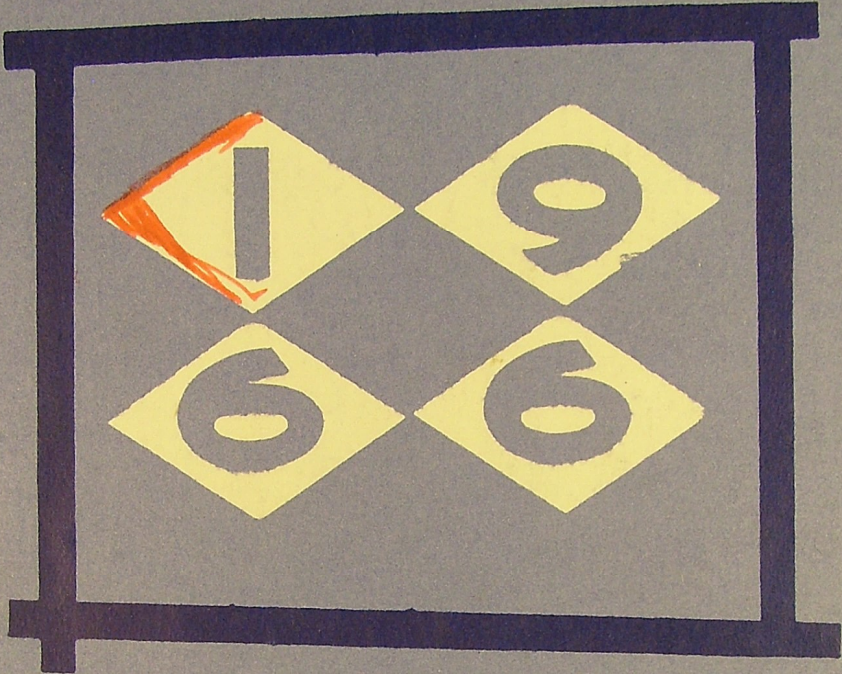
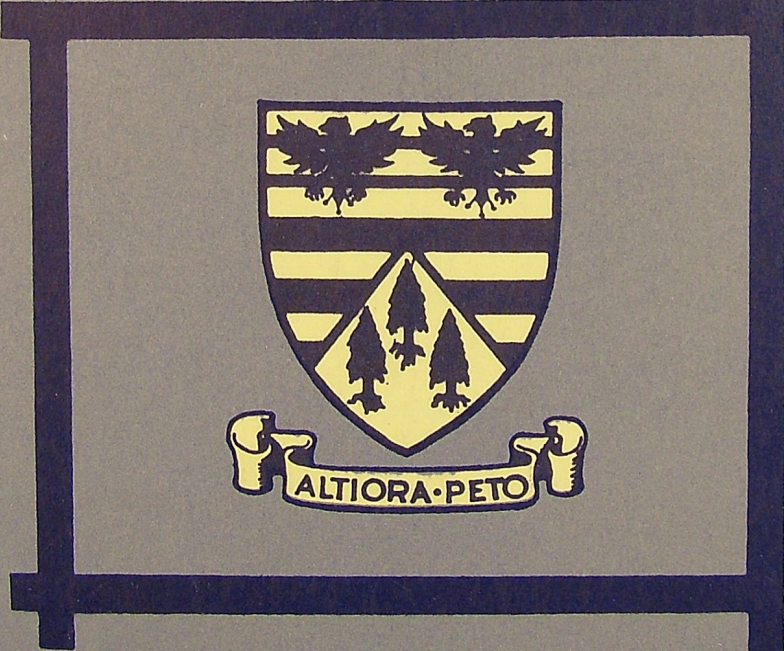


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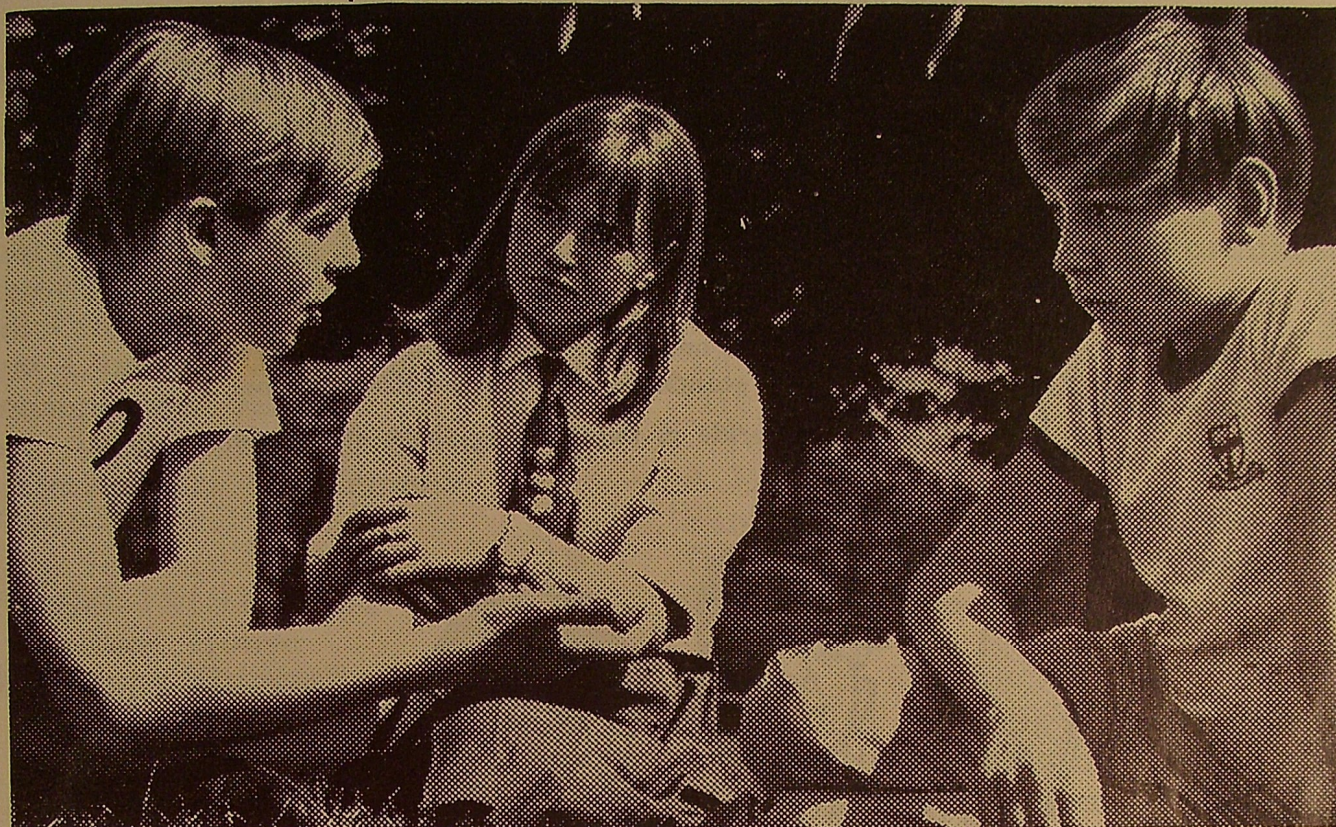
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editorial

Editors**R. WATT****B. MORRISON****NUMBER 93****Sub Editors****G. CROCKET****L. OPGAARD****SUMMER 1966**

OVER the years there have been many novel ways of presenting the Editorial. This year we sought a form so unusual that it would make the attempts of our predecessors look like some of the "gems" of literary effort which have recently passed through our critical hands, finally to attain the position they deserve in the world of literature—the bottom of the waste-paper bin.

We thought at first of a telegram:—
PRESENTING 75th ANNIV. EDIT. WHITEHILL
MAG. STOP 93rd ISSUE STOP— but it was pointed out to us that this had been done before. We then turned for inspiration to our rivals in the literary field, the magazines of the Preps. and the Prefects, but still no masterpiece of wit and intellect could be produced.

Finally, after much pen-sucking, brain-racking and wastage of Corporation-supplied writing materials we decided simply to make a list of everything to which we wished to draw our readers' attention.

We offer our sincere thanks to the members of Staff who assisted us in the production of this magazine—Miss Garvan (Editor), Mr. Wilson and Mr. Gardner, Mr. Macaulay and Mr. McGregor; also the members of the magazine committee who so successfully bullied the English teachers into bullying the pupils to produce articles. We are grateful to the authors of these articles, and to those of you who have frantically scanned the pages, only to find that your literary talents have not been recognised by the Editors, we would say—"Do not be downhearted. Keep on trying!"

We hope all our readers, old and young, will enjoy the 75th Anniversary Magazine.

With those members of the Senior School who are feeling rather downcast at the thought of the approaching S.C.E. examination results, we leave this consoling thought:

"Tis better to have "loafed" and lost,
Than never to have "loafed" at all."

The Editors.

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Under the Editor's Table

HAIL again mag. readers and congratulations from the cat and myself for the fine articles submitted for this year's magazine.

The contributions have been of a very high standard as usual.

Your subjects have ranged from "Nothing" (B.W. IF1) to the dreaded invasion of the Preps. (D.M. and H.S. 2FD). Among the articles have been some excellent short stories: deserving mention are M.B. IF2 and F.W. III2. There have been lamentations for Scotland's international football performances (R.M. III1) and a complaint from I.B. IF1, about "This Man Craig", when he says that, in being poor at French he is merely punishing the French for eating snails—he is a nature lover. B.McC. and M.S. 2F2, tell us about current fashions for girls (and boys)—"bell-bottoms seem to be the craze".

The usual articles about the staff appear: we don't know which member of staff fits this description from III1's Anonymous Foursome; "Gorgeous Gus they sometimes call him!" P.M. IIF2 convinced us that "school is just a hectic joint".

With all the advancement in space exploration, it's hardly surprising that we read so many articles on the space race and men on the moon.

As usual the majority of contributions came from the Junior school, and especially Class IF1, although those from the Senior school are of the normal high standard.

I hope you all have a happy holiday, readers, and come back refreshed to offer even better material next year.

Farewell.

Oswald the Office-Boy.



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FIRST XI HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: J. Smith, E. Omay, K. Hamilton, A. Forbes, H. Moffat, M. I. MacKenzie.

Front Row: K. Scroggins, H. Martin (secretary), M. Preston, E. Andrew (captain), M. Primrose.

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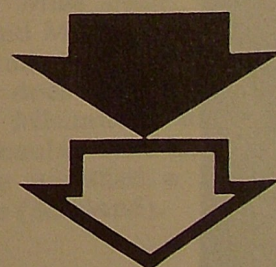
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SCHOOL NOTES

Staff:

In the past we have often complained bitterly at the frequency of staff changes. The editors' problems in this respect have now duplicated themselves, since the reduction of the Magazine to one issue—in June—has, for various reasons, been forced on them. Sad, but we must change with the times. The following movements of Staff have to be recorded since our last issue:—From the English department there departed Mrs. Cuthbert, Mrs. Hutchison (supernumerary) and Mr. Swan, all to be replaced by Mrs. B. I. Anderson (part-time)—indications of a diminishing roll and general shortage of teachers. The History Staff—at least the young and comely part of it—purpose marriage in the summer. Miss Malvenan hopes to come back to us bearing an unfamiliar name: Miss Dunlop is leaving full-time teaching. We wish long life and happiness to both ladies and their husbands-elect. In Mathematics we are losing Mrs. Dunn who is giving up teaching. From the Science department Mr. Thom left to take up an appointment in Lanarkshire. Miss Nancy Knox (Biology) left for foreign parts to be married and to live and teach in Derby. To Science there came Mr. W. S. Marshall and temporarily until the end of the session, Mr. William Macdonald. The school suffered a double and grievous blow through the sad deaths of Miss Morag M. Nicol, Principal Teacher of Homecraft, and Mr. Robert H. Small, Principal Teacher of Classics. Fuller notice is taken of our community's loss on page 12. As replacements the Education Committee appointed Miss Elizabeth Fyfe from St. George's Road Secondary School and Mr. James R. Cuthbertson from Jordanhill College School and formerly on Whitehill Classics staff.

From the Homecraft department too, we said farewell in June to Mrs. Miller who assisted part-time. Because of a shrinkage in numbers the Modern Languages department found no replacement for Miss June T. Fernie who accepted an appointment in France. At this moment we are glad to report that we have a supernumerary teacher in Art—Mr. Donald P. Bourne who joins us from a school in the south of Scotland. In Commercial Subjects the Principal Teacher, Mr. Malcolm MacLean, is retiring at the end of the session. An appreciation of Mr. MacLean appears on page 27. This department, too, has undergone enforced change this session. Miss Doris J. Wright was

appointed Principal Teacher at North Kelvinside Secondary. Her place was filled temporarily by Miss M.C. Kelly who left for abroad shortly after Christmas to be succeeded, we hope more permanently, by Mr. Allan S. Dickson from Queen's Park. More recently Miss Helen M. Gauld has joined the Commercial staff as a supernumerary. In Music, Mrs. E. W. Campbell was transferred to Victoria Drive and to her place as Principal came Miss Jane W. Harvey from Strathbungo Secondary. Last summer Miss H. E. Simpson left teaching on her marriage and was succeeded by Miss Jean Jeffrey. This June will see the retirement of Miss Isabella G. Scott as Principal Teacher of Physical Education (Girls), of whom valedictory notice is taken on page 27. This session's Transitional classes are being taken by Mr. Lyon (who came originally to help out in French), Mrs. Morrison (who was with us last year) and two part-time teachers, Mrs. Phillips (from the Commercial department) and Mrs. Tulloch (a former member of our Science Staff). To all those who have gone we offer a mead of praise and appreciation of their services to Whitehill. To our newcomers we offer a warm welcome and the hope that their stay in the school will be to our mutual profit. Our congratulations go to three members of staff on their promotions, Mr. A.W. Shedden as a Special Assistant, Miss Jane E. Garvan as Principal Assistant and Mr. Hector A. Low as the second deputy Headmaster. Our joy is increased since their elevation does not also mean a shift from Whitehill. Our felicitations also go to Mr. James H. P. M. Macaulay who has recently had the honour of being admitted a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries (Scotland).

Former Pupils

Our familiar lamentation is that we find it difficult to winkle out news of F.P. successes and distinctions. It is true that nothing that is published ever escapes the eagle eye of our news-hawks—if we may maul our figures of speech. We still, however, do not get enough information from F.P.'s themselves or their friends. As a shining example, quite out of the blue, from the Public Relations Section of Boulton Paul Aircraft Ltd., we received a full dossier—including photographs of the subject and all the aircraft he ever flew—on the career of their

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retiring Chief Test Pilot, a former Whitehillian of 1935-41 vintage, Mr. Alastair E. ("Ben") Gunn, and founder member of the Martin Baker Ejection Club. Our good wishes go to Mr. Gunn—obviously a good servant to a good firm.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to the following F.P.'s:- Professor W. L. Weipers, President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, 1963-1964, who was awarded a Knighthood in the New Year Honours List.

Professor Peter Alexander, Regius Professor of English at Glasgow University from 1935 to 1963, who received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Aberdeen.

Mr. Charles Murdoch who has been appointed Town Clerk Depute of Glasgow with special responsibility for the Planning Section of the Town Clerk's Office.

Recent graduates who include:-

Donald Neil, 1st Class Honours Chemistry at Glasgow.

Stephen Scobie, 1st Class Honours English at St. Andrews.

Graham Herbertson and John Smart, B.Sc. with Honours.

Eve Kirkwood, B.Sc.

Eileen M. Loudfoot—Prizewinner in Moral Philosophy, Higher Ordinary Class at Glasgow University.

John C. McKill—Admitted to the Fellowship of the Chartered Insurance Institute.

Alasdair Gray—Artist, author of a new play, "The Decline and Fall of Kelvin Walker, performed at the drama festival of the Scottish Union of Students and shortly to be given on B.B.C. television.

Alexander Dunbar, a member of the British Rail Board elected President of the Institute of Transport.

Robert D. Kernohan—appointed London editor of the "Glasgow Herald"

Jack Keaney, awarded the Peter Lindsay Miller open Scholarship of £100 for pianoforte playing at Royal Scottish Academy of Music.

Present Pupils

The following successes gained by present pupils fall to be recorded. We congratulate them warmly on the distinctions they have brought to the school.

Robert Watt, School Captain, was placed second in the final of the Glasgow Toastmasters' Club Schools Speech contest.

Philip Mathieson, Form IV, of the Air Training Corps, has reached the standard of individual flying training in Chipmunk Aircraft.

In the Bridgeton Burns Club competitions, Whitehill won prizes for Singing, Elocution and Essay writing, the principal winners being Christine McConchie (solo), Christine McConchie and Margaret McVean (duet), Senior Girls Choir (Club Shield), Robert Watt and William Lawrie (Senior and Junior elocution), Robert Watt and Barbara Morrison—Senior, equal—and Joan Glen—Junior (Essays).

