

Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 46

Christmas, 1942

THE EDITORIAL.

This is surely the Golden Age of student brain in Whitehill! As you turn breathlessly from page to page your sense of humour will be strained to the breaking-point and in amazement you will wonder how the mind conceives such things. (So did we!) Thanks are due to the Lower School for their many contributions. May we suggest that many of them would be happier in prose? To the Upper School we say gently that while we are delighted to acknowledge an increase on last year, we shall not be embarrassed by double that amount. Also here we would like to remind all pupils that articles must be original and written down neatly and on one side of the paper only.

After the devastating raid made on our Staff last term by the mysterious Powers that direct the movements of teachers, we have enjoyed a comparatively undisturbed spell. There have, however, been losses. Miss Brodie (Art), has left; Mr. Atlas (Classics) and Mr. Wood (English), whom we were just beginning to know properly, are both away on evacuation duty; and Miss Hamilton has left to be married. Our best wishes go with her. In their places are Miss Donaldson and Miss Dunn, both Whitehill F.P.s, and Miss Scrimgeour. Mr. Easson has joined the Technical Staff, and Miss McSween is with Miss Johnston in the Office. We extend a warm welcome to them all. We are glad to see one or two teachers who have returned from "exile," and we are particularly happy that Mr. Gent has overcome his long indisposition.

We wish to thank our Printer who has been our friend in need for many years and who has extended the hand of friendship once more by making the production of this magazine possible. Also we say, "Thank you very much!" to our Committee, the members of which have supported us loyally. The Staff, too, are due our thanks for their helpful advice, especially Mr. Stewart, and last but by no means least we sincerely and gratefully thank Mr. Meikle for his kindness and help, which has been so willingly given, and we feel we can do nothing more than repeat what Whitehill has before remarked, "A finished gentleman from top to toe."

It now only remains for us to thank our readers and wish Staff and Pupils, "A Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

THE EDITORS.

Whitehill School—

"Wisdom in sable garb arrayed
Immersed in rapturous thought profound."—Gray.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

We have received with deep regret reports that the following have lost their lives:

BLACKBURN, JOHN, Merchant Navy.	MACGREGOR, LEON L., R.A.F.
HILL, WILLIAM, R.A.F.	MACKAY, JOHN, R.A.F.
HOWIESON, ROBERT, R.A.F.	MUNRO, IAN, R.A.F.

The following have been posted missing:

BLACKADDER, WILLIAM, R.A.F.	MACPHIE, JOHN, R.A.F.
GARRITY, DANIEL, R.A.F.	ROY, ROBERT J., R.A.F.
McGARVA, ALEX., R.A.F.	SMITH, HARRY, Chaplain.

Prisoner of war:

GRAY, ANDREW, Commandos.

Latest additions to the number of Former Pupils now on Service:

ALEXANDER, NEIL, Royal Air Force.	MAIR, ALEX., Royal Air Force.
BRODIE, MOWBRAY, Fleet Air Arm.	MASON, HARRY, Royal Artillery.
BROWN, ROBERT, Commandos.	MASON, JAMES B., R.A.S.C.
BRUCE, JOHN, Royal Air Force.	MATHER, WILLIAM, Scots Guards.
CASSIDY, JOHN, 9th L.T.C.	MATTHEWS, JAMES, Royal Air Force.
COULL, JOHN, Royal Air Force.	MELVIN, JACK, Royal Air Force.
CRAWFORD, ALEX., A. & S. H.	MENTEITH, JAMES, Royal Navy.
CRAWFORD, JAMES, Royal Air Force.	MONCRIEFF, JAMES, Royal Artillery.
CRICHTON, A. F., Royal Air Force.	MURDOCH, DAVID, Royal Navy.
CRICHTON, JOHN, Royal Air Force.	NICHOLSON, MATTHEW, Royal Navy.
DEVLIN, ROBERT, Royal Air Force.	NICOL, DONALD,
DICK, JAMES, R.A.S.C.	PEARSON, JOHN, Royal Air Force.
DICKSON, THOMAS, Training Batt.	RAMSAY, LINDSAY, R.A.S.C.
EADIE, R. ROLAND, Royal Engineers.	REID, WILLIAM MUIR, R.A.F.
GALLACHER, WM., Royal Air Force.	RESTON, WILLIAM, Royal Engineers.
GRAHAM, JOHN, Royal Air Force.	RICHARDSON, CHARLES, R.A.F.
HOLLERIN, SAMUEL, Royal Air Force.	ROCHE, THOMAS, Royal Artillery.
HOLLIDAY, ALAN, H.L.I.	SKIRVING, JAMES, Royal Artillery.
HUTCHISON, JAMES, Gordon Hdrs.	SHEED, EDWIN, Fleet Air Arm.
HUTCHISON, ROBERT, R.A.S.C.	SHEED, WILLIAM, R.A.S.C.
HUTCHISON, WILLIAM, H.L.I.	STEVENS, ALEX., Royal Artillery.
KENNEDY, THOS., Royal Air Force.	SUTHERLAND, WM., Seaforth Hdrs.
KIRKWOOD, JAMES, Royal Navy.	THOMPSON, NORMAN, Royal Navy.
LANGMUIR, JAMES, Royal Navy.	THOMSON, THOMAS, Royal Air Force.
LAW, HAMISH, Commandos.	WADDELL, JOHN, R.A.S.C.
MACCULLOCH, ARCHD., R.A.F.	WOODROW, ALEX., Royal Artillery.
MACFARLANE, JAMES, R.A.M.C.	WRIGHT, JAMES, Royal Navy.
McROBIE, WILLIAM, Royal Air Force.	WRIGHT, JOCK, Royal Air Force.
	YOUNG, ROBERT, Merchant Navy.

BLAIR, ELIZABETH, A.T.S.	HUNTER, MARGARET, W.R.N.S.
BUCHANAN, ELIZABETH, A.T.S.	MACMILLAN, NANCY, W.A.A.F.
BURTON, JANET, A.T.S.	MARSHALL, HELEN, A.T.S.
COUTTS, ANNA, W.A.A.F.	SOMERVILLE, MARION, A.T.S.
DAVIDSON, MYRA, W.A.A.F.	WATSON, HELEN M., W.A.A.F.
DRINKWATER, MARGARET, A.T.S.	YOUNG, MOIRA, W.R.N.S.
GRAHAM, ISABEL, W.A.A.F.	

