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W HITEHILL  
SCHOOL  
MAGAZINE.



ALTIORA PETO

Centenary  
1991

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Rudy, Gerry & Tony Lang congratulate  
Whitehill School  
in its Centenary Year



Our congratulations to the School on achieving its 100th birthday and escaping closure. Long may you continue in health and strength, say all of your former pupils despite changing from Highers and Lowers to Highers and O-grades then Standard Grades and even pupil centered learning - now there's an interesting thought. We FPs always thought that there is no such thing as teaching only learning, but somebody has to let the pupils know of this discovery.

Your editors have had a marvellous time reading through all these old school magazines and enjoying your letters, poems, etc. We think that you have actually improved with age - like fine wine. No, it is not environmentally friendly to recycle your homework. Mind you if we had been really lazy, we could just have reprinted the Autumn 1946 Jubilee Magazine and those of you who were not at school that year or have lost your copy would have been quite happy. Don't panic, they knew that they were five years late because of the war - for the benefit of you youngsters. It was published just six months before Bobbie Weir retired and Bobbie McEwan took over the helm. Hello, Bobbie Hutchison!

While we are aware that nostalgia is not what it was and that there is no future in it, we thought that you would like the above two drawings. The left one is the editorial page header on the 30s and 40s magazines and the right one is from the 50s and 60s. If we were as good at drawing we would have a computer work station today, as in our inferior attempt below, because that is what we are using to produce this special edition. The only thing the drawings have in common is the rubbish bins. Today's pupils have it made compared with their predecessors. Great thing technology!

What is it or was it about Whitehill School that makes us recall our days there with fondness? Henry knows only one person who hated it but he hated being an undergraduate student and being a postgraduate one too, so he does not count. We think that present day pupils do not carry away from school this same feeling of affection, of owning a common heritage and we FPs think that this is their loss. Where we are now is a function of our past and the days of our youth are especially important as our most formative years. In our minds, if not in our bodies, we are really still the same people as when we were 20. A terrifying thought that! It sure puts a responsibility on ourselves and our teachers to get those years right. We had some excellent, dedicated and thoughtful teachers, Jimmy Paul and Oliver Brown to mention only two, and some pretty awful ones; probably just the same mixture as at present.

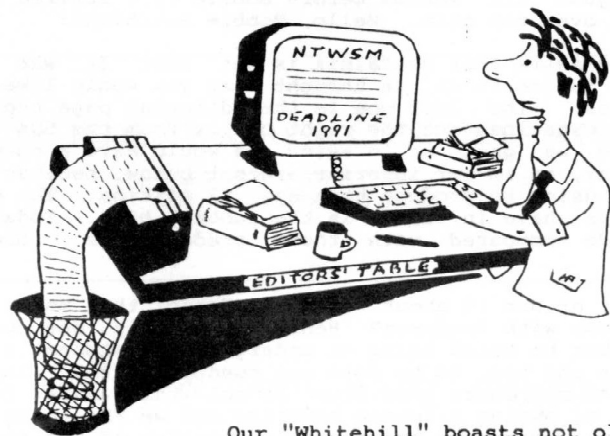
We said that we had fun writing and hearing from so many eminent, for one reason or another, former pupils. Our sincere thanks to all those FPs who gave so freely of their time, talents and money to make this magazine possible. A special thanks to our advertisers, FPs and well wishers, may their businesses prosper. Talents there are in plenty from the very top to not quite the bottom in business, education, science and arts; Whitehill FPs making their presence felt. We have not needed to visit Barlinnie to find copy but visits to publishers, CBI Handbooks and University Year Books proved fruitful. If only this year instead of last had been European City of Culture Year, we could have provided Glasgow with a little more to celebrate. Still, we share our celebrations with the bicentenaries of Michael Faraday's birth and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's death - both just too early to be Whitehill FPs.

If you think that this magazine idea has turned out not too badly, what do you think about having a, say, once a year News Sheet containing letters from FPs, School news, forthcoming events, etc? Would you use it? Please let either of us know, phone numbers later - on page 11.

As the Rev Charles Johnston said at the Whitehill Centenary Dinner, "I expect to be here in another hundred years but I don't expect to see any of you". Our best wishes to you all.

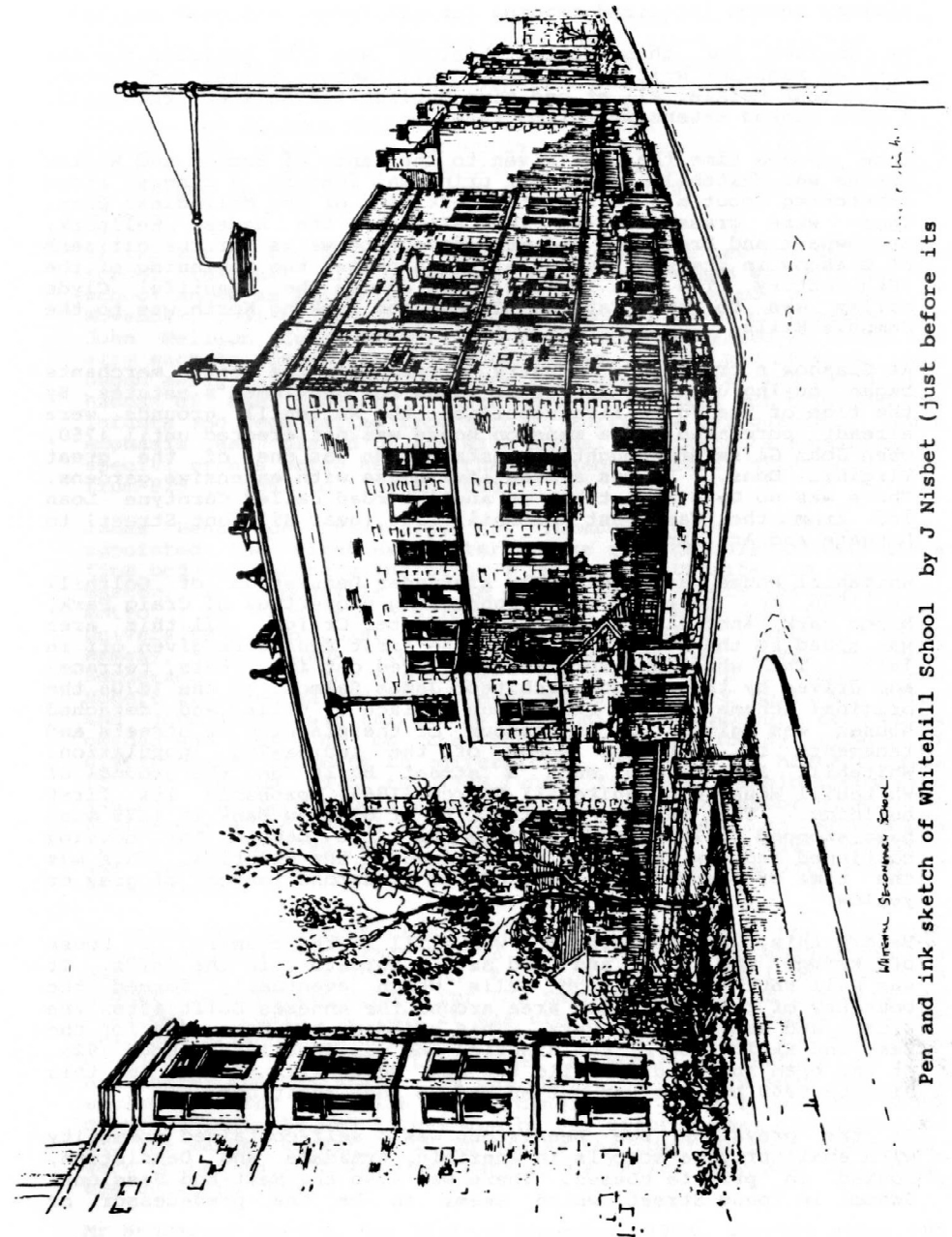
Ian D Stewart & Henry Patterson

- Editors



Our "Whitehill" boasts not old descent,  
For us no high tradition calls.  
Our colours are but lately bent.  
Our steps still strange within its halls;  
But more to us the trophies we shall raise  
Than faded honour from remoter days.

From WSM No 1, January, 1910. It is anonymous but relevant to this Centenary Year.



Pen and ink sketch of Whitehill School by J Nisbet (just before its demolition) after an earlier etching by T Paterson (pre-1946)



# History Lesson (Required reading for all former and past pupils)

My sources for this potted history are the articles for the Jubilee Magazine written by James C Williamson, Walter H MacGregor and Arthur Meikle, all at one time English teachers at Whitehill. I have quoted extensively from them.

Once upon a time the name given to the lands of Easter and Wester Craigs was Whitehill from their principal feature, a craggy ridge stretching about a mile from the left bank of the Molindinar Burn. These were grasslands as indicated by the names, Wellpark, Meadowpark and Broompark and were favourite walks for the citizens of Glasgow in its pre-industrial times before the beginning of the 18th century. The view looking South across the beautiful Clyde valley was to the Cathkin Braes and looking North was to the Campsie Hills.

As Glasgow's trade and industry developed, the city merchants began buying up these and other lands for gentlemen's estates. By the time of the Forty-five rebellion, the Whitehill grounds were already purchased but a mansion house was not erected until 1750, when John Glassford bought the estate. He was one of the great Virginia Dons. It was a beautiful house with extensive gardens. There was no Duke Street but an ancient road called Carntyne Loan led from the East past Whitehill Gate (near Hillfoot Street) to Drygate and Ark Lane.

Whitehill House was acquired by Alexander Dennistoun of Golfhill in 1850 and he added the neighbouring properties of Craig Park, Broom Park, Annfield, Bellfield and Wester Craigs. All this area was added to the city in 1846 and the first feus were given off in 1861. The whole was surveyed and layed out in streets, terraces and drives by the Glasgow architect James Salmon. In the 1870s the original scheme to make Dennistoun a place of villas and detached houses was given up in favour of the planning of streets and tenements to meet the needs of the increasing population. Whitehill Street was such a street built on the grounds of Whitehill House with Whitehill Church (1869) probably its first building. The failure of the City of Glasgow Bank in 1879 must have stopped building for a time but the demand for housing continued and new tenements were raised in the nineties. This was the time of change to the use of red sandstone instead of grey or yellow.

Before this, when the district was still in the country, a House of Refuge was built and used as a reformatory in the 1840s. It was well shut in by high walls which eventually formed the boundary of the recreation area around the annexes built after the first and second world wars. This building had been used for the East-End Exhibition of the nineties and was demolished about 1925. It had been intended to build the new Whitehill School on this site in 1940 but the war put an end to such ambitions.

In the greystone age Dennistoun was a self-contained community with small private schools in Annfield, Armadale and Dennistoun, housed in private houses. There was also the East-End Sessional School in Young Street which seems to be the predecessor of

Thomson Street and Dennistoun Public Schools, built by the School Board in the 1880s. James Henderson, our first headmaster, was closely associated with these early days of education. Dennistoun Academy in Whitehill Street occupied a double villa on the site of the old school. It was taken over in 1883 by the School Board of Glasgow and renamed Whitehill Public School for Girls. Cattle grazed and crops were grown in the surrounding fields giving a rural flavour. The school population of Glasgow in 1873 was over 50,000 and in 1891 it had risen to over 88,000. Today it is about 89,000!

By the end of the eighties, Dennistoun needed a new and up-to-date school to take all grades of pupils, boys and girls. The new school known as Whitehill Public School was opened on 16th of November, 1891 by the Chairman of the School Board of Glasgow, Sir John Neilson Cuthbertson. The rooms were described as large and airy each to accommodate 60 to 80 pupils. Latin and French were begun early in the Lower Division and Physical Training was in the hands of the janitor. There were ten classes not counting the infants and fees varied from 3 to 15 shillings per quarter. Much emphasis was placed on Art with annual examinations supported by special grants being held in that subject. School attendance rose from 828 in 1892 to 1000 in 1896.

James Henderson, Headmaster of Thomson Street School, was appointed the first Headmaster and he soon gathered around him a fine body of teachers including T H B Crosthwaite as Classics master. It is possible that he chose "Altiora Peto" as the school motto. In 1896 the following were in high positions on the University Bursary List - Dugald McQuistan, Alex Strachan, Peter Ramsay, James Jack, Theodore D Lowe and in 1899, Walter L Henderson, son of the Headmaster. In 1901, G D C Stokes and Robert Browning gained high places and in 1902 J C Rollo was first and John McWhan was third. By 1901 University Honours were being gained and from then on the School sent a steady stream of distinguished students to universities, reaching its highest level in the period 1916 to 1928 when five Snell Exhibitions were awarded. Dugald McQuistan went on to become Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Technical College founded as Anderson's Institution in 1796, where a later former pupil Sir David Anderson was Director just up to the College becoming the University of Strathclyde.

So great had the reputation of the School impressed the Scottish Education Department that in the Report of 1900 the suggestion was made "that the status and function of Whitehill be that of a Higher Class Public School for the Eastern portion of the City of Glasgow." Again in 1902 it was stated that "the school need not fear comparison with any first rate secondary school in the West of Scotland." Behind this lies a world of effort by the Headmaster and his staff. He was unwilling to turn away the many applicants for admission and warnings were given from above about overcrowding. It was largely due to his efforts that the gymnasium and the manual workshop, which became the lower or boys gymnasium, were opened in 1896 and what many of us called "the New Building" was built in 1904.

Mr Henderson died on the 21st of November, 1904, shortly after the

New Building was opened. His funeral was a solemn time in the history of the School when nearly 800 scholars and staff marched in procession to the memorial service in the Barony Church. In his memory the Henderson Gold Medal and Dux Prize was instituted in 1905.

The problem of expansion was still acute and it was decided to reduce the junior departments until the School could devote itself entirely to secondary teaching. By 1922 when Mr Fergus Smith, the second Headmaster, had retired, the last qualifying class had passed out. The Elementary Department had given a unity and an esprit de corps to the School right up to the Sixth Year. Many rooms had to be sub-divided because secondary classes were smaller. This was carried out in 1919, and two years later a wooden annexe was built in the grounds of the old East End Exhibition, which added another ten rooms. Room 51 was made a bookstore when the issue of free books was begun in 1930 (fees had been abolished by this time). Many of the rooms had become dark and badly ventilated. This problem of congestion grew worse with the raising of the school leaving age to 15 and the need for an entirely new school was planned and passed in 1939.

