



---

No. 51

Summer, 1945

---

The sad thought has occurred to us that the old order changeth yielding place to new, and many faces to which we have gradually—and in some cases with difficulty—grown accustomed will shortly disappear from our midst.

To use a charming simile, a new first form will appear in September (or is it August?) like a lawn of daisies round our feet while some old and withered weeds will be heaved over the garden wall into the wide world beyond to make room for them.

As it was never our custom to think sad thoughts and do nothing about it, we have produced this Summer Edition of the Mag. to give those of the School who are leaving, something by which to remember the old place—something, that is, other than a Leaving Certificate.

Many of those afore-mentioned “weeds” (we do not use the word in a detrimental way, we solemnly assure you) will, to mix a metaphor, shortly be let loose upon an unsuspecting society. Already they are beginning to realise with a twinge that the surly summons of the bell will no longer be heard by them. Time marches on, and we must keep in step. Others will in turn hear the tolling become familiar and abhorred, till they also stand still as we do, to catch, if catch they may, its far-off tones, sweetened by memory, and time, and the recollection of friends they knew. “Ask not for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.”

Perhaps, of course, it is only editorial pride, but we believe we have produced a magazine which is somewhat better than most of its war-time predecessors. Possibly we are mistaken. However, knowing this school as we do, we realise we will not be kept in ignorance for long.

During the past few months we have often been waylaid in dark corners and informed, with bluntness and vigorous language, that “the Mag. must improve—or else . . .”



Being of a mild and timorous nature, we were sufficiently intimidated. We resumed our frantic efforts, consumed tremendous quantities of aspirin, whipped our contributors with the lash of our scorn, and finally the mighty presses rolled off this tremendous document.

We had hoped—in our own joyous little soul we had hoped—that this would be a bumper Mag. And it would have been. Except for one small, almost insignificant detail—contributions. And those who did rally to our clarion call (mostly the very junior classes) decided unanimously to write in verse. The sub-editor, like little Audrey, laughed and laughed and laughed . . . but with a strong touch of hysteria . . . he has more to say on another page.

This lack of contributions created havoc with our delicate constitution. The indifference of you, comrade, wounded us; wounded us to the very core. We gave of our best, however. It is for you to judge if that was good enough . . .

But let us end on a more cheerful note. After all, the spirit of holiday is upon us. Perhaps the tang of weed-tangled rocks draws you, and the attractions of Largs promenade. Maybe you are heading for the crags and glens and the deep purple of heather. Perhaps your travels are limited to “tuppence ha’penny on the car.” Wherever your footsteps lead you, may you find joyful company and health-giving air. “Our Blessing on you, my child.”

The labour, the anxiety is over. For the infinitesimal sum of sixpence we bequeath yet another magazine—to posterity.

An ambition long fostered has been achieved.

It has been well worth it.

THE EDITORS.

## The School Concert.

It is now six years since the last big concert was held in the City Hall, and some of us who have missed this annual gathering have thought it a suitable time to resume our pre-war practice. To this end the Lyric Theatre has been engaged for one evening this session, Wednesday, June 27, and if the undertaking proves a success it will be an encouragement to repeat and possibly even extend the venture in 1946.

On this evening parents and friends will witness a very full display of the Whitehill activities, including a Pianoforte Concerto, Country Dancing, Gymnastics, Choral Singing, and a Play. Particulars of the programme and tickets will be available in due course. The proceeds go to the Red Cross.

N.B.—Special performances for pupils will be given in both the Whitehill and Onslow Drive buildings on the days preceding the Lyric performance, and therefore it is hoped that the theatre tickets will be taken up mainly by adults.

# Hence and Hither.

A number of Staff changes fall to be recorded. In addition to Messrs. Gent and Millar, who are referred to below, Miss Magdalene J. Dunn of the Art staff and Mr. Jacob Morrison of the English Department (both former pupils) have left for other schools. Mr. Hugh E. Robertson (Mathematics) after a very short spell with us, has succumbed to the allure of England's less rigorous clime. Miss Mary H. Macnab (Mathematics) resigned on the occasion of her marriage and Miss Anne Donaldson (English) has joined the staff of a residential school in Bute. Mr. Wm. Roy, now Head Master of Kirkdale School, Wigtownshire, distinguished himself by his support of the School's athletic activities and by his leadership of the grain camp at Turiff. We send a farewell message to all and best wishes for their future career.

On the credit side we welcome those who have come to take Preparatory Classes: the Misses Carmichael, Garvan (both former pupils), Blair, Graham, McDonald, Stevenson and Wade. Miss Barbara S. Macdonald and Mr. James Tulloch have recently joined the Mathematics Department, and Miss Shearer and Mr. Taylor the French Department. To the Art Staff have come Miss Dorothy Smith and Miss Williamina Scotland, a former pupil. We are glad to have them all. A special welcome is given to Mr. Wm. Buchanan, who is one of the first to rejoin the Staff after War Service. Mr. Arch. Chisholm in the same position is, unfortunately, laid aside with illness. We are glad to report favourably of his progress towards better health.

## **Mr. Percy Gent, M.A.**

Mr. Gent was with us for eight years—no small proportion of a teacher's brevis lux.

His pupils enjoyed a vivifying and enriching experience. Even the backward pupils were caught up into a region where their innate qualities found articulate expression. As a violinist of high executive skill, Mr. Gent served the School well. The Stamp Club owed everything to him. The slightest deviation from the normal in any stamp aroused his enthusiastic attention at once, and a rich field of information and speculation, geographical, historical, ethnological, and even anthropological, was opened out before the mind of the astonished inquirer.

No staff-room will ever miss a colleague more than ours misses Mr. Gent. In conversation, Mr. Gent nihil tangit quod non ornat. When his Priestley-like voice was heard entering the lists of discussion, we knew that the joust would soon reach its resplendent climax. One of his colleagues summed up all our feelings when he asked, "Why did we ever let Percy go from us?"

Mr. Gent's ripe scholarship, his remarkable versatility, his engaging sincerity and modesty, his gift of stamping out on the dies of his fancy some golden coin of conversation made him bulk large in the life of our School.



Mr. Gent has left Whitehill to become Principal Teacher of Classics in John Street Senior Secondary School, a position he will adorn. Our regard for him, our friendship for him, our memory of him will never grow dim.

### **Mr. William Millar, M.A.**

After a spell of service in several local schools Mr. Millar came to Onslow Drive in 1928. Immediately, the Staff knew that here was no misfit but a man equipped, by nature and experience, to further the cause of education. His experience was varied and unique, for, after amassing a wealth of book-learning at the University he rounded off his education by making the "Grand Tour." He campaigned in Gallipoli, Egypt and Palestine. Was it his first hand experience of camels and donkeys which had fitted him so well for teaching? Or was it his contact with the great Lawrence of Arabia and the Seven Pillars of Wisdom?