The School Choirs did well in the Glasgow Musical Festival this year—a welcome re-entry into competitive choral singing. Senior girls took the Chapman Challenge Trophy; the mixed choirs, the Educational Institute of Scotland Trophy and the Robert Rule Challenge Trophy. The Whitehill senior team took first place in the Glasgow Road Safety public-speaking contest, team members being William McCormick, Robert Watt and Hugh Tees.

This April, Stewart Gormal was chosen to play for Scottish Schools at football against the English Grammar Schools.

Once again, congratulations to all concerned.

General

It is with sadness that we record the deaths of two well-known Whitehillians. Dr. William J. Merry was Principal Teacher of English and Deputy Headmaster when he left in 1935 after 23 years in the School. He was the founder of the Literary and Debating Society and of this present magazine in 1920. Robert Gibb Gillies retired prematurely because of ill-health from the Headmastership of Scotland Street School. A contemporary of Mr. Small, he was actively concerned with Glasgow ex-Service Teachers' Association.

At our last prizegiving ceremony it was a pleasure to see Miss Joyce Campbell handing over the Mathematics prize given by her in memory of her late father who was so long associated with Whitehill.

That hardy annual, the notable Whitehillian of 1895-1901 vintage, Dr. G. D. C. Stokes is again giving one of his popular mathematics lectures to our Sixth Form in June. We have no doubt he will arrive from Largs, refreshed by golf and research, and demonstrate his many "gadgets" and short-cuts to confound the mathematical pundits and new thinkers, not only in Whitehill but also in University circles.

A hardly less sturdy ancient, Robert G. Melrose, born 1890, visited us recently from Virginia where he has been 43 years with Mobil Oil as an engineer with a qualification akin to our A.M.I.C.E. He spent a pleasant hour or so in school seeing the ancient monument and reminiscing about staff and pupils of his time.

After almost two years the gifts bought by money left by the prefects of 1964 are now coming forward and the Assembly Hall should soon be graced by a new reading desk, large pulpit Bible, pulpit fall and trimmings. The School is grateful to the prefects of that session for their efforts in raising the money.

Obituary—Miss Morag Nicol

The news of Miss Nicol's death in October, 1965, came as a great shock to both Staff and pupils. When school resumed in August we had heard that she was very ill, but we all hoped that she would recover and be back among us, bright and buoyant as ever.

When Miss Nicol came to Whitehill in September, 1957 as Principal Teacher of Homecraft, she was no stranger to Dennistoun, as she had been in Onslow Drive School (then Whitehill Junior Secondary) for fifteen years, first as assistant and later as Principal Teacher of Homecraft.

She was an excellent teacher and set a very high standard both for herself and for her pupils. This was evident in the professional garments we saw at the Shows of Work and mannequin parades, and also in the number of passes her girls achieved in the "O" and "H" levels of the Scottish Certificate of Education.

Her school work did not finish at 4 p.m. For weeks before the "Highers", end-of-term shows and

such occasions, she worked into the "wee sma' oors", preparing patterns, unpicking seams and doing all the uninteresting jobs at home, so that her pupils would be able to go ahead with their sewing during school hours.

We all found Miss Nicol a most helpful member of Staff, who cheerfully undertook a variety of tasks. Repairing gowns, sewing on buttons, making tea-bags, cutting out hockey tunics are only a few of the hundred-and-one jobs that she was asked to do—and did willingly.

Those of us who visited her in hospital and at home during her illness will always remember her cheerfulness and courage in spite of the pain she suffered. During that time the pupils and Staff of Whitehill made her very happy; hardly a day passed without some token or message to let her know that we were remembering her and wishing her well.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Nicol and the members of her family circle.

In Memoriam—Robert H. Small

IT is with great regret that we report the death, on Christmas Day, 1965, of Mr. Small, Principal teacher of Classics in Whitehill School. As a teacher Mr. Small was uncompromising in his intellectual approach to the Classics, especially Latin, which seemed to match his temperament, always trying, with varying degree of success, to carry his pupils with him. Those who were his equals, even in embryo, appreciated him all their days; those who could not quite see the reason for things, admired his tenacity.

Outside the class-room Mr. Small was always ready to help others. He knew the cut and thrust of argument, though he did not suffer fools gladly. Many pupils of Whitehill have been grateful to him for the interest he took in their careers. Even the least endowed of them could come to him for

advice, and after numerous telephone calls, find themselves fixed up in a job.

Mr. Small was devoted to Whitehill. As a boy he had been educated there, in the same old, decaying buildings that we ourselves know. The generations that had inhabited these rooms were well known to him. Many were the anecdotes he told about them.

Outside school Mr. Small was well known as an antiquarian. His research spread far and wide. He contributed much to our knowledge of Glasgow, a city he dearly loved.

He has now gone from us. We mourn him. But let us be thankful for the legacy he left us.

"Vita enim mortuorum in memoria vivorum est posita."

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Mr. Wilson (Advisory);
Mr. Macaulay (Sales);
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Mr. MacGregor (Treasurer).

Student Christian Movement

OUR session started with the annual S.C.M. Conference, held in October, 1965, in the High School for Girls, when the speaker was the Rev. Alexander Black, of East Kilbride, a Whitehill former pupil.

We were disappointed that the week-end conference at Churches' House, Dunblane, to which we send delegates each year, had to be cancelled.

We have enjoyed another interesting and controversial session, during which we have discussed

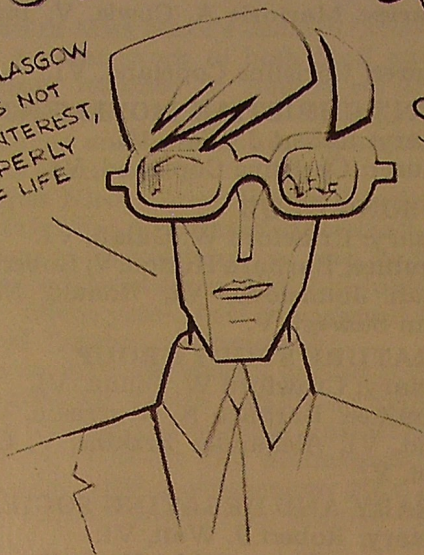
many topical subjects, and have considered the differences of opinion in our group of fourteen members.

For her encouragement and the tempering influence she has exerted on our more stormy sessions we thank Miss Garvan, and we hope that next session's Group, including the new members from Form IV who joined us in January of this year will be as enthusiastic as their predecessors.

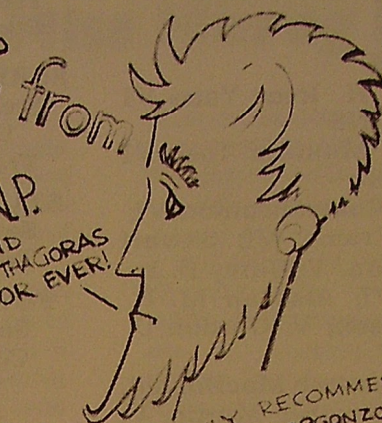
IRENE YATES, VI2.

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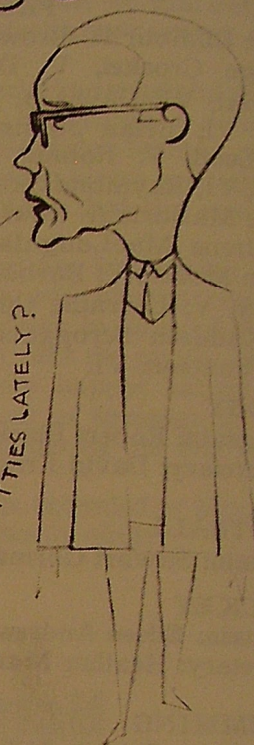
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A WAY OF LIFE



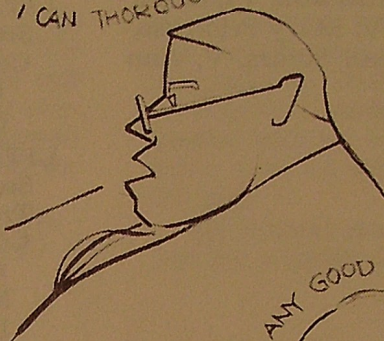
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AND
PYTHAGORAS
FOR EVER!



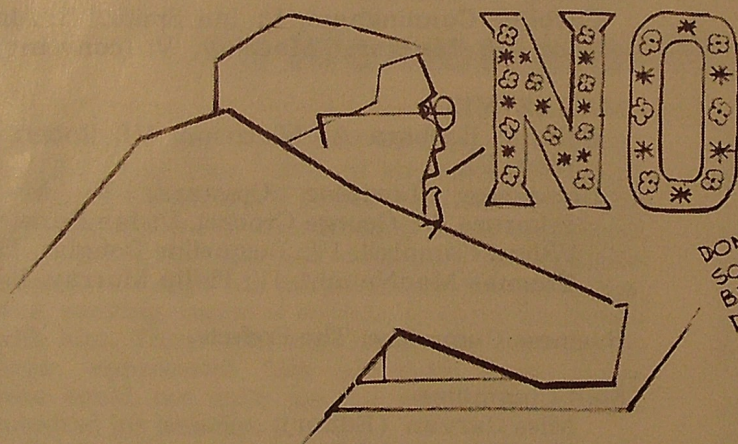
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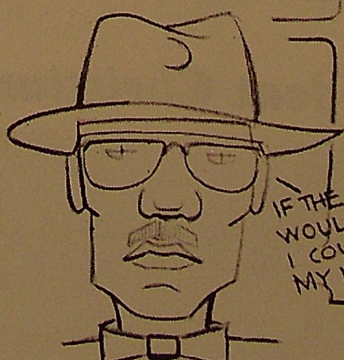
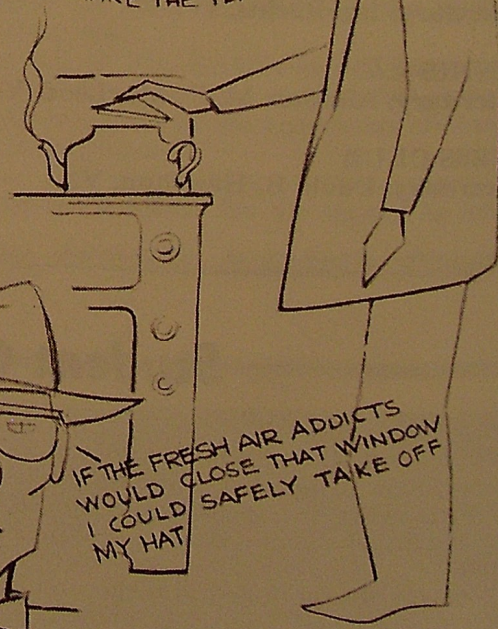
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WOULD CLOSE THAT WINDOW
I COULD SAFELY TAKE OFF
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Third Row: S. Frizzel, S. Galloway, M. Gilchrist, C. Cunningham, A. MacPherson, B. Hutton, K. Davidson, M. Law, J. Fyfe, E. Doull, J. A. Thomas, K. Bates, M. Burnett, C. Duncan, I. Lawrie.

Second Row: A. Soyka, C. McConchie, C. Eyton, B. Baird, M. McConnell, M. Bryans, A. Stewart, L. Russell, K. Scroggins, A. Forbes, C. Haldane, E. Richardson, J. Pearson, L. Johnston, J. Neil, A. Harding, M. Kennedy, J. Donaldson, M. Smith, M. MacPhail, M. Cairns, K. Hamilton, J. Smellie.

Front Row: E. Paterson, D. Miller, I. Condes, C. Marsh, B. Lockie, A. Hannigan, Mr. Morrison, E. Omay, H. Martin, L. Opgaard, M. Primrose, J. Sillars.

ARRAN ADVENTURE CAMP

LAST June a group of senior girls under the leadership of Miss Stewart set out on a week's safari to Brodick Castle, perhaps slightly over-awed at the thought of having an address so grand. But do not be misled—these are no crumpets-and-silver holidays. This is ADVENTURE and WORK! WORK! WORK!

The castle and its grounds belong to the National Trust and so there is plenty of work, voluntary of course, to be done in the gardens and forests. For those taking part in future camps, if you have green fingers the gardeners will keep you very busy indeed. Just keep your running shoes handy, girls!

Mr. Nimlin, the guide on our holiday, seemed to know everything about the island and its history, and he made our hikes very interesting and amusing.

Cooking chores were shared, and this we found, was an adventure in itself. The other work included

fetching the milk in the morning and cleaning the place out at the end of the week. We could not go on this holiday without climbing Goatfell. We tried to pick a dry day for this, and a good pair of shoes along with a stout heart helped. It was worth the effort for the view and the feeling that you had achieved something. Never mind the blisters and twisted ankles—they were honourable scars.

Future Adventure Campers will find that the day passes very quickly, and with the fresh air and exercise all you want is a quiet evening—and so to bed. You sleep like a log, if you can ignore all the queer sounds in the night like owls and trees creaking (that's probably your bones anyway). There is also the sound of the rain on the roof—or is it not more like someone sliding past the window? What was the name of that ghost again—"The Grey Lady?"

Eleanor Harkness, VI2.

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.



FIFTH FORM GIRLS

Back Row: M. MacKay, R. Shipsey, J. Millar, P. Hill, S. Spencer, A. Walker, M. Cowie, D. McBain, H. Moffat, M. I. MacKenzie, J. Smith, M. McVean, E. Macindoe, I. McLaughlin, M. Johnston, A. Dale, B. Coulson.

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Front Row: E. Paterson, D. Miller, I. Condes, C. Marsh, B. Lockie, A. Hannigan, Mr. Morrison, E. Omay, H. Martin, I. Onnagard, M. Primrose, J. Sillars.

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75th Anniversary Supplement



WHITEHILL 1901!

by Howard Garvan

CAN it be true—was it so long ago that a timid little boy entered the portals of Whitehill? For almost ten years it was to be his scholastic and spiritual home and above all the foundation of many life-long friendships. Distant though these days may be, the memory of them lingers on, becoming even clearer and more defined.

We recall with pride the first headmaster, Mr. Henderson, credited with having established the high scholastic reputation of the school even in its first few years. Tall of stature, slightly stooped and with a pronounced limp of which we tried to take advantage, he was capable of making rapid strides when he had reason to pursue us through the Hall, when the noise and commotion was more than he could bear.

Armed with a pointer he would suddenly emerge from his room, chasing all and sundry. One still has a vivid picture of him standing in the doorway of an inner room, ordering all: "Clear out!" What boyish strategy it developed in us as each jockeyed for position at the door. As he brought the pointer down across the back of one boy, the next, if properly positioned, nipped through on the upward stroke, leaving the next to his fate.

Although we had a healthy respect for our masters as regards discipline and teaching ability, it did not prevent us trying to score at their expense, even during serious study. One incident appealed to us at the time as the height of repartee.

Our Classics master prided himself on his devotion to the works of Horace. At the beginning of the period one day he strode backwards and forwards, declaiming in ponderous tones the opening words of one of the Odes: "Eheu fugaces, eheu fugaces". Turning to one of my classmates (who was not exactly imbued with the spirit of the Classics) he said: "Translate". Without a moment's hesitation came the almost irreligious translation: "Alas! my poor brother!" (a reference to a well-known advertisement poster for Bovril). Momentarily there was a foreboding stillness before the hurricane descended on the irreverent pupil.

Some of you present pupils may know by hearsay from your F.P. parents that the name applied to Whitehill in the old days was "The Factory"—a term denoting work and discipline. Still, there was plenty fun, and, while pranks and subterfuges brought just retribution, no treatment meted out engendered in us a spirit of hatred. At the Annual Dinner reunion the atmosphere hums with laughter at the episodes recalled—and perhaps exaggerated.

On my infrequent visits to Glasgow from the South a feeling of nostalgia prompts me to visit the School. In the Hall are reminders of the past—photographs of the School's headmasters and of some of its most distinguished former pupils; the War Memorial Plaque bearing the names of those who were our closest associates in class-room and on sports field; and feelings are divided between joy and sorrow—joy at having had such happy times and sorrow that the friendships should have been so rudely shattered before their years of fulfilment.

Happy returns to Whitehill on her seventy-fifth anniversary!



WHITEHILL 1918-1921

by Jack House

I WENT to Whitehill in February, 1918, and the first thing I remember was being afraid of the Headmaster. He was the redoubtable Fergus Smith and when he looked at you under his beetling white eyebrows your backbone turned to water. At least, mine did.

The only time I remember him smiling was on November 11th, 1918, when he came round every class in the school and announced that the Armistice had been signed and we could have the rest of the day off. I walked up Whitehill Street and along Alexandra Parade to my home at Kennyhill Square and everywhere windows were opening and people were hanging out flags. It was a beautiful day.

In my first year three of us ran a peripatetic magazine entitled "The 1BA Times". I typed it on my father's ancient Yost machine and it was passed round the class at a penny a read. Mr. Williamson ("Big Willie" to us) was our English teacher and also, on one occasion, our censor. A boy called Dick Francis had written an article which consisted of puns on teachers' names.

It was really quite innocent, but you weren't allowed to say anything about teachers then. So we were ordered to excise the offending page. We drew the crossing-out lines so lightly that any boy with ordinary eyesight could still read the article.

