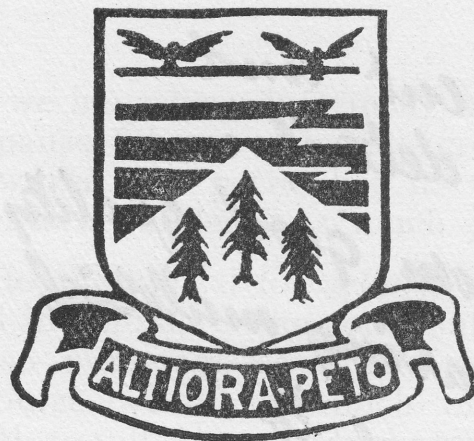


Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 60



Summer,
1949

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Editorial

An Editorial, we have been informed, is like the portal of a castle: for who pauses there when the great hall remains to be explored? However, the portal has its uses; and we hope to gain for the Editorial at least as much justification.

The response to the appeal for articles was very slow; but it gradually gained in volume. The contributions from the lower school not being so numerous as usual, we immediately leap to say that, of course, quality is much more important than quantity; and, truth to tell, the standard seems somewhat higher than usual. However, we would like to make one or two comments on the subject-matter. For instance, there was a tendency for the same idea to recur again and again, as though it had taken at least a dozen stalwarts to heave it into being, and more than one could really not be asked of them. Then, of course, there were the young gentlemen who seemed to have spent a considerable portion of their lives collecting odd—not to emphasise the “old”—jokes from various quarters, notably the B.B.C. However, we were consoled by at least some complete originality. As an example we point to the modern verse (full of neo-classical allusions and exceedingly subtle rhythms), which appears in this issue. We hope, however, that not too many future contributors will attempt to emulate this style. As it is, we occasionally find it rather difficult to extract a meaning from many of the more orthodox contributions.

As we criticise, however, the sub-editor gently—we use the word out of kindness to our dignity—reminds us of the time, many years ago, when our own first article attained the somewhat doubtful glory of a place “Under the Editors’ Table.” We kept on trying, though—hoping to catch the Editors in a sleepy mood—and we exhort you all to do the same. You might also try perfuming the paper with chloroform—an idea which did not occur to us until too late.

Too late! “The very words are like a bell . . .”; and how sad is the pleasure of reminiscing! For the session, though it may seem to drag for some of you, is flying swiftly towards its close. We, and many like us, must depart. The magazine we entrust to the care of other hands. They, we are sure, will produce an issue as fine as this, if not better; but, alas! we cannot escape a sense of regret, for we shall share in it no longer.

THE EDITORS.

ROLL OF HONOUR

Last Christmas we published a provisional list of names, The following is the complete list so far as we know, and will be taken as final unless any additions are sent to the Headmaster immediately.

- ADAMSON, Alexander, W/O., R.A.F.V.R.
 ARNOLD, Charlotte M., Staff Nurse.
 BARCLAY, John Bell (1934-39), Sgt.-Pilot, R.A.F.
 BARRIE, Wellesley (1931-36), R.A.F.
 BEATON, John M. (1933-37), Pilot Officer, R.A.F.
 BLACK, Leslie W. (1918-1921), R.A.
 BLACKADDER, William Smith (1933-38), Pilot Officer, R.A.F.
 BLACKBURN, John (1936-41), Junr. Radio Officer, Merchant Navy.
 BRODIE, A. Mowbray (1934-39), Sub-Lt., F.A.A.
 BROWN, Albert, M.B., Ch.B. (1931-32), Captain, R.A.M.C.
 BROWNE, John (1930-36), Lieut., H.L.I.
 BURKE, John B. (1935-40), R.A.F.
 CAMPBELL, James, **D.F.C.**, **D.F.M.**, R.A.F.
 CAMPBELL, William A. R. (1933-35), R.N.V.R.
 CANT, James Sutherland (1929-35), Flying Officer, R.A.F.
 CHISHOLM, John, Cameron Highlanders.
 CLYNE, David J. R., R.A.F.
 COOKE, Wilfrid Hulme, Sub-Lt., R.N.V.R.
 COULL, John (1934-38), Pilot Officer, R.A.F.
 CURWEN, George, (1930-34), R.N.
 DAWSON, George (1927-33), Flt.-Sergt., R.A.F.
 DOTT, Archie S. (1935-39), R.A.F.
 DICKSON, John A. (1927-33), Lieut., Seaforth Highlanders.
 DUFF, Harry L. (1921-25), Sergt., R.A.F.
 EASTON, J. Harley (1931-36), Sgt., R.A.F.
 FAULDS, Eric (1933-36), Merchant Navy.
 FISHER, Charles B. (1936-40), Radio Officer, Merchant Navy.
 FORD, George W. (1932-35), Flying Officer, R.A.F.
 FRASER, James Sidney (1936-40), Sergt., R.A.F.
 GARRITY, Daniel, W/O., R.A.F.
 GUNN, Robert (1935-40), Sherwood For.
 HAMILTON, William, Art Staff, Glasgow Highlanders.
 HARDING, William D. (1932-37), Lieut., R.A.C.
 HILL, Robert, R.A.F.
 HILL, William (1933-39), R.A.F.
 HOWIESON, Robert, R.A.F.
 IRVINE, John, **D.F.C.** (1933-36), R.A.F.
 JONES, William (1926-29), Chief Officer, Merchant Navy.
 KAY, Robert S. (1932-37), A. & S.H.
 KIPPEN, E. M., **D.F.C.** (1932-35), Pilot Officer, R.A.F.
 LANDIES, William L. H. B. (1932-37), Pilot Officer, R.A.F.
 MACALPINE, Robert (1929-31), Sergt., Green Howards.
 MACCONNELL-JONES, Adam (1933-39), R.A.F.
 MACDONALD, William MacAndrew (1929-34), Sergt., H.L.I.
 MACDOUGAL, Archibald, **D.F.C.**, Lieut., R.N.V.R.
 MACDOUGALL, Alexander (1934-39), Sergt., R.A.F.
 MACGARVA, Alexander W. (1931-36), R.A.F.
 MACGREGOR, Leon L. (1929-35), R.A.
 McINTYRE, Dugald (1936-41), Merchant Navy.
 McKAY, Crawford (1926-30), Captain, R.E.
 MACKAY, George (1938-39), R.N.
 MACKAY, John (1933-35), A.C.I., R.A.F.
 McKINLAY, Francis W. (1928-32), Sergt., R.A.F.
 MACLEISH, James C., **D.F.C.** (1931-34), Pilot Officer, R.A.F.
 MACLEOD, Angus (1921-24), Major, London Scottish.
 McNAUGHT, Alexander B. (1939-43), Black Watch.
 MACPHERSON, Robert (1935-39), Flying Officer, R.A.F.V.R.
 MACVEAN, Duncan (1934-37), Lieut., H.L.I.
 MUNRO, John (1935-37), Sergt., R.A.F.
 MUTCH, George C. (1935-38), Sergt., R.A.F.
 ORR, Alistair G. (1929-35), A. & S.H.
 RIACH, George (1933-37), Pilot Officer, R.A.F.
 RICHARDS, Robert (1936-40), R.A.F.
 ROY, C. James (1934-37), Sergt., R.A.F.
 SCOTT, Thomas (1926-30), Captain, Glasgow Highlanders.
 SIMPSON, Arnold G. (1935-37), R.A.F.
 SMITH, Harry (1925-31), Captain, Chaplain.
 STIRLING, Evan McGregor (1932-38), Captain, R.A.M.C.
 TEMPLE, Alex. M. (1932-34), Sgt., R.A.F.V.R.
 THOMSON, John (1930-33), R.A.F.
 WADDELL, John W. (1935-39), Queen's Royal Lancers, R.A.C.
 WATSON, Alexander (1912-15), Pilot Officer, R.A.F.
 WHITE, Frederick (1928-33), R.A.
 WILLIAMS, David L., **D.F.C.**, Flt.-Lieut., R.A.F.
 WILSON, James R. (1935-41), R.A.F.
 WINTON, Jack, R.A.F.
 WYLIE, John B. (1932-35), **Commended**, Third Officer, Merchant Navy.

School Notes

This session the school has taken a lively and successful interest in music, sport, broadcasting, foreign correspondence (United States and Australia), and in work for the British Red Cross Society.

On 4th March the twenty-first Dinner of the School Dinner Club took place in the Grosvenor Restaurant and it was appropriate that on this occasion Mr. Howard Garvan should be made Chairman in recognition of his long service as Secretary. Mr. Garvan was a well-known pupil in his day and for a short time during the amalgamation with Onslow Drive School was a member of staff. He is uncle of Miss Jane E. Garvan of the English Department. Mr. William McLeod has been appointed Chairman for 1949-50.

We have to announce with deep regret the passing of three former members of staff—Mr. Charles Chatfield, Miss Jean Gordon, and Mr. Hugh R. W. Anderson. Mr. Chatfield, who had a long connection with the school, was well known to a previous generation of Whitehillian gymnasts and swimmers. His son, Mr. Richard Chatfield, brought many swimming honours to the school. Miss Gordon gave lifelong service in the Department of Modern Languages, specialising in Spanish, a language she would learn in her home-country, British Guiana. Mr. Anderson, who had been wounded in the First World War, began a School Cadet Corps which developed well in the short time he had charge of it (1917-1920).

Greetings and best wishes go to the Members of Staff who have left us recently:—Mr. Alastair C. Munro (Science) and Mr. Arch. J. C. Douglas (Mathematics) on their promotion to be Principal Teachers; Miss Watson (Commerce) and Miss Dunn (Physical Training) on the occasion of their marriages; and Miss Scotland, a former pupil, and Miss Dorothy Smith, both of the Art Department, on their appointment to other schools. The following have joined the Staff:—Miss Mary D. McCutcheon (Commerce), Mr. James Miller (Science), Mr. Robert K. Simpson (Art), Mr. John T. Thomson (Art), and Mr. John Merrick (Mathematics). We give them a hearty welcome and trust that they feel at home already.

This being the 60th number of the Magazine sets one thinking of the Diamond Jubilee of the school which takes place in 1951. Already we are preparing for the Diamond Jubilee Number of the Magazine. It would be a great favour if Former Pupils would look out old class photographs, especially of girls' classes! Photographs and any other suitable material would be gratefully received and carefully preserved for eventual return. Please address to Mr. Jas. C. Williamson at the school, giving at the same time an idea of the date and any other important details.

PRIZE LIST

Dux of the School: Henderson Medal and Prize, War Memorial Prize of £10—
ROBERT D. KERNOHAN.

Proxime accessit: War Memorial Prize of £5—
HELEN L. HOWES.

Macfarlane Gamble Prize of £1—
GEORGE F. MILNE.

Dux of Intermediate School—
MARJORIE A. EADIE.

War Memorial Prizes—

English: CATHERINE ALEXANDER.	Mathematics: GEORGE F. MILNE.
Classics: SUSANNAH Y. WADDELL.	Science: GEORGE F. MILNE.
Modern: HELEN L. HOWES.	Art: CLIFFORD GOUGH.

Ralph Payne Memorial Prizes in Science—
1 GEORGE F. MILNE. 2 ANN W. P. JARVIE.

Crosthwaite Memorial Prizes in Latin—
Senior: 1 HELEN L. HOWES. 2 JENNIE D. RONALD.
Junior: 1 (equal) JEAN A. VASSIE and MAIRI M. WEIR.

J. T. Smith Memorial Prizes in English—
Senior: CATHERINE ALEXANDER. **Junior:** MAIRI M. WEIR.

Thomas Nisbet Prize in Mathematics—
GEORGE F. MILNE.

Bailie Matthew Armstrong Prizes for Leadership—
Boys: ROBERT D. KERNOHAN. **Girls:** HELEN L. HOWES.

Rotary Club Prize for Citizenship—
THOMAS HILLEY.

Inner Wheel Club Prize for Citizenship—
CATHERINE ALEXANDER.

Miss Margaret H. Cunningham Prizes for Needlework—
ALISON MORTON and HELEN A. MUNGALL (equal).

Whitehill School Club Prizes—
Form VI, Boys: ROBERT D. KERNOHAN. **Girls:** HELEN L. HOWES.
Form V, Boys: KENNETH W. EADIE. **Girls:** JENNIE D. RONALD.
Form IV, Boys: JAMES W. CREE and CHARLES M. ROBERTSON (equal). **Girls:** ISABELLA TURNER.

