

# Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 71

Christmas  
1954



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### Magazine

**Editors:** Eileen Stewart, V; Robert D. Munro, V.

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Yet another year has gone by and the buck has been passed to yet another editorial staff. We have met with enthusiasm from one or two classes, but we certainly did not look at all like the secretary in the drawing at the top of the page. In our office the waste-paper baskets were much fuller and Oswald did not keep things so tidy! In spite of this, however, we have managed to salvage enough from the wreckage to produce for you another magazine. We hope you like it.

By the time of publication both our Headmaster and Depute Headmaster will have left us. Since we have the privilege of appearing at the beginning of the magazine we should like to be the first to wish them both a long and happy retirement, which, we hope, will be coloured by many happy memories of Whitehill. They were both very interested in the magazine and made many contributions towards its success.

We also are happy to welcome our new Headmaster, Mr. James Walker, who has been good enough to make an article for us one of his first tasks in Whitehill, and to congratulate Mr. John M. Hutchison on his appointment as Depute.

The articles this time were of a fairly high standard, especially in prose writing. The jokes which you contributed let us see more clearly, exactly what type of humour appeals to you, but it may surprise you to know that the editors read the *Sunday Post* too!

All that remains for us to do now is to thank all those who have made this magazine possible. Mr. Meikle has, as usual, spent much of his time supervising everything. We do hope that he sees some reward for his labours in this edition. We also acknowledge our debt to Miss Johnston and her enterprising committee, who handled the advertisements and general finance, and to Mr. Simpson who has taken responsibility for the art side. Thanks are due, too, to the English teachers who forced, bribed or persuaded their pupils to write articles, to the secretaries and teachers who wrote the notes, to the sub-editors who enjoyed themselves thoroughly looking over your attempts, and above all to you yourselves who sent in your articles whether they were published or not!

THE EDITORS.



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## Message from Mr. Walker

My first word, as headmaster, is a word of thanks for the warmth and friendliness with which you have received me.

My second word is a word of appreciation. I count it an honour and a privilege to follow in the distinguished line of Whitehill headmasters. I have been greatly encouraged and fortified by the good wishes of Mr. McEwan and Mr. Weir.

Over the years the staff and pupils of Whitehill have built a great tradition in scholarship, in athletics and in service to the community.

A tradition so great carries with it responsibility. The very excellence of our predecessors places heavy demands on all of us—on pupils, staff, and headmaster alike.

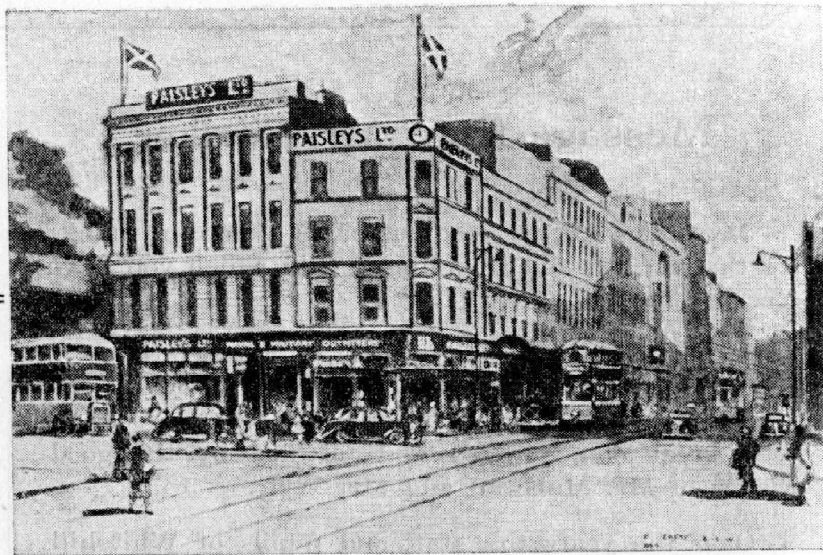
Just as a football team cannot rest on its past achievement, but is judged on its present form, so Whitehill must ever be alert to maintain and, if possible, enhance its reputation.

