

Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 45

Summer, 1942

EDITORIAL.

Well, now that all those dreadful exams. are over for another few months, here we are again with our Summer Edition. It seemed doubtful whether we should manage to publish our Magazine this month or not, but Mr. Stobo, our printer, has proved very helpful, and to him we extend our very sincere thanks for all his work. We have also to thank Mr. D. McLatchie, of "The Bulletin" Art Department, for two photographs.

We two stalwarts write this Editorial with a certain feeling of regret, because this will be **our** last Magazine. You see, we are departing, as they say, into the great unknown world. We wish to thank Mr. Meikle for his great kindness and assistance, our loyal Committee for their work and co-operation, the Staff for their help, and the pupils for those thousands (?) of articles, and to those who take our place we extend our best wishes.

Staff losses have been exceptionally heavy in the past few weeks, and we wish we could pay more tribute than a bald intimation of fact. We have expatiated (with restraint) upon three prominent people who have gone to shine in other places and make them light. Here we can make only the briefest notes. Mr. George Wilson, Science, has gone to Cheltenham College to lecture on aero-dynamics; from the Maths. department have gone Mr. Curran, now Second Master at Dowanhill Public School and Mr. James Miller—the department's second of that name to the Forces! From English we have lost Miss Dunbar, but she is still exercising an influence upon the English department, being now Mrs. Duncanson. We take this opportunity of wishing long joy and prosperity to two teachers who have won high places in the hearts of Whitehill. Mr. Maclachlan is now Head of the Commercial department of North Kelvinside School. We shall miss him—and so will the football team. It was disappointing to lose Miss Andrew just when she had established herself as a valuable and pleasant official. Miss Foster and Miss McLintock recently disappeared unobtrusively, but only for the time being. We hope to have them both back from evacuation soon.

Mr. Robert Campbell, who has taken over the Maths. department from Mr. Roberts, has made himself at home among us with gratifying speed. To fill some of the other vacancies we welcome Mr. Levy, Mr. Russell and Mr. Kennedy (Maths); Miss Ramsay and Mr. Wood (English); Miss Brodie (Art); Miss Mechie (Commerce); and Mr. Roy and Miss Wishart, who joined us when the Preparatory Classes were formed. Miss Wilson is with us again, and in the office we have Miss Davidson.

And to this long tale of arrivals and departures we have now to add our humble selves. The sojourn, we confess, was pleasing. There were the trials and tribulations, but it is with regret that we leave you. Good luck be yours, whether you are staying, or, like us, venturing forth.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

We publish herewith a further list of additions to our Roll of Honour. An interesting feature of this issue is the group of girls now serving with the Forces. We ask all friends of former pupils, boys or girls, who are on Service and whose names have not yet appeared in these lists, to give us particulars about them. We rely on such help to keep our lists up-to-date.

MEN.

BARR, WM., Highland Light Infantry.
 BECKETT, J., Army Military Police Corps.
 BLACK, LESLIE, Royal Artillery.
 BLACKADDER, A. R., Merchant Navy.
 BLACKADDER, JOHN, Royal Air Force.
 BORLAND, J. H., Dental Corps.
 BOYLE, R., Royal Navy.
 BOYLE, W. L., Royal Artillery.
 BURNS, J. T. Royal Air Force.
 BURT, JOHN, Royal Air Force.
 COUTH, JOHN, Royal Air Force.
 COWIE, A., Royal Air Force.
 CRUICKSHANK, F., Royal Navy.
 CURRIE, WILLIAM, Royal Air Force.
 DEANS, JOHN, Highland Light Infantry.
 DODDS, R., Royal Army Service Corps.
 ESLER CHARLES, F. R., R. C. of Signals.
 EVERITT, ANDREW.
 FERGUSON, R. L., Royal Air Force.
 FERRIER, WILLIAM, Royal Air Force.
 FULTON, ROBERT, Royal Navy.
 GARRITY, DANIEL, Royal Air Force.
 GOLDIE, ANDREW, Merchant Navy.
 GORDON, JAMES, R.A. Ordnance Corps.
 GREIG, JAMES, Royal Navy.
 GUNN, ALASTAIR, Royal Air Force.
 HALL, HUGH, Royal Artillery.
 HODGKINSON, GEORGE, Royal Artillery.
 HOGG, WILLIAM, Royal Navy.
 IRVINE, H. B., Royal Navy.
 JONES, ADAM, Royal Air Force.
 LAING, ANGUS, Royal Air Force.
 LAWRIE, CHARLES, Royal Air Force.
 LAWSON, A., Royal Corps of Signals.
 LAWSON, ALEX., Royal Navy.
 LIGHTBODY, G., Royal Artillery.
 McCULLOCH, J. W., Royal Air Force.
 McINTOSH, ALASTAIR, Royal Artillery.
 McINTYRE, DUGALD, Merchant Navy.
 MACKAY, JAMES, Royal Navy.
 McKENDRICK, H., Royal Air Force.
 MACKENDRICK, CHAS., Royal Air Force.
 McLAWS, GEORGE, Royal Air Force.
 McLUSKIE, JOSEPH, Royal Air Force.
 MACNAUGHTON, DAVID, Royal Navy.