SUBJECT PRIZES—

FORM VI.

English: ROBERT D. KERNOHAN.	German: ROBERT D. KERNOHAN.
History: ROBERT D. KERNOHAN.	Mathematics: GEORGE F. MILNE.
Latin: HELEN L. HOWES and SUSANNAH Y. WADDELL (equal).	Science: GEORGE F. MILNE.
Latin (special prize): MAY M. LIVEY.	Dynamics: JAMES F. LINDSAY.
French: HELEN L. HOWES.	Music: J. CAMPBELL McQUEEN.

FORM V.

English: 1 JENNIE D. RONALD. 2 ALEXANDER GORDON. 3 ISOBEL M. SMITH.	French: 1 JENNIE D. RONALD. 2 MARGARET K. BURLEY.
History, Higher: JENNIE D. RONALD. Lower: MANUEL NEEDLEMAN.	German: MARGARET K. BURLEY.
Geography: 1 ALEXANDER GORDON. 2 DOROTHY H. BLUES.	Mathematics: 1 G. STRATHAIRN LEES. 2 ISOBEL M. SMITH. 3 JOHN B. MUIR.
Latin: 1 JENNIE D. RONALD. 2 JOHN B. MUIR.	Science: 1 ANN W. P. JARVIE. 2 ISOBEL M. SMITH.
Greek: CHARLES H. H. SCOBIE.	Art: DOROTHY H. BLUES.
	Technical: MAITLAND KERR.

FORM IV.

English: 1 ISABELLA TURNER.

2 JANET McGRATH.

3 ELEANOR D. DUNN.

History: 1 JAMES W. CREE.

2 ISABELLA TURNER.

Geography: 1 JANETTE CAMPBELL.

2 DAVID L. MATHIESON.

Latin: 1 DAVID L. MATHIESON.

2 JANETTE CAMPBELL.

French: 1 JAMES W. CREE.

2 ISABELLA TURNER.

Greek: IAN S. IRWIN.

German: MARION S. HAMILTON.

Mathematics: 1 JEAN K. D. SEMPLE.

2 ISABELLA TURNER.

3 ANN MARSHALL.

Science: 1 CHARLES M. ROBERTSON.

2 JANET McGRATH.

Art: JEAN G. GRANT.

Commercial: 1 MARGUERITE F. SNEDDON.

2 MARION McDAID.

Technical: ROY P. McCONCHIE.

FORM III.

Classical: 1 MARJORIE A. EADIE, 2 MAIRI M. WEIR, 3 ARCHIBALD MUNRO.

Modern: 1 LEONORA McGILVRAY, 2 MARGARET BROWN, 3 MARGARET HOLLERIN.

Commercial: 1 ROSE A. P. RENNIE, 2 ISABEL DICKIE.

FORM II.

Classical: 1 IRENE E. TULLY, 2 ELIZABETH G. DONALDSON, 3 STEWART T. REID.

Modern: 1 VIOLET I. WITTON, 2 ANDREW CURRIE, 3 AGNES McGREGOR.

Commercial: 1 ETHEL M. DONALDSON, 2 ELIZABETH A. WATSON.

FORM I.

Classical: 1 MARGARET CAMERON, 2 LEONORA R. STEWART, 3 CATHERINE A. CAMPBELL.

Modern: 1 STANLEY AFFROSSMAN, 2 GEORGE TENNANT, 3 JAMES KERR,
4 JOHN RAE.

PREPARATORY.

1 RACHEL S. WEALLEANS, 2 CHRISTINE GREIG, 3 DONALD E. COLQUHOUN and
JOHN R. B. YOUNG (equal).

Mr. Alastair C. Munro, B.Sc.

Mr. Alastair C. Munro's departure on 1st February to be Principal Teacher of Science in Strathbungo Senior Secondary School (a school where science "labs" have all the amenities) will be viewed with mixed feelings—gratification that he has received well-merited promotion, and sorrow that we have lost one of our stalwarts.

For twenty years he was a prominent member of the Science Department. Small boys were impressed by his dignity and his colleagues were equally impressed by his skill in teaching these same small boys. For many years he was responsible for the teaching of Physics to the Certificate and Bursary classes and he took a personal interest in everyone in his class. One of his treasures (now in possession of the Science Department) is his album of photographs taken by him so as to form a record of the sections he taught. His interest in his pupils continued after they left school and he had an amazing knowledge of their successes at College and University, probably the result of frequent visits they paid him in Room 18 in order to seek his wise counsel.

Among all his extra school activities the most notable was his bringing the Cricket Club from obscurity to a flourishing state. At Gala and Sports he played his part with quiet efficiency and he was a mainstay of the School Concert.

We thank him for all he did for Whitehill; we heartily congratulate him on his promotion; and we wish him every success in his new post.

The Wise Mouse

Once upon a time there lived a monster so huge that his tail stretched three times round the equator, and when he sneezed, a trough of low pressure moved across Europe, causing heat in winter and snow in summer. Naturally, the existence of such a creature placed humanity in an extremely uncomfortable position, for it soon became evident that if something was not done about it quickly, the monster would devour everything there was. So the governments of the world decided that whosoever was responsible for the death of the creature would receive the Pacific Ocean as a reward. When this was made public, a great general assembled a huge army and marched to the Sahara Desert where the dragon lay. But he, upon perceiving the army in the distance, yawned at it so fiercely that all the soldiers were blown across the Mediterranean Sea. After that, no further attempts were made to conquer the monster, and doubtless it would have gone on eating until the population of the earth was forced to emigrate to Mars, had it not been for the Wise Mouse.

The Wise Mouse had spent most of his life trying to understand Einstein's Theory of Relativity, and having done this, the problem of killing the monster seemed easy by comparison, so one fine Shrove Tuesday, he started off for the Island of Honolulu, where the monster now lay, for the Sahara sand-storms made him sneeze. When the Wise Mouse arrived, he was in the process of eating a school of whales, which he had scooped out of the sea with his claws, and so he didn't notice the Wise Mouse approaching until the Mouse stood on tiptoes and said in his loudest squeak, "Excuse me, Sir."

The monster produced a magnifying glass which he kept for moments like these, and closely examined the Wise Mouse through it.

"Well?" he enquired at last.

"I," said the Mouse, "am a dental surgeon who wishes to know if you desire to have any teeth drilled, filled or extracted. Treatment will, of course, be free under the National Health Scheme."

The monster was highly amused at this. "Do you really believe that a microbe of your dimensions could extract teeth such as these?" he asked, and opened his vast jaws to their fullest extent to show an immense set of gleaming teeth, each one of which resembled Cleopatra's Needle.

This was the opening the Wise Mouse had been awaiting, so he jumped into it. Racing along the monster's tongue, he reached the back of the mouth, and producing a small electric torch, switched it on and ran down the trachea, while the monster still gaped in surprise. Before the Wise Mouse had descended even a little way, he was caught up by a sudden whirlpool of air and sucked down into a lung, where he was caught in a stream of aerated blood and whirled along in the direction of the heart.

This was just what the Mouse had intended, and as soon as he reached it, he drew a hand-grenade from his pocket and flung it far from him into the rumbling, heaving darkness.

So the monster died. The Mouse, after finding his way out through a nostril, was duly presented with the Pacific Ocean. As for the monster, his flesh was canned and sold as a substitute for snoek, while the skeleton was ground down to make fertiliser.

YARG. II 1.

The Match of the Season

What may prove to have been one of the more momentous matches in the long and distinguished history of Whitehill C.C. was fought (the only possible word, since two staved fingers were among the results) at Golfhill Cricket Ground on the evening of Thursday, May 19th, and in my capacity as your unofficial cricket correspondent, I went along to cover it for the Mag.

When I arrived you might have covered all the spectators with a small-sized groundsheet, but then a small crowd, as the players said, is often the most enthusiastic. Thus, when Whitehill, having lost the toss, took the field, the hand-clapping almost drowned the noise of the fielders' joints creaking.

Opening the bowling from the football ground end, S— soon had the Golfhill 3rd XI batsmen in difficulties. Perhaps the long and menacing shadow of P—, somewhere around mid-off, obscured their view or spoiled their concentration. In any case, S— just missed a hat-trick in an atmosphere of great tension. However, after losing four wickets for 17 runs, Golfhill began to hit out. When P— was put on in this emergency they hit out even harder, taking an incredible number of runs off one over.

To cut a long innings short, Golfhill made 113 for 8, despite the gallant efforts of our bowlers and fielders, particularly our wicket-keeper K— who, if occasionally erratic, achieved what is considered in high quarters to have been a nippy piece of stumping.

Our innings was opened by the aforementioned stumper with S— as his partner. These gallant stone-wallers reached 28 before being forcibly separated, which total may, I gather, stand as a record for some time.

We were then treated to a display of hectic hitting by the other stalwarts of the side. It was rather unfortunate that their whirling bats so rarely met the ball, but then one cannot expect too much. C— distinguished himself by making 5 to the accompaniment of much vocal encouragement from the dressing-room window and elsewhere.

On the whole we did quite well to reach 64, our last wicket somehow or other surviving the final over, and according to cricketing tradition, honour at least was saved.

YOUR CRICKET CORRESPONDENT.

Key to V and VI Photographs

BOYS

Back Row: G. Campbell, J. Duthie, J. Dykes, A. McGregor, A. Gordon, W. Parker, K. Eadie, G. Gilmour, A. Halliday, S. Lees.

Second Back Row: A. Cameron, R. Carswell, M. Needleman, J. Casey, D. Campbell, J. Allison, W. Thomson, D. Park, J. Galloway.

Second Front Row: A. McVean, C. Gough, C. McEwen, E. Smith, A. Clark, J. Chester, W. Crofts, D. Black, B. Burley, A. Jamieson, G. Martin, R. McKay, M. Grant.

Front Row: J. Wilson, I. Hood, J. Muir, G. Kennedy, R. D. Kernohan (Captain), Mr. McEwan, T. Hilley (Vice-Captain), J. Lindsay, G. Milne, J. Rodgers, H. Muir.

Absent: I. Somerside, J. C. McQueen, L. Cameron, M. Kerr, J. McDaid, C. Scobie, D. Annandale, J. McBain.

GIRLS

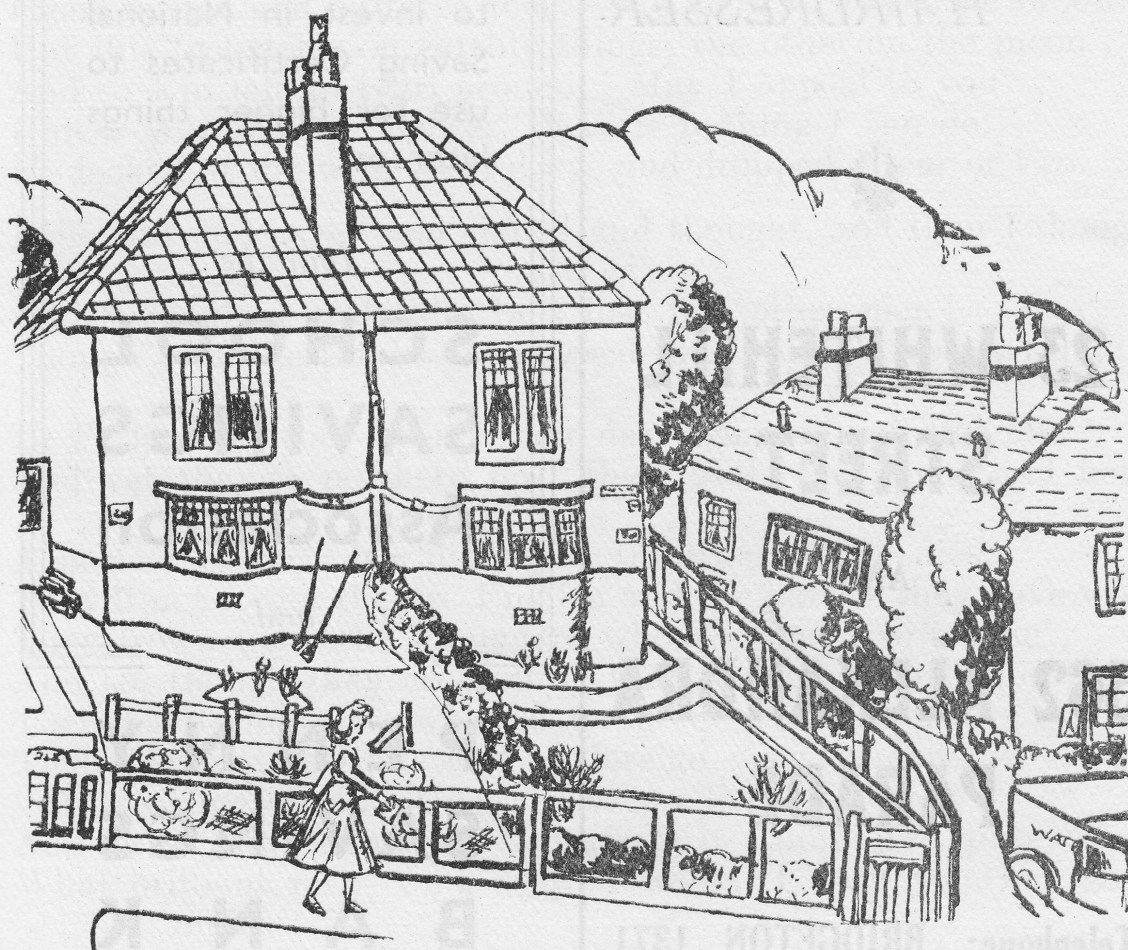
Back Row: M. Colquhoun, D. White, J. Nimmo.