Whatever the underlying causes, there is no doubt but that Mr. Millar brought to his work in all the branches of the School, broad understanding, untiring energy and whole-hearted co-operation. A team man, yet an individualist.

In the combined School and on evacuation duty he gained more experience and so increased his store of good and serviceable qualities. Now as Head Master of Wellpark School he has an opportunity to make use of these characteristics, acquired and inborn, which have marked him as a successful teacher and a grand colleague. We know he will give a goodly account of himself in his new sphere.



## **ROLL OF HONOUR.**

We regret to record the following deaths on Service:—

BURKE, JOHN B. (1935-40), R.A.F.  
CANT, JAMES S. (1931-37), R.A.F.  
COULL, JOHN (1934-38), R.A.F.

McNAUGHT, ALEX. (1939-43), Black Watch  
MACPHERSON, ROBERT (1934-39), R.A.F.  
McVEAN, DUNCAN (1932-36), H.L.I.

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

### **MEN.**

BLACK, J. (1935-40), R.A.F.  
FLETCHER, ALEX., R.A.F.

SLOAN, R. M., West African Forces.

### **WOMEN.**

DINGWALL, MARGT. (1933-39), W.A.A.F. HOGG, CHRISTINE (1938-44), A.T.S.  
LITHGOW, H. (1932-35), Q.A.I.M.N.S.R.

We offer congratulations to P./O. John Heggie Stenhouse (1927-34), R.A.F., who has been awarded the D.F.C.

## THE INDIAN BAZAAR.

When first seeing an Indian Bazaar, you wonder how you can hear yourself speaking, with all the noise of the vendors, calling and bargaining. The Indian "wallahs" do not all have shops; the majority just lay their goods out in the streets and start selling. You can see various vendors, for instance those selling fruit, grain, eggs, cheap toys and sweet-meats, etc. Everything is in the open and uncovered, and flies are numberless. Cows walk about or lie down, but no one touches them. "Coolies" are plentiful and their cry is "Carry your messages, Sahib?"

The "Chokras" (Indian boys) have the time of their lives by helping themselves to sweetmeats and then running off as fast as they can. When an Indian is selling anything to a European, he first of all states a terrific price, and then starts a battle of bargaining, but the Indian soon gives in and asks what the Sahib or Memsahib will give for it. The Indian tradesmen go on selling until all their goods are sold, which is often well into the night. When everything is sold, they start trekking homewards or going by bullock carts, satisfied with the day's takings.

INDIA, III.2.

## THE IDEAL SCHOOL.

Here, fellow-pupils, tortured into submission in those venerable institutions they call schools, is an answer to your dreams—an Ideal School.

HEADMASTER: The man who controls the Forms.

HEADS OF THE DEPARTMENTS: Those who, in the long years of their experience, have adapted their genius to the noble art of looking busy.

TEACHERS: Those who are seen but not heard.

PUPILS: Those who are heard but never seen.

ANNEXE FIELD: Noted for the exuberance of its shrubbery and the mud in its football pitch. Perhaps even more important because of the fact that that well-known erection, the 'Palais de Danse', meeting-place of all the budding Casanovas of the neighbourhood, borders on it.

GYMNASIUM: Where the Upper School has its weekly "Old-fashioned Social Evening" (?)

LABORATORY: Where the Prefects get their lighters filled.

WORKSHOP: Where the Prefects get their lighters made.

HALL TABLE: Noted for the variety of its decorations—sometimes books, sometimes laundry, sometimes only Prefects.

LUNCH-TIME: That which can be extended indefinitely beyond both ends.

HIGHERS CANDIDATES: Those in that very high state, after reaching which (by some miracle) a pupil can settle down to the life of ease and luxury which he deserves.

DREAMER, V.



---

---

# IT MAY NOT BE LONG NOW

till we are able to offer you something like our original selection of cameras and photographic materials – till you can ask for a spool and hope to get it.

Until then we will continue to share as equally as possible, our present limited supply.

## W<sup>M</sup>. BLACKADDER

*The Photographic Dealer*

13 WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW

---

---

### DALE'S Botanic Medical Hall 55 QUEEN STREET

INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, FLATULENCE,  
HEADACHE, and all Diseases of the Stomach and  
Bowels, immediately relieved and speedily cured by the

## Botanic Stomach Cure

Failure Unknown.

Bottles 1/3 and 2/6; post 3d. extra.

**WILD CHERRY COUGH SYRUP**, for Coughs, Asthma,  
Bronchitis; suitable for all ages; safe and sure. Bottles 2/6  
each. Post 3d. extra.

**SARSAPARILLA COMPOUND PACKETS**, best blood  
purifier known. 1/- each; makes 4/- worth of Decoction.  
Also in Bottles 2/6 each. Post 3d. extra.

**PURE DANDELION COFFEE**, a delicious beverage,  
unrivalled for the Liver, Digestive Organs and Complexion.  
Tins 1/-, 1/6 and 3/- each. Post 3d. extra.

ADVICE FREE.  
Phone – Central 5919.

Hours: 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., 4 to 7 p.m.  
Saturday: 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.

## Basic English.

In view of a recent Government threat that the people of Britain will presently be "living in basic houses and speaking pre-fabricated English," the Whitehill School Mag. decided to find out the "Alma Mater's" attitude towards Standard English. One of our toughest and most intrepid reporters was given the assignment. He has just been released from hospital and his report reads as follows:—

### SOMEWHERE IN SCOTLAND.

I have just completed a survey as to how Basic English will affect Whitehill. To do so, three representative reports were made, and here—for what it's worth—is Whitehill's "Approach to Standard English."

First of all, I visited a Staff-room in the New Building, confident of hearing some noble philosophical arguments and other words of wisdom. The range of visibility provided by a key-hole is, I assure you, limited, but I did manage to catch a sight of Mr. Donald Bain, of the English Department and wanotheboiz; he was busy dubbing a pair of dance-shoes. I also noticed Mr. Chougg, of the Classics Staff, who was, as usual, immaculately dressed; not a hair out of place. Most of the conversation appeared to emanate from the other end of the room, where, I presume, there is a fireplace. The discourse, such of it as I could catch, went something as follows:—

"Would you pass me my pipe, Mr. —?"

"and then he said . . ."

"Would you pass me my pouch, Mr. —?"

"It's very smoky in here. Would you open the window, Mr. —?"

"Fancy chargin' ME one an' three for a haircut . . . ?"

"Would you shut the window, Mr. — ?"

"No thanks, I'll smoke my own mixture . . ."

"She's thirty if she's a day . . ."

"No, I only smoke old socks . . ."

"Would you pass me my pipe, Mr. —?"

"Hey, fellas, there's the interval bell. Come on . . ."

I fled.

\* \* \*

After this harrowing ordeal I decided to study the conversation of the proletarian masses. Here—apart from the interruptions—is a typical conversation of two First Year boys coming down the stair of the main building:—

"Hey, Wullie, avez-vous faite yurr devoir francaise?"