McNEIL, JAMES, Royal Navy.
 McRITCHIE, ANGUS, Royal Navy.
 MALLEN, ALEX., Royal Air Force.
 MASON, WILLIAM, Royal Air Force.
 MILLER, MATHEW, Royal Air Force.
 MILLS, JOHN, Royal Air Force.
 MILNE, HERBERT, Royal Air Force.
 MUNRO, IAN, Royal Air Force.
 MUNRO, R. P., Royal Corps of Signals.
 OWEN, JACK, Highland Light Infantry.
 PATERSON, A., Royal Army Medical Corps.
 PATON, NEIL, Royal Navy.
 PERRITT, DUNCAN, Royal Artillery.
 PIRRIE, J., Royal Army Ordnance Corps.
 RICHARDS, ROBERT, Royal Air Force.
 RUTHERFORD, R., Canadian Scottish.
 SAQUI, JOHN, Fleet Air Arm.
 SIMPSON, E., Royal Air Force.
 SIMPSON, ROBT., Royal Corps of Signals.
 SIMPSON, THOMAS, Royal Navy.
 SMITH, HARRY, Chaplain.
 SOMERVILLE, ARCHIBALD, Royal Navy.
 STEVENSON, R., Glasgow Highlanders.
 STEWARTSON, ALEX., Royal Navy.
 TAYLOR, JOHN, Gordon Highlanders.
 WEIR, J., Royal Air Force.
 WILLIAMS, WILLIAM, Royal Air Force.
 WILSON, JAMES, Royal Air Force.
 WILSON, THOMAS, Royal Navy.
 WOOD, A. S., Royal Army Medical Corps.
 WRIGHT, JAMES, Royal Artillery.
 YOUNG, JAMES, Police Training Corps.

WOMEN.

BARRIE, M., Auxiliary Territorial Service.
 CLARKSON, M., Women's Aux. Air Force.
 CORMACK, A., Auxiliary Terr. Service.
 CRERAR, C., Auxiliary Terr. Service.
 DRURY, J., Women's Royal Naval Service.
 MACLACHLAN, C., Signals.
 MACLACHLAN, E., Women's Aux. Air Force
 MARTIN, B., Aux. Territorial Service.
 PALMERS, J., Women's Aux. Air Force.
 PEARSTON, A., Aux. Territorial Service.
 SMITH, M., Auxiliary Territorial Service.
 SMITH, MARGOT, Auxiliary Terr. Service.

Mr. CAMERON ROBERTS, J.P., M.A., B.Sc.

It is only six years since Mr. Cameron Roberts came among us as Head of the Mathematics Department. He quickly mastered the details of his new duties, maintained the efficiency which by tradition belongs to the Department, and came triumphantly through the strain of 1939 when, in addition to the general upheaval, he had to suffer the loss of five of his most experienced assistants through promotion. It was especially at this time that he showed his scholarship, his teaching power, and his friendliness. Calm and imperturbable, he solved the many problems entailed by war conditions and proved himself willing and anxious at all times to share the heavy burdens unavoidably imposed on his staff. His genial company will be missed by all his colleagues, irrespective of departments, and by various school activities, for he had wide interests.

Mr. Roberts has been appointed Head Master of Albert Senior Secondary School, Springburn. We congratulate him on this notable promotion and we congratulate Albert on having secured a Head Master whose academic and social qualifications well fit him for such a post. His qualities will now be given full scope, and we wish him a long and happy tenure of office.

Mr. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, M.A., B.Sc.

“John Campbell—you know—of Whitehill.” And without further words recognition comes and the hearer’s face lights up. To the Whitehill F.P’s who were his school-mates memories are recalled of class distinction and many escapades. To his colleagues there come back the voice with a pitch of its own, the subtle and ironic jests, the cheery nod and friendly word in passing. To the pupils—well, it is not of x and y , logs, anti-logs, that they think, but of one who was more of a friend than a master. How often he has graced a school dance, led a boys’ golf team to victory (or near it), audited a school account (without fee), and given an estimate of some departing colleague—correct to the nearest decimal! In countless ways during the last twenty years he has served his School, and for that we thank him.

Now he goes on to the Headship of Mathematics in Adelphi Terrace Junior Secondary School. To him his colleagues, pupils, and many a parent convey heartiest congratulations and wish him the best in the years to come.

Miss ELIZABETH L. MACLULLICH, M.A.

We note with great pleasure the promotion of Miss Maclulich to the position of Principal Teacher of English in Calder Street Junior Secondary School. Like Mr. Campbell, Miss Maclulich is a former pupil who came back later as a member of the Staff, joining the English Department in 1920. From that date onward she gave faithful service, especially in the highest classes, where her literary taste and ripeness of judgment showed to best advantage. She is a specialist in Dickens, and this implies a sense of humour. Another characteristic is a calm, unruffled

mien which helps those who are associated with her whether as colleagues or pupils. She can act well in a judicial capacity, whether a knotty problem is to be solved or troubled waters smoothed. When we look back, the only thing that worried us was the spelling of her name, of which there were many variants, especially at times of examinations. But we forgive her and think only of her graciousness and loveableness of character.

Our best wishes go to her at this time of well deserved promotion.

Mr. ROBERT L. SCOTT, M.A.

By the death of Mr. R. L. Scott in April the School has lost one of its staunchest supporters. On the Mathematics Staff for over twenty years, he occupied a unique place in the School's affections, for Staff and pupils all knew "R.L.S."—our R.L.S., that forthright personality with the cheery greeting, the direct look, the hearty laugh, and the witty jest that roused the pessimist out of the doldrums. He was "all there," and the class knew it and loved him for it.

As a supporter of the School's football and athletics he was invaluable, and continued this interest long after he had left for other schools. At last year's Sports at Craigend he was in his old place as a judge, bright and vigorous as ever.

When he became Head Master of Alexandra Parade School, it was a pleasure to welcome him on an occasional visit. He died in harness. Possibly he would not have wished it otherwise.