The Former Pupils are rightly proud of the School of their day, it may be of 1950, of 1930 or of 1910.

What of the Whitehill of 1955? The answer depends on you, on your work in the classroom, on your efforts on the playing field, on your courtesy in the tramcar.

It is my sincere wish that 1955 will be a grand year for each of you and for the School.

**YOUR HEADMASTER.**



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## School Notes

Last summer those important social functions, the Sports and the Prize-giving, were held in unusual circumstances. Owing to uncertain weather conditions the Sports were changed from the last Saturday of May to Wednesday, 2nd June, which fortunately turned out to be a beautiful day. Mr. Alex. Fraser presided, and the trophies were presented by Miss Jean S. Muir, formerly of the Classics Staff and now Principal Teacher of Classics in John Street Senior Secondary School. It is needless to say that with two such genial visitors the proceedings passed off very happily.

On Prize-giving Day we met in Whitehill Church, Rutherford Church having been closed for re-decoration. We were very grateful to the Session of Whitehill for granting us the use of their fine church for this occasion as well as for the services during the last six weeks of the term. Services in Rutherford Church were resumed in September and we were pleased with the freshness and beauty of the decoration.

At the end of June presentations were made to Miss Janet A. O'May, Woman Adviser, who was retiring, and to Miss Margaret Cochrane and Mr. James Paul, whose marriage took place later in the summer. These functions coincided with a "house-warming" held by the Gentlemen in their new Staff Room, "a marvellous convenient place."

On June 15th Forms V and VI, led by their captains, Margaret Harvey and James Aitken, gave a reception to their teachers; on 18th June the Classics Department organised a visit to Hadrian's Wall. The grand climax of the month came with the School Concerts held in the Athenaeum and judged to be well up to the high standard expected of the school.

We take this opportunity to welcome Miss Mary S. Hutchison (Woman Adviser in place of Miss O'May) who is a sister of Mr. Hugh M. Hutchison of the History Department, and a well-known Former Pupil. We wish her great happiness in all that she is doing for the welfare of the school. We also welcome Mrs. Eleanor H. Leary (Art) in place of Miss Christine K. Wallace; Mr. James R. McKillop (Art); Miss Marion Rutherford (Science) in place of Mr. John C. McCrindle; Miss May I. Archibald (Science); Miss Kathleen M. M. Johnston (English) in place of Mr. Robt. H. Sloss, now in the Royal Air Force; Mr. James L. C. Conn (English) in place of Mr. I. U. M. Gallaway; Mr. James R. Thom (Science) in place of Miss Margaret W. Wylie; Mr Robert Stark in place of Mr James Paul, now Principal Teacher of Mathematics in Possil Senior Secondary School, to whom we make reference on another page; Mr. Alex. H. Morrison, who has joined the History Department; and Mr. John Robertson, who as Lab. Attendant is proving himself a valuable acquisition to the Science Department. We send good wishes to all who have left us, especially to Miss Wallace and Mr. McCrindle, both well-known members of Staff

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who have gone to Crookston Castle School, that last word in all that a school should be. We have very pleasant memories of Miss Wylie, now in Kilmarnock, and of Mrs. Paul (Miss Cochran) who resigned at the end of October. We regret the continued illness of Mr. Kelly, our Janitor, and wish him well in the months ahead. His place has been very well filled temporarily by Mr. Wm. Murch.

On 22nd October a new Whitehill Club was instituted under the chairmanship of Mr. Jack House. It consists of “boys” of the 1918-1923 Class and on its committee are Messrs. J. C. Weir, John Motion, R. G. Gillies and Robert Lumsden who, we are glad to say, has recovered from his serious illness. At the dinner in The Grosvenor the guests were Mr. Robert McEwan and Mr. James C. Williamson and the company numbered 25, including Mr. Robert H. Small and Mr. William Bargh.