"Whit . . . ?" ("Keep in to the wall in twos.")

"Ah said avez-vous faite — how'rye Jock — yurr French thingwijigger?"



"Naw. It's only old ——. Were you at Ibrox on Sa'urday?"  
("Keep in to the wall in twos.")  
"Naw. What's on the Denny this week?"  
"The roof."  
"Aw, you're funny, so y'ur . . . ."

And they departed out of earshot.

\* \* \*

The interval was not yet over, and I made my way to the Annexe Field. Here I found a select bunch of aristocrats from the Upper School, chatting politely, and discussing in a gentlemanly way the preceding Saturday's Rugby. Suddenly a harassed-looking Fourth Former appeared.

"Cave chaps!" he called. "Here's that bounder in the kilt again!"

"I say, you fellows . . .!" "Duck, old boy . . . ." "The cad . . . ." "Jolly poor show, chaps!"

"Perhaps he wants a chat with you fellows," suggested the Owl of the Remove, Billy Bunter.

"Oh Bunter, you absolute ASS!" chortled "Gussy" (Arthur Augustus d'Arcy).

"Perhaps," chuckled Harry Wharton. "In any case, chaps, we'll give the Bounder the benefit of—the doubt !!"

"Oh, I SAY," chortled Tom Merry, of Conk House, guffawing heartily.

"Deucedly funny, what? Ha, ha, ha! Hee, hee, hee!"

"Wizard show, you cads! Ha, ha, ha!"

\* \* \*

These truthful and accurate reports of life in Whitehill show that the school will have some difficulty in adapting itself to Basic English.

There are, of course, alternatives. Esperanto, however, we would not tolerate for one moment. As for the misguided teacher of Modern Languages who rashly suggested French, he is still being pursued by wrathful students.

A teacher (a Gent to the core) now departed from our midst, suggested—with a great deal of tactful circumlocution—that we adopt Latin as the international language. The idea is magnificent—if you speak Latin. Personally, I cannot in all seriousness contemplate asking a Glasgow clippie for a "Duo asses ad Viam Altam !"

We are nothing if not constructive, however. Our own original brainwave—which is to be debated shortly in the House of Commons and which promises to revolutionise the world of literature—will simplify the language tremendously.

Our brilliant idea is to omit:—

LL TH VWLS. FTR LL, Y CN RD THS, CN'T Y?

MALTON, VI.



### THE FAIRIES' PARTY.

They danced upon the village green,  
 The fairies, and their fairy queen;  
 Their tinkling laughter filled the air,  
 Humans who heard it wished they were there;  
 Then came the dawn,  
 And they were gone;  
 The fairies—and their fairy queen.

WOEFUL SALLY, I.19.

### SOLEMN THOUGHT.

The Latin language, it is dead—  
 As dead as dead can be;  
 It killed the ancient Romans—  
 Now it's killing me.

W.S., I.2.

FORM SIX: "I see them walking in an air of glory."

T.McA. "The Lord taketh not pleasure in the legs of man."

E.McL. "When night hath set her silver lamp on high,  
 This is the time for study."

W.L. "Too much wit makes the world rotten."

S.F. "Hir smyling was ful simple and coy."

R.G. "Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes."

E.B. "Puffs, powders, patches . . . billet-doux."

M.R. "What's women to me?"



## Rejected — With Thanks.

"The editor sits in his three-legged chair,  
Chewing his pencil, tearing his hair,  
Sunk in the very abyss of despair,  
The articles pledged not there, not there,  
The articles pledged not there."

If you people could realise the destruction to the editor's nervous system that you created, the harrowing experience would dog you to the grave. The poor fellow—we knew him intimately—developed an acute anxiety neurosis. He was a nice fella . . .

Before he departed hence, he asked us to stress two things: firstly, the surprisingly—and disappointingly—poor response to our plea for articles. We do not demand a high standard . . . perhaps the work of Form Six might even pass . . . please, try and write something.

Secondly, we are given far too much verse. In the bundle of rejects before us now there are four drawings, one prose article, and thirty-five poems.

And now for the only joy that remains in the existence of cynical sub-editors. It is for this one brief moment that we live . . .

MATHS. TEACHER. We have to remind you, sir, that this is a high-class magazine intended for the interest, education, and enlightenment of children and adolescents in the more formative and impressionable years, and that, as we regard ourselves as the custodians of the public taste, we find it impossible to print your "Pencillings on Permutations in the Penny Points Pool," but advise you to approach, with a view to publication, one of the more worldly magazines, such as the "Scottish Educational Journal."

THE POETS. So many of you are there, that we can only single out a few for public exposure.

Here we will record for posterity a choice stanza (if you think you can stand it) from the opus of one who passed lightly over Tennyson and displays a remarkable knowledge of the works of Robert Service, notable among them "The Shooting of Dan MacGrew."

"Three of the gang were jivin it hot down in the music saloon,  
And the guy that handles the music box was playin' a rag-time tune;  
Scraping the tightly-stretched cat gut, with sounds that were aught  
but mellow,  
Sat a dark-haired gal while beside her, her pal did his best to saw  
through a 'cello."

Had enough? We quite understand.

SILVA. We're afraid this is a bit of a MS.

In conclusion, we remind you of the story of Bruce and the spider.

THE SUB.

# School Notes.

We have pleasure in announcing that a prize has been instituted by Dr. David Smith to be called "The J. T. Smith Prize in English Literature" in memory of his father, Mr. John Taylor Smith, who was appointed Second Master and Principal Teacher of English in Whitehill Public School when it was opened in 1891. There will be two sections in the competition, the senior section open to pupils of Forms IV, V, and VI, and the junior section to pupils of Form III. Subjects of a literary nature will be announced at the beginning of each session for each section and the competition, which will be in the form of an essay, will be held on a day to be fixed in the following Summer term. The subjects for this term's competition are:—Seniors, "Modern British Essayists," and Juniors, "Famous Historical Stories and their Authors."

Among the latest distinctions gained by former pupils is that of the appointment of Miss Margaret Eileen Dingwall to be personal Assistant to Air Vice-Marshal Lee, who is heading a British Military Mission to Marshal Tito at Belgrade. One of her various duties will be that of acting as hostess at public functions during her residence at the British Headquarters. We wish her all success in this very important and honourable post.

During the recent debate in the House of Commons on the Scottish Education Bill, the Rev. James Barr referred to "the grand system of free secondary education that we have built up in Scotland," and went on:

"May I give the House one example? It is of the school I know best—Whitehill School, Glasgow, entirely non-fee-paying. My children attended it. It is entirely free secondary education, with 109 teachers on the staff and 2120 pupils on the roll. In the porch hall they have the names and portraits of no fewer than five Whitehill School old boys who won the blue riband of the University of Glasgow, namely, the Snell Exhibition to take them to Oxford. Three of the professors in Glasgow University to-day are old Whitehill School boys. There are professors and lecturers in many colleges in this country and far beyond it, and there are a large number of front-rank medical men—all old boys of this school."

