

Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 58



Summer,
1948

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Editorial	3	My Belgian Holiday	27
School Notes	5	Shadows	28
Mr. A. W. Anderson	5	Literary and Debating Society	29
Sports Results	7	<i>Drawing</i>	29
Prize List	8	Football	30
Book of Remembrance	9	Hockey	30
Charities	9	<i>Football First XI</i>	31
Whitehill School Club	11	<i>Football Post-Primary XI</i>	31
<i>Song of the Harpist</i>	11	<i>Junior Rugby Group</i>	32
The School Concert	11	Rugby	33
Under the Editor's Table	13	The Love-lorn Cricketer	33
Choosing Presents	15	"1314"	33
Chess	15	Evening	34
Mr. T. D. Scoular	16	To My Lady	34
The New Depute Headmaster	16	The Stars	34
<i>Thomas D. Scoular, Esq.</i>	17	<i>Drawing</i>	35
<i>Golf Team</i>	18	Music	36
Golf	19	Whitehill on the Links	36
A Varied Education	19	Too Uttaly Utta	37
The Library	19	<i>Drawing</i>	37
A Ghost Comes to Whitehill	20	Cricket	39
Whither?	21	Holidays	39
<i>Drawing</i>	21	Song	39
An Expedition to Callander	22	Whitehill Shakespeare	41
From My Window	22	Library Additions	41
<i>English, History, and Geography</i>		Why?	41
<i>Staff</i>	23	Dramatic Club	43
<i>Forms V and VI (Boys)</i>	24	Song of the Philosophic Minstrel	43
<i>Forms V and VI (Girls)</i>	25	Our Adopted Ship	45
<i>Mathematics Staff</i>	26	New Look	47
Key to Photographs of V and VI	27		

Editorial

Exactly for what purpose the editorial is intended is one of those mysteries which even exalted personages, such as the members of Form Five, find difficult to explain. One bright spark suggested that it was to allow the editors to "give off steam," as, without this outlet, the exertion and heat caused by the enormity of their efforts might "burst the boiler." We decline to comment on this. Another idea was that the editorial is intended to bestow stability on an otherwise somewhat erratic magazine. The least cynical, and perhaps most sensible, suggestion was that its sole purpose is to lessen the task of future editors. As, dear reader, that may well refer to you, we hope that you will bear with this, the least scintillating portion of the magazine, with patience.

After some initial reluctance—due, no doubt, to the diligence with which our contributors apply themselves to their studies—the response to the appeal for articles was comprehensive and gratifying. Our chief—we might almost say our only—disappointment was in the Fourth Form. That these potential geniuses should be so bashful—we decline to accept another, more obvious, explanation—causes us some misgivings. However, we are confident that they intend to astonish the whole school next term, as the new Fifth Form, with the quantity and quality of their articles. We only regret being unable to include a larger selection from the most enthusiastic years. We would impress upon all inspired—or otherwise prompted—authors, whom we were unable to publish, not to feel that their efforts have been in vain. The larger the selection from which we have to choose, the better, essentially, the magazine must be.

A little detail which escaped the notice of some members of the lower school was that, to be read, articles must be readable. An insignificant point, we admit; but, perhaps, in future, a little tempering of enthusiasm with sense might make matters easier for your hard-worked editors. (By the way, do not feel *too* sorry for us. Editors always declare, loudly and long, that they are hard-worked. It is an indispensable part of the tradition.)

On the other hand, to strike a more serious note, if a person *can* be referred to as being almost a tradition, it would seem that we have lost one in the shape of Mr. Scoular. He had a cheery word of encouragement for everyone, and we are sorry to have had to part with him. Good luck, sir! However, Mr. Williamson will assuredly fill the vacated post of Deputy Headmaster with complete competence.

We would like to express our gratitude to the magazine committee, who really *are* hard-worked; and to Mr. A. E. Meikle, our guiding star, without whom we would be lost on an ocean of uncertainties.

To finish off, we wish everyone the most enjoyable of holidays, with as much sunshine as anyone could desire.

THE EDITORS.

School Notes

Some notable changes have marked the second half of this session. These include the temporary re-arrangement of school periods beginning at 9.15 a.m. and ending at 4.15 p.m. in order to help with the traffic problem; another method of issuing milk at the forenoon interval; and the use of electric bells controlled from an electric clock. We thus bid a final farewell to the old gong and the shattering of nerves associated with its use. A pleasing feature of the session from the pupil's point of view (and possibly the staff's) has been the extra holidays—Princess Elizabeth's Wedding, the Camlachie By-election, and the Royal Silver Wedding. There has been an increase of school correspondence with pupils in United States, Canada, and Chambéry in France, and with the officers of our school ship, the "John A. Brown." We were glad to have a visit from one of our distinguished F.P.s, Professor John Rollo of Capetown University.

Many former pupils will hear with regret of the death on 9th December of Miss Margaret Scrymgeour, who was one of the four "pioneers" of the school left at the time of the Jubilee. She retired about 25 years ago after a period of splendid service beginning in the days of the old School for Girls over sixty years ago. Mr. Duncan McClure who died recently was another noted teacher in his day. Belonging more to Onslow Drive, he taught in Whitehill for a short time. The school mourns the loss of these former members of staff and sends sincere sympathy to their relatives.

We send greetings and best wishes to Mr. Charles S. Smith (English) who left at the New Year to be headmaster of Machaar School, Wigtownshire, and to Mr. Alex. W. Anderson (Science) who has recently joined the staff of Bellahouston Senior Secondary School. We welcome the following new members of staff:—Miss Helen Gordon (Modern Languages), Mr. Cleland (English), Mr. McCrindle (Science), and Mr. Garden, the new Principal Teacher of Commercial Subjects. We are very glad to see Mr. Clark Hendry back again after his long spell of illness, and wish him steady improvement in health.

Mr. Alex. W. Anderson, B.Sc.

The Science Department has suffered a great loss by the transference of Mr. Anderson to Bellahouston Senior Secondary School.

Mr. Anderson joined the staff of Whitehill School in 1936 and for the past 12 years has, by his results, proved the excellence of his methods as a teacher. Besides being the possessor of profound knowledge as a chemist, Mr. Anderson showed outstanding ability in other realms of culture. As a violinist of note, he was an important member of the Teachers' and School Orchestras.

Always genial and friendly, and with a quiet sense of humour, he will, we are sure, very soon establish his worth with pupils and colleagues in his new surroundings.

THE SPORTS.

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

BOYS.

100 Yards Flat—
1 I. Ross, 2 C. McEwan, 3 M. Reid.
220 Yards Flat—
1 I. Ross, 2 M. Reid, 3 C. McEwan.
880 Yards Flat—
1 G. Kennedy, 2 I. Ross, 3 M. Reid.
High Jump—
1 M. Reid, 2 I. Ross, 3 H. Letham.
Champion: MATTHEW REID (24 points).

Long Jump—
1 M. Reid, 2 C. McEwan, 3 G. Kennedy.
Shot Putt—
1 G. Kennedy, 2 M. Reid, 3 C. McEwan.
Cricket Ball—
1 D. Connor, 2 D. Park, 3 I. Ross.
Runner-up: IAN ROSS (22 points).

GIRLS.

100 Yards Flat—
1 J. Wylie, 2 M. Henderson, 3 M. McEwan.
220 Yards Flat—
1 J. Wylie, 2 M. Henderson, 3 J. McKerrow.
High Jump—
1 J. Wylie, 2 I. Paterson, 3 J. McKerrow.
Champion: JEAN WYLIE (24 points).

Hockey Dribbling—
1 J. Wylie, 2 F. Grant, 3 M. Henderson.
Netball Shooting—
1 J. Young, 2 J. Murray, 3 M. Henderson.
Runner-up: MARJORIE HENDERSON (12 points).

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

BOYS.

100 Yards Flat—
1 C. Paterson, 2 W. McIntyre, 3 H. Gribbon.
220 Yards Flat—
1 C. Paterson, 2 H. Gribbon, 3 W. McIntyre.
440 Yards Flat—
1 C. Paterson, 2 T. Swan, 3 J. Falconer.
High Jump—
1 H. Gribbon, 2 W. Paterson, 3 C. Paterson.
Champion: CHARLES PATERSON (34 points).

Long Jump—
1 W. McIntyre, 2 A. Hodge, 3 C. Paterson.
Shot Putt—
1 C. Paterson, 2 T. Swan, 3 H. Gribbon.
Cricket Ball—
1 C. Paterson, 2 P. Henderson, 3 J. A. Russell.
Runner-up: HENRY GRIBBON (14 points).

GIRLS.

100 Yards Flat—
1 I. Kennedy, 2 S. McCormack, 3 L. Laurenson.
150 Yards Flat—
1 I. Kennedy, 2 N. Russell, 3 L. Laurenson.
Champion: INA KENNEDY (18 points).

Skiping Rope—
1 I. Kennedy, 2 L. Laurenson, 3 N. Brown.
High Jump—
1 M. McDaid, 2 E. McMaster, 3 S. Dunlop.
Target Aiming—
1 M. Johnston, 2 V. McLean, 3 E. Broadley.
Runner-up: LETITIA LAURENSEN (8 points).

OTHER EVENTS.

BOYS.

880 Yards Open Handicap—
1 A. Gordon, 2 G. Kennedy.
Obstacle Race—
1 H. Fletcher, 2 I. McLean.
Slow Cycle Race—
1 D. McLean.
Medley Race (under 15)—
1 T. Greig, 2 J. Ferrie.
Three-Legged (under 15)—
1 W. Hare and A. Russell.

Pillow Fight (under 15)—
1 P. Henderson, 2 G. McPherson.
100 Yards Flat (under 13)—
1 J. Lang, 2 J. Jervis.
Barrel Boxing (under 13)—
1 T. Quinn, 2 I. Scott.
Form II Relay—II.3.
Form I Relay—I.5.
Invitation Relay—Shawlands.

GIRLS.

300 Yards Open Handicap—
1 N. Tolmie, 2 O. Niit.
Obstacle Race—
1 M. Henderson, 2 V. Burns.
Three-Legged (over 15)—
1 A. McKerrow and D. Hunter.
Sack Race (under 15)—
1 B. Posnett, 2 B. McMaster.
Three-Legged (under 15)—
1 C. Young and M. Ross.

75 Yards Flat (under 13)—
1 M. Steele, 2 H. Boyd.
Egg and Spoon (under 13)—
1 M. Stephen, 2 M. Barrowman.
Inter-Form Relay—III.5.
Form II Relay—II.1.
Form I Relay—I.7.
Invitation Relay—Shawlands.

FORMER PUPILS.

100 Yards Flat (Men)—Gerald Fisher.

100 Yards Flat (Women)—Betty Cameron.

PRIZE LIST

Dux of the School: Henderson Medal and Prize, War Memorial Prize of £10—
GEORGE H. PARKER.

Proxime accessit: War Memorial Prize of £5—
JANET C. McNEIL.

Macfarlane Gamble Prize of £1—
IAN W. TURNER.

Dux of Intermediate School—
JANET McGRATH.

War Memorial Prizes—

English: ROBERT D. KERNOHAN.	Mathematics: JANET C. McNEIL.
Classics: SUSANNAH Y. WADDELL.	Science: IAN W. TURNER.
Modern: ROBERT D. KERNOHAN.	Art: JOHN MACKINTOSH.