DECORATION.

We have pleasure in quoting the following from "The Glasgow Herald" of 11th November, 1942: "The O.B.E. is awarded to Captain Charles Arkieson, who was master of a ship engaged in evacuating sick and wounded from Tobruk during the winter campaign in the Western Desert. The ship was often subjected to high and low level bombing attacks. Throughout, the coolness and courage of Captain Arkieson inspired confidence and set an example to all on board." Captain Arkieson was educated at Whitehill.

SCHOOL FEVER.

(With apologies to Mr. Masefield.)

I must go down to the school again, to the school and the class exams.,
And all I ask is a good pen and a ruler for my sums;
And a clear brain and a steady hand and a heart not quaking,
Though with German verbs I'm struggling on, and my knees are shaking.

I must go down to the school again, for the call of the clanging gong
Is a wild call and a clear call that echoes loud and long;
And all I ask is some easy French and a short Maths. paper,
And a scientific experiment on, "What is vapour?"

I must go down to the school again, to the school that is called Whitehill,
Where the boys shout and the girls chat and the teacher's voice is shrill;
And all I ask is a hockey match, wint'ry weather scorning,
And a deep sleep and a long lie on Sunday Morning.

KAY JAY, IV.1.

THE F.P. CLUB.

After being dormant for two years the F.P. Club, with the blessing of the Education Committee, the goodwill of Mr Weir, and the co-operation of Mr Wilson, has been partially revived—partially, because of war conditions, which keep down attendances and seriously curtail entertainment resources. However, handicaps do not deter us. Our meetings will be as interesting as possible, and as regular as possible, so that F.P.s can come along on some nights at least, thus having a night off, and maintaining contacts, often rather precious, with former school-mates. The meetings are held at least once every four weeks, on the first Friday of the month at 7 p.m., and notices will be published in the school, by permission of Mr. Weir, and in "The Evening Times" one week before the appointed Friday. All F.P.s are invited. Membership is not confined to those who were in Forms V. and VI., nor do members pat each other on the back and utter beastly nostalgic references to days at school—now so happily past. We do not want to return to school—we believe you are the same—when you leave, join us, and maintain the better parts of school life and contacts while eliminating the evils thereof.

The next meeting is on 18th December—a Christmas Dance. Details will be announced before the magazine is published.

When we have more members a more representative committee, with more leisure, will be appointed. Meanwhile, the following are carrying on:—

President: Rev. Thomas Lithgow, M.A.

Secretary: Miss Reid.

Acting Convener: Mr Godfrey Pullan.

Acting Secretary: Miss C. Hogg.

Acting Treasurer: Miss E. Brown.

Messrs. T. Donohoe and A. Simpson, Misses I. Stewart and McConnell Jones.

Ex officio members: Mr. W. Fullarton and Miss H. Hodge.

A HORRIBLE DREAM.

I entered the confectioner's
(I dreamt of this last night),
The black-out blinds were all away,
The lights were shining bright.
I didn't know if I should buy
"Favourites" or "Alpine Cream,"
But in the end I bought "Soor Plooms."
(Remember, it's a dream.)
And as I walked without due thought
About what I was doing,
I slid on a banana skin,
Which promptly stopped my chewing.
I hate the sight of this lush fruit,
Too plentiful it seems;
A gross or so in every shop.
(This is the dream of dreams.)
Fresh eggs make me sick as well—
Fresh eggs every day;
"It's all I could get," Mother says,
"More eggs? Take 'em away!"
Sugar in plenty on the shelf,
6d. per bag (or poke);
And as I took another sweet—
That's all. Then I awoke.

H. W., II.2.

ORCHESTRAL REHEARSAL.

There can generally be noticed among certain musical geniuses of the school a restless fidgeting every Tuesday as 4 o'clock draws nigh.

When at last the gong resounds through the hall there is a continual stream of these pupils towards the music room, where as they enter, the music master, alias our illustrious conductor, looks down at them from his lofty peak as they pass through its portals to his demesne.

After much scraping and squeaking and arranging of players and music the orchestra is ready. The conductor, with a flourish that would only be expected of Sir Henry Wood, raises his baton, pauses . . . then gradually it descends. Immediately the orchestra bursts forth into activity and the air is filled with sweet music.

The violins breath forth their sweet, delicate melody, watching all the while the conductor's baton, while 'cellists, sawing on their 'cellos with their bows, send forth a mellow obligato, and in the background the double bass vibrates in its deep and tuneful voice. The result produced is perhaps "March from Scipio" or Bizet's "March from Carmen."

Then comes a moment's interval in which various members of the Staff exchange opinions of, sometimes, the music in question. Before proceeding with this commentary it might be best to add that these members are all expert musicians. If some of the younger pupils of the school who, unlike the more ancient veterans, have never seen them under really studious circumstances, saw them with that earnest look of concentration upon their faces they might be surprised. However, as it is they are as enthusiastic as even the youngest and less experienced members of the orchestra.

To resume: the orchestra with the same enthusiasm and diligence play through their remaining masterpieces ("pieces" might be more correct), until five minutes to five when it closes with Purcell's "Trumpet Voluntary" or some other rousing piece, on which each player is carried away, higher and higher, on its lilting strains until it ends—whereupon he, or she, collapses, worn out by the energetic playing; and thus another Tuesday passes.

(Well, anyway—that's what it will be like some day.)

OPTIMIST, V.3.

COUNTING SHEEP.

I lay awake in bed all night,
My brain refused to sleep;
My mother looked in through the door,
And said, "Try counting sheep."

I counted sheep by dozens,
I counted by the score,
There were hundreds floating down the lum,
And thousands through the door.

I got up in the morning,
And staggered off to school
With eyes half shut, and yawning,
And feeling like a fool;

For I hadn't learned my home-work—
'Twas history that morn—
I still saw sheep before my eyes,
As I stifled many a yawn.

In class the teacher asked me,
As I sat still half asleep,
"Who fought the Battle of Stirling Bridge?"
I yawned and answered, "Sheep."

I. McC., I.13.

The sky grows dark with coming night
When the sun goes down to rest:
The red tint in the sky is bright,
It really is a lovely sight
When the sun goes down to rest.

J. S. I.15.

THE DEUCE OF CLUBS.