FORM FIVE:

L.T. "Jenny kissed me when we met . . ."

K.P. "Maiden pride, adieu!"

FORM FOUR: "Beware the Ides of March."

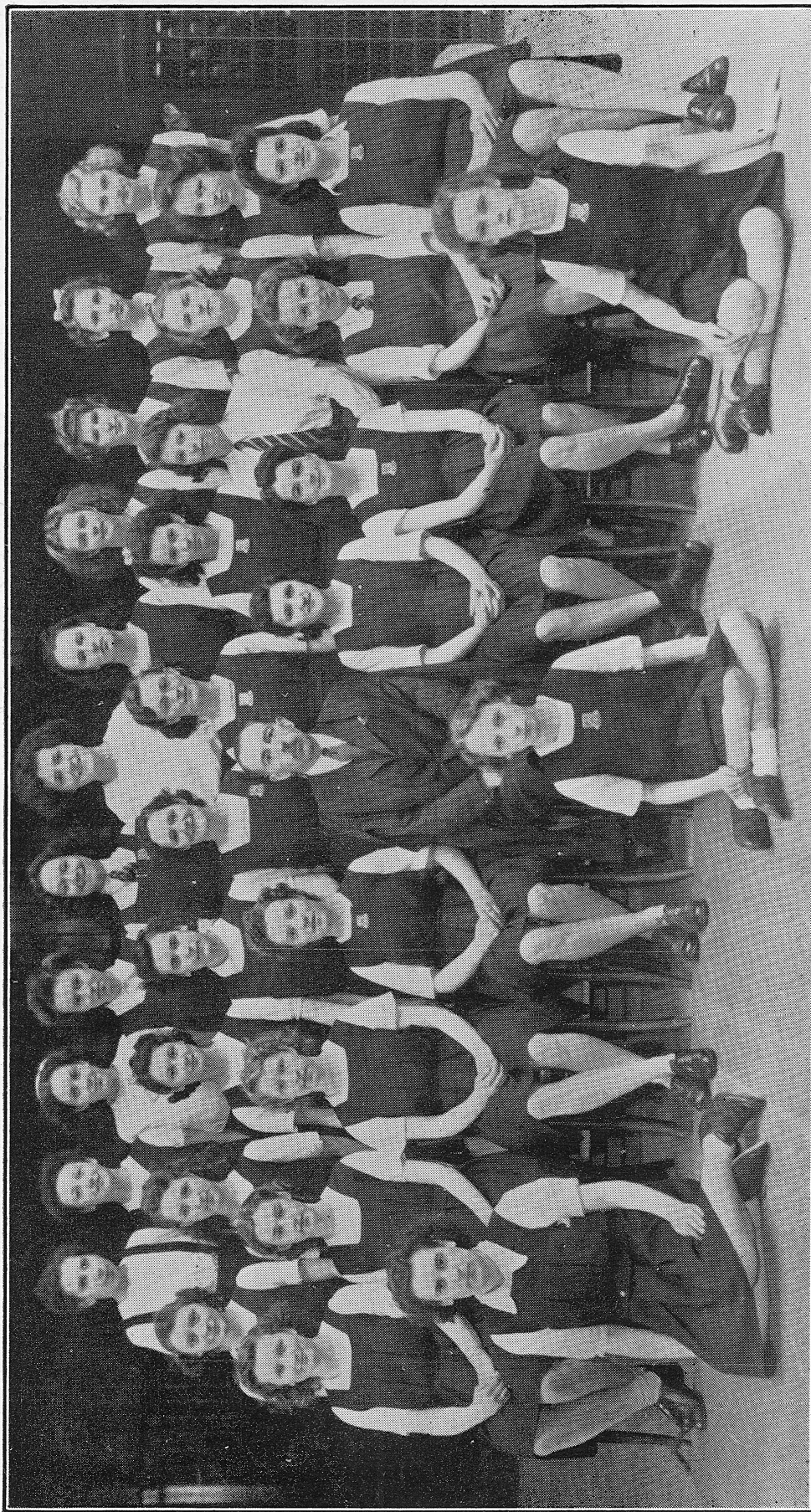
THE LIT.: "Oh Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!"

THE PREFECTS: "In thy book record their groans."

TRUANTS: "Gin we be missed out o' our place, a sair pain we maun bide."

THE CHOIR: "They chant their artless notes in simple guise."