Each district of Glasgow has or had its own character, and it is permissible to think of Dennistoun as showing qualities of seriousness, hardheadedness and determination to make good by hard work. Whitehill reflected its environment. Even when the housing schemes of Carntyne and Riddrie were added to the School's catchment area from the 1930s, the people drawn from further inside the city carried this same determination to make the best of the new opportunities for their children.

The first four Headmasters of Whitehill showed tremendous enthusiasm from the determination of Mr Henderson, the seriousness of Mr Smith, the method and precision of Mr Nisbet to the dynamic energy of Mr Weir. Mr Fergus Smith, who succeeded Mr Henderson in 1904, came at a time when the Headmaster's burden of responsibility was increasing but he shouldered it willingly. When war broke out in 1914, a goodly number of staff and former pupils joined the services and there was generous support for the Red Cross and other war activities. Many war honours were won but, as was the case everywhere, the sacrifice of lives was great. Immediately after the war a large sum was gathered and part of this was expended on a War Memorial in the School Hall and the rest used to found the War Memorial Prizes. The War Memorial preserves the names of 200 who made the supreme sacrifice. For many years a short but impressive service was held in memory of the fallen as each anniversary of the Armistice came round.

War conditions put an added strain upon staff and pupils and not least on the Headmaster. It was felt that his death in 1924 was traceable to the extra burden of the last few years of his office. Later on Heads of Departments were appointed with definite responsibilities giving Headmasters more opportunity to concentrate on the ever increasing duties of guidance and general supervision.

The period 1922-39 was one of continuous growth from rigid

simplicity to a greater complexity with a fine catholicity of values and considerateness towards the pupils. The size of Whitehill must always have been a problem to its staff. The magazine editorial for 1923 by Wm E Muir stated, "The school now presents the appearance of a scattered village rather than a school." That year he topped the Glasgow University Bursary List in preparation for carrying off the Snell Exhibition to Oxford.

The Magazine, which owes its origins to a Dr Merry, set out to be always the work of the pupils. One teacher acted as censor of proprieties and business director but teachers contributed only by request. The original cover in brown and gold, the old school colours (blue and white since 1923) was designed by Mr A Jackson. In the twin motifs of the archer and the knight dedicating his sword, which fills the lunette of the war memorial, he embodied justly the ideals of aspiration and dedication which have been powerful in the school. The redesigned cover of 1945 retained the archer. In the Summer issue of 1933 the Magazine published the new school song. "Altiora Petimus" - words by J Robb, music by J W Kerr - both of the staff.

The reorientation of school life began towards the end of Mr Smith's time and continued under Mr Nisbet and Mr Weir. The approach was being made to a more co-operative school government and school societies were being formed - the Magazine, the Choir and later the Orchestra, the Dramatic Society (1925), the Literary and Debating Society (1926).

A tremendous amount of work was undertaken by staff, pupils and former pupils to raise the funds to purchase Craigend and its Pavilion in the 20s. By 1924 the need for a proper playing field had become urgent but a building boom was on, ground could not be rented and the lowest purchase price was £240 per acre. A Mr Wilson of Craigend House at Ruchazie offered the ground for £1200. This was a large sum but pupils, staff and FPs lent a hand. The FPs raised over £1000 and the School surpassed its target of £600 by 1925. The Craigend grounds became the property of the School. By 1927, the house also belonged to the School. An annual grant from the Corporation of Glasgow made the position of Craigend secure.

The school library is a remarkable institution started by fund raising concerts as far back as 1900 and maintained by a levy of sixpence per pupil and later by Education Authority grants supplemented by donations from school concerts and the Magazine Fund.

Whitehill Senior Secondary School became a Comprehensive School at the start of the 1967-68 session for all secondary pupils in the Dennistoun area from the four primary schools, Alexandra Parade, Bluevale, Golfhill and Thomson Street. The former junior secondary pupils from Onslow Drive, Dennistoun and Gartcraig Schools have been shared between Whitehill and the new school at Smithycroft. It was not until 1977 that the old school buildings in Whitehill Street were left for the new buildings in Onslow Drive on the site of what was the Golfhill Cricket Club.



Maybe Head Teachers were too remote to be remembered by many pupils, except by the 'baddies', but Mr Weir will always be remembered not least for his inspections in the lines to ensure that pupils shoes had been polished and stockings pulled up. Head Teachers and the Staff have included many marvellous personalities and which are recalled depends on when you were at school - although many stayed over many cohorts of pupils.

The Head Teachers are -

James Henderson	1891-1904
Fergus Smith	1904-1922
Thomas Nisbet	1922-1931
Robert M Weir	1931-1947
Robert McEwan	1947-1954
James Walker	1954-1964
George Morrison	1964-1967
Neil Mundy	1967-1976
William Thomson	1976-1985
Robert Hutchison	1985-present

There were famous teachers from before living memory or remembered by only a few, such as Mr Montgomery, Mr (Pi) Stevenson, Mr McIntosh and Mr Twaddle of Craigend fame. More recently there were Miss Foster (Mrs Pirie), Miss Bremner (Mrs Munro), Mr McMurray, Mr Reid, and, of course, Mr Somerville. The present FPs recall the efforts in sports of Messrs Forgie, Gardiner and McKean (that famous half back line) plus the everlasting Miss Fisher. We remember with thanks and a certain affection Oliver 'Papa' Brown (and his bicycle), Jimmie Paul (Maths and Chess), Goofy Hutchison and the other Hutchison (who went on to be Rector of Hutesons' Grammar School) and others mentioned later.



#### HAIRD THIS ONE?

There was an old fellow from  
Crewe  
Who one night had nothing to do;  
So he sat on the stairs  
And counted his hairs;  
And found he had just twenty-  
two.

JR, I1

-from WSM, Summer 1943

#### The Former Pupils' Dinner Club

- with thanks to Andrew S Barr (President, 1951)

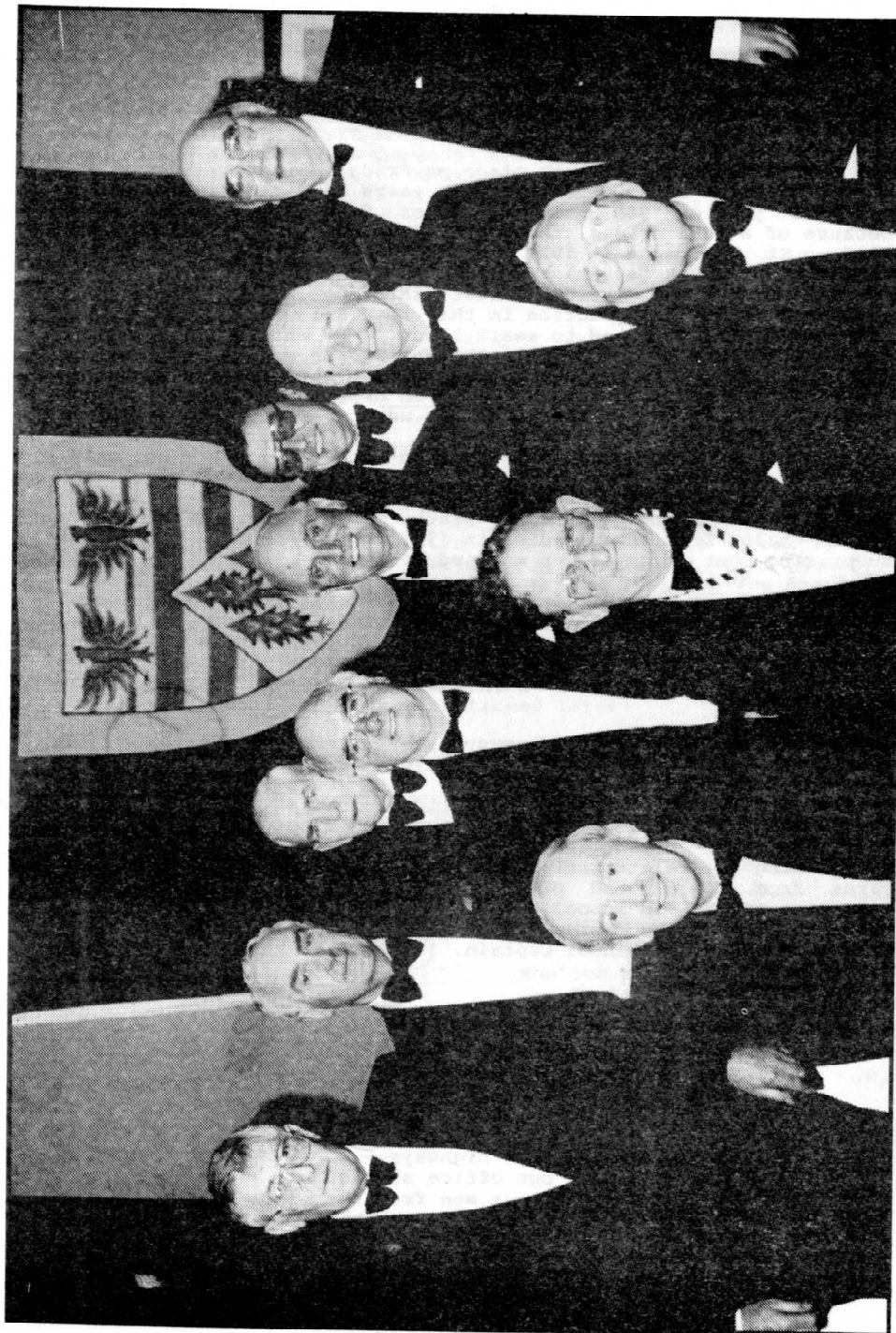
The 63rd Annual Reunion took place on Friday, 8 March, 1991 at the Ingram Hotel. Apart from the five years of World War 2 and that miserable year of 1948, when all dinner functions were outlawed because of a fuel crisis, the Annual Reunion has taken place since 1923. It all began in 1922 when Andrew Martin and Howard Garvan (uncle of Miss J E Garvan) had spent an evening with Willie Edgar at New Cumnock and missed the last train home. Dr Edgar had just commenced in medical practice in that town and celebration meant that the other two had to await the 4.30 am milk train to return to Glasgow. The three old pals thought it not worth going to bed and just sat and talked and talked, presumably of war and school. The idea of a get together about shared experience by old pals was born but they little dreamt that they were starting an institution still going strong nearly 70 years on. This explains, in part at least, why it started and has remained as a reunion for men only. There is no anti-female Whitehill complex (au contraire) and recently we have instituted mixed buffet supper dances for all former pupils and their spouses, whether FPs or not, with not a little help from the ladies in finding so many FPs. It is not surprising that a lot of FPs married FPs.

The first Dinner was held in February, 1923, at the Grand Hotel with 37 FPs present. Six courses plus coffee for seven shillings. Howard Garvan remained secretary for 26 years with the number attending growing to as many as 180, many travelling long distances to be present from such as Bearsden or even Newton Mearns.

Much could be written and many stories told of guests and presidents who have graced these dinners, most of them former pupils or with intimate connections with our school who have reached high achievement or position in society. But it is not the talent in the speeches or even the good food and drink that continues to bring us together. It is the pleasures of maintaining the relationships from long ago, of exchanging old yarns from school and playing field, of showing the pride of belonging to the old school and of hearing what and how it is doing now. As the chorus of the first school song has it, words by Robert Browning (School Captain, 1899-1901), tune "The British Grenadiers"),

Dim years that lie before us  
May find us far from here:  
Yet we shall sing our chorus  
and raise our ancient cheer  
Once More, Boys.

Home from the open highways  
and down from our office stools,  
We shall gather our men from the winds again,  
To cheer for the best of schools.



All the President's Men at 1991 Dinner. Back row (L to R) J Skidmore, H Patterson, T K Barclay, D Park, W Park, J H Dunan, F D Colquhoun, I Fyfe, Front Row (L to R) K McWhirter, I Stewart, S R Whiteford. (Photograph by A Kinloch)

A quotation from Howard Garvan (President 1924 & 1949, Secretary - for a very long time): "Interest in such a function has not perhaps the same appeal until one has been a Former Pupil for a few years.... The terrors (if such they were) of the classroom are now seen in their proper perspective and henceforth merely produce material for laughter and happy reminiscences".

To FPs of all ages, if you have not known the joys of the reunions, please join us next time round. May we put you on the mailing list for the Dinner (Men Only) or for the Supper Dance (Everybody and his or her partner) or both?