To Mrs. Scott and her sons, who are former pupils of the School, we send our deepest sympathy.

Mr. FRANCIS BEATTIE, M.P.

Congratulations to Mr. Francis Beattie, who entered Parliament last month as the Member for Cathcart, having a very substantial majority over his three opponents. In reply to a letter of congratulation from Mr. Weir, Mr. Beattie writes: "I would like to tell you that during my election campaign I informed enquirers that my place of education was Whitehill School. Please convey my warmest thanks to your staff and scholars."

TO FRESH WOODS AND PASTURES NEW.

Once more two stalwart teams of Whitehill boys will spend part of the Summer vacation at Kilmun denuding the hillsides of trees. But this year we are running more camps than before. In addition to the foresters there will be the farmers, who go far afield—to Turriff, where they will plough and sow and reap and mow, and doubtless do many other things as circumstances demand. Yet another innovation is the girls' camp at Carnock, near Dunfermline, where some 30 volunteers are going to "pluck berries"—but, we hope, not "harsh and crude." We wish them all good luck—and especially, good weather.

DILEMMA.

Mary had a question asked her
By her learned English master.
Every eye to her was lifted
For response from one so gifted.
But Mary, when in quest of laurels,
Was inclined to lose her morals;
Thus it happened that she took
From out her desk her English book,
And with trembling, stealthy air,
Sought the wanted answer there.
Now imagine, if you will,
The shock that left her poor heart still.
For right upon the crucial spot
There sat an Overwhelming Blot.
And now, with pulse-beat racing faster,
She rose to face her English master.
The red blood mounted to her face
And Mary's was a sorry case.
But though she did her best to think,
She knew not who had spilled the ink,
Unless—and shuddering with fright,
For instinct told her that this was right—
Providence, with great perception,
Anticipated her deception,
And by delicate device
Had tried to save her from her vice.
Mary, now in calmest pose,
Would dearly love to blow her nose,
And by doing so, obtain
A brief respite from coming pain.
But the Avenging Providence
Had vowed she'd take the consequence.
And from her pocket, far, had strayed
The hanky of the tortured maid.
A buzz of interest filled the room
And Mary felt it seal her doom:
With eyes that swam, and voice of woe,
She whispered, "Please, Sir, I don't know!"

Then—Mary had to pay the price
And was the victim of her vice.

PERSONNE NE SAIT (V.3.).

JEAN.

An impudent maiden called Jean
Is heard much more often than seen;
Her gay, girlish chatter
On things that don't matter,
Would make a brass monkey turn green.

J. C. (I.17).

PANORAMA.

There is moonlight on the waters of the loch, so calm and clear ;
There are tell-tale sounds of movement from the woods which
house the deer ;
For there in silvan solitude they sport their lives away,
Near the softly lapping waters in the closing of the day.

Like a dreamer who is sighing as he murmurs in his sleep,
Like a mother's gentle weeping for the grief which pierces deep,
Like the lisping voice of childhood days when life is fast and free,
The echoes of the silver loch will reach Eternity.

On yonder bank, majestic peaks explore the darkening sky
In communion with the heavens and the loch which ripples nigh.
In such a land leave me to dream: no other can compare,
For the aching and the lonely heart can find its solace there.

ARGOSY (V.1).

REFLECTIONS.

We'd stumbled on through Maths. and Science
With many a weary groan,
While History and Geography
Had from our thick heads flown.

Tho' Art and English had us stumped,
And French and Latin found us dumb,
At Gym. we sure could do our stuff,
And Greek to us was just "plum"!

Our teachers' patience we'd exhausted,
And caused them lots of worry,
But whether we've reformed or not,
Well—that's another story!

M. (II.1.).

THE COUPON PROBLEM.

10 little coupons standing in a line,
I required a pair of socks, and then there were nine ;
9 little coupons, I just couldn't wait :
I had to buy a handkerchief, and then there were eight ;
8 little coupons out on a spree,
I bought myself a pair of shoes, and then there were three ;
3 little coupons with nothing to do,
The toes were through my socks again, so then there were two ;
2 little coupons, basking in the sun,
I went and got myself a scarf, so then there were none ;
No more coupons, it would be a boon,
If I could only borrow some, until the first of June!