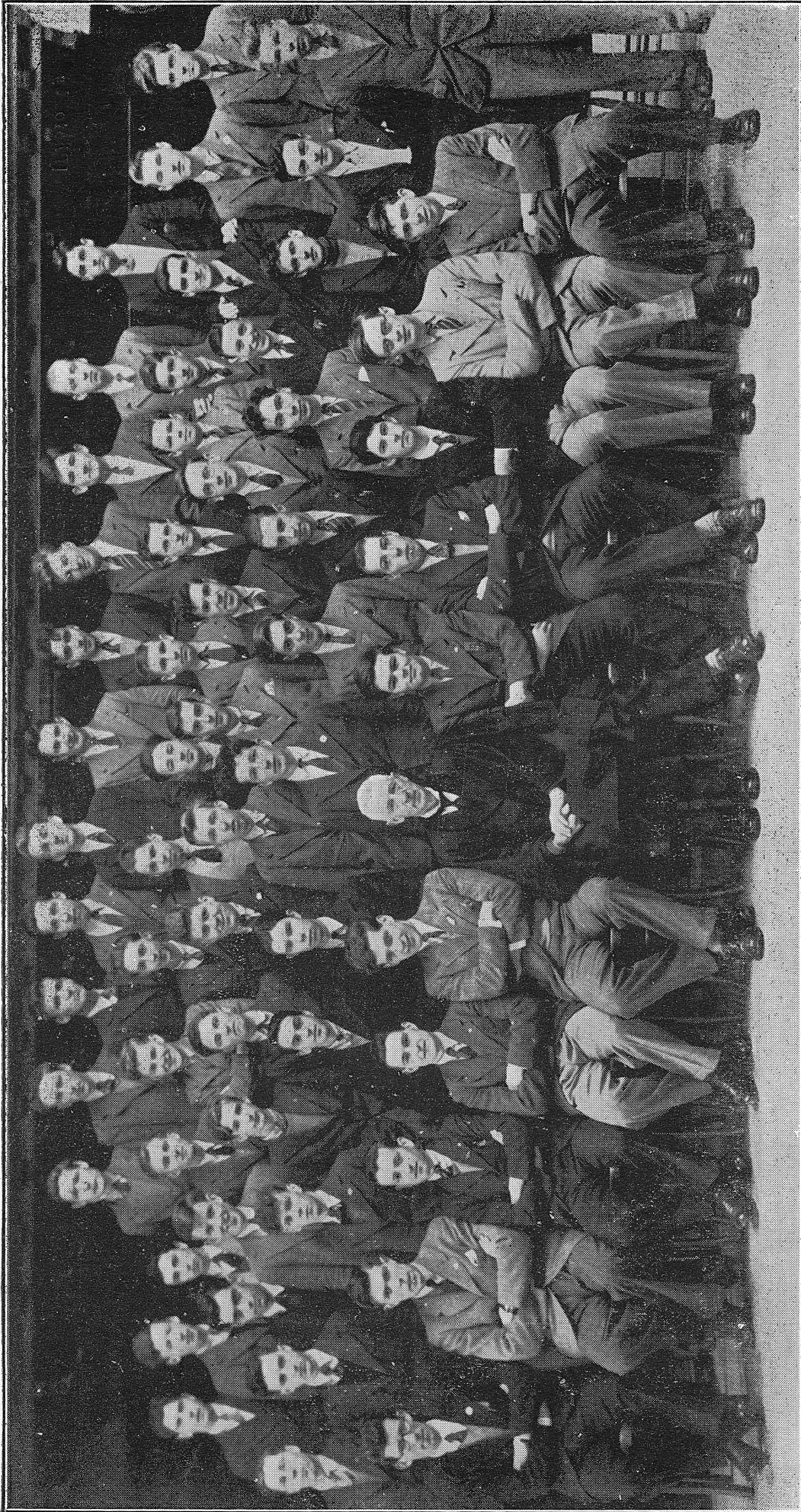


*[Photo by Laurie.]*

**SENIOR GIRLS' CHOIR.**

*Conductor: Mr. A. E. Meikle.*





[Photo by Lawrie.]

**FORMS V. and VI.—BOYS.**

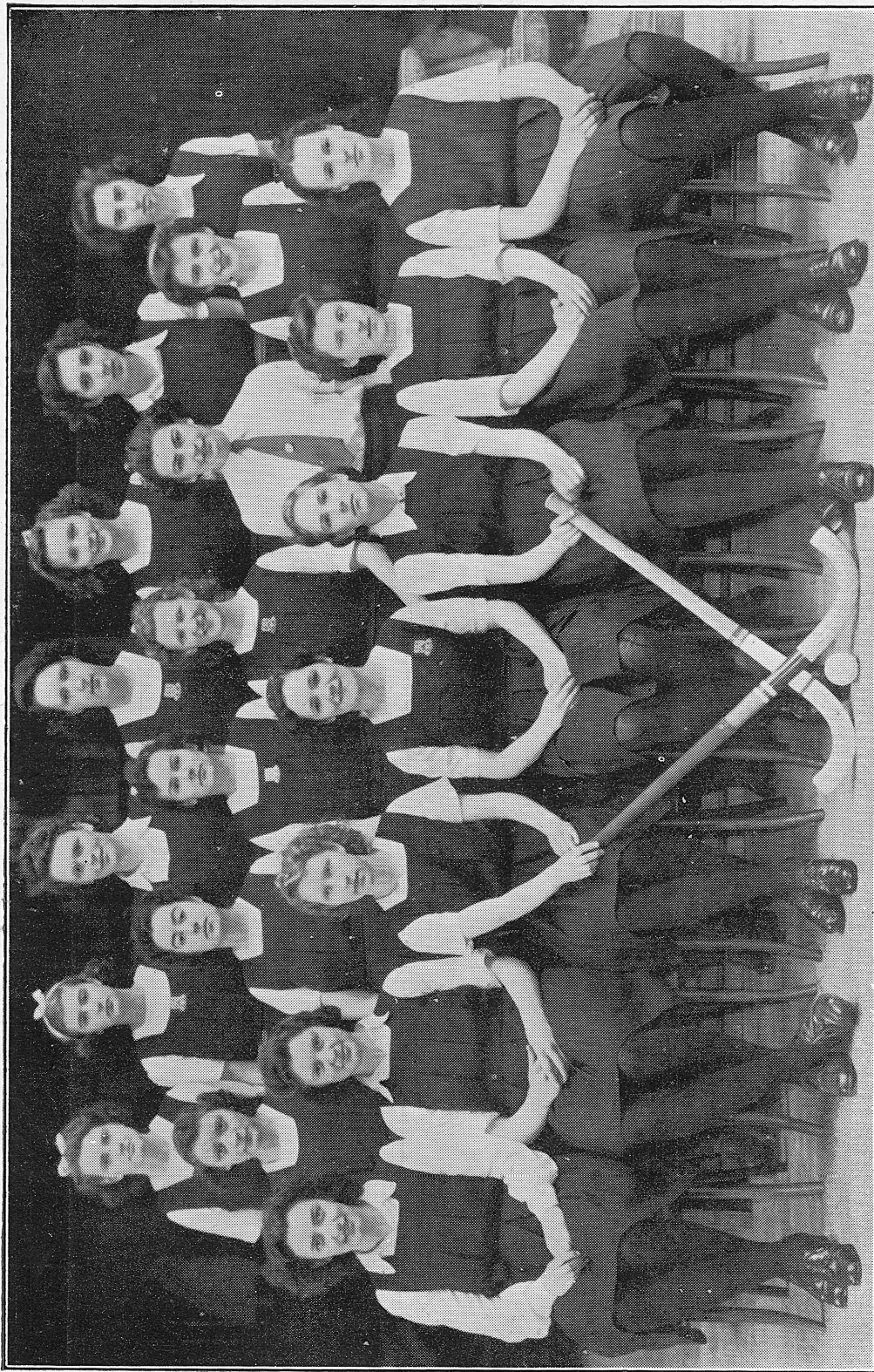




[Photo by Laurie.]

**FORMS V. and VI.—GIRLS.**





[Photo by Lawrie.]

## HOCKEY.

BACK ROW: A. Charles, J. Hart, M. Sutherland, A. Robertson, A. McCormick, F. Grant, B. King.

MIDDLE ROW: J. Hill, M. Craib, M. Connelly, J. Buchanan, C. Condie, R. Graham.

FRONT ROW: E. Purdie, M. McDonald, E. McCole, I. Drummond (Capt.), K. Pryde, I. Palmer,  
G. Carruthers,



# THE SPORTS.

## BOYS

100 Yards Flat—  
1 T. McAllister, 2 R. Howitt, 3 A. Ford.  
220 Yards Flat— [\*Equal.  
1\* T. McAllister, R. Howitt, 3 R. Pollock.  
880 Yards Flat—  
1 T. McAllister, 2 R. Howitt, 3 A. Love.  
High Jump—  
1 D. Park, 2 J. Molloy, 3 J. Sandison.  
**Champion:** T. McALLISTER (18 points).