Ralph Payne Memorial Prizes in Science—

1 CHARLES G. McEWAN. 2 GEORGE F. MILNE.

Crosthwaite Memorial Prizes in Latin—

Senior: 1 GEORGE H. PARKER 2 SUSANNAH Y. WADDELL.
Junior: 1 JANETTE CAMPBELL, 2 DAVID L. MATHIESON.

Sandy Robertson Memorial Prize in Commerce—
MARY J. SMITH.

J. T. Smith Memorial Prizes in English—

Senior: ROBERT D. KERNOHAN. **Junior:** ISABELLA F. TURNER.

Thomas Nisbet Prize in Mathematics—
IAN W. TURNER.

Bailie Matthew Armstrong Prizes for Leadership—
Boys: IAN W. TURNER. **Girls:** JEAN O. WYLIE.

Rotary Club Prize for Citizenship—
ROBERT McAVOY.

Miss Margaret H. Cunningham Prizes for Needlework—
DOREEN A. HUNTER and MARGARET JOHNSTON (equal)

Whitehill School Club Prizes—

Form VI, Boys: GEORGE H. PARKER.	Girls: JANET C. McNEIL.
Form V, Boys: ROBERT D. KERNOHAN.	Girls: ISOBEL LORAINÉ.
Form IV, Boys: JOHN B. MUIR.	Girls: JENNIE D. RONALD.

SUBJECT PRIZES—

FORM VI.

English: GEORGE H. PARKER.	German: MAUREEN PATERSON.
History: GEORGE H. PARKER.	Mathematics: MAUREEN PATERSON.
Geography: MAUREEN PATERSON.	Science: IAN W. TURNER.
Latin: GEORGE H. PARKER.	Dynamics: JANET C. McNEIL.
French: GEORGE H. PARKER.	

FORM V.

English: 1 ROBERT D. KERNOHAN. 2 CATHERINE ALEXANDER. 3 THEODORE CROMBIE.	French: 1 ROBERT D. KERNOHAN. 2 HELEN L. HOWES.
History, Higher: ROBT. D. KERNOHAN.	German: ROBERT D. KERNOHAN.
Lower: ISHBEL G. PINKERTON.	Mathematics: 1 GEORGE F. MILNE. 2 ISOBEL LORAINÉ.
Geography: 1 JOSEPH J. WELSH. 2 THOMAS HILLEY.	Science: 1 JOSEPH J. WELSH. 2 GEORGE F. MILNE.
Latin: 1 HELEN L. HOWES. 2 JAMES F. LINDSAY.	Art: JOHN MACKINTOSH.
Greek: SUSANNAH Y. WADDELL.	Music: J. CAMPBELL McQUEEN.
	Commercial: JUNE E. YOUNG.
	Technical: HAROLD BROWN.

FORM IV.

English: 1 JENNIE D. RONALD. 2 MARGARET BENSON. 3 PATRICIA L. SHANKLAND.	French: 1 JENNIE D. RONALD. 2 MARGARET BURLEY.
History, Higher: JENNIE D. RONALD.	German: MARGARET BURLEY.
Lower: MARGT. W. LOUTTIT.	Mathematics: 1 ISOBEL M. SMITH. 2 ELIZABETH ANDERSON.

FORM IV (Continued).

Geography: 1 ALEXANDER GORDON.

2 MAGNUS C. GRANT.

Latin: 1 JENNIE D. RONALD.

2 ANN W. P. JARVIE.

Greek: ELIZABETH P. MILLER.

Science: 1 ANN W. P. JARVIE.

2 ISOBEL M. SMITH.

Art: MAURICE HICKEY.

Commercial: PATRICIA L. SHANKLAND.

Technical: ROBERT B. CUMMING.

FORM III.

Classical: 1 JANET McGRATH, 2 JANETTE CAMPBELL, 3 DOROTHY I. JARDINE.

Modern: 1 ISABELLA F. TURNER, 2 JAMES W. CREE, 3 WILLIAM E. CRAWFORD.

Commercial: 1 JANET K. FAULDS, 2 MARION G. WOOD.

FORM II.

Classical: 1 MARJORIE A. EADIE, 2 ARCHIBALD MUNRO, 3 JEAN G. D. ANDERSON.

Modern: 1 MARGARET S. G. BROWN, 2 MARIANNE W. KILGOUR, 3 MARGARET INGRAM.

Commercial: 1 IRENE DICK, 2 AGNES M. T. VALLANCE, 3 ROSE A. P. RENNIE.

FORM I.

Classical: 1 IRENE E. TULLEY, 2 ELIZABETH DONALDSON and STEWART T. REID (equal).

Modern: 1 VIOLET I. WITTON, 2 DAVID H. ALLAN, 3 IAN A. McLEAN, 4 AUDREY M. HOPKINS, 5 MALCOLM F. CUNNINGHAM.

PREPARATORY.

1 CATHERINE A. CAMPBELL, 2 JOHN D. DEKKER, 3 THOMAS CHISHOLM,

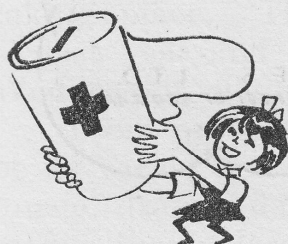
4 JEAN B. CRAWFORD.

Book of Remembrance

The Corporation have resolved that a Book of Remembrance be compiled to those who fell in Active Service in the 1939-45 war. This Book would be placed alongside the Book of Remembrance of those who gave their lives in the 1914-1918 war, which lies prominently in the City Chambers.

The school would be glad to have the full name and address, the rank, and the Unit of the Service of any who have fallen.

Charities



By steady collecting throughout the term the school now has over forty pounds to subscribe to charities. This money we have decided to divide among four well-known charities, namely: Quarrier's Homes, Bridge of Weir; Dr. Barnardo's Homes; St. Dunstan's; and the N.S.P.C.C. From the Charities Fund we have already subscribed to the R.S.P.C.A. and the "Save the Children" Fund, so the school may congratulate itself on a fine performance all round, especially in these days when there are so many other ways of spending money.

To all our staunch supporters, hearty thanks—your efforts are much appreciated. We hope to see your names in any future Charities book.

I. W. T.

J.O.W.—"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."—Pope.

Whitehill School Club

By the time this goes to print the new Committee for next session will be in office and I am sure they will be very pleased to see those of you who are leaving this year at the club meetings. The various playing sections are also on the lookout for new recruits, so if you are the sporty type, come out to Craigend any Saturday where you will be sure to find someone who will give you all details.

BETTY NOTMAN, Hon. Secy.

A message from St. Joseph, Michigan, tells us that in two civil service examinations recently top place was gained by Miss DINAH EASTOP, who left Whitehill in 1942. These examinations were open to the whole State of Michigan, and it is an unusual feat to secure a double first place.

THOMAS CAMPBELL PIRIE, who left Whitehill in 1943, has scored a notable success by winning the Gold Medal awarded by the firm of Mavor & Coulson to their best fifth year apprentice. This supreme award was won against very keen competition, and we congratulate Mr. Pirie on his achievement.

Song of the Harpist

(From the German of Goethe.)

He who never ate with tears his bread,
And through the long and bitter grief-filled night
Sat silent, weeping on his lonely bed,
Knows not your awful power, O Heavenly Might.

First you lead us into hopeful life,
Next let our arms with sin o'erladen grow;
Then end at last the pain and end the strife,
For sin is expiated here below.

KAY. V.

The School Concert

In a very short time from now the School Concert will be taking place. The committee have selected the same theatre as last year and the concert will be held in the Athenaeum on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 16th, 17th and 18th June.

From present indications it seems that the programme will be as varied and interesting as ever, with the usual selection of music, drama, dancing, and gymnastic displays. This naturally means that a large number of pupils will be implicated, so that the concert is widely representative of the school and its activities.

It is hoped that everyone will make a point of supporting the concert by their presence at the theatre. Details of the sale of tickets will be issued soon and the most practical advice that can be given is: Watch the notice-board in the Main Hall.

A. M. M.

G.P.—“The lunatic, the lover, and the poet.”—Shakespeare.



We have had some startlingly good contributions for this magazine. A number of the poems, we declare with confidence, deserve to be included in any good anthology of English poetry. Indeed, they do appear in any good anthology of English poetry. So we felt it would be superfluous to reprint them here.

On the other hand, there were many that bore evidence of originality, and we preferred them.

It would appear that the inhabitants of Dunoon are strangely addicted to aeronautics of a somewhat outmoded type—in dirigibles. Here is a variation on the theme by C. I. (I6)—

There was a young lady of Troon,
Who wanted to go to Dunoon.
She took a plane
Instead of a train
And landed on top of the moon.

Certainly an unexpected destination. But we suspect that her fate if she had, as C. I. would have advised, taken the train, would have been no less uncomfortable. It would have come near the experiences related by S. C. (P.5), who began cheerfully, "In Alloa all my uncles have fallen into the docks."

Returning to the limericks (of which we have probably the greatest collection in the world), we are touched by this story from A. A. (I5):

There was a young fellow named Paul,
Who grew so remarkably tall
That when lying in bed
He could stretch out his leg
And put out the light in the hall.

Which shows what comes of lying too long in bed.

The same subject was dealt with in a different style by S. C. (P.5) whose poem just missed publication. Come again, S. C. We think you'll make it next time. Three others from the same class, R. C., R. A., and E. A., also scored very near misses. This class did very well indeed.

J. S. (I3) dealt somewhat disrespectfully with the Lady of the Lake, describing her as a "smasha." After that we were able to guess what brand of cigarettes James Fitz-James would probably favour, and we were right.

A last word. Will you please put titles on your contributions? If you find it hard to think up a good one, spare a thought for me. Editors are above that sort of thing. They drop the nameless offerings to me and tell me to supply what is lacking, with the result that my inventive powers are painfully strained. And it's not good for me, in my state of health.

OSWALD THE OFFICE BOY.

The Difficulty of Choosing Presents

The choosing of presents is a very difficult business. No matter how well you know people, you do not know their intimate likes and dislikes; yet it is important that they find joy in their gifts.

Many people think that their friends are voracious readers and that a book-token would be just the thing for a present. If they only knew what labour, what mental fatigue they pass on with that book-token! The happy recipient makes for the first book-shop, and after wandering round dusty shelves for hours on end he decides that it must be fiction. He does not wish to appear to be high-brow or low-brow to you, the donor, so in fact, he is really choosing something to suit you. The same results are attained by a gift-token. It is indeed a lovely way out for you, but think of the mental anguish of the happy receiver.

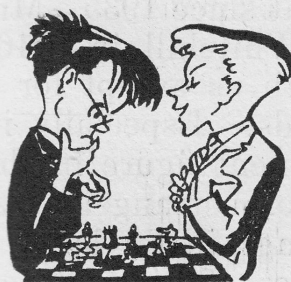
In the case of a gentleman, is it to be hair brushes, a writing case, razors, clothing or sports equipment? Once again there is the difficulty of whether he will like it; and will it appear too sumptuous, or will it be too mean? There are alas the complexes of "I-never-play-with-Dunlop-balls" or "I-only-use-Zodiac-razors." In men this may seem strange but it is none the less a fact.

With the fair sex these difficulties swell till their numbers are legendary. You may think that she would like some cosmetics, but in your haste you forget that it is not she who uses them but her sister. This of course only leads to further trouble.

To give a lady anything, in fact, you need first to purloin any article of which she is fond, and then to return it to her in a dainty box with pink ribbon and silver paper. This is always sure to please. Above all, it costs nothing and delights her as she thinks, did she not have one like it which she bought herself, and so stupidly lost!

R. C. IV4.

Chess



The season ended on Monday, 22nd March. The three leagues were completed and the contests were very close.