Our first meeting, on 1st September, had been delayed until our President, Mr. Dillinger, had completed his vacation at one of the Royal Hostels so amply distributed over the countryside. Our Treasurer, Mr. Snatch, too, had been travelling since we had last seen him. He had spent some months in the Army, in which institution he had laboriously achieved the elevated rank of private. The routine and cold shaving-water, however, did not suit his manner of living, and at the end of August he resigned. His personal friends gave him a gold watch, with the words: "Fitzeustace Shufflesbotham, C.S.M.," and the admirable sentiment, "Wind to the left." Mr. Snatch received in leaving a gift of £3 17s. 5d, from his sergeant, and several articles of clothing which, not forming a part of his customary trousseau, our Treasurer promptly converted into cash.

Mr. Jack Spaide, our Secretary, put himself to some inconvenience to attend our meeting. At the time of its announcement he was at his delightful country house at Mossbank; which is so pleasantly situated near Millerston, and within coincidentally easy distance of Craigend.

The rest of the company comprised that well-known nocturnal gardener and archæologist, Mr. Burke; the celebrated Dr. Divining; the cosmopolitan race-horse owner, Mr Scram, who is so often to be met with in the neighbourhood of P - rl - - tary Road, handing out to friends those little mottoes to which he owes his fame; that admirable little commercial woman, Miss Hija de Bicho; that eminent divine, Mr. Noctifer.

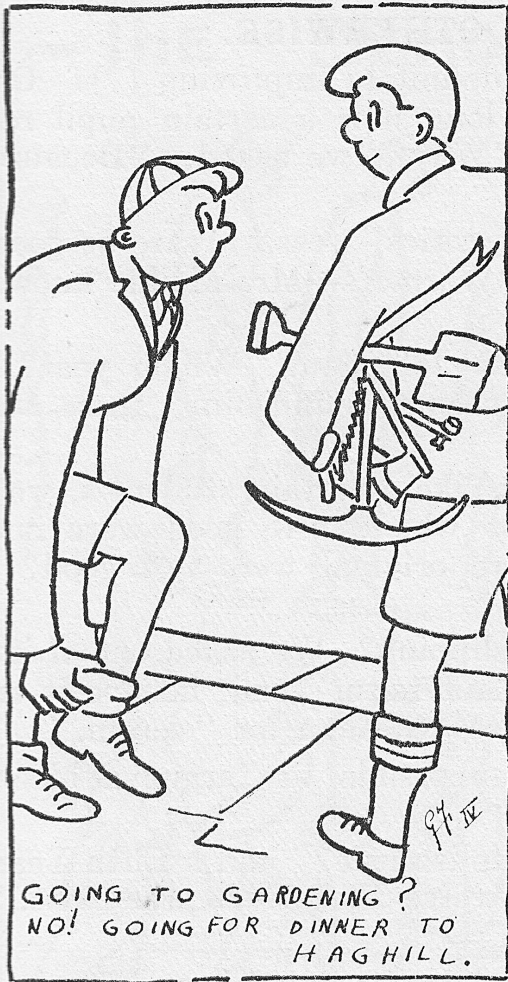
We first heard an account of the sad death of our late friend Mr. Slasher, who, it seems, was the victim of a fatal accident involving a ladder and a rope, which took place during a brief holiday at State Hotel, near Tavistock. As our informant was not present he could say only that Mr. Slasher died instantly.

When our grief had been expressed, we learnt of Mr. Snatch's part in the little-publicised combined operations attack on Pahntri, during which he lost his shirt, and himself captured two "big-bugs," as, with his customary clarity, he described General Siphunculata and Major Mallophaga.

Mr Spaide now amused the company with a delightful rendering of "The Puritan's Daughter," so widely known at the time of the Civil War. Meanwhile we partook of some refreshment in the form of port, and in the nature of ale; and enjoyed Mr. Dillinger's excellent "chèvrefeuille des bois" smokes.

Mr. Noctifer, who for a while was sober, and obviously out of sorts, became so heated later as to oblige us with his own arrangement of "The Happy Land." The business was then resumed, and another meeting fixed for 31st October. After which Mr. Noctifer was wakened to pronounce the benediction, which he did with an accent not less halting than his gait.

When the company adjourned, he remained behind, with his customary magnanimity, to collect any evidence of the meeting, and to remove a troublesome stone from his hoof. FOIN, IV.1.



TRANSPORT TROUBLE.

In Glasgow we have tramcars
And we have buses too,
But there are lots of people
Who won't stand in a queue.

Sometimes there is a quarrel,
Sometimes there is a fight;
It's not so bad in daytime,
But very bad at night.

B. S., I.14.

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PERTINENT AND OTHERWISE.

The wit in the Fifth Year is definitely improving (?). On seeing a man with exceptionally long hair a certain pupil remarked, "He's a German spy." "Why?" we asked. "Because he's a H-aryan." Oh Ronnie!

Some say Master A's "funny stories" (essays) are as good as any of Billy Bennet's or Jack Warner's—Mr. Meikle knows they're better.

"John Smith?" repeated Miss Johnston. "Which year?" "Oh! first year—it won't take very long to find him; there are only 22 classes in it."

Who produced an essay which, like a certain student's, was "original and good, but the parts which were good were not original and the parts which were original were not good?" Who, Peter?

Can the Latin department be slipping? We asked one of its Fifth Year students to translate "aut mitu," and, believe it or not, Mr. Duff, he didn't know it was German for "scram."

We always believed it was impossible to "argue a black crow white"—till we met J.F.

"What did we get from the English rule?" and a Fifth Year wit shining as ever replied, "Twelve inches to the foot." S-Hutch wit!

Can our Latin department translate "transi et bona effunde" or are they afraid to, "come across and spill the goods"?

We heard A.W. repeating, "O that this too too solid flesh would melt,"—we wondered if he could have been serious.

We concluded in a little debate recently that the war had had a marked effect on humour in our school—now we've proved it.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Our Simplified Spelling expert in Form I.

At the back of our school is a kind of a wooden building which they call the an X.

We know Mrs. Malaprop confused geography and geometry. Have we her descendants in the Second Year?

French Equilateral Africa!

Fathers and Brethren!

A Scotticism is a teaching of the Church of Scotland. (Form IV.)

Out of the mouth of babes!

The Highwayman, by Sir Kingsley Wood.

