

Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 49

Summer, 1944

EDITORIAL.

We have now reached the final stages of our school life and it is with deep regret that we take up pen and paper to write this, our last Editorial for the Magazine.

As you read this Magazine you will notice a decided change in the articles. The Upper School have at last abandoned their too, too bored attitude and have produced articles worthy of Whitehill. Long may it continue! While we commend the Upper School for their achievements, we find it necessary to point out to the Lower School that their articles have not exactly been overwhelming in number. We know that in some quarters this might be regarded as the sign of an inferiority complex, but we must say that we have seldom known Whitehill pupils to be bashful. Let us reassure the Lower School, however, that their work is not judged on the same standard as that of Form VI.

In our last edition we mentioned the start of "Hobbies." Some of these seem to have the right foundations, and the School was pleasantly surprised when they heard in late May that a concert and display of work was going to be held for the parents. We have greatly missed the "Parents' Day," which was abandoned at the outset of war and, as a result, great numbers of parents took this opportunity of seeing the artistic achievements of their children.

As usual we have a large number of Staff changes to record. The resignation of two Principal Teachers, Mr. Middlemiss and Mr. Paxton, has been noted in special articles. We welcome in their places Mr. Bennett and Mr. Kerr, and our congratulations go to Mr. Scoular on his appointment as Depute Head Master in succession to Mr. Middlemiss. For the first time we are to have Principals of History and Geography and we are glad to acclaim Mr. Somerville and Miss Hogarth in these appointments and to wish them a good start.

We regret the continued absence of Mr. McClure through ill-health and trust that rest and quiet will restore to him some measure of his old strength. Miss Scrimgeour is now in Edinburgh attending the Church of Scotland Training College before going out to India. She takes with her our best wishes for her work in the mission field. Mr. McLeod, who came in January, is now on evacuation duty in Lanark, and Miss White and Miss Wright have undertaken similar duty in Perth and Cally House respectively. In their places have come Mrs. Smith, Miss Haggarty and Mr. Chisholm. Mr. Chisholm has returned to Whitehill after three years' service in the R.A.F. Others who

have come recently are Miss Cameron, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Nicol, Miss Connor, Mr. Morrison and Mr. McCrae. To all we extend a hearty welcome.

In conclusion, we should like to thank our Committee, the members of which have all tried hard to make this the 'best ever' magazine. To Mr. Meikle we humbly extend our thanks for his helpfulness and invaluable advice, and to those members of the Staff who have helped us in any way we are very grateful.

To the future Editors we offer a cordial welcome, and, as we lay down our pen, we wish them success in their new post.

THE EDITORS.

Mr. FRANK PAXTON.

This term has seen the departure from the staff of Mr. Frank Paxton, Principal Teacher of Technical Subjects, who retired in March, after having charge of the Technical Department in Onslow Drive since 1915. His connection with Whitehill stretches even further back, for as a young man at the beginning of the century, he taught evening classes in the old manual room, now used as the Lower Gymnasium.

His benign disposition and quiet humour, allied to his professional skill, made him the ideal manual instructor and the immunity from serious accident which, under his charge, the manual room always enjoyed, was a telling tribute to his discipline and constant watchfulness. His advice, always shrewd and ready, and his willingness to oblige in the many ways the skilled craftsman can, are going to be much missed by his colleagues.

The warmest wishes of the staff for a long and happy retirement go sincerely with him, who never had an enemy nor disappointed a friend.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

We regret to record the deaths of the following while on Active Service:—

DAVID J. R. CLYNE, R.A.F.
WILLIAM LANDIES, R.A.F.

ANGUS F. MACLEOD, London Scottish.
JAMES C. McLEISH, D.F.C., R.A.F.

The following have been posted missing, presumed dead:
WILFRED COOKE, R.A.F.

ROBERT RICHARDS, R.A.F.

Reported missing:

JAMES CANT, R.A.F.
ROBERT COLVIN, R.A.F.
J. SIDNEY FRASER, R.A.F.

JAMES F. STEWART, D.F.C., R.A.F.
DAVID WILLIAMS, D.F.C., R.A.F.