Second Back Row: J. Gibson, J. McLaren, S. Morgan, E. Millar, I. Smith, A. Howard, D. Smith, E. Anderson, M. Scott.

Second Front Row: M. Hodge, F. Brown, M. Gracie, R. McCrae, M. Burley, M. Wilson, H. Lochhead, A. Jarvie, M. Livey, M. Benson.

Front Row: A. MacKenzie, J. Ronald, S. Waddell, I. Pinkerton, H. L. Howes (Captain), Mr. McEwan, C. Alexander (Vice-Captain), H. Watson, D. Blues, M. Archibald, V. Crawford.

Absent: M. McGowan, M. Conn, M. Urquhart, V. Baird, R. Coutts, M. Fingland, J. Laydon, E. Wilson.



From my Window.

[Marjorie Love, 12.]

Chansonette

(After Molière.)

By day and night
I pine for you, my love,
And sad my plight
Since I became of late
A prisoner to your eyes.

And yet if you
So harsh to me do prove,
Who loves you true;
Alas! what awful fate
Awaits your enemies! KAY. VI.

Whirligig Rules

The other afternoon, as I was walking down the street,
I met an English gentleman with most peculiar feet;
For one was pointing towards the sky, the other towards the
ground,

And when he tried to travel he began to twirl around.
I found this most peculiar, as I think you will agree,
Decided to investigate, and asked him home to tea.
He beamed at me and answered, "Sir, you really are most kind.
I fear it would be awkward, though: my feet control my mind.
I long for tea and buttered toast—the mem'ry makes me swoon!—
But this foot dotes on earthly things, the other on the moon;
And so I'm left to twirl around. May I appeal to you?
Unless you find the answer, there is nothing I can do."
He looked at me with wistful eye and dropped a tear or two.

I thought and gazed and sighed and thought, and then I thought
again;

And suddenly I realised: he's just like other men!
Though when he thinks of buttered toast, and 's merely thinking
still,

In Parliament they spend their day debating act and bill,
And yet they're nowhere near their goal, the grand and noble
prize—

A perfect peace! It's difficult: tradition *slowly* dies.
They'll not forget they're English and the battles they have won;
They frown upon the foreigners who *do* what 'isn't done';
And so, though *they* are willing that the long contention cease.
Their habits make it awkward to agree on lasting peace.
Their feet are patriotic and no foreign view condone.
"My twirling friend, it isn't *your* predicament alone,
And as to some solution: I'm afraid it stumps me quite.
What brilliant men can't answer—well! I wish you, sir, good
night."

I watched him twirling sadly till I wandered out of sight.
DUODEVIGINTI. VI.

Mr. Archibald J. C. Douglas, B.Sc.

On 25th April Mr. Douglas became Principal Teacher of Mathematics in Possilpark Junior Secondary School, and thereby Whitehill School lost one who had been a strong pillar of the school for twenty-one years.

Mr. Douglas will be very much missed. During his years here, he must have taught many hundreds of pupils, who received from him a training in ordered thinking, and the inspiration of mathematical work set down in a fashion that gave artistic pleasure as well as mathematical satisfaction.

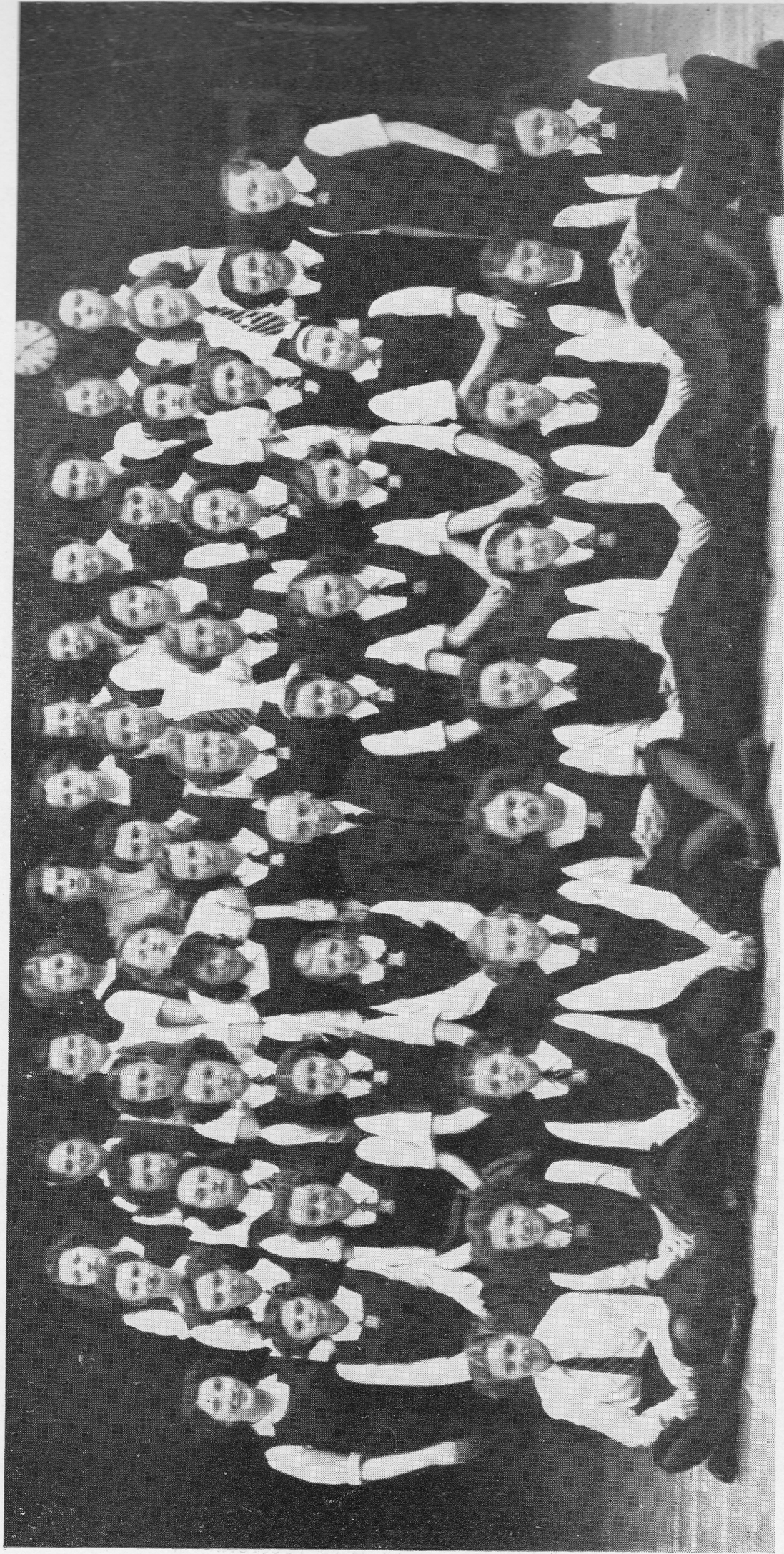
In all the activities of the school Mr. Douglas took a keen and practical interest. For several years he was Convener of the Committee responsible for the School Concert, and he was a useful and genial member of many a School Camp. The members of the Staff, the pupils and the former pupils of Whitehill have very happy recollections of their relations with Mr. Douglas, both within the classroom and without. We congratulate him on his promotion and wish him every success in his new sphere.

News of F.Ps.

A letter from Mr. Loraine informs us that his son, Robert, has graduated B.Sc. (Hons.) in Civil Engineering. He thanks Whitehill Staff for the interest they took in him. David Beavis, another F.P., has been appointed Gas Manager for Edinburgh, is youngest so far, while Jean Morran has taken the Diploma in Musical Education at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music.

Physically we are well to the fore. This year two teams from Scotland have been chosen to represent Great Britain at the International Gymnastic Festival in Stockholm. In the women's team from Dunfermline Physical Education College, Whitehill is represented by Margo Crofts (sister of the present School Soccer Captain), and in the men's team from the Scottish School of Physical Education, Whitehill is again represented by no fewer than four former pupils, James Kirkwood, Andrew Ford, James Paton and Michael McCallum (one quarter of the total British team).

Whitehill has been indirectly featuring in Glasgow's civic affairs. Little did we know that the toss of the coin that determined Glasgow's Lord Provost depended partly on the vote of an F.P., Deacon Convener Mr. Douglas Macnaughton. Mr. Alex. Fraser, the new representative of Provan Ward in the Town Council, is an F.P. and Trustee of our school. University and Training College contacts have increased. Mr. John Rillie is now on the English Staff of University, Miss Helen Hodge is on the Library Staff, while Mr. James Scotland lectures on history at Jordanhill Training College. His dramatic concoction, "Patients" (a skit on the Health Service), at the Students' recent concert was a brilliant piece of sparkling word-play.



[Photo by Lawrie]

THE GIRLS' CHOIR

(Conductor, Mr. T. P. Fletcher),
Winners of the John C. E. Chapman Trophy and the Robert Rule Trophy
at Glasgow Musical Festival, 1948 and 1949.



DRAMATIC CLUB.

[Photo by Lawrie



GOLF TEAM.

[Photo by Lawrie

Standing: R. Dodds, J. Aitken, J. Sproul, W. Paterson.
Sitting: A. Cameron, A. Cameron, G. S. Lees (Secretary), A. G. McVean,
 J. G. Rodgers.

Dramatic Club

WANTED.—Preferably alive—Senior Boys. No previous experience necessary. All shyness, stage-fright, or self-consciousness conquered without the use of drugs.



The above pathetic appeal is the result of several years' experience of a club whose membership, however competent, is predominantly female. The result is a sad limitation in our choice of plays, for there are few really good one-act plays written for all, or even nearly all, female characters. I need make no special appeal to the girls of the school, for the club already numbers a large complement of highly-skilled actresses. These will be seen, and heard in action in "Will of the Loaning" (with an all-girls cast) and "The Dear Departed" at the concert in June. To the boys my words are directed: "Come along and try. You have no idea how much fun it can be till you do. Who knows what mute inglorious Garrick, Irving, Gielgud or Olivier may be lurking in the ranks of III 17, IV 12 or V 10." J. D.

"The Junior Red Cross Link" No. 998

Under the guidance of Miss O'May a Junior Red Cross Link was started in June, 1948. Over a hundred pupils from the Prep. classes and Form I became members. Owing to illness and pressure of work Miss O'May was obliged to pass leadership to Miss Cameron.



