

Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 48

Christmas, 1943

EDITORIAL.

An editorial should not be written as a preface to the magazine but rather as a postscript, or, as a facetious friend remarks, as an apology. This because no one, with the exception, of course, of the editors, reads it until the rest of the magazine has been perused to the reader's satisfaction. Therefore, having digested the other ingredients of our magazine, you now turn with a sigh of contentment to the somewhat plainer fare of the editorial.

During the past few weeks we have worked our way through a vast number of articles. As we read these it became increasingly evident that our Lower School had the impression that they were future Miltons. We have been sorry to disillusion them. Nevertheless, the editors' task here is half condemnation and half gratitude, and we thank sincerely all who tried.

We regret to announce the resignation, owing to ill health, of Miss Alice J. Johnston, who came to Whitehill in 1923. During those twenty years of service she gave devoted and unsparing attention to the teaching of English in the junior classes, laying a splendid foundation for the work at higher stages. The best thanks of the School, of the English Department, and especially of her own pupils are due to her.

The departure of Mr. Wm. McMurray is also due to be noted, but special reference has been made on another page. Our congratulations and best wishes go to Miss Fisher for her appointment as Principal Teacher of Physical Training in the School.

The summer was noted for a spate of staff marriages and we offer our felicitations to Mrs. Pirie, Mrs. Van der Steen, and Mrs. McConnell. There are laggards who still talk of Miss Foster, Miss Key, and Miss Reid, but time will cure that excusable hankering after the past.

To the members of staff who are new to us—Mr. Hamilton, Mrs. Frazer, Miss Gertrude Bell (in place of Miss Crookston), and Miss Wright (in place of Mr. Flisch) we extend a welcome: also to Miss Muir of the Classics Department who has been at Cally House for a spell during which Miss Lawson, a former pupil of the school, did valuable work in her place.

This year has seen several changes in the curriculum of the school. The old familiar Bible period, used in so many ways, has gone. The most outstanding feature of the new arrangements for Religious Instruction is a short service on Tuesday

morning, held in Rutherford Church, by the courtesy of the Rev. Wm. P. Temple, B.D. Another innovation, started by Mr. Dorman at the beginning of the term, is the Hobbies period held on Friday afternoon. We have no doubt that this will be the source of much pleasure and profit to many.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have in any way helped to make the publication of the magazine possible, for one of the most important aims of the magazine is to become the mouthpiece of the school in general; indeed, we do provide such a mouthpiece, but it is for you, the individual members of the school, to use it—and right willingly have you done so as a perusal of these pages will show.

Now, having said all we have to say to the best of our ability, we wish one and all the heartiest compliments of this festive season.

THE EDITORS.

Mr. WM. McMURRAY, M.A.

The promotion of Mr. McMurray to be Principal Teacher of Physical Education in Albert Senior Secondary School is the fitting reward of nearly fifteen years of highly efficient service in Whitehill. His promotion robs us of one of the most versatile and active members of the staff, for Mr. McMurray's influence extended far beyond the walls of the gymnasium.

He was intensely interested in everything pertaining to the welfare and progress of his boys and unsparing of his efforts on their behalf. Every activity of the School, whether on the sports field, in the gardening club, at the social functions or in the holiday camp, found him eager and anxious to co-operate and ever with that unruffled good humour and radiant happiness that endeared him to colleagues and pupils alike.

To have been associated with a master of such wide experience and high principles has been the privilege of some thousands of boys who have passed through the School in these years. We join with them in recording our deep indebtedness to him for all his services so ungrudgingly given and add the wish that the future may hold for him many long years of healthy joy and prosperity.

R. M. W.

NEWS OF F.P.S.

Mr. John Foster, whose career through the Chartered Surveyors' Institution examinations has invariably been distinguished, has now taken the final grade, in which he took second place in Great Britain and first in Scotland.

In our last issue we announced the graduation (with First Class Honours) of Mr. James D. Scoular. We now learn that he has in addition taken the Diploma of the Royal Technical College with distinction, the degree of A.R.T.C., and the Montgomery Neilson Prize.

His sister, Miss Christine L. Scoular, W.R.N.S., is serving in Durban.

YETHOLM HARVEST CAMP.

We began in good weather. The boys strode forth in the mornings, careered back in the evenings, and slept the sleep of the full at night. "Jings, that was a great dinner," was heard more than once. Here was language that smacked of the rapture of a gastronomical adventure.

The second Saturday presented us with one of the highlights in the arrival in the black-out of two summi viri who guide the destinies of our school. Their stay with us was all too short. It was early the next morning when we bade adieu to our summi viri, who nevertheless accused us of lying in bed late "wrapped up like a nest of cocoons."

We came to feel the companionship of the high hills rising from our low-lying vale and to look for the shifting light along the Bowmont Water, the deep tones of the fields on the lower hill slopes, the yellow-brown of the corn, and the green of leaves shimmering when the play of light and shade passed from hill to hill.