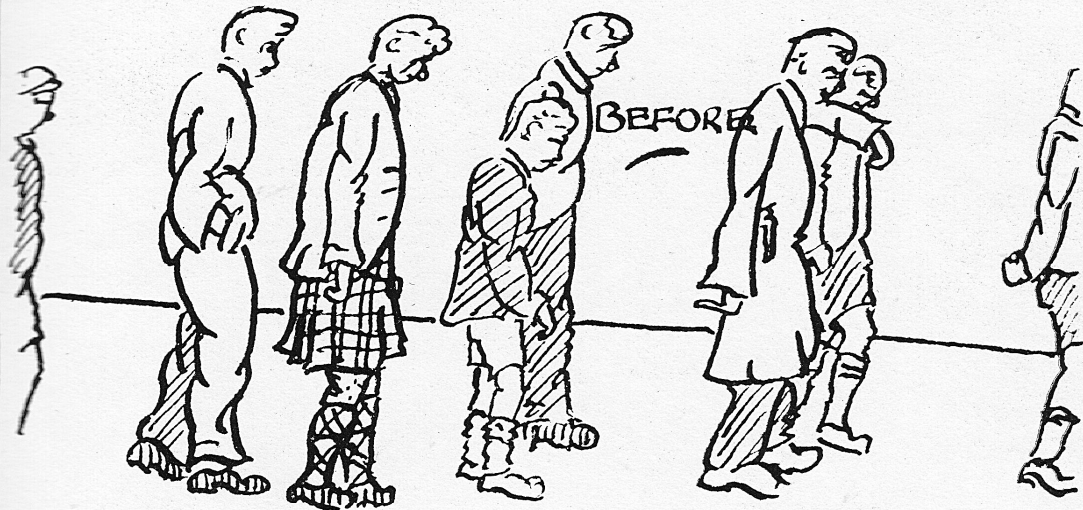
In the History Class—

"Oh, yes, we know something about Sir Thomas More. We read about his burial in a poem."

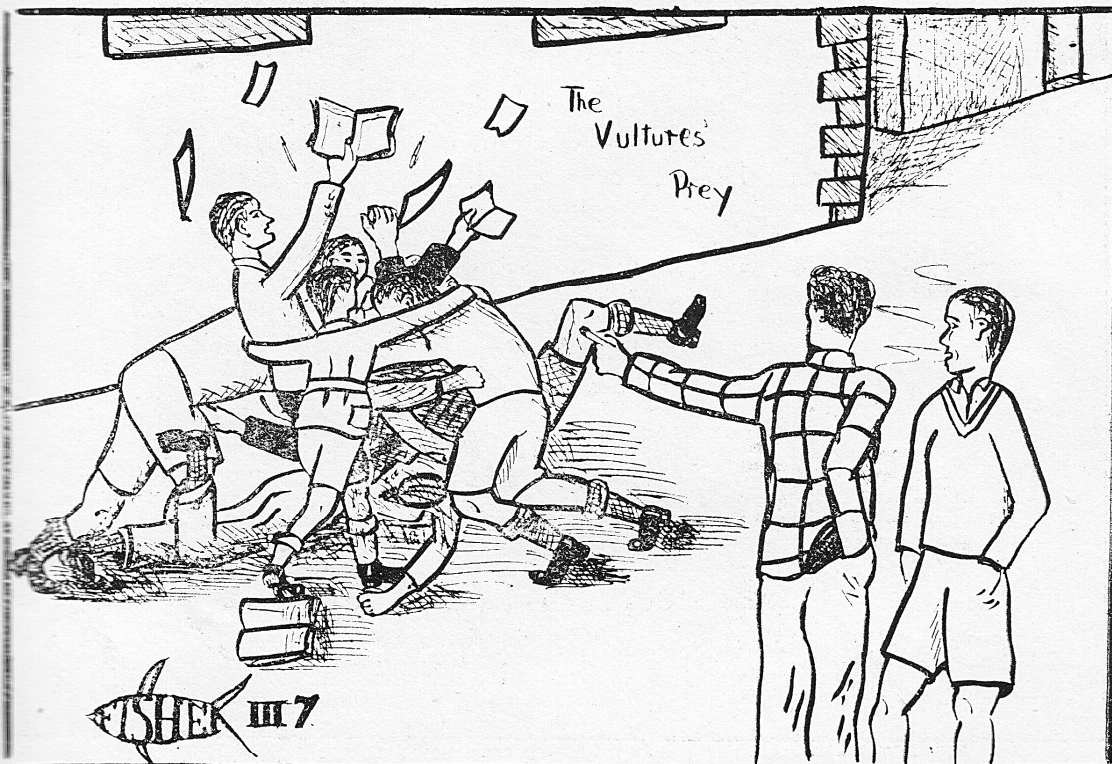
First Year again:

"Whithorn was the landing-place of St. Mull of Kintyre."

~ THE SCHOOL DINNER ~



OR SHOULD IT BE
AFTER — BEFORE ?



FISHER III 7

"What's the fight about?" "Oh! Thomson, the one at the bottom, was the only boy in his class who managed to do his maths exercise"



PREFECTS.

Edith Palmer, David Nimmo, Olive Hay, Alex. McCracken, Margaret Beattie,
Robert Caldwell, Mary Reid.

Robert Mairs, Margaret Stevenson, Alasdair Macdougall (Captain), Mr. Weir,
Jean Lochore (Captain), John Brown, Margaret Macfarlane.



SOME MEMBERS OF THE HOCKEY CLUB.

TO THE NIGHT BOMBER CREWS.

The sun steals out the burnished sky,
And twilight dims the land.
The evening breeze blows soft and sweet
To soothe the burning sand.

Ere the cloak of night has cast her shroud,
O'er the desert's blinding glare,
The roaring engines cry out loud
As night birds take the air.

Those who fly on darkened wings
Across the boundless space,
Note the way the cosmos swings
Each star in heavenly grace.

They know not when their call will come,
Or that they'll live for aye,
But they know their duty must be done
Ere breaks a new-born day.

They loose destruction 'gainst their will
Through clouds so far below,
Till all the earth, so calm and still,
Is rent by deathly blow.

Their duty done they heave a sigh,
As homeward bound they go.
But what dark shape looms in the sky?
They wonder: "Friend or Foe?"

It should be they cannot die
Who brave the night's dark ways,
And fly unnoticed through the sky
Till dawn of happier days.