Biddy Gordon was teaching us French in the first year, but we had (for, I believe, the first time at Whitehill) a choice of a second foreign language instead of Latin in our second year. I was one of those who elected to take German. (If I'd only chosen Latin I'd be doing a lot better in the "Round Britain Quiz" these days!)

It was a very small bunch of boys and girls who sat in the first German class. We'd hardly started when the door opened and in walked "Spondee". It was obvious that he disapproved of our choice. "Ha!" he snorted, "I suppose you've chosen German so that you can tell our late enemies what you think of them!"

We ran "The 2BGB Times" in my second year—you'll observe that I went down a class—but somehow the magic was gone. Of course, the School Magazine started and that put our gas at a peep.

Out of pure cussedness I never contributed to the School Magazine. I hated my second year at

school and, strange to say, I had a perfect attendance record.

Maybe I'd have enjoyed things more if I had been normal, but I didn't play football or golf. I was too busy reading through the entire works of Charles Dickens, and a fat lot of good that did me.

I left Whitehill when I was 15 and have regretted it ever since. However, the Class of 1918-1923 has an annual dinner, and although I am only 1918-1921, they let me attend it. It's then, when I talk to such chaps as Johnny Motion, "Bubbles" Weir, David Lind, "Guillaume" Brown, Bobbie Lumsden, "Girgie" Blair, Wilfrid Horner, Basil McLellan and a when of others, that I learn what Whitehill was really like.

All I saw in my day was a big red sandstone building run rather like a military barracks. Now, when I go back to Whitehill, it all looks rather wonderful and I am still impressed by the sight of boys and girls actually enjoying themselves.



Class photograph of period 1882-1890 when the school was the Whitehill School for Girls. The photograph was given by Mr. James C. Williamson.

THE HAPPY THIRTIES

Andrew G. Murray, F. P. Club President.

DESPITE the threat of war towards the latter part of the 1930's it has generally been considered that this era was a happy time for the people of Scotland. Wages were low but the pound went a long way and our standard of living was good. Whitehill was then a fee-paying school and we were a cheerful bunch of lads and lassies keen on attaining our Highers and equally enthusiastic on sport.

The staff at that time, under the headmastership

of Mr. Thos. Nisbet, were Jas. C. Williamson (English), Johnny King (Maths.), John Campbell (Maths. and one of the founders with Howard Garvan of the F.P. Dinner Club), Paddy McGill (French), Wm. Chatfield (Gym), Miss M. Foster and Dr. Wm. Merry (English), John Hardie (History) and Frank Middlemiss (Science). Mr. Robt. Weir in the mid-thirties was appointed Headmaster and introduced gowns to be worn by his

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staff. Prize-giving and other ceremonial occasions were quite colourful with the staff arrayed in their multi-coloured university hoods.



All were first-class teachers and our percentage of Higher passes compared very favourably with those of the other Glasgow schools. Incidentally, one of my colleagues, Jim Scotland, "sailed" through seven Highers, a feat which has also been accomplished by the present headmaster, Mr. George Morrison.

At sport we appear to have excelled better than the present day pupils since our 1st XV were regularly on the winning side against Allan Glen's, Hutchesons', Glasgow High, and Keil. Jim Drysdale was our skipper and was well supported by John Paton, Peter Chisholm, David Ayton, the McLaughlins and Sam Green. A year prior we had Inter-City Trialists like Fred Colquhoun, Tom Barclay, Bill Black and David Lind competing for places.

Whitehill was then renowned for first-class swimmers and the committee of the Dennistoun Baths (with the assistance of J Greenlees) had a lot to do with that. They coached and encouraged lads like Alistair Paterson, Harry McNaughton, Bubbles Weir, Jim Greig, the Rowans, the Blackadders, and the Lightbods to attain Scottish and in some instances British honours. Queen's Park found Craigend (wherewashing conditions were "spartan") a happy hunting ground for soccer stars. Jimmy Crawford and Willie King paved the way for Tom Frood, Peter Buchanan and Ian Harper. Our 1st XI, against strong opposition especially from St. Mungo's, won the Schools Championship Cup in 1933 with Jim Davidson, Jack Brand, George Bowman, Alex. Guthrie, Jim Hepburn and Bobby Gardner the back-bone of the team.

The girls' hockey team kept their end up (that sounds funny!) by regularly winning against Hillhead, Eastbank, Hutchie and Bellahouston. I can recollect Helen Simpson, the captain, scoring three

goals against Laurel Bank when we won 4-2. In the Scottish Inter-Scholastic Athletics Gordon Easton, Ian Lauder, Bill McPhee and I brought back



silverwear and medals for display in the hall. Golfhill Cricket Club found ready-made players like John Marshall, Walter Newton, Jim Bicket and the Motherwells suitable for the 1st XI and they followed in the footsteps of Jack Edmiston and Leslie Black.

We were one of the few schools with our own school song and although not in the Top Twenty this really gave us a feeling of pride. Yes, really grand years, since by the combination of brains and brawn, good teaching and fine comradeship we had a sound basic foundation for later life.

A GREAT ERA

by Arthur E. Meikle

So many memories, so little space! I arrived in August, 1939, so the war dominated my first years in Whitehill. Onslow Drive School, then amalgamated with us, was a Fire Station, our main building a "Rest Centre". The teachers formed a rota of firewatchers, "protecting" the school from bombs. One night during a raid we thought the Annexe was on fire. We solemnly debated whether it would not be in the interest of the school to let it burn, but conscience prevailed. Resplendent in tin hats we dashed to the rescue — but alas, the fire was miles away.

Then there was the morning when we crunched

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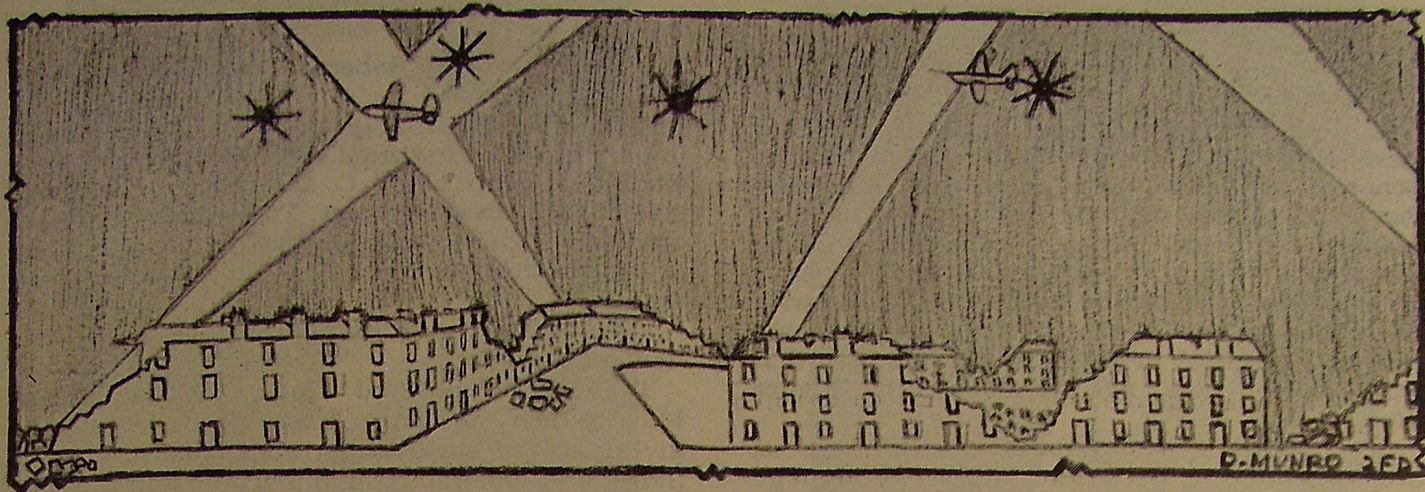
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to school on powdered glass from shattered windows, three inches deep; another when transport failed, and some of us walked from Netherlee, arriving at 10.30, to find we were among the earlier arrivals. On the other hand, there were the camps, when we felled trees, gathered grain, picked fruit, and lifted potatoes. But that's another story.

And the people? The Headmaster, R. M. Weir, a power-house of energy, succeeded in 1947 by that perfect gentleman, Robert MacEwan; the deposes, keen-eyed Frank Middlemiss, who served Whitehill for nearly 40 years; Tom Scoular, amiable principal of Commerce; and James C. Williamson, another long-distance man, who came in 1916 and remained with one brief intermission till 1945. I still enjoy regular meetings with him. Among the rest were pawky John E. Campbell; Dugald Duff, whose retirement occasioned a remarkable demonstration of grief; Harry Dorman (and later T. P. Fletcher), who put us on the musical map; W. D. Brown, now a TV celebrity; A. C. Somerville, historian, artist, wit—a real original; and among the ladies Miss Fisher, Miss Mitchell, Miss Foster—the list could be ten times as long.

Pupils? Godfrey Pullan, computer pioneer; Helen Hodge, who added Norwegian to her Classics Honours; Kathleen Maxwell, vivacious, gifted artist Charles Murdoch, Town Clerk Depute of Glasgow; Alasdair Macdougall, a brilliant Dux and surely the youngest, now a consultant; Herbert Duthie, Professor of Surgery; Alasdair Gray, genius in English and Art, subject of a recent TV portrait; R. D. Kernohan, with two First Class Honours Degrees, London editor of "The Glasgow Herald", among the athletes, Betty Miller, Captain of the Scottish Universities Women's Team; Jean Wylie; Barbara Posnett; Gordon Kennedy; Tom McNab; Victor Hugo; Ian Buchan, notable footballer. And literally hundreds more.

Highlights? I was particularly concerned in the magazine, brightened by "Cormacatures", and the concerts, which I recall in vivid detail—anticipations of the Black and White Minstrels in the Lyric. Hurrah for the Hols! in the Athenaeum, etc.; the

choir singing the great Tannhauser chorus at Prize-giving; the mushrooming of prefabs in 1947; the Sale of Work in 1952, realising over £500; the dedication of the War Memorial, bearing the names of boys I had taught only months before they fell; the Coronation; and the retirement of Robert MacEwan, James Williamson, and Miss Fisher all within three weeks.

That ended a great era.

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'... AND SO TO THE PRESENT'

by Robert J. Watt (Boys' Captain)

WE were favoured by the Gods of Fate when they destined that we should spend our secondary school days within these Whitehillian Walls reverberating, as they do, with the sound of the footsteps of our famous predecessors; for who, walking along its corridors, or studying in its classrooms, or enjoying recreation on its playing-fields, aware of those in whose footsteps he treads, could not but feel that surge of pride and inspiration, so that truly he might seek, aye and reach, those "higher things"?

As the present generation of Whitehillians, we are aware of our great and impressive heritage and for it sincerely thank our Scholastic Fathers—but we are not simply content to rest upon their laurels (though they make a very tempting pillow). We respect and continue their well-established traditions but more important than this, we can feel satisfaction in knowing that we are playing our part, no matter how seemingly small and insignificant, in the creation of tomorrow's heritage. Surely in giving us this opportunity, if nothing else, the Gods have smiled kindly?

Ours is inevitably a different Whitehill from that which Theodore Lowe knew 70 years ago (he who as a boy, walked from his father's kirk in Bridgeton to his home in Dennistoun with the Indian chief Kicking Bear "and what more could a boy of 12 desire"); different from that which the scholar Willie Muir knew 40 years ago (he who wrote in the 1923 magazine editorial, following the erection of the "temporary" annexe, that the school was "now more like a scattered village than a single school"—is it really different?) different even from that which the then headmaster Mr. Robert McEwan knew 15 short years ago (he who experienced that "warm, personal appeal of the School" despite its roll of well over 1,000—and we can still feel it today).

Like all great institutions Whitehill has never stood still but has constantly changed with the times. When the country wanted classicists and composers and clergymen, Whitehill supplied them, and many great ones. When the country wanted, no, needed soldiers and sailors and airmen, Whitehill supplied them, many alas! to be cut off in their prime (let us never forget them) and now when the country wants chemists and physicists and technicians, Whitehill is supplying them, supplying them in abundance.

Our teachers too have changed to meet the demands of the day and as Whitehill has always been fortunate in acquiring the "truly-greats" (will the memory of such men as "Doc" Merry, "Spondee" Smith, "Quizzie" MacQuistan or "Pi" ever die) so has this generation been similarly blessed. To single out any individuals from such a band of dedicated and inspiring men and women is virtually impossible, but permit me just to mention two of Whitehill's unforgettable personalities of this era, Mr Robert H. Small of Classics, associated

with the school virtually all of his life, first as a pupil, then as an assistant and ultimately principal teacher, and Mr. John C. MacPhail, a Chemistry master for almost 30 years. These men taught not only their own subjects (and that they did well), but much, much more besides. Great teachers—great characters.

"Ad Altissima iam ascenderunt"—Aye and they are sadly missed.

Therefore, Immortal Gods, we, the Whitehill pupils of the Present thank you for giving us the blessed opportunity of learning, of living and of laughing in this school and it is our prayer that in years to come we will be worthy of a place in the ranks of our famous Whitehillian Ancestors and be able to hold our heads high in the knowledge that we have carried on their great traditions and achieved, to the best of our ability, their high ideals.

To you, Dear Whitehill—we shall never forget you. You have a treasured place in our hearts and there you will live for ever.

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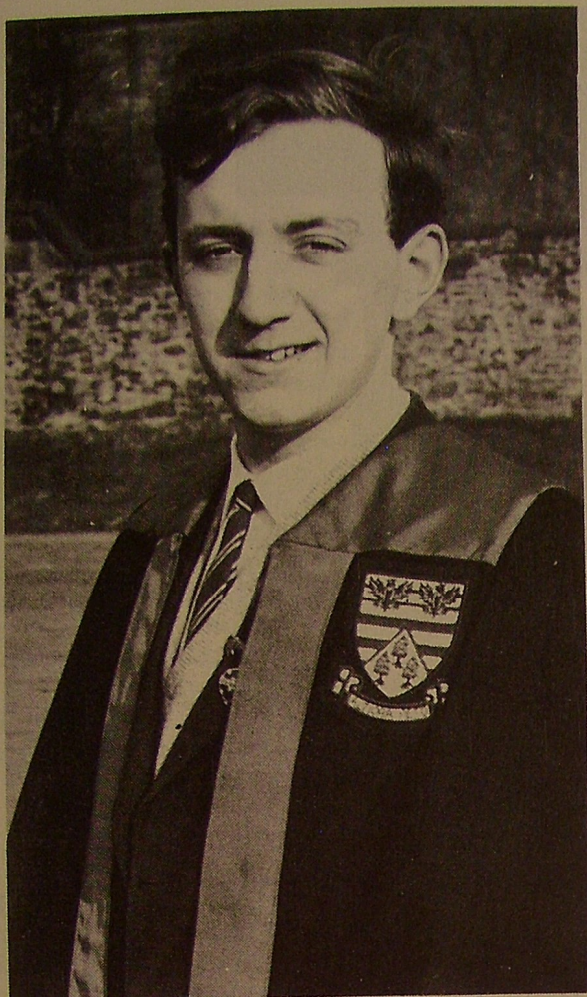


Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

**BOYS CAPTAIN
ROBERT J. WATT**



Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

**GIRLS CAPTAIN
IRENE YATES**

STRATFORD '65

THE excursion to Stratford was a most enjoyable, if slightly exhausting experience. The all-night journeys to and from Stratford were so comfortable and uneventful that some of us actually went to sleep now and again.

After heavy morning rain, the weather was very good all day, and made the time spent out-of-doors in Stratford and Kenilworth Castle very pleasant. The tour of Coventry Cathedral was an impressive and awe-inspiring affair, the visit to the Shakespeare Exhibition was fascinating (for some of us) and the play in the Memorial Theatre in the evening climaxed a very pleasant day during which we had eaten at regular intervals in one of the Stratford hotels.

I am pleased (though slightly disappointed) to say that nobody fell off a bus, off the ramparts of Kenilworth Castle nor into the river Avon, although one member of staff, seemingly aware of the lack of excitement, obligingly broke the monotony and a bone in his foot by discreetly stumbling over a pebble in Kenilworth Castle grounds. As a result, he had a long and legitimate holiday from school

which I know for a fact aroused considerable envy among certain members of staff who have been pestering him ever since to be let into the secret of how it is done. So far he hasn't told me, but I'll keep trying.

To conclude this report, I am delighted to say that during the day the pupils were as immaculately dressed and well-behaved as any accompanying teacher could have wanted. At night, though, they presented a different picture. The boys may have looked a bit scruffy, but the sights seen emerging from the girls' bus into the Motorway restaurants were enough to make the less hardened customers exit discreetly but hastily. At one point, a waitress wanted to know if they were just a bunch of extras in a new "Dr. Who" story to be filmed on the premises, or were they really from outer space.

Still, you can't have perfection in everything, even from Whitehill's female pupils and if this year's Stratford excursion is as successful as the last one, there will be no complaints.