64th Annual Reunion: 7.30 pm, 13 March, 1992  
Supper Dance: October - November, 1992

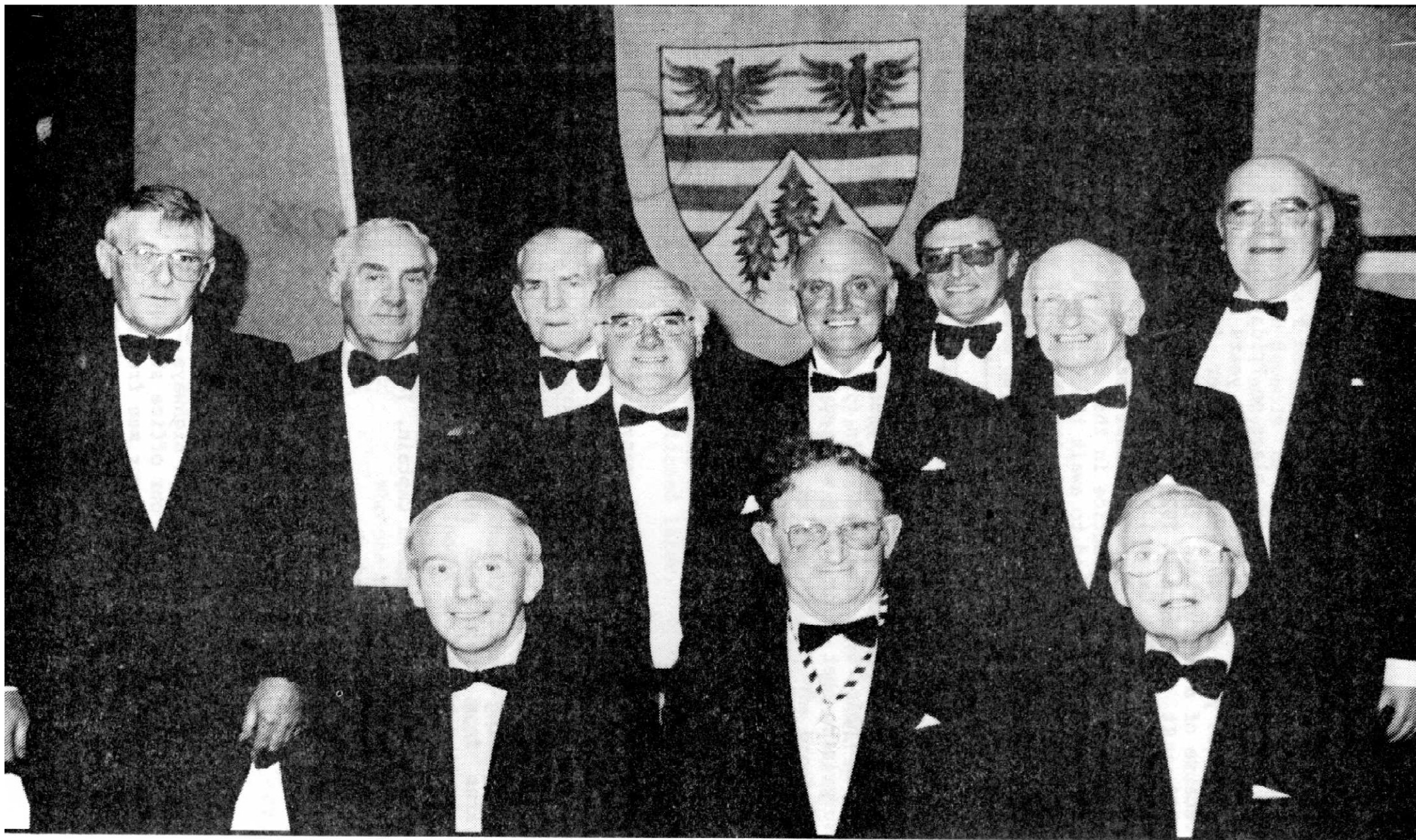
#### Your Committee and Contacts

Henry Patterson (772 4989), Ian Stewart (778 6689), Ken McWhirter (778 5755), Charles Baikie, Ian Fyfe, David Park, Bill Park, Tom Robertson, Joe Skidmore.

#### Dinner Club PRESIDENTS

1923	James Porter	1961	George Cumming
1924	Howard Garvan	1962	John Fleming
1925	William Edgar	1963	Jack House
1926	William Falconer	1964	John B Adams
1927	James Porter	1965	John Motion
1928	George Fletcher	1966	James C Weir
1929	David Smith	1967	Fred D Colquhoun
1930	John Campbell	1968	Wm P Allan
1931	George McBriar	1969	Arch K McDermid
1932	Douglas MacNaughton	1970	Thos K Barclay
1933	Archibald Neil	1971	A Paterson
1934	William Falconer	1972	Ronald McDougall
1935	William W Watt	1973	S L McKinlay
1936	J P Wood	1974	Angus MacDougall
1937	David White	1975	Donald Chisholm
1938	Alex Fraser	1976	George Gordon
1939	Andrew Martin	1977	W L Foard
1940	T Murray Newton	1978	R M Skinner
1941-45	Cancelled (War)	1979	J A Brand
1946	David Sorley	1980	D J Robb
1947	J Simpson	1981	S R Whiteford
1948	Cancelled (Fuel Crisis)	1982	J C Nisbet
1949	Howard Garvan	1983	I Gourlay
1950	William McLeod	1984	L D S Ramsay
1951	Andrew S Barr	1985	J H Dunan
1952	Thomas D Sneddon	1986	A Currie
1953	Robert C Hamilton	1987	David Park
1954	T R Patterson	1988	Ian Fyfe
1955	William S King	1989	Bill Park
1956	John W Dunn	1990	Joe Skidmore
1957	Chas S Green	1991	Ian Stewart
1958	Peter M Williamson	1992	Henry Patterson
1959	Harry MacNaughton	1993	Ken McWhirter
1960	John Hewitt		





All the President's Men at 1991 Dinner. Back row (L to R) J Skidmore, H Patterson, T K Barclay, D Park, W Park, J H Dunan, F D Colquhoun, I Fyfe, Front Row (L to R) K McWhirter, I Stewart, S R Whiteford. (Photograph by A Kinloch)



A corner of the Ingram Hotel at the 1991 Annual Reunion of the FP Dinner Club  
(Photograph by A Kinloch)

# Part of Jamie Stewart's address at the 1991 Dinner

At Whitehill,	
My Teacher told me not to smoke,	I don't
Or listen to a dirty joke,	I don't
It was made clear I must not think	
about intoxicating drink	I don't
To cheat and flirt is very wrong	I don't
I have never kissed a girl, not one,	
I don't know even how it's done!	
And if you think I don't have fun	I don't.

So much for the education I received at Whitehill. I'm here because your President presented himself at my front door in Edinburgh Road and ventured the following question, "I've just been thinking Jamie, and I appreciate it's a bit late in the day, but I'm still looking for a speaker for the dinner. Would you be prepared to take it on?"

I reminded him of the eminent FPs as previous speakers, lawyers, doctors, journalists, churchmen, etc, people who had really made their mark. "Ian," I said, "I'm just not in that league." "Jamie," he persisted, "you'll do fine."

I have a confession to make. My friends, I did not do very well at Whitehill. To my shame, wait for it, I repeated my second year. Oh, the disgrace, oh, the humiliation! However, worse was to follow, I just managed to pass into third year and, after a very short while, my father thought I would be better off if I started earning a living. I left Whitehill at 15 years of age and, after that, I never looked back.

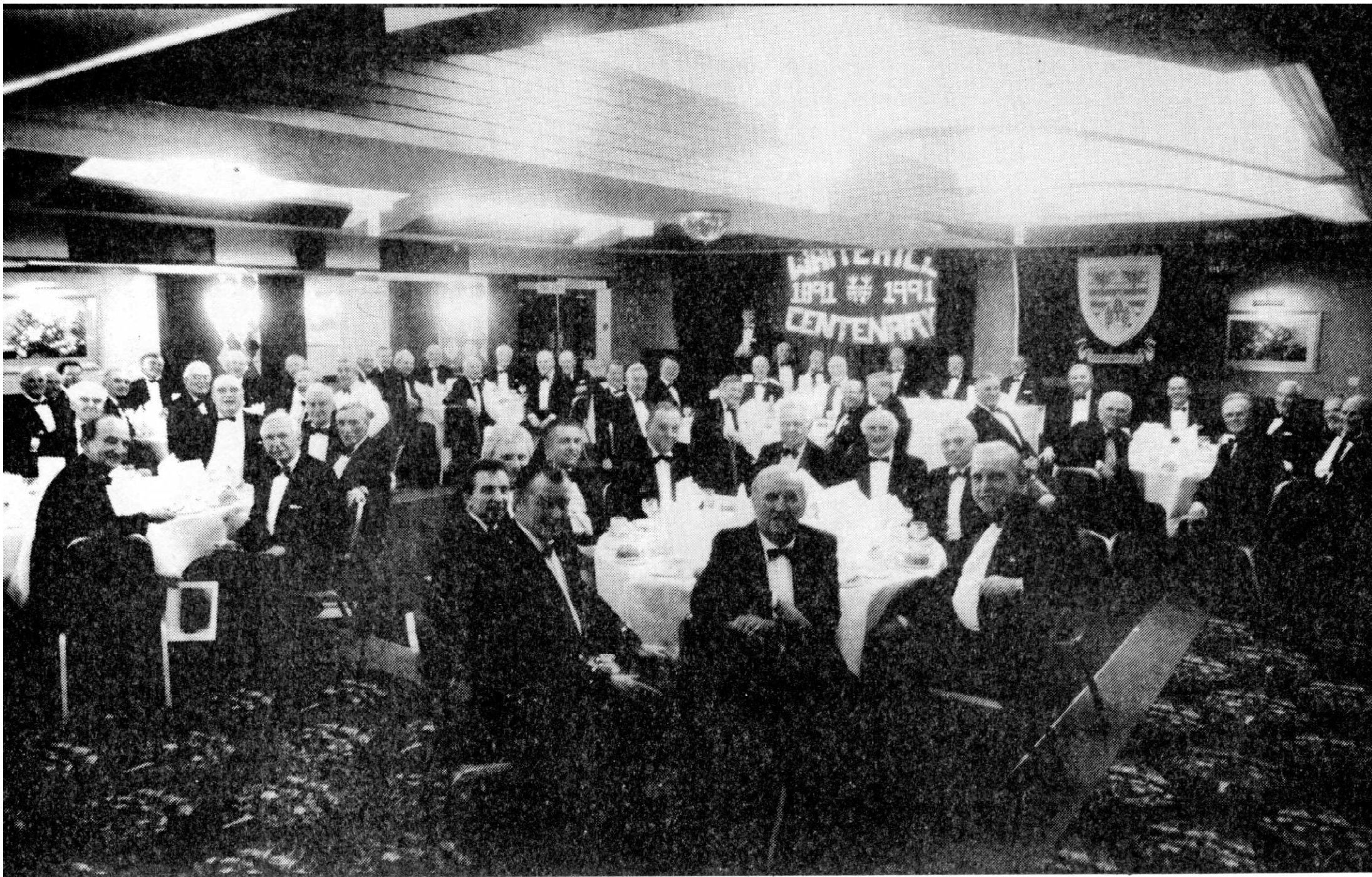
I contend that the first three years of secondary education are vitally important and that time at Whitehill shaped much of my life. So how have I occupied the 55 years since I left Whitehill? I learned about the challenge of religion, the moral obligation of duty, the necessity to work, the joy of sport, the need to study, the satisfaction of writing and the exhilaration of the spoken word.

I am an active elder in the Church of Scotland and all my family are so involved too. I am a member of the Billy Graham 1991 mission team.

In the Royal Air Force from 1940 for five years, I served as a commissioned officer, wireless operator, air gunner. The most memorable event was as a crew member of a Stirling aircraft towing a Horsa glider packed with Scots commandos at the Rhine crossing by the Allies in March, 1945

I'm happy to say that I have never been out of work for any length of time but I've had a few jobs. Paper boy, office boy, blanket salesman, gents' outfitters, airman, actor, broadcaster, vacuum cleaner salesman, Santa Claus, TV shop manager, furniture salesman, social worker, pulpit supply preacher, author and - at the moment - tour guide at the new Royal Concert Hall.





A corner of the Ingram Hotel at the 1991 Annual Reunion of the FP Dinner Club  
(Photograph by A Kinloch)

At the Whitehill School Sports in 1935, I was second in the half mile, the winner was a lad called Stirling. I won the BB Brigade mile championship, the all-Egypt Cross Country Championship, the Scottish 5 miles cross country Championship. In 1948, I won at Hampden the Scottish two miles Steeplechase Championship - this between acting in a matinee and evening performance at the Citizens' Theatre. I ran in the 1948 Olympic Games trials in London. I completed the first three Glasgow marathons and a London marathon at age 62 in 3hr 59min.

At the age of 54 I went to night school and, at long last passed in Higher English and for good measure successfully completed a two years' professional course in Social Work.

In 1981 after hearing the acclaimed performance of Mark's Gospel by the English actor Alec McCowan at the Edinburgh Festival, I wondered why no Scottish actor had ever done, "The Greatest Story Ever Told" in Scots colloquial language. I did it, memorized too, "A Scots Gospel". Over 180 performances have been given and it has been published by the St Andrew Press and the JK Press in the USA. Imagine, all this happening to a wee vacuum cleaner salesman from Carntyne. I wish I could tell my old teacher at Whitehill.

I got my first real chance to act at the Whitehill School Dramatic Society and appeared in a play at the City Hall. On demob from the RAF, I toured the country as a member of Bertha Waddell Children's Theatre. I then joined the Citizens' as a full-time professional actor. In 1948, along with Duncan MacRae, I played at the Edinburgh Festival in the "Three Estates" directed by Tyrone Guthrie. As a member of the Scots Language Society, I'm happy to lecture on the subject. My teacher at Whitehill was a lover of Robert Burns works. I must have put away several hundredweight of haggis and neeps prior to declaiming Burns at suppers in his memory.

Gentlemen, as a former pupil of Whitehill School, I propose the toast to the School and the Dinner Club.

#### Examinitis

Research Chemist in III:

"I put in the assid and it fist. I done it again and it never."

Second Year flights of fancy:

"The canal had flown over its banks."

"You see their nests up in the top of trees and sometimes there are young birds there which have not learnt to fly as well as eggs."

The Fourth records the strange method of our greatest novelist:

"On these characters Sir Walter Scott winds a tail."

- WSM, 1946 (We were not that bad? - Editors)

#### Some Famous FPs

In the eyes of God we are all equal but amongst people some achieve greater results than others and we rejoice in their success. If we believe in Altiora Peto then we should be getting on with doing it and the following examples can only inspire us. Come to think of it all our FPs are famous - they survived.

David S Anderson. Knight. Director of the Royal Technical College up to the time it became the University of Strathclyde.

David Clayton Browning. Snell Exhibition (Classics, 1920). Compiled an English Dictionary for Everyman's Library.

Herbert Duthie. Knight. Surgeon and Provost of University of Wales College of Medicine.

Christian James Fordyce. Snell Exhibition (Classics, 1919), became Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow.

Rikki Fulton. Actor, author and star of many comedies, especially became a tradition on Hogmanay TV. Started at School in 1936.

Alasdair Gray. Artist, author and playwright.

Jack House. Journalist and author who died in April of this year. He was nicknamed Mr Glasgow and was awarded the St Mungo Prize.

Robert Kernohan. Editor of Life and Work, London Editor of Glasgow Herald, Parliamentary Candidate. Author.

John Anderson Mack. Snell Exhibition (Philosophy and English, 1928). Newbattle Abbey College and Stevenson Lecturer in Citizenship at Glasgow University.

Tom McNab. AAA triple jump coach and author.

Dougald MacQuistan. Glasgow University Bursary in 1896, Professor of Natural Philosophy at The Royal Technical College.