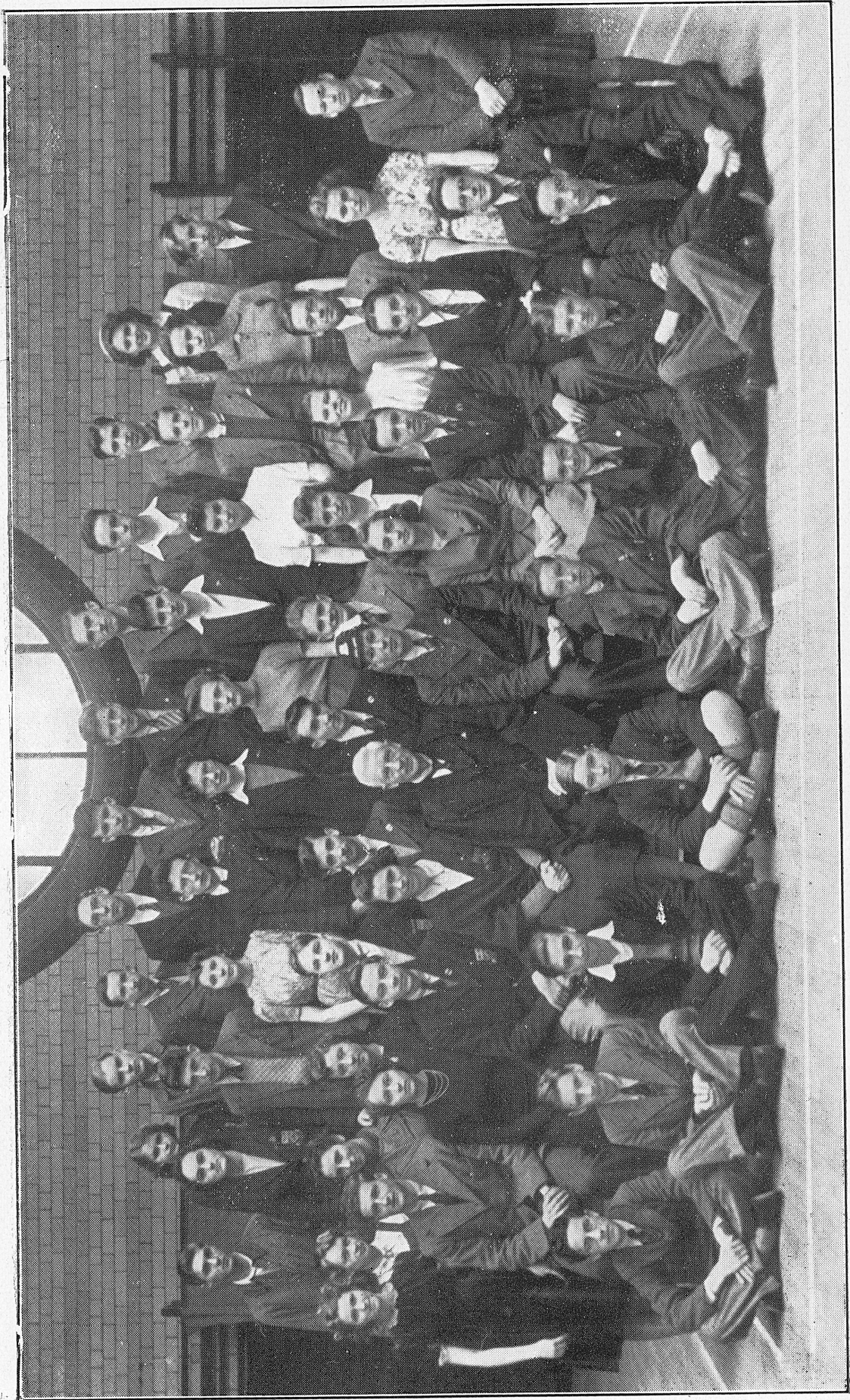
B. B. (III.3).

A. McC. (IV.1)—

"Rome's other hope, and pillar of state."—Dryden.



CAMERON ROBERTS, Esq., J.P., M.A., B.Sc.



FORMS V. and VI.

EVENING IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

The dewy summer evening passes slow,
And faint chill breezes waft amongst the flowers;
And a great peace that only wild things know
Comes stealing with the hours.

The trees are silhouetted on the sky,
The pale cold moonlight gleaming on their limbs;
The first faint evening star appears on high
And brightens as day dims.

The new moon swims half hid in fleecy clouds
And drops a silver veil upon the sea;
A purple mist the proud wild peaks enshrouds
In lofty mystery.

And as I pace along the glistening sand,
And see the long slow billows sweep and roll,
I feel the infinity of nature's hand
Possess my soul.

A. H. H. (V.3).

NIGHT-FIGHTER.

Space in his own mind through which he flies,
Commander of fire, still in the whirlwind.
High as a hawk above the world, he has pinned
All his treasure upon these night skies.

Now vast voyage through the dark must start,
His sole propeller is his human hope.
Yet, though his wishes are winged, the earthbound heart
Remembers those to whom this flight gives scope.

Coursing like Icarus into a stranger sun,
He maps past, present and the future time.
Fighting for breath in the upper air he shall have won
Victory over the seasons even if he fall
With autumn's ceremony of leaves, out of that last climb:
And shed his heart's own peace upon us all.

J. F. HENDRY.

[The above is contributed by a former pupil who wrote recently to the Headmaster: "I'm afraid that as a linguist I am not so mythical or prodigious as rumour would have it. French, German, and Russian I know well; Italian, Spanish, and Serbian less well; Chinese I studied for a year in Vienna, together with Japanese; other languages—Slovene, Czech, and Bulgarian, I read and understand, but do not yet speak."]

John Foster, who left Whitehill about five years ago, has taken First Place in the Second Intermediate Professional Examination of the Chartered Surveyors' Institution.

INFERNAL TRANSACTION.

Peggot was on the far side of fifty, and a "retired" army officer. What rank he had attained, or where, or how, or even in what campaigns he had been the central figure, was uncertain. All his cronies knew was that he was a capital fellow and a good loser at those illicit games he sometimes descended to at the Black Key, his club, and that he had the swaggering habit of declaring "he would sell his soul to the devil for a tanner, by Jove yes!" Like so many ex-army officers, he was invariably to be found at his club, uttering manfully his characteristic declaration. Each night he swore his way gaily through five brandies, and, like so many army officers, retired or otherwise, flinched never.

On a certain evening, however, while Peggot was ordering his second brandy, a stranger approached the bar and ordered water. Peggot stared; still, he managed to remark with some equanimity: "Stranger, sir? Pleased to meet you, sir—sell my soul to the devil if I'm not—by Jove sir, that will I! Member of the old Key?"

The other answered in a calm but final tone, "I am a member of most clubs, Mr. Peggot"—and began to sip the water, which, Peggot noticed, seemed to froth as it reached his lips. Peggot, bewildered by the stranger's knowledge of his name and slightly ruffled by the neglect of his questionable rank of captain (all officers of questionable rank are addressed and satisfied by that term), took a gulp of brandy and studied the stranger.