Some fall, like meteors, to their death,
When the Reaper sweeps the blue.
For these, like others, drew their breath
As men of a bomber crew.

BILL NIIT, Rear Gunner.

All days are meant for happy days,
For times of joy and cheer;
There is no cloud but somewhere holds
A bit of sunshine near.

J. F. I.16.

Congratulations to John Paterson (R.D.F., South Africa) on
graduating M.A. with War Honours.

J. L., V.1—

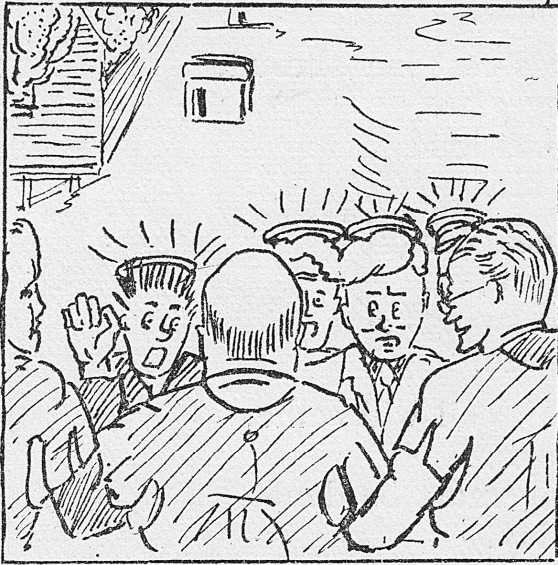
"Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art."—Keats.

A. McD., VI.—

"Why art thou so silent?"—Wordsworth.

A SCHOOL IN FLAMES.

Our reporter had set out for school expecting to pass a peaceful, sleepy day as usual. As he reached Mountaintop Street he thought the atmosphere was much warmer than it had been



of late. Suddenly he noticed many pupils, of both sexes, racing towards the girls' gate. A keen reporter never misses a good story, so he followed.

When he arrived at the annexe he saw, much to his consternation, that this famous building was on fire. One janitor, a Mr. Wilfather, was holding back members of the Lower School who were trying to increase the fire by throwing their school books into the flames. The other

janitor was holding back Upper School pupils who were striving to follow their example.

Most of the teachers were helping to fight the fire, but two of them were holding back a third who wanted to dash back into the flames and rescue his Latin exercises. His pupils, who felt life would be worthless without him, shouted to him that they were willing to sacrifice their exercises. Such pupils must be commended for their unflinching loyalty. Mr. John, our beloved English teacher, thought the fire had spread to the Art room. This, however, was an optical illusion caused by the presence in the room of Miss Helenson who was so engrossed in a Geometry deduction that she had not noticed the fire. She was aroused to the danger of the situation by being soaked by water from a hose.

Six teachers, headed by Mr. Bubble, a Science teacher, marched to the back of the annexe to try to force an entry. While Mr. Bubble and Miss Egalité were disagreeing about the correct method of entering without a key, Mr. Aristotle, a man of imposing stature, succeeded in breaking the door. Some prefects, who had been hiding in adjacent shelters, joined in the race for the fire extinguisher. The race was won by Miss Grammalogue who raced along the corridor almost as fast as her fingers race on the keys of a typewriter.



Communication was broken, so Mr. Eagle-Eye organized a handicap race to the nearest fire station. It was interesting to

note that only first year pupils volunteered to race. Meanwhile, the absence of Mr. Ray was noted. He was later discovered trying to push a piano out of the window. Here he was joined by Miss Egalité and Mr. Bubble who started to quarrel about the easiest way of removing the piano. A diversion was caused by the appearance of Mr. Archimedes on the roof. Mr. Archimedes, who is head of the school A.R.P., had climbed on to the roof in an effort to fight the fire from another angle. There was no means of conveying H₂O. to him, so he soon abandoned his position.

When the fire brigade arrived, the majority of the teachers retired to another building to recuperate. The pupils were given the day off and most of them returned home joyfully while the remainder joined the rest of the teachers who were listening to another argument between Miss Egalité and Mr. Bubble, who was explaining his theory of oxidation.

M. W. M., V.3.



J. D. B., VI.—

“Rarely, rarely comest thou, Spirit of Delight.”—Shelley.

A. McR., VI.—

“Sleep on secure.”—Rogers.

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PHYSICAL TORTURE.

One fine day, while at P.T.
A large fat girl—I mean that's me,
Performed her tasks with zeal and vim,
And gamely exercised each limb.
The time passed by, as if on wings,
We "gymnatized" on all the things;
On ropes and bars and beams we swung,
As one can only do when young.
At last we had to (with a leap)
Clear a box and land down deep.
So with a run (and wobbly knees)
I soared through space; then with a wheeze
I fell as heavy as a stone,
And made the very floorboards groan.
All breath was driven from my chest,
And any thoughts I had "went west."
I saw some little birds on wing,
And heard the ancient Phœnix sing.
I wakened up and there I found
My dear young friends all gathered round.
I pointed out that by this dent
A message was from Heaven sent.
To them all I showed my love,
And told them how to get above.
If into gyms. they put some zest,
Then sweet would be their great last rest,
And never from the path they'd stray
If their jerks they did this way.

ENTHUSIAST, III.1.

Agricultural Campers—

"We are the movers and shakers of the world."

—O'Shaughnessy.

Vth Year at Exams.—

"A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want."

—Shelley.