M. N. C.



GOLF TEAM

Back Row: G. Brockett, D. Hamilton, G. Brown (captain), I. Ritchie, A. MacLeod.
Front Row: J. McArthur, J. M. Linton, I. Sharp, J. R. Fraser.



SCHOOL PREFECTS

Back Row: R. Mathieson, R. Skinner, R. Brunton, D. B. Hamilton, G. D. Irvine, D. Frame, G. Brown, G. T. Crocket.
Middle Row: M. Primrose, A. Thomson, B. Morrison, E. Macdonald, B. Johnston, G. Scott, S. Gormal, A. McLeod, I. McLaughlin, E. Omay, M. Cowie.
Seated: K. Scroggins, H. Moffat, M. Tosh (vice-captain), I. Yates (captain), Mr. Morrison, R. J. Watt (captain), C. Stewart (vice-captain), L. Opgaard, H. Martin, J. Sillars.

MISS ISABELLA G. SCOTT

MISS SCOTT surprised us all by announcing her forthcoming retiral at the end of this session. Always in good health and the best of spirits even in the worst weather, Miss Scott, we knew was fit for many more years of teaching in Whitehill, where she has been Principal Teacher of Physical Education for the past twelve years.

There was a time, beginning on holiday in August 1957, when ill-health did strike Miss Scott. She was taken seriously ill with a Cerebral Haemorrhage, and it was mainly by her own confidence and determination that she surprised even her medical advisers and made a complete recovery. To those who know her, this same spirit is evident in any task which she undertakes, whether in school or in extra-mural activities.

After school days at Spiers' School, Beith, Miss Scott went on to complete her Teachers' Training at Jordanhill College, then to Primary Teaching till 1937, when she took a year's course at Dunfermline Physical Training College. Then followed further teaching as assistant in the Physical Educa-

tion Departments of Wellshot and Battlefield Schools, as Principal Teacher in Possil for five years and finally as Principal in Whitehill.

Miss Scott's arrival meant a welcome improvement in the girls' Hockey teams, which soon brought Whitehill hockey to the front rank and kept it there. It was a rare winter's morning when Miss Scott was not to be found on some hockey field with her girls, attired in their new and admirable uniform designed by her and the late Miss Morag Nicol.

Perhaps her two other loves in Physical Education are Athletics, where she is much in evidence at competitive meetings, and Dancing, in which her prowess is well known to her Glasgow colleagues.

Another of Miss Scott's activities for which the School and Former Pupils are very much in her debt is her work as Trustee and Secretary for Craigend Playing Field. In this capacity she has served faithfully ever since joining the Whitehill staff.

A kindlier, more generous person one could not hope to meet. We wish her many happy years of retirement—years which will certainly not be idle ones.

MR. MALCOLM MACLEAN

"Labuntur anni, Postume, Postume"

which roughly may be translated as:

"The years are slippin' awa' ma freen."

WHATEVER metaphor we employ, reaching journey's end, slipping into harbour, hanging up the boots or any other, time for retiral comes, if years be extended. So 'tis with our good friend Mr. MacLean, who, reluctantly, because health is with him still and will to work, has decided to give up office in June.

Like many of his generation, Mr. MacLean had no initial feather-bedding having had to leave school at age 14 to go into commercial work in offices and in shipbuilding.

Whether moved by the attraction of teaching or the disadvantages of his previous occupation, Mr. MacLean took his training at the Commercial College and began his teaching career at Coatbridge Technical College in 1928.

From there he moved to Day School at Hamilton Crescent where he remained until appointed Principal Teacher at John Street in 1942.

Following administrative changes there in 1958

he joined Whitehill which now, with gratitude, respect, regret, and good wishes, sees him about to depart.

Throughout his life, with original inspiration from his father, Mr. MacLean has been a keen musician, a competent violinist, both as performer and teacher, having been, for many years, a member of the Glasgow Concert Orchestra and of many other orchestras; which honour did not at any time deter him from taking his humbler stand with the learners in Whitehill's orchestra.

Furthermore, this school, like all his previous ones, is vastly indebted to him for his assiduous work in Careers, where his own knowledge of industry helped to place many a boy and girl on the first rung of the ladder of life work.

His pawky humour and genial smile will be missed in Classroom and Staffroom alike not least, one is sure, by his "fidus Achates" Mr. McKain.

In conclusion we would wish for Mr. MacLean, from Whitehill past and present, many happy and useful years of retirement in good health and spirits, coupled with the invitation to come back and see us who still labour on.

ST. NINIAN'S, CRIEFF

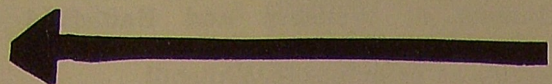
EACH year before Christmas a weekend course, conducted by the Warden, Dr. D. P. Thomson, is held at St. Ninian's for young men contemplating entering the Ministry. At the end of 1965 I was privileged to attend this course, along with about forty schoolboys and students from all over Scotland.

Dr. Thomson spoke on "Trends and Tendencies in the life of the Scottish Churches: 1965" and Rev. W. G. Shannon addressed us on "Getting to Grips

with the non-Churchgoer." From Rev. Ewing Smith and Dr. Charles Musk, who serve in Rajasthan and Zambia respectively, we heard of conditions in which they work. Discussion was led by three young ministers who told us some of the ambitions and experiences they had in their first charges.

I am grateful for the opportunity afforded me of attending this most enjoyable and instructive weekend.

Ian R. Osbeck, VII



A Holiday in Retrospect

"FRANCE!" she screamed. "Oh, darling, it's simply wonderful! As you know, I was never really very good at the language—I still don't see why they can't speak English like everybody else—but the scenery is simply divine! You will simply adore it! France is simply marvellous!"

My first recollection of France is not a happy one. I remember sitting on a bad-tempered looking seat, feeling very homesick. My face was a distinct shade of turquoise, and I was trying, in vain, to convince myself of three things: that here I was in the south of France—the exciting land of which I had heard so much; that I was enjoying myself as I had never done before; and that I was not going to be sick at all.

After the first days of sickness (I am not a good liar) I resolved to explore the land, to find the charm of which travellers tell, and to enjoy my foreign holiday. I was determined to enjoy having my mind broadened.

Touring, like confession, is good for the soul. Believing that my soul is more partial to night tours than noisy day tours, I travelled into the heart of Dinard as dusk fell. There, I hoped, I would hear the great heart of France beat, and feel its powerful influence flow through my veins. A great sea of lights would dazzle before my eyes, and the moon and stars would twinkle through the blue night sky.

Dinard did not have even a thoracic cavity, let alone a heart. The night air was warm, but not exciting; the moon was high, but not romantic; the main street stretched out before me, but the people did not dance along it. One voice broke the silence—and that was mine.

Disappointed, but not completely downhearted, I returned to the hotel where my mother was busily enquiring of the chef why he soaked lettuce in

vinegar. Words failed him. But the following morning he suggested that I go "en ville", to taste the spice of Dinard by day.

Dinard, because it was French, had a market, over which I shall draw a very thick veil, because I do not like French markets. There was, however, one huge store which occupied one whole street. The street looked awkward and quite self-conscious. The enormous Magasin D'Ore which squatted boldly upon it, did nothing to add charm or mystery to the street. However, my curiosity was aroused by a notice which boasted: "English spoken". As I was rather thirsty because of the hot sun which shone constantly, I entered the store, and was immediately lost. A sign which announced that tea and coffee were available upstairs hung sadly on the wall. I arrived, with some difficulty, at the most French cafeteria I have ever seen. The waitress was French (of course) and spoke a mixture of broken English, and Glasgow and Dinard dialect!

"Whit you voulez?"

Much has been said and written about French cooking. The bored little waitress offered me a cup of real French coffee. This cup of coffee was the most enjoyable memory I have of my holiday. The coffee was in keeping with the cafeteria; it was very French; that is, the coffee was served hot, strong, and in a large cup. The aroma was exciting, and the tang delicious.

"No oringe," she said. "No oringe. Only tea."
And she handed me the coffee!

When I returned to Euston Station and the waitress placed on my sugared table a thick mug of brown water called coffee, I felt quite nostalgic.

And, you know, I felt rather sick.

B.H., V4

THE COMPETITION

They're all singing merrily, our country-dance team,
With spick and span faces, just see how they gleam.
We're picking up helpers here and there,
While the girls are busily combing their hair.

Down in the dressing-room all are preparing,
Some are just standing, nervously staring.
Finally, ready at last, off we go
Into the hall to start the show.

When the teams have all danced the excitement begins,
Now you see what they say about dropping those pins!
The judges appear, the marks are read out,
From our team arises a very sad shout:
"Alas! we've lost again!"

N.N., T2.

ODE TO A PREFECT (with apologies to Shakespeare)

Is this a prefect which I see before me,
Her clenched fist toward my face? Come,
let me clutch thee.

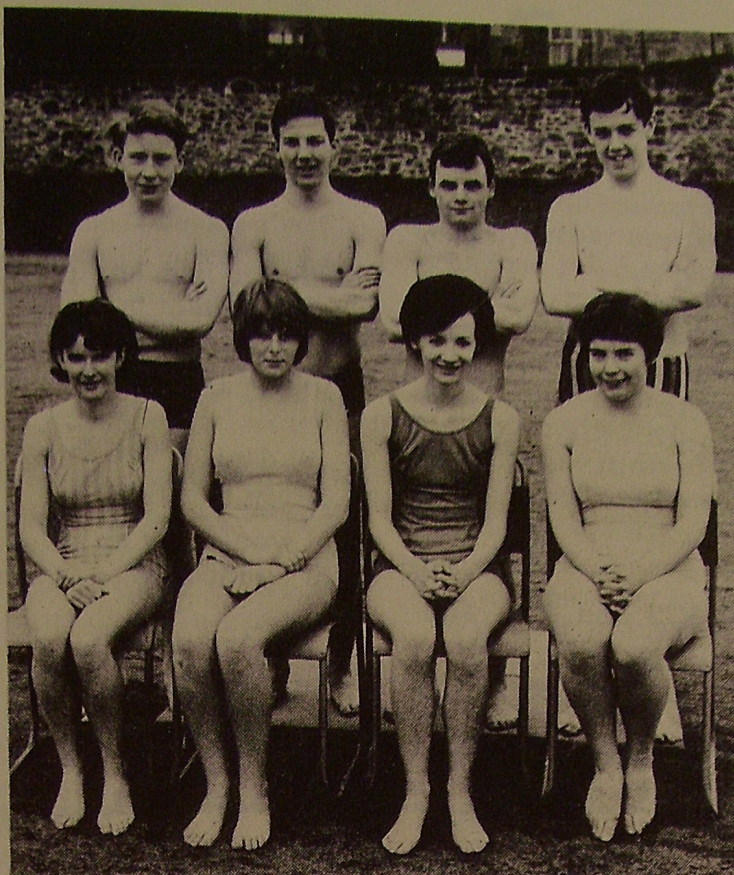
I know thee not, and yet I hate thee still.
You who are a traitor in my eyes,
horrible

To unsuspecting pupils, thou art but
A menace to society, an untrue being
Proceeding from the fatal heat-oppressed room.

I see thee still in the form of the devil
Even when my eyes are turned from thee.
Thou leadest me to the most hated room
And such interrogation does there take place.
My person thou hast made a fool of,
In front of all the school; I hate thee still!

D.F., IV4, and L.T., IV2.

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.



SCHOOLSWIMMING TEAMS

Back Row: B. Arthur, B. Kerr, J. McNicol, D. Rodger (captain).
Seated: H. Martin, C. Drysdale, P. Hill (captain), E. Omay.

THE PERILS OF LATECOMING

Sire Morrison of Whitehill
By his bushy eyebrows swore
That the pupils of Whitehill
Should enter late no more.
By his eyebrows he swore it
And named a fateful day
And bade his deputy ride forth
East and West and South and North
To put him on his way.

East and West and South and North
The deputy rides round
And prefects, staff, and pupils
Have heard the sire's sound.
Shame on the false Whitehillian
Who lingers in his bed
When Morrison of Whitehill
Is nearly off his head.

There be thirty chosen prefects
The wisest(?) of the school
Who always with Sire Morrison
Both morn and noon-time rule.
Noon-time and morn the thirty

Have caught the culprits late
Traced from the right in blue and white
By prefects at the gate.

"Oh Geordie! father Geordie!
To whom the pupils pray,
A pupil's life, a pupil's hands
Take not in charge this day."
He spake, and speaking found it,
The black belt in his gown,
And with his black gown on his back
He fiercely drew it down.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either side,
But friends and foes in dumb surprise
With parted lips and tearful eyes
Stood gazing where he died.
And when above the screaming
We saw HIS brows appear,
All staff sent up a rapturous curse
And even the ranks including ours
Could scarce forbear to jeer.

Three Experienced Latecomers.

THE WHITEHILL CHART

OUR TEACHERS

"The War Lord"—Mr. L - -
 "Till the End of the Day"— Mr. B - - - - -
 "The River"— Mr. S - - -
 "Exodus Theme"—Mr. C - - - - -
 "Moonlight and Roses"—Miss G - - - - -
 "You've got to be cruel to be kind"—Mr. C - - - - -
 "We can work it out"—Mrs. H - - - - -
 "The Sound of Music"—Mr. T - - - - -
 "The Sins of a Family"—Mr. M - - - - -
 "The Great Escape"—Pupil leaving

Our teachers are a set of "Nits",
 I think you all agree,
 They always contradict our wits
 And that's not right with me.

Shout and belt, shout and belt,
 That is all that they do.
 The belt it makes your hands like felt,
 Does that not worry you?

I wish that they would all resign,
 I bet you wish that too;
 That would suit us kids just fine,
 With no more lessons to do!

C.H., VI2 and A.H. III1

B.C., IF1



Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

SCHOOL CHOIR

Back Row: J. Smith, M. McVean, E. Ferguson, C. McConchie, V. Ritchie, A. Harding, M. Gilchrist, S. Frizzel, S. Galloway, K. Davidson, M. Young.

Third Row: D. M. Henderson, D. B. Brown, I. McLaughlin, M. Mackay, K. Hamilton, D. McBain, J. Tavendale, M. Tosh, M. Cowie, E. Harkness, E. MacDonald, H. McCulloch, J. Munro.

Second Row: K. Carmichael, J. Sillars, A. Soyka, J. Smellie, M. MacPhail, B. Hutton, B. Lockie, M. Johnston.

Front Row: R. J. M. Murphy, D. S. Banks, R. Barbour, J. D. Anderson, J. Gibb, J. Little, I. Kerr, G. Head, I. Henderson.

Commonwealth Arts Festival 1965



WE were fortunate at our school to be able to add our own contribution to the Commonwealth Festival. It was in the form of a Pageant. After weeks of great preparation and hard work, the production was at last ready. Mr. Crossan, our patient producer, smoothed in the last traces of make-up, pacified—or tried to pacify—all the nervous people and with a few cheery words disappeared to tell our audience that the show was about to start.

The doors were opened. The noise died down. A roll of drums and the show was on its way. The narrator (Robert Watt) set the scene, while, in the background, the choir hummed "Land of Hope and Glory". Then, as a lone piper played a lament, we were taken to Canada where we listened to the poor Highland folk who, although exiled, still loved their country dearly. Many of them had left loved ones behind—the plaintive voice of a young Highland girl (Kathleen Davidson) singing, "Lochaber No More", made this clear.

Our narrator reminded us that French people were in Canada too and, like the Scots, had mixed feelings. The younger children were gay but many, like the French girl in the forest (Irene McLaughlin), who sang of her loved one, were sad and lonely.

When we visited Newfoundland, however, the fisherman were very happy and the folk group sang lively songs, telling us about the fishing and whale-hunting expeditions.

Our narrator then directed us to Australia, where we discovered that criminals were among the first people to settle there, and that life was very wild. One soloist (Brian Johnston) told in the song, "Van Diemen's Land", how he had been banished to Australia because he was caught poaching. Another boy sang the tale of the Wild Colonial Boy, Jack Duggan, who, after a life of robbing the rich to help the poor, was killed by a trooper.

We were taken out next to the West Indies, in honour of which, because of the large amount of trading that was carried on, Glasgow has named streets—Kingston Street and Jamaica Street. There, we swayed to the rhythmic songs of happiness which incidentally tell of poverty and hardship.

The Dark Continent of Africa was our next stopping-place and, after being reminded by the narrator of famous people like Mary Slessor and Mungo Park, we listened to an excerpt from David Livingstone's diary. He told us how they had freed a slave-party and how the same slave-party remained with them to become Christians. At this point, the choir sang Psalm 124 which thanks God for His mercy in setting people free:

"Broke are their nets
and thus escaped we."

They also sang an African song "Kum-ba-ya M'lord" which is the native saying "Come by here, my Lord."