We extend our sympathy to those who have suffered bereavement, and we hope that good news will come soon to those who now anxiously await information.

Miss E. M. Miller, Whitehill Sports Champion, 1940-41 and 1941-42, has won the Westerlands Cup for her performance at the Glasgow University Sports, when she won the 100 Yards, the 220 Yards, and the Broad Jump. The following week in the Inter-Universities meeting she again won the 220 Yards and the Broad Jump, knocking .6 secs. off the record for the furlong, her time being 27 secs. She has now been awarded a Full Blue—a rare honour for a woman. What next, Betty?

Quality Always



YOU

will keep
Fighting Fit

on

Beattie's

Bread

from Grocer, Baker, Dairy

GEOGRAPHY COMPETITION.

In aid of the Society for the Prevention of Persecution of Pink-faced Policemen.

Entry Fee: There is no entry fee.

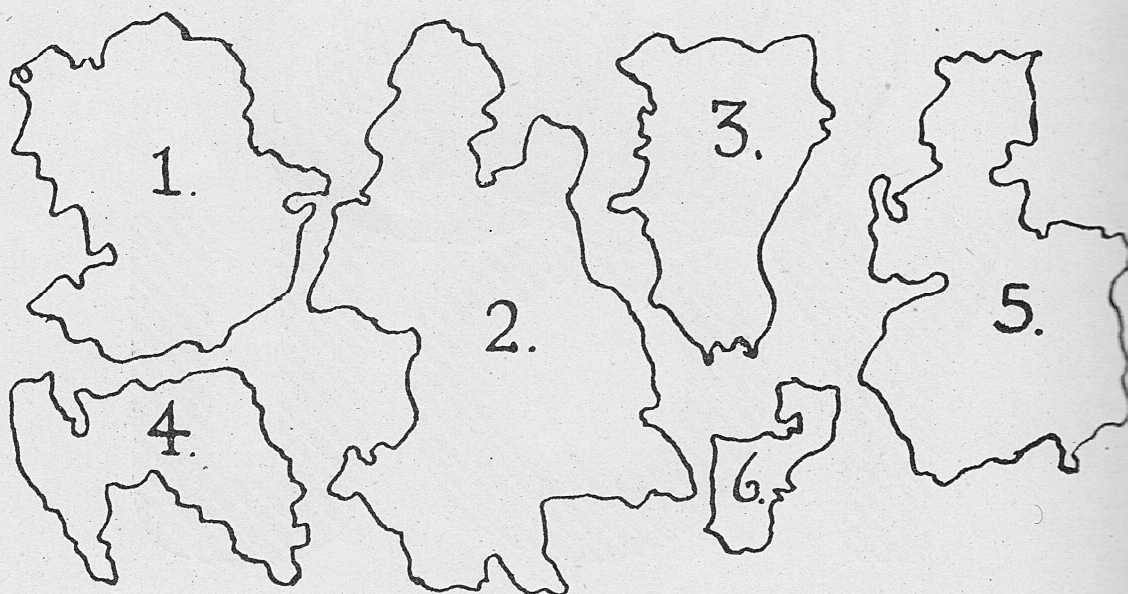
Prizes: First Prize, One Free Latecomer's Pass.

Second Prize, One Potato Medal (with bar of iron).

Third Prize: One Blank Cheque (unsigned).

Entries must be submitted on the Saturday following the first week of good meals at the Dinner School. Prize-winners will be notified on a date which for reasons of public security cannot at the moment be disclosed.

Now here is the competition. Can you identify these portions of land with the aid of the clues given below?



1. Scottish county. The middle name of an eminent member of Form V. Also associated with thick-necked cattle.

2. Associated in song with farewells to a circus and a square in London, but happens to be in the Emerald Isle.

3. "Calling Dr. ——" Ireland again.

4. Back to Scotland. The natives wear their own hair, in spite of the name of this county.

5. "Our Gracie" does not come from this English county. (But theirs does.)