William Easton Muir. Snell Exhibition (Classics, 1927), became a Lecturer in Greek at Glasgow University but died early, in 1939.

Ben Parsonage. Royal Humane Society Medal for life saving from the River Clyde.

Bob Scott, S L McKinlay, J C Wilson. Walker Cup Teams of 1924, 1934 and 1947 respectively. Bob Scott won his match against the great Bobby Jones in the 1924 Match at Garden City, New York.

William Weipers. Knight. Father of the modern veterinary school at the University of Glasgow. A son of the manse, his family moved to Glasgow in 1908 when he was four. He graduated MRCVS from the old Glasgow Veterinary College in 1925. He became Dean of the Faculty when it was established as part of the University in 1968. He died in December, 1990. Obituary, Times of London, December 21, 1990.

John Haddow Young. Snell Exhibition (Classics, 1916). Died on active service in the First World War.



The Old Man by OBSOLESCE ( - WSM, Summer 1939)

An old man paused by the school gate,  
 And he sighed as he leaned on the wall,  
 For the pupils were playing around him,  
 But they never looked near him at all.  
 Alone in the world and friendless,  
 He liked to go back to the days  
 When he used to play in that playground,  
 And was for ever devising new ways  
 Of dodging his homework and classes,  
 Or of driving his teachers mad  
 By putting carbide in the inkwells -  
 He was always a bit of a lad.  
 "The teachers will all be dead now,  
 My own life will soon be done.  
 Oh well, I suppose I can't grumble,  
 I'm proud of the race I have run."  
 And the mention of races and running  
 Took his mind back a full three score years  
 To the days when he'd broken three records,  
 To the sound of vociferous cheers.  
 He beamed as he thought of the pleasure  
 He had had in the days gone by;  
 As he thought of school parties and dances,  
 A gleam came into his eye.  
 He had always been fond of the girls  
 And they once had been fond of him.  
 He had many a time been reported  
 'Cause he'd played Postman's Knock in the Gym.  
 But slowly the smile changed to sorrow,  
 His thought journeyed back from the past.  
 He was back in the colourless present,  
 Quite alone - with his life ebbing fast.  
 He turned up his shabby coat collar,  
 And slowly he moved away.  
 And the children played on all unconscious  
 Of the stranger who'd been at the gate.  
 Their interests all lay in their own lives,  
 They cared not a rap for his fate.  
 So children, when next - I beseech you -  
 You see an old man in the street,  
 Don't think that because he is ageing  
 His heart is as old as his feet.  
 Just pause for a minute, dear reader,  
 And throw him a cheeful smile,  
 You are young and gay at the moment,  
 But you, too, will be old in a while.

Library Additions "Author" V (- WSM, Summer 1948)

The Cliff Tragedy - Eileen Dover  
 And a Canary Sang - Topsy Sharp  
 Dangerous Crossing - Ava Kerr  
 We are Homeless - Rufus Quick

BAD TIMING by Tom McNab

I came to Whitehill either too early or too late. I arrived in January of 1946 with good marks in the 'Qually' in the middle of the school year. This meant that I was placed in 'Prep' and kept hanging around for six months until another wave of kids arrived to form the new first year. I was in P3 but had I been born six months earlier or later I would have been in the top stream, taking Latin and Greek. Alas, I found the 'Prep' uninspiring and chaotic and my only modest work took me into the single language I<sup>s</sup>. Would my competitive instinct have driven me to try to keep up with the sharp brains of I<sup>1</sup> or I<sup>2</sup>?

As it was I sank into the mire of I<sup>s</sup>. The class was as mixed as the environments from which the children arrived; from the genteel souls of Dennistoun to some darker brethren from Blackhill and, like me, from the middle hovering on the Carntyne - Riddrie borders whose parents would always claim bourgeois Riddrie as their area.

Since reaching Riddrie in 1943 from the tenements of Townhead, my obsession had been sport - an obsession derived mainly from the exploits of the 150 year old athlete, Wilson of the 'Wizard'. It derived also from my being small for my age and, in terms of sports skills, well behind my peers. 'Wilson' was my world.

With the other lads in Longford Street, Winter and Summer we played soccer with a tennis ball and I was well into my twenties before I realised that a tennis ball was white. We played hockey using paling sticks, cricket with a lamp-post as wicket, constructed our own high jump stands and ran endlessly round the half mile block, timing each other with an alarm clock.

To say I was a hopeless footballer would be generous. But I can see even now that September evening, eleven lines of hopefuls standing in front of Mr Jardine, who was taking the Elementary Team that year. I stood in the centre forwards line containing about a dozen players but, looking around, I saw that one line was much shorter than the others. It was the goalies' column and it did not take the skills of a Wrangler for me to deduce that my chances of selection were at least four times greater if I became a goalkeeper.

The trials were uneventful and I don't remember making a single save but neither did the others. Being tested by a 'shoot-in' was equally inconclusive. I made a dozen forays to the sports notice board and finally the Elementary Team was posted and under 'Goalkeeper' was the name 'McNab'. A day later I was given the yellow woollen jersey. At the team talk, Mr Jardine announced that I was 'on trial' since all the goalies were equally incompetent.

That Friday night, I must have tried on the goalie's jersey at least a dozen times and only my mother prevented me from sleeping in it. I arrived half an hour early for the team meeting the next morning. In the end that first game was an anticlimax, ending up Bearsden 0, Whitehill 10. My only contact with the ball was a pass back.

Two games and victories later we faced Eastbank Academy at our home ground, Craigend. It was a hard game which we eventually won 3-1, but with about ten minutes to go, an Eastbank forward broke away into the right-hand corner of the penalty area and cracked a high, hard shot into the top left-hand corner of the goal. I dived high to the left and tipped the ball over the bar. After the game, Mr Jardine told me in the dressing room that my trial was over. That diving save had kept me in the team and gave me the breathing space in which to learn to become a goalie.

That Elementary Team of 1946-7 was outstanding and we won the Glasgow Elementary Cup. My move to the goalies' line had changed my life. At left back we had John Hunter whose main skill lay in dispossessing right wingers and thumping the ball vast distances up the field. John was a kicking machine. At wing half we had Jimmy Walker, a class player and a beautiful passer of the ball, while at centre forward we had Alec Burns. He was in my class I<sup>2</sup> and I will remember him, playing in plimssoles, whacking terrific volleys with the leaden ball used in the 1940s. He was a classic 'tannery ball' player, with wonderful dribbling skills, but he could smash the ball with both feet, a marvellous player.

It might well be thought that I would have enjoyed physical education. Not so. I found the gym lessons of Mr Forgie, with their arm pendling and stoop knee sitting, incredibly boring and though vaulting and agility were more to my liking, I never saw much real point to it. Football consisted of playing in the annexe, eighteen-a-side, for about an hour every week. There the strong flourished and the weak kept well out of the road.

Once a week, we went for swimming lessons to Dennistoun Baths but alas, hours of thrashing about in Forgie's gymnastic swimming drills, produced nothing but frustration. Eventually I joined Dennistoun Swimming Club and within a couple of months I swam forty lengths.

I do not look back upon my academic experience of Whitehill with much pleasure. Little stress was placed on the enjoyment of the learning process, too much on passing examinations. Few teachers seemed to have any real interest in children, few indeed appeared to have much love of their subject. Naturally, there were some exceptions. Mr McGregor, who took me for German in later years, clearly loved his subject and young people. Mr Duncanson (alas, he never taught me) was known throughout the school as an interesting and humorous man. Our music teacher, Mr Fletcher, loved his subject and his enthusiasm encouraged me to join a choir which won prizes at Scottish Schools Festivals.

And then there was 'Papa' Brown. 'Papa' was the classic Scottish teacher-eccentric in the best possible sense. He loved France and all things French and he revelled in trying to share it with his pupils. 'Papa' was a Scottish Nationalist and I remember well turning up one Sunday night at the Glasgow Speakers' Corner, just off Sauchiehall Street, where he set up his soap box. There was invariably an audience, for 'Papa' was good for a laugh.

If 'Papa' taught me one thing, it was to question authority. Whitehill education, 'Papa' apart, was essentially conformist. He questioned everyone and everything and he must have been a sore

trial to his colleagues. I recall the monthly visits to the 'Cosmo', films like 'Les Enfants du Paradis', 'La Cage de Rossignoles'. Papa was the only teacher who ever invited us to his home and I remember in the summer of 1951 travelling up to Milngavie to see him to work on our 1951-52 'Highers'.

I think that it was in 1951 that our school first team reached the Scottish Schools Final at Hampden, to play against Our Lady's High. They were in a different class with half a dozen boys already on professional forms. I remember being unable to kick the ball as far as the centre circle. We went down 3-1.

My other great interest at school was drama which, like the choir, I used initially as a means of meeting girls. Later, a young teacher Mr Smith, pressed me into joining his adult drama club, a genteel bunch of West End worthies who talked posh. I appeared in the school concert at the Atheneum or in excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan and it was an interest which has stayed with me.

But as 'Papa' would have said, 'Revenon a nos moutons', my 'mouton' was sport. I joined Shettleston Harriers around 1949 and gave up school soccer and took to the roads. I was not a long distance runner and I was not even the best athlete in my class, let alone my year. It must have been a surprise to Mr Forgie when I entered four events in the school team in the Scottish Schools Athletics Championships at Goldenacre in Edinburgh. These were the 100 yards, high jump, long jump and, as an afterthought, hop step and jump.

I was wiped out in the heats of the 100 yards and the high jump at four foot 10 inches. My long jump was a personal best of eighteen and a half feet and did not take me to the final. The hop, step and jump was a new event in the Scottish Schools programme with a record of a modest 40'5". First jump. I ran up and landed in the pit with 40'8", a new record. Two jumps later, I had cleared 42'10 1/2", to qualify for the final in second position. No one else from our school had survived the qualifying rounds. Our PE teacher 'Joe' McKean took us into Edinburgh for lunch where I gorged myself on trifle and returned to Goldenacre, bloated and sluggish for the afternoon final, finishing fourth with 41'1".

A week later, Mr McEwan the headteacher, announced that my morning performance had counted as a jump in the final and that I had won the Scottish Schools silver medal. At last, the great Wilson had arrived. A year later, with 45'11 1/2" I was top of the Scottish senior rankings and second in Britain as a junior.

I suppose that I have given the impression that my life at school was entirely devoted to sport. That was probably so, but in 1948, with Alasdair Gray, I won a UNESCO essay prize and in 1950 featured in the Daily Mail as 'The Scottish Oracle' with a letter about the Chinese invasion of Tibet. By 1952, my competition idea 'What would you do if Hitler were your next door neighbour?' featured in the Daily Express for a magnificent fee of ten guineas.

My memories of Whitehill are happy ones, because I lived most of my life in athletic performance or in my imagination. Although I was School Captain in 1952, I never really related to the essentially conservative nature of school life. Whitehill was



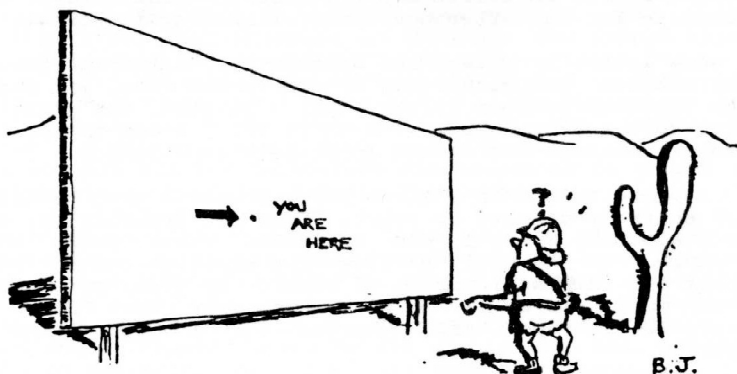
no different from hundreds of Scottish grammar schools of its period, being dedicated to the production of graduates. Consequently, anyone who did not look like making university or training college was sloughed off at fifteen, considerably less well equipped than a similar fifteen year old from Onslow.

The teachers of that period would have seen me as an athlete with some academic ability, but without the discipline to turn it into five highers and an honours degree. On reflection I was a late developer. Perhaps had I found a 'Wilson' on the school staff, someone to fire my imagination and point me towards my true academic potential, I might have gone on to work in drama. Perhaps not. Perhaps in the end it all turned on the date of my entry to Whitehill all those years ago, in January 1946.

#### MEMORIES

Chalk and things, class bells ring,  
Childhood laughter, girls to run after,  
Pen and ink, science room 'stink',  
Homework 'scams', terrible exams,  
Physical 'jerks', teachers 'quirks',  
Girls in the gym, some fat, some thin,  
Boys in the gym, 'God' look at him!  
Running in the sports, it took all-sorts,  
Teachers pet, I remember him yet,  
Six of the belt, I knew how that felt!  
Third year girls, new found thrills,  
Suddenly you're leaving, only you grieving,  
So long in the past, those memories last,  
of chalk and things -

- from Allan Bunting (at school, 1940-44, he thinks.)



- from WSM, Christmas 1963

#### WHITEHILL, Gateway to the World by R D Kernohan

If this were the Whitehill centenary magazine I would be rather solemn, a bit emotional, and intolerably reminiscent. Lonely and shy, from what would now be called a one-parent family, I found the gateway to the world was just up from Duke Street. I wouldn't be writing about Dennistoun but about a Camelot in which the king yielded graciously to the stronger character of R M Weir and the courtlier manners of Robert McEwan. Mere directors of education must have bowed and retreated backwards from the presence of such headmasters. If this were the centenary magazine I'd bore new generations with tales of long-dead teachers who were also characters - mainly good ones - and cheer some venerable ladies and gentlemen with words of belated appreciation.

But since it is not the centenary magazine I'd better be rather irreverent, a bit emotional, and intolerably reminiscent. Bore the new generation with longings for girls now grannies or gone forever. Tell tales of my first rugby lesson on stony ground beside the Annexe Field and of squelching scrummaging in mud now packed under the M8. Remember the benevolent referees who never blew too soon if we were coming from behind to beat St Mungo's. Wonder audibly what will happen to what's left of Craigend, and why the school's name seems to have vanished from the match results even in the smallest print. Get into print that long suppressed indignation at seeing the school's name in the papers - on a banner held by anorak-and-jeans teachers in a scruffy demo. I might as well enjoy myself. I did, after all, when I was at school.