The narrator's task now was to conduct us to India. But before he took us there he described

the beautiful sailing ships which brought to Scotland spices, herbs, and beautifully coloured materials. When we reached India we were told that one of India's greatest statesmen, Gandhi, had been assassinated. The statesman (David Frame), who told the people of the death, compared Gandhi with a light which had just been put out. It was a great loss to a nation who knew him as a friend and adviser. Four Indian women:—Donna McBain, Ann Harding, Christine McConchie, Carol Marsh, portrayed the feelings of everyone when they said that no monument was good enough for him—he was a monument in himself.

When the whole cast assembled the narrator took us back through all the countries—Canada, Australia, West Indies, Africa and India, from where people are now returning to Scotland to study or to live. At the end, we sang "All Men Must be Free"—a rousing chorus which united us all.

After "God Save the Queen", we all felt pride and triumph in what we had done to bring nearer the far-flung countries of the Commonwealth, who share one Queen and one thought—friendship.

I.McL., V2.

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LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY COMMITTEE

Back Row: R. J. Watt (secretary), A. Boyd, I. Dallas, D. Frame.

Seated: M. Mackay, A. Thomson, L. Primrose, M. McVean.



Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Back Row: T. McNaught, P. Murray, G. T. Crocket, I. M. Petrie.

Seated: L. Opgaard, M. Primrose, B. Morrison (editor), R. Watt (editor), W. Campbell, J. Douglas.



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Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

BADMINTON TEAM

Back Row: M. McConnell, C. Drysdale, M. Gilchrist, S. Galloway.

Seated: J. Fleming, I. Cummings, D. Marshall, G. Smith (captain), S. Gormal, I. Sharp.



Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

SIXTH FORM GIRLS

Back Row: E. Harkness, C. Houston, I. Hamilton, R. Singh, E. McIver, E. Forrester, A. McConnell, M. Matheson, A. Simm, E. Mathieson.

Middle Row: E. MacDonald, M. Bowie, J. Tavendale, J. Henderson, M. Tosh, M. Liston, M. Eyton, F. Lightbody, E. McIver, B. Morrison.

Front Row: J. McFadyen, M. Bulloch, F. Cullen, A. Thomson, I. Yates (captain), Mr. Morrison, J. Keery, M. McIver, M. Gunn, P. Clayton.



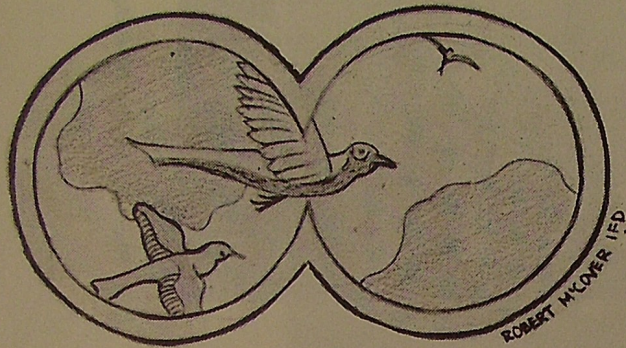
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BIRD WATCHING

LAST year while visiting relations in England, I had an introduction to an interesting and absorbing hobby—bird-watching.

At 5 a.m. on the morning of the arranged day my uncle and I left his home with all the necessary equipment, binoculars, a portable hide, field guide and note-books.

When we arrived at the spot which we had chosen, inhabited by many different species, we heard the incredibly beautiful dawn chorus from the massed choir of thousands of birds. We set up our hide, surrounded by a marshy swamp, flat fields, a thick wood and a deep quarry, hoping in this setting to spot the countless species which inhabit such a region. We were not disappointed.

Like the birds the morning itself flew as we watched and noted amongst others, yellow buntings, a tree creeper, the beautiful kingfisher (we actually saw one diving for fish), dunnocks and lapwings, all acting naturally in their natural habitat.

After lunch we moved on to a nearby pond and this proved to be no less disappointing than our morning location. Here we watched ducks, mallards, coots and water-hens and many more before it was time to make our way home.



When I arrived home I copied all my notes into my journal. That day had been very interesting, one of the best of my life and it was the beginning of a fascinating hobby.

A.J. IV3

School Excursion 1965

SCHOOL EXCURSION, 1965

ON 7th July, 1965 we set out on the first lap of our momentous journey to Greece and the Holy Land. After a quick look round London we travelled to Venice, and, boarding a water-bus, we sailed down the Grand Canal.

During our stay in Venice we visited the Doge's Palace in St. Mark's Square. Italian guides took us to a glass factory on the Island of Murano, where we saw Venetian glass being fashioned by hand, everything from paperweights to chandeliers. At Torcello we saw a Byzantine Church which houses a huge gold mosaic. Our last call, before leaving Venice, was to St. Mark's Cathedral, and this was indeed the highlight of this part of our tour.

Next we embarked on T.S.S. "Fantasia", which was to be our floating hotel for a fortnight. On the first day out the Captain had a cocktail party, so that passengers could become acquainted with one another. Orange juice for Whitehill!

The first of our shore excursions was to the island of Capri, where coaches conveyed us to the Achilleon Palace, in which Greek dancers performed in their national costumes. The remainder of the day was spent cruising to Athens.

An early start was made from Piræus for an extensive tour of the Capital. From the Acropolis we had a magnificent panoramic view of the city, and we visited various temple ruins. Travelling along the coast road to Sounion we stopped at the St. Andrew's Preventorium, a children's home, to hand in gifts. We made a night tour of Athens and from a vantage point viewed the floodlit Parthenon and the "Fantasia" lying in the harbour.

The most southerly part of Greece which we visited was Crete, where we saw the excavations at the palace of King Minos, dating back to the Minoan civilisation.

During our visit to Rhodes, one of our party laid a wreath at his uncle's grave in the British War Cemetery.

The Acropolis of Lindos, our next stop, was perched high on a cliff, accessible by donkey, or, if you came from Whitehill, by foot!

While in Israel we visited Jerusalem and sailed across the Sea of Galilee to Capernaum. Dubrovnik, the only remaining mediaeval town in Europe, was our only Yugoslavian port of call and the last on the cruise.

Four consecutive Continental breakfasts later our train pulled in at the Central Station, Glasgow, where a bleary-eyed party of Whitehill pupils fell off the train and staggered home to sleep for a month.

S.H.R., IV2 and M.M.McM., IV2.

THE SHOE SHOP

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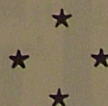
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NIGERIA NIGERIA NIGERIA NIGERIA NIGERIA NIGERIA NIGERIA NIGERIA NIGERIA NIGERIA

BEFORE last summer the only travelling I had done, outside Britain, was in France, Switzerland and Italy. So, when I was asked to go on Queen's Park's tour of Nigeria, I jumped at the chance. At that time all I knew about Nigeria was that it was situated on the west coast of Africa, was about four to five times the size of Britain, and had a population roughly equal to Britain's.

Our tour was to last fourteen days and we left from London airport on a very wet July afternoon. Our flight in the wonderful V.C. 10 took us across France, the Mediterranean, into Africa over the Atlas Mountains and the Sahara Desert at a height of 35,000 feet. Six and a half hours after leaving London we arrived at a very wet Lagos, for it was the Nigerian monsoon period.

1965

Our journey from the airport through Lagos gave us a foresight of things to come—the heat, the humidity, the poverty and the traffic. Our hotel, the Federal Palace, was a huge modern building and was really plush. It would make some of Britain's best hotels look like Youth Hostels.

The next day we travelled 100 miles to Ibadan (Western Nigeria) along a sort of dirt track to play our first game. We lost 2-1 but we were being treated like kings, commanding a star spot on Nigerian television. Our next game was in Enugu in Eastern Nigeria and we flew the 300 miles by charter 'plane from Lagos. Our hotel, the Presidential, was a year old and had cost £2 million to build to accommodate the delegates of a congress meeting that was held in Enugu. Our party of 20 constituted about two-thirds of the total number of guests. We drew our game 1-1 and returned to Lagos for a few days "rest". This consisted of water-skiing and swimming during the day, cocktail parties and night clubs by night. We lost our game against Lagos 3-1, thanks mainly to the heat, which was well over 100°F.

From Lagos we flew 500 miles north to Kaduna in Northern Nigeria, where we stayed in yet another fantastic hotel. Again we lost 2-1 and the crowd just loved it. The crowds at all our games were about 20,000, plus those swinging from trees, and they go wild when their team wins. Our disappointing results were due to the pressure of the many formal occasions, the heat, and of course, the expected bias of the referee. This last was so blatant in our final game that even the crowd was ready to invade the field when the referee awarded a penalty against us.

I brought home many souvenirs of leather goods, ebony carvings and tapestries, "won" after many long sessions of bartering with the local "boys". From Kaduna we went to Kano where we were to catch the 'plane home, and, as we had free time, a guide took some of us on a tour of the city. The buildings were of baked-mud and were flat-topped like the city of Jerusalem. The poverty was appalling, as this is the poorest part of Nigeria. The smell and sight of the market put me off my evening meal! We left Kano at midnight, stopped at Barcelona and arrived in London at 6.30 a.m.

I really enjoyed my tour of Nigeria and would recommend the country to anyone thinking of leaving Britain, for it is a splendid land with no racial problems. All the Europeans we met had a standard of living far beyond anything they could achieve at home, and generally they seemed to live a fuller life than is possible in their own land. It was an experience I shall never forget.

Andrew Jamieson.

'WHICH' REPORT ON ROAD-WORTHINESS OF TEACHERS



Mr. Black—Sports model; long and sleek; in good running order; whistles at high speed.

Mr. Low—Sturdy model; no respect for other models on the road; deceptively fast.

Mr. Cliff—Sophisticated model; good runner; shining upholstery; handles well.

Mr. McKain—Heavy transport; externally looks simple to understand, but on experiencing drive, found to be complicated.

Mr. Morrison—Vintage Rolls (never exceeded 7 m.p.h.); glides along, taking all trouble in stride;

head of a large family of cars.

Mr. Neill—Versatile model but intricate in detail; often takes long time to reach destination; always on the move.

Mr. Wilson—Black, sleek model; tendency to drive itself; occasional deep-throated roar from engine.

Mr. Tulloch—Land rover; ideal for rough country; self-driven; now amalgamated with other model with a small return.

R.B., VII and K.M.R., VI3

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.



FIFTH FORM BOYS

Back Row: A. McCredie, H. MacPherson, J. Wright, W. Kirk, R. Cotter, D. Malcolm, J. Little, W. L. Mac Millan, W. Griffin, A. Perrins, I. Campbell, C. Farrell, J. Scott, W. Wilson, R. Stobie, A. Boon, J. Wilson, R. F. McVicar, I. Higgins.

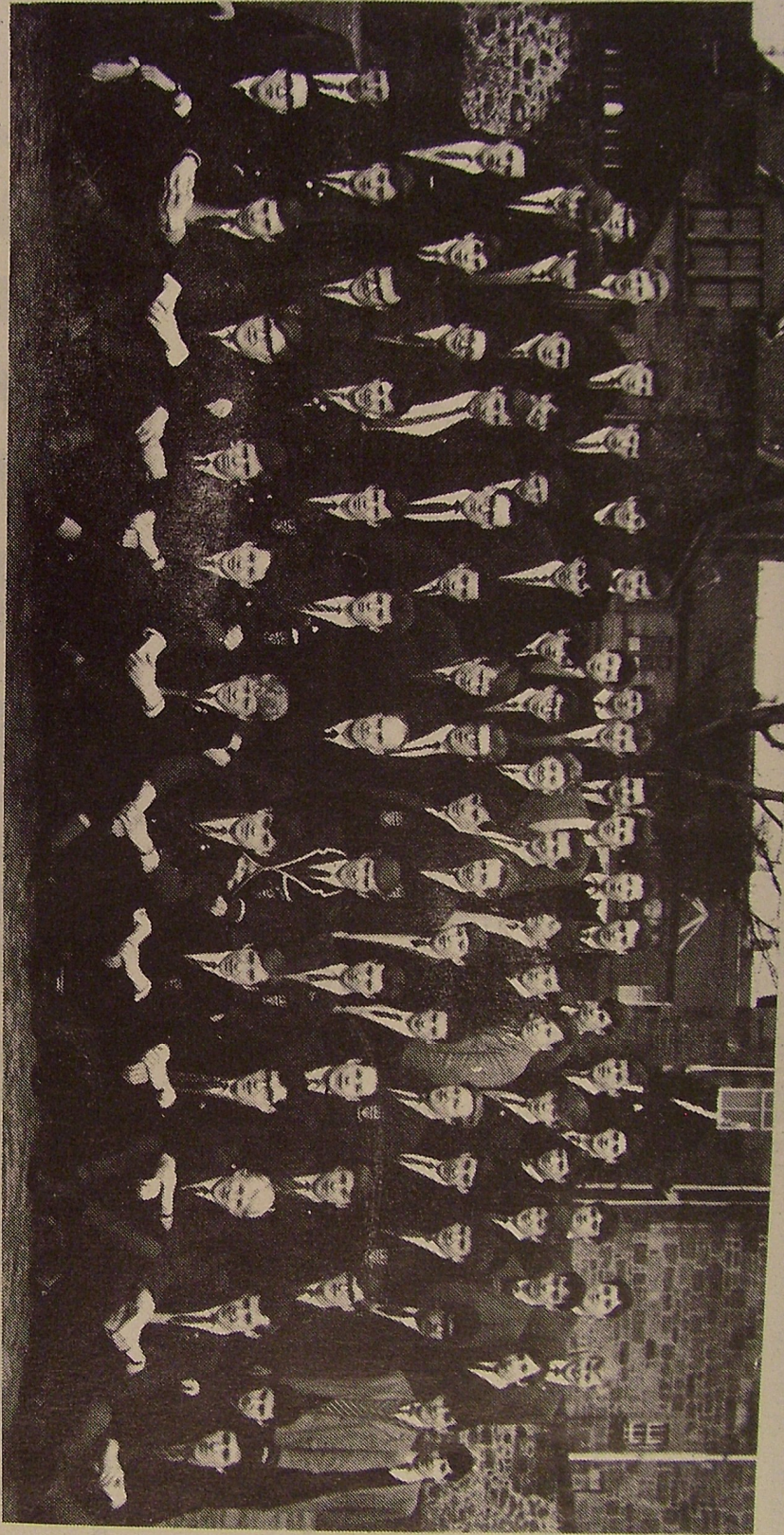
Fourth Row: H. McKee, R. C. Gilmour, J. Shaughnessy, D. Ward, G. Head, A. Currie, S. J. Nicol, G. Collie, J. M. Linton, I. A. Brown, B. Hunter, A. Carmichael, A. L. Stevely, A. J. Fernand, J. Cordiner, J. M. Smith, D. B. Brown, M. Gemmell.

Third Row: J. D. Henderson, T. Sutherland, S. Cumming, W. McK. Crawford, J. W. Murphy, L. Millar, J. Ramsay, C. Boyle, A. S. Erskine, B. J. Toms, J. S. McArthur, R. Watson, D. S. Banks, I. M. Petrie, A. Harvey, P. Singh, J. R. Fraser, G. Simpson.

Second Row: T. Russell, G. Murray, G. T. Crocket, R. Mathieson, A. M. F. MacLeod, D. B. Hamilton, Mr. Morrison, A. Duncan, R. Skinner, A. Brown, S. Little, G. Kousourou, A. Anderson.

Front Row: A. Mitchell, R. Murphy, W. M. Mitchell, J. Packer, R. Wilson, J. O'Neil, D. J. McConnell, J. Keys, A. Boyd, W. H. McGaugie, D. I. Rodger, D. W. Jarvie.

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Teachers

DON'T get us wrong, We have nothing against teachers, yet we cannot help but think what a haven of bliss, what a den of ? ? ? ? Whitehill would be without them, our guardian angels, to watch over us. But, as Shakespeare puts it:

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to plague us"—and how they plague us.

We are sure that many writers must have been acquainted with Whitehill or some similar institution, from their works we have picked out lines which they might well have used to describe Whitehill and its inhabitants.

Members of Staff:

Sack the lot—Fisher.

A certain renowned gentleman of the Maths staff:

Wearing all that weight

Of learning like a flower.—Tennyson.

A tall historian-affectionately known as "Big Jim".

He's outwardly respectable (they say he cheats at cards).—Eliot.

A jovial gentleman, well known to latecomers:

Tyrant of all the timid, the implacable Devil of slaughter.—Pitter.

A schoolgirl describing relations between staff and pupils:

The gulf between us and the brutes

Though deep, seems not too wide.—Macneice.

Three Fair Maidens, VI2.

THE MAN FROM W.S.S.F.P.C.

"HIS Grace ye Duke of Olde Camlachie and His Missis ye Duchesse!" The voice of the liveried lacquey pealed out over the unheading heeds of the glittering gathering. The guests at the Countess of Carntyne's ball showed no interest in the arrival of their peers.

Suddenly, however, two hundred conversations ceased, every head swivelled towards the ballroom entrance; all the monocles were raised to half the eyes. There at the head of the great marble staircase stood an eye-catching couple.

When they had caught several eyes the man,

who was garbed in curious wise—a blue and white hooped jersey, a pair of white football shorts and a wondrous wrap of blue, white and gold (price 37s. 6d. from Rowans)—took upon himself the duty of the liveried lacquey, who lay in a trance, stunned by the sight of this couple and a punch up the throat.