## GIRLS

100 Yards Flat—  
1 E. Purdie, 2 J. Hill, 3 I. Johnston.  
220 Yards Flat—  
1 J. Hill, 2 C. Shaw, 3 C. Carruthers.

**Champion:** J. HILL (18 points).

## SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP

Long Jump—  
1 A. Ford, 2 J. Sandison, 3 T. McAllister.  
Shot Putt—  
1 I. MacKay, 2 T. McAllister, 3 R. Gray.  
Cricket Ball—  
1 D. Park, 2 J. Cameron, 3 I. MacKay.

**Runners-up:** R. HOWITT, D. PARK (10).

120 Yards Flag—  
1 J. Hill, 2 J. Dawson, 3 I. Graham.  
High Jump—  
1 J. Hill, 2 R. Condie, 3 E. Purdie.  
Net Ball—  
1 E. Purdie, 2 C. Carruthers, 3 S. Gray.  
**Runner-up:** E. PURDIE (11 points).

## JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

### BOYS

100 Yards Flat—  
1 G. Telfer, 2 S. Lees, 3 D. Halstead.  
220 Yards Flat—  
1 I. Ross, 2 D. Halstead, 3 S. Lees.  
440 Yards Flat—  
1 I. Ross, 2 M. Reid, 3 J. McEwan.

**Champion:** M. REID (19 points).

### GIRLS

100 Yards Flat— [\*Equal.  
1\* S. Thomson, A. McCormick, 3 M. Burness  
100 Yards Flag—  
1 N. Hill, 2 S. Thomson, 3 M. Robertson.  
**Champions:** N. HILL and A. McCORMICK (9 points).

High Jump—  
1 I. Ross, 2 M. Reid, 3 G. Telfer.  
Long Jump—  
1 M. Reid, 2 I. Ross, 3 G. Telfer.  
Shot Putt—  
1 M. Reid, 2 H. Stevenson, 3 G. Parker.  
Cricket Ball—  
1 D. Conner, 2 M. Reid, 3 D. Park.  
**Runner-up:** I. ROSS (18 points).

### BOYS

100 Yards Flat—  
1 A. McGregor, 2 J. Brown, 3 I. Robb.  
200 Yards Flat—  
1 A. McGregor, 2 I. Robb, 3 I. Picken.  
**Champion:** A. MCGREGOR (15 points).

### GIRLS

75 Yards Flat—  
1 A. Jarvie, 2 J. Lindsay, 3 J. Martin.  
80 Yards Flag—  
1 I. Ross, 2 A. Jarvie, 3 H. Pritchard.  
**Champion:** A. JARVIE (13 points).

## ELEMENTARY CHAMPIONSHIP.

High Jump—  
1 J. Muir, 2 I. Robb, 3 I. Hood.  
Long Jump—  
1 A. McGregor, 2 J. Muir, 3 I. Robb.  
**Runners-up:** J. MUIR, I. ROBB (8 pts.).

Skipping Rope—  
1 A. Jarvie, 2 J. Martin, 3 M. McKay.  
High Jump—  
1 A. McLean, 2 J. Campbell, 3 I. Burns.  
**Runners-up:** I. ROSS, A. McLEAN (5 pts.).

### BOYS

880 Yards Open Handicap (Coronation Cup presented by the late Mr. G. McBriar)—  
1 T. McAllister, 2 A. Love.

### GIRLS

300 Yards Open Handicap (Cup presented by Mr. Bogle)—  
1 M. Niven, 2 N. Hill, 3 J. Lindsay.  
Three-legged Race (over 15)—  
I. Dawson and M. McLean.  
Three-legged Race (under 15)—  
M. Burness and R. Telfer.

## OTHER EVENTS.

Three-legged Race (under 15)—  
A. Robertson and A. McLellan.  
Relay (Form II.)—II.1.  
Relay (Form I.)—I.9.

Sack Race (under 15)—B. Barr.  
Egg and Spoon Race (under 15)—  
B. Borthwick.  
Inter-Form Relay—III.2.  
Relay (Form II.)—II.10.  
Relay (Form I.)—I.4.

## Round and About.

Here are a few of the snippets—gathered frae a' the airts—that we have come across recently. We hope they interest you as much as they interested us.

\* \* \*

From our Mag. files, for example, we unearthed the following:—

**1925:** “Our rugby teams this year have not met with much success. This year we are slightly weaker than last; moreover we are faced with stronger opposition. We are always hopeful however . . .”

“Tell me the old, old story.”

**1930:** “Would it not be much nicer for Whitehill girls to be all dressed alike, to have a regulation school dress, nothing stiff or starchy, but a simple skirt and blouse with black stockings and shoes?”

**1933:** “We should like to propose a vote of thanks to Miss ——— for her so capable filling of the chair.”

**1936:** “Everyone in Germany is imbued with the same ideas of friendship and co-operation, which should culminate in peace . . . Those who have been there know how thoroughly genuine their desire for our friendship is.”

's right. Ask Mr. D—— !

\* \* \*

We wonder if Mr. Wilson still rises automatically at six to stoke the furnace . . . ?

\* \* \*

“ . . . Chains and slavery . . . What about Prestwick? . . . Man, we bate them at Bannockburn . . . Good old MacIntyre . . . !”

So sorry to interrupt you, Mr. ———, but your red-headed Sco'ish Nationalists seem just to . . .”

“Jings, a Sassenach ! Boys, use your skean dhus . . .”

\* \* \*

“Don't laugh when a teacher tells you ‘altiora peto’ means ‘I seek my Highers.’ He probably thinks it does . . .”

\* \* \*

“Many of the boys in the Upper School are positively DEVOTED to chemistry. Nitric Acid also makes brown stains on the fingers.”

\* \* \*

What Romeo of Form Six tried to get in the way of a certain Prep. teacher and got a look that would have mortified a dinosaur? But then he WOULD.

\* \* \*

By the way. Did you buy this Magazine?



# The New Cover.

The old familiar cover of this magazine having served us for fifty issues, it was decided that the time had come to make a change. We were not dissatisfied with the old one. On the contrary, we considered it an excellent design, and it had associations. It was drawn in 1920 by the late Mr. A. L. Jackson, then head of the Art Department. But times change; ideas of design change; one can have too much even of a good thing. And so a competition was held, open to all pupils, which brought forth a number of designs worthy of serious consideration. The two best came from Ian Stewart, V. and Margaret Macanna, IV. The Principal Teacher of Art, Mr. Stewart, brought his experience and skill to bear on the first of these, and the resultant cover has been adopted.

As a link with the past, we still have the figure of the archer, with bow pointing upwards, symbolising the motto, *Altiora Peto*. At the foot of the composition are three drawings, representing the three aspects of life fostered in the School—body, mind, and spirit. The ornament suggests the badge, and the hill from which we get our name. Three lines lead up to the archer, and the name of the magazine completes the pattern.