During our second week strong winds unleashed their fury at nights and drumming rain beat on the hut-roofs. Yet high winds dried the grain, and the stooking and rick-building went on. One of our masters had now gone home. We recalled a bon-mot of his when he heard the bugle sounding for dinner. "There's the tocsin," he observed; "now you're talksin.'" "Just like an antitoxin," came the reply from his colleague. Such were the sparks of fire from the flint of wit.

From early morn till dewy eve our cooks stood over the kitchen-range, like devotees of some mystic everlasting rite. Yet their fresh-faced vigour never blanched in the glare of the kitchen-fire. They also had their moments. In raking-out the fire they plied the poker one night so vigorously that they spread a film of soot over a head that had little of nature's grass and turned its owner for the time being into the semblance of a shaggy, hirsute blackamoor.

At the end of the second week came the second flock of masters, complete with bread-cutting machine. A 'scriff' of the knife-edge and the slice was cut. But could it compare with our hand-cut one, with its uneven shape, that, when clamped to another of like build produced a sandwich that our Camp-master—that master of all trades, our egregius adhortator, whose every word was informed with the spirit of competence—called a 'Humdinger'? Our slices, our English master said, were no pale reflections snapped on a negative bread-machine.

On Sundays some of us crossed the Bowmont Water and entered the calm little church of Kirk Yetholm, with its lovely stained glass windows. Outside the sun shed its splendours abroad. Inside there seemed merely to be a fugitive brightness as the rays came through the windows in slanting lanes of light. We enjoyed the even tones of the minister, who after the service courteously showed us over his interesting church.

So we revive within our memories Yetholm's 'plains and fells,' 'her sweeping vales,' her hills and woods, her clear days, her colourful evenings, her nights of deep content. We recall too some of her people who held out so freely the hand of friendship. So we put Yetholm into her jewelled setting in the garland of memory.

D. D.

WITHIN OUR GATES.

A pleasing feature of the past few weeks has been the number of F.P.s, members of staff on Service, and others who have looked in to see us. Mr. Alan Frazer, the Brylcream expert of the English Department, spent some of his 48 hours' leave with us. He appears to be enjoying the R.A.F., but grieves over his razor (electric, of course, like all Mr. Frazer's personal effects) which cannot be persuaded to shave him. Also in the R.A.F. is Sergeant Pilot Wm. Currie, who gave an expert's view to the Model Aeroplane Club. What he told some of us "off the record" was equally instructive. His playmate is a Catalina, so he was in a position to handle technical questions competently. It was pleasant to hear him telling the Science teachers all about compasses. Mr. Wilson's son, Tom Wilson, has a particularly interesting tale to tell, being back from Trinidad where he has been serving with the Fleet Air Arm. He always had the Magazine sent to him while he was away, and passed it on to a number of other people, including a Whitehill F.P., Mr. Nixon. Mr. Robert Rankin, R.N.V.R., looked every inch a sailor in his ample and bell-bottomed breeks. He made some of his old teachers feel (and look) small. One was heard to murmur, "It seems only weeks since I was teaching that fellow Geography!" He is testing that teaching now; the last news we heard was that he was in the Mediterranean. Midshipman Norman Thompson, R.N.V.R., paid us a visit, but had so many friends to see that he had not long with any of them. James Barrie, former athletic champion, was here about the same time. The Model Boat Club listened with interest to a talk from Mr. Roy Weir of the Clyde River Patrol, son of the Head Master. The Army had a shining representative in David Symers, who dazzled a few eyes in Whitehill Street with two shining pips.

We have enjoyed renewing acquaintance with these men, and hope they, and others, will come again.

CLUBS AND SOCIETIES.

It is a privilege to be a member of a club; the better the club the greater the privilege. Some of our School Clubs are doing very well, because of the support given to them by their members. If your club is not getting on as well as you had hoped, will you please note that it is your duty to exercise your privilege and help to improve matters.

In order to accommodate those who have not yet found their hobby, a further opportunity will be given to change clubs on 5th January, 1944.

H. D.

MARGARET FORBES.

Vanderflubb gazed in obese satisfaction at his latest purchase. He had bid against some of the most famous galleries in Europe, and he, Vanderflubb, had won.

"Margaret Forbes, mother of the artist," he mused. Then, turning to the man near him, he remarked, "You knew Forbes?"

He did not as a rule enter into conversation with the unsuccessful or nameless, but to-day was different; he could afford to be generous, congenial—he was a victor. However, he was a little disappointed when the other man answered him without removing his eyes from the painting. "I knew him very well. His death was a severe blow to me."

Vanderflubb coughed in the way only a wealthy connoisseur can. A vibration began inside his suede shoes, rumbling its way past a shaking watch chain and through six wobbling folds of chin. With his little eyes, hard to find in his podgy cheeks, on the picture, he said, "This was his last work?"

"He drowned himself on the night after it was finished. I saw him that day."

At this point Vanderflubb might have ended a conversation with a mere artist (probably third rate anyway). But he was becoming curicus.

"Did he say anything to make you think ——?" he asked, looking expectantly at the long-haired individual beside him.

"Not at all; he only insisted that I should take this painting away with me, and he looked strangely relieved when I did. Of course, at first I refused. I asked him why."

There was a pause. The speaker seemed engrossed in the picture.