6. An English county that is neither male nor female.

Get them all? Splendid. Write your answers on a post card, enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and send to anyone you think would be interested. Watch the blackboard in the hall for the names of the prize-winners. If you watch long enough you might see them. In any case you will see a lot of much more important information.

SAD SACK, V.2.

BASIC ENGLISH.

I like the Glasgow trams. Where else can one get such an intimate insight into the real Glasgow? For Glasgow, after all, is the people, and particularly our Transport Staff. Their con-

versation interests, amuses, and instructs, provided you are sufficiently well-equipped to appreciate it.

There were two of our conductresses in it. One was coming off an early shift. She was in conversation with her friend who was on duty on a green tram. "Aye, ah wis at the dance! Ah wis wi' yon big dreep frae oor depot. He disna hauf fancy hissel'. He took me wi' him, an' then danced maist o' the night wi' ither lassies. Ah wis fair bilin' at him!! Tae mak' maitters worse, efter a' that he comes up tae me at the end an' says, 'Kin ah hiv the last dance wi' ye?' 'Ye've had it,' says ah, juist like that! Did his jaw drap, eh?" Here the conversation was interrupted, for a young girl, possibly a typist, arrived breathless on the upper deck of the tram. I watched and listened. From where I sat I could see the new arrival feverishly turning out a well-stuffed handbag—powder-puff, lipstick, cigarettes, letters, but not what she sought. Then falteringly, "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I've come away in a hurry and left my purse. Will you take this twopenny stamp for my ticket or will I give you my name and address?" "Well!!" . . . a very awkward pause, full of suppressed feeling,—“Well, Okay!!” The ticket duly given, again she approached her friend, still snorting and sniffing with contempt, "Jings! they'll be bringin' jeely-jours next!!"

Now I ask you?

PYTHAGORAS.

THE FRAGRANT SEASON.

Spring is waking birds and flowers,
April brings its sunny showers;
Leaves appear on branches bare,
Peace and Joy are everywhere.

The little burns so swiftly flow,
The primroses so quietly grow,
The blossoms hanging on the trees
Flutter and dance in the gentle breeze.

The golden heads of daffodils sway
In the warm and sunny day;
In the woods Spring flowers are seen
On a ground of velvet green.

The little birds all twitter and tweet,
The fragrance of Spring is very sweet.
Life is really a wonderful thing,

When you see all the joys of Spring. A.C., II.2.

THE MYSTERIOUS BURGLARY.

"Joan, do hurry up or we shall miss the train," shouted Mrs. Temple.

"I am hurrying, Mum," said Joan.

Joan and her mother were going for a holiday to Devon. They arrived at the station just as the train steamed in and got a carriage to themselves all the way. "It's a pity Dad could not come with us," said Joan, and her mother agreed.

When they arrived at the boarding-house the landlady, Mrs. White, came out to greet them. After tea Joan took a walk. When she got home her mother was in the lounge with another lady and a little girl. "Oh, there you are, Joan. I have a little friend here who wants to chum with you for the time being," said Mrs. Temple. The little girl stepped forward and politely shook hands. Joan returned the shake with a smile, and they walked out arm in arm, leaving their mothers to carry on the conversation. Soon the girls had made plans for the days to come.

Ann and her mother were the first to retire to bed that night. Shortly afterwards Joan and her mother followed. During the night Joan was restless and could not sleep. As one o'clock struck, Joan was just dozing over when she heard someone fumbling with the door. Then it slowly opened and there appeared the shadow of a man holding a gun. Joan was about to scream, but controlling herself with an effort she lay pretending to be asleep. The robber made for her mother's drawer and lifted her gold bracelet out and made a hasty retreat. Joan at once wakened her mother and told her. Mrs. Temple rose and put on her dressing-gown and hurried along to Mrs. White's room. When Mrs. White heard what had happened she opened the drawer of her dressing-table. "Oh!" she cried. "My jewel box is gone!" They rushed to see if Mrs. Waters and Ann were all right. Mrs. Waters found with relief that her jewels were where she had put them.