The Fifth Headmastership of the School came to an end on 29th October when Mr. McEwan retired, greatly to the regret of Staff, Parents and Pupils. At a special service in Rutherford Church Mr Arthur officiated and Mr. McEwan addressed the School. The Captains, Iain Clark and Moira Muir, then presented the gift of the Pupils, which consisted of a record-player. A full account is given elsewhere of the Complimentary Dinner given to Mr. and Mrs. McEwan in The Grosvenor Restaurant on 30th October.

On the same day Miss Mary B. Fisher retired from the position of Principal Teacher of Physical Education to which she had been appointed in 1943 after twenty-five years’ service as assistant. We pay a tribute to her on another page.

A similar record could be given of the services of Mr. James C. Williamson, who retired from the post of Deputy Headmaster on 16th November after serving seventeen years as assistant and nineteen years as Principal Teacher of English. He was succeeded as Deputy Headmaster by Mr. John M. Hutchison, Principal Teacher of Modern Languages, and by Mr. Walter Wyatt of Possilpark Junior Secondary School, who came as Principal Teacher of English on 17th November. At the end of the same month Mr. Thomas Jardine left us to become Principal Teacher of English in Calder Street Junior Secondary School. An appreciation of Mr. Jardine appears elsewhere.

### Jolly Roger

It cannot be done  
Unless by a bird!  
A mile in four minutes,  
The thing is absurd—  
But Bannister did it!  
When people say, “(No,  
It’s perfectly plain,  
It cannot be managed”—  
Just ponder again,  
How Bannister did it.

ROBERT MASON, III G.

## Mr. Robert McEwan, M.C., M.A.

Mr. Robert Weir, Headmaster emeritus, on his retirement in 1947, referred in his farewell message to the coming of Mr. McEwan to the bridge of the good ship "Whitehill" and wished us *bon voyage*. In these last seven and a half years (our fifth voyage counting by Headmasters) we have kept a true and steady course and now the time has come for Mr. McEwan in his turn to leave the bridge, Mr. James Walker taking over. A great task has been successfully completed in spite of the strains and stresses involved in the guiding of a school like Whitehill with its 1,400 human souls so full of life and so varying in character. It is right that we should take this opportunity to pay a tribute to his skill and leadership.

Mr. McEwan took office on 21st January, 1947, well equipped as scholar, teacher and organiser. Having graduated in 1912 M.A. with Honours in English at Glasgow University where he took an active part in student life, he began teaching in Grove Street School. Then he came to Whitehill in 1913 as an assistant in the English Department under Dr. Wm. J. Merry, and was soon one of its most energetic and inspiring teachers. His connection with the school thus goes back over forty years to that memorable period when the triumvirate, Fergus Smith ("Spondee"), Alex. Stevenson ("Pi"), and Archibald McQuistan ("Quizzie") held sway. The First World War intervening, he saw service as an Infantry Officer in Gallipoli, Serbia, Egypt, Palestine and France, and was awarded the Military Cross.

He gained further experience abroad under the Empire Exchange Scheme and for a year was Principal Teacher of History in the Collegiate Institute, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada. A closer link with Canada was formed in his marriage with Miss Katharine McDonald of Regina, which had taken place some years previously. On his return home promotion came to him rapidly and from 1931 to 1943 he was Principal Teacher of English successively in Pollokshields School (Albert Road Academy), Bellahouston Academy and the High School of Glasgow, making friends everywhere he went. It was therefore natural that he should receive a warm welcome when he returned to Pollokshields as Headmaster in 1943 and to Whitehill four years later in the same capacity.