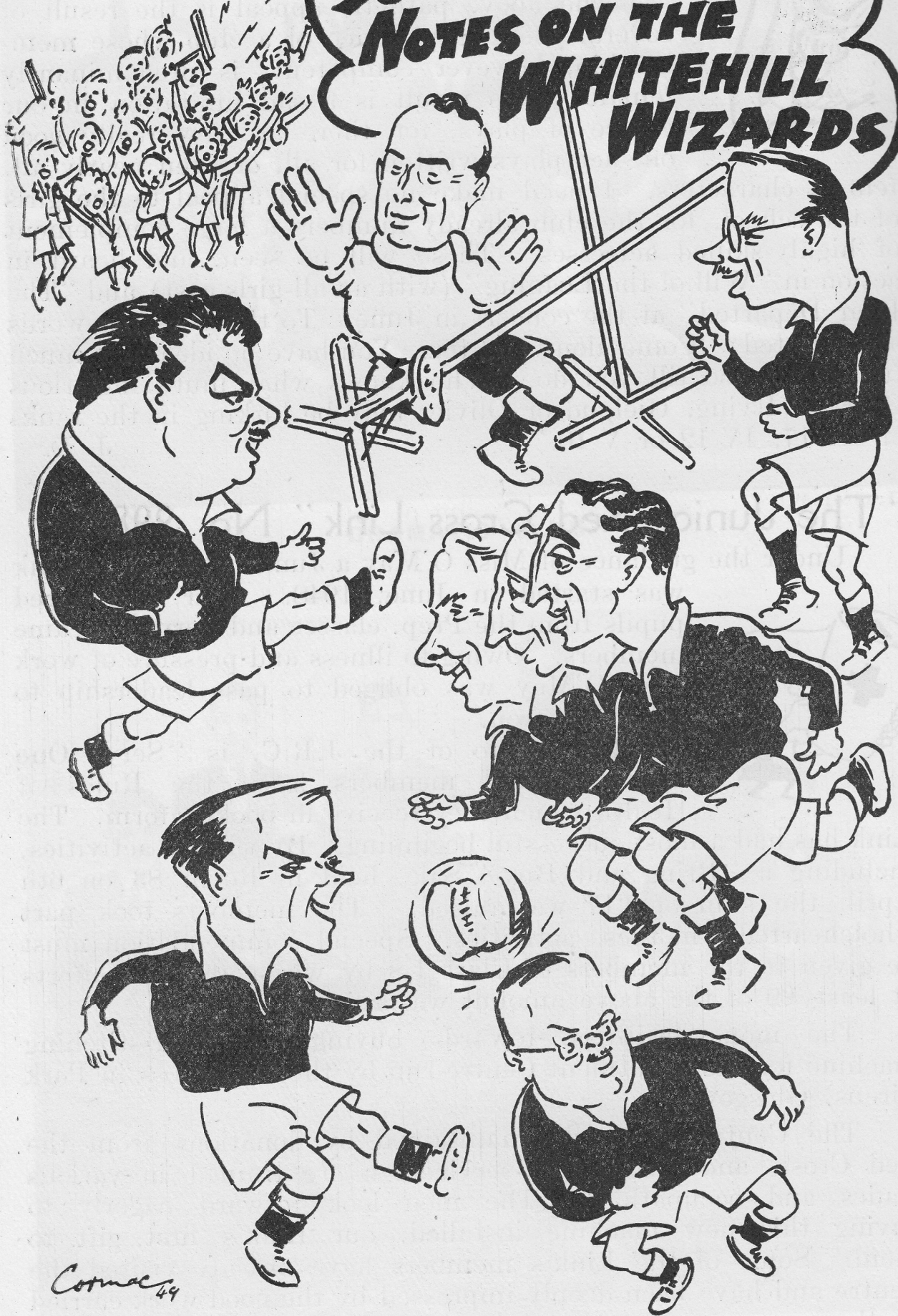
The motto of the J.R.C. is "Serve One Another" and members learn the Rules of Health which they receive in booklet form. The Link has had a most successful beginning. By various activities, including a "Bring and Buy" Sale, held in Room 83 on 6th April, the sum of £17 was raised. The members took part wholeheartedly in these activities. Special commendation must be given to the members of Class I 8 by whose untiring efforts at least £9 of the above amount was raised.

The money will go towards buying a leather-stitching machine for the Treatment Centre run by the Red Cross in Park Circus, Glasgow.

The Centre is wholly maintained by donations from the Red Cross, and disabled ex-servicemen are trained in various trades and occupations. The men look forward eagerly to having this new machine installed, our Link's first gift to them. Some of the Link's members have already visited the Centre and have been deeply impressed by the good work carried on there.

May Whitehill pupils continue to give their unfailing support in "Serving One Another."

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES ON THE WHITEHILL WIZARDS



Sensation!

Whitehill Staff, 2; Whitehill 1st XI, 1.

We attended the match in a spirit of resignation, hoping that our colleagues would at least escape serious bodily injury. Our prestige, we felt, was doomed. But behold, it was not so. Let us recall the team who made history in 1949.

In goal: D. Chisholm. Neither Ronnie Simpson nor Cowan needs to stick out his chest when he comes around here in future. This was a man, take him for all in all. At one point the Boys' Brake Club surreptitiously walked off with one of our patent goal posts and planted it ten yards wide of its proper place. Did our goalie bring it back? Not at all. What difference did ten yards make to him?

Backs: by courtesy of the E.I.S. J. Fisher finding touch moved with a rhythmic grace we shall long remember with pleasure, and T. Jardine's halo was never better merited.

Half-backs: by courtesy of the P.T. Department—R. Gardiner, J. Forgie, and J. McKean. The finest example of combined ops. on the field. Individualists in style and coloration, unanimous in aim.

Forwards: G. R. Needle, playing not like a book, but like a book-store. C. MacLean, crooning plaintive numbers from the farthest Hebrides, but ready, aye ready. R. Simpson and J. McComish, artists to the toenails. J. Hamilton—at this point we become confused. There was a plethora, almost a surfeit, of Hamiltons. One, we understand, was outside left. We took it that he was the one in a striped jersey. Another appeared to be equally active. He was believed to be official linesman. Yet a third was more active than the rest for not only did he run, like Leacock's elephant, in all directions, but from time to time he gave delightful miming representations of things people had done or should not have done. This, we were informed, constituted the office of referee.

There was another team on the field too. Crofts was captain, fresh from his Inter-City performance, but now he was up against a different class of stuff. Gough, Thomson and Lees did some pretty things in an attempt to win the plaudits of the damsels on the touch-line, but it was not their day. Somebody scored a goal, but it was not enough. The Staff scored two.

It was a famous victory.

A footnote must be added on the quality of the spectators. It has frequently been observed that the Hampden stand has a distinctive accent when Queen's are at home, not on any account to be confused with the earthier comments that float around the professional grounds. But never before, even at Hampden, have we heard players being spurred on to victory by such battle-cries as, "Come away, Mr. Jardine," and "Good—Mr. Chisholm." We were intrigued by the hesitation in the last one, but the decorum of the spectators was never impaired. At least, not while we were within earshot.

Cupid and Mr. Lightbody

With the most delicate of swishes a glittering arrow sped through the air and lodged firmly in my second-best grey suit right below the breast pocket. I suddenly forgot that my house-keeper would be filled with righteous anger because I had a tear in my jacket and became gloriously happy.

I don't know why I did, but I looked around for someone I knew instinctively must be there.

Ah yes! There he was, leaning against the garden wall, his bow hanging loose in his chubby hand. He was watching me curiously like a child with a new toy. He smiled a delighted smile.

"Good morning, Cupid," I said. "I trust the weather is fine in Elysium." Now, if I had been in my right senses, I should never have said such a thing, because as I and every other sane man knows, Cupid and Elysium do not exist. But then, I was bewitched. I was hearing sounds I had never heard before and seeing the most delicious things about me. The air, too, was magic, with a heavenly fragrance. Why then should I be amazed that I was conversing with a god?

Cupid shivered a little uneasily as I began to sing in a high falsetto tenor—

"Hey ding-a-ding-a-ding,
Sweet lovers love the Spring."

I snatched off my unoffending bowler and flung it high, high into the air, so high in fact that it fell down into the garden on the other side of the wall. Discretion was flung to the winds; I did not care any more.

Cupid blinked, trembled, and began to giggle. His little body was quivering with merriment.

"You have no *earthly* idea what you look like!" he gurgled. "Thank goodness, Zeus gave me a week's holiday and forty arrows pay. I used to sit up there in Elysium and fire an occasional arrow or two whenever I felt like it. I never knew or really cared whom they hit. But now——" he giggled again, gleefully—"now I am going to select my victims carefully. In fact I will——"

But Cupid never finished the sentence. He just disappeared from under my nose as suddenly as he had come.

Next morning after breakfast, which I had prepared myself, whistling and humming merry little tunes all the time, I heard the postman's imperative rap on the door. A letter was lying on the doormat, heavily sealed and embossed, and when I opened it a delicate piece of parchment fell out. I put on my reading-glasses and read hastily:—

Dear Mr. Lightbody,

I must apologise for my son's naughtiness yesterday. He really is most exasperating. I gave him a spanking and put him to bed. I do hope he did not perturb you.

Yours faithfully,

Venus.

"Perturb me?" I shouted. "Certainly not!"

And with that I rushed hatless, coatless, and breathless down the lane to the lazy river and joined the village urchins playing at pirates.

HENRIETTA. VI.

Football



As mentioned in the December issue of the Magazine, five teams played during this session in the various divisions of the Glasgow and District Secondary Schools' League, one in the Post-Primary Schools' League, and one in the Post-Primary Junior Shield Competition.

In the Secondary Schools' League, fortunes varied. The First XI did very well to finish in the upper half of their division, and they reached the semi-final of the Schools' Shield in which they were beaten 4-2 by St. Mungo's. The fourth round tie and replay against St. Gerard's proved that Whitehill still produces fighters.

The Post-Primary League teams put up a splendid show during the season. The Junior Team lost to Petershill Junior Secondary by 1-0 in the final of the Post-Primary Shield. This team was unfortunate in that the goal was scored in the last few minutes of the game. They themselves, however, flung away several chances to win earlier in the game. The tally of corners scored—6-2 in favour of Whitehill—shows how the game progressed.

At the time of my writing, the Post-Primary League Senior Team (under 15 on 1st September, 1948) are waiting to play Springburn for their League Championship and are also in the final of the Glasgow District Championship.

Well as the teams have done, however, it is in the Inter-City and International spheres that honours have been brought to the school. Heartiest congratulations and the thanks of the school are given to the following boys who have played in representative games this season:—

Wm. Crofts for Glasgow v. Rest of Scotland (twice).

Stanley Easdale for Glasgow v. Bradford.

Charles Paterson for Scotland v. Wales and v. England; for Glasgow v. Stoke, v. Newcastle, v. Ayr (Scottish Cup).

Sam Cooper for Glasgow v. Stoke, v. Ayr, v. Newcastle.

Wm. Pritchard for Glasgow v. Stoke, v. Ayr, v. Newcastle.

James Gilbert for Glasgow v. Stoke.

Stanley Davren for Glasgow v. Stoke.

John Brewster for Glasgow v. Newcastle.

Wm. Craig for Glasgow v. Ayr.

Tom Macnab was travelling reserve v. Stoke, Newcastle, and Ayr.

G. R. N.

Without "The Gleam"

Let it fall, your empty pen,
That calm may follow strife.
What wild conceit is rife
And nourished in your brain?
Let's admit ambition lures
A mind that might have been
As others—small and mean,
But free from useless pain—
Into storms of whirling words
That spin like fevered thought
And melt before they're caught,
But come to taunt again:
Let this sterile vision go—
It lacks of reasoned cause—
And give your spirit pause.
Think not to lose, but gain.

THE HAPLESS BARD. VI.

"Shelved" Dreams at the Dramatic Club

O, to be the Principal,
Now that June is near,
To stand before the audience
And know that they will hear
The words that I have longed to say
Every other year.
I know exactly what to say
And when to come in sight,
But no-one wants to suffer *me*
Though I try with all my might.
Maybe I do not look the part,
Or have not the technique
To posture and soliloquise,
And make you grip the seat.
But let that be just as it may,
I cannot change myself;
Once more I'll have to take the part
And put it on the shelf.