He was very tall and well built. His limbs seemed muscular, and his hands bony. On the third finger of his right hand was a ring. As the stone of this ring caught the light Peggot thought he saw the reflection of a fire in it—but the room was heated by electricity. A similar stone hung from a watch chain dangling on a perfectly normal black vest. After contemplating these jewels, Peggot ordered a third brandy just to steel his nerves for a scrutiny of the stranger's head.

It was a rounded masculine-cut head covered by a thick layer of glossy jet hair, which, while verging on the forehead directly

The "REX," It's an A. B. C. House

*Under the personal supervision of D. A. STEWART, Esq., J.P.
Resident Manager, WM. BARRONS*

Open Daily at 2 p.m. Popular Prices

We set ourselves a High Standard
and the unanimous opinion is
WE HAVE KEPT IT

above the nose, receded on both sides, appearing again at the temples. The furrows in the brow held more of thought than of age, while under a neat pair of eyebrows moved a shining pair of black eyes full of a furtive interest, and suggesting proud but subdued contempt. His nose was a singularly artistic crooked one, slightly aquiline, which, while not rendering the face completely ugly, added a somewhat uncouth air to it. A well-groomed ebony moustache bordered on narrow disdainfully-twisted lips.

Peggot did not offer to speak, so the observed one opened the conversation.

“Comparatively speaking, Peggot, not a bad club,” he said, surveying the groups of men about them.

“I say,” protested Peggot, “why comparatively? By Jove, sir, I’ll sell my soul to the devil for a tanner if there’s a better club in London, or a better brandy, sir!”

“Or better water,” replied the other drily.

“Or better company, by Jove, I’ll sell ——” etc.

The stranger faced him squarely. “Before we go on,” he said, offering his hand, on which the ring flashed, “I must greet you as my future business friend.”

“But,” stammered the bewildered Peggot, “I was entirely unaware——”

“May I remind you that for this modest sum”—and he produced a sixpence—“you are about to exchange a certain article with me?”

The stranger left the sixpence lying on the bar and walked away.

Peggot ordered his fourth brandy.

FOIN (III.2.).

Geometry Students—

“By faith and faith alone embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.”—Tennyson.

M.T. (IV.1)—

“Like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me.”—Byron.

Telephone: Bridgeton 1908

JAMES HOWAT



Finest Quality of Provisions



543 DUKE STREET, DENNISTOUN

THE JEWEL CASE.

Let us begin with the exalted ones, for it is comforting to find that even they sometimes qualify for admittance to this page. A member of the English Staff, infuriated by the increase of neologisms (v. "Standard English") in war-time, was heard to ask, "Why are they not content with the good old Anglo-Saxon —'anti-aircraft barrage'?"

* * * *

If that was just too exalted for you, let us appease you by quoting the classical historian of Form I. who asserted that Romulus and Remus were found by a she-wolf, which took them home to its wife.

* * * *

The English Staff again. They number among them an intrepid explorer, who goes on boating expeditions of strange discovery. The rest of the story is copyright by Mr. MacPhail.

* * * *

Which leads our thoughts to geography—a fertile field. The Preparatory provided several contributions to knowledge last month. One that had some claim to sweet reasonableness was this: "Inverness is situated at the bottom of the Caledonian Canal. It is noted for fishing."

* * * *

Another, proven by personal experience: "The climate of western Scotland is cold and warm." (v. Rev. 3, 15.)

* * * *

A somewhat more advanced scholar—Form IV., to be quite blunt about it—made a daring incursion into the realms of the anatomist: "On the other hand the Italian peninsula is in the form of a leg with one ridge of mountains down it like a spine."

* * * *

It's time for this week's fairy story: We mentioned a poem to Mr. Duff, and he couldn't repeat eight lines off by heart.

My name is Handsome Harold,
And I never wear a frown,
I always do my lessons well—

Chorus:

Sit down! Sit down!! Sit down!!!