To the pupil who conceived the design, and the teacher who executed it, we offer our thanks, and congratulations.

## MY SON.

My son, he's gone awhile now  
Across the seven seas,  
He went when birds were on the bough,  
And green was on the trees.

But many Springs have passed away,  
And many yet will come  
Ere I shall see my boy again,  
As he comes wandering home.

He was my pride, my only joy,  
My baby, yet my shield;  
Across the many seas he went,  
To die on foreign field.

He only had one life to give,  
To keep his country free,  
He only died that we may live,  
He died for you and me.

And yet across life's long highway,  
As far as I can see,  
My boy is waiting by the door  
Of Heaven there for me.

E.B., II.12.

## F.P. Club Notes.

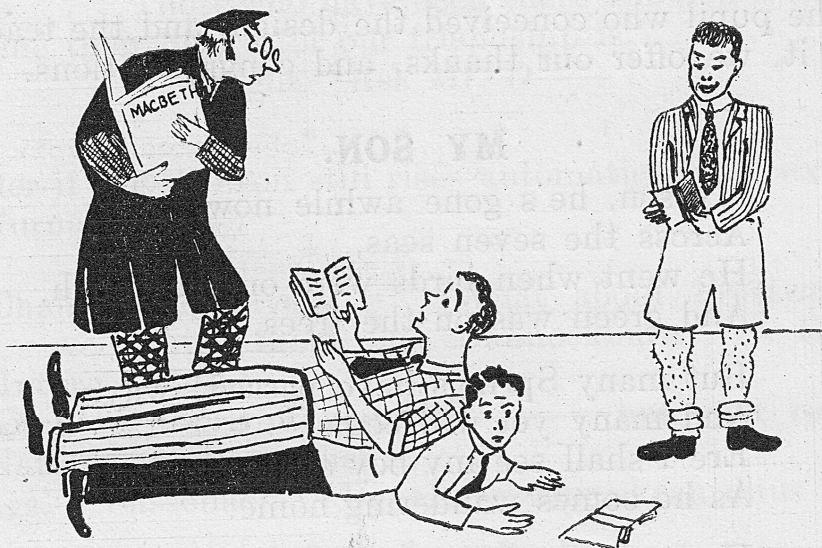
The failure of the Club to function properly during the last three years may be attributed, with justice, to the stringencies of war. We now hope to have the Club return to its former position in the social life of the school.

Club meetings are suspended until September when the new session will start. Prospective members should send their names and addresses to Miss R. Mackay, 345 Ruchazie Road, Carntyne, and they will be informed by postcard of the date of the first meeting.

Efforts are being made to contact former leaders of sports sections. F.P's who would wish to belong to a sports section (Football, Rugby, Hockey, etc.), should add this information when sending names and addresses.

COMMITTEE MEMBER.

"There are certain Sixth Year gentlemen (?)  
Who aint no dancing fans,  
But to them the Palais Glide aint new at all.  
For since the Highers are past,  
They're getting pretty fast  
At gliding o'er the blinking Palais wall."



*"But, please Sir, it says, 'Lay on Macduff.'"*

THE STAFF (guess who) :

"His state is kingly,

Thousands at his bidding speed."

"Stands Scotland where she did?"

"The mirror of all courtesy."

"The young men's vision and the old men's dream."

"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard,  
In Springtime from the cuckoo bird."

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?"

"Guid gear gangs in sma' buik."



## THE SECRET OF THE WIND.

The wind in the trees blew gustily through  
With a murmur that sounded like sighing;  
And it moaned, and it groaned, like a lonely old man,  
And I thought it was somebody crying.

The next time I heard it, 'twas laughing like fun—  
The season was Summer, the Winter was done—  
And I laughed to myself, as I said, "On my life,  
I believe that old man has gone found him a wife!"

M.B., I.4.

## Whitehill's Hampden Triumph!

Five minutes before kick-off time Hampden Park looked like having about 130,000 spectators short of a capacity crowd.

My attention was taken up by a group of our supporters who were arguing as to the weight of the Whitehill Captain in a football strip. One would have thought they were cannibals who had come back from the Stone Age. However, their discourse was abruptly abandoned when one of them noticed that the game had begun.

A little girl two rows in front of me was greatly disappointed when she was informed that the man with the whistle was not selling ice cream, but only the referee.

It seemed that the Eastwood forwards liked our goalkeeper because the first time they came up field they put the ball right into his arms. Nice gesture that! Then our centre forward went straight through the opposing defence, but unfortunately he had not the ball with him.

In the dressing-room at half-time one of our teachers announced to the Whitehill forward line that the object of the game was to put the ball past the opposing goalkeeper and into the net, thus scoring a goal. It was also pointed out that such goals might come in handy at the finish in distinguishing the winning team. This advice worked wonders, for midway through the second half our hard-working centre forward "jet-propelled" the ball to the corner of the net; the "net profit" being one goal to nil for Whitehill.

This goal meant quite a lot. No longer would the bottom shelf of the show cabinet in hall be empty (that is if the Association had not lost the ticket for the Shield), and this victory now prohibited teachers from giving home work to pupils during the month of July.

After this goal, however, Eastwood tried hard but without success, and as the Whitehill applause was drowned by greetings to the next contestants, I sat back in my seat and felt truly thankful that the game was over and the victory won. I.D.S., V.

## THE BROOK.

Lightly springs, lightly sings,  
Down its mossy, rocky stairs,  
Singing, laughing, laughing, singing,  
Of a thousand little cares.  
Where the wild deer stoops to drink  
The crystal water at its brink,  
Stopping not to see or think,  
It hurries on contentedly.

Never resting, never resting,  
On through wood and verdant vale,  
Jesting, rippling, rippling, jesting,  
Telling such a wondrous tale.  
Where the sunlight sparkles clear,  
Where the heavens drop a tear,  
Flowing towards the distant mere,  
It bubbles on so merrily.

Glinting coldly, coldly glinting,  
In the morning sunlight chaste,  
Tinting, placid, placid tinting,  
While the sun sinks down to rest.  
Where the speckled trout lies sleeping,  
With its one eye ever peeping,  
There the little brook goes leaping,  
Singing songs of ecstasy.

CHARLES MUDIE.

---

## SNAPPY RHYMES.

Shady nook,  
History book;  
Lover's look—  
Book forsook.

Small boys,  
Window pane,  
Angry noise:  
Father's cane.

Greedy boy,  
Piece of cake—  
Happy joys!  
Tummy-ache.

Pretty miss,  
Handsome lad,  
Stolen kiss—  
Oh! you cad!

E.B., II.12.