They say that too much detail in distant memories is a sure sign of senility. So be it. They haunt the sense as well as flood back in the mind. The taste of warm French beer that was all the drink we could buy at the stop on the night train to Marseilles. The morning sight of the Van Gogh colours in the Rhone Valley on that first post-war school trip under the kindly but by no means unflappable leadership of Hugh Hutchison. The lady teacher whose bathing costume was not quite accommodating enough in the pool at Aix-en-Provence. The smells that must have been my first encounter with garlic.

And the sound of music, not in the music room mainly but in the school concerts in the old Athenaeum. I never hear Cherubino's Voi che sapete in "The Marriage of Figaro" without seeming to see in the role my dear friend (and she still is) Susanne Waddell McClery. I haven't quite forgotten the tenor parts in the astonishing range of items attempted by Arthur Meikle's senior choir. There were enough of us still together on that French trip to give one farewell performance, rendering the Marseillaise in their own language to the startled people of Marseille on June 14, 1949. They shuffled uneasily to their feet.

Oddly, my only music-room memory is June 6, 1944. The first year class knew it was D-day. But German intelligence would have been baffled by the teachers announcement that our troops had landed at Dunkirk. We let out a rip-roaring cheer.

When I look back on six years at Whitehill, even if this isn't the centenary magazine, I can muster the other two cheers. And if you asked nicely, I could still render Altiora Peto and all that. Yes, I did seek my Highers, but I think I found some higher things as well.

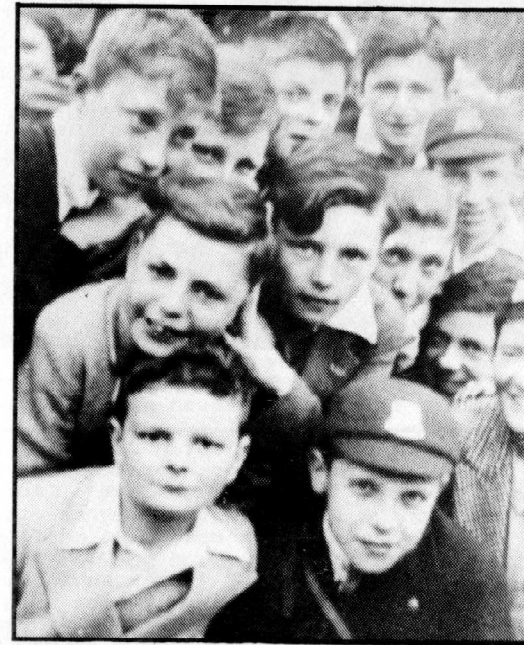
# THE LIFE HISTORY OF PREFECTUS COMMONALIS



No magazine connected with Whitehill would be complete without the drawings of Mr Cormack, our Art Teacher. (- WSM, Summer 1951).

From RIKKI FULTON, BBC TV, QUEEN MARGARET DRIVE, GLASGOW, G12 8DG

I was most intrigued to have a print of the photograph sent to Henry Patterson by Lindsay Ramsay. Is that face really mine, I ask myself? Was it really taken (if it IS me) in 1936? Of course, I accept that there might be the minutest change in appearance - it will be fifty-five years in September! No, I don't recognise myself. I don't LOOK like that. I look a lot like my father and my elder brother, which is interesting because I didn't look like ANY of them when I was young. In fact, I was thirty-two before I accepted that I was a blood relation.



So maybe it is me, then. But if it is, the photie must have been taken in 1936, 'cos I've been sent a copy of the register for admissions to Whitehill by the Strathclyde registrar and it says 1.9.36. Katie was three months old then. That's my wife - the woman I love. But then you probably know that; it's been in all the papers.

The name that really jumped at me though was that of JOYCE MOFFETT (please note spelling). I was delighted and proud to have Joyce as a teacher. She gave me a love of, and respect for, words and the English language, ('though you might not think so reading this), and a whole lot of other

things which are none of your business. And, like probably all her pupils, I never forgot her. And never stopped loving her. Can you imagine, then, the joy it gave me to discover that she lives very close to my own home in Kelvinside - and we are in constant touch. She is just the same - well, she doesn't LOOK the same, none of us do, but we've been through all that. But she is wonderful. Bright, interested in everything, and has lost none of that awesome capacity for language; her precise choice of precisely the right word or phrase. And she remembers her pupils so well, and with such obvious affection. She is a joy is Joyce ... Miss Moffett - the one and only. Imagine having the luck just to meet somebody like that, never mind being taught by her!

Photograph: Rikki Fulton (2nd back row, 2nd from right keeking out), Joyce Moffett (front row, far right), Lindsay Ramsay (front row wearing cap). Also in photie: Alan Blacklaws, W Massie, W Turner.





Whitehill FP 1st XI Football Team, 1991



Whitehill FP 2nd XI Football Team, 1991



#### FOOTBALL NOW - Whitehill FP Football Club



What can you say, eighty-seven years of age and still going strong.

The Club stuttered and staggered a bit for a few years when we temporarily (or so they tell us) lost our famous playing field and changing accommodation (burnt to the ground by vandals) at Craigend, Ruchazie. As you pass along the M8 motorway going East, you can still see that the grounds are still there but the authorities, in the guise of Strathclyde Regional Council, have never re-instated things as they were.

We have at our disposal, at the moment, an excellent grass pitch at the Tollcross end of Amulree Street where we play our home games. The upkeep comes entirely from our own funds. We still train as usual at Whitehill School each Tuesday at 6.30 pm, as it seems to have been since time began.

This season, 91/92, we are fielding three teams with the 1st Eleven competing in the premier section of the Scottish Amateur League. The 2nd Eleven are in the 2nd Division with the 3rd Eleven in the Glasgow FP League.

I hope from this that you don't get the impression that things are going reasonably smoothly. It's not too bad at the moment but each week, each month and each season brings new problems. It is only the strength of the membership and the efforts of the committee that enable us to survive. Many thanks to the present committee of J Davidson, E Black, A Miller, R Hamilton, F Fowler, J Angus and J Lambert.

It is our ambition, along with bringing the Scottish Amateur Cup to the East End of Glasgow, that in the next century a Whitehill FP team, then like the School 100 years old, will still be wearing their blue and white strip with the school badge and competing in the Scottish Amateur League.

Yours in sport, G Horn.

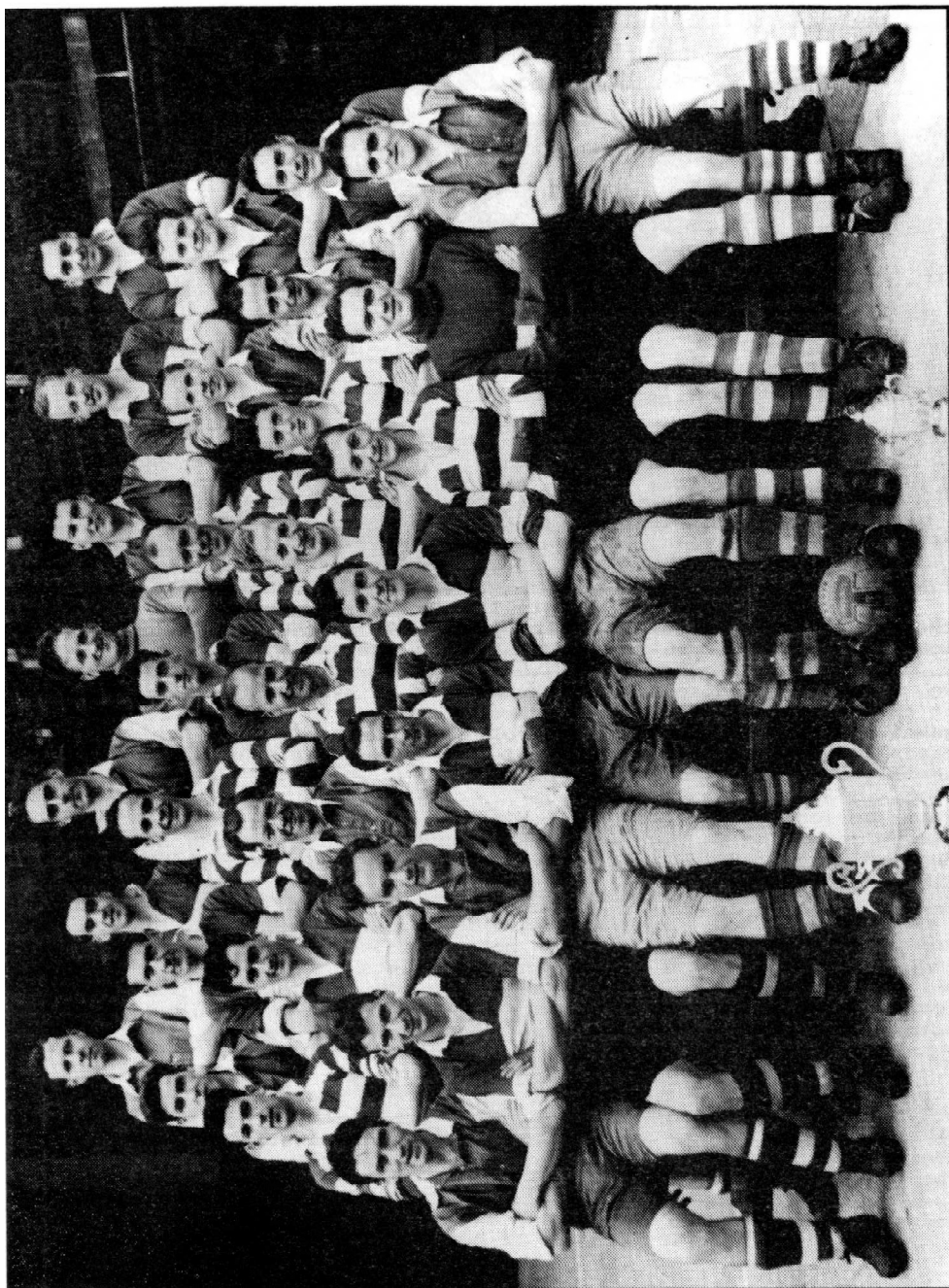


Whitehill FP 2nd XI Football Team, 1991





Whitehill FP 1st XI Football Team, 1991



The Whitehill FP football teams in 1953  
1st-Division Champions, 1952-53. Victory Cup, 1951-52.

## FOOTBALL THEN

### I Was There!

In the mid-forties when the war was coming to an end some attractive football matches were arranged between well known teams from allied countries. One such fixture was Glasgow Rangers versus Moscow Dynamo at Ibrox Stadium. The only problem for we schoolboys at that time, was that the match was to be played on a Tuesday afternoon during school hours.

For our first period every Tuesday morning, the entire School assembled in Rutherford Church for our weekly Service. This provided a good opportunity for the Head Master, Robert M Weir, to make his "Intimations". That particular Tuesday of the big match, I can remember it well .... "No boy shall be absent this afternoon!" We all knew to what HE was referring and we were well aware that the death of yet another granny would not be sufficient reason to plunk it that day.

However what Mr Weir said next came as a surprise to all of us, when HE suggested that it was the Director of Education's decision not to allow boys to go to the game. "Individual Head Masters have no authority on the matter," HE claimed.

As we left the Church and walked up Whitehill Street back to school several senior boys, including myself, got chattering about the unfairness of the situation.

We came to a decision which involved a selected posse walking on past the School gate to the nearest telephone box where one of us made the call to 129 Bath Street and asked to speak to the Director. Surprisingly we got through right away ..... and the rest is history for the conversation was reported that evening in the Citizen newspaper. "What school are you at?" "I can't tell you." "Well, son," said the Director of Education, "if you want to go to the match, I can't stop you. I have no jurisdiction over you if you are over 14."

What were we to do with this devastating piece of information? Anyone who attended Whitehill during the R M Weir era will not be surprised to learn that we did .... precisely nothing!

Indeed those boys who did attend the match took their punishment the next day in silence.

I am fairly certain that Mr Weir never found out about that phone call, for I finished my education without being expelled. The other members of that posse kept their vow of secrecy.

So you will appreciate why I must remain ..... Anonymous.







The Whitehill FP Football teams in 1953  
1st Division Champions, 1952-53. Victory Cup, 1951-52.

From a Whitehill Pupil.

Dear Sirs

I should be grateful if you could help me with my home work.

A certain rich man had three sons and 17 camels. He called his sons together and told them that when he died the eldest son would have half his camels, the middle son have a third and the youngest have a ninth of them. When he died how did the sons get their share without cutting up some camels?

Yours faithfully A Whitehill Pupil ( Name and address withheld in case my teacher finds out)

Dear Pupil

We have taken the advice of many FPs on this matter and they all say it is too hard for them. The only way out is to borrow an extra camel (try Calderpark Zoo) making 18 camels. Dividing into the correct shares now gives nine camels to the eldest, six camels to the middle son and two camels to the youngest.  $9 + 6 + 2 = 17$  so you can give back the borrowed camel.

Hope this helps. We'll send you the bill later.

Yours The Editors



The Whitehill FP Rugby Team in Season 1990-91. Photograph by courtesy of the East End Independent.

Rugby now -



Whitehill Former Pupils Rugby Football Club was founded in 1924, a year after it was started in the School, and across seven decades continued to function in the heart of the East End. Due to numerous problems, the Club folded in 1989 and some players moved to other clubs in order to continue playing. For most of the ex-members, the nearest club to join was St Aloysius situated at Cumbernauld Road. The Whitehill boys were welcomed by the committee and players alike and played a full season before the Aloysius committee decided to join up with Hutchesons' and move to the Southside.

A big gap was now left, there was not one rugby club in the East of the city and this was instrumental in a meeting taking place between William Davidson, Robert Wilson and Edward Smith to resurrect the Club. An approach was made to Mr Tom Ralph, Director of Sports and Recreation at Aloysius and after a couple of phone calls he allowed Whitehill to use their facilities. The Club has now a four man committee of William Davidson (President), Robert Wilson (Secretary), Stuart MacMillan (Treasurer), and Tom Mailey (Functions Supervisor). Soon all the old faces and a few new ones started to appear and Whitehill was back in business.

Last year, Whitehill had to play a full season of emergency fixtures to prove to the Scottish Rugby Union that the team was ready to be accepted back into the league.