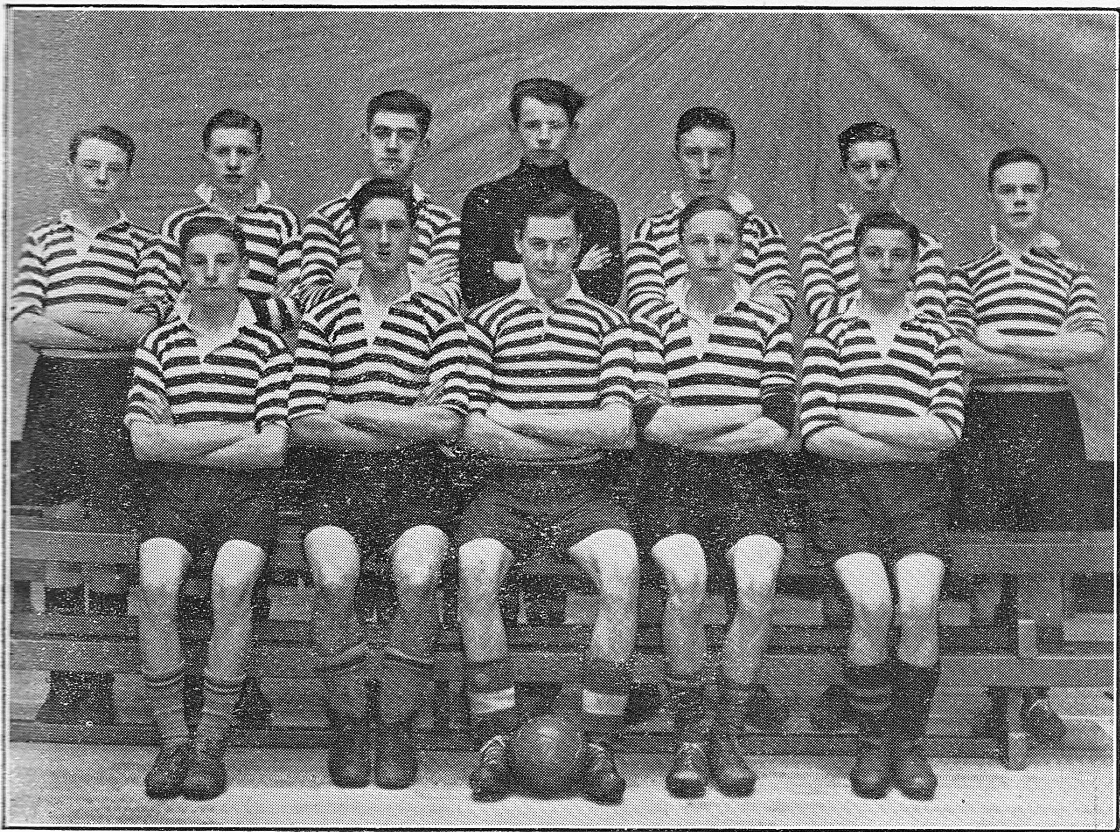
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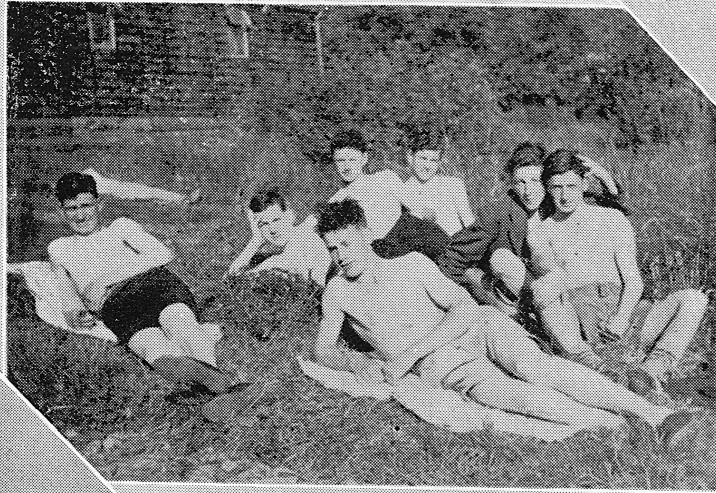
FOOTBALL FIRST XI.

David McGuffie, Robert Duncan, Neil Smith, Douglas Hutchison, William Bruce, Robert Fraser, Alex. Cameron.
 William Cuthbert, Alan McDiarmid, Ian Buchan (Captain), Ronald Speirs, Dugald Logan.



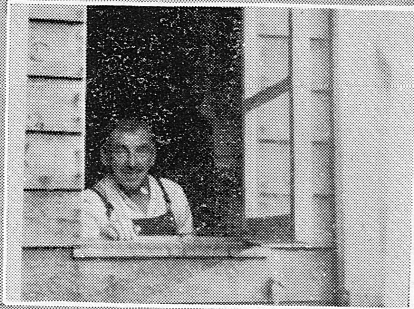
RUGBY FIRST XV.

Herbert Longmuir, George Kilpatrick, James Hunter, Ian Law, Mr. Anderson, Daniel Hood, Thomas McAllister, Jack Pollock, James Dingwall.
 Andrew Ford, James Kirkwood, Alan Hay, David Nimmo (Captain), John Brown, Alex. McNaught, Tony Kearsley.



Y4

SCRAP



BOOK



1942

1. "One Fine Day."
2. "Para Handy."
3. "Half pint, please."
4. "Ready to clean up the Mess."
5. "Three Little Maids from School."

SUMMER CAMPS.

The Forestry Camps could not cope with the numbers from Whitehill this year and so we invaded new fields. The following communiqués have been received:—

CARNOCK. "I come to pluck your berries."—Milton.

Who hath not seen us oft amid our fields, plucking the rich red fruit and filling our baskets (and occasionally our mouths) with it till we began to grow faint at the very threat of a raspberry? But gather round, my sometime companions-in-toil, and recall our most pleasant hours. Sunday: Church and the picnic, the walk up the "mountain"—as one of the Dear (human-after-all) Martyrs was pleased to christen the pocket edition of a hill. Saturday: Pictures in town (pre-war, with a distinct green mould). The goings-on after "Lights Out"—the séance (dost remember, Irene?), the ghost stories, the midnight feasts. Eating was a major pleasure—all honour to the D.M.s (God bless them, every one!). And now, who locked the D.M.s in the kitchen? Why was "Annie Laurie" so popular? Yes, my friends, there was much to hate, much to love; but we hope Carnock will have need of us next year.

BIFFIE. "The stubborn glebe."—Gray.

On 1st July about a score of us set out for Biffie, expecting to find the camp all ready. Then the shock. Our farm was unprepared, and the bravest of us did not relish a night on the floorboards. But we soon settled, and did not really mind occasional visits from the former occupants of the loft—except when they ate our "tuck." The work was most interesting. We thinned neeps from morn till night. But a few (un) lucky lads had the privilege of visiting a silo, where, according to well-informed circles, they marched ten miles a day. Other circles regard twenty miles as an understatement. But the work was insufficient, and we returned before the month was completed. Although we grouched in true Whitehillian tradition, I feel we were all sorry to leave. (P.S.—Neeps taste not so bad after all.)

KILMUN. "Are not these woods . . . ?"—Shakespeare.