A knock-out handicap tournament was run towards the end of the season. L. Davidson, whose devastating "Queen-play" was a feature of the League Games, handicapped "a Queen," went out early and the winner was John Tallintire.

There will be two sections to the Chess Club next session, one for this year's members and other players and one for beginners. It is hoped that there will be a good response in September.

G. R. N.

Mr. Thomas D. Scoular, C.R.A.

By the retirement on the 8th of May of Mr. Thomas D. Scoular, Principal Teacher of Commercial Subjects and Depute Headmaster, 1943-1948, Whitehill has lost one of its most notable teachers. We enjoyed his breezy frankness, his robust view of life, his geniality, and his inexhaustible store of anecdotes suitable to every occasion. Starting in a factory office, he later joined a law firm, specialising in accountancy in which he eventually took his degree. For some years he was Principal of the Remington College in Glasgow (later the Gregg Schools) and was the author of some successful textbooks in Bookkeeping. As a typing expert he was the first to introduce touch typing into Scotland. Last but not least, he saw active service in the First World War, serving in the H.L.I.

On his appointment to Whitehill in 1932 he soon built up a very successful Commercial Department. His many qualifications and contacts with the business world enabled him to give valuable advice to parents on careers for their children. The Careers Council began in his time and received his full support.

In 1943 he succeeded Mr. Francis Middlemiss as Depute Headmaster and was placed in charge of Onslow Drive School, at that time amalgamated with Whitehill. To this he added service in the Home Guard and his share of responsibility for taking charge of the school in case of air raids. These were strenuous days for him, but he never lost his equanimity and his sense of humour. In 1945, when the amalgamation ended, he came back to Whitehill to help Mr. Weir and was Mr. McEwan's right-hand man during his first 15 months of office as Headmaster.

In all his time with us he was always obliging, never giving in to difficulty, constantly "getting on with the job." For all his services to the school we thank him and wish him and Mrs. Scoular, and his son and daughter (who are former pupils), health and happiness in the years that lie ahead.

The New Depute Headmaster

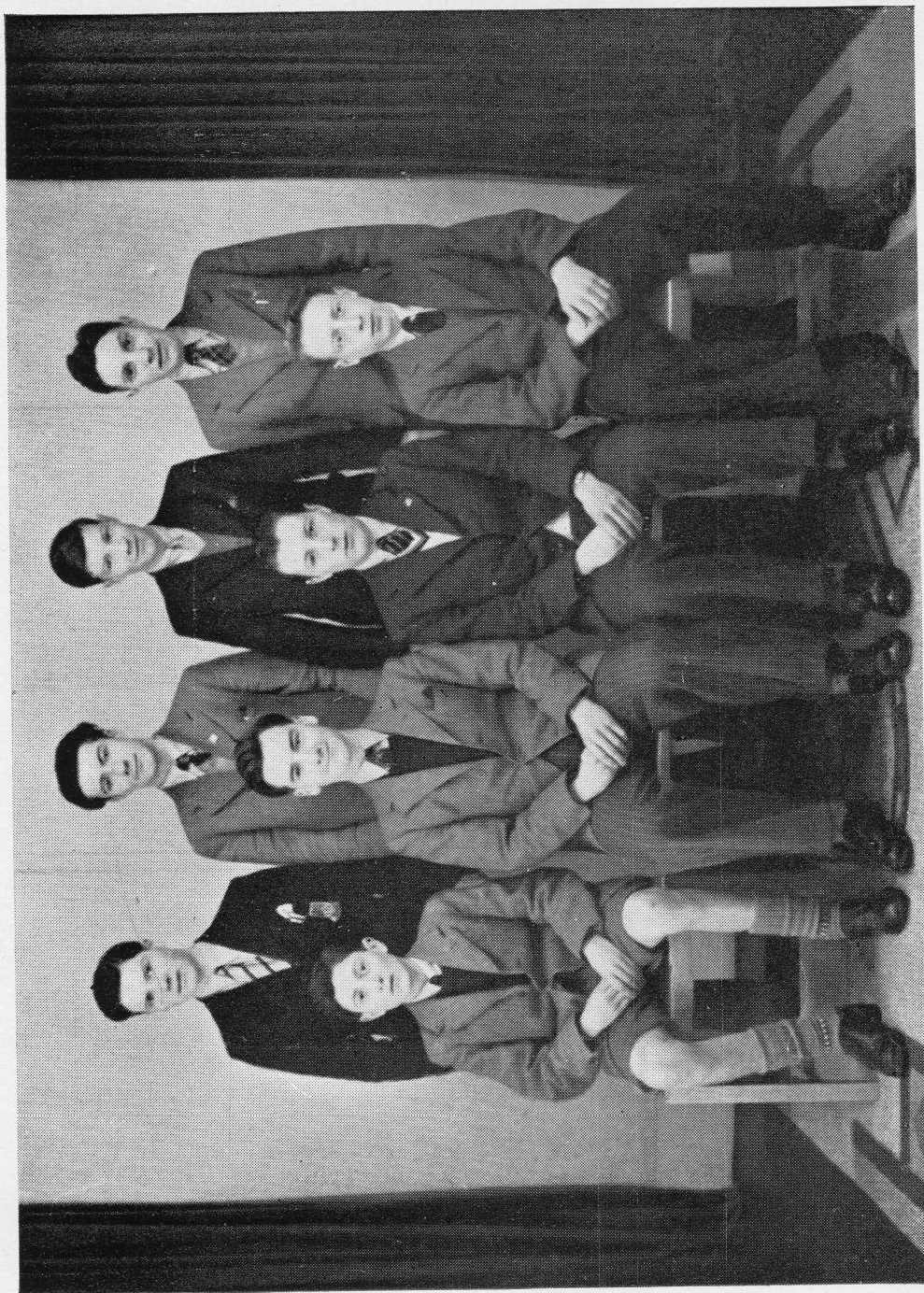
Mr. Scoular's successor as Depute Headmaster is Mr. James C. Williamson, Head of the English Department since 1935. Mr. Williamson first joined the English Staff of Whitehill in 1916, and since that date has been continuously with us except for a brief period of two years spent at Pollokshields. Especially in latter years Mr. Williamson has been a prominent figure in the school. He has handled the time-tables, room arrangements, and examinations—all complicated undertakings in so large a school. Such matters as war-time emergencies, Jubilee Magazines, church services, etc., he added in with unruffled urbanity.

By reason of all this organisational experience, along with unfailing courtesy, meticulous care for detail, and unremitting attention to fairness, Mr. Williamson is admirably suited to his new high office, in which we wish him happiness and success.



[Photo by Annan

THOMAS D. SCOULAR, Esq., C.R.A.



[Photo by Lawrie

GOLF TEAM.

Standing: Alex. McVean, John Rodgers, Harry Letham, Angus Cameron.
Sitting: William Paterson, Robert Shearer (Captain), Strathairn Lees, Maurice Hickey.

Golf



At the time of writing the preliminary rounds of the "Allan Shield" have been played and the two rounds for the competition proper are in progress of being played. M. Hickey, the holder, is again in the field. There is not a very large entry but Hickey will be against a formidable set of opponents.

The team beat Pollokshields Senior Secondary School by 4 matches to 3. On Monday, 24th May, we play Eastbank Academy at Sandyhills.

It is hoped that the Pupils are at the peak of their form when they play the Masters and that the disastrous result of last year will be reversed.

S. L.

A Varied Education

I have been to ten different schools. In every one the whole aspect of education, and the stage according to the years, is different. Take, for example, history. In my first year in Wales, we did ancient Egyptian and Persian history, but on arriving in Scotland I discovered that in the first year at Whitehill the pupils studied the history of Scotland. I found this to be the case with geography too. In Wales we studied people like Pygmies and Eskimoes, while here they studied the British Isles. It was the same everywhere I went. In Ireland, when I was eleven years old, I learned my multiplication tables in a way never dreamed of in this country, bringing in money.

On the whole I have become rather a combination of different countries' methods of teaching. I multiply with the hundreds first instead of the tens; and in speech I often use Welsh idioms and find that people think I am rather queer. I believe that education all over the country should be standardised. Then other young people of the future, who have been to a number of schools, will not find themselves in such a muddle as mine.

M. G. B. III 1.

The Library

Recent additions to the Library are:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| By Paddle and Saddle: Knox. | Nature of the Chemical Bond: |
| Discovery and Romance: Vols. 1, 2. | Pauling. |
| Cruise of the Cachalot: Bullen. | Atomic Physics: Borm. |
| Printing Today: Farr. | Great Age of Greek Literature: |
| Royal Chase: Selby-Lowndes. | Hamilton. |
| Montana Adventure: Ritson. | Greek Studies: Murray. |
| Story of San Michele: Munthe. | German Literature: Bithell. |
| India: Weippart. | Fifteen German Poets. |
| Old Glasgow: Cant. | French Romanticists. |
| Madame Curie: Curie. | Companion to German Studies. |
| Commonwealth and Empire. | Oxford Companion to Music. |
| Brazilian Adventure: Fleming. | England under the Stuarts: |
| Atomic Energy: Gamov. | G. M. Trevelyan. |
| | J. E. G. |

A Ghost comes to Whitehill

"As you probably know," said the Headmaster, "at the present time there is a serious shortage of teachers, therefore the Scottish Education Department has been compelled, as a last resort, to summon teachers of the past from that subterranean region where all teachers eventually find themselves. You boys will have the unique experience of being the pupils of a departed spirit. Let me introduce Doctor Obadiah Probe," and with that, the Head walked out.

Probe was almost invisible. We were aware of his presence only by a luminous outline and by a fierce light which shone where his brain would have been, had he been human. We learned to tell his frame of mind by his light, for it altered its colour according to his emotion. He was very old fashioned. I once heard him mutter about trains being "new-fangled contraptions that would never catch on in this country."

As a teacher I suppose he was quite good, but there was one drawback. He could read minds! Now, I am sure (though I may be wrong) that you have thoughts of which you are ashamed. How would you feel if someone knew these? At first we quite liked Probe, but as he gradually came to know our minds, we grew to loathe him, and the trouble was he knew we loathed him. For instance, during a Latin test he would look at you, and while the light registered amusement say, "Come, come, surely I'm not as bad as that?" See what I mean?

At last our feelings became so strong that we held a meeting in the playground during the "break" to decide what to do.

"Isn't there a way of getting rid of spooks?" asked Dee.

"I think you have to exorcise them," said Jay, who was good at general knowledge.

"What!" said everybody. "Does that mean we have to get old Probe to practise P.T.?"

But Jay was uncertain on this point. Just then, however, the bell rang, and the meeting was hastily adjourned.

Next day Jay turned up with a piece of note-paper in his hand "I've got it!" he said excitedly. "I found it in an old book. It's an incantation to get rid of malignant spirits."

"What will happen?" I asked cautiously. "What if it blows us up or something?"

"That remains to be seen," said Jay.

Well, after we were seated and Doctor Probe had entered, Jay stood up. "Please will you listen to this, Sir?" he said, and immediately began:

"Through interstellar zones of outer Space,
Past moons that in umpteen dimensions shine,
Where nuclear fission leaves its mighty trace——"

"Boy! Do you know what you are doing?" cried Probe, his light burning like a magnesia flare. "Stop at once!"

But Jay went on:

"Go! drink thy Ipecacuanha Wine!"

As he finished the incantation, the luminous outline vanished, leaving only the light, which flickered like a flame caught in a draught, then with a faint "phhht" went out altogether.