In the space of the first season, the membership has grown from sixteen to twenty-six and the Club would warmly welcome anyone who is interested to come along and train, play or just be a social member. We are interested also in hearing from people who would be interested in refereeing or coaching as all training fees would be paid by the Club.

For next year a full match programme has been drawn up with visits to Arran, Kintyre and Annan amongst others. With a few more players a second team would become a strong possibility.

Billy Davidson (President) 041-556 1215



- from WSM, Christmas 1953





The Whitehill FP Rugby Team in Season 1990-91. Photograph by courtesy of the East End Independent.



Whitehill School Rugby 1st XV of 1948-49 Photograph by D Lawrie

### Rugby Then -

Arriving at Whitehill School at an early age, I don't remember being particularly brave but I must have been to respond to an invitation to learn to play rugby. No mini-rugby in those days so we did not have a clue of what it was all about. The notice was pinned up on the "games" notice board, under cover and down a bit from the cycle shed and had been put there by one Kennedy Browne, the then honorary secretary of rugby and no doubt an illustrious member of the 6th Year. The school around that time boasted four rugby teams and I was selected for the 3rd XV. I guess that the main reason for most of us opting for rugby was that we were not too good with the round ball. Another advantage of rugby, especially for schools, was and is that fifteen people not just eleven get a game and that it was and nearly still is, an amateur sport.

Little did I dream that four years later I would become honorary secretary and have to arrange the fixtures to play against Albert, Coatbridge, Bellahouston, St Mungo's, Marr, Greenock and so on. This was not as onerous as it seems as we really just followed the previous year's fixtures from either Forsyth's or Rowan's tiny fixture books. In these wee books the school fixture list appeared opposite the appropriate FP list along with a description of the strip. At least going through the tedium of confirming the fixtures more or less guaranteed one a place in the team. The back, or was it the front, of these wee books carried the rules of rugby football such as being obliged to play the ball with the foot after a tackle before picking it up. I wonder what present day players would make of that requirement.

Despite the best efforts of Mr & Mrs McLauchlan, at Craigend we were rarely able to have a shower in other than cold water and sometimes not even that. I'll never forget returning one Saturday lunch time along the Monkland Canal tow path when one of our players made a bet that nobody would dare go for a swim in the canal, just at the kind of stone pier beside the "Sugarally Mountains" - the waste from St Rollox Chemical Works at Townhead in case you didn't know. The bet was taken up by a now eminent medic who will be well aware of all the diseases he could have contracted. This event was described a few years later in the Evening Times and I wonder if its author could have the initials RDK?

Quite often Craigend was unplayable because of mud and it was always hard work playing uphill in the second half surmounting the hillock on the pitch. Kiel School could be difficult too deciding whether to play with or against the tide. A belated thanks to Messrs Forgie, Gardiner and McKean for all that coaching and refereeing beyond the call of duty.

It was my task as secretary to take the rugby results to Ann McKay (now Ann Picket) so that she could phone the results along with the hockey score to the Bulletin newspaper. My parents did not run to a telephone at that time. The school results appeared in the Bulletin on Monday mornings and photographs of school teams,



including Whitehill, were a feature of the back page. I think that nobody was picked from the school for representative honours while I was there although one or two had inter-city trials. We did go to Murrayfield to sit on the benches around the pitch at every Scotland home match. These were the best seats in the ground and we gazed with wonderment at the lads in blazers and school caps with tassels from posh Edinburgh schools.

Eventually, a bit longer for some than others, we left school and followed careers elsewhere. A few of us went to play with the FP teams for a while. I recall a nameless Whitehill player being accused by an opponent of biting him during a scrum. The referee dismissed the accusation as absurd when our player smiled and showed his gums and no teeth. But was the referee right? I remember a player jumping up in the scrum to reassure anyone in doubt that his parents were married before he was born. I remember the Sunday afternoon meetings in the Vesuvio Cafe to pick the next week's teams. I remember phoning girlfriends to meet me at the Royal Infirmary Outpatients while broken hands were X-rayed and plastered. There are a lot more 'remembers' but you can fill in your own.

The good thing about FP rugby was the wider age group of players and we younger people learned a lot from the older ones, both on Saturday afternoons and at training on Wednesday evenings at the school gym, and not just about rugby. After a few years I left Glasgow to work in the deepest South where I had a look at their rugby. It was not the same. They were very kind and played to the same rules but I think that it was the fellowship of Whitehill, that sense of belonging, that made all the difference. I tried refereeing - impossible. I was sent back to my native heath as an export reject and many years later I am pleased that they are still at it - as well as playing rugby. Along with many others I am very grateful for the opportunity to play rugby we were allowed at Whitehill.

Henry Patterson (At School, 1945-51, I've still got my Report Card to prove it)

#### Transport Trouble

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

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

BS I14 (- WSM, Christmas 1942)

#### "Forties Hockey"



Were you one of the band of idiots who dressed in gym tunics, white square-necked blouses and long black stockings (later royal blue top socks) to play Saturday morning hockey for Whitehill? Despite dedication and enthusiasm we cannot remember actually winning a game - a draw was a moral victory!

We must have been enthusiastic to rise with the larks on cold, foggy, frosty mornings to try to reach Craigend by 8.30 am. How else could Miss Fisher ensure that her little (!) ladies were well clear of the bath before the big bad football and rugby players finished their games. The early arrival involved one of two routes. We either caught the hourly blue 'bus from Alexandra Parade or, if we missed it, had to resort to the tram to the Golfers' Rest and a long run up the side of the Monkland Canal, past Barlinnie and down the lane at the tomato houses. Those from more Southernly areas arrived via Edinburgh Road and Sugarally Mountains. Many a morning the trek to their summit ended in a view of an obviously water-logged and unplayable Craigend pitch, and remember in the early forties there was still a blackout to contend with. We must have been daft!

The girls' changing rooms were on the upper floor, totally bare of all but a few benches, a row of hooks and a beautiful Adam fireplace which was never used. We were greeted by Mrs McLachlan with her invariable stream of commands to "wipe your feet", "go up the stairs quietly", "don't make a mess", etc. At 9 am prompt, Miss Fisher would appear from some inner sanctum with, "Come now, girls, time to start". The less said about the actual games the better. We never won but hope sprang eternal in our young hearts. We did enjoy them despite not being allowed to wear shinguards, resulting in more-or-less permanent egg-sized lumps down our shins. Shinguards were reputed to slow us down and we were slow enough without that.

Non-match Saturdays were given over to practice with the familiar commands to (1) Stop (2) Turn (3) Lift and (4) Follow through. This was a slow process and if put into practice in a match, the ball was invariably long gone. Presumably the opposition hit first and considered technique afterwards. What a difference on the days when Miss Fisher was missing and Miss Smith or Miss Ewart were in charge - at least we were allowed to play the game in a more lighthearted way.

As the nearby football and rugby pitches started to fill up, did we discern a slight lessening of the concentration of some of the hockey players? The moment their games started, ours finished, to allow us ample time to clean up and be fully clothed well before the big bad boys reappeared at the House. At least we got the best of the bath water.

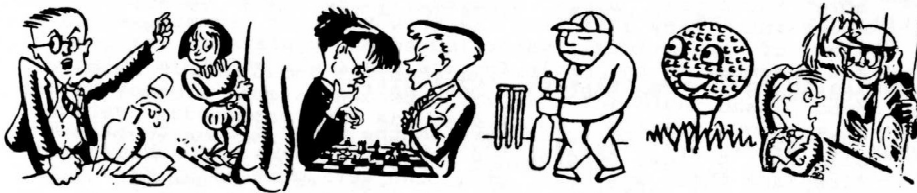
Finally, the highlight of the day. Who would be the lucky girls chosen to stay behind, resplendent in gym slip, to act as

waitresses to the visiting rugby players at their after match tea in the front room? Those were the days, but isn't nostalgia wonderful after nearly fifty years?

Jessie & Isobel (McKenzie alias McCreath and Wilson alias Smith respectively. Years at school withheld for political reasons - Editors)

PS. For those who continued to FP hockey, who was the newly-married lady who arrived at the Victoria Infirmary injured from hockey, to be asked by the nurse if her Mummy had been contacted to come and be with her? At least the gym tunics weren't aging, as she was taken for a fourteen year old.

#### Other Organisations



Many were the clubs and societies which flourished for a long or a short season. In no particular order or importance these included Cricket, Chess, Literary & Debating Society, Scripture Union, Student Christian Movement, Gymnastics Club, Swimming, Golf, Tennis, Gardening, Music, School Orchestra and Choirs (School, Church and FP), Hobby Clubs, School Red Cross Fund, Junior Red Cross Link No 998, The Scottish Schoolboys' Club, Junior Citizens' Theatre Society, News Club, Dramatic Club, Zoo Club and even a Pipe Band at one time. No doubt someone will be annoyed that their particular interest has been omitted.

There were also people organising events or just collecting at various times for charities such as RSSPCC, Quarrier's Homes, Dr Bernardo's Homes, Scottish National Institute for the War Blinded (Newington House and St Dunstan's), Earl Haig Fund as well as the Red Cross.

Annual events included Sports Day, Swimming Gala, The Concert and Dances (Lower and Upper School ones). And many belonged to uniformed organisations such as Scouts, Guides, Boys' Brigade and Girls' Guildry.

"Men laughed at me that I jotted down  
What was their only title to renown."

James Boswell speaks - Leonard Brown

**Snowdrops** From Mairi Stewart (Mairi Weir when Girls School Captain in 1951-52)

When I first entered the portals of Whitehill, George VI was on the throne, Mr Robert Weir was in the Head Master's room and Miss Janey Garvan reigned supreme in Room 11 - my first Form mistress and English teacher.

Mr Weir was almost as remote as King George, my only memories of that great disciplinarian being my wholehearted dread of appearing with unbrushed shoes and being put on display in the school hall; and my surprise and delight when, on his retiral, we were taken to Dennistoun Picture House to see (I think) "Lassie Come Home."

Miss Garvan was not at all remote. She was young, enthusiastic, kind and fair - all that a shy eleven-year-old who was keen on English needed. Let the sophisticated young misses of today scoff if they will, but when my Father sent me a box of Snowdrops packed in moss from our home in Islay, I took a bunch to Miss Garvan, and was rewarded by her obvious pleasure and appreciation.

Forty-five years later in February of this year, through the kind hospitality of two other Whitehill stalwarts, Mr & Mrs Alistair Munro, I once again met Miss Garvan ("Just call me 'Janey' - that I should ever see the day!) and the first thing she said to me was, "Do you remember the Snowdrops?" Five months later, I was part of the large company who attended her funeral service. I wish it had been Snowdrop time.....

Was I specially blessed? I seem to have been surrounded by teachers of integrity who impressed me with their strong sense of duty and a very real concern for the welfare of individual pupils. One such was Miss Jean Mair of the Classics Department, who gave up many evenings to help, encourage (and feed!) young, struggling students in the quiet atmosphere of her home. Her kindness to me - and to my now husband - lasted right to her death in 1989 and, indeed, beyond it, for many of the familiar things that were around us in that home in Cambuslang are now in our home.

At the head of the Classics Department then was Mr Dugald "Daddy" Duff, an impressive figure of whom I stood rather in awe to begin with, but took him to my heart from the day he put SIC TRANSIT GLORIA on the blackboard and translated it, "Gloria was sick on the way over."

When I was less in awe of him, I asked him to write something in my autograph book, and he grunted assent and took it away with him. Two or three weeks later, when I had despaired of ever seeing it again, he produced it with the eager look of a puppy who has just brought you your slippers and awaits your approval. The following poem was the result of nights of earnest concentration "to help you remember aye the girls of Form IV Latin."

The girls in question were Muriel Laird, Jean Vassie, Helen Dunbar, Marjorie Eadie, Phoebe Wilson, Dorothy Barclay, Doreen Bowie, Janie Diack, Mairi Weir, Margaret McCallum and Jean Anderson.



The Laird o'Vassie frae Dunbar was he;  
 His e'e did drap the tear  
 "If Will's son was wi us," quo' he,  
 "We'd hae nae cause tae fear  
 Nocht wad us bar, clay moves wad gar  
 The Southern billies flee.  
 They'd bow, eh sirs the knee; our lads  
 Frae them aft bure the gree.

We'd cast the die, act the real McKay;  
 We're that kind and nae ither.  
 E'en Meg McCallum and her son  
 Wad fecht, sae wad my mither."

I hope the next generation are still finding teachers of that calibre who are prepared to go the second mile and teach more than a school subject. We were privileged.



- from WSM, Summer 1951

"That is as well said as if I had said it myself,"  
 "They say a carpenter's known by his chips."  
 "Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old."

Polite Conversation - Jonathan Swift

### A Whitehill War Effort

The school motto took on a new meaning as groups of Whitehill boys toiled up the damp and midge infested Kilmun Hill in the Summer holidays of the early forties. Modern safety representatives' hair would stand on end if they had seen the jobs that 14 to 16 year olds took on with little or no instruction - snedding (cutting off the smaller branches of felled trees with an axe), cross-cut sawing and sending logs down the chute. On-the-job learning was very much the order of the day. The forestry workers in charge of us were, for the most part, kind and helpful and the male teachers toiled alongside us whilst the female staff looked after the housekeeping of the camp. (We know it's an anachronism but the Equal Opportunities Commission is not going to approve of this page - Editors.) The work was hard but enjoyable and healthy and gave us an insight into aspects of life we might never have encountered as city boys.

Accommodation near Kilmun was in two fairly comfortable wooden huts with the only furniture being a bed, a straw palliase and a locker. Another hut served as a kitchen and mess hut and the teachers had their own accommodation. Cooking was done by a team of very attractive students from the 'Dough School'. Food was fairly basic wartime stuff, supplemented occasionally by a parcel from parents - but they did not have much to spare either. My only food memory is of the sandwiches handed out to us as we left in the morning and which we ate out in the open at the lunch break. I can still taste the sandwich and chocolate spreads and the syrup which were about the only sandwich fillers available. One of the years we had a rare treat. The submarine depot ship HMS Forth had recently returned from Canada and was based in the Holy Loch. She had brought back with her several tons of white flour and real strawberry jam. We hadn't seen white bread for years and strawberry jam was a luxury. We were invited to the wardroom and given our fill of white bread and jam - an unforgettable feast for boys of our age in those years.