"Well, why?" asked Vanderflubb eagerly.

Without removing his gaze the other answered, "He said he was afraid he might ruin it ——."

"By adding to it?" suggested the connoisseur, keen to show his knowledge.

"That is what I supposed he meant."

"Yes, it would have been a pity. Superb; perfect—perfect in every detail; so masterly, and such a good likeness, they say."

"So I told him that day. I remember Margaret Forbes distinctly. I told him that exactly—'Perfect in every detail.' I shall never forget what he said then."

There was another pause. Every second increased Vanderflubb's impatience. "Well, what did he ——."

The artist interrupted. He spoke without shifting his gaze. "He said, 'I never saw her. She died when I was born.'"

EULIOS, V.1.

D. A., VI.—

"I ain't dead but I'm speechless."—Shallet.

A DAY WITH THE BERRY-PICKERS.

At the most unearthly hour of half-past seven blankets are thrown back and a new day begins. A call of "Breakfast's ready" from the door of the dormitory brings our reporter, Miss X., rushing to the scene—namely, the open-air dining-room. On arriving there Miss X. finds everyone hunting for plates, mugs, and spoons, which were all kept on one table. A small queue then attracts the attention of Miss X. and she joins on at the end to find out what it is for. She finds that porridge is on the menu, and everyone is given a generous helping. Tea follows with bread spread with butter or jam. On returning to the dormitory by way of the staircase (which took some negotiating at first, being without a hand-rail) Miss X. meets the berry-pickers complete with "dungarees" making their way to the fields. The time is now 9 a.m. Soon, Miss X. hears singing, laughing and whistling coming from the "drills" and finds the girls having "Music While You Work." At 11 a.m. the girls have a break to enjoy two biscuits brought down to the field by the daily orderlies. Meantime, the raspberries are being sold to the public as soon as they are picked by the now "expert pickers." Dinner at 1 p.m. is another scramble for plates and cutlery, and Miss X. finds that the menu is soup, meat and potatoes, and pudding. The afternoon soon passes and after tea-time the more venturesome members of the camp take their visitor and show her the high spots of Dunfermline. The "not so venturesome" girls write letters or read books until 9 p.m. when they return to the dining-room for cocoa and biscuits. Lights-out between 10 and 10.30 p.m., and our roving reporter leaves the camping girls to be lulled to sleep by some one else's snores. A day to be remembered. Roll on next year!

M. P., III.1.

A GANGREL GOWK.

A gangrel gowk they ca'd him yince,
A when worse things they've ca'd him since!
For some wad gar a tinker wince
 An' blush tae hear them;
A sairgint's terms are nae douce yins,
 Sae dinna spier them.

Frae morn tae nicht wi'oot a rest
They sweer at him wi' muckle zest;
It seems he is, even at his best,
 A muckle scunner;
A fozy, haunless, witless pest,
 In short—a gunner.

R. LIGGAT.

[Mr Liggat is an F.P. now serving with the R.A. in India.]

"Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and rural sounds, exceed in interest a knock at the door."

—Lamb. W. L., VI.



PREFECTS.

Photo by Lawrie.

Back Row.—J. Kennedy, M. T. Winning, D. G. Tarbet, M. E. Taylor, D. Anderson, E. W. Laing, T. J. McAllister, K. M. M. Johnston.
Front Row.—N. M. Smith, M. M. Reid, A. McCracken (Capt.), Mr. Weir, M. M. Macfarlane (Capt.), H. Longmuir, M. B. Munsie.



HOCKEY 1st XI.

Photo by Lawrie.

Back Row.—M. Sinclair, M. McKechnie, R. MacKay, R. Condie, J. Noblett, M. Drummond.
Front Row.—M. Strachan, D. Stewart, I. Drummond, M. Winning (Capt.), B. Bertie, B. McColm, K. Johnston.

STAFF ON SERVICE.



Mr. WM. BIGHAM (Science), R.A.F.
(Top Left.)

Mr. ALAN FRAZER (English),
R.A.F. *(Above.)*

Mr. JAMES MILLER (Maths.),
R.E.M.E. *(Centre.)*

Mr. STEWART McKECHNIE
(English), R.N.V.R.
(Bottom Left.)

Mr. ROBERT JOHNSTON (Classics),
R.N.V.R. *(Below.)*



THANKS TO THE HOBBIES.

During the course of my education in Whitehill I have been set many varied and difficult problems. This work which appeared in different forms necessitated the setting into motion of any little brain power I possessed. In very little of that work, however, did I find an opportunity of introducing "myself." If ever I tried to introduce "myself" into Mathematics I found that I was wrecking a world-accepted theory of Ptolemy or some such person. In the English class my sentiments as expressed in my essays more often than not met with a hostile reception. So I have not been able to express my "inner-self" in Whitehill—at least not until the beginning of this term. You see a new subject appeared on my time-table. It went under the heading of "Hobby." From that time there has been something different about school—something which is very difficult to express. At last we as a school were encouraged to pursue that for which we think ourselves suited or that which appeals to us. That half-hour is precious to those of us who are permitted to enjoy it. In it we come to know our fellow-pupils better. They appear quite different from the studious folks who surround us in class. They no longer mark off to a certain standard which is considered correct but are just themselves, expressing their aspirations, theories and desires. Even the member of the Staff who is guiding our thoughts on our Hobby succeeds in casting off his or her mask of indifference which is usually donned at 9 a.m. (There are some exceptions as there are to every rule!) All barriers disappear and we become united in our mutual desire to learn more about our Hobby. We do not enjoy our hobby period because it is an escape from work but rather because in it we learn a great deal which we cannot learn from text books. There is something of fellowship in that "great deal" and into that we can put ourselves.