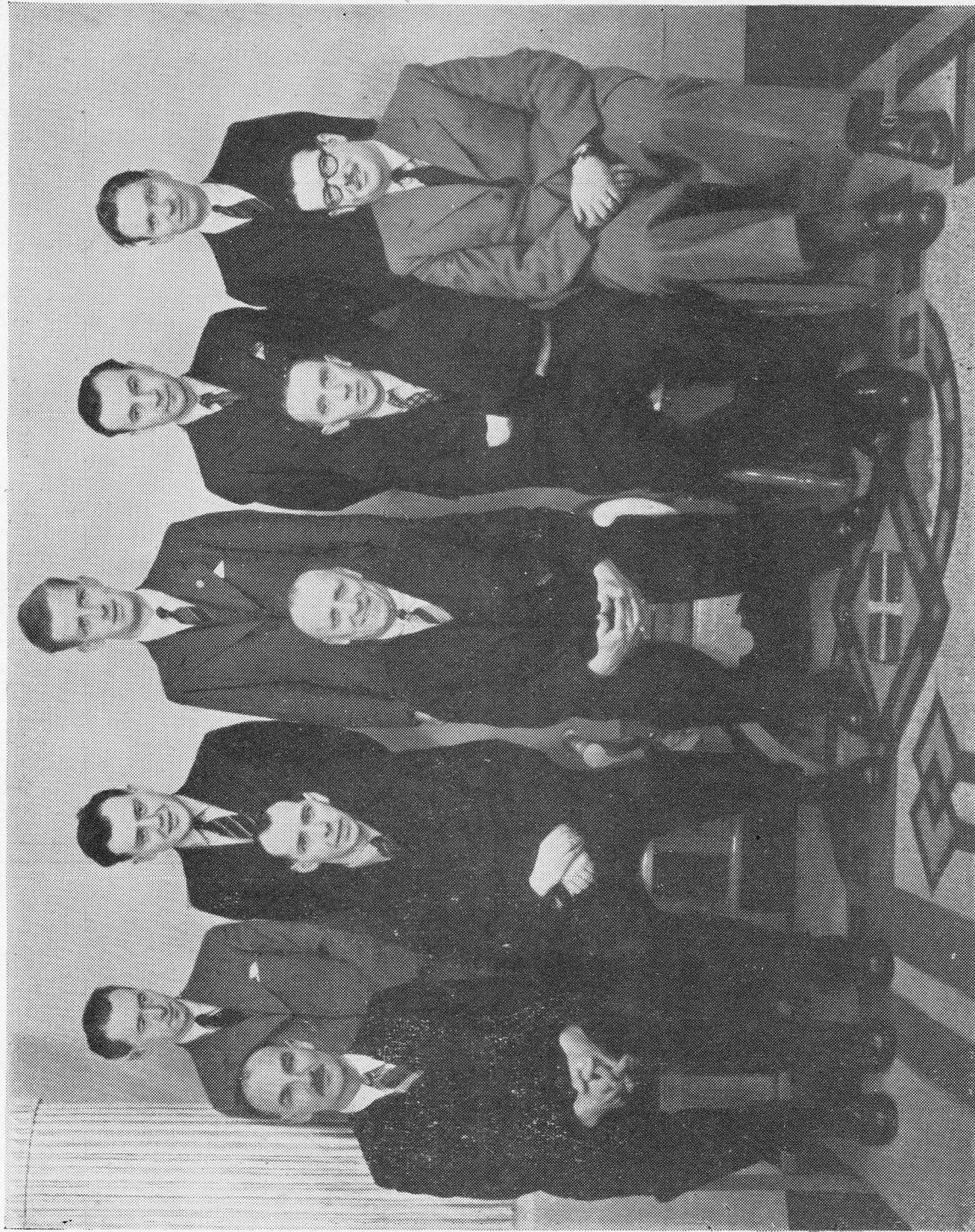
"MOURNFUL MEG." V 1.

Close Season

Summer is come round again
And cricketers are gay,
That were so sad in winter, when
The sun was far away.

In meadows flowers bloom, and cows
Contented chew the cud,
But all my thoughts a yearning rouse
For soft November mud.

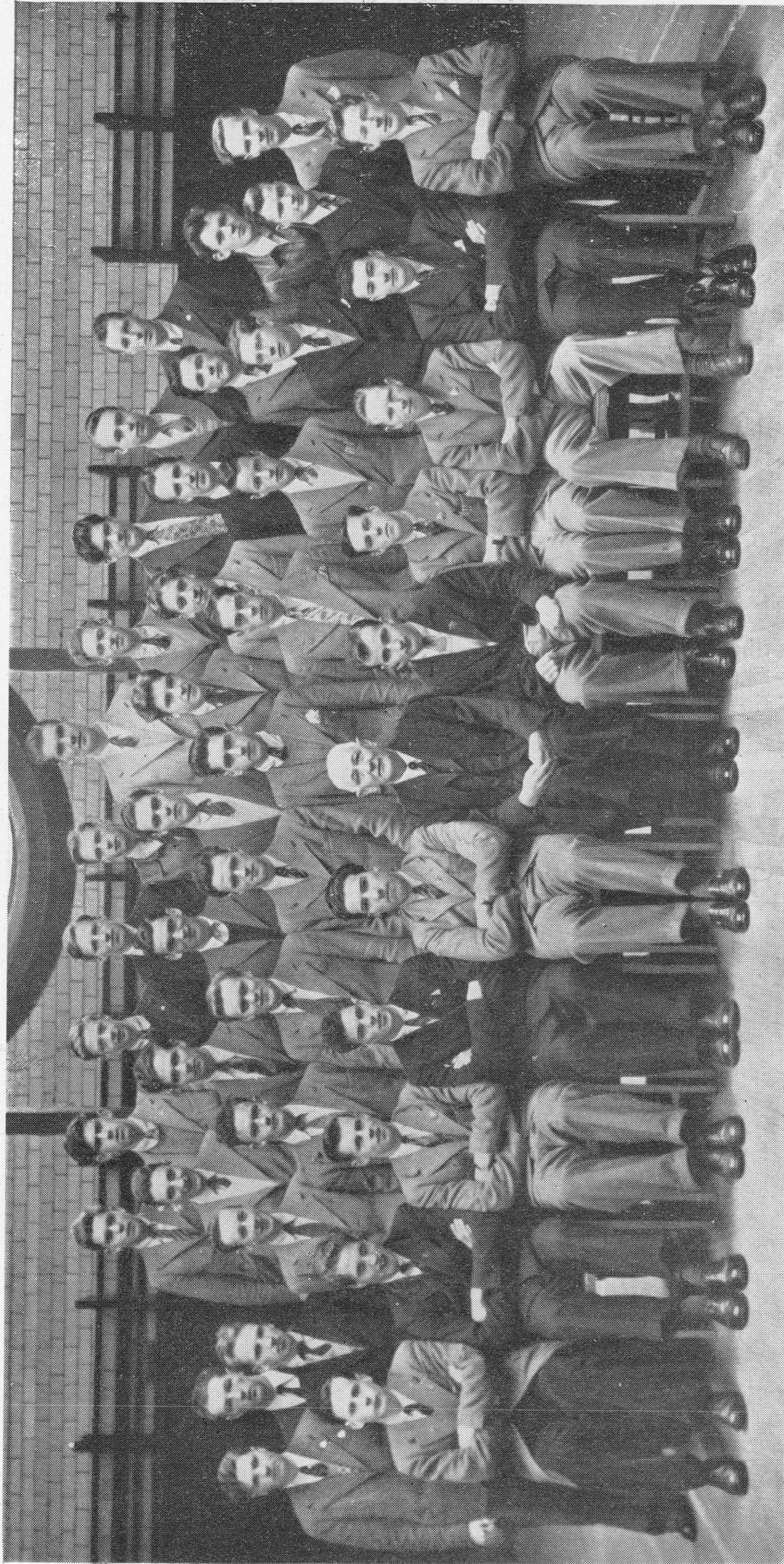
SCRUM. VI.



[Photo by Lawrie

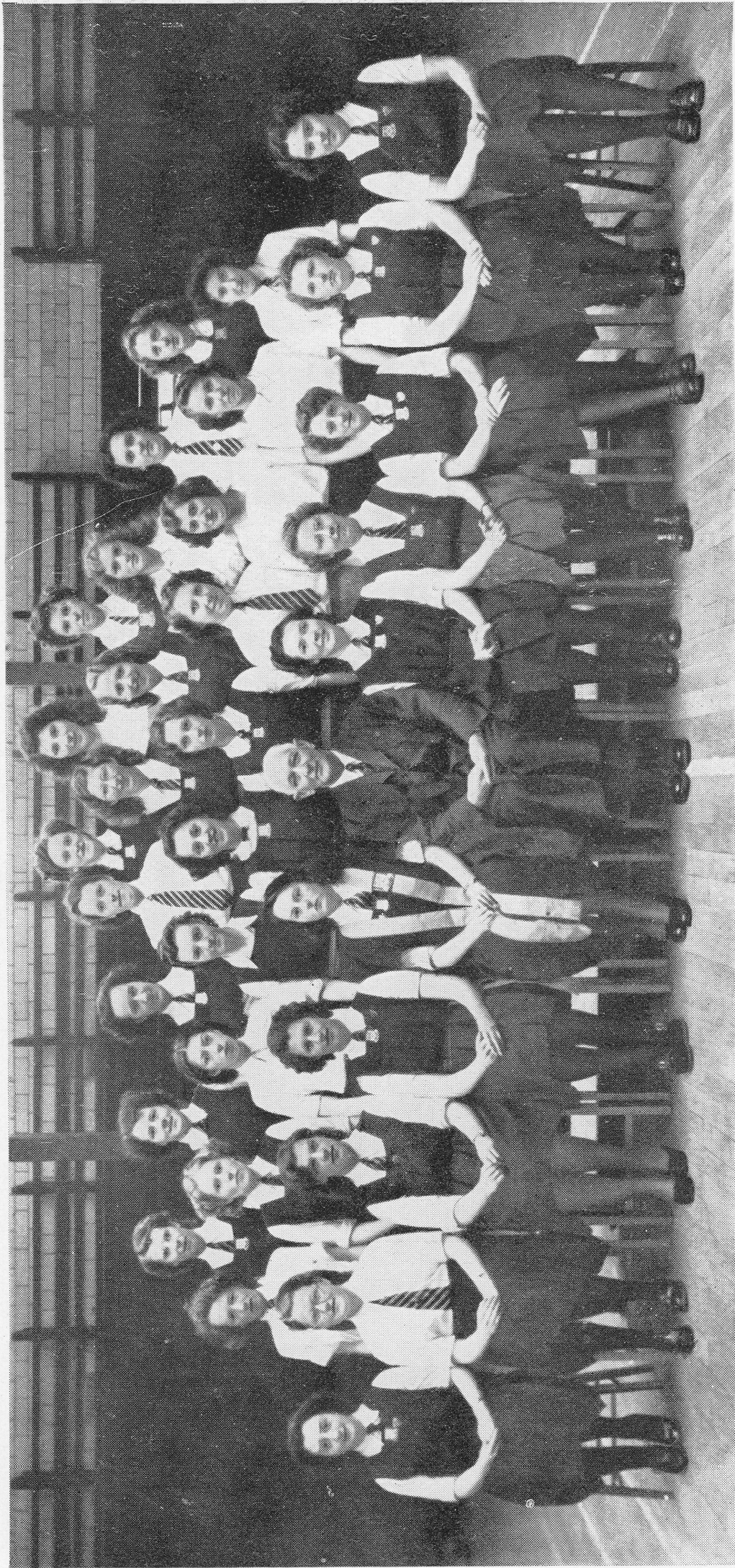
SCIENCE STAFF.

Standing: Mr. J. C. McPhail, Mr. Miller, Mr. Dunbar, Mr. Malinski, Mr. McCrindle.
Sitting: Mr. L. F. Thomson, Mr. P. S. Peggie, Mr. J. Bennett (Head of Department), Mr. A. Chisholm, Mr. J. Fisher.



[Photo by *Laurie*]

FORMS V and VI, BOYS



FORMS V and VI, GIRLS

[Photo by Lawrence]



[Photo by Lærie

ART STAFF.

Standing: Mr. R. K. Simpson, Mr. R. J. S. Cormac, Mr. J. T. Thomsen.
Sitting: Miss C. K. Wallace, Mr. J. Stewart (Head of Department),
Miss P. W. McLintock.