M. W. (P.2).

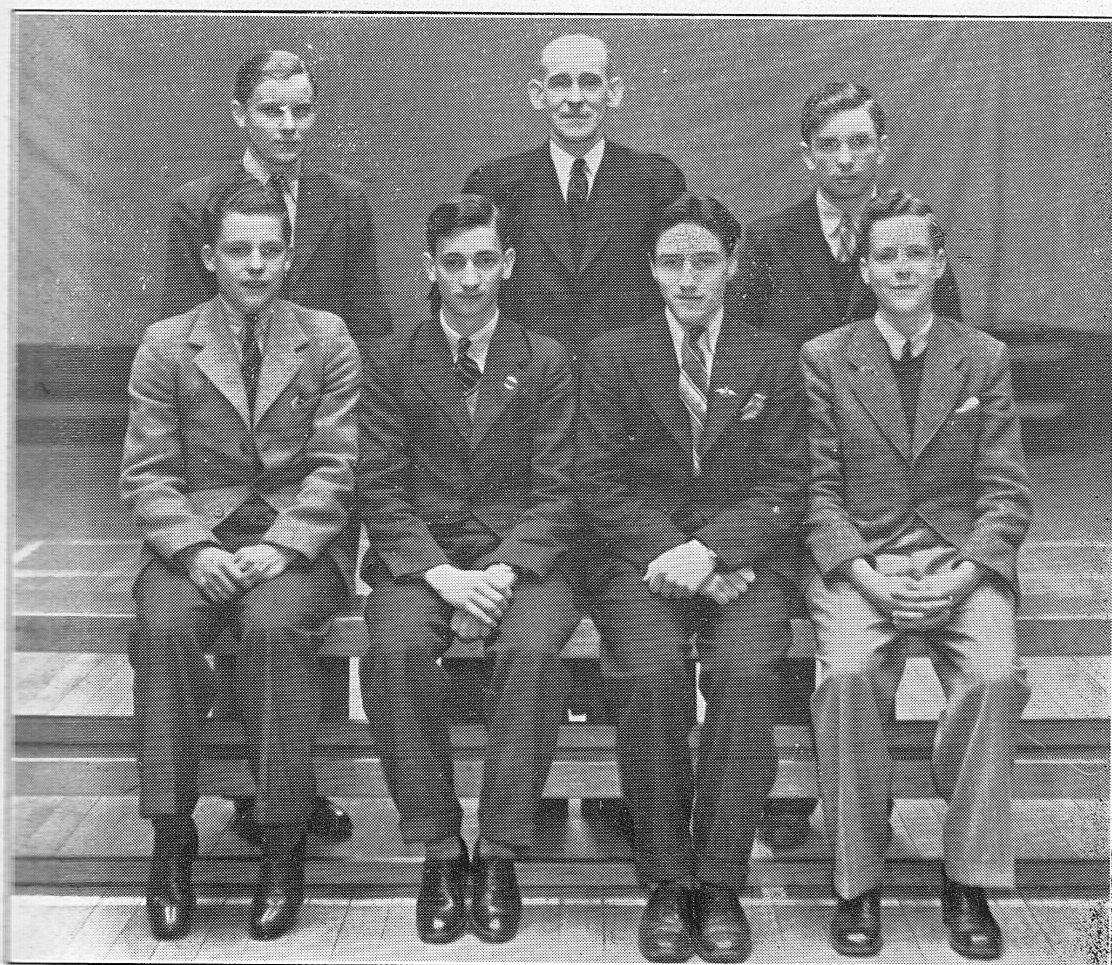
"Cæsar," "Macmillan," "Approach"—these three
Teacher tries to teach to me,
But I'm as dumb as dumb can be,
So he's got a task ahead of him, see!

SCHOLAR (II.3.).



TENNIS TEAM.

G. Alexander, I. Scott, D. Hutchison, E. M. Miller, J. Milne,
A. Steel, G. White, A. Forsyth.



GOLF TEAM.

J. McKerrow, Mr. J. E. Campbell, D. Nimmo,
A. Blackhurst, W. Brodie, G. Alexander, J. Ogg.



THE GIRLS' CHAMPIONSHIP.

Betty Miller, Helen Thomson, and Norma Cobb,
the first three in the Senior 100 Yards.



THE BOYS' CHAMPIONSHIP.

A splendid start in the 100 Yards Race.
A. McDiarmid, T. McAllister, R. Speirs, G. Alexander, J. Barrie.

[Photos by courtesy of "The Bulletin."]

THE SPORTS.

A long but well-organised programme was carried through at Craigend on Saturday, 30th May, in bright sunshine—after a prolonged shower had driven Mr. Scoular and Mr. Hendry under the table, and others to more orthodox (and usually less effective) shelter. J. Barrie had a keen contest with A. McDiarmid before he secured the Championship, but B. Miller repeated her success of last year, winning by a comfortable margin over good opposition. The trophies were presented by Mrs. Alexander Fraser, whose husband recently became a Trustee of the Playing Fields Fund. Results:

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP (BOYS).

100 Yards Flat—

1 A. McDiarmid, 2 J. Barrie, 3 T. McAllister

220 Yards Flat—

1 A. McDiarmid, 2 J. Barrie, 3 T. McAllister

330 Yards Flat—

1 E. Allan, 2 A. McDiarmid, 3 J. Barrie.

100 Yards Hurdles—

1 A. McDiarmid, 2 J. Barrie, 3 R. Speirs.

High Jump—

1 J. Barrie, 2 R. Speirs, 3 A. McCracken.

Broad Jump—

1 J. Barrie, 2 A. McDiarmid, 3 C. Crawford.

Putting Weight—

1 G. White, 2 J. Barrie, 3 T. McAllister.

Champion: J. BARRIE (23 points).

Champion: B. MILLER (23 points).

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP (BOYS).

100 Yards Flat—

1 A. Ford, 2 A. Hay, 3 J. Molloy.

220 Yards Flat—

1 A. Ford, 2 A. Hay.

440 Yards Flat—

1 A. Ford, 2 S. McVean, 3 A. Hay.

100 Yards Hurdles—

1 A. Ford, 2 A. Hay.

High Jump—

1 A. Ford, 2 A. Hay, 3 W. Cuthbert.

Broad Jump—

1 J. Molloy, 2 J. Pollock, 3 R. Howitt.

Putting Weight—

1 A. Hay, 2 A. Ford, 3 S. McVean.

Champion: A. FORD (28 points).

Champion: I. JOHNS (10 points).

OTHER EVENTS (BOYS).

300 Yards Open Handicap (Coronation Cup presented by Mr. George McBriar)—

1 T. McAllister, 2 J. Cresswell, 3 J. Potts.

Obstacle Race (under 16)—W. Monteith.

Three-legged Race (under 15)—

J. Moore and H. Walker.

Sack Race (under 15)—K. McLeod.

100 Yards Flat (under 14)—J. Cresswell.

100 Yards Hurdles (under 14)—J. Cresswell.

100 Yards Flat (under 13)—W. Monteith.

Shuttle Relay (Form I.)—I.3.