---

Miss E. M. Miller, sports champion of Whitehill a few years ago, has been adding to her laurels again. In the Inter-Universities contest among all four Scottish Universities, Miss Miller won the 100 yards, the 220 yards, and the long jump, and then ran in the winning relay team. She is the only woman on the Glasgow University Athletic Council, and a further honour has now been conferred on her. She is to captain the Scottish Universities Women's Team at Hampden Park on July 7, in the International, when the combined English Universities send their team north. We follow Miss Miller's career with pleasure and pride.



# The Fuller Life.

**Whitehill School Orchestra.** Attendance at the practices is not regular enough if the Orchestra is to become a force in the cultural life of the school. This it may well be if the high standard that was attained at the Concert last May is kept up.

Instrumentalists (staff and pupils) are cordially welcome in room 67 on Mondays at 4.

**Senior Choir.** This new choir, recruited from girls in Forms II—VI, made a good appearance at Glasgow Musical Festival in St. Andrew's Hall on May 12. Augmented by some new members they will perform again at the end of term concerts.

**Junior Choir.** Under Mr. Browning, these young singers joined with the Seniors in the Carol Service last December. Unfortunately it has been found impracticable to continue practising.

**Violin Class.** Only ten beginners enrolled this term for instruction which is being given by Mr. Charles Dorman. May we have double the number in August please?

**Brass Band.** Mr. Wood has very kindly been tutoring a few boys in cornet and trumpet and for this, a gift of two cornets from the Magazine Committee has been of great help. We hope to hear more of this venture at an early date.

**Church Choir.** Mr. Weir acknowledges the services of the Choir and thanks them for their help in leading the praise on Tuesday mornings.

## List of Musical Events, 1945.

23rd April: Orchestral Concert, Rutherford Church.

12th May: Senior Choir at Glasgow Musical Festival.

27th June: Orchestra and Choirs at Annual Concert in the Lyric Theatre.

**Red Cross.** So far this year the school has contributed the sum of £311 8s. 4d. towards the outstanding work of the Red Cross Association. This fine effort will, we know, be greatly augmented by the usual drive at the end of term, and we are confidently hoping that all previous records will be surpassed. We wish to thank the pupils for their unstinted co-operation, and a special word of praise is merited by the Secretary and her assistant.  
T.McA.

**Literary and Debating Society.** This has been an unfortunate session for the Literary and Debating Society, for a series of circumstances has contrived to keep it in a state of almost total eclipse. It is hoped, however, that an attractive syllabus will be prepared for next session. It is perhaps appropriate to say here that no club of this kind can flourish without really active effort from all its supporters. Too many of the members attend the meetings, listen to what others have to say and contribute nothing of their own thoughts or opinions. If this fault in attitude can be corrected, the success of the "Lit." is assured.  
J.D.

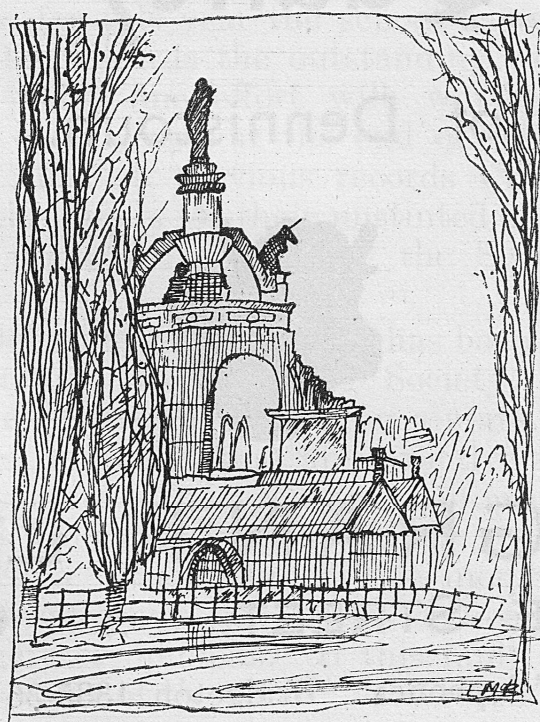


**The Dramatic Club.** After six years' silence as a result of war conditions, the Senior Dramatic Club has found its voice again. The School will have an opportunity of judging our standard of performance at the concert at the end of June, when the Club will produce a scene from Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." A short kitchen-comedy, "Between the Soup and the Savoury," had also been prepared for the same occasion, but had to be abandoned for lack of programme time. I wish to thank all the members who have so patiently conned their parts and attended rehearsals, but mainly that loyal band who do all the work and receive nothing of the glory—the understudies. J.D.

**Country Dancing.** The Upper School has again danced its way, light of heart and nimble of foot through a happy season. The fine enthusiasm of the girls and boys for our spirited and graceful Scottish dances was indeed a credit to the school and must be kept going next year. It is hoped next year to include the First and Second Years in these classes, so remember, keep your high spirits—and your soft shoes!

Very many thanks to Miss Bremner and Mrs. Smith for the excellence of their lilting playing. Without these two ladies the class could not have carried on. Thank you. C.S.C.

**Library.** After digressions into the realms of Art and Poetry we return to sober Prose to report that the work of the Library continues in its accustomed way. There are the Regular Readers who toil up the stairs every week and return the books on the right day. There are also the Occasional Borrowers who cherish a book with unexampled tenacity, until the Patient and Persistent Librarian runs them to earth and recovers the book and a substantial Fine. Thanks to the habits of the Occasional Borrowers and to the Patience and Persistence of the Librarians we now have a sound Library Fund which will be spent on new books when the Booksellers have recovered from the Prize-giving.



*In Kelvingrove*

*Drawn by  
I. McB. I.S.*



# Mainly of Muscle.

**Rugby.** As usual, the school has fielded three Rugby teams this season. The First Fifteen has kept up an almost unbroken record, losing only two games out of the sixteen played. We have missed Alan Hay, both as player and as secretary, and hope his life in the Indian Army will be as distinguished as it was in this smaller field. The Second and Third teams however, although enthusiastic, were not granted the facilities and the time for the requisite training, with the result that they were not up to their usual standard. The Club extends its thanks for the assistance of teachers, especially to Mr. Anderson for his experienced coaching and enthusiastic support. T.McA.

**Football.** This has been a very successful season. Our Intermediate team took chief honours by winning the Third Division League Championship Shield at Hampden Park.

The First and Elementary elevens, although not attaining honours, played many fine games and never gave up trying.

On behalf of the three teams I wish to thank the members of the Staff who took an interest in our sport throughout the season. I.D.S.

**Hockey.** The Hockey season has been very disappointing owing to bad weather conditions. This meant that of ten fixtures almost half had to be cancelled. We hope that next season there will be larger attendances, especially from the junior school, on Saturday mornings. B.McC.

**Golf.** Golf, under the successful management of Mr. Stewart, has started again, after missing last year, which was its first failure. We must thank Mr. Stewart for running the tournament for the Allan Shield. At the time of writing, the winner is not known. Robert Pollok (IV.2), who was made Captain, is looking forward to a successful season. J.M.

---

## 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