I wonder who the next teacher will be?

[NOTE.—Any resemblance of a character in this story to any living person is entirely accidental.]

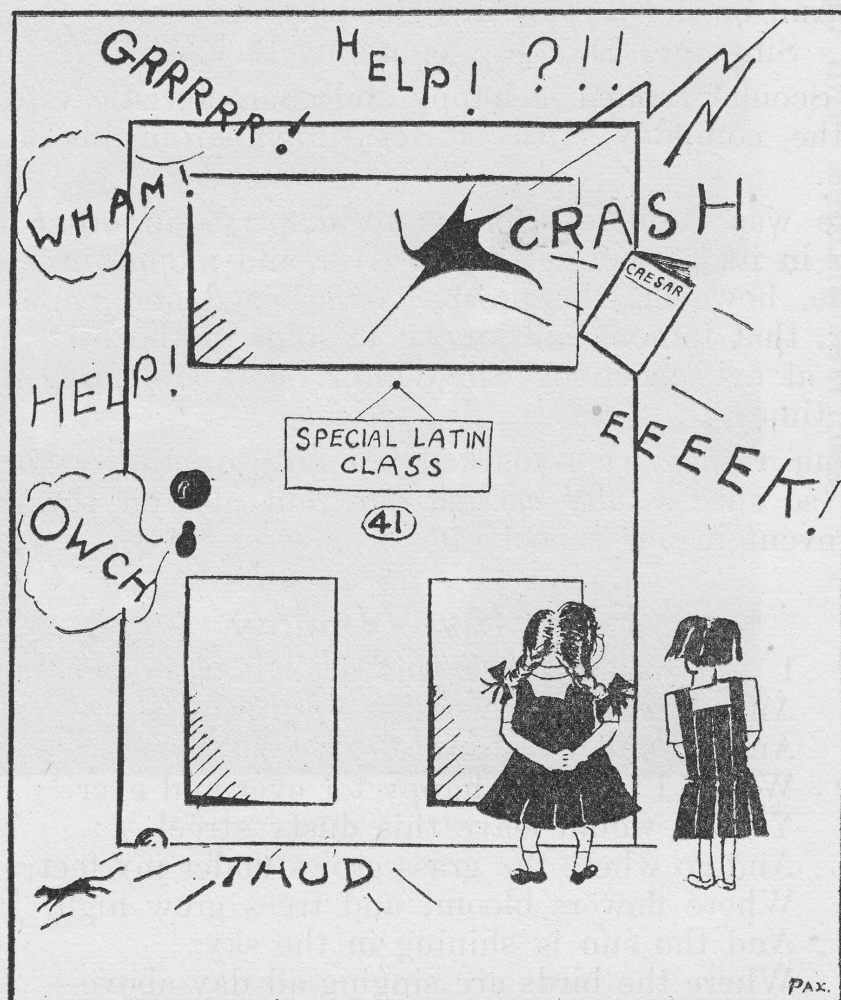
A. J. G. II.

Whither ?

Drive, drive, drive! As ambition urges onwards;
Onwards as inexorably as night must follow day:
While the strong hand of youth
Still can grasp the plough-shares;
And the weakness of age is a lifetime away.

Drive, drive, drive! Until weariness is master;
And hands too feeble are forced to drop the plough.
Then in age, when ambition
At last has ceased to mock you,
Man, learn to live!—if life will but allow.

OMEGA. V.



"It must be awful hard to get Lower Latin in one year!"

An Expedition to Callander

On the occasion of the staff presentation on 30th April to Mr. Thomas D. Scoular, opportunity was taken to have a run to Callander via Gartmore and the Lake of Menteith, returning through the "Lady of the Lake" country and Stirling. The fleet of two buses set out in beautiful sunshine under the command of Mr. Colin Maclean. The function took place at the Ancaster Hotel. After tea, speeches were made in honour of Mr. Scoular by Mr. McEwan, Miss Hood, and Mr. Williamson. Mr. McEwan made the presentation and a bouquet of flowers was given to Mrs. Scoular by Miss Hood. Mr. Duff acting as Bard recited his own adaptation of "Kubla Khan," of which the following is an extract:—

"In Whitehill School did Scoular plan
A Typing Course of high degree,
Where Alphabet directly ran
Through stencils measureless to man
Up to a fine L.C. . . .
And 'mid this typing Scoular heard from far
Commercial houses prophesying par . . .
A damsel with a Typewriter
In a vision once I saw;
It was a fair Whitehillian maid,
And on her Typewriter she played,
Singing T.D.'s Key-pounding Law."

Mr. Scoular replied in happy and characteristic vein, entertaining the company with stories drawn from his abundant repertoire.

There was time left for us to disperse in order to view Callander in its perfect setting of river and mountains. On the way home, however, the prospects darkened and snow fell on Uam Var, that famous hill known to some of the First Year for its "stag at eve" seen by Sir Walter Scott and Mrs. Pirie (at different times).

On our return we remarked not only on the originality of the plan so successfully carried out, but also on the rarity of such an event in our school life.

From My Window

I fain would knock this drab house down
And leave this overcrowded town,
And go and live by a clear, cool river
Where I could be happy for ever and ever.
Yes! I would leave this dusty street
And go where the grass grows under my feet,
Where flowers bloom, and trees grow high,
And the sun is shining in the sky,
Where the birds are singing all day above—
That is the place I could dearly love.

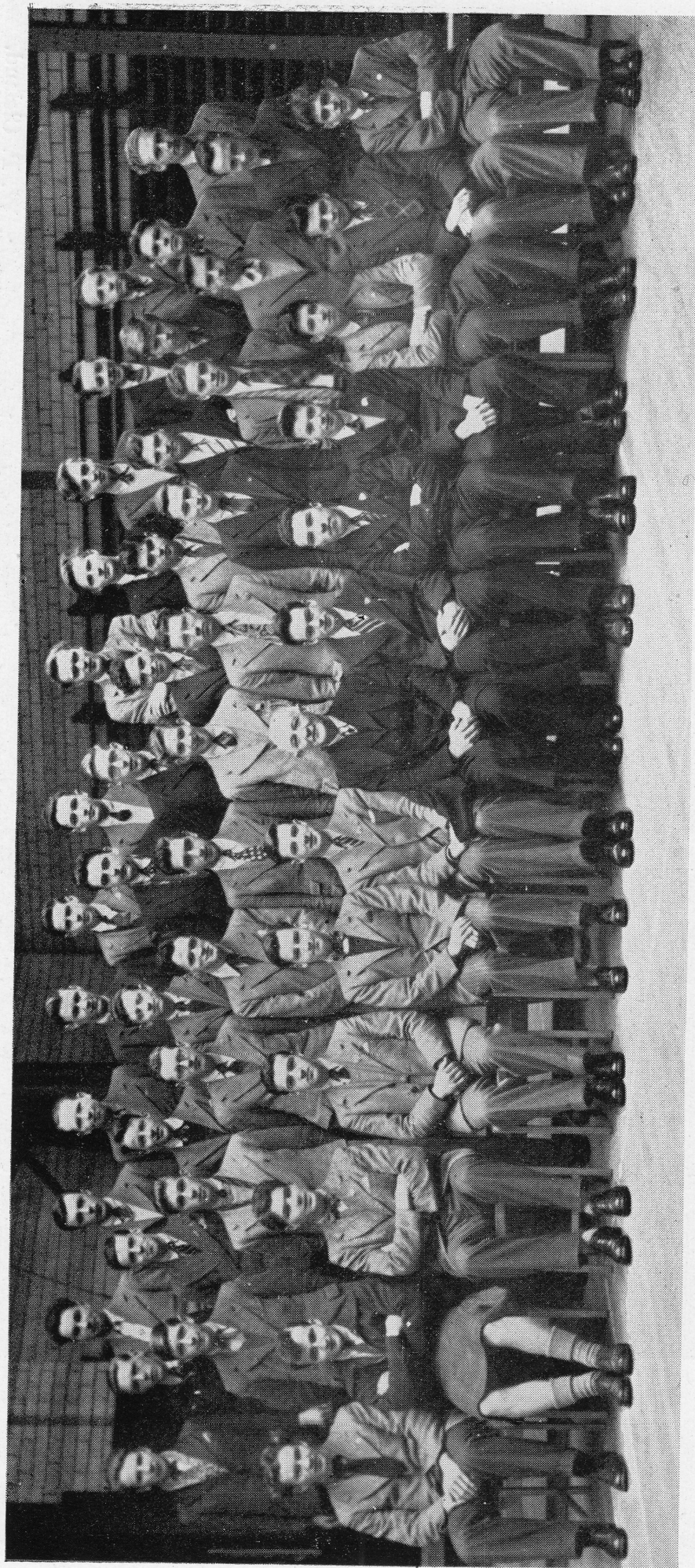
I. E. T. 12.



[Photo by Lawrie

ENGLISH, HISTORY, AND GEOGRAPHY STAFF.

Back Row: Mr. D. K. Wood, Mr. J. I. Moncrieff, Miss H. M. S. Gordon, Miss M. Blair, Mr. I. MacPhail, Mr. W. P. Cleland,
Middle Row: Mr. T. Jardine, Miss I. C. Macdonald, Mr. A. M. Munro, Miss J. Garvan, Mr. A. E. Meikle, Mr. A. Scott.
Front Row: Mr. G. R. Needle, Mrs. A. M. Pirie, Mr. A. C. Somerville (Head of History), Mr. J. C. Williamson (Head of English and Deputy Headmaster), Miss J. Climie (Head of Geography), Mr. J. Duncanson, Miss J. A. O'May (Woman Adviser).