To those members of the Staff who have made the Hobby scheme successful may I express a hearty "Thank You!"

INO, VI.

OUR MAISTERS AT YETHOLM.

In Yetholm Camp—bell, bell we'd none—
When bugle blew, wi' William's son
We fast as Reuter's news wad run,
 Oorsel tae stuff
Wi' soup an' stew, artistic done,
 An' e'en plumduff.

At bindin', stookin', buildin' ricks,
Mon, row on row, oor boys won tricks;
But when it rained, mack—murrain fix
 Its plague on rain!—
We'd don, or mak' lanesome—nae 'flicks'—
 F'or bed again.

D. D.

THE STORY BEHIND THE SCENES.

"It was a stupid mistake to make," said the American woman I had met at my hotel in the Lake District, "but it was on the counter with the other Penguin books, and I supposed, of course, it was a detective story. All the others were detective stories. I'd read all the others, so I bought this one without really looking at it carefully. You can imagine how mad I was when I found it was Shakespeare."

I murmured something sympathetically.

"I got real comfy in bed that night," continued my companion, "and all ready to read a good mystery story and here I had 'The Tragedy of Hamlet'—a book for high school pupils—and I was just crazy for a good Agatha Christie, or something. Hercule Poirot is my favourite detective."

"Tell me," I said, "did you read Hamlet?"

"I had to read it," she said. "There wasn't a scrap of anything else to read in the whole room."

"Did you like it?" I asked.

"No, I did not," she said decisively. "I don't think for a moment that Claudius murdered Hamlet's father."

"I'm afraid," I began, "that I —"

"But don't you see?" said the American lady. "It would spoil everything if you could figure out right away who did it. Shakespeare was too smart for that."

I thought this over. "Whom do you suspect?" I asked suddenly.

"Fortinbras," she said promptly.

"Good Lord!" I gasped.

"Oh Fortinbras did it, all right," said the murder specialist. "Hercule Poirot would have got him easily."

"How did you figure it out?"

"Well," she said, "I didn't right away. At first I suspected Polonius, and then, of course, he was the second person killed. That was good right in there, that part. The person you suspect of the first murder should always be the second victim."

"Is that so?" I murmured.

"Oh, yes!" said my informant. "They have to keep surprising you. Well, after the second murder I didn't know who the killer was for a while."

"How about Gertrude? She was the murdered king's wife, and she married directly after his death. That looks suspicious."

"Too suspicious," said the American lady. "Much too suspicious to be guilty." My companion leaned towards me, her eyes bright, her teacup quivering. "Do you know who took charge of affairs in the last scene?" she demanded.

I said I had forgotten.

"Fortinbras," she said triumphantly.

"Yes, but—— how do you explain the ghost?"

I sighed.

"Oh, that was clever," she said emphatically. "It showed

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AT WHITEHILL.

One Monday morning we hailed with delight the announcement on the notice board of the visit to our school of Sir Roger de Coverley which was to take place next day. On Tuesday, we assembled in high excitement in Church as was our wont. At the entrance of Mr. Weir's party we stood up and, lo and behold! there was the good old gentleman bowing and smiling to us all with old-fashioned courtesy. When we were all seated the knight was seen to whisper something in the Headmaster's ear at which Mr. Weir looked slightly startled. Then Sir Roger arose and proceeded to count the pupils in the area of the Church. This turned out to be a bigger job than he had imagined so he sat down again and listened attentively to the service saying "Amen" three times at the end of each prayer.

After Church, Sir Roger was conducted on a tour of inspection by Mr. Middlemiss. In the first room he visited, a first year class was performing, somewhat artlessly, "Toad of Toad Hall." The knight was delighted and sat down declaring that he had a mind to hear the thing through, adding that the last play he had seen was the "Distressed Mother," which he thought was an excellent drama but a little involved. Throughout the performance, the old gentleman was heard to remark that he considered Mr. Badger and Mr. Mole uncommonly decent fellows and Mr. Toad a wily old rogue.

Sir Roger spent the afternoon in the playing-field where he watched with great interest a lively contest between two fourth form fifteens at Rugby. The knight exclaimed from time to time and when one boy was brought to the ground in a splendid tackle, he rushed on to the field, picked the boy up, and insisted that the game should be stopped until he regained his breath.