Like his predecessor, Mr. Weir, he tackled the many problems of Whitehill with energy, aiming at having the perfect school, with a genial atmosphere for both Staff and Pupils. He was constantly introducing improvements in time tables, examinations, church services, school dinners and other activities where smooth running is essential. New courses and schemes of work were devised. Liaison was developed with the parents and the "feeder" schools. Improvements at Craigend included better drainage, enclosure by fences, and the introduction of



*(Photo by Annan)*

**Mr. ROBERT McEWAN, M.C., M.A.**



*[Photo by Annan*

**Mr. ROBERT McEWAN, M.C., M.A.**





*[Photo by Annan*

**Mr. JAMES C. WILLIAMSON, M.A.**

electric light to the house. The old Exhibition grounds were laid out as a play ground, adding greatly to the pleasure of the pupils, not to speak of their health, and it was Mr. McEwan's delight to walk round the policies and mingle supervision with comradeship.

Perhaps his greatest achievement was the initiating, planning, and bringing to completion, with the help of his efficient committee, of the combined War Memorial which graces the Hall. Its unveiling on 14th May, 1953, was a moving occasion in the School's history. The adorning of the Memorial with flags presented by a Former Pupil suggests itself as a fitting act with which to close Mr. McEwan's long career of forty-two years.

Mr. McEwan has exerted a powerful influence in education outside Whitehill. He was a successful and popular lecturer in connection with the Workers' Educational Association; he was President of the English Association of Glasgow, a member of various committees of the General Council of the University of Glasgow, and Vice-Chairman of the Headmasters' Association of Scotland.

We now take leave of one who was "mair like a frien'" than a Headmaster. The pupil found that the Headmaster's Room was in most cases—a few exceptions of course there had to be—a home from home! He was fair, genial, humorous, skilful as a detective, quick with the right word, courteous to visitors, diligent in correspondence, capable in finance, and—ubiquitous! His speeches at Staff meetings were happily phrased and his recreations of golf and gardening showed themselves in his handshake.

So we see him now in retirement, the embodiment of happiness and energy. Long may such happiness continue! And we add here a special wish for good health and wellbeing to Mrs. McEwan, who has taken such a close and warm-hearted interest in us all. As the "Whitehill" sets out on its sixth voyage, we send Mr. and Mrs. McEwan an affectionate wave of farewell and our best wishes to them both for a happy spell ashore.

### **Mr. James C. Williamson, M.A.**

With Mr. Williamson's retirement on 16th November, 1954, Whitehill lost the services of one who but for a brief two year interval was a most loyal and distinguished member of its staff for well nigh thirty-nine years. The School tradition of solid worth and high endeavour with which he first became acquainted in January, 1916, he fostered in his long years as English Master, and became its acknowledged guardian when in succession to Mr. T. D. Scoular he was appointed in May, 1948, Deputy Headmaster.

Brought up in Glasgow, educated in Woodside and at Gilmorehill, Mr. Williamson had his teaching novitiate from 1910 to 1913 in Queen Mary School, Bridgeton. Thereafter he returned to the University for two years to complete his Honours Degree



*[Photo by Anna*

**Mr. JAMES C. WILLIAMSON, M.A.**

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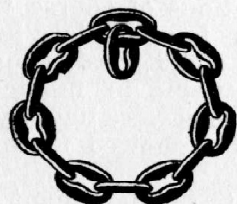
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in English Language and Literature, and for a few months at the end of 1915 he taught in Hosier Street, Bridgeton. In February, 1933, he was appointed Principal English Teacher in Pollok-shields Senior Secondary School, and returned to us in April, 1935, to take over the English Department from Dr. W. J. Merry, and to guide its destinies for nineteen and a half years.

Mr. Williamson's quality of unobtrusive enterprise found scope in the many School activities with which he was identified. He looks back with justifiable pride on his founding of the School Dramatic Club in the 1920's and the finished productions of *Rory Aforesaid*, and scenes from *Pride and Prejudice*, and from *Merchant of Venice* which gave colour to wintry nights in Belgrove Hall and the City Hall. His first association with the Literary and Debating Society, the School Library, and the School Magazine came in the early 1930's, and he has had a care of all of them practically ever since. The war years taught us all to accommodate ourselves to unaccustomed tasks, and Mr. Williamson took his generous share notably in the Harvest Camps at Yetholm and Turriff.

With Mr. Williamson teaching was a vocation that took its strength from a deep religious sentiment. Our Tuesday morning services in Rutherford, from their inception in 1943, became for him the essential part of education and supplied the dynamic of all other studies. From the same sentiment came those qualities by which he will be long remembered in this School—his equable nature, his kindness of approach to pupil and to colleague, his sympathetic understanding of his fellows, and, above all, his quiet firmness of purpose.

But enough of labouring his severely professional qualities! Our ancient memory recalls days when, a melodious tenor, he sang in the School Choir successively conducted by Mr. Andrew L. Riddell, Mr. Robert Douglas, and Mr. Walter H. MacGregor; and other days when our austere Headmaster, Mr. Fergus Smith, found that J. C. W. had more than a professional interest in our School Office, but smiled benignly. More recent memory recalls with gratitude his steadying influence on the School's affairs, and that rare and friendly smile that signified approval and encouragement.

That he should have many years of happy and interesting retirement is the sincere wish of his numerous colleagues and of generations of Whitehillians. R. M. E.

### Library

The School Library is open at the following times:—

Thursday, 8.55 a.m.—Boys of Forms I, II, III.

Friday, 8.55 a.m.—Girls of Forms I, II, III.

Pupils of Forms IV, V, VI may have access to the shelves by applying to Miss Garvan, Room 22a.

At present, 75 boys and 45 girls are members of the Library.

Recent additions include several books on Travel and Exploration. J. E. G.

## Mr. James Walker, M.A.

Our new Headmaster, Mr. James Walker, is a product of the High School of Glasgow, where he was Dux of the Junior School in 1911. His Secondary course was interrupted by the First World War, for as a Fourth Former he joined the army at the age of 16 and saw service in France, where he was gassed in 1918.

Entering Glasgow University in 1919 he graduated M.A. with Honours in French and Italian. He taught in Strathbungo, in Bellahouston, and in the High School of Glasgow. In 1940 he was appointed Principal Master of Modern Languages in Shawlands and seven years later, as Depute Headmaster, gained valuable organisational and administrative experience in that comprehensive school of 1,900 pupils. He became Headmaster of Lambhill Street in August of the present year and was appointed to Whitehill on 15th November.

Outwith the classroom Mr. Walker has been closely associated with movements to promote international understanding. Under his leadership the High School Junior Branch of the League of Nations Union became the largest in Great Britain. He led school parties to Geneva, and founded under L.N.U. auspices the Scottish Nansen Pioneer Camps. He was Chairman of the Glasgow Branch of the L.N.U. and after the Second World War was the first Chairman of the Glasgow Branch of the United Nations Association and Chairman of the West of Scotland Council for Education in World Citizenship.

In sport Mr. Walker has organised school rugby and association football, cricket, hockey and golf. As a schoolboy he played both rugby and association football and in the High School led the boys' golf team against the masters. His handicap of 12 at Pollok indicates his present form and as an enthusiastic supporter of Queen's Park F.C. he is a regular attender at Hampden Park.

We welcome Mr. Walker and wish him every happiness and success.

### The Installation

The installation of the new Headmaster, Mr. Walker, took place in Rutherford Church on Monday afternoon, 15th November. The Rev. Robert Arthur conducted the service. Mr. Walker was introduced by Mr. John T. Bain, Depute Director of Education, and welcomed by Mr. James C. Williamson, Depute Headmaster, and the Captains. A number of distinguished guests were present, including Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Fraser, Mr. Howard Garvan, Mr. Robert Lumsden, Mr. John A. Mack, and Bailie Seanlan.

After the service the guests and the Staff met for tea, and Bailie Seanlan made a short speech.