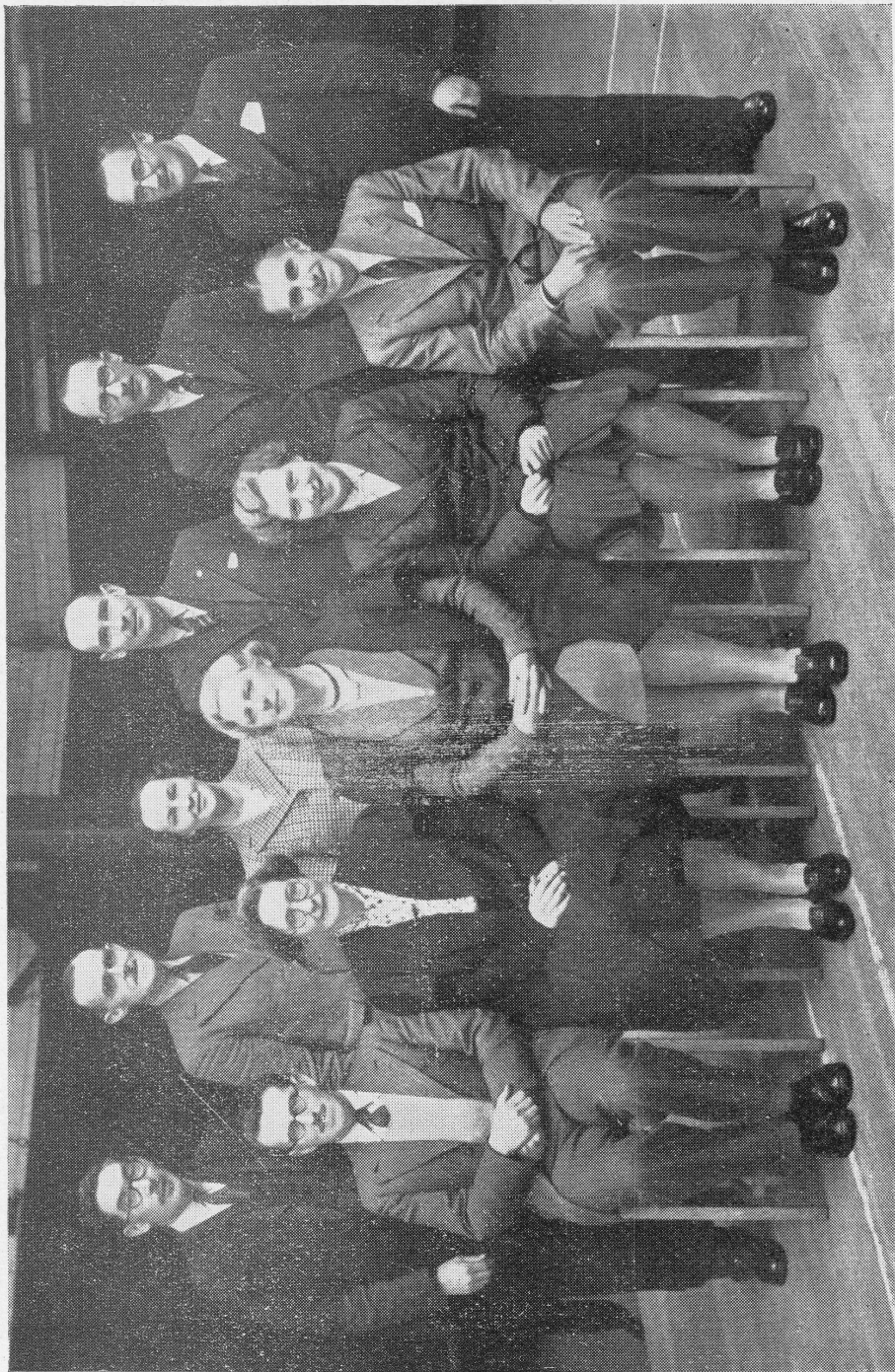
[Photo by Lawrie

FORMS V AND VI (BOYS).



[Photo by Lawrie

FORMS V AND VI (GIRLS).



[Photo by Lawrie

MATHEMATICS STAFF.

Standing: Mr. J. Miller, Mr. C. Maclean, Miss M. Jackson, Mr. D. Chisholm, Mr. J. Hamilton, Mr. J. M. Hamilton.
Sitting: Mr. J. Paul, Miss I. Jaffray, Miss M. C. McColl (Head of Department), Miss H. M. Murdoch, Mr. A. J. C. Douglas.

Key to V and VI Photographs

BOYS

Back Row: Robert Aitken, David Annandale, George Milne, Iain Somerside, Forrest Finlay, J. Campbell McQueen, James Chester, Neil Elliot, Arthur Lothian, Eric Smith, Ian Gourlay.

Second Back Row: Campbell McEwan, Alex. Steven, James Lindsay, Andrew Jamieson, Irvine Lang, Theo. Crombie, Gordon Lockhart, Gordon Kennedy, Joseph Welsh, Alex. McVean, William Allan, Thomas Forrester, Ian Miller.

Second Front Row: Ronald Mortimer, Charles McEwen, John Mackintosh, William Crofts, Douglas Black, Ronald Telfer, William Fidler, Eric Darroch, Ronald Robertson, James Adams, Albert Rankin.

Front Row: Reid Kelly, Thomas Hilley, Matthew Reid, Robert McAvoy, Robert Shearer, Ian W. Turner (Captain), Mr. McEwan, George H. Parker (Vice-Captain), Robert D. Kernohan, Robert Forson, James Nisbet, Allan Paterson, Michael McCallum.

Absent: Harold Brown, Bruce Burley, Andrew Clark, G. Strathairn Lees, James Wilson.

GIRLS

Back Row: May Livey, Myra Humphries, Billie Keys, Marion Gracie, Rita Conn, Joyce Clark, May Smith, Helen Watson.

Second Back Row: Mary McKay, Ann McKay, Ishbel Pinkerton, Elsie Tatton, Irene McCann, June Young, Susanne Waddell, Helen Lochhead, Violet Crawford.

Second Front Row: Pat. Johnston, Maureen Paterson, Etta Patrick, Irene Boyd, Maisie Smith, Jean Bogie, Jean Mochrie, Arlene Pedersen, Margaret Shaw, Jean Reid.

Front Row: Catherine Alexander, Helen L. Howes, Jenny McNeill, Jean O. Wylie (Captain), Mr. McEwan, Frances J. Grant (Vice-Captain), Jean Buchanan, Betty Glendinning, Isobel Loraine.

My Belgian Holiday

How would you like to go into a shop and buy a big box of chocolates without coupons? This was one of my experiences when I visited Belgium for my Easter holidays this year. I went with other 52 Glasgow scholars and we stayed in Belgium for three weeks.

It was wonderful to see such a variety of articles free of coupons. There is plenty of food of all descriptions, and only sugar is rationed.

Christmas and birthday presents would be no problem in Belgium for they have many beautiful strings of pearls, lovely jewellery, and many nice toys. I should like to go again and buy more of those wonderful things.

W. B. I4.

The Hockey Team—" 'Tis better to have played and lost
Than never to have played at all."

—Tennyson (In Memoriam—adapted.)

Shadows

I walked over the sun-warmed fields of my father's croft, and a great joy leapt within me. I smelled the smell of earth, newly turned. I heard the sound of birds squabbling on fresh furrows, fearlessly close to the moving plough. The sweet air touched my brow like a benediction; and my world was complete.

My father, bent, with his hands grasping the plough, his eyes on the ground, was guiding the blade on its course behind the labouring team. His shadow was a tiny pool round his feet. I hardly saw it. The sun was triumphant on that summer's day.

My father straightened and stopped. His hands fell from the plough. It lurched and went dragging after the plodding horses.

He turned and walked away—away over the hills with his back to his land. I followed over the hills and across rivers, until a black shadow in the distance came into sight. It neared until it was no longer a shadow, but a group of shadows cast by a shape. The shape was a factory, large and ugly. Behind it were others, all clumped together so that from a distance they formed a black shadow.

The sun shone all around; but on the shadow there was darkness.

My father strode on—on into the black shadow; but I was afraid and stayed in the sun. With my father, a little of the sun went into the blackness, but presently all in it was dark as before. I waited. I waited for hours; for days; for years; but still the shape kept my father.

Chimneys belched out smoke, and it hung low about them in dark, thick, muffling piles, so that there was even a shadow in the air.

Light beat around me in hot, protecting waves. It seemed as though Diana would never roam again; but then the sun began to slip away from overhead. It went from me, and I longed to arrest its motion—its slow motion—so slow that, in frenzy, I wished to hasten its fall!

Down—down—down behind the shape.

The world was no longer a globe of yellow gold. As the sun sank further, orange changed to red and red to purple. The shadow grew. The splendid colours of the sun-set showed the shape taking a human form. It was old and haggard, with skin parched, yet sodden-white. My heart shrank in horror as I knew my father's fate. It leered at me, laughing as though at my pending doom. Its body heaved with laughter, but no noise came to me. I was afraid.

Then it spoke, and the words rolled across to me, bringing the shadow of the shade. I shuddered as I felt it, and wished to flee; but I could not move. The words formed sounds, and those I heard.

"You poor, helpless creature!"—I listened as it croaked—
"You thought you would laugh in the sun while other men died

toiling in the dark, dank holes, or scorched while feeding livid, writhing flames! You were better dead!"

The shape stretched forth long, grey fingers to entwine me in their remorseless grip. I watched them slowly feel towards me. A stifling horror engulfed me as longer and longer they grew. I knew that I need hope no more. The shadow crept over me, and I was in its power. Henceforward I would live a breathing death.

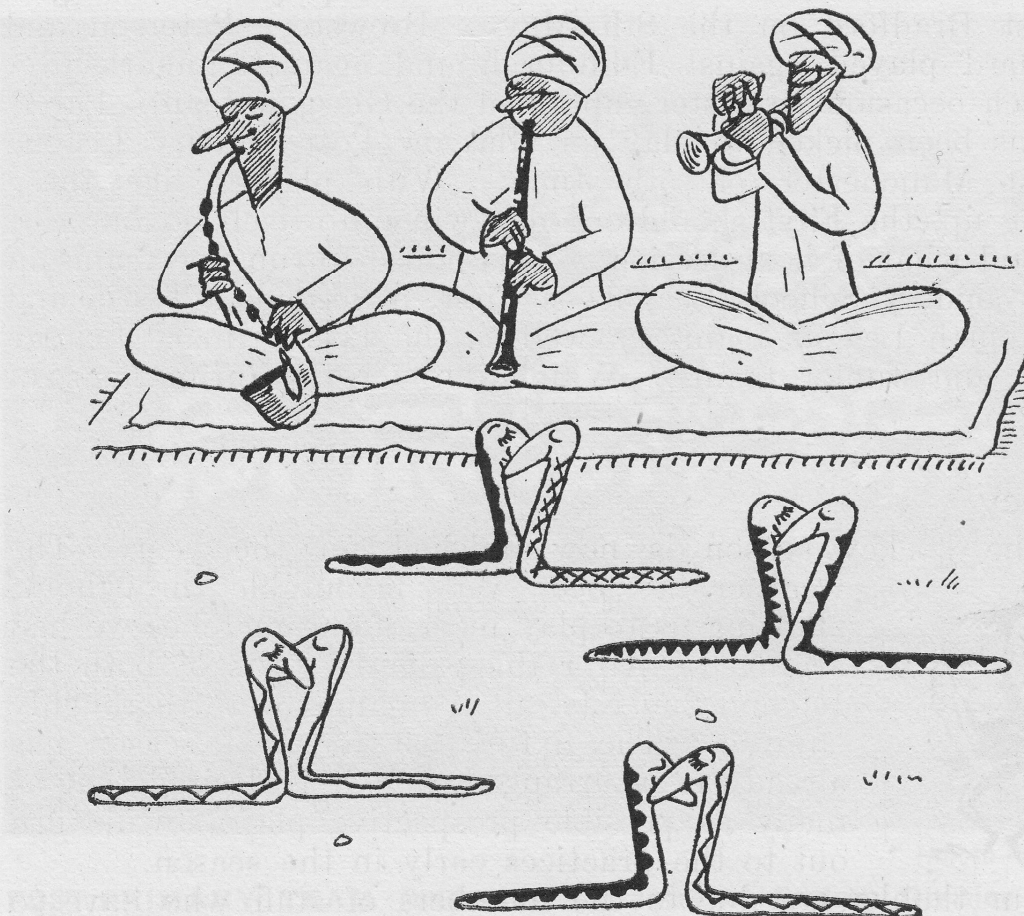
OMEGA. V.

Literary and Debating Society

The "Lit." finished this session with a debate on 7th May. We have had a successful year with several very enjoyable talks, and among our visitors were Mr. O. Alexander, Mr. J. Rattray, and Mr. J. Harrison Maxwell, President of the Scottish Norwegian Society. The debates have all been carried on with the usual Whitehill spirit and enthusiasm, if not ability, for public speaking. The attendances have dropped considerably since the beginning of this session, but we hope for an increased membership and new talent next year.

Our sincere thanks are due to Mr. Scott, our Vice-President, and the other members of Staff who have given us their support.

B. F. G.



[Drawn by I. W. T.]

Football

The 1947-48 season has been an excellent one for the Junior teams.



The Post-Primary Schools League team has won the Glasgow (Eastern) Junior Shield by defeating Whitehill Junior Secondary 3-0. There are some very promising players in our Post-Primary team.