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP (GIRLS)

100 Yards Flat—

1 B. Miller, 2 A. Boyd, 3 N. Cobb.

220 Yards Flat—

1 B. Miller, 2 A. Boyd, 3 H. Thomson.

120 Yards Flag—

1 B. Miller, 2 A. Boyd, 3 N. Cobb.

High Jump—

1 A. Boyd, 2 B. Miller, 3 R. Mackintosh.

Net Ball—

1 B. Miller, 2 O. Hay, 3 R. Mackintosh.

Runner-up: A. McDIARMID (21 points).

Runner-up: A. BOYD (14 points).

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP (GIRLS)

100 Yards Flat—

1 I. Lee, 2 G. Barclay, 3 M. Stewart.

100 Yards Flag—

1 I. Johns, 2 G. Barclay, 3 B. Tait.

High Jump—

1 J. Patrick, 2 J. Preston, 3 P. Mackay.

Skipping Rope—

1 I. Johns, 2 J. Patrick, 3 O. Jamieson and J. Hill.

Runner-up: A. HAY (18 points).

Runner-up: J. PATRICK (8 points).

OTHER EVENTS (GIRLS).

300 Yards Open Handicap (Cup presented by Mr. Bogle)—

1 J. Hill, 2 H. Graham, 3 O. Blackley.

Inter-Form Relay—V. and VI.

Obstacle Race (Open)—N. McCrone.

Three-legged Race (over 14)—

B. Miller and A. Boyd.

Sack Race (over 14)—H. Swinton.

Three-legged Race (under 14)—

J. Patrick and M. Reid.

Sack Race (under 14)—H. Graham.

Egg and Spoon Race (under 14)—S. Laing.

75 Yards Flat (under 13)—A. Ross.

Shuttle Relay (Form I.)—I.12.

LITTLE - TURPENTINE.

In Little-Turpentine life has most drastically changed.
Now, who'd have thought that folks would bear their customs
disarranged?

But this most sad and woeful fact must really be recorded,
And Adolf (who is much to blame) will duly be rewarded.

In pre-war days society in Little-Turpentine
Was wont to gather of a night along the railway line.
(For please don't think that Little-T. has no communications;
A train arrives at five past three and has for generations).

From grandpas down to babies in sunshine or in rain,
The population never failed to welcome home the train,
And often I have heard it said that some with flags and bunting
Have stayed to almost ten o'clock to watch the actual shunting.

But now no longer this occurs, for folks who seek a thrill
Adjourn to Farmer Giles's yard to watch another's skill.
For there, precise at half-past eight—but only when they beg
With looks submissive and demure—his leghorn lays an egg.

ARGOSY (V.1).

SOLITUDE.

A starry sky, a silver moon,
A gentle breeze, a plaintive tune,
A glitt'ring stream that flows along,
Eternal peace! Immortal song!

A happy thought, a glowing pride,
A love no mortal fear can hide,
A bird that sings upon the tree,
Celestial music,—pure and free.

A bank of fern, the hawthorn's scent,
A violet born at heaven's consent,
A solitude, too great for tears,
Sad pond'rings on the lonely years.

S. G. F. (III.2.).

Captain JOHN MACKENZIE, M.C.

It is with pleasure and pride that we record the award of the Military Cross to Captain John Mackenzie, R.A. The official account of his gallant action states that he moved forward with the leading elements of his Indian battalion across the flat ground of Libya in face of devastating fire. He showed a complete disregard for his own safety. At dusk the same day he rallied the company and wiped out the strongly entrenched German machine gun nests. Further bold action during the three following days contributed materially to the capture of Libyan Omar.

Captain Mackenzie attended Whitehill from 1921 to 1924, and was captain of one of the football teams.

CONCERNING CACOPHONOUS CREATIONS CALLED CROONERS.

Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

Beginning at the beginning, as all manuscripts do (except Chinese ones, which begin at the end and end at the beginning), we find that crooning originated 'way down in Carolina.

One day a negro boy called Hi-de-Ho thought it would be fine to see father's cow-shed go up in smoke. It was soon a blazing inferno. People flocked from far and farther. (A rumour had spread that Mr. Meikle had some boys out practising for the forestry camp.) Then the roof fell in, and the air was filled with discord. A blazing beam had pinned an Aberdeen Angus amidships, and he was protesting. (It was thought that Form V. were practising "Altiora petimus" till a yokel pointed out a subtle harmony in the "inhuman noises.")

This was hailed as something rich and strange; novel, and therefore admirable; and so whenever a band performed from then onwards a bull was slaughtered off-stage by way of a vocal number. The effect was heavenly (like nothing on earth). But bulls began to run short, so the President issued a decree (papal bull) stating that vocal numbers must cease, or an alternative to bulls must be found. Alas! One band-leader found while gargling that human vocal chords properly misused could imitate the Aberdeen Angus swan-song.

Crooners had made their debut.

You know the rest.

Our point is this. The bulls were mortally singed in their residences. Be logical. Why not crooners? Imagine the headlines: "Another crooner succumbed to his Burns."

We long ago succumbed to our Milton; but no more o' that.

TOBY (V.1.).

DIRTY FACE.

When I rise up in the morning
Ere my shoes I start to lace,
Mother calls, "Now, Willie darling,
Don't forget to wash your face!"

At night, as soon as supper's ready,
Papa says I'm in disgrace,
And he sends me from the table,
Out to wash that same old face.

I am washing, washing, washing
Every minute of the day;
Funny that they never worry
Lest I wash my face away!

W. S. S. (II.3).

"THE BELLS OF THE ABBEY ALWAYS RING."