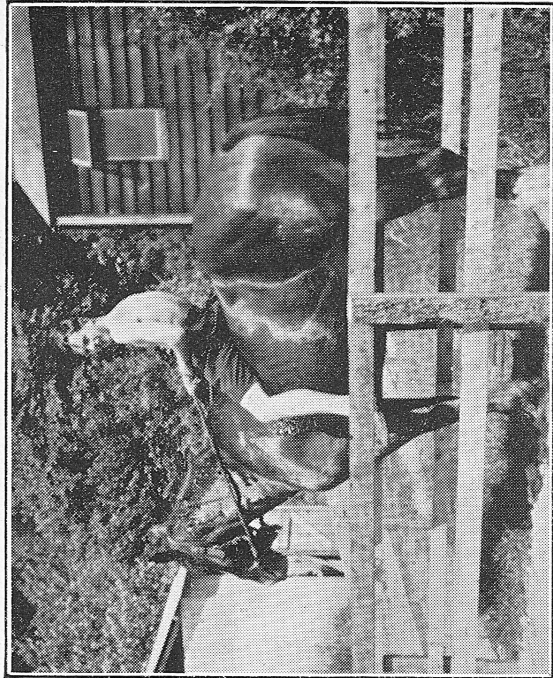
At half-past three we assembled in the hall to hear Sir Roger express his pleasure at being "privileged" to spend a day with us. Then, amid cheers, he went off to his waiting coach and drove away, leaving us with pleasant memories of a rather eccentric but truly benevolent gentleman. B. R. E., IV.1.

A LITTLE LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING.

We have heard this quotation used in widely differing senses, but here let us confine ourselves to those instances where there is a decided emphasis on the adjective "little." For instance, there was the gentleman on the tramcar who, obviously referring to an invention of the present war, said that "radiodislocation must be a wonderful thing." Then what about the elderly lady who, after a somewhat unpleasant sea trip, expressed her pleasure on again putting her feet on "terra cotta?" Or the somewhat harassed father scolding his noisy offspring because he could not "consecrate" on his cross-word puzzle. But perhaps the palm should go to the lady who, speaking of her husband's internal ailment, always insisted on calling it a stomach "ulster!" Yes, a "little" learning is a dangerous thing, but it must be agreed that it can provide some unintentional humour. S., I.13.



A study in slacks.
Tough guys—forestry.



Bringing in the sheaves.
Bareback rider.

CAMPS 1943.





FOOTBALL 1st XI.

Photo by Lawrie.

Back Row.—J. Ferguson, I. Thomson, J. Weir, R. Scott, J. MacKay, A. Laidlaw, W. Johnson.

Front Row.—W. Huxtable, R. Herschy, R. Duncan (Captain), R. Fraser, W. Cuthbert.



RUGBY 1st XV.

Photo by Lawrie.

Back Row.—F. Carruthers, A. Johnstone, A. Youngson, I. Law, J. Pollock, J. Kirkwood, J. Wilson.

Front Row.—J. Dingwall, H. Longmuir, A. Ford, T. McAllister (Captain), A. Hay, T. Kearsley, T. Wood.

SCHOOL CAMPS, 1943.

During the summer and autumn of this year we carried through an extensive camping programme. Our normal routine was upset by having to take a month of our summer holiday in July and a second month from 17th September till 18th October. In the first month we ran our usual Kilmun Forestry Camp and two berry-picking camps at Carnock, at the adjoining farms of Carnail and Bonhard. During the later holiday month, two large potato-gathering camps were carried on, one for boys at Laurencekirk and one for girls near Crieff. A grain harvest camp was also established at Yetholm in Roxburghshire, for the senior boys. All these ventures were carried out with success and complete satisfaction to the farmers and agricultural committees concerned.

At Kilmun, the work was simply carrying on where we left off last year and opening a new location at Gairletter, Loch Long. As "old hands" at the game, we feel that we need say little about it. Of the fruit-picking at Carnock, many are the pictures which memory conjures up and among these may be mentioned: the frantic efforts (involving corrugated iron, a baker's tray, pails of water, and basins) of the Carnail Staff to keep the numberless letters out of their sleeping quarters; the concert and dance to which the girls of Bonhard invited the other camp; the extraordinary capacity of the girls for rice pudding. The discoveries of last year were repeated, as the girls found that teachers are human and they in their turn had to admit that the girls were the better pickers. Indeed, both farms had record "picks," one an individual record, and the other a combined one. It said much for the camp that many were there for the second time and, believe it or not, many are prepared to go back.

Sixty-two boys were gathering potatoes at Laurencekirk in Kincardineshire, a land so thickly cropped with potatoes that about ten times the number of boys would still not have sufficed. They were well quartered and royally fed, and, being blessed with fine though often bitterly cold weather, they wrought mightily and lifted about a hundred and twenty tons of potatoes every day of their three weeks' stay. The girls' potato camp was composed of groups ranging from four to eighteen girls billeted on farms around Madderty, near Crieff, and at Auchterarder. The farmers who employed them were kindly, hospitable, and grateful with but one notable (or should I say "notorious"?) exception.