The Demolition Squad

There was a buzz of excitement in the street. Children were running around in feverish excitement and mischief shone in its full glory from their shining eyes. Mothers, when they were not scolding the children, were talking earnestly to their nearest neighbour. The old men of the street were sitting in their usual corner nodding their heads wisely and looking as if they were discussing a matter of extreme importance to the world. At last a hush fell upon the noisy crowd, and the only sound heard was the faint whimpers from a small boy who had been extremely naughty.

The great moment had come at last, and into the street rumbled two very old trucks. Drills, pick-axes and all the other tools needed by the wonderful beings in the truck were thrown down on to the road. Dramatically the heroes of the children descended from the trucks, and stood with hands on hips and surveyed the one small shelter the street possessed. After several grunts of approval or disapproval had passed between them, they started to roll up their sleeves. The time passed all too quickly for the enthralled onlookers.

After the first half-hour of tedious work, which consisted of giving several curious children a kick when their mothers were not looking, and listening sympathetically to what the harassed housewives of the street had to go through, the workmen decided they were badly in need of a rest and a comforting cup of tea. The housewives ran after them like slaves, and by the end of the day they found to their amazement that they would have to do some more baking. Strenuous work of this type was carried on the whole day, and when the important persons left that night the roof was off the shelter.

Next morning the street had settled down to its usual routine. There was no excitement when the trucks came. When the workmen came out from the trucks, they found to their amazement that only a pile of bricks stood in place of the shelter. Their gaze then wandered to the proud faces of the children standing beside them. Their problem was solved.

DEMOLISHED. IV 3.

F.P. Club

The Former Pupils Club for session 1948-49 ends on 27th May when it holds its A.G.M.

We have enjoyed meeting the school on two occasions in the session now ending and look forward to even more combined meetings.

An effort will be made to contact new Former Pupils before September when the Club resumes. Will those especially interested please send their name and address to myself so that there is no danger of their being missed out.

EVELYN MCKENZIE, Hon. Secretary,
23 Aberdour Street, E.1.

Hydro-electric

Steady roar, scream, blast
of the churning vampire!
Clang, clang. Dam
blocks swirling water.
Snake, snake, pipeline snake!
Pine are felled, felled
groan, groan.
Don't go down the mine,
down the tunnel
down the shaft
into the blast
of high explosives.
Nebulous emoluments ooze
from rusty pores
of grinding mechanism.
Don't go into the power-house
into the withering charge
of high tension,
into the charnel house.

G. M. AND L. H. C. V 2.



An Elegy on Truth

Incandescent gas flames
illumine the tomb of Tut-an-akh-amen.
Why are the labourers
digging at the door?
The dead are not alive
cannot get out;
the living are not dead
cannot stay in.
So why are the labourers
digging, digging, dig-digging
dig-digdigging
at the door?
The incandescent gas flames
grow dim.
A penny is needed in the meter.
Who will pay?
Not the dead, not the living.
No one will pay, can pay.
Not even the labourers.

G. M. AND L. H. C. V 2.

Our Adopted Ship

Since the last issue of the School Magazine, Captain Lewino, of our adopted ship, "John A. Brown," has been relieved of his command in order to settle in Australia. He has been succeeded by Captain Walter S. Hosford, to whom we send our very best wishes.

During the last few months, our ship has gone out from the Persian Gulf to ports in many parts of the world. About these voyages we have learned much from the long, interesting letters received from Captain Hosford, S. D. Peel, Radio Officer, and R. J. Porter, Third Officer.

Here is an extract from the Captain's last letter written at Beira, Portuguese East Africa:—

"Recently we have had a very interesting time with very short voyages and plenty of ports of call. After leaving Durban in January, we returned to Abadan and loaded a cargo for Karachi and Bombay. It was one of our unlucky trips, for on leaving Abadan, we ran aground on a mud-bank and had to use three tugs to pull us off into deep water again. After clearing Abadan we ran into really bad weather with gale force winds, heavy seas, and, to make things really unpleasant, a sand storm. Conditions were so bad that we had to heave to for the night and wait for daylight before we could proceed on our journey.

"We expect to sail for Bahrein Island, situated in the southwestern part of the Persian Gulf, on the 28th April, where we are to load a cargo for discharge in the United Kingdom, so we are hoping that we discharge in one of the northern ports to enable some of you to visit us.

"Everybody on board joins me in wishing you all the best."

Golf



The entrants for the "Allan Shield" number fifteen. This is a very poor entry considering the number of pupils in the school. The winner has not yet been announced as there are still some cards to be returned.

The draw for the Club Championship has not yet been made. The following have qualified: A. Cameron, G. S. Lees, A. McGregor, W. McIntyre, A. G. McVean, J. G. Rodgers, and J. Sproul.

The team have played only one match this season against Lenzie Academy and were beaten 6-2. They are not down-hearted and are confident of beating Hyndland and Queen's Park.

Former pupil J. C. Wilson (Cawder Golf Club) is, at the time of writing, in the third round of the British Amateur Golf Championship being played at Portmarnock. This is an excellent performance as he defeated E. ("Bud") Ward (U.S.A.), one of the strong overseas challengers. His clubmate and classmate, Dr. W. E. Scott, is in the second round. S. L. McKinlay was, however, defeated in the second round. It is hoped that some of the present school players will follow in their footsteps.

The Captain and Committee wish to thank Mr. Stewart for his help and advice.

G. S. L.

Telephone: BRIDGETON 0739

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GLASGOW, E.I

FOR

Shirts Collars Ties
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Pyjamas Underwear
Socks Scarves

Proprietor: R. M. CURRIE

Ode Written March, 1949

I entered the classroom and gazed at the sight
Of the seats widely spaced from the left to the right,
For authority stated each desk must be quite
Five feet away from its neighbour.

And all round the room, as I stood at the door,
Sad faces o'er last-minute cramming did pore,
For the Highers were here and the din and the roar
Of the building was stilled into "Silence" (?)

As we painfully pored o'er these papers of woe,
We would hear all around us the periods go,
And inquisitive faces at doorways would show
To watch us poor souls at our labours.

O ye who looked on as I wrestled at Trig!
Your turn will come in your mem'ries to dig,
And try to recall (though you don't care a fig)
Exactly what cos $(A+B)$ is! POETA. V 1.



Rain

Have you ever been out on a rainy day,
When the sky above is dull and grey?
The large dark clouds hanging overhead
Seem to tell you why no birds are heard.

Then all of a sudden the rain will stop
And the children come out to play in a flock.
All the world is clear again, at last,
And the birds appear so thick and fast.

You shed your oilskin and your hood.
You're once again in a happy mood.
The sky is clear of cloud and rain,
And the joyous birds do sing again.

M. R. I 6.

Hockey



We have come to the end of another enjoyable season. The weather throughout has been quite good and we managed to play most of the matches arranged. A number of our present First XI will be Former Pupils next season, but the Second and Third XIs have done so well that the outlook is nonetheless very promising.

A number of fixtures have already been arranged for next year and we hope to see a large turnout of younger girls at Craigend as regularly as possible. We are sure they will enjoy the Saturday morning practices.

We would like to thank Miss Fisher and Miss Ewart for their very willing co-operation and welcome encouragement which helped us greatly in time of distress!

M. V. C.

Swimming

The following boys under the tuition of Mr. Gardiner were successful in passing the Intermediate and Elementary Certificates of the Royal Life Saving Society:—

I 1.
J. Aitken.
T. Chisholm.
R. Potts.
C. Stewart.

I 5.
T. Breen.
N. Douglas.
P. Miller.
A. Naughton.
A. Richardson.
T. Robinson.

II 3.
E. Carrick.
W. Crawford.
T. McEnaney.
J. Mortimer.
J. Stevenson.
G. Munn.

II 5.
B. Miller.
S. Huxter.
I. Melville.
W. Steele.

I 3.
W. Lawson.
J. McNeil.

II 6.
J. Reid.

D. Graham (II 3) was successful in passing the Elementary Certificate.

To all these boys we offer our heartiest congratulations. The classes are open to all and we hope that in the future more pupils will take advantage of them and so become proficient in the art of saving life in the water.

D. C.



CRICKET TEAM.

Standing: G. Milne (scorer), I. Somerside, R. Hilley, C. Lawrie, W. Parker, J. Rodgers, D. Campbell.
Sitting: L. Woodward, C. Sprott, D. Park (Captain), A. Cameron, R. D. Kernohan.



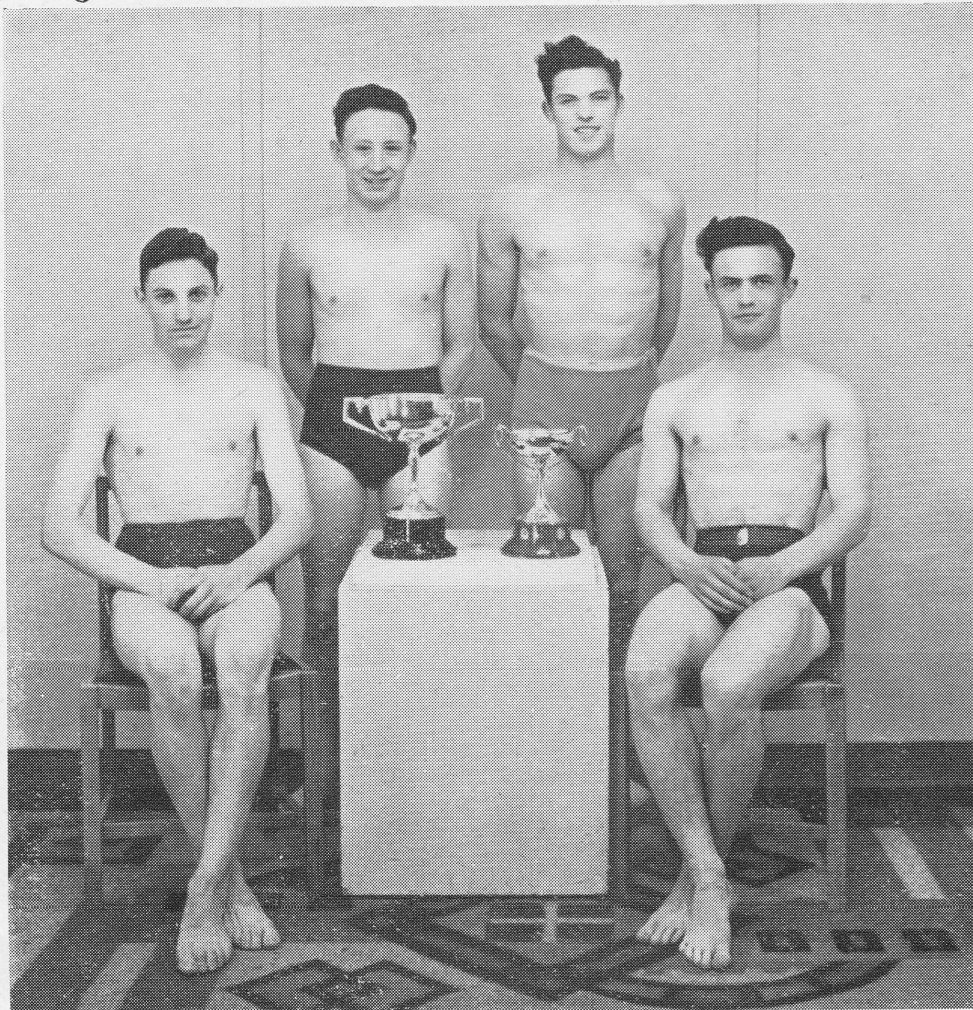
FOOTBALLERS WHO REPRESENTED GLASGOW DURING 1948-9.

1, Edinburgh; 2, Newcastle; 3, Ayr; 4, Staffordshire;
 5, Rest of Scotland; 6, Bradford. a indicates reserve.

Standing: J. Brewster, 1a, 2, 3a; S. Cooper, 2, 3, 4; S. Davren, 4;
 Mr. J. M. Hamilton.

Sitting: W. Pritchard, 2, 3, 4; W. Crofts, 5 (twice); C. Paterson, 2, 3, 4
 (also Scotland v. Wales and v. England); S. Easdale, 6; T. McNab,
 2a, 3a, 4a.