The camaraderie amongst pupils and staff was tremendous and we saw the teachers in a new light as they undertook manual labour so far removed from their usual activity. There was Mr Somerville (Handsome Harry) stripped to the waist and displaying a surprisingly sinewy and tanned body. The gentlemanly Clark Hendry already showing signs of the arthritis which was to cripple him in later life but insisting on doing his bit. Among the ladies I remember the dignified Ella Hood and Miss Murray, who took the boys for PE during the war, slaving away in the kitchen in their old clothes. The ebullient art teacher, Mr Kayser, took some of us into the Cothouse Hotel and bought us a half pint shandy, charging us not to tell anybody. I don't think many of us had yet attained the age of sixteen but there was a war on, so what!

Despite the hard work we had plenty of energy left and weekends would see us walking or cycling round to Dunoon to go to the pictures, swimming in the Eachaig River or doing the 'round the hill' cycle trip via Ardentinn and Loch Eck. Those of us who had bicycles with us had great mobility and to cycle round that beautiful country on motor free roads was a great delight. I

still remember the beauty of Glen Massan on a warm Summer's day. I doubt if anyone would swim in the Eachaig now with discharges from the nuclear submarines in the Loch.

We had lots of fun in the camp itself and we were young enough to enjoy things like midnight feasts when parcels came from home. Raids on the 'Dough School' girls tent was another favourite pastime. Then there was the Padre from HMS Forth who used to bring us 'goodies' in a small kitbag. Alas, he was discovered to be 'gay' and the Lords of the Admiralty spirited him away before anyone in the camp found out about his penchant.

One remembers, of course, the good times but there were many West Highland days of rain and midges. We didn't have any of the modern rain resistant clothes and we were often pretty wet before we were allowed back to camp. Rain was not regarded as an excuse for stopping work in wartime, anyway if we had stopped working every time it rained on Kilmun Hill we'd not have made much of a contribution to the war effort. I remember one big forestry worker who had the ability to light a fire in any kind of weather, building a huge fire on a very wet day so that we were able to work close to it while our clothes literally steamed with the heat. "Chust sing boys," he said in his Highland accent, "and the time will soon pass."

Rain was one thing, midges were another. Our most miserable times were the still, damp days when they came at you in clouds. There were no patent anti-midge creams or potions in those days and we used to make up our own to various recipes. Some of them were pretty foul and the midges seemed just to eat them. The best defence was to put on gloves and wear a muslin poke over your head.

But we always volunteered for another year. It was great fun - for boys of that age an adventure and a sense of having contributed to the war effort. I can't remember all the names of the young Whitehill foresters but Dougie Galbraith, Atta Blair, Dougie Manson, Jimmy Milne (who sadly died before his schooldays were over), John Smith (who was doing Higher Art and used to do a good trade in drawing pinups for us), Marshall Walker spring to mind.

Schooldays during the war were not all bombs, blackout and boredom!

Dan Hood (At School 1938-43)

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death.

Macbeth V5

## Trouble

I am delighted still to be associated with our School and I have been talking with my brother about some events from days of yore.

My brother remembers how a watch once 'disappeared' in the school and a box was placed in the middle of the Hall and the pupils were asked by Mr Middleton to file passed the box. He stated that if the box contained the watch no more would be said, but if the watch did not turn up someone would be expelled. The watch was there!

We remember also Tom McAllister putting the school clock forward by an hour, probably around 1943-44. We remember how some of the boys were caned (? - editor) by Mr Weir after they played truant to see Moscow Dynamo play football.

Lillious Taylor (At School, 1940s)

## Whitehill Centenary Dinner

This event on 5 October 1991 at the Holiday Inn was attended by over 170 guests, teachers, FPs and others. Much of the organisation was ably performed by Adele McKenzie, to whom we express our thanks. School French was essential to understand the main course of 'Poussin en Crapaudine Grille Americaine avec la Sauce au Vin Blanc et Legumes du Marche'.

The proceedings were chaired and much was said about the school past and present by Mr R Hutchison, the Head Teacher. Grace before dinner was said by the School Chaplain, the Rev John Beck. Councillor W Perry, Vice Convener of Strathclyde Regional Council who, although obviously not a former pupil, said that Whitehill School had a proud record of achievement and continued to play a vital role in the Region.

The highlight of the evening was the toast to the School by the octogenarian former pupil, the Rev Charles Johnston, who had recently retired as Clerk to the Presbytery of Ayr. He told many humorous anecdotes and talked of the teachers of his day which struck chords in the memories of the audience, especially that of May Hutchison and her brother. Although he intended to be present at the Bicentenary Celebration, he did not expect to see any of us. Because it was past his bedtime and nobody volunteered to take him back to Ayr, Mr Johnston disappeared after his speech without proposing the toast to the School. It reverted to Mr Hutchison to propose and reply to this toast.

Present pupils, Kirsty McNeil and Fiona McInnes entertained us with song and there were two excellently performed classical guitar solos from Simon Harris. The vote of thanks to all the participants was proposed by the Chairman of the School Board, Mr Cliff Shearer.

There was lots of time for discussions after the formal part of the programme and we were able to see a collection of memorabilia put together by its custodian, George Parsonage. Suddenly it was 1 am and time to go home.





A cheery group of Whitehill School former pupils at their Christmas Dance (1957) in the Ca'dora.  
Photograph by courtesy of the Evening Times

### A Toast to the Ladies

A is for the apple that Eve to Adam gave,  
 B is for the bite he took that makes him still her slave,  
 C could be the character not lacking in the wench, while  
 D denotes décolletage, I trust you've learned your French.  
 E is her everlasting love, life-giving as the Sun,  
 F is the faith she keeps with us when we her heart have won,  
 G recalls her goodness, generosity and grace,  
 H the heaven we hope to know when she's dressed in night time lace.  
 I fear you'll think I'm serious and she sounds too like a saint,  
 J is the judge who penned these lines and I'll tell you this, she ain't.  
 K implies the kindling spark that set our hearts ablaze,  
 L is the laughter that lightens our lives during darker days,  
 M stands for the muses and all their arts divine.  
 N the nectar of her kiss, as heady as summer wine,  
 O is for her open arms in which we seek euphoria,  
 P - - - well that's for Petimus and she's our Altiora.  
 Q is that special quality, the humility she'll hide,  
 R is for the reverence of her passion and her pride.  
 S stands for her sweetness, her scintillating gaze,  
 T is for our toast tonight to her tantalising ways,  
 U to be upstanding to honour her no less.  
 V the virtue and the verve with which she doth impress, so  
 With our wishes we salute all ladies far and near  
 X-tending special thoughts and love to those we hold most dear.  
 Y is for you and you and you and all your future years.  
 Z is our zest and zealousness as we raise the cup that cheers.

From Lindsay D S Ramsay (1936-41). President of the Dinner Club in 1984. This is the toast he used at the 1983 Dinner when he was vice-president.

### Autobiography of a Desk

I'm the stuff that real desks are made of, a two seater of heavy oak and black cast iron. Some may say I'm old fashioned but at least I am not one of these poncy, clean and shiny, modern, single seaters. I could bruise and cut knees and shins, cause untold pain to trapped fingers. I had inkwells, so unstable that I could destroy articles of clothing with a single outpouring. Oh yes, I'm a real desk all right!

I was destined to spend the first 70 years of my life in Room 25 of Whitehill School, past the Headmaster's office and through Room 24 to the inner sanctuary of 25, maybe a sanctuary for the hooligans from the all male class Two Five, anything but safe for a self-respecting desk.

Being a desk wasn't a lot of fun, a constant problem was having no guarantee where one would be located in the classroom. Sometimes the cleaners would move us desks around as they gave the floor a good scrubbing. Damn cleaners, coming in at 7 am with their





A cheery group of Whitehill School former pupils at their Christmas Dance (1957) in the Ca'dora.  
Photograph by courtesy of the Evening Times



rattling pails with the wee perforated chamber for squeezing out their turgid mops!

It was usually Big Isa that 'did' 25.

Her first move was to tuck her skirts inside her light brown knickers. Talk about a full moon! If she knew that we were watching she'd have had a canary. Her thick lisle stockings were held up by a pair of unmatched garters - one black, one brown. Her stockings stopped four inches short of her elasticated knicker-legs showing rather bulbous, four inch strips of blue veined flesh of the most enormous girth. Strange, they would not let the weans into the Parade Cinema to see Jane Russell in 'The Outlaw' but we could watch Big Isa every morning and nobody seemed to think it unsuitable for we desks.

As I have already mentioned, sometimes there was a real big clean up and we'd all be moved around, what a panic in our wooden hearts. Maybe one would be unfortunate enough to be relocated in the very front row and be there on the occasion when that baying mob of Two Five were awaiting the arrival of wee Tommy Jardine to instruct them in the finer points of English grammar.

The script for that scenario never changed!

Here comes wee Tommy, gown flowing out behind him, looking like Schnozzle Durante, he throws down his brief case and to get some semblance of order and quiet, he would raise the nearest desk lid and crash it up and down half a dozen times whilst inviting a few miscreants to come forward for a belting. See if you were the desk he picked on, your napper was ringing for the rest of the day.

Sometimes we would have wee Margaret Jackson with a Maths class and you could only hope against hope that it wasn't geometry. If it was, we had to suffer the most incredible pain in complete silence as the lexicographers got to work with the point of their compasses. What torture! Apart from the pain, it was not too nice to go around bearing initials for the rest of your life indicating that Alastair Russell Smith sat on you in 1951. Luckily, Whitehill School drew upon Dennistoun and the East End for pupils and greater obscenities were unlikely as there were not too many pupils with four names.

That was not the only method of inflicting pain upon us, in the days of the pen nib the brats would raise our desk lids, chalk a target on our undersides and proceed to hurl their pens like javelins at the target. The satisfaction of breaking one of their nibs and watching the resulting belting was the only consolation for bearing the brunt of their cruel sport.

It wouldn't always be Two Five, sometimes it was Two Two, that was a mixed class of wee smarties that took French and Latin or German. Cold clinical students they may have been but see if Big Isa had shunted you to the back of the class and you got that wee specky swot and his flat chested girl friend sitting on you. Whew - steaming hot - is the only way I could describe my two seats after 45 minutes had passed. In fact, you've probably heard my

screams as they stood up to leave ..... and here you were thinking I just needed a spot of oil.

Sometimes I would have two wee lads that were sworn enemies sharing my seats, what a performance that could turn out to be. The skill and ability required to deliver devastating punches with either hand was of the highest order. These punches had no more than a six inch travel but had to be punishing, silent and undetected for the obvious reason. I used to hear stories about the big-name boxers of the day when they came along as guest celebrities to start football matches at Golfhill Park. Remember Jackie Paterson, Peter Kane, Dado Marino (him from Hawaii with the flowery shirt and a manager called Sad Sam Ichinose). See if they had landed with some of the lethal six inch blows my boys could deliver, they wouldn't have known what hit them.

Sometimes we'd have the misfortune to have a class straight from their science lesson and there would always be a couple of advanced scientists who would have these crystals in their pockets which, when added to the contents of an inkwell, could cause an eruption like Vesuvius, spewing foamy ink all over the place. Little ba.. bandits.

So limited was the intellect of these morons in Two Five that they thought an external programme amounted to any activity outside of Room 25, like throwing books out the window or passing notes to girls in Room 24 through neatly drilled holes in the partition.

The books-out-of-the-window programme had a great deal of merit in the eyes of the perpetrators. Room 25 was one floor up, directly overlooking the girls' playground, therefore, he who lost his books was strictly forbidden to make a retrieval since the girls' playground was positively out of bounds. Of course, he would incur the wrath of the incoming teacher by not having the relevant material available to read or write upon. This was very satisfactory to the rest of the class since the innocent victim would not dare 'clipe' and almost certainly be subjected to the belt or at least so many 'lines' that he would not appear out of his house for the next few evenings. Yes, highly satisfactory!

Then there was always the possibility that Mr Kelly, the janitor, would see the descending literature as it floated past the windows of his residence directly below. This would bring his portly, five foot three inch frame up to Room 25 - bespectacled, red faced and severely out of breath - brandishing the offending material and demanding that the teacher wreak vengeance on the entire class. To punish the entire class was quite outwith prevailing class room ethics, a fact on which Two Five placed a great deal of stock.

However, the school rules were explicit, 'all books and jotters must show the name and class of the owner,' so punishment was still meted out.

I suppose these really were happy days at the old Whitehill School and certainly a far cry from where I am now. Before the old school was demolished in 1982 we were all rounded up and sold off as a job lot of desks to some other education authority. No consultation, no nothing, just crated up and shipped out. We

journeyed for weeks and as it grew hotter and hotter, I wished I'd paid more attention to what was said by geography teachers in room 25.

Anyway, here I am in circumstances which would have been highly unusual in the old Whitehill. I am being sat on by black bottoms My colleagues and I now play host to the kids of the Watootsi tribe in Udinga-Alongi. A great bunch of kids but how I long for the days when I helped shine the trousers of the rascals from Two Five.

Those were the days.

From J H Dunan (1946-50)  
(One-five, Two-five, One-four, Two-two, Three-two and Three-five and that's a fact!) Does he mean himself or the desk - Editors?



Genuine, unretouched, previously unpublished photograph of the IV6 class party sometime in 1949-50. Looks like it was held in the Annexe's annexe. You must know some of them - even if it is the teachers.

Quiz Question: Which Whitehill Heedie married the Depute Heedie and when? Answer on page 52.

### A Great Era by Arthur E Meikle

So many memories, so little space! I arrived in August, 1939, so that 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 fire watchers, "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 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 is another story.

And the people? The Headmaster, R M Weir, a power-house of energy, succeeded in 1947 by that perfect gentleman, Robert McEwan; the deputies, 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. Among the rest were pawky John E Campbell; Dugald Duff, whose retirement occasioned a remarkable demonstration of grief; Harry Dorman (and later P T Fletcher), who put us on the musical map; W D Brown, who became a TV personality; 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 longer.

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; Alisdair Macdougall, a brilliant Dux and surely the youngest, now a consultant; Herbert Duthie, Professor of Surgery; Alasdair Gray, genius in English and Art; 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 Buchanan, 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, in the Athenaeum, the choir singing Tannhauser 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 retirements of Robert McEwan, and Miss Fisher, all within three weeks.