At Newburgh in Fifeshire there is an old ruined Abbey called Lindores. One day the monk or abbot who rang the bells for prayers quarrelled with another abbot. That night he went up to a hill opposite the Abbey. He sat on the top of this hill, which was afterwards called Abbot's Hill, to hear if the bells would ring. He did not think they would, for he thought he was the only one who could ring them. However, at eight o'clock the bells rang and he went down the hill a sadder and wiser man. And so originated the saying "The bells of the abbey always ring."

A. R. (I.7).

OUR GREAT ALLIES.

Our brothers of the Maple Leaf,
Who live across the sea,
Are fighting for the same belief,—
To keep their home-land free.

Our ally of the Stars and Stripes,
Our helper and our friend,
Although we are of different types,
On them we can depend.

Our Russian comrades brave and bold,
Fighting for freedom's sake,
Undaunted by great fears untold,
A peaceful world will make.

Great Britain with her allies stands
United, strong, and free;
To liberate the conquered lands
Her quest will always be.

B.B. and A. T. (III.3).

DAWN.

When dawn is breaking o'er the hill,
And all the world is quiet and still;
I love to roam in the golden hue
And touch the early morning dew.

The flowers are awakening,
And sweet perfumes adorn;
You say, "What a delightful scene!"
And thank God you were born.

A. C. (P.3).

Pupils—

"Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools."—Pope.

W.T.F. (VI.)—

"In arguing too the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquished he could argue still."

—Goldsmith.

WHITEHILL NOTES

Library. On Mondays and Tuesdays the stairs are packed and the steps deep worn by the hurrying feet of panting patrons for the Library. On Wednesdays a more cultured set of the Upper School toy with books and select with care and thought their choice from crowded shelves. Our clients come mainly from the junior classes and in great numbers and for them the Library continues to give a wide choice of wholesome and popular reading and so holds a most important place in the young life of our School.

Literary and Debating Society. We have had a very successful session. Several debates were held, and proved as stirring as our traditions demand. Pupils have taken the chair with complete efficiency. Outstanding among the lectures on art and science were those by our distinguished visitors, Mr. Duff, Mr. Munro, and Mr. Garrick, whose colour photographs were really astonishing. Mr. Munro has undertaken the office of Vice-President for 1942-43. Other appointments have still to be made.

W. T. F.

Music. The Orchestra now numbers 25, all enthusiastic string players. (The next preparatory class starts in September.)

As it is hoped to add a brass section, we would be very glad to hear from anyone who has a cornet, trombone or other brass instrument lying idle.

H. D.

Gardening. Mr. McMurray has proved invaluable to the section in supervising our activities. We confidently look forward to a successful crop. Our number, which includes Third and Fourth year boys, is large enough at present. This year we decided that we would try to grow only potatoes, lettuces, parsley, and turnips, as last year our attempts at growing cabbages were not successful. It has been decided that this year the cost of the seeds, etc., has to be met by the boys concerned.

I. C.

CARTSIDE FARM DAIRY

(J. G. CLEWS)

25 Whitehill Street :: Glasgow, E.1

HIGH-CLASS DAIRY PRODUCE.

Milk from Local Farms. Delicious Ice Cream.

Telephone: Bridgeton 1909

Swimming. Owing to the restriction of galas in wartime, the School team has to date participated in only one race. At Hillhead High School gala in the Western Baths, competing against the High School, Hillhead and Woodside, the Whitehill team, consisting of A. Simpson, G. Milne, J. Kirkwood and H. Cargill, won comfortably.

Tennis. The courts opened as usual at the beginning of May and the attendance has been excellent and enthusiastic. The main event up to the time of writing has been an American Doubles Tournament and on the whole the season promises to be most successful.

Golf. Once again no Monthly Medal Competitions have been held. The Allen Shield is being kept going and it is intended to hold the Club Championship as soon as the Shield is finished. The number of members from both upper and lower schools has been rather disappointing. Various conditions exist just now that help to explain this, but there should be time for a game of golf even in war time, and even if you can't win "pots" you can enjoy the game. We particularly invite the younger boys to join us and keep the Club flourishing. In closing, we wish to send our best wishes to Mr. Campbell; we hope he finds his new "course" all fairway, with no bunkers
W. B.

Rugby. The season, frankly, has not been one of our greatest triumphs. The First XV. met with meagre success; the Second showed good form but had few fixtures; the Junior XV. proved the best team, winning most of their games. When these boys graduate to senior status we should field a formidable side. G.M.

Football. This season has brought hopes of a "crack" Whitehill team—at some future date. I refer to the Fourth XI., who, after winning their section of the League, were defeated by Shawlands in the deciding game for the Fourth Division Championship by the narrow margin of four corners. The First and Intermediate XI.s have had a successful season, and show promise of producing a good First XI. for next year. We shall miss the guidance of Mr. MacLachlan, and gladly take this opportunity of thanking him for his enthusiastic work. D. H.

Hockey. At the beginning of the season the Hockey Club had few experienced players. Later, however, through enthusiasm and perseverance, two teams were formed. Those teams played very successfully. Other Club members have shown their enjoyment of the game by very regular attendance at Craighend on Saturday mornings and it is hoped many of them will play in teams next session.

"OOR WEE TOUN CLERKS."

Last year we had a record number of places in the Corporation Clerkship Examination, including first place for girls. Again we have the top score for Glasgow, and Agnes Boyd has taken Helen Hodge's place at the head of the list. Out of 189 places Whitehill secured 30—16 girls and 14 boys, and of these 9 were from the Fourth Year. A good show!