The grain harvest camp at Yetholm claimed the energies of fifty-seven senior boys, seven teachers, and four principal teachers! A truly memorable and formidable show of brains and brawn! Who supplied which, I leave it to you to guess. After this camp I may say that a wealth of hidden talent was discovered among the Staff, ranging from accountants, cooks, bakers, plumbers, and sanitary engineers up to — yes, park rangers, complete with steel-pointed stick for gathering litter!! No "one

man—one job” stuff here! One Border farmer so appreciated the efforts of a group of six boys who worked for him that he sent a cheque for three pounds to Mr. Weir to divide among the boys concerned! (No, Jimmy, it's much too early to take your name for next year's harvest camp! Come back in four or five months!) The camp itself was well equipped and comfortable. Here's hoping we are as lucky in the allocation of camps next year. All due credit to the campers, boys, girls, and teachers too, for a fine job of war work well and truly done. C. MacL.

THE FOOD OFFICE.

At the end of last session some of us of last year's Fifth were whiling away our time after the "Highers" when, lo and behold! we were employed by the Food Control. It all happened as quickly as that. We were to assist in the distribution of the new Ration Books and Identity Cards.

We had quite adventurous careers. We worked in several Distribution Centres in our short time as Government Officials, viz., in order of our occupation:—Renfrew Street, Virginia Street, Miller Street, and later the City Chambers, where we alphabetised old "Reference Leaves." Our time was spent principally in Virginia Street Centre where we served the public during the time it was open. While there we were joined by other boys and girls from Hillhead High School and Albert Road Secondary School. Our boys were interested in their girls and their boys in our girls, and of course, vice versa.

There were many "characters" among our fellow-workers. For instance there was the Hillhead girl who was known as "The Kid," "Junior," and "The Juvenile," on account of her age and her "books." She was usually to be found trying to do contortionist tricks. The greatest character among the boys was one of the "Albert" crowd. He smoked a terrific cigar one day without turning a hair. I don't know how he survived it—what a smell it had! It was so powerful that we all contrived to drift away and leave him almost alone with his cigar. He told us that he got them from a friend in the M.N. and smoked them whenever he could; to buy them over here costs 2/6 a time. No wonder; I think it was made of concentrated tobacco, and science students will know what hot concentrated thick black tobacco would be like. He told us that once when he had smoked one in a cinema he was asked if his coat was burning. On another occasion he was told to get out or put "it" out.

The "customers" themselves gave us some experience of the Great British Public, polite and otherwise. We felt sorry for those Irish labourers who had come over from Eire and who had to mark a cross where their signature should have been. You see, they could not write. Then again, there was the "polite" gentleman who, when told that his child's new Green Ration Book was not ready, proceeded to tell me where to get off—and he did not stick to King's English by any means. In fact he cursed the Food Control Organisation, Lord Woolton,

his new Ration Book, the orange juice, and cod liver oil he would get with it, the rationing system in general, the rest of the staff and yours truly.

There are many things and people I could tell you about. There was Miss Cornwall! Miss Byres! Kathie—she was the only unmarried supervisor and therefore, she was known by her Christian name—and many others . . .

I must finish sometime, so in conclusion I should like to say that there is not one of us who is sorry that we ever worked in the Food Office last summer. We all have, as Clay Keyes says, our "Happy Memories."
WORKER, VI.

THE LIBRARY.

The following books have been newly added to the Library and will be available in the New Year:—

HISTORY:

H.M.S. Victory.
The Scottish Regiments.
Soldier's Tales.
They Built a Nation (U.S.A.).
British Sailor Heros.
British Soldier Heroes.
Great Navigators.
The Golden Hind.

THE FORCES.

A B C of the R.A.F.
The Night Sky.
Elementary Flying Training.
Aircraft Recognition.
Ranks and Badges.
Aeroplane Recognition Tests.

OUR HOBBIES.

Stamp Catalogue, 1943.
Conquests of Engineering.
Behind the Cinema Screen.
Behind the Microphone.
1st Book of Great Musicians.
2nd Book of Great Musicians.
3rd Book of Great Musicians.

STORIES.

Three Men in a Boat.
The Hidden City.
The Lifeboat.
Gascoyne.
Young Fu.
The Fall of Athens.
The Missing Bank Manager.
Redskin and Cowboy.
Pixie O'Shaughnessy.
More about Pixie.
Treasure of the San Philipo.
An Old-fashioned Girl.
The Moonstone.
The Radium Casket.
The Mystery of Merrilees.
Erica's Ranch.
A Queer Holiday.
Patriot and Hero.
The Young Fur Traders.
Beric the Breton.
Children of the New Forest.
Last of the Whitecoats.

BALMY BOOKS.

The Haunted House: By Major Hairstand.
Lost Horizon: By Ecant Findit.
The Ancient Mariner: By E. Sfalling Tobits.
The Burning Factory: By I. T. Salite.
The Dirty Window: By Ucant C. Thruit.
The Loch Ness Monster: By C. Serpent.

J. O. E., III.1.

We wanted extra coupons:
We thought it would be dandy;
So when we all got measured
Our big feet came in handy.

I. M., II.7.

D. S., VI.—

"He cannot lay eggs but he can cackle."—Dutch proverb.

A HAPPY SHIP.