Perhaps we were no fatter when we left for home, but those monsters, those man-eaters, the midges, certainly gained weight. We shall always remember Kilmun weather and midges, but we shall also remember those good cooks who were good friends to "us boys," and we hope they will be at our next camp. We wish to thank Mr Somerville and the other members of the Staff for so running the camp that the work and play was enjoyed by all.

Though the weather in August left something to be desired, we were not downhearted, but kept on (s)logging away with the help of Messrs. Hendry and Meikle. The work was strenuous and enjoyable, the food plentiful enough for our healthy appetites. Our camp was graced by the appearance of Miss Moffett, late of this school, towards the end of the month. We are grateful to the Staff for their labours, and we hope they will be with us again next year.

THE TORCH.

Midnight on Friday 13th sees a small agile-looking man crouched on a window sill on the ground floor of Swan Hill Manse. At first glance he appears to be asleep, but on looking closer one can see that he is busily engaged in opening the window—cautiously and silently. Now he has it open and softly he enters. The moonlight shining brightly through the window falls on a bed, lighting up the reclining figure of a man. The intruder crosses the room and examines the motionless figure. “Cor blimey!” he exclaims, “The cove’s dead.”

He then moves over, without any further concern for his unusual audience, to a glass-fronted cabinet containing some silver. He draws a small green and white torch from his pocket and looks closely at the lock. As he does so he hears a hoarse voice behind him say, “Who’s there? Hands up!” and, casting all caution to the winds, he rushes to the window, tumbles out, and makes off as fast as his legs will take him. When he thinks he is at a safe distance he stops, takes a large handkerchief out of his pocket, and mops his brow. “The bloomin’ corpse spoke!” he observes to himself.

The next morning Mr. James Cobb picks up his newspaper and reads: “Last night the housekeeper at Swan Hill Manse awoke to hear the parrot say, “Who’s there? Hands up!” and on going downstairs found the Rev. John Charles dead, although he had evidently sustained no injuries and appeared to have died quite peacefully. The window, however, was open, and on the floor beside a cabinet there lay a small green and white torch.”

“Lumme!” exclaimed Cobb. “Oh well, that torch never worked proper any’ow.”

M., III.1.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE.

Dear Auntie Nellie,

Although I have always wanted to be a famous singer, I have come to the conclusion that my voice is like two razors meeting. What can I do?—Annie.

Auntie answers:

Dear Annie,

Don’t despair. Any dance band has room for you.

—Auntie.

Dear Auntie Nellie,

I’m a failure. Nothing I do seems to turn out right. I’ve been beaten for the last two years.—Ex-Fly-Weight.

Auntie answers:

Dear Ex-Fly.,

I am sending you the address of a Rugby XV. in which you will be quite at home.—Auntie.

AUNTIE NELLIE, IV.1.



THE GLEN.

I think of the glen
Where I used to dream
By the rumbling tumbling
Mountain stream.

Where the bulrushes rustle
As wind passes through
And the trees are all sighing
And murmuring too.

P. M., I.12.

THE EFFORTS OF A WORM TURNING.

To the courteous reader who may attempt to reason out the argument of the following product of a heat-oppressed brain, due warning is given. There is NO reason nor argument.

I was told I would have to write an article for the Mag. It was pointed out to me, thrown at me, and hammered into me, this moral obligation. I, in my childish simplicity, desired to know why. "Why?" I was told. "Yours is the duty to carry on the noble tradition of the old school, or even the new school, or, in an extremity, the annexe."

But still I said "No." The tempter at my ear whispered, "Please write just a teensy-weensy article. What would the Mag. Committee do if there were no articles?" I said I didn't know nor care: I would write no article.

But on what subject wouldn't I not write no article? (The mathematical readers may untangle these negatives by the proper use of logs. in their spare time.) Oh, b—th—r the subject, I thought. It can take care of itself. Settling the matter of my non-article in like airy manner, I rest my over-worked brain awhile. But clear before me, like a chink in the black-out, burns my unalterable purpose. I will never write an article for the Mag.

JAF, V.1.

I find to my dismay that my labours have by accident taken the form of an article. I humbly beg the indignant reader's pardon, and hasten to assure him that it was a slip of the pen and won't happen in the future.

BALLADE DU TEMPS JADIS.

(Où sont les bananes d'antan?)

Where are the snows of yesteryear?
Who wants the snows? The point is moot.
Our fuel target, so I fear,
They'd surely make us overshoot.
Instead, my Muse, take up thy flute
To mourn that dear, departed crew,
Till sounds the hall with plaintive toot,
Bananas bann'd, I sigh for you!

When Eve to Adam said, "My dear,
There's no one looking—let us loot
The tree now that the coast is clear."
Poor Adam fell—the silly coot!
Their clothing shortage grew acute;
They were evacuated, too.
What must have been th' forbidden fruit?
Bananas bann'd, I cry, "'Twas you!"

O Woolton, ration-ruling peer,
What next seek you on points to put?
Forbid our fags, or ban our beer,
But let us plant again our foot
On slipp'ry skins of tropic root!
Oh, islands of Canary hue,
Would I could drop by parachute;
Bananas bann'd, I'd fly to you.

ENVOI:

Princess, when sirens cease to hoot,
When vanishes the last, long queue,
When Hitler has received the boot,
Bananas banned I'll buy for you!

IMP.

WHO CAN THEY BE ?

Miss G.—

"She is a mirror of alle curtesye."—Chaucer.

Mr. M.—

"The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone."

—Wordsworth.

Mr. D.—

"A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire."—Johnson.

Mr. W.—

"An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
Broad-cloth without, a warm heart within."—Cowper.

Mr. W.—

"Be kind and courteous to this gentleman."—Shakespeare.

WHITEHILL NOTES

Library. The Library is again open and doing brisk business.

Literary and Debating Society. We have had a successful term, which has included interesting talks by Miss Moffett, Mr. Gordon Easton and Mr. Atlas. Our debates have been carried on with the animation typical of the debates of former years. We hope that the loyal support given by the Upper School will continue during our future meetings. R. D. M.

Music. Our Orchestra now consists of 6 first, 9 second and 8 third Violins, 2 'cellos, 1 double bass and 2 pianos. Fifteen months ago there were only 9 pupils in the school learning to play an orchestral instrument, to-day there are nearly forty. Quite a number have started lessons but have found the task too much for them. We thank them for trying and it is hoped that many others will come forward to fill up the ranks.