"I amme ye manne fromme W.S.S.F.P.C.," he roared in a voice like an English teacher.

"I begge thy pardonne, fellowe, said Sir Percival Pease—Broase, looking all the way down his long nose.

"My carde", sayde ye othere (Onne getteth carryed awaie by thysse Olde English).

George Bowman,
"Kilmeny",
Clydesdale Road,
Bellshill.

"Oh!" retorted Sir Percy, showing his flair for repartee by saying it in French.

At that moment, Bowman's consort, whom you had all forgotten and who was naked apart from a track suit, a hockey skirt, three jerseys, two pairs of socks and a partridge in a pear tree, burst into song, though the new season for the W.S.S.F.P.C. ladies' choir does not begin till October.

This did not distract the bold Sir Percy. Again he addressed George Bowman ("Kilmeny", Clydesdale Rd., Bellshill). "Whatte do ye here?"

"I hear my ladye singinge, come and joyne us?" (Having got this line in, we can now drop the Olde Englishe).

"Oaf!" cried Sir Percy. "What are you doing here?" (Since this article is entitled "The Man from W.S.S.F.P.C." George Bowman has more right the beherethan Sir Percy has. However, to enlighten the reader, we allow the question to stand.)

Bowman, in preparation for his encomium, disencumbered himself of a pair of cuff-links, a blazer-ba'ge and a neck-tie, all in the mystic blue, white and gold (available to W.S.S.F.P.C. members from Rowans) and a dictionary, for those who did not know the meaning of encomium. Suddenly, he felt himself seized by powerful hands. The lacquey had recovered.

"Ho!" cried the secretary of W.S.S.F.P.C. "Although training for Football, Rugby and Hockey does not start till August (Thursdays at Craig-end, all welcome), and though the table-tennis and badminton seasons don't begin till September, yet

I am fit enough to n-n-nh, to u-u-u-gh. . . ."

By this time the lacquey had borne him to the door and would have precipitated him on to the cold Caithness stone, had not the fairest flower of the company, the rose of Riddrie, the belle of the ball intervened.

"Stop!" cried he, Sir Andy Noase-Wyper, "I would hear more of this organisation. Tell me, what does W.S.S.F.P.C. do in the social sphere?"

George Bowman ("Kilmeny", Clydesdale Road, Bellshill) spoke. "Every yule-tide we organise the city's finest ball (23rd December, 1966) and our Dinner section welcomes all (male) comers to their function on the first Friday of March each year. This is not to mention activities organised by other sections, which are somewhat unpredictable."

"What qualifications does one need for membership?"

(And this is where the story really begins).

"All former pupils of Whitehill may join, provided that they have an income of not less than five shillings per annum, for the membership fee."

"I have one important question . . ." (To be continued in the next Jubilee Magazine).

If you don't want to wait twenty-five years for the answers to your questions about the F.P. Club, the various sections, the Club colours, the meaning of encomium, write to:-

George Bowman,
"Kilmeny",
Clydesdale Road,
Bellshill,
Lanarkshire.

Why are you reading the F.P. Club page upside down?

"HEY! WHAT IS THIS?"

'Twas on Hogmanay that it came to us.
There were those who made an awful fuss
When it came across the oceans blue,
Swinging to us on 242.

Pop songs, rock songs, jazz and blues,
Informed us of the happy news.
And Paul and Jim and others grand,
Give joy to us on RADIO SCOTLAND.
B.C., Y.M., A.S., E.S., III.

TEACHERS' TOP TEN

"Keep on Running"—Mr. Black
"Let's Hang On"—Mr. Cessford
"A Must to Avoid"—Mr. Wilson
"Standing in the Ruins"—The Annexe Staff
"One, Two, Three . . ."—Miss Jackson
"A Hard Day's Night"—Homework Supervision
"One Spy Too Many"—Mr. Macmillan
"Yesterday"—Mr. Macaulay
"A Spoonful of Sugar"—Miss Hutchison
"Spanish Flea"—Miss Hetherington
E.C. and J.C., IF1

A HAPPY VISIT

AT my last school the Headmaster arranged that the sewing class, in which I was a pupil, visit a home for disabled ex-servicemen to present blankets which we had made during the term. As a result one Monday afternoon we set out in a school 'bus with gifts of chocolate, sweets, magazines and the blankets for the old soldiers. We arrived at the home about thirty minutes later and were met by a male nurse who conducted us on a tour of the "hospital-home". We were then divided into groups of ten and started our visits to the wards.

At first sight the ward which I was visiting seemed like any other, but soon I noticed one major difference—the patients were all old men. The first bed I approached was that of an old and very weak little man who, I found, had great difficulty in speaking and therefore I had to talk for most of the time. Initially I was shy, afraid lest I say the "wrong thing" but I was soon put at ease by the rapt expression on the old man's face, as I realized his great loneliness and his joy at seeing a new face, for probably he did not have many visitors.

Suddenly, as I was thinking of a new topic of conversation, I noticed something very sad—I noticed that the covers on the bed were unusually smooth, particularly where his legs should have been. I was amazed and must have been staring, for the old man, seeing my perplexed look, gave a sad smile and feebly shook his head. I felt a strange sensation as the truth dawned. I did not know what to do or say, since never before had I been in a similar situation. I tried to express my sympathy but could not find the appropriate words. In an attempt to cover my confusion I gave the old man a box of sweets, and, mumbling a few words, moved on to the next bed.

As I moved gradually down the ward I noted that all the men were permanently disabled—some were blind, deaf or dumb, others without an arm or a leg.

When it was nearly time to leave, the blankets were presented to the three oldest soldiers in the home and then we hurried to say our last good-byes. At last I came to the old man to whom I had first spoken, and, having said farewell, was slowly walking from his bed-side when he called me back. I turned round and saw him hold a sixpence in his outstretched hand. Never in all my life have I felt so humble as, embarrassed, I accepted his gift, for I knew that to refuse would have been to offend him beyond all measure. With tears swelling in my eyes I rushed off after the girls who had already left.

That day proved to be one of the most moving and important in my life since it taught me that I should be grateful for those talents with which I am endowed and also that a person, no matter how poor, can afford to give a little of what he has.

L.B., IV2

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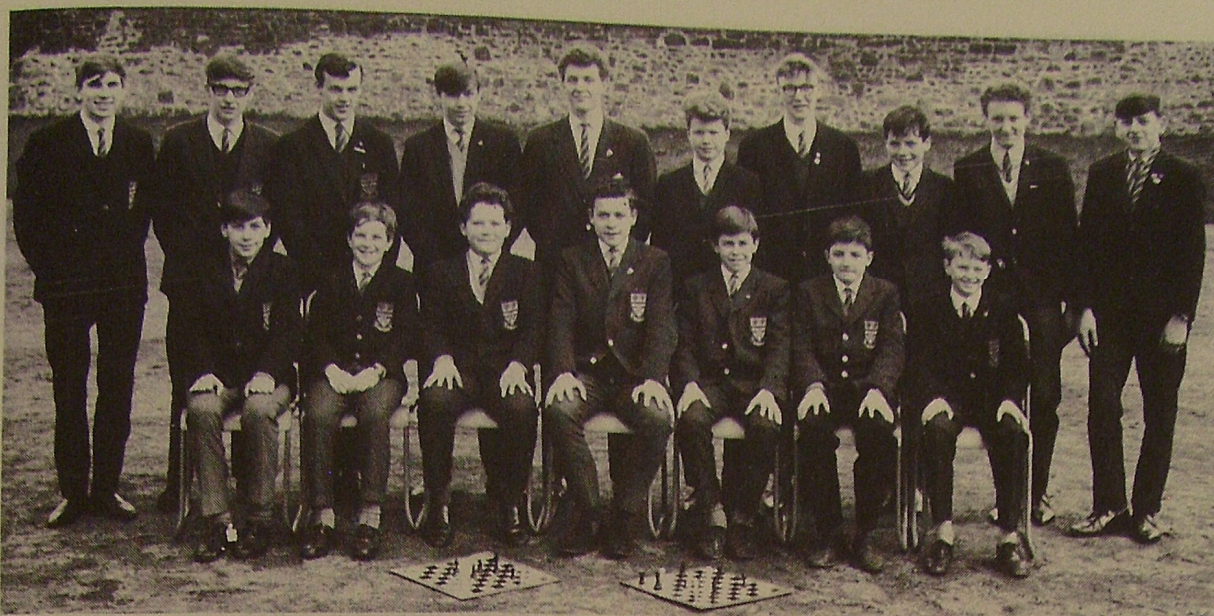
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Seated: P. Smellie, G. Anderson, N. Docherty, L. Millar (captain), D. Sillars, A. Blaney, T. Sharp.



SIXTH FORM BOYS

Back Row: C. Gillan, D. Henderson, B. Rennie, I. McCausland, J. Anderson, R. Rogers, G. McDonald, R. Brunton, J. Bilbe, D. Cameron.

Third Row: A. McClure, R. Davidson, J. McCrory, I. Orr, A. G. Logan, D. Smith, R. Fernand, A. Kinnell, J. R. Osbeck, B. Singleton, W. Leith, D. Ross.

Second Row: I. Walker, J. Black, D. McFadyen, J. Paul, A. Bayne, D. Frame, W. Sang, G. Irvine, C. Curtis, R. Morrison, R. Bell, B. Johnston, R. Hogg, C. Stewart, J. Service.

Front Row: I. Smith, R. Black, A. Beaton, G. Brown, R. Watt (captain), Mr. Morrison, G. D. Scott, S. Gormal, J. G. O. Fleming, K. M. Reid, R. S. Orr.

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.



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Onion flavoured cornflakes,
Apples medium rare,
Oodles of bananas,
Yellow flavoured beer.
Getting up at 2 o'clock
Going to bed at dawn,
Trotting for a little walk
Past the local pawn.

T.B. IV3.

EXTINCTION?

Will it never end, this slaughter?
Must the world race to destruction's brink,
Where inevitably, blindly, it will totter
And fall for the last time?
Can no one block the gory past
Of this lunatic giant, War? Marching, crushing!
Isn't the blood already shed enough to last his
 wrath,
Appease his wrath?
He must not be allowed to march on!
Each advance bringing near the end,
Till eventually all is gone.
All the sights and sounds and beauty of life,
Lost to eternity.
All the million million of war's deaths,
Costly futility.
No more the paradoxes of love and hate,
 pleasure and pain,
No one, nothing, ever again,
And all our hopes, plans, dreams, advance . . .
In vain.
Faced with extinction, we need a miracle.
Irresponsibly we have shaped this future,
Created our own ultimate and absolute fate.
OH GOD, PLEASE! At least another flood,
 another ark,
Before it's too late,
And all is nothing,
Forever.

C.McJ., VII.

A TREE

It's Mother Nature's child, I ween,
Its bark is brown, its leaves are green,
And when they turn to red and yellow
In autumn, it's a handsome fellow.

There's the weeping willow, the oak, the pine,
The beech, the palm—I call it mine,
So tall, so stately and so proud,
It hides its head in every cloud.

The fir is always far behind
Till Christmas thoughts come to our mind,
For at that time it is the tree
That's as popular as any one can be.

I.H., C.P., I.S., T3.

"War" was the cry!
The world was at the brink,
Patriotism was calling them,
The people did not think.

Politicians ruled the world,
They could make no mistake,
Alas! they made too many
And caused the world to shake.

"Fight for your country" was the cry,
The people answered the call.
The soldiers died obeying orders,
The politicians stood watching them fall.

"The glory of the nation" was the cry,
To be secured by the brave;
But of what use is glory
When the land is a grave?

"Peace" was the cry.
As they returned to their burned-down towns,
That bewildered and mystified people
Wearing, not smiles, but grimness and frowns.

Let us never allow this to happen,
Let us live and live without fear,
Let's ban all types of weapons,
And let peace reign eternally here.

S.S. and A.S., IV2.

A NEW DAWN

Now is truly the beginning,
And now I must begin
to carve a life in solid oak
And spell it out in stars,
to finger it deeply in the sand
that the tides of time
will be slow to wash it out.
And now I must begin
to construct those prominent pillars
between which my life shall be strung,
pinnacles of achievement and experience,
the landmarks in time which alone
can guide me back to youth
when life has all but run its course.
Now there is purpose; a need for action
The web of lesser memories will weave itself
As year follows year,
but those longstanding pillars
are made of stronger stuff.
Now I must create great temples,
granite monuments, marble mansions,
on the foundations of ambition.
Now I must fly free and do great things;
to stride the world, to tread upon clouds
and ride along the crests of rainbows.

C.McJ., VII.

DESPERATE JUBE-JUBE JOHNNY

A wanted baddie from the law
For thieving jelly babies,
He's on the run from ol' granmaw,
He gave her cat the rabies.
I saw he was a lazy lout,
A no-good Jube-Jube thief,
With that I gave a mighty clout,
To this ungood deceiver.

T.B. IV3.

IT

There she sat in silent rage,
Ten bitten nails and an empty page,
Pen in groove and hand on head:
"It's downright murder, this," she said.
Lines of worry crossed her brow
As more and more she puzzled how
To fill a page with tales of glee
While sitting in dire misery.
"I wonder if a sonnet grand
Would pour itself from this, my hand.
If I but had the poet's touch
My teacher wouldn't shout so much."
Then slowly did she head her sheet,
And wrote thereon a verse complete.
"Who cares if the metre isn't gay?
They'll never print it anyway!"

B.H., V4.

HOLIDAYS

Some fly to sunny Spain,
Some to cold Norway go.
I'd rather stay here in the rain
Than freeze there in the snow.

I am an outdoor girl,
My light-weight tent for me!
For even though the gale winds whirl,
All warm and snug I'll be.

I strap it to my bike
And take it to the sea,
Or with my rucksack hike
And camp beneath a tree.

No Continental tours,
No crowded seaside place,
For me a ramble o'er the moors
And a fresh wind in my face.

Yes, that's the life I love,
I live it every year,
With the starry skies above
And the purple heather near.

M.M., III2.

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A Year in France

EACH year students holding Stevenson Exchange Scholarships go abroad to teach and to study. At the Stevenson Dinner held at the University on 22nd April, 1965, one of these students, Miss Morag McMillan, gave a lively account, which is reproduced below, of her experiences and the impressions she had gained during her year as a Stevenson Exchange Scholar in Toulouse. Miss McMillan is now in the Honours year of her course for an Honours Degree in French and German.

I must confess that I was by no means looking forward to spending a year in France, as I had never been there before and did not quite know what to expect. As I look back now, however, I cannot understand why I was so apprehensive, because the year I spent in France turned out to be a year rich in exciting opportunities.

I was pleased to find that I had at last both the time and the opportunity to do many things that had long wanted to do. One of the first was to join a student ski-club, and I spent quite a few weekends in the Pyrenees skiing—or rather trying to! My lack of skill led to some embarrassing moments, as I often met pupils from the school where I was assistant and they always seemed to be skiing gracefully past me just as I landed in a most undignified and certainly most “unteacherish” heap on the snow. I also joined the Goethe Institute and the International Club which held informal discussions on controversial topics. Most of my “free” time, however, I spent with members of the Groupes Bibliques Universitaires, the French equivalent of Christian Unions in Great Britain, and I was delighted to be able to attend a very helpful and enjoyable camp-conference for G.B.U.’s of the South-West Region of France.

Toulouse provided ample opportunity for theatre-going. I was able to sample almost every type of production which the theatre offered, from opera to pop music, from Shakespeare to Ionesco. The performances of the local theatre company, “Le Grenier de Toulouse”, were generally excellent.

I found conditions at the University very different from those in Glasgow. So-called “tutorials” consisted of a huge group of about 100 people, and there seemed to be very little contact between student and lecturer. The main library was fairly well stocked, but the individual class libraries had very few books, although these were being added to by books bought with the money brought in from student subscriptions. The lectures themselves were of a very high standard. Most of my reading was centred on the course of lectures on the Modern Theatre in general and Giraudoux in particular, and I also followed interesting lectures on Verlaine, Montesquieu, Rabelais and the Romantic Theatre.

Apart from these lectures, my most profitable hours of study were those spent with a French girl, doing the University’s prose and translations. Both of us found it very useful to have a walking

dictionary and phrase book as a friend, although I found my English becoming a little rusty as time went on!

My choice of reading material on my arrival at Toulouse was certainly far from academic. I found that, despite the fact that I had studied French for six years in a good Scottish school and for a further two years in an old-established Scottish University, although I could discuss the concept of the tragic hero in Racine, or Realism in the novels of Balzac, fairly comfortably, when it came to ordinary everyday conversation I was quite at a loss. So I prescribed myself a month’s course of detective novels which soon helped me to acquire some everyday expressions and to understand slang. It was when I decided to do this that I discovered the old second-hand book shops in which Toulouse abounds, and I spent many fascinating hours browsing among the books and other treasures which these shops contain.

