XI.s was embarked upon.

J. C.

Golf. We have resumed our activities for the season and the competition for the much coveted "Allan Shield" is now in full swing. Time permitting, the School Championship competition, which was not held last year owing to evacuation and other factors associated with the war, will be resumed. We should also like to resuscitate the match against the Staff, as we have a long list of defeats to avenge, but as many of the Staff are engaged in part-time duty of national importance, it is to be feared that this fixture must be postponed meantime. However, a few years' practice should do us no harm and so we invite all potential "Giant Killers" to join the Club forthwith. The Committee for this season is composed of Ian Campbell (Capt.), R. Connelly (Secretary), W. Garrett, G. Alexander and A. McDonald.

L. G. (V.1)—"With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse."
—Chaucer.

A. L. (V.1)—"I am not in the rôle of common men."
—Shakespeare.

Gardening. When Mr. Weir asked for volunteers to dig up a section of Craighend, there was naturally a rush to volunteer, since digging is better than doing Latin.

Having been divided into sections with our own plots we started to "hack" our way through the ground—and it took some hacking. We persevered, however, taking everything in our stride, including blisters. All of the eleven sections, which consist of about six boys each, have now sown all their seeds. One section sowed some of its seeds one Tuesday. The following Tuesday shouts of joy were heard coming from their direction. Their seeds were coming up; at least that is what they thought, until Mr. McLachlan, who is in charge, told them that the seeds were weeds. Nevertheless all the plots now show the green of genuine vegetables.

Although there may have been some slacking, at least it cannot be said that Whitehill is not doing her bit for victory.

D. S.

Music. Though the genius of the age looks with some impatience on "after 4 activities," it has not entirely silenced the music of Whitehill. The orchestra has met regularly this term, and while we have lost some of our best players through evacuation, one or two loyal members of the Staff have proved valuable strengthening. It has been possible to form one choir, which will be heard at the prize distribution. For the future we are optimistic. Through the initiative of Mr. Brown and (need we add?) with the blessing of Mr. Weir, we now have the services of Mr. Maurice Volti, who is training some promising young pupils as future orchestra violinists, and the School is exceptionally rich in vocal tone, which augurs well for the choirs next year.

H. M.

M. M. (V.4)—"She koude muche of wand'ring by the weye.—
Chaucer.

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