At the time of my writing, the Secondary Schools' Fourth League "B" Division team is in the final of their League Championship and are awaiting the winner of the John Street-Dumbarton (St. Pat.'s) match. The semi-final against Lambhill Street (which we won 4-2 after extra time) showed our team to be grand fighters. Well done, Brewster & Co.! Even if you go no further, you have done well. Keep it up next session.

The Fourth League, "D" Division, the Third League, and the First League teams have all completed their fixtures, the Third League team finishing in third place.

A team representing the school has been entered for the Vale of Clyde F.C.'s Schools' Tournament. This team is the pick of the Fourth League players and their First Round opponents on 19th May are, again, Lambhill Street.

No report for this session would be complete without mention of Willie Crofts and those Three Musketeers, John Brewster, Charlie Paterson and Bill Pritchard. Crofts played for Glasgow against Bradford on the 8th May. Brewster, Paterson and Pritchard played against Edinburgh and against Lanarkshire. On each occasion Brewster captained the Glasgow team. Paterson has been picked to play for Glasgow Post-Primary League against Manchester on 5th June. With players like these coming up, the First should one day win unto itself honours.

And what of next session. It is hoped to run five teams in the Secondary Schools League—a First, a Second, a Third, and two Fourth League teams as well as the Post-Primary League Senior and Junior teams. Watch out for the intimations of trials.

G. R. N.

Hockey



The hockey season is now finished for the year. The weather has been very favourable throughout, allowing us to play most of the matches we had arranged. After the valiant efforts of both the 1st and 2nd XIs, all the games were thoroughly enjoyed. The fixture list for next season has already been arranged, and it is desired that as many as possible prospective players will turn out to the practices early in the season.

Our thanks are due to the members of staff who have so patiently coached us on Saturday mornings.

B. F. G.



[Photo by Lawrie

FOOTBALL FIRST XI.

Standing: M. McCallum, J. Casey, W. Parker, C. Gough, J. Edwards,
S. Easdale, E. Johnston.

Sitting: N. Elliot, W. Thomson, W. Crofts (Captain), J. Muir, D. Park.

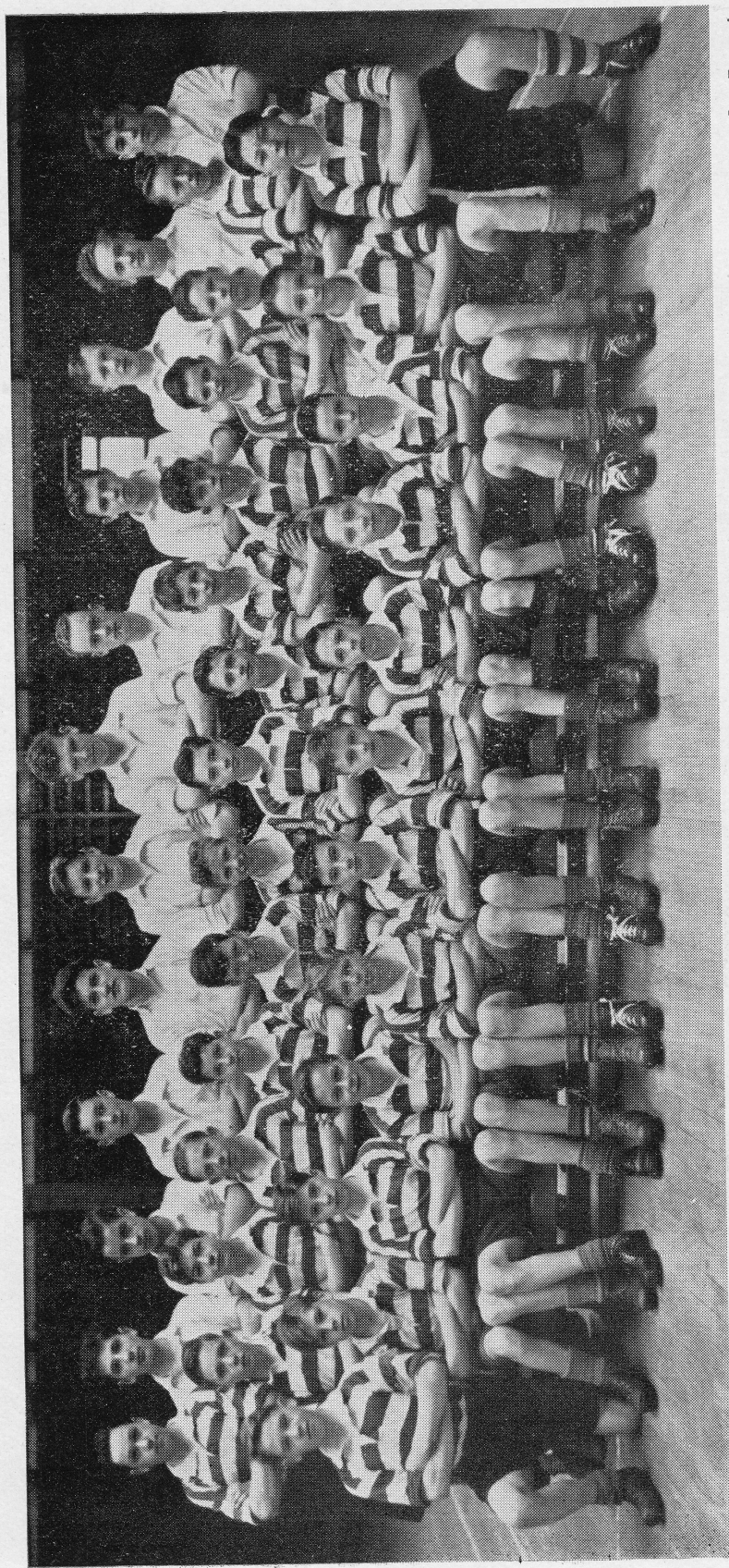


[Photo by Lawrie

POST-PRIMARY TEAM (under 14)—Winners of Eastern Division Shield.

Standing: Mr. D. Chisholm, K. MacKenzie, S. Cowan, G. Baillie, W. Pritchard,
G. Brewster, S. Davren, I. MacKenzie.

Sitting: T. Mackie, J. Hill, G. Davidson (Captain), J. Hamilton, J. McNair.



[Photo by Lawrie

JUNIOR RUGBY GROUP.

Back Row: A. Russell, W. Carswell, W. McIntyre, A. Hodge, D. Moir, A. Brown, J. McQueen, C. Barnes,
H. Reid, J. Robb, H. Patterson, R. Brown.

Middle Row: A. Cameron, W. Bole, G. Brown, C. Hutcheson, C. McIntyre, A. Fraser, G. Brown, J. Johnston,
I. Thomson, J. Taggart, B. Miller, R. Milne, I. McLean.

Front Row: G. Dick, R. Jones, J. Duff, P. Urquhart, G. Miell, T. McAneny, A. Best, G. Liddle, J. McAneny,
T. Bittle, W. Greenock, R. White.

Rugby



This season the school fielded five XV's, all of which acquitted themselves satisfactorily. The record of the 1st XV was: Played 15, won 8, lost 6, drawn 1. Considering the quality of our opposition, this is the best record of a Whitehill team since the all-conquering XV of 1944-45.

We had the satisfaction of inflicting decisive defeats on old rivals such as Bellahouston, Queen's Park, and St. Mungo's, and also gave a close run to a star-studded F.P. XV masquerading as "Old Crocks"!

Next year, with a number of this year's players again available, we are hoping for even greater things, and have already compiled an impressive fixture list.

Finally, looking further ahead, it is pleasing to note the enthusiasm and ability of our younger players, who, we feel sure, will bring new glory to the name of the school in years to come.

R. D. K.

The Love-lorn Cricketer

Once again the Spring is here,
And the sullen Winter drear

Has passed away.

Two joyful feelings fill my heart,
Bidding doleful gloom depart

Far from me.

I adore one fairer far

Than any other maidens are,

Yet fear I that

Though she be cast in Venus' mould,

I forget her when I hold

My faithful bat.

KAY. V.

"1314"

"1314, the Battle of Bannockburn," said Mr. X.

"1314, the Battle of Bannockburn," repeated the class.

Bannockburn! The scene of Scotland's greatest victory—but not much consolation for a chap two weeks after the International.

Still, it must have been a grand day, that one! What a fight! The charge of the horses, the flash of the spears, the roar that went up as they charged into battle! He could almost hear it—or was he thinking of Hampden? Just imagine the clanging and banging that went on all through the day. He could almost hear that too.

He could hear it! Clang! Bang! Mr. X's pointer struck the desk and with a start he returned from Bannockburn—or was it Hampden?—to "1314, . . ."

T. B. 16.

Evening

Another day has gone,
And round the earth is cast the darkness' sable shroud.
The silent stars look on
And coldly gaze upon the sleeping multitude,
Yet I am here alone.
Now in this wilderness,
In utter loneliness,
The clamour and the toil of busy day may cease
That there may reign instead serene and perfect peace.

Standing alone in the darkness
I think on our ultimate fate,
Feeling that life is quite useless
As hopeless we await
Oblivion.

Where shall we be to-morrow
When our fleeting sun has set,
And present joy and sorrow
Are in confusion met
Beyond the grave?

In vain I wonder till
At last I find a hidden purpose in our life;
Afar discerning still
A shining light above all earthly fears and strife—
The power of Divine Will.
Then fortified by Faith
Man can conquer Death,
And find that when his deathless soul has left this sphere
The mortal pain and earthly sorrow disappear.

KAY. V.

To My Lady

I've seen the crested wave break on
The rugged shores of Clyde;
I've seen the coming of the dawn,
From many a green hill-side.
But ne'er saw I in sea or sky,
Nor in long summer's day,
A beauty that with yours can vie,
Which steals my heart away.

G. P. VI.

The Stars

The sun had set, the moon was high,
When a beautiful lady crossed the sky.
She scattered white lilies here and there,
And planted some with the greatest care.
So now if you're out on a deep dark night,
The stars that you see are the lilies so white.

M. R. P5.

A PEEK AT THE CONCERT REHEARSALS

LOOK OUT,
BOYS HES
GOING TO SNEEZE!

MR. FORGIES
BOYS

DOING A
TABLEAU (MY IDEA)

- WHATS A TABLEAU
- NEVER HEARD OF IT
- FANCY THAT

THE PENGUIN DANCE

WE HOPE
IT KEEPS
COOL
FOR HER

WHERE'S
THE FISH
QUEUE?

I DONT KNOW
HOW MR.
KELLYS
CAT
GOT
HERE!

LES
GALS!

KEEPING FIT - FOR THE
KEEP-FIT
DISPLAY

KERNOHAN BOOTH
& WYLIE ZIEGLER

GIVING IT EVERYTHING
THEYVE GOT.

SOMETHING ABOUT
RIZZIO'S BOOTS

I HAVENT THE FAINTEST
NOTION WHAT!

THIS
ARCADIAN
MUST BE
GOT IN
SOMEHOW

Cormac 40

Music



The various school choirs have had a particularly successful session. Two choirs, one of junior boys and one of girls drawn from both senior and junior choirs, entered for three competitions at Glasgow Muscial Festival, and secured first place in every one. The girls then tied for first place in the Challenge Class, in which the winners of all the school classes compete. This is a quite outstanding achievement.

The Senior Choir appeared twice in Rutherford Church, once for the Men's Association and once for the Band of Hope, giving ambitious programmes and earning enthusiastic receptions. They are now preparing for the "big show"—the School Concert in June, when they hope to surpass last year's performance.