One afternoon I stood looking at the model ship in the annexe. As I looked at it my thoughts went flying back into the past and I saw in my mind's eye another ship, a real ship, which still holds many memories for me. I saw again the dock at Cape Town, with this great liner shining in the sun. The sailors were very good to the children, putting up a swing on the deck as soon as we were well on our journey.

One or two scenes live in my memory. The Minister who had lost a leg in the last war telling us stories and swinging the younger children on the swing; the engineer who took the blind lady for a walk round the deck in his few precious minutes off duty.

One day we were surprised to see a large bird in the rigging, although we were many miles from land. An officer climbed up and brought it down. It was an owl. The officer kept it and fed it for a few days until we were nearing land, when he set it free.

On a beautiful evening, looking towards the sunset, I saw a silvery shape in the sky. It was a German airship on its way to Africa. How majestic it looked as it passed, its lights flashing in greeting to our ship.

In the film "In Which We Serve" the Captain said he hoped his ship would be a happy ship. This liner of ours is now engaged in the grim work of war. I wonder if it is still a happy ship.

J. W., III.2.

"But to him whose scientific
There's nothing that's terrific."

—Gilbert. Mr. McP.

"A dignified and potent officer,
Whose functions are particularly vital."

—Gilbert. Mr. W.

"And bring with you a wig that is modish and gay,
To dance with the girls that are making the hay."

—Goldsmith. A. McC., VI.

"Was this a head
To be opposed against the warring winds."

—Shakespeare. D. S., V.

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

WHITEHILL NOTES

The Literary and Debating Society. Owing to the harvest holidays there has as yet been only one meeting this season, but a bright and varied programme has been planned. A large attendance of members of the Upper School is expected. Fourth Form pupils are particularly invited. Names of those willing to speak in any of the debates will be gladly received by any member of the committee.

L. P.

Music. The Whitehill School Orchestra will give an entertainment in the Upper Gymnasia at Onslow Drive on Tuesday, 21st December (Boys at 11.15, Girls at 2 p.m.), and at Whitehill on Wednesday, 22nd December, at the following times:—9.40— I. Boys, I. Girls, II. Boys; 11.15—II. Girls, III. Girls; 1.45— III. Boys, IV. All, V. and VI. All. A collection will be taken on entering in aid of Red Cross funds. The Junior Choir, one of our Hobby Clubs, will lead the praise at the Service on 21st December. A number of well known carols will be sung so that a real Yuletide atmosphere will be assured at this, our last visit to Rutherford Church before the holidays. Mention must also be made of the good work done by the Choir in leading the praise at the Tuesday services. It is greatly appreciated by all. H.D.

Gardening. The results of this year's efforts at Craigend have been definitely the best we have seen so far. Most of the plots were very well attended to during the summer holidays, and consequently we obtained a good crop. We have lost our organiser, Mr. McMurray, but, nevertheless, we are looking forward to an even more successful season in 1944.

D. A.

Hockey. The Scottish Women's Hockey Association arranged a coaching at Hutcheson's pitch in September where we played with a few teams of other schools and had an enjoyable evening. There was no hockey till October because of the Harvest holiday this term. Unfortunately, because of lack of petrol, the pitch is not in the best of condition, but we still manage to play on it. So far each team has played three matches but we have only managed to have a victory in one match; in the others we have been beaten by the odd goal. This term we have an exclusive fixture list so that there is ample opportunity to record victories later on.

T. McN. D.

Rugby. Although the season was late in starting and practices were few and far between, the 1st, 2nd, and Junior XV.'s have proved themselves capable of dealing with any opposition, and without being too optimistic this has every appearance of being one of Whitehill's best Rugby seasons. The Rugby Committee wishes to thank Mr. Anderson for his kind assistance and generous support to all teams at all times.

A. N. H.

Football. This season's football has started off very well for the First XI., who have won every game so far. The Intermediate and Elementary Teams although not having had such a successful start will, no doubt, improve as the season goes on. A little more support on a Saturday morning would be very much appreciated.

R. F.

OUR COOKS AT YETHOLM.

A murrain on ye, kitchen-range!
I'm pirouetting aye for wood.
I'll no' be meek. Eh, sirs, she's strange
Who'd cook the fish or meat for good. D. D.

[There is more in this than meets the eye.—Ed.]

SCHOOL OFFICIALS.

CAPTAINS:—

Alex. McCracken, VI. Margaret M. Macfarlane, VI.

PREFECTS:—

Donald Anderson, VI.; Herbert Longmuir, VI.; Neil M. Smith, VI.;
D. Graham Tarbet, VI.; James Kennedy, V.; Thomas J. McAllister,
V.; Eliz. W. Laing, VI.; Mary B. Munsie, VI.; Mary M. Reid, VI.;
Margaret E. Taylor, VI.; Kath. M. M. Johnston, V.; Betty
McLellan, V.; Mary T. Winning, V

RUGBY:—

Captain:—Thomas J. McAllister, V.
Vice-Captain:—Andrew T. Ford, IV.
Secretary:—Alan N. Hay, IV.