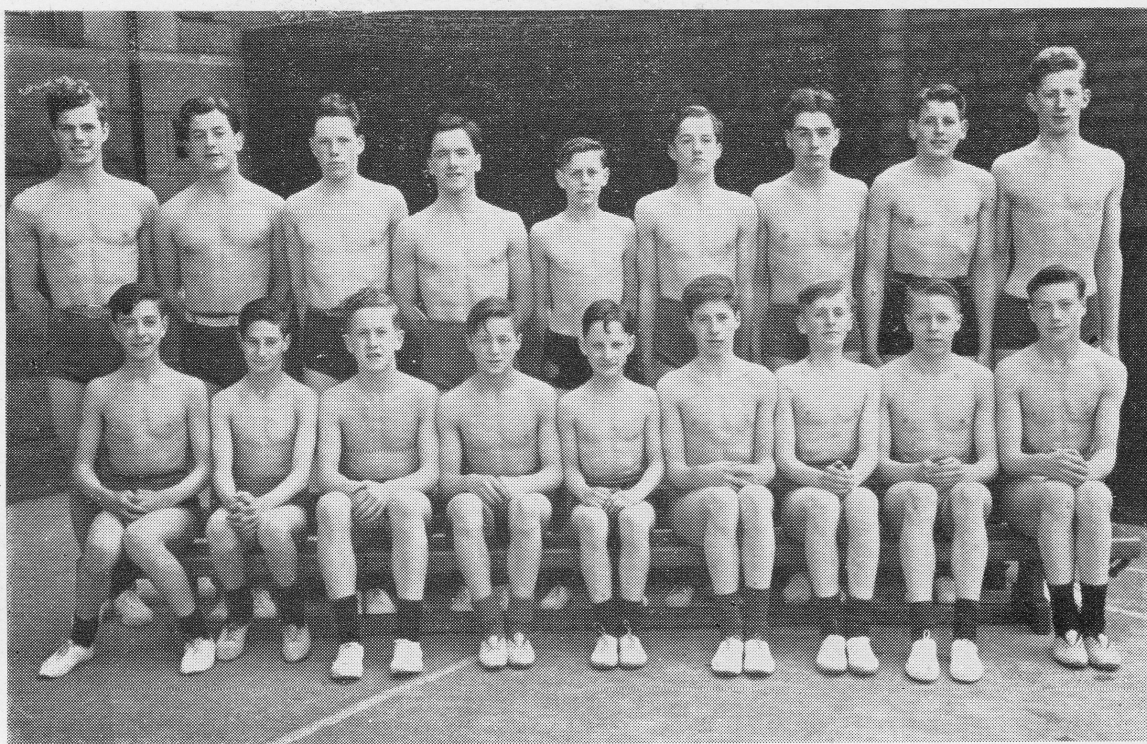
Absent: W. Craig, 3; J. Gilbert, 4.



[Photo by Lawrie

SWIMMING: GLASGOW SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM.

A. Cameron, A. McInnes (Senior Champion), G. E. Kennedy (Team Captain),
A. Clark.



[Photo by Lawrie

GYMNASTIC TEAM.

Standing: G. E. Kennedy, R. Lorimer, D. Milne, D. Park, G. McDonald,
D. Mungall, R. Brown, A. Fletcher, H. Muir.

Sitting: J. Queen, W. Malcolm, I. Gourlay, G. Reid, W. McKay, J. Duff,
D. Mackie, J. Falconer, W. Walker.

THE SPORTS.

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

BOYS.

100 Yards Flat—
1 G. Kennedy, 2 C. Paterson, 3 A. McGregor.
220 Yards Flat—
1 G. Kennedy, 2 C. Paterson, 3 A. McGregor.
880 Yards Flat—
1 G. Kennedy, 2 A. Gordon, 3 C. Paterson.
High Jump—
1 J. Muir, 2 G. Kennedy, 3 I. Hood.

Long Jump—
1 G. Kennedy, 2 J. Muir, 3 C. Paterson.
Shot Putt—
1 G. Kennedy, 2 C. Paterson, 3 I. Hood.
Cricket Ball—
1 C. Paterson, 2 I. Hood, 3 (eq.) C. Lawrie,
G. Kennedy.

Champion: GORDON KENNEDY (35 points).

Runner-up: CHARLES PATERSON (22 points).

GIRLS.

100 Yards Flat—
1 A. Jarvie, 2 S. McCormack, 3 M. Hay.
220 Yards Flat—
1 A. Jarvie, 2 M. Henderson, 3 S. McCormack.
High Jump—
1 F. MacDonald, 2 M. Gracie, 3 M. Burley.

Hockey Dribbling—
1 M. Colquhoun, 2 M. Henderson, 3 R. McRae.
Netball Shooting—
1 M. Colquhoun, 2 M. Livey, 3 J. Cunningham.

Champions: MARGARET COLQUHOUN and ANN JARVIE (equal) (12 points).

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

BOYS.

100 Yards Flat—
1 W. McIntyre, 2 A. Baillie, 3 R. Cresswell.
220 Yards Flat—
1 W. McIntyre, 2 A. Baillie, 3 R. Cresswell.
440 Yards Flat—
1 A. Baillie, 2 R. Cresswell, 3 R. Valerio.
High Jump—
1 H. Crawford, 2 R. Valerio, 3 P. Henderson.

Long Jump—
1 H. Crawford, 2 P. Henderson, 3 W. McIntyre.
Shot Putt—
1 W. McIntyre, 2 T. Cowan, 3 F. Sutherland.
Cricket Ball—
1 P. Henderson, 2 A. Russell, 3 W. McIntyre.

Champion: WILLIAM MCINTYRE (22 points).

Runner-up: ALLAN BAILLIE (14 points).

GIRLS.

100 Yards Flat—
1 I. Kennedy, 2 M. Steele, 3 J. McDougall.
150 Yards Flat—
1 I. Kennedy, 2 J. McDougall, 3 M. Steele.

Skipping Rope—
1 I. Kennedy, 2 J. McDougall, 3 M. Mair.
High Jump—
1 B. A'Hara, 2 M. Carnahan, 3 M. Mair.
Target Aiming—
1 G. Speedie, 2 L. Rossi, 3 A. Wilson.

Champion: INA KENNEDY (18 points).

Runner-up: JANET McDOUGALL (10 points).

OTHER EVENTS.

BOYS.

880 Yards Open Handicap—
1 A. Gordon, 2 J. Falconer, 3 B. Taylor.
Obstacle Race—
1 S. Cowan, 2 H. Patterson.
Slow Cycle Race—
1 D. McLean, 2 D. Grierson.
Medley Race (under 15)—
1 T. Greig, 2 S. Cowan.
Three-Legged (under 15)—
1 P. Henderson and W. Bole.

Pillow Fight (under 15)—
1 F. Sutherland, 2 S. Topley.
100 Yards Flat (under 13)—
1 I. Graham, 2 T. Williamson.
Barrel Boxing (under 13)—
1 C. Wilson, 2 I. Rae.
Form II Relay—II 5.
Form I Relay—I 12.
Invitation Relay—Queen's Park.

GIRLS.

300 Yards Open Handicap—
1 I. Kennedy, 2 N. Tolmie.
Obstacle Race—
1 M. Hay, 2 A. Wilson.
Three-Legged (over 15)—
1 M. Colquhoun and H. Howes.
Sack Race (under 15)—
1 M. McKay, 2 A. Thomson.

Three-Legged (under 15)—
1 M. Heggie and M. Stephen.
75 Yards Flat (under 13)—
1 M. Murray, 2 C. Fisher and A. Lawrie.
Egg and Spoon (under 13)—
1 M. Murray, 2 C. Fisher.
Senior Relay—V 1.
Form II Relay—II 1/2.
Form I Relay—I 6.

FORMER PUPILS.

100 Yards Flat (Men)—Alister McIntosh.
100 Yards Flat (Women)—Jean Hill.

Tug-of-War—F.P.s beat Staff.

What do You Know?

This year the examinations yielded an exceptional crop of unexpected answers.

History produced the greatest number, and John Baliol came in for some rough treatment. He was described as "a vessel to Edward I" (a crafty one that); another writer briefly dismissed him with the verdict, "He was not very bright"; a third, of a more graphic turn, wrote, "He was driven out of Scotland in his underware."

After that we had better pass to another topic. Asked to explain the term Indulgence, one candidate wrote: "Indulgencies were pieces of paper which you could buy to save your sole." Our cobbler has sold us similar wares under the name of leather. Rather more obscure: "Indulgences were if people who had sins could be pardoned if they pay so much money to the king and Marty Luther was against it."

A shorter effort while you are recovering. In answer to the question, What happened to Bruce's heart? a First Year girl gave the sufficient answer, "It stopped in 1329."

The Tudors and Stuarts provided some entertainment. The Court of the Star Chamber, for instance, was "for the purpose of trying large Barons." No doubt a question of weighs and means.

And we liked the result of the Gunpowder Plot: It made the king take a dim view of the Catholics.

A devastating accuracy characterises many of the answers. On the death of Shakespeare another Second Year boy wrote: "He was the great poet. It also put a stop to all his great poems."

And the Fourth Year too have their bright moments: "Benvenuto Cellini lived in the seventeenth century. He was a great musician and was the son of Mrs. Cellini." The descent from airy conjecture to safe ground is sudden and startling.

Einstein adds to his mighty achievements: "He lived in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and is still living. He is a philosopher and has proved that nothing is logic."

If that is so, we may have to believe the next one: "The Great Trek—a march in South Africa on to Singapore."

Science also has its wonders. "Water is a compound of oxygin and hydrogin. Oxygin is pure gin; hydrogin is gin and water."

And now for our major effort:

The butterfly lays her eggs then dies. The eggs hatch and out comes the catterpillow.

The catterpillow moves funny, they kind of riggel like a snake. When winter comes they weave a silk thread and tie it round their body and hang their selves up on to something. The also breath through two holes in back, and eat by two things like cats whiskers. Their skin becomes hard and they turn into a crisilis. When summer begins the wake up under their shell and brake throw it and out comes a butterfly.

The butterfly can not fly at first, then it opens its wings and flies away. It looks for a mate and starts playing with it and months after it lays eggs and dies.

Finally, what seemed to us a masterpiece of understatement. A boy describes a tornado approaching his ship. The crew batten down the hatches. Crew and passengers sit tight in the saloon. First mate decides to shorten sail. Requests five volunteers. Author feels moved to respond. He climbs the rigging. His rope snaps. He falls into the sea, coming to the surface with the cry, "Man overboard!" ringing in his ears. Is fished aboard with a boathook. Tornado passes 100 yards away.

Then comes the final sentence: "Personally I believe its the closest I've been to a real adventure."

Autumn Leaves

The mellow leaves of Autumn-time
Around me fast are falling;
From swinging trees, oak, ash and lime,
They hearken to the calling
Which Mother Nature whispers round,
That whosoever Death has crowned
Must humbly fall—to kiss the ground,
And give themselves to dying.

The golden-withered leaves are blown
By playful Autumn breezes;
While, prancing there upon the lawn,
A little kitten teases
Those very leaves which might have been,
On every branch and tree-top, seen;
But, in obedience to their Queen,
They gave themselves to dying. "NATURE BOY."

The Ruined Burn

Old tins and scrap spread o'er its bed,
Mud and rubble stem its flow;
Dank, murk smells of things long dead
Rise from the green, stagnant water's glow.
So different from the stream of old,
Which bubbled and danced past mossy banks
Where now dull factories, black and bold,
Stand, like soldiers, in lines and ranks.
Oh to see that silver brook
Winding its way through the countryside;
To sit and dream in a beauteous nook
With never a thought for the future's pride—
Progress, the wasting of beauty's wealth.
Yet, 'midst her ruins, man's content
To live in meagre strength and health,
Deprived of all that beauty meant. E. B. II 1.

Scripture Union

The Scripture Union, with a membership of one million, is a worldwide movement whose object is to promote the daily systematic reading of the Bible. There are branches of the Scripture Union in more than one hundred Scottish schools, and many of these hold weekly meetings in school. Summer and Easter camps for boys and girls are held each year, as well as a conference for seniors during the Christmas holidays. The Whitehill S.U. branch has a membership of forty-two, spread throughout the school. The meeting is held each Friday at 4.15 in Room 50, and lasts for roughly forty-five minutes. The meeting includes singing, a Bible competition, and an interesting talk on the week's S.U. readings, usually given by a member of the Scottish S.U. Staff.