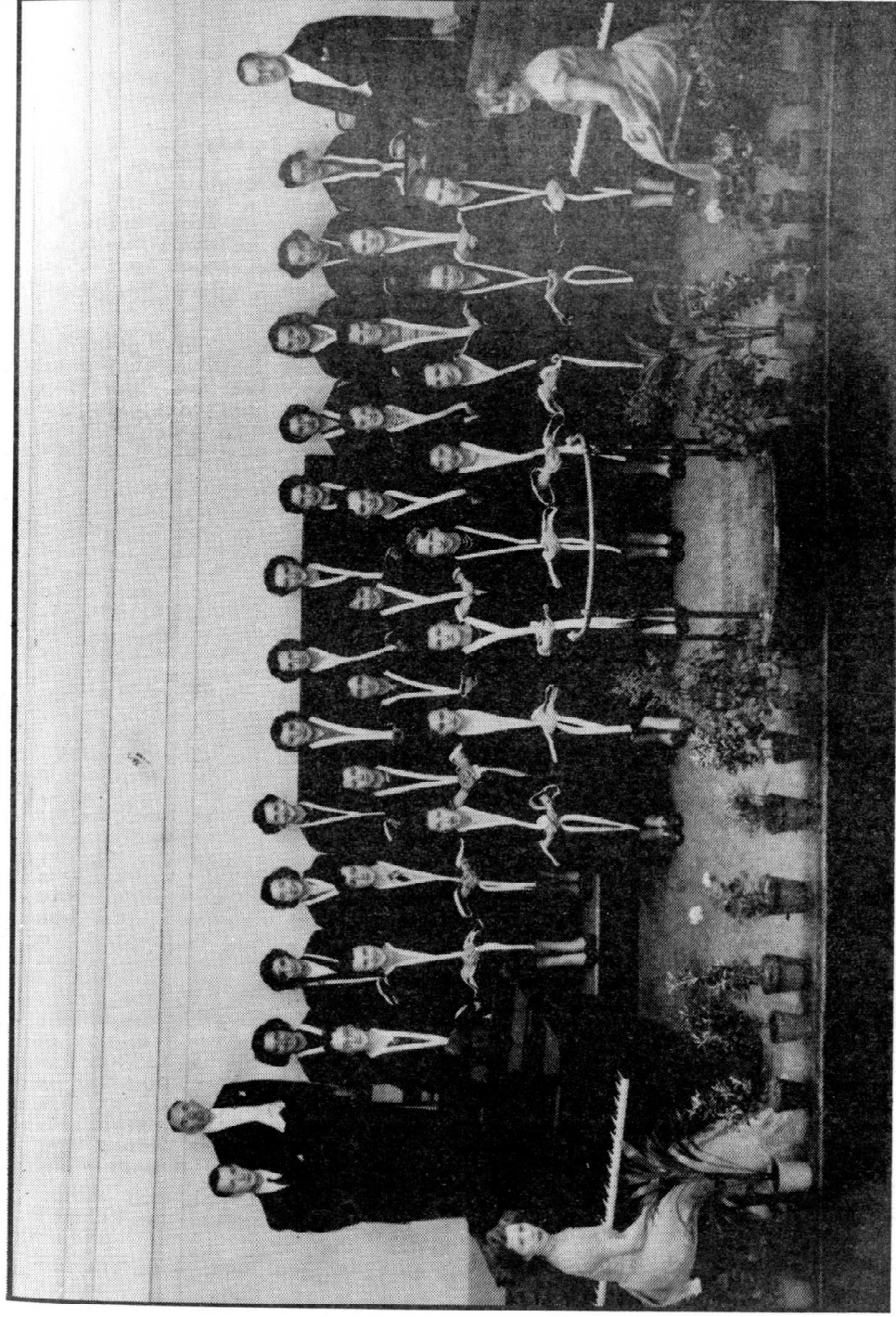
That ended a great era.

- from the commemorative magazine on the School's move to its new location (1977).

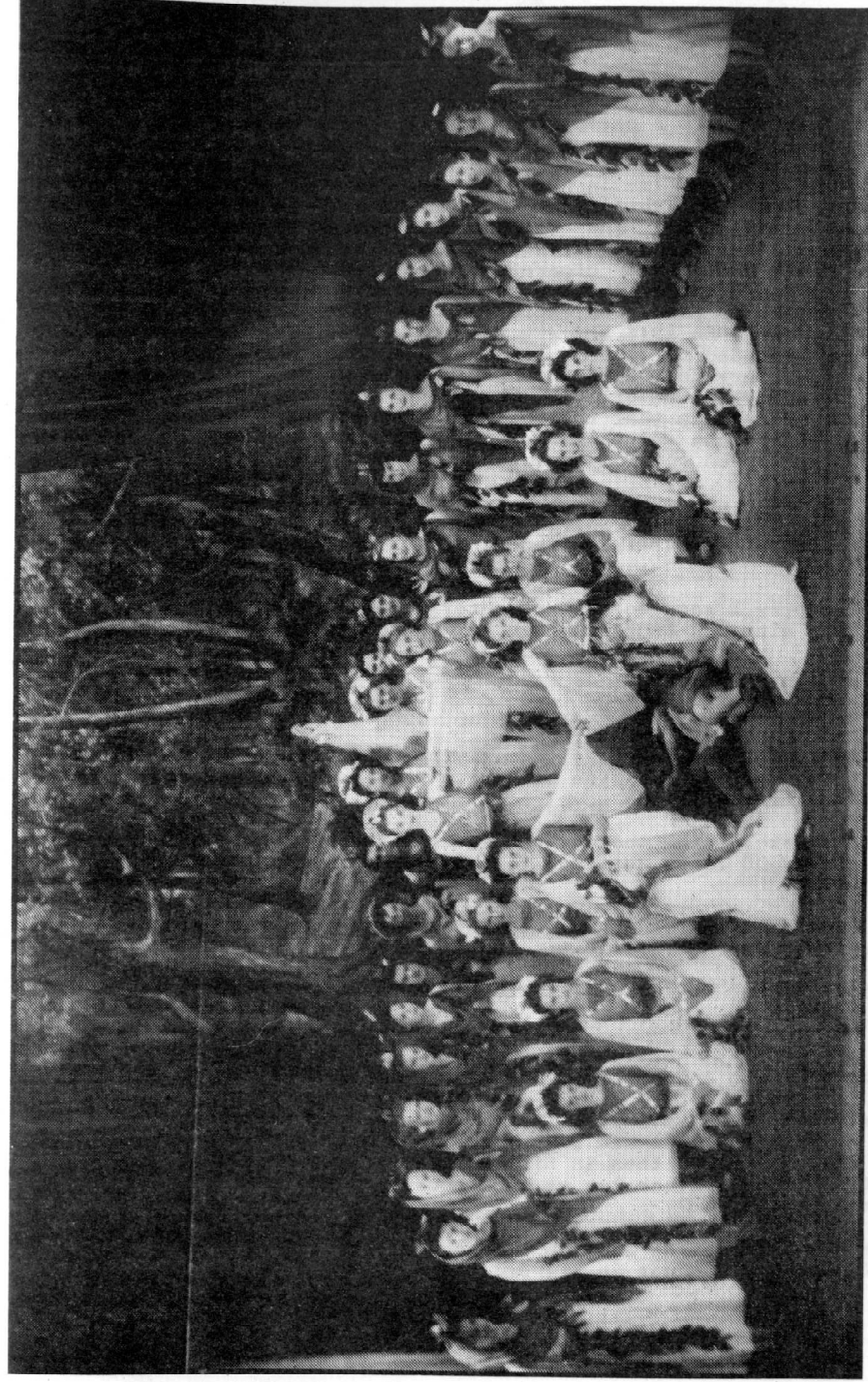




Genuine, unretouched, previously unpublished photograph of the IV6 class party sometime in 1949-50. Looks like it was held in the Annexe's annexe. You must know some of them - even if it is the teachers.



Whitehill FP Choir (April, 1956). Thanks to Betty Patterson, nee Menzies.



The School Concert (June, 1947). Dream Wood Scene with Hansel and Gretel.

Thanks to Dorothy M Maxwell, nee Barclay.





Whitehill FP Choir (April, 1956). Thanks to Betty Patterson, nee Menzies.





The School Concert (June, 1947). Dream Wood Scene with Hansel and Gretel.

Thanks to Dorothy M Maxwell, nee Barclay.



The "Yank at Whitehill" - part of a letter from Stanley Whiteford (Dinner Club President, 1981)

....I came across a passport photograph of James Dingwall, 'PONGO' to his friends. His was an interesting case of the only son of Glasgow parents who always retained very strong local accents and who, after their time in the United States, ran a newsagents business just off Parliamentary Road. James was born in Homstead, Pennsylvania, USA, and came back to school in Scotland. I knew him for five years at Whitehill, where he became progressively more American. The cigarettes he smoked behind the shelters in the playing field at the school were always out of a Camel or a Lucky Strike pack. He exercised his dual nationality by joining the US forces in 1946 and saw service at the Army HQ at Frankfurt. We corresponded throughout his service. On completion of his military service he joined Burroughs at Vale of Leven and was subsequently at Cumbernauld. The sad note is that he had a short break of service near the week he rejoined them, he became unwell and died after a short illness. The 'Yank at Whitehill' was well known and loved and I am sure remembered by many.

Part of a letter from Freddie Colquhoun (Dinner Club President, 1967)

..... Sorry I seem to have no material with which to add a glow to NTWSM - although another glass or two and anything might happen.

From Anonymous

My apologies for lateness in replying to your letter. I am sure the proposed non-magazine will be a great success and congratulate all concerned for the novel idea.

Unfortunately the photographs which I thought would be where they were only 30 years ago seem to have moved so a major hunt is in progress.

If the enclosed cheque is too late please just return it to me at the above address.

(Good try but it failed - Editors)

From AA (Also Anonymous)

I remember ---- very well. I think he was in 1st Year when I was in my 5th. I then had four years in the Army and when I returned to Glasgow he was then in his 2nd Year. If you get any more information, please let me know because I would be pleased to see him again.

(We believe that he has now left school but the last time we had definite news he was in his 3rd Year - Editors)

From the Head Teacher

Contrary to the opinions of some current pupils, I have not been around for the past hundred years nor have I spent even half of that time in the field of education. There have been times though in recent months when I began to think that the Centenary slogan on my sweat shirt did in fact refer to MY age rather than that of the school.

I have been associated with Whitehill since the late '70s' but feel I know what it was like earlier in its life. As a pupil in the '50s' and a young teacher in the '60s' I attended a very similar Victorian building. The overwhelming impression retained is of a very stable environment where staff went about their business unchanged for decades. The pursuit of excellence, academic and sporting, was the main driving force.

The '60s' was a time of great expansion in Education and saw the introduction of Ordinary Grade National Examinations which have lasted thirty years and are now being superseded by Standard Grade Examinations. The '60s' also witnessed the introduction of comprehensive schools and Guidance systems (sounds like a defence capability) and a marked increase in the pace of change.

During the '70s' the pace quickened with the raising of the school leaving age to 16, the construction of many new schools, including our own, and the publication of a plethora of major reports preparing the way for far reaching changes.

The '80s' were marked by an increase in industrial unrest among teachers, the banning of corporal punishment, the emergence of TVEI, SCOTVEC and all sorts of combinations of letters, a decline in school sports matched by a colossal decline in the number of pupils attending Strathclyde Regional schools. Above all the '80s' saw the pace of innovation reach the stage where change became the norm and stability was sought in vain.

Now in the '90s' there is a realisation that schools cannot cope with continual change on so many fronts and that attempts must be made to limit the targets set in any one session. There are still plenty of developments emerging such as School Boards, staff development and appraisal, Records of Achievement for pupils, 5 - 14 curricular developments, increased responsibility for the management of resources. A far cry from the "good old days".

The quickest way to appreciate some of the major changes in education in the lifetime of our school is to take a walk round the present building. Opened in 1977, it placed Whitehill at the forefront of innovation forcing experimentation with teaching methods and classroom organisation. A building less like the traditional school is hard to imagine with its widespread use of carpeting, flexible spaces rather than rooms and modern technology in use throughout.

The visitor will note also that, although we do not live in the past, we are proud of our heritage. The Dux Medallist Roll of

Honour, the War Memorial from the old building and Mementoes from bygone days are on display in the entrance hall.

Whitehill was a great school with a great reputation. It has not stood still but has moved with the times. It is different from the school of 30, 50, 70 years ago but is in my opinion still a good school. This does not arise from the building but from the people working there, staff and pupils. A school is people not a building. The professionalism and humanity of the current staff is well known. What of the pupils?

It is my lot in life to deal with the "baddies" once they have exhausted the patience of everyone else. In this respect Whitehill, like most schools, hasn't changed much. Pupils in 1991 try the same dodges as they have done for decades. The main difference is that when caught instead of owning up they are more likely to enquire about legal aid. I have occasionally to remind myself that these pupils are not typical and I am encouraged to reflect that in recent years we have had youngsters involved in a whole range of activities outwith the classrooms.

These include sporting events with international honours still being achieved by Whitehill pupils; visits to outdoor centres, holidays abroad, theatre visits; participation in music festivals and competition; school productions and Glasgow Schools Youth theatre. Last term alone three boys won international honours in football, first year pupils won a gold award and £250 for an environmental project and 30 pupils took part in a production with the London City Ballet.

Wherever Whitehill pupils have gone in recent years as an organised school party they have earned praise from their staff leaders for their sense of responsibility and good humour.

Our very ambitious work experience scheme last session, when we sent out virtually every pupil in the fourth year, resulted in reports from employers which indicated that there is not much wrong with the typical Whitehill pupil.

No one associated with Whitehill will ever forget its Centenary Year. It has been marred by tragedy and many pupils and staff have been emotionally scarred. They have also had the opportunity to show how they handle adversity and have come through with flying colours. We pride ourselves on being a caring establishment and we certainly demonstrated that this year.

There have been other traumatic times during our first hundred years and no doubt there will be others but I am confident Whitehill still has the qualities to see it through the next hundred years.

Robert Hutchison

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

- W S Gilbert

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