My year abroad also provided me with a unique opportunity of learning something about the French Educational System, and indeed of being part of it. This I found of great value, as I intend to teach. Above all, I was relieved to find that I actually enjoyed being in front of a class, despite the fact that I did all the things I had dreaded doing—including falling flat on my face in front of a class of Third Formers! I think that being Scottish, and above all being a member of the Clan Macmillan, made my position much easier, because despite my repeated assurances that I was in no way “parent with the ancient first minister conservative”, as the children would call him, somehow the name seemed to carry with it an aura of tradition and authority which increased my prestige enormously.

One of the teachers at the lycee had done some research on the life of Mary, Queen of Scots, and was very interested in Scotland and all things Scottish, so with the help of a class of sixteen-year-olds we held an exhibition on Scotland in the school hall. The Information Bureau in George Square and the Scottish Tourist Board were very generous in supplying posters and information, and the children proved to be willing helpers. The exhibition was in five main sections: Famous Men of Letters; Folklore and Tradition; History—with particular emphasis on the life of Mary, Queen of Scots; Old Edinburgh; and Scenery in Scotland. The opening day was a very solemn occasion, with genuine Scotch Whisky and Edinburgh Rock being served to all the teachers (the pupils were restricted to Edinburgh Rock). I foolishly allowed myself to be persuaded to perform some Scottish Country Dances with another Scot who was in Toulouse, and the enthusiasm among the children was so great that I decided to start a Scottish Club in the school. We met about four or five times a week at lunch hours and free periods and listened to Scottish records so that the

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children might learn some songs. I became rather alarmed as, despite my attempts throughout the year to teach my pupils at least an approximation of Standard English Pronunciation, after hearing a few Andy Stewart records they started speaking about the "Scottish Soldyurr" and the "grreen forreign hills"! Mostly, however, at these meetings we did Country Dancing. I was surprised to see how quickly the children learned the dances, and sixteen of them were good enough to give a display of four dances at the School Prize-Giving at the end of term. They were even dressed in full Scottish costume, some parts of which we managed to hire; the rest—including "sporrans"—the children and I made.

The year I spent abroad was rich in opportunities to get to know France. Old Toulouse itself, with its historic churches and "Vieux Hotels", fascinated me, and I have collected quite a few books about the town which I hope will be useful when I come to teach. In the shorter holiday and at weekends I made many trips into the Pyrenees, and visited Carcassonne, Nimes and Albi; during the longer holidays I visited the Riviera and Italy, Avignon, Savoy and the Dauphine, and part of Auvergne.

One of the most exciting opportunities which came my way was of course that of meeting new people and making new friends I found

the Toulousians lively and friendly, if somewhat incomprehensible for the first few weeks. My landlady was very kind and often took me to her country house for the weekend. My dearest friends, however, were a couple with a little girl, whom I visited once a week, staying overnight with them. Here it was that I really felt at home; they could not have been kinder, taking me away for the day, to beauty spots near Toulouse, and twice taking me to Spain for a weekend. The student with whom I did proses came from the Aveyron, and often took me to her home or that of one of her many sisters, aunts or cousins for the weekend. I valued this experience very much, as they all lived on farms and I was able to get to know something about country life in France and to compare it with life in the towns. As my friend is this year an assistant in England, I was able to return her hospitality in some measure by inviting her to Scotland for Christmas and New Year.

I could speak of many more places visited and friends made, but I hope I have managed to make it clear that I valued and enjoyed every minute of my year abroad, and I would like to record my thanks to the Stevenson Executive Committee for making it possible for me to make full use of the many opportunities which came my way during this time.

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FOOTBALL

WHITEHILL had had a mixed season of Football success and failure. The Junior school teams finished with insufficient points to win their sections but enough to keep their heads high. We were pleased, however, with the influx of good players to the under-13 team and hope for success from this team in the future. Of the senior school teams the 1st XI were the more successful, just failing to win their section.

Several boys were honoured this season:

William Kirk and David B. Hamilton were chosen to play in the Glasgow team against Bradford.

William Kirk was chosen to play in the Glasgow team against Lanarkshire.

Stewart Gormal VI played as a member of the Glasgow team against "The Rest". He was also selected as a reserve for the Scottish teams playing Wales and England. In the match against England he was brought on to the field as a substitute during the second half, thus winning an international "Cap".

There were no colour awards. Gordon Scott VI and Stewart Gormal VI were awarded re-dates.

The football teams are grateful to Mr. Black and the other teachers who have given much of their valuable time for the sake of Whitehill football.

Stewart Gormal VI3

FOLKSONG CLUB

THE unexpected sounds of music drew us one Thursday at 4.30 to Room 11 where we found about forty pupils sitting at desks—or on them—listening to two boys playing guitars and singing "The Wild Mountain Rhyme". Quietly, earnestly most of the forty joined in the chorus.

Unfortunately, the people who enjoy singing choruses are usually reluctant to "go solo", for all Mr. Shedden or Mr. Winpenny may exhort, and this diffidence puts a strain on the resources of the few who are prepared to play or sing. Their range however, is refreshingly wide—from Irish rebel songs to Tom Paxton; from "McPherson's Farewell" to "The Wild Rover".

Some relief is given to the overworked singers when records are played, and the introductions to these recordings are generally more informative than the self-conscious mumblings of most singers when forced to introduce their own songs.

A folk song "workshop" was proposed, but this was evidently felt to be too time-consuming in view of the already extensive extra-curricular activities.

There has been enough interest shown in the club to justify its existence and it is hoped that with more effort from the members it may become an established part of school life.

C.G., VI3 and B.J. VII

DRAMA CLUB

DURING the session we were sorry to say goodbye to Mr. Swan, who directed our study of the History of Drama.

At the same time we welcomed Mr. Crossan, under whose guidance we have studied breathing and articulation.

We look forward to welcoming many new members from Forms IV, V and VI to the Drama Club which meets on Tuesdays at 4.15 p.m.

Maureen Tosh, VI2.

HOCKEY

THE 1965-66 season started off well when we reached the final of the Senior Tournament where we lost by a corner to Jordanhill.

The 1st, and 2nd XI's played 10 games, the 1st XI winning 5 and losing 5, and the 2nd XI winning 4, losing 4 and drawing 2. The 3rd and 4th XI's both won 3 of their 5 matches. Our 5th and 6th XI's were fairly successful in their matches.

We are very grateful to Miss Scott and Miss Jeffrey for the time and support they gave to the teams and we take this opportunity of wishing Miss Scott a happy retirement. We thank Jean Smith for umpiring the 5th and 6th XI matches and also Margaret McKenzie and Kathleen Scroggins who umpired some of the matches. Our thanks also go to the Mr. and Mrs. Collie at Craigend, and to the girls who made the tea on Saturday mornings.

Heather Martin, V2.

TENNIS

LAST year's tennis teams had a most inauspicious season but the captains assured me that never were teams so popular with their opponents as ours were, because they were such good losers—regularly.

We really don't worry whether the teams win or lose but this year we hope for greater things from them and in future years we expect that some of the younger players now learning the rudiments of the game, thanks mainly to coaching from Miss Jeffrey and Mr. Lyon, will really make their opponents take notice.

It is good to see so many of you turning out for the coaching sessions and we do hope that you will keep your interest in the game for a long time to come.

The Pupils versus Staff match for 1966 hasn't been played at the time of going to press, but it gives me great pleasure to state that by the time you read this the staff, with their customary skill and threats of physical violence against the pupils if they should be beaten, will have had another easy victory over the pupils in this match. If the match hasn't been played by the time you read this, see Miss Dunlop for the odds offered in her current "book".

M.N.C.

LIBRARY

DURING this session more books than ever before have been borrowed from the library, and when the Transition classes arrived at the end of January, the library was invaded by an army of zealous borrowers. The Library Prefects have had to work harder at borrowing times than at any other period of the day! We thank them for the efficiency and good humour with which they have carried out their duties, and particularly the Girls' Captain and the Boys' Captain for their relentless pursuit of "late books" offenders in the Junior School.

The acquisition of a Magazine Rack has made easier the work of those pupils who help to keep the library shelves and tables tidy.

On the occasion of National Book Week in March, a Library Prefects' Meeting was held in Our Lady and St. Francis School, when Robert Watt spoke on the part played by the library in the life of the school.

J.E.G.

BURNS SUPPER

ON 21st January the Literary and Debating Society held its fourth very successful Burns Supper.

Miss Hetherington kindly stepped in at the last moment to take over the chairmanship from Mr. Morrison who was indisposed.

The evening began with Brian Johnston piping in the Haggis. That "Honest, sonsie face" was addressed by Kenneth Reid, after which the company gave a hearty rendering of "Scots Wha' Hae", Alexander Boyd said the "Selkirk Grace".

Mr. Macaulay proposed the "Immortal Memory" in his own hilarious way. The speech, though serious in theme, was highlighted by tales from his own youth.

David Frame toasted the lassies with more than his usual wit and humour, and Ann Thomson replied.

The School was skilfully toasted by Robert Watt, and Maureen Tosh replied to this.

Our guests, all of whom were well known to us were toasted by Alan Bayne and William McCormick replied.

Throughout the course of the evening there were excellent musical contributions by Anne Harding, Kathleen Davidson, Jane Smith and the Girls' Burns Choir, and recitations by Carole Marsh and William Laurie, all of whom did so well in the Bridgeton Burns Club Competitions. David McCombie also entertained us with two musical solos.

Charles Boyle, proposing the vote of thanks, thanked Miss Hetherington for her able chairmanship; Miss Harvey, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Crossan for training the choir, soloists and elocutionists; Mr. Taylor for accompanying them; and Miss Stewart and others who helped to make this a truly unforgettable evening.

Irene Yates, VI2.

ASTRONOMY CLUB

THE Astronomy Club, started this session by Mr. McKain, already has over twenty members, of all ages, and has been affiliated to the Glasgow Astronomical Society. This entitles members to attend many interesting lectures held in Strathclyde University.

A lecture entitled "Astronomy with Pick and Shovel" was delivered in School by Dr. Roy of the Astronomy Department, Glasgow University.

It is hoped that the Club will increase in members and popularity.

James Robertson, IV1

SCRIPTURE UNION

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Discussion! Brains Trust!

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"But I've never heard of having folk singing AND Bible Study."

They are not incompatible, you know! Come along to room 80 for girls, room 81 for boys, on a Tuesday, and you will find that Christianity and S.U. are not dull. Get with it! Come to the Scripture Union! Next Thursday it may be Twenty Questions or a film or a Quiz or perhaps — This is Your Life!

Marjorie Cowie, V2, Ian Osbeck, VII.

THE AIR TRAINING CORPS

THE Air Training Corps was established in 194 to enable young men, who wanted to be pilots, to be taught the basic controls of an aircraft and to give them a taste of life in the Royal Air Force.

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The cadet in the A.T.C. has wonderful opportunities, including flying, gliding and shooting. Each year he has the chance of going to summer camp, usually in England, where he can sample life on an R.A.F. station, and have air-experience flights in some of the aircraft used at that particular station. In some cases a cadet may be chosen to go to a camp in Germany.

Altogether the Air Training Corps offers exactly what its motto implies:—

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P.M., IV5.

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THE Badminton Club has had an extremely successful season. The Boys' doubles team were entered for the Glasgow Secondary Schools Boys' doubles league, and, after having won the section, they defeated Victoria Drive 8-1 in the final play-off. There was a small entry this year for the Glasgow Secondary Schools' tournament, but Whitehill claimed three trophies:

Gordon Scott, VI3—Men's Singles Champion.
Morag McConnell, V2—Ladies' Singles Champion.

Morag McConnell and Gordon Scott—Mixed Doubles Champions.

John Best, English representative player, presented the trophies, along with the pendant for the Boys' championship.

On behalf of the members of the club and of the teams we sincerely thank Miss Dunlop and Mr. Crossan for all their assistance and encouragement throughout the season; we hope that our results have justified the time they spent coaching us.

Gordon Scott, VI3

LITERARY and DEBATING SOCIETY

AT the beginning of this session Mr. Macaulay resigned from the post of President, after an association with the Society lasting almost six years. As a token of our appreciation of his services the members appointed him an Honorary President, an office he is to hold until he leaves the School.

We are fortunate in having Miss Stewart as our new President.

This session has been lively and interesting. We have enjoyed the usual events—Burns Supper, Raft Night, Guest Speaker, on this occasion Mr. Robert D. Kernohan, recently appointed London Editor of "The Glasgow Herald". An innovation on this year was a highly successful Mock Trial, in which William Shakespeare was found not guilty of "inflicting harsh suffering upon dauntless numbers of schoolchildren."

Our achievements in external competitions have been maintained at a high level. As well as those referred to in School Notes, there are the following:-

Ann K. Thomson, Form VI, represented the school in the Glasgow Toastmistress Competition and delivered an eloquent speech on "The Critic".

In the English-Speaking Union competition Alexander Boyd and Alexander Erskine of Form V, although they did not win any major honours, kept the Whitehill colours flying high.

It was decided by the Committee that the Society award badges to selected members, in recognition of special merit. This session awards were made to Ann K. Thomson, Alexander Boyd, David Frame and Robert J. Watt.

For the enjoyment derived from the Lit., and Deb., the members thank all who contributed to its success.

Robert J. Watt.

AT the beginning of session Whitehill pupils presented a record-player to Baxter House Eventide Home in Great Western Road. The residents are having great pleasure in the use of the record-player and a most appreciative letter was received from the Eventide Home.

We also supplied Yorkhill Children's Hospital with toys for the play-room where mothers who are visiting sick children can leave their other children who are too young to be left at home.

In February a collection taken in school amounted to £11, and this brings our total sum to £42 14s. 8d. We intend to let this "grow", so that we can use it for a larger project. We hope that some day we may reach the grand total of £200, and so be able to provide a Guide-dog for a blind person.

We thank the boys and girls who volunteered as helpers in the annual Red Cross house-to-house collection in Glasgow.

If you have spare balls of wool lying at home unused, please let us have them to pass on to those who are willing to knit them into squares for blankets.

A Cadet Unit for pupils age 11 to 16 meets each Wednesday evening in Alexandra Parade School. In the new session starting in September the Cadet Unit will welcome new members. Instruction in First Aid, Ambulance work and service to the community is given by qualified officers of the Red Cross. Pupils who are interested should give their names to Miss Cameron, room 22A.

We express our grateful thanks to all who save tinfoil and used postage stamps, particularly to the Scripture Union who gave a large quantity to the Red Cross this session. The sacks for tinfoil are stored in the girls' shed.

M.E.C.

GOLF

AT the time of writing the golf season has just started, and we are looking forward to another successful year, as we won all our games last year. The school team has had a few changes with four new players coming in, and they are making good replacements; we have already beaten Kelvinside 3½-2½ at Cowglen.

We have a large number of fixtures against schools in and around Glasgow and this year we have the usual games against the Masters and also against the F.P.'s.

In March a dozen boys went to a very interesting talk and demonstration given by Ryder Cup Captain, Dai Rees who makes the game seem so easy. At home the main competitions will be the Allan Shield, Senior Championship and Junior Championship, and there will be boys representing the school in the British Boys', West of Scotland, '36 Club Memorial Trophy and Lanarkshire Boys'.

We express our thanks to Mr. MacBride for arranging the teams and making the season such a successful one.

Ian H. Ritchie, IV3.

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GLEN ISLA—1965

IN June, 1965, nineteen boys of Forms V and VI, led by Mr. Low and Mr. Cliff, spent a week at Glen Isla, at Knockshannoch Youth Hostel.

Any preconceptions of an easy week were soon dismissed, when, almost immediately after our arrival at the hostel, we undertook a 7½ mile "stroll". This served as a "warm-up" to our first full day in which we covered 24 miles.

The ascent of Mount Blair (2,441 feet), although carried out under mist conditions which caused visibility to deteriorate as height was gained, was successful. A rapid descent followed (too rapid for one R.B., who twisted his ankle in the process), but this mere climb did not satisfy the ambitions of our leader, who obviously considered that the school motto had been created with Glen Isla in mind.

The week was spent walking, climbing, and some of the party went swimming (one member, however, without choice!).

An excellent atmosphere prevailed, even during work periods spent washing dishes or preparing food for journeys; in these duties the eagerness of all to lend a hand was always apparent.

The blisters and aching limbs are soon forgotten and the demand for a similar excursion this year is as urgent as ever.

C.G., VI3.

SCHOOL CAMP '65

THE Camp was held at Bucksburn, and under the supervision of Mr. Kellett the boys took part in fishing, chess, five-a-side football, putting and table tennis tournaments.

Balmoral was again invaded by a horde of Whitehillians who left it, more or less, in one piece. The week was brought to a perfect end on the Friday night by a dance which was enjoyed by all.

We wish to thank all who made our Aberdeen Camp so happy.

D.S., IIFD.

C.E.W.C.

THE C.E.W.C. has been very active this year and the school has been well represented at the conferences. In the autumn there was an interesting conference at Hutchesons' Boys' School, where, on the Friday we heard a lecture on Russia, and the following day we questioned a group of Commonwealth and foreign students after which a dance was held.