A concert will be given at the end of the term, on 22nd December, in the Onslow Drive Gym, and on 23rd December in the Whitehill Gym. (Bring your gym. shoes.) The programme includes:

March, "Scipio," Handel.	Minuet, "Curtsy," Perry.
Suite, Bach.	Procession, "M. Beaucaire," Rosse.
Trumpet Voluntary, Purcell.	Selection, "Carmen," Bizet.
Christmas Fantasy, arr. Dorman.	

H. D.

A. F., V.3—

"Filled to the brim with girlish glee."—Gilbert.

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25 Whitehill Street :: Glasgow, E.1

HIGH-CLASS DAIRY PRODUCE.

Milk from Local Farms. Delicious Ice Cream.

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Gardening. The crop was not as good as was expected. The potatoes and turnips were exceptional, but the parsley did not sprout and the lettuce turned to seed. We thank Mr McMurray for his aid, and confidently look forward to a better crop next year.

Hockey. The Saturday Hockey practices have proved very successful. Matches have been arranged and it is hoped that the teams will put up a good fight against any opposing team.

As there is great difficulty in obtaining hockey sticks, Miss Fisher would be glad to hear from any former pupil who has a stick she would care to sell. Please give (1) weight of stick, (2) price wanted, (3) owner's name and address. Sticks offered should be in good condition and should not be over 19 ozs. in weight. M. R. S.

Football. Credit this season must be given to all three XIs., for all are doing extremely well in their respective leagues. Although the First XI. was defeated in round one of the Shield the Third XI. are still going strong in their section of the competition.

The effect of a little more support on Saturday mornings would soon be seen in the play of the various teams. D. H.

Rugby. The First XV. is progressing satisfactorily. Out of six games they have won three, drawn one, and lost two. The Second and Junior XVs. are playing in a way that augurs well for the future. A. H.

* * *

A certain team—

“They lose and lose they know not why.”—Caide.

* * *

SCHOOL OFFICIALS.

Captains: Alastair I. Macdougall, VI.; Jean S. S. Lochore, V.

Prefects: John D. Brown, VI.; Robert Caldwell, VI.; Alex. McCracken, V.; Robert D. Mairs, VI.; David Nimmo, V.
Margaret G. Beattie, V.; Olive M. Hay, V.; Margaret M. Macfarlane, V.; Edith Palmer, V.; Mary M. Reid, V.; Margaret R. Stevenson, V.

Rugby. Captain: David Nimmo, V. Vice-Captain: John D. Brown, VI.
Secretary: Alan Hay, IV.

Football. Captain: Ian Buchan, V. Vice-Captain: Alan McDiarmid, V.
Secretary: Douglas Hutchison, V.

Hockey. Captain: Olive M. Hay, V. Secretary: Margt. R. Stevenson, V.

Literary and Debating Society. Secretary: Robert D. Mairs, VI.
Treasurer: Catherine F. Mackay, V.
Committee: John D. Brown, VI.; Alex. McCracken, V.; Frieda Woodward, V.; Alan Hay, IV.; Louise Pullan, IV.

Magazine. Editors: Jean S. S. Lochore, V. and Agnes W. C. Fisher, V.
Committee: Joseph Fisher, V.; Alex. McCracken, V.; Louise Pullan, IV.; David McGuffie, V.; Douglas Hutchison, V.; Jas. Hunter, VI.; Margt. M. Macfarlane, V.; Jas. Kirkwood, IV.

PRIZE



LIST.

Dux of School: Henderson Memorial and War Memorial Prize of £10—
ALASDAIR I. MACDOUGALL.

Proxime accessit: War Memorial Prize of £5—ROBERT MAIRS.

Macfarlane Gamble Memorial Prize of £1—DAVID LOGIE.

Dux of Intermediate School—KATHLEEN PRYDE.

War Memorial Prizes—

English—DAVID LOGIE, ROBERT MAIRS (equal).

Mathematics—ROBERT MAIRS. **Science—**DAVID LOGIE.

Ralph Payne Memorial Prizes in Science—Not known in time for publication.

Crosthwaite Memorial Prizes—

Senior—1 ALASDAIR I. MACDOUGALL. 2 ALEXANDER WALES.

Junior—1 JOHN McNAB and KATHLEEN PRYDE (equal).

Sandy Robertson Memorial Prize in Commerce—ROBERT CALDWELL.

Whitehill School Club Prizes—

Form VI. Boys—A. I. MACDOUGALL.

Form V. Boys—WILLIAM HODGINS. **Girls—**JEAN LOCHORE.

Form IV. Boys—JAMES KENNEDY. **Girls—**LOUISE PULLAN.

Subject Prizes—

	VI.	V.	IV.
English,	A. I. MACDOUGALL.	JEAN CAMERON.	LOUISE PULLAN.
History,		JOSEPH FISHER.	LOUISE PULLAN.
Geography,		ROBT. CALDWELL.	CHRISTINE HOGG.
Maths.,	A. I. MACDOUGALL.	JEAN LOCHORE.	*CATH. GRACIE.
			*ARCH. STEWART.
Latin,	A. I. MACDOUGALL.	ALEX. WALES.	*LOUISE PULLAN.
			*MARTIN REID.
Greek,		ALEX. McCRACKEN.	ELIZ. McLENNAN.
French,		EDITH PALMER.	ISABEL ANDERSON.
Science,	DAVID LOGIE.	JEAN LOCHORE.	CATH. GRACIE.
Dynamics,		JOHN FOARD.	JAMES KENNEDY.
Art,			GORDON FINDLAY.
Commerce,		ALLAN McDIARMID.	BARBARA ADAMS.

* Equal.

Other Leading Awards— III.

	III.	II.	I.
Academic,	KATHLEEN PRYDE.	S. M. HANDYSIDE.	I. KEDDIE (Classical). M. WIGHT (Mod.).
Commercial,	JAMES AITKEN.	MARGT. CROWE.	
Technical,	JAS. SUTHERLAND.	LIVINGSTONE RAE.	THOMAS HOOD.
Domestic Science		IRENE WARDLE.	CATH. MUNN.

Preparatory,

- 1 R. D. KERNAHAN.
- 2 CHAS. McEWAN.
- 3 GEO. TELFER.