Whitehill on the Links

The following is an excerpt from an article in the 1947 Christmas Number of "Golfing" by the Editor, Mr. Robert H.-K. Browning. It may be news to the younger pupils that Whitehill holds such a proud record in the annals of the game of golf.

"In the autumn of 1901, the late Mr. T. H. P. Crosthwaite, Classics Master at Whitehill School, Glasgow, came to John C. Rollo and myself with a proposal that we should get together a school team for an annual golf match against the masters, to be played at Gailes on the course of the Glasgow Club, of which a considerable number of the masters were members.

"The original intention was that the match should be an annual affair, but it proved so enjoyable to all concerned that after the first match—which resulted in favour of the masters by a single point—it was decided to hold it twice a year, in spring and autumn.

"The second match resulted in an easy victory for the masters; in the third, with practically the same teams on each side, we beat them by 9 matches to 3.

"There has often been difficulty in getting together a full team of twelve for important occasions, and I do not suppose the number of entrants for the R. S. Allan Shield has in the best years exceeded twenty. The biggest success has always been the Masters' Match. Only the morning singles counted in the official result. Foursome matches between masters and school were played after lunch, but these were "friendlies." Then the school filled in the remainder of the day with matches among themselves. More than once I have come away from Gailes or Troon, having myself played four full rounds, and left some of the youngest members of the school team joyously setting out to get in a fifth eighteen holes before the last train left for Glasgow.

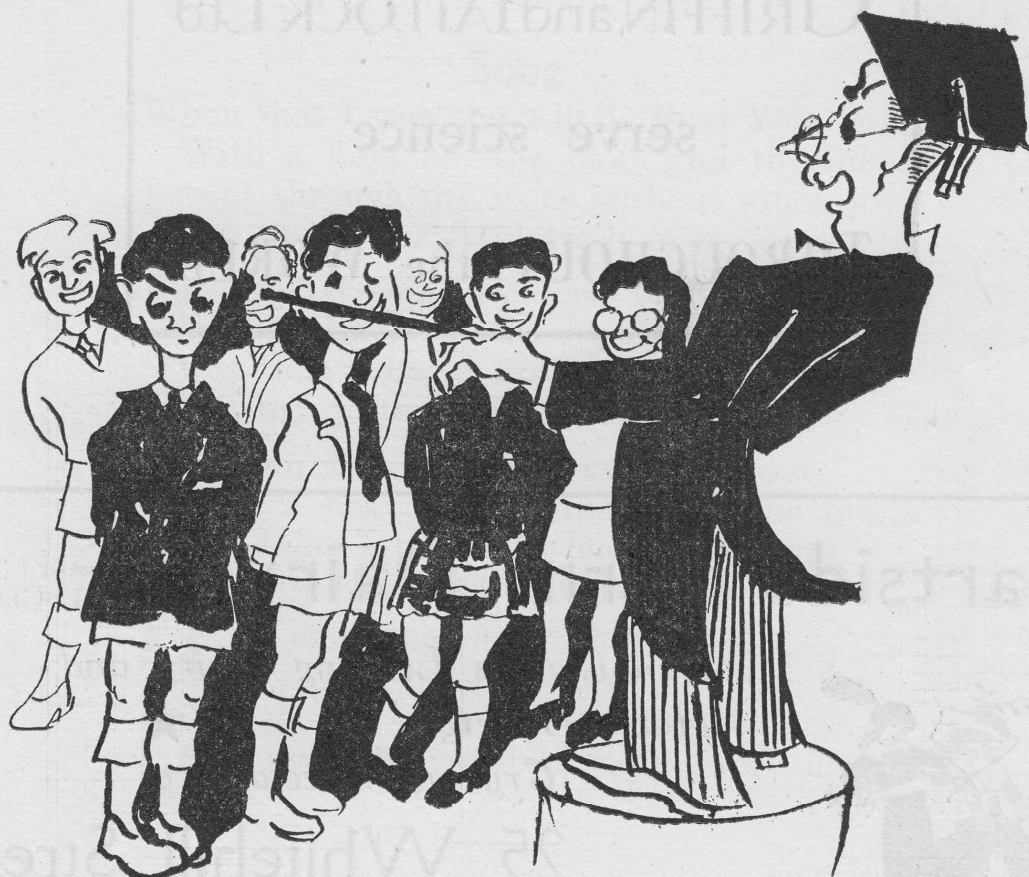
“Whitehill School has produced no fewer than three Walker Cup players. Robert Scott, who was in my own year at school, played in the match of 1924, at Garden City, when he and the Hon. Michael Scott beat Bobby Jones and the American captain, W. C. Fownes, on the last green in the foursomes. Sam McKinlay was in the team that was so heavily beaten at St. Andrews in 1934, and ought in the opinion of many of those who saw the trials at St. Andrews to have been played this year again. J. C. Wilson was the only Scottish representative in this year's team. It is a remarkable record. The only school that can beat it, so far as I know, is George Watson's College, Edinburgh, which can boast five Walker Cup men. But off-hand I cannot think of any other school that can claim even to equal it.”

Too Uttaly Utta

There was an old man of Calcutta,
Who had a most horrible stutta.
He sent his small daughter
To buy him a quaughter
Of b-b-b-b-b-butta.

J. N. 110.

R.D.K.—“Inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity.”
Benjamin Disraeli.



[Drawn by W. R. K.]

“ . . . and you, Jenkins, will kindly refrain from adding ‘without a shirt’ after every chorus.”

Cricket



This season, after an interval of eight years, Whitehill has resumed its activities on the cricket field. Undismayed by the lack of a home ground we are playing away fixtures, hoping to give a good account of ourselves, and to prove ourselves worthy successors to great Whitehill teams of former days.

We are indeed fortunate in having the services of Mr. A. C. Munro as our counsellor and friend, and to him we offer our humble and sincere thanks.

Let us hope that some day we may possess his knowledge of the game!

R. D. K.

Holidays

Hurrah for the holidays! Isn't it fun?
No more lessons to be done!
No more geography—no more sums—
Six whole weeks to spend with my chums.
I'll be a pirate, brave and bold,
Searching the seas for secret gold.
Hugh of the Black Hand, full of fame—
Sailors will tremble at my name.
I'll go a-sailing over the main,
And never come back to school again.

I. L. I10.

Song

When that I was and a little First Year boy,
With a hey, ho, the blots and the ink,
I went through my work without much joy
For my jotter it blotteth every day.

But when I came to Class Two-six,
With a hey, ho, the blots and the ink,
'Twas then I began to learn the tricks,
For my jotter it blotteth every day.

And then I came to Class Three-four,
With a hey, ho, the blots and the ink,
'Twas then I began to learn lots more,
For my jotter it blotteth every day.

A great while ago the school began,
With a hey, ho, the blots and the ink,
But that's all one, my poem is done,
And my jotter still blotteth every day.

T. S. III4.

H.L.H.—“Oh pious Maid, beware! . . .

Beware of all, but most beware of man!”—Pope

I.W.T.—“He is the very pine-apple of politeness.”—Sheridan.

Whitehill Shakespeare

Now, my classmates and brothers so servile,
Hath not old "Rustum" made this life more sweet
Than that of tainted *pom? Are not these desks
More free from peril than the envious street?
Here feel we but the penalty of Madam
The teacher's difference, as the icy hand
And churlish chiding of the teacher's band,
Which, when it smites and rains upon my body
Even as I shrink with fear, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery—these are teachers
Who feelingly persuade me what to do."
Sweet are the uses of education
Which, like a man, awful and ominous,
Wears yet a mortar-board upon his head,
And this our life, so full of teachers' flaunts,
Finds belts in gowns, books on the wooden desks,
Lectures at gyms, and bad in everything.
I'd love to change it. THREE CHAPS. II3.

* Dinner School.

Library Additions

The Cliff Tragedy—Eileen Dover.
And a Canary Sang—Topsy Sharp.
Dangerous Crossing—Ava Kerr.
We are Homeless—Rufus Quick.

"AUTHOR." V.

Why?

Tell me why sea waves furious grow
And why winds of storm do blow!
Is't in anger at perfidious man
Who ever since the world began
In Paradise beyond Jordan
Has striven, fought, forgotten God,
And leapt along the big broad road
That leads to Satan's dark abode,
And made the world a battlefield
Where stout spear breaks on stouter shield,
And where all virtue lies concealed?
Is there some scientific reason,
Some natural aspect of the season,
And no complaint against man's treason
To man? O yes, it must be so;
For neither wave nor wind such misery can know.

G. P. VI.

I.L.—

" . . . a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace."

R.S.—"He knows a simple, merry, tender knack
Of stringing pretty words that make no sense."

Dramatic Club



Every year about this time I am asked to write a short paragraph on the activities of the Dramatic Club, and every year I am more and more inclined to let it take the form of several hundred lines entitled:

“Ode to an Understudy,”
beginning perhaps somewhat in this wise:—
O Thou, who for the sake of Art,
Acceptest an inglorious part,
And without protest or reproach
Dost suffer a remorseless coach
To tell thee how to act and say
A part that thou wilt never play,
Unless disaster’s awful might
Thy Principal’s rude health should smite,
Oh, waly, waly, etc.

Let me say all I can in tribute to that hard-worked unknown band, for the Principals will be heard speaking for themselves in the Athenaeum in two one-act plays: “Rizzio’s Boots,” described as a “historical impertinence,” and “The Income,” a roaring farce in a doctor’s waiting room.

Rehearsals have been well under way since before Christmas, so that by June we trust to bring our productions as near perfection as human nature and the material theatre will allow.

Let the audience be the judge.

J. D.

Song of the Philosophic Minstrel

A gallant youth once loved a haughty maid,
And every day
Rich presents at her feet he laid
From far Cathay.
Yet though his heart with love was torn,
She laughed his proffered vows to scorn,
Sing Heigh-ho, fa-la-la.