FOOTBALL:—

Captain:—Robert Duncan, VI.
Vice-Captain:—Reginald W. Herschy, VI.
Secretary:—Robert Fraser, V.

HOCKEY:—

Captain:—Mary T. Winning, V.
Secretary:—Isobel Drummond, IV.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY:—

Secretary:—Louise E. M. Pullan, V.
Treasurer:—Alan N. Hay, IV.
Committee:—Betty F. D. McKay, V.; Eliz. M. McKenzie, IV.;
Andrew T. Ford, IV.; A. Martin Reid, V.; Margaret E. Taylor, VI.;
Frieda Woodward, VI.; William Lang, VI.; Rena F. Mackay, VI.

MAGAZINE:—

Editors:—Alex. McCracken, VI.; Margaret M. Macfarlane, VI.
Committee:—Margaret E. Taylor, VI.; Kathleen M. Pryde, IV.; A.
Martin Reid, V.; Louise E. M. Pullan, V.; Gordon W. Finlay, V.;
James Kirkwood, V.; D. Graham Tarbet, VI.; Kath. M. M. Johnston,
V.; Alan N. Hay, IV.

Prefects.—

“Lo! these were they whose souls the Furies steel'd
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.”—Pope.

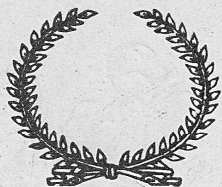
“Ye beaux and belles, that form this splendid ring,
Suspend your conversation while I sing.”

—Goldsmith. M. T., VI.

G. B., V.—

“Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise.”—Burns.

PRIZE



LIST.

Dux of the School: Henderson Memorial Medal and Prize, War Memorial Prize of £10—MARGARET M. MACFARLANE.

Proxime accessit: War Memorial Prize of £5—ALEXANDER McCRACKEN Macfarlane Gamble Memorial Prize of £1—WILLIAM LANG.

Dux of Intermediate School—JOHN MOORE and WM. ROACH (equal).

War Memorial Prizes—

English—L. E. M. PULLAN. Mathematics—JAMES KENNEDY.
Latin with French—L. PULLAN. Science—CHRIS. M. HAMILTON
Modern Lang.—M. E. TAYLOR. Art—G. FINDLAY, W. McCLURE
 (equal).

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

Crosthwaite Memorial Prizes—

Senior—1 LOUISE E. M. PULLAN 2 ELIZABETH BLACK.

Junior—JOYCE HOOD and WILLIAM V. RAMSAY (equal).

Sandy Robertson Memorial Prize in Commerce—DOROTHY STEWART.

Corporation of Glasgow School Children's Drawing Competition—

Gold Medal—JOSEPH PORTER. Bronze Medal—G. W. FINDLAY.

Whitehill School Club Prizes—

Form VI. Boys—A. McCRACKEN Girls—MARGT. MACFARLANE.

Form V. Boys—J. KENNEDY. Girls—CATHERINE GRACIE.

Form IV. Boys—J. McNAB. Girls—KATHLEEN PRYDE.

Subject Prizes—

	VI.	V.	IV.
English	CHRIS. HAMILTON	1 LOUISE PULLAN 2 JAS. KENNEDY	1 BETTY EASSON 2 KATH. PRYDE
History		1 GAVIN BLACK 2 DOR. HUNTER	1 BETTY EASSON 2 KATH. PRYDE
Geography		*CHRISTINE HOGG *JAS. DINGWALL	1 J. SUTHERLAND 2 IRENE WYATT
Mathematics	A. McCRACKEN	1 CATH. CONDIE 2 ARCH. STEWART	1 KATH. PRYDE 2 WM. THOMSON
Latin	M. MACFARLANE	1 LOUISE PULLAN 2 ELIZ. BLACK	1 KATH. PRYDE 2 JOHN McNAB
Greek		ELIZ. McLELLAN	JOHN McNAB
French	MARGT. TAYLOR	1 LOUISE PULLAN 2 MAE HARPER	1 WM. CRAWFORD 2 *KATH. PRYDE *C. CARRUTHERS
German	MARGT. TAYLOR	MAE HARPER	E. ROBERTSON
Science	M. MACFARLANE	1 CATH. GRACIE 2 JAS. KENNEDY	1 KATH. PRYDE 2 M. RUTHERFORD
Dynamics		JAS. KENNEDY	1 KATH. PRYDE 2 *JOHN GIVEN *J. SUTHERLAND
Art		GORDON FINDLAY	JOSEPH PORTER
Music		JEAN F. MILLIGAN	
Commerce		D. STEWART	THOS. McLEISH
Technical	REG. HERSCHY	ARCH. GILLIES	JAS. SUTHERLAND

Other Leading Awards— III.

Academic ... *JOHN MOORE
 ... *WM. ROACH
Commercial ... CHARLES AIRD
Technical ... LIVINGSTON RAE
Domestic Science ... KENNETH EADIE
Preparatory

II.

HELEN McINNES
 HUGHINA McVEAN
 IAN TURNER
 JEAN BLAIN

I.

Classical
 B. GLENDINNING
Modern
 ISOBEL LORAIN

* Equal.