Later in the session Dr. Betz addressed us at a meeting in St. Mungo's School, and presented the American's view of Britain. This gave rise to an interesting and lively discussion.

At time of writing we are looking forward to a discussion on "The Problems of the American Teenager".

We wish to thank Miss Stewart for her help and advice to us during the session.

Ann Thomson, VI2.

CHESS

LAST season's chess teams, both intermediate and junior, were quite successful, as both finished fourth in their respective leagues.

We wish to thank Mr. Shedden, who arranged our matches, and F. Murray and R. Mackie of IIFD who were responsible for the catering arrangements at our home games.

We are, as always, on the look-out for new players especially from the first two years, so if you are a novice or a chess-master, do not hesitate to contact us or Mr. Shedden.

Neil Docherty and David Sillars, IIFD.

SWIMMING

THIS year, the Swimming Teams have had mixed success.

At Hillhead and Hyndland galas, the girls' team was third on each occasion, and the boys' team fourth and first respectively. At Glasgow University gala both the girls' and boys' under-16 teams were fourth.

At the Glasgow Championships, Whitehill was well represented. Results were:-

GIRLS

Life-saving: Under 16—Whitehill 3rd.

4 x 25 yds., Relay Race: Under 14—Whitehill 1st.

4 x 50 yds. Relay Race: Under 16—Whitehill 1st.

4 x 50 yds. Relay Race: Over 16—Whitehill 5th.

BOYS

50 yds. Breast Stroke: Under 16—Bruce Arthur, 3rd.

50 yds. Freestyle: Under 16—Bruce Arthur, 3rd.

50 yds. Butterfly: Under 16—Bruce Arthur, 3rd.

4 x 50 yds. Relay Race: Under 16—Whitehill, 1st.

4 x 50 yds. Relay Race: Over 16—Whitehill 4th.

From the Glasgow Championships results the girls' under-14 and under-16 teams represented Glasgow at the Scottish championships. The boys under-16 team and Bruce Arthur swimming 55 yards butterfly were also represented. Only the boys' team succeeded in reaching the finals, swimming well to gain fourth place.

Unfortunately the remaining matches of the Glasgow Schoolgirls' Swimming League have had to be cancelled owing to repairs being carried out at Church Street Baths.

The League will start again next season when it is hoped that with continued coaching and training Whitehill will once more have the success of previous years.

Our thanks go to the Physical Education Staff, particularly Miss Scott, and to Dennistoun Baths A.S.C. for their help and encouragement throughout the year.

On behalf of the teams I take this opportunity of wishing Miss Scott many years of health and happiness in her retirement.

P.H., V4.

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FOURTH XI FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row: C. Palmer, K. Doig, S. Daniels, J. Brown, R. Lawson, R. Stewart.
Seated: R. Barr, J. Forbes, R. Montgomery (captain), R. Duke, J. Sweeney.



Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

FIRST XI FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row: S. Gormal (captain), A. Harvey, D. B. Hamilton, J. Service, J. McArthur, J. O'Neil.
Seated: R. Mathieson, A. Kinnell, G. Scott, I. G. Walker, D. E. Ross.

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Elaine S. McAdam.

PROXIME ACCESSIT—2nd WAR MEMORIAL PRIZE

W. Wilson Bissell.

MACFARLANE GAMBLE MEMORIAL PRIZE

Sinclair B. Ferguson.

WAR MEMORIAL PRIZES

English: Sinclair B. Ferguson.

Classics: Sinclair B. Ferguson.

Mathematics: W. Wilson Bissell.

Science: W. Wilson Bissell.

French: Marion E. Browning.

History: Marion E. Browning.

Geography: Hugh F. Tees.

Art: Andrew S. Fraser.

CROSTHWAITE MEMORIAL PRIZES IN ENGLISH

Senior: 1. Sinclair B. Ferguson.

2. Martin A. Chambers.

Junior: 1. Wilma L. Campbell.
2. Thomas McNaught.

J. T. SMITH MEMORIAL PRIZE IN ENGLISH

Senior: Margaret A. Black.

Junior: Jacqueline Douglas.

GRACE BEAUMONT MEMORIAL PRIZE IN ENGLISH

Sinclair B. Ferguson.

HELEN M. WEIR MEMORIAL PRIZES IN MODERN LANGUAGES

Senior: Barbara A. Morrison.

Junior: Marilyn Ottley.

ROBERT M. WEIR MEMORIAL PRIZE IN RUSSIAN

Charles P. Stewart.

MONTGOMERIE PRIZE IN CLASSICS

Sinclair B. Ferguson.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL MEMORIAL PRIZE IN MATHEMATICS

Andrew Jamieson.

**DAVID LIVINGSTONE MEMORIAL TRUST
FUND PRIZES**

1. Marion E. Browning.
2. Sinclair B. Ferguson.

**SANDY ROBERTSON MEMORIAL PRIZE IN
COMMERCE**

Isabella M. Millar.

**MISS MARGARET H. CUNNINGHAM PRIZE
FOR NEEDLEWORK**

Senior: Helen Moffat.
Junior: Angela Low.

**WHITEHILL FORMER PUPILS' CLUB PRIZES
FOR LEADERSHIP**

Boy: Hugh F. Tees.
Girl: Marion E. Browning.

ROTARY CLUB PRIZE FOR CITIZENSHIP
William McCormick.

SPECIAL CITIZENSHIP PRIZE
Ellen Macdonald.

WHITEHILL FORMER PUPILS' CLUB PRIZES

Form IV BOYS: George T. Crocket.
Form IV Girls: Mary R. Primrose.
Form V Boys: Charles P. Stewart.
Form V Girls: Margaret H.M. Mason.
Form VI Boys: Andrew Jamieson.
Form VI Girls: Elaine S. McAdam.

WAR MEMORIAL PRIZE DUX OF FORM IV
Mary R. Primrose.

**RALPH PAYNE MEMORIAL PRIZES IN
SCIENCE**

1. Charles P. Stewart.
2. W. Wilson Bissell.

**SUBJECT PRIZES
FORM VI**

English: 1. (equal) Sinclair Ferguson.
Marion E. Browning.
Mathematics: Andrew Jamieson.
French: Elaine S. McAdam.
Latin: Sinclair B. Ferguson.
Dynamics: W. Wilson Bissell.

FORM V

English: 1. Isobel G. Bowie.
2. Ann K. Thomson.
3. Peter Collins.
Mathematics: 1. Gilmour H. Brown.
2. Charles P. Stewart.
3. Robert M. Archibald.

History (Higher): 1. Charles P. Stewart.
2. Isobel G. Bowie.

Geography (Higher): 1. Brian Singleton.
2. Robert M. Archibald.

Science (Higher): 1. Charles P. Stewart.
2. Robert M. Archibald.

Science (Biology): 1. Andrew S. Fraser.

Latin: 1. Catherine R. H. Houston.

French: 1. Charles P. Stewart.

German: 1. Barbara A. Morrison.

Russian: 1. Charles P. Stewart.

Art: 1. (equal) Andrew S. Fraser.
Harold H. Phillips.

Music: 1. Maisie O. Burt.

Commercial: 1. Elizabeth A. Yuill.

Technical: 1. Brian McGuigan.

Homecraft: 1. Susan Pledger.

FORM IV

English: 1. Mary R. Primrose
2. Jane H. W. Smith.
3. Lorraine Opgaard.

Mathematics: 1. George T. Crocket.
2. Mary R. Primrose.
3. Jacqueline Smellie.

History (Higher): 1. Jean L. Sillars.
2. David A. R. Watson.

History (Ordinary): 1. William L. MacMillan.
2. George T. Crocket.

Geography (Higher): 1. Mary R. Primrose.
2. Marjorie A. Cowie.

Science (Higher): 1. Thomas S. Sutherland.
2. Mary R. Primrose.

Science (Biology): 1. (equal) Elizabeth Coulson.
Alan Rogers.

Latin: 1. George T. Crocket.

French: 1. Kathleen G. Scroggins.

German: 1. Elaine J. Richardson.

Russian: 1. Kathleen G. Scroggins.

Art: 1. Lawrence Cornfield.

Music: 1. Jacqueline Smellie.

Commercial: 1. Catherine J. Pearson.

Technical: 1. David B. Brown.

Homecraft: 1. (equal) Marlene A. Sheriff
June A. Thomas.

FORM III

English: 1. Thomas McNaught.
2. Roberta Messer.
3. (equal) Wilma L. Campbell,
Philip Murray,
William Dalgleish.

Mathematics: 1. Thomas McNaught,
2. William Dalgleish,
3. Bruce Raitt.

Arithmetic: 1. Christine Campbell.

History (Higher): 1. Daniel Floyd.

History (Ordinary): 1. Morag Tees,
2. Kathleen Findlay.

Geography: 1. Bruce Raitt.
2. Lillian Primrose.

Science (Higher): 1. William Dalglish.
2. Thomas McNaught.

Science (Biology): 1. Catherine Reid.

Latin: 1. Wilma L. Campbell.

French: 1. Wilma L. Campbell.

German: 1. Marilyn R. Ottley.

Russian: 1. Janet Gray.

Art: 1. David Moffat.

Homecraft: 1. Iris Irwin.

Commercial: 1. Margaret Smith.

Technical: 1. Ian Findlater.

**CLASS PRIZES
FORM II**

FORM II DUX

Alexander Houston IIFD.

PROXIME ACCESSIT

Robert G. Montgomery IIFD.

IIF1: Grame C. Scott.

IIF2: Diana Henderson.

IIF3: Hugh McCallum.

IIF4: Marian C. McIver.

IIF5: Helen D. Bett.

IIC: Elizabeth Blackwood.

IIT: Ian McGill.

FORM I

IF1: (equal) Gordon J. Anderson,
Iain A. H. D. Boyd.

IF2: Linda Forbes.

IF3: William Keith.

IF4: Irene S. McKechn.

IF5: Colin A. Smith.

IF6: Irene Turner.

TRANSITION

TI: Gordon Soutar.

TII: Linda M. Burnside.

TIII: Helen Reid.

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FIRST XV RUGBY TEAM

Back Row: D. Frame, J. Paul, R. Fernand, A. Duncan, G. D. Irvine, R. Melrose, W. Sang, G. Bennie.

Seated: A. Currie, G. Murray, A. Beaton, R. Black (captain), H. MacPherson, R. Bell, R. McVicar, (Absent: J. Stewart).

COLOURS AWARDED 1965-66

The following awards have been made:—

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Re-dates: R. Black, VI; A. Beaton, VI; D. Frame, VI; W. Sang, VI.

Colours: G. Murray, V; A. Currie, V; J. Paul, VI; J. Stewart, V; H. MacPherson, V.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Re-dates: G. Scott, VI; S. Gormal, VI;

Colours: Nil.

HOCKEY

Redates: E. Andrew, VI.

Colours: K. Hamilton, V; K. Scroggins, V; J. Smith, V; H. Moffat, V; A. Forbes, V; H. Martin, V.

SWIMMING

Girls:—

Colours: P. Hill, V; E. Omay, V; H. Martin, V.

Boys: Nil.

BADMINTON

Girls:—

Colours: M. McConnell, V.

Boys:

Redates: G. Scott, VI.

RUGBY

THIS year the rugby teams have had an extremely successful season. The 1st XV played well throughout the season and on several occasions were unlucky not to have won. The 2nd XV played very well this season and only lost one game. We have high hopes for next season's 1st XV.

The 1st, 2nd and 3rd year XV's have played well compared with previous seasons and the lower school teams are improving greatly all the time.

Three of the 1st XV team;— Robert Black, David Frame and Alex Beaton played for the Rest of Glasgow. Robert Black was then chosen to represent the Glasgow team against Edinburgh but unfortunately Robert was seriously injured, thus putting him out of rugby for the rest of the season. In our match against the F.P.'s, after a hard struggle, the School won 5-0.

This year colours have been awarded to James Paul, Alan Currie, Hugh McPherson, Gordon Murray and John Stewart. Re-dates have been given to Robert Black, David Frame, Alex Beaton and William Sang.

On behalf of all the teams I wish to thank all the masters who coached the boys and Mr. Cessford of the Physical Education Department who looked after the 1st XV. I also would like to thank Mr. Collie for his work in trying to keep Craigend playable throughout the season.

David Frame VII

SCHOOL SPORTS

SCHOOL SPORTS

THE Annual Sports meeting was held at Craigend on Saturday, 5th June, 1965. As there was a very heavy rain at the end of the meeting the trophies were presented the following week in the Assembly Hall by Mr. and Mrs. David Lind.

Innovations this year were—three championships for Boys and Girls, 440 yards for Boys and the Javelin for Boys and Girls.

BOYS:-

Senior: 100 yds. M. Anderson; 220 yds. L. Aghadiuno; 440 yds. M. Anderson; 880 yds. R. Miller; Shot Putt; J. Stewart; Discus, L. Aghadiuno; Javelin, C. McCulloch; High Jump, R. Fernand; Long Jump, M. Anderson.

Champion: M. Anderson.

Intermediate: 100 yds. W. McMillan; 220 yds. A. Fernand; 440 yds. W. McMillan; Shot Putt, H. Macpherson; Discus, J. McIntee; High Jump, A. Crawford; Long Jump, H. Macpherson.

Champion: H. Macpherson.

Junior: 100 yds. J. Kousourou; 220 yds. G. Brunetti; 440 yds. R. Smith; Shot Putt, J.

O'Neill; High Jump, A. Connell; Long Jump, J. O'Neill.

Champions: J. O'Neill, G. Brunetti.

GIRLS:-

Senior: 100 yds. A. Sommerville; 220 yds. M. Eyton; Shot Putt, H. Hodgins; Discus, H. Hodgins; Javelin, H. Hodgins; High Jump, M. Cowie; Long Jump, P. Watson.

Champion: H. Hodgins.

Intermediate: 100 yds. M. McClure; 150 yds. M. McMillan; Shot Putt, P. Lloyd; Javelin, D. Henderson; High Jump, M. McClure; Long Jump, M. McClure.

Champion: P. Lloyd.

Junior: 100 yds. G. Condes; High Jump; J. Hawthorn; Long Jump, G. Condes; Cricket Ball, G. Condes.

Champion: G. Condes.

Invitation Relay:-

Girls: Hillhead High.

Boys: Hillhead High.

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.



SWIMMING LEAGUE TEAM

Back Row: J. Bryce, H. Martin, E. Omay, C. Drysdale.

Seated: M. Thomson, M. McMenemy, P. Hill (captain), (Absent: M. Smith, G. Condes).

SWIMMING GALA RESULTS

THE Gala was held on Friday 11th March at Whitevale Baths, and the trophies were presented by Miss I. G. Scott, Principal Teacher of Physical Education, who is retiring in June.

Championship Events:-

Senior Girls: 1. Patricia Hill, V4; 2. Muriel MacMenemy IV2.

Senior Boys: 1. Bruce Kerr, III5; 2. John McNicol, III5.

Junior Girls: 1. Christine Drysdale, III2. 2. M. Townsend, T2.

Junior Boys: 1. Bruce Arthur; 2. Gordon Soutar, IFD.

Invitation Team Races:-

Girls: 1. Hillhead High; 2. Whitehill.

Boys: 1. Whitehill; 2. Hillhead High.

GIRLS' HANDICAP EVENTS

50 yds. Breast Stroke, over 14: 1. P. Hill, V4; 2. M. McMenemy, IV2.

50 yds. Freestyle, over 14: 1. C. Drysdale, III2; 2. H. Martin, V2.

25 yds. Backstroke, over 14: 1. E. Omay, V2. 2. J. Bryce, IV4.

25 yds. Freestyle, under 14: 1. E. McDonald IIF2; 2. E. Brown IIF2.

25 yds. Breast Stroke, under 14: 1. J. Bradshaw, T2. 2. M. Townsend, T2.

25 yds. Backstroke, under 14: 1. E. McDonald, IIF2; 2. P. Morrison, IIF2.

25 yds. Freestyle, under 13: 1. M. Townsend, T2; J. Bradshaw, T2.

BOYS' HANDICAP EVENTS

50 yds. Freestyle, open: 1. G. Scott, VI3; 2. L. Morton, III5.

50 yds. Breast Stroke, open: 1. I. Henderson, IV5; 2. B. Arthur, III1.

25 yds. Backstroke, open: 1. D. Marshall, III1. 2. J. O'Neil, V3.

25 yds. Freestyle, under 14: 1. A. Kidd, IF1; 2. R. McKay, IF3.

25 yds. Breast Stroke, under 14: 1. A. Drysdale, T3. 2. C. Palmer, 2FD.

25 yds. Freestyle, under 13: 1. A. Kidd, IF1; 2. J. Reynolds, IF3.

NOVELTY RACES

Girls: 1. S. McIlroy, IF5; 2. E. McDonald, IIF2.

Boys: 1. A. Drysdale, T3; 2. G. Soutar, IFD.

Old Girls v. Young Girls

1. Old Girls.

Old Boys v. Young Boys

1. Old Boys.

Staff v. Prefects

1. Prefects.

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