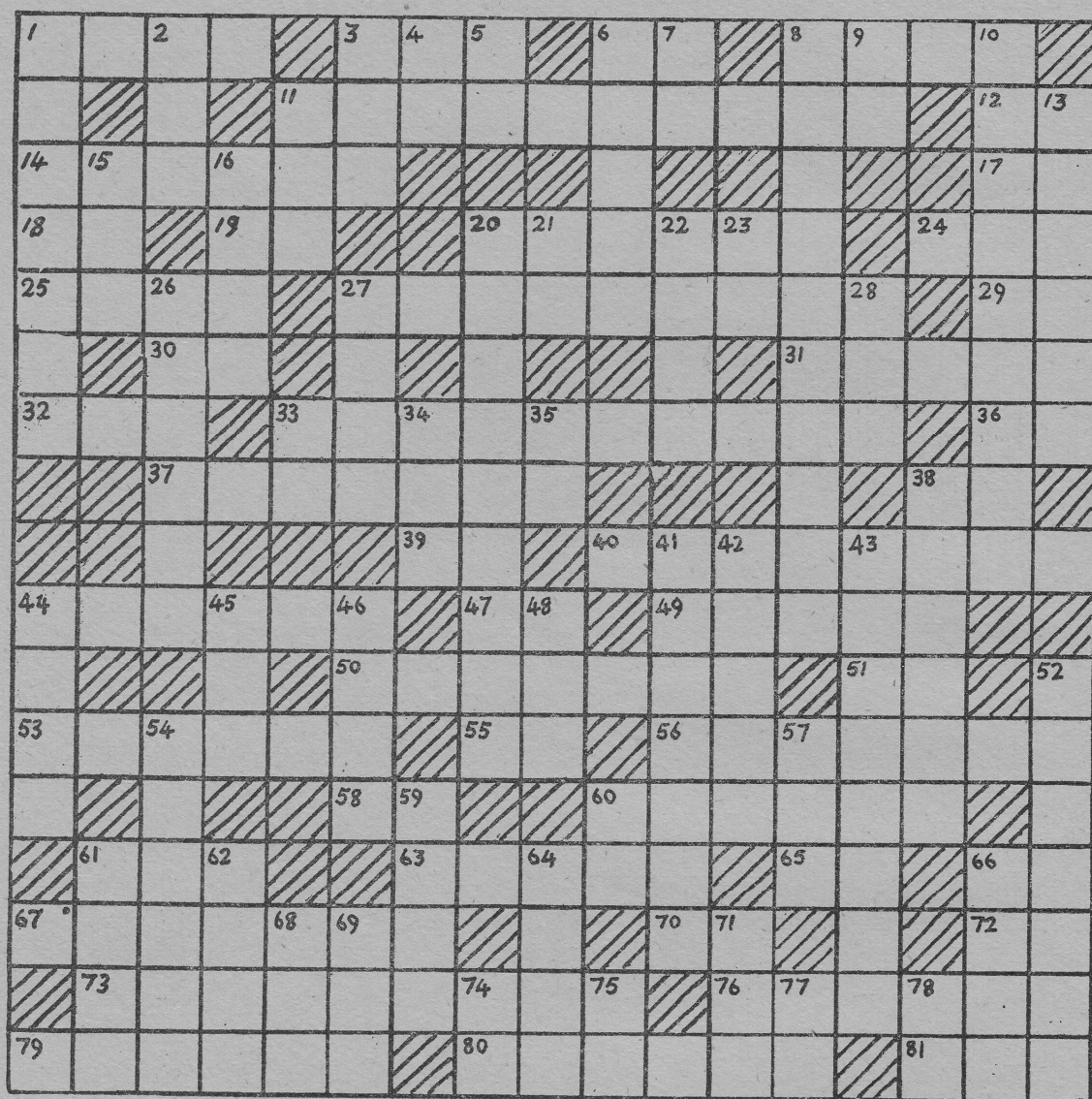
When thus she mocked his plaintive cry,
Responded he,
“There’s nothing for it but to die,
In misery.”
But he changed his mind and kept his life,
And wooed and won a fairer wife,
Sing Heigh-ho, fa-la-la.

You lovesick youths who hear my song,
Harken to me.
Love not the first who comes along,
But wait and see.
Let not mere beauty sense remove,
Until you find your own true love,
Sing Heigh-ho, fa-la-la.

KAY. V.

R.F.—“His face with smile eternal drest.”

CROSSWORD



Name,

Address,

Class,

CLUES ACROSS.

1. A mighty atom (4).
3. A good place for a holiday (3).
6. What you do when you can't stop (2).
8. Conan Doyle wrote about the sign of this (4).
11. He sitteth on the 51 across of 44 across (10).
12. The actor calls his 51 across side of the stage this (2).
14. No. 9 of the "Enigma" Variations—a hunter (6).
17. What some people can't say to a goose; but they say it in America (2).
18. Golfers say you're never this if you're never up (2).
19. A rating (2).
20. We often listen to him on Tuesday (6).
24. Some of our First Year boys don't like to this their hands (3).
25. Useful in a delicate situation—e.g., when your homework won't bear examination (4).
27. He would probably know the answer to 30 across (9).
29. Part of the Army and most of the Royal Air Force (2).
30. A foreign article (2).
31. Dead ones are sure (5).
32. What they call a king across the water (3).
33. A past master (10).
36. Vociferously sounded if the teacher's steps are heard approaching (2).
37. Describes the teachers' comments on our shortcomings (7).
38. Whence come our ration books (2).
39. An Academy in a barracks (2).
40. We heard a lot about black ones some time ago (8).
41. "L'ecole, c'est moi" (6).
47. An Old English island—there is one off Wales (2).
49. Hogarth painted The — Progress (5).
50. He bursts out in Latin (7).
51. The opposite of 65 across.
53. "About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news,
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypoteneuse" (6) (The Pirates of Penzance).
55. Follows the name of many a master (2).
56. What's the matter? He can tell you (7).
58. A bad position for the batsman (2).
60. Up to the Third Year (6).
61. An uncomplimentary title (3).
63. To assign (5).
65. The right side of our roads (2).
66. They used to go this way for a passage (2).
67. You'll find his picture in this magazine (7).
70. Another 30 across, from farther south (2).
72. What Mistress Jean said to a proud and great personage (2).
73. As feverish (two words—2, 7).
76. She can make do and mend backwards (6).
79. Where to look for Mr. D. B. Miller (6).
80. A notable leader (6).
81. A backward musician (3).

DOWN.

1. A custodian of property (7).
2. What the archer on the cover is taking (3).
3. This small boy is moreover in the midst of bees (3).
4. An N.C.O. in a boys' organisation (2).
5. Capone, Jolson, or get ye (2).
6. A grass plot associated with cloisters (5).
7. A very high honour (2).
8. Formerly a welcome hour (two words—4, 6).
9. A child's horse has swallowed this in a warning bell (2).
10. An expert with the oval ball (9).
11. Initials of a famous member of the Staff (3).
13. One for Father: Perlmutter's partner (6).
15. A girl in a concertina (3).
16. To reprimand (4).
20. Where we show our paces in June (9).
21. This side was on top, 1553-58 (2).
22. A popular craze just before the war (4).
23. Who we are (2).
26. "Lands (s)he can measure,
terms and tides presage" (6).
27. Worn on prize day (4).
28. Before marriage (3).
33. An English railway before 1/1/48 (2).
34. Concerned in the '15 (3).
35. It's right short (2).
38. If you do what she tells you, you should be 19 across (6).
41. You are told to pay this where it is due (7).
42. "Tempered to the — flute" (Lycidas) (5).
43. An all-round man of the Fifth (8).
44. You should be able to do this if you are in the Dramatic Club (4).
45. Who this is (3).
46. There is a little one in "The Old Curiosity Shop" (4).
48. First name of a lady in "Kenilworth," reversed (3).
52. Our top drawer (7).
54. What Portia's suitors had to do (6).
57. What the First XV think of the First XI (3).
59. Maker of a soft drink that sounds pretty hard (4).
60. A character in "Bleak House" (2).
61. "He jests at —s who never felt a wound" (Romeo and Juliet) (4).
62. If it's Greek to him it's as easy as Pi (4).
64. Girl's name (4).
66. A colonist coming up (4).
68. "So might I standing on this pleasant —" (Wordsworth) (3).
69. This saint's head is on the East Coast (3).
71. Simon — was a huntsman (3).
74. This is it (2).
75. A sign of hesitation (2).
77. Signature of a king-emperor, reversed (2).
78. Most of the National Farmers' Union (2).

Our Adopted Ship

Since the last issue of the School Magazine, our adopted ship, the "John A. Brown," has had several long and interesting voyages. She has called at Lyttleton and Napier in New Zealand, San Francisco, Long Beach Harbour (the harbour for Los Angeles), Sydney, Melbourne, Bombay, Abadan (in Iran), Fremantle (the port for Perth, Western Australia), Adelaide, Port Pirie, Palembang (Sumatra), and Manila (Philippines).

We have had several letters from the captain and the crew of the "John A. Brown." Some of these letters you have seen on the school notice-board. The following extract from Captain Lewino's last letter tells of the recent voyages of our ship:—

The "John A. Brown" has had quite an interesting month. Christmas and New Year we spent at sea, and after passing through the Sunda Straits, between Java and Sumatra, and admiring the volcano Krakatoa, we passed into the Java Sea, making for Banka Straits, between the island of that name and Sumatra. On the 5th of January we arrived at Palembang, in Southern Sumatra, 60 odd miles inland on the river of the same name. The trip up river is quite interesting in that the jungle comes right down to the water's edge. In fact, it is a typical equatorial growth, not an inch of soil can be seen. The vegetation is certainly luxurious in the extreme. The jungle abounds with wild life, monkeys by the million, small tigers, and numerous snakes, including the large pythons. The sky is filled with birds of glorious plumage, hawks gliding majestically above and waiting to pounce on some small animal life.

We were only one day in port and then proceeded to a small place called Tandjong Oeban on the island of Bintan, passing through the Rhio Straits.

Tandjong Oeban is my ideal of what a tropical paradise ought to be. It is never too hot, there is always a cooling sea breeze. Tall coconut trees line the sea shore, waving their stately heads and occasionally dropping a large nut with a great splash. Stand from under if you want to have a whole head! Coral reefs fringe the coast line, with a nice sandy beach showing white on the green background. At low water there is that pungent smell of decaying coral, a smell no name can describe. Tandjong Oeban is a free port, that is, no goods are taxed. Cigarettes are therefore cheap and many other things too.

There is a large Chinese community. All the shops are owned by them and it is amazing the quantity and variety of goods on display, many of them from England. Two tailors fight for your order, and when they have got it they repair to their respective shops and share the work among themselves! They work day and night on the job, the whole family from the four-year-old son who will sew the buttons on to the old great grandmother who will make the buttonholes! The Chinese are certainly a very industrious nation and I have always found them very honest too.

On the 9th of January we left port, through Singapore Straits, across the China Sea to Manila in the Philippine Islands.

Manila has been very badly bombed and great damage has been done, particularly near the docks. Many old churches dating back two and three hundred years old have been destroyed. Manila was one of the first inroads of Western Civilisation in Asiatic waters.

One can see traces of very bitter fighting ashore. Bullet holes and shell holes are numerous. The post office in particular shows signs of the bitterest fighting. It is quite a sight to see the inside, pock-marked with holes from rifles and small guns, half the pillars missing and tottering. Still business goes on as usual, in fact, the post office is a very busy place indeed!

From Manila we went to Cebu on the island of the same name, threading our way among numerous islands and passages. I believe there are something like 7,000 islands in the Philippines. Before the war Cebu was a large modern city, built on American lines. Now it is a conglomeration of wooden huts with palm leaves for roofs. Both sides, American and Japanese, did their best to destroy the city, and I must admit they have succeeded!

On 25th January we left Cebu, bound for Abadan in the Persian Gulf. We passed through Balabac Straits, between Palawan Island and North Borneo, coasted along the north end of this huge island, through Natuna Islands, thence to Singapore Straits, on to Malacca Straits, close to the busy Dutch port of Sabang on Pulo Weh at the north-west corner of Sumatra, then across the Bay of Bengal to Dondra Head in south Ceylon, thence to Cape Comorin at the southern tip of India, through the Malabar Coast and the Lacadive Islands, and now we are halfway across the Arabian Sea, on the way to Ormuz Straits, the entrance to the Persian Gulf. Quite an interesting trip really, made difficult through the lack of navigational aids such as lights and buoys, and also by the presence of numerous wrecks, all legacies from the last war.

I hope you will be able to follow the "John A. Brown" on the map, it makes it more interesting to watch, I think, that way.

New Look

All along the city streets, by the houses tall,
Women are out walking and watching they don't fall.
Tall ones, small ones, flocking all together,
Wearing the "new look" in all kinds of weather.

Shoes have heels five inches high in which they try to walk;
But their efforts are in vain, for all they do is stalk.
Their hats are really awful, of fantastic shape and size,
With flowers and veils and ribbons drooping past their eyes.

"FASHIONABLE FOUR." II 4.