Next morning Joan and Ann went for a walk. When they arrived at the woods they sat down. About a minute later they heard voices at the back of the bushes. Joan leaned forward and saw two of Mrs. White's boarders, a Mr. Jackson and a Mr. Simpson, digging a hole in the gorse. After they were out of sight Joan and Ann crept forward through the bushes and dug up the earth with their hands. They soon found the jewel case and bracelet and other valuable articles. They then ran home. They met Mrs. Temple at the door and told her their story. She phoned the police station, and soon afterwards two detectives arrived. When Mr. Jackson and Mr. Simpson came in Mrs. Temple informed them that two gentlemen were waiting for them in the lounge. They did not think and walked right into the hands of the police.

About five minutes passed and out stepped the robbers and the policemen. The detectives told them that the men were notorious burglars and that they had been trying to track them down for months.

After all the excitement was over, Joan and Ann received a reward. A few days later Joan's father arrived for a few days' holiday, and to make it happier Ann's father came with her brother. It happened that Mr. Temple and Mr. Waters were old school chums and they became good friends, which pleased Joan and Ann greatly, as they were to become permanent chums.

M.T., P.5.

Mr. FRANCIS MIDDLEMISS.

24th October, 1904, Mr. Francis Middlemiss, M.A., began work to-day in the H.G. Department; with Mr. Thomson he takes the whole of the work in Practical Physics and Chemistry.

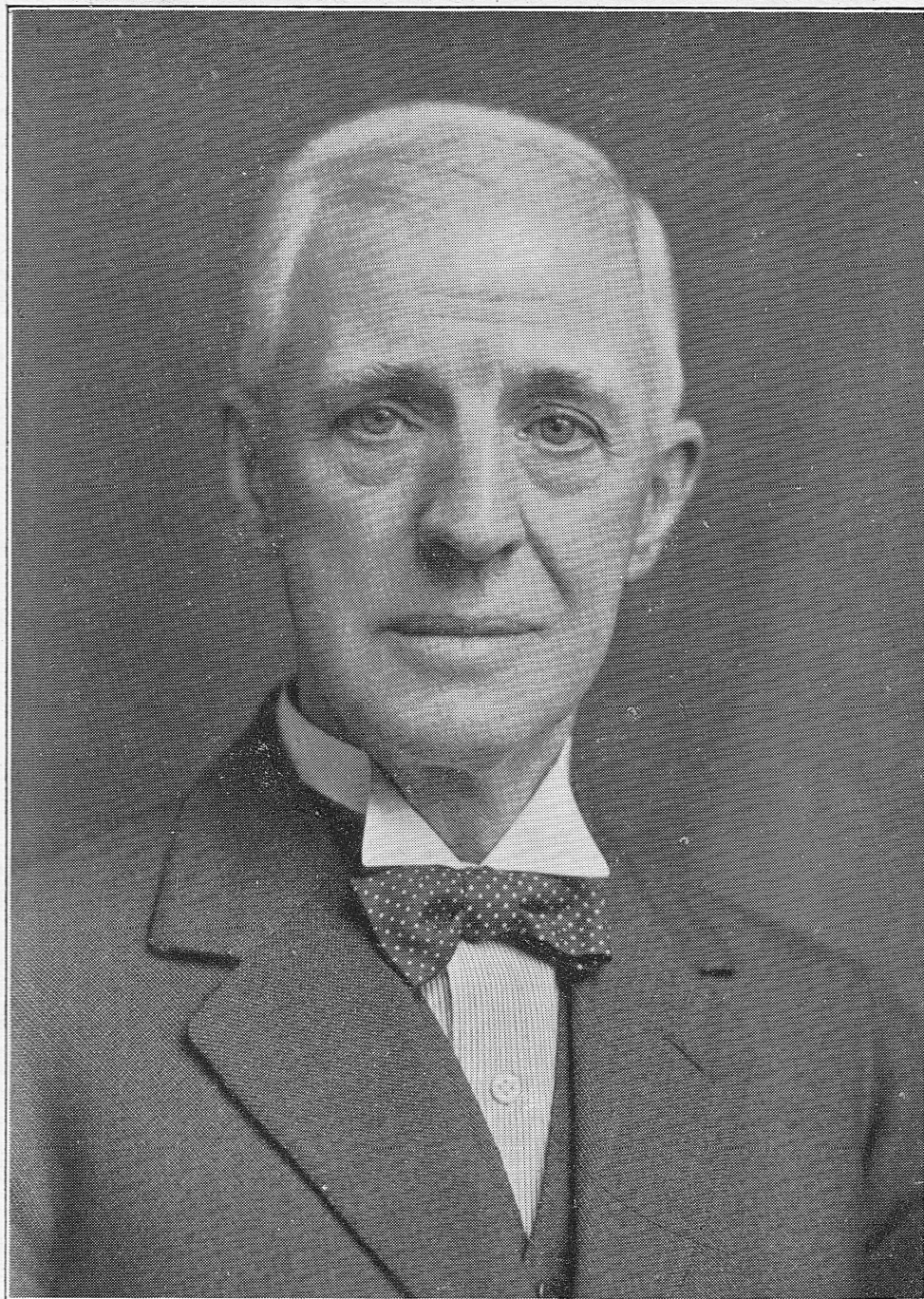
17th January, 1944, Mr. Francis Middlemiss, M.C., M.A., Depute Head Master and Head of the Department of Science, retired to-day.

Between these two entries in the Log Book of the School lies a career of nearly forty years of almost continuous service in Whitehill. Apart from a brief period as Science Master in Strathbungo and his years of military service in the last war, during which he earned the M.C. for gallantry in the field, Mr. Middlemiss maintained an unbroken connection on the staff of the School, to which he rendered signal service and of which on the date of his retirement he was Depute Head Master.

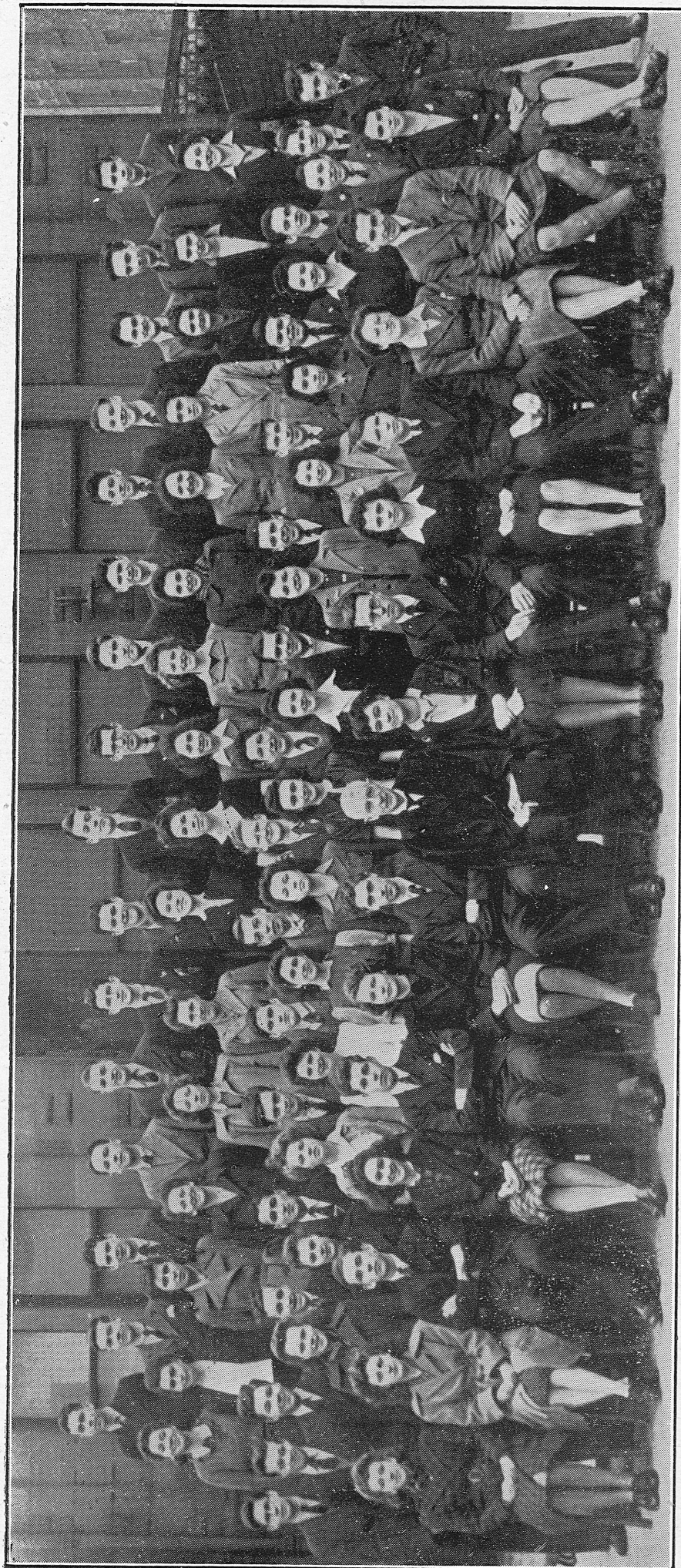
From the earliest days of his career he found himself in the front rank of his profession. A brilliant record in the Pupil Teachers' Institute was crowned by a most distinguished place in the Queen's Scholarship Examination, in those days a coveted honour among teachers. Entering the Training College he was not slow to prove his worth, and in a group of students who have since achieved eminence and distinction in our ranks, he emerged as one of the foremost men in his year. His range of scholarship was wide and catholic; in addition to a marked natural predilection for Science and Mathematics he took a keen interest in English, Classics, and Modern Languages.

Under his able supervision and direction the Science Department flourished extraordinarily. At the date of his appointment two teachers covered the whole of the work; when he retired the Science Staff numbered twelve full-time masters. Our annual reports show an almost unbroken record of students achieving the highest distinctions in academic circles, medical, scientific, and technical. It is no exaggeration to say that thousands of pupils during these forty years have had their lives and careers influenced and moulded by his penetrating judgment and his wise and skilful advice. With esteem and an affection bordering on reverence, they recall the keen personal interest, the humane understanding and sympathy which he ever displayed in dealing with their individual difficulties and problems.

No member of the Staff has carried with him into his retirement a more generous and more deserved measure of the respect and admiration of his colleagues. His urbanity and genial humour, his deep disinterestedness and his sterling integrity and singleness of purpose earned for him a peculiar niche in our affections. His immediate colleagues in his own Department bear eloquent tribute to his consummate tact and judgment, a tribute in which all who had the honour to be associated with him are proud to join. In the difficult and trying years since 1939, when the burden of running the School has increased immeasurably, he devoted himself with that whole-hearted and unstinted vigour and unswerving loyalty so characteristic of him



Mr. FRANCIS MIDDLEMISS, M.C., M.A.



FORMS V. and VI.

[Photo by D. Lawrie, Hillfoot St.]

to maintain and enhance the highest traditions and prestige of the School.

And now into his retirement full of the honour and esteem of a great company of pupils, colleagues, and friends, he carries with him our heartiest wishes for many restful years of health, prosperity and happiness. His is a record of which any man may justly feel proud.

R.M.W.

RATIONS.

Rationed so sparingly, Gorge,—who would dare? Housewives, despairingly, Give each his share.	Cheese, that a mouse would scorn Found in a trap, Ham, that would look forlorn, Served on a bap.
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Butter, a golden pat, Eked out with marge, Portions of cooking fat, Not very large.	Sugar—we use each grain; Sweet-tooth, beware! From borrowing refrain— You've had your share.
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Rationed so sparingly,
What do we care?
Why sit despairingly?
Each has his share.

KAY JAY, V.1.

"SALUTE THE SOLDIER" OF THE DINNER - SCHOOL.

The sun shone brilliantly upon that dominating structure of Dennistoun—Whitehill School. On the private lawn (known to the ignorant as the Annexe field), the elements of the Upper School were lazily eating up the hours discussing the latest Corporation venture—a dinner-centre. The general trend of the conversation seemed to indicate that two representatives should be sent "to taste and see."

Lots were cast and I was chosen along with another unfortunate. Accordingly we received an admission ticket, and on the following Monday proceeded on our crusade.

As we neared a certain Church Hall, we found that quite a few volunteers had gathered, all of whom seemed eager to display their admiration for the Corporation by waving their buff tickets to and fro. My companion thought that to queue was the correct procedure, and queue we did, along with the gathering multitude who by this time were in such a state of emptiness that their wails attracted the attention of the Commissionaire. He thereupon communicated by telephone with some unknown person who gave the order for the female section to advance. No sooner was the order given than the hungry maidens sallied forth, shortly followed by the male section. Upon entering I happened to sniff, and my comrade exclaimed solemnly, "Ah, Bisto!"

On reaching the top of two flights of stairs we were confronted by the two sub-commissionaires, both of whom seemed to be maturing for the occupation of conductors.

One of them politely asked me for my admission ticket and with exceptional mathematical accuracy (Hail, Senor Campbell, M.A., B.Sc.) neatly punched a round hole in the correct space. Then, careful to wipe our feet on a shoe-scraper, kindly gifted to the Corporation for the express use of Whitehill pupils by the Rev. Jerome K. Jerome and Professor Heinrich von Helphns of the Berlin University, we marched down the passageway, keeping time to the strains of "There'll always be a Dinner-School," rendered very nicely by a member of the catering staff on a Jew's harp.

We sat down at a table in the front stalls. A gong sounded, the lights went out, and a voice offered up thanks for small mercies, etc. After some time, a waitress appeared clad in the green and yellow of the Corporation and proceeded to pour out the first course.

I took my plate, remembered yesterday's dinner, thanked all names under heaven for such an institution as the home, lifted a spoon marked "L.M.S. Rly. Co. 1892, made by Shanks & Co., Barrhead," and proceeded with the first course, with a small piece of dry bread as additional flavouring.

Interrupted by the gong, I looked up and listened while the M.C. explained that to-day's menu would have included Pork Cutlets with German sauce (French: Cotelettes de Porc a la Sauce Allemande), only the American Pork Sausage had not arrived in the latest convoy and the German Sauce was a trifle too strong for the delicate constitutions of the Whitehill pupils.

On completing the first course, I helped to collect the 'empties' and took them to the washing-up department situated at the top of the stairs, where I found two cheerful members of the canteen staff performing culinary exercises in the sink, and humming "When they Sound the last Wash-up."

Making my way back again over the beautiful plush carpet, I found that the second course was well under way, and I hastened to partake of my dumpling. After two pincer movements and an outflanking attack, I passed down an empty plate labelled "Barlinnie Hotel, Glasgow," and waited until the remainder had finished. Again the gong sounded and the Master of Ceremonies in his third communique announced amid applause that McLean's Stomach Powder could be bought from the Senior Commissionaire at a much reduced rate.

Having assumed that the meal was finished, I watched the lassies march out in an orderly fashion, particularly one individual who carried a copy of "For what the Stomach Tolls," by M. T. Ness (with apologies to Ernest Hemingway). Then the males staggered out, and were greeted by the second house with such queries as, "Are there any peas in the soup?" or, "How many saccharines did you get?"

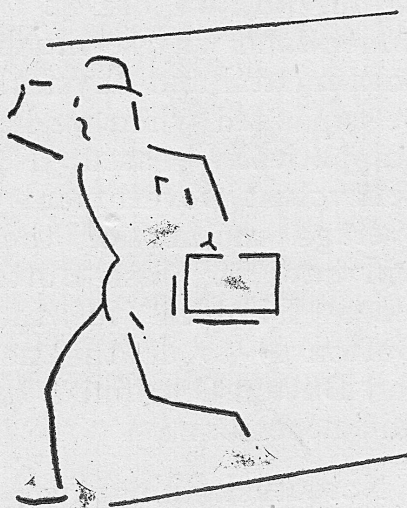
As I "passed out" I was dimly aware of someone muttering, "Never have so many stood for so long for so little."

I.M., V.

TO AN AEROPLANE.

O mighty monster of the bright blue skies,
Whose matchless strength in peace and war is known
To carry help, but also to chastise,
To measure distance, like a bird alone!
With outstretched wings the earth you circle round,
Till East seems almost touching on the West,
And distant friends rejoice to hear the sound,
Which brings glad news from those they love the best.
Great pity, that in days of war's alarm,
Your wondrous beauty should disguise such hate,
For all alike your rain of fire can harm—
Men, women, children, share the same sad fate.
Oh, that the time may come when war shall cease,
And all your flights be made on wings of peace.

C.A.M., V.3.



DAY DREAMING.

One day as I sat dreaming,
I dreamt of far-off lands,
I dreamt of tall, fair cities,
And burning desert sands,
Of tiny peasant villages,
And lonely grassy plains,
Great wide streets of famed cities,
And quiet country lanes.

My fancy roved to distant shores,
To prairies and high mountains,
Wide blue oceans filled with foam,
And sparkling, dancing fountains.
In dreams I've seen pale yellow sands,
And many tall lean towers;
Of all I've seen, none are as fair
As this fair land of ours.

C.R., II.9.

JUST A FEW LINES IN HASTE

R.M., I.1.

INSOMNIA.

The silence is deep and gloomy as death,
The whole world seems to be holding its breath;
In through the panes of my still, quiet room
Creep, in slow splendour, the rays of the moon.

A faint breeze is urging the curtains to sway—
I sigh and I think: It soon will be day,
For Zephyr is known to precede the dawn,
Thus warning the fairies and waking the fawn.

I tremble and wish that night would remain,
The sun never rise, the moon never wane;
For fear is now clutching about my heart—
To-day the exams. will undoubtedly start.

M., IV.3.

REFLECTIONS ON FATHERCRAFT.

We unfortunate males of this unappreciated and misunder-

an imitation, or in the absence of a misguided parent, with the real doodda. On the other hand we poor mortals have never experienced the venturesome delight of handling such a small life.

through my step-daughter. It is actually worse than that, but the final complication came when my step-mother (or step-daughter) had a son. This child was my step-brother and also my grandson. As he is also my wife's grandson, and my brother, my wife is my grandmother, and I am my own grandfather. Am I right, or am I bats?"

As I say, I am not often beaten. But I would like another opinion, as the doctors say, on this. W.M., III.1.

PRIG'S PARABLE.

1. Now it came to pass that when the time came and the bell had rung thrice, the children at the hill called White rose up and took with them their flocks and their books and their herds and their jotters and such as were with them and went forth to go into another place.

2. Lo, said one, a Phipthphormite, behold the sun and how it shineth.

3. And they that were with him, looking up, saw it. And certain from amongst them murmured and said:

4. Let us now rise up and go to the green pastures, which are afar off. Let us not go to the place of travail, where our labour is hard and our reward is but little.

5. We have had enough of work, let us therefore go even where the sun is warm and the shade of the trees is comforting.

6. And some few from among them were pleased, and gave ear to the words which they spake; and they turned their feet to the green pastures, which are hard by Pahli.

7. But Tammas, a mighty man and an holy, stood forth from among them and spake thus:

8. What have we to do with you, O ye sinful men, whose necks are stiffened and whose hearts are hardened? Turn ye your steps from the way of your wickedness lest ye perish, and the wrath of heaven fall upon you, that neglect so great a thing as is made manifest in Lahb, (which is in the Roman Odorum Fabrica).

9. And certain there were that gave ear unto Tammas and went on their way, and followed him.

10. But certain others hardened their hearts against his words and went, and came unto the green pastures, and spread their garments and laid themselves upon them.

11. And it came to pass that a Philistine as he journeyed came where they were and said:

12. Whence come ye to be here? Whom seek ye? But they wist not in what wise they might answer him, and they held their peace.

13. And the wrath of Heaven fell upon them, but Tammas found favour in the sight of the Lord, waxing great in strength and wisdom.

M.Y.O.B., V.1.