Further information can be had from James Wilson, VIa, S.U. Secretary for Whitehill.

A Day Dream

O, that I could arise and go—
Go to a land of ice and snow;
Arrive there when the sun goes down,
And though there'd be no peopled town
I feel that I'd be happy there
Amid the snow with the polar bear.

Where the winters are long and the summers are short,
And everyone's left to his own resort,
And where no one's disturbed. You may do as you like
From earliest morn until late at night.

O, that I could arise and go—
Go to the land of ice and snow.
I feel that I'd be happy there
Amid the ice with the polar bear.

I. E. T. II 1.

Vale !

The time is come that I must bid farewell
To you, whom I have known and loved so long;
But six years form a sentiment so strong
That even the future's hope cannot dispel
The bitterness of parting. For I feel
A very part of you, and share among
Your glories, which in minute part belong
To me: but in return my heart will dwell
Within your halls forever. There I shall
Return for one last time before I go,
And rest awhile alone with memory
Of days that now seem far away, until
At length I rise with sadness, yet aglow
With pride, and go to meet the glare of day.

KAY. VI.

Dirge

(After Heine.)

In ancient time there lived a king
The world thought done with marrying,
Yet though his head was old and gray
He wed upon Midsummer Day
A Bride of Seventeen.

Heigh-ho, but love is a thorn!

A youthful page dwelt at his court,
A handsome lad of gallant port;
Whose fate it was to bear amain
The royal consort's silken train,
Adoring her unseen.

Heigh-ho, but love is a thorn!

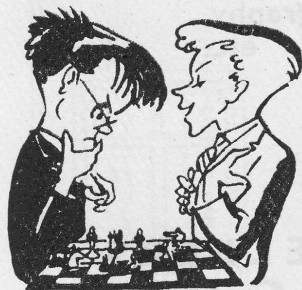
O sing again the old refrain,
Who truly loved but loved in vain?
Their love could not be hid from sight,
And with the morrow's morning light
Must die the page and queen.

Heigh-ho, but love is a thorn!

KAY. VI.

Chess

The School Club restarted in September with twenty-eight members, but attendance in the second half of the session was disappointing.



Members in future must realise that it is not fair towards regular enthusiasts that members should enter the School Chess League and then not be present to play their ties. This happened on too many occasions this session.

League "A" was the most successful and was won by Lyall Davidson. The League for beginners (of them there were five) was won by James Carden.

A Knock-out Tournament was held towards the end of the session and was won by George Brown.

A team is being entered in the Schools' Chess League in Session 1949-50. This team will be chosen in September.

Meanwhile the School Club has properly constituted itself with the appointment of George Baillie (III 3) as Secretary.

G. R. N.

Spelling Reform

Apon heering a discussshon about Spelling Reform, I desided two rite an artickel for the magazeen eggsspressing my dizgust.

Whot is the cuntree cuming too? Imagin whot a teecher wood sae if hee was deprived off thi oner of whaccing off marks in eggssam papers.

(Cignatoore) X. II 1.

Rugby

The Silver Jubilee season of Whitehill Rugby has been, as early results promised, a most successful one. The 1st XV's record speaks for itself:—



Points.					
Pl.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
18	14	3	1	153	48

We came through the season with an undefeated home record, losing only at Troon, Balgray, and Scotstoun to Marr College, Kelvinside Academy, and Hyndland respectively.

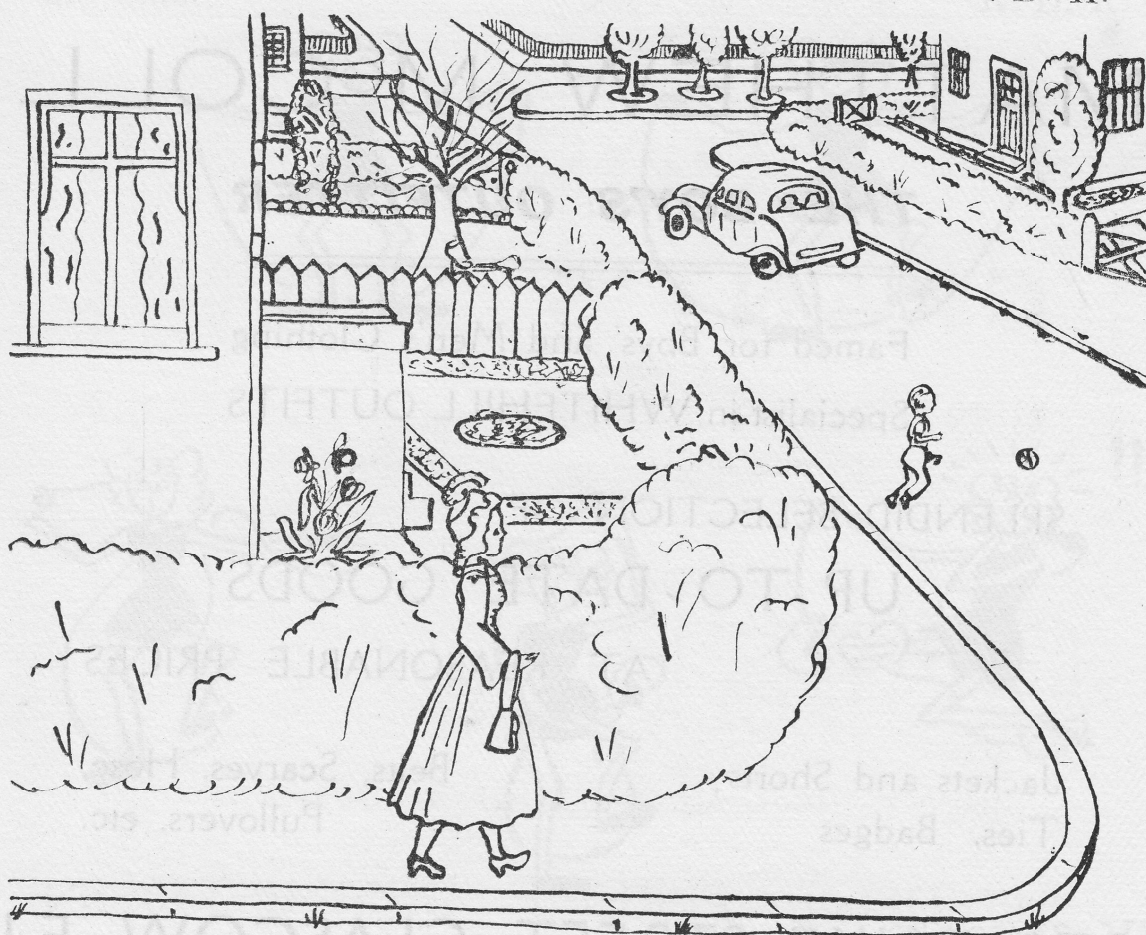
During the second half of the season, however, we completed the "double" against Greenock, Lenzie, and St. Mungo's with perhaps our finest result the 11-3 win against Shawlands.

The credit for our success is due not so much to the brilliance of individuals, as to the team work of the XV as a whole.

The 2nd and 3rd XV's had an average season, but the Junior XV's, although deprived of a number of games through bad ground conditions, showed outstanding promise especially in the strong running and tackling of the backs.

Finally, to those who are coming back next year to take the places of the many veterans who have played their last game for the school, we would say: "Do not rest content with the laurels we have won and the traditions we have created. Go out and gain new glories and find fresh fields to conquer!"

R. D. K.



From my Window.

[Jeanette Dalziel, 12.]

Cricket



Our season opened on 7th May and though slightly under strength we defeated Eastbank Academy. We think we have the makings of a good team and we are looking forward to a successful season. At the Annual Meeting David Park was elected captain and Craig Sprott vice-captain.

We have been fortunate this year in having obtained the use of Golfhill Cricket Ground both for practice and for matches. This practice should help to improve our play in every respect.

We were sorry to lose Mr. Munro who did so much to restart the Club and who coached us so patiently last year. But even though he is at another school he still comes along to see us and we are always very pleased to see him. In his place we have Mr. Thomson who is being assisted by a number of the Staff and we offer all of them our sincere thanks.

A. C.

The School Funds

A football match between the Staff and the School First Eleven, and two concerts by the Senior Mixed Choir were held at Easter in order to raise funds for the proposed School War Memorial Fund; the proceeds amounted to over eight pounds. We offer our thanks to the gentlemen who took part in the match and to Mr. Meikle and Mr. Fletcher for their services with the Choir.

R. D. K.



ON-LOOKER V³

CONCERT REHEARSAL.

My Autograph Book

I suppose many of you, like myself, have an autograph book, and have experienced the fun and the thrill of collecting signatures. There is also much pleasure in turning over the pages long afterwards and remembering when and where each signature was tracked down. I found myself doing that the other night, and this is the result.

The first pages recall the excitement of the birthday when I first got my book and proudly passed it round the family circle. Next come the names of friends and neighbours, among which are signatures and messages from Polish soldiers who were stationed in our neighbourhood.

Further on, the book begins to reflect my interest in sport. There is a well-thumbed page which bears the eleven names of the players in my favourite football team, East Fife. Following this there is a large section filled with the names of golfing celebrities, most of whom I met at the Amateur Championship at Carnoustie. They are a cosmopolitan lot—Scots, English, Welsh, Irish, French and American. The Americans are probably the most interesting. They include Smiley Quick who created a sensation by breaking his putter in disgust when beaten on the sixteenth green, and two champions, Turnesa and Stranahan. Stranahan has not always been very popular with British crowds, but I have a special liking for him because he wrote the words, "With best wishes," above his signature in my book. I am glad to say that these Americans are not the only champions whose signatures I have, for Henry Cotton's name is there also.

Such are some of the names I have collected so far. There are many empty pages still, and I sometimes wonder what famous names will yet appear in them. Who knows? Perhaps if I am lucky they may even include the Editor of the Whitehill School Magazine!

A. S. II 1.

Literary and Debating Society

This year the Literary and Debating Society have had a particularly successful season. Last year's innovation of an inter-school debate was extended to two inter-school debates with Hyndland Senior Secondary School. Unfortunately Hyndland were successful in both engagements. This year we also were fortunate in having a number of speakers who lectured on divers subjects, ranging from astronomy to music. In conclusion, the Lit. would like to extend its thanks to all members of the Staff who have so cheerfully assisted, and Mr. Kelly who has been very helpful with regard to accommodation.



R. C.

Advice to Young Whitehillians

Recently while eating nuts I was accosted by one of my relations whom it had been my good fortune to have avoided for some years. It (the relation) asked me (the author) whether I was working or no and I answered in my usual charming (?) unthinking manner, "No, I am not working—I am at school." Instantly I could have kicked myself, but as I was wearing a pair of mountaineering boots (size 8 $\frac{9}{10}$) I thought better of the matter and postponed my punishment until I was wearing a pair of sandshoes.

I feel that you too would have kicked yourself, for I had committed the heinous crime of belittling (if that is possible) the enormous quantities of work done by our scholars day and daily. The proofs that we work lie in the facts that we burn the midnight oil at both ends, our Domestic Science students both have their cake and eat it (oh, Cripps!) and those added to the fact that some Fifth Year students have recently been seen performing "Romeo and Juliet" in the stalls prove conclusively that we really do work hard in school.

So, my young friend(s) (delete if not applicable), in future when asked whether or not you are working you will, I hope, reply in your best Standard *Scottish* (Mr. B. please note), "No! I am not working, I am slaving because I am at Whitehill!"

ALEXANDER THE GREAT. V 2.

You are doubtless wondering why I stopped where I did. Well, the truth is that I have gone into a corner to weep because there are no more nuts to conker.

The School Pipe Band

A scene in the School Concert required the services of one or two pipers and a drummer. Somehow, from this small beginning our Pipe Band was started. On certain nights the Annexe Field resounds to "the strange, wild note," and in wet weather, the Christian forbearance of a few teachers doing afterschool work in the Annexe is sorely taxed. Who said, "McCrimmon will never return!"? Meanwhile, the Concert Committee have promised to insure *my* life until the end of June.

C. MACL.

The Library



Our Library has had a most successful session. Even in the month of May the zeal of Form I, boys and girls alike, was such that several were encamped outside the Library door at 8.45 one morning.

By the opening of next session we hope to have many additions to our stock, mostly books of travel and adventure, stories of other lands and sea stories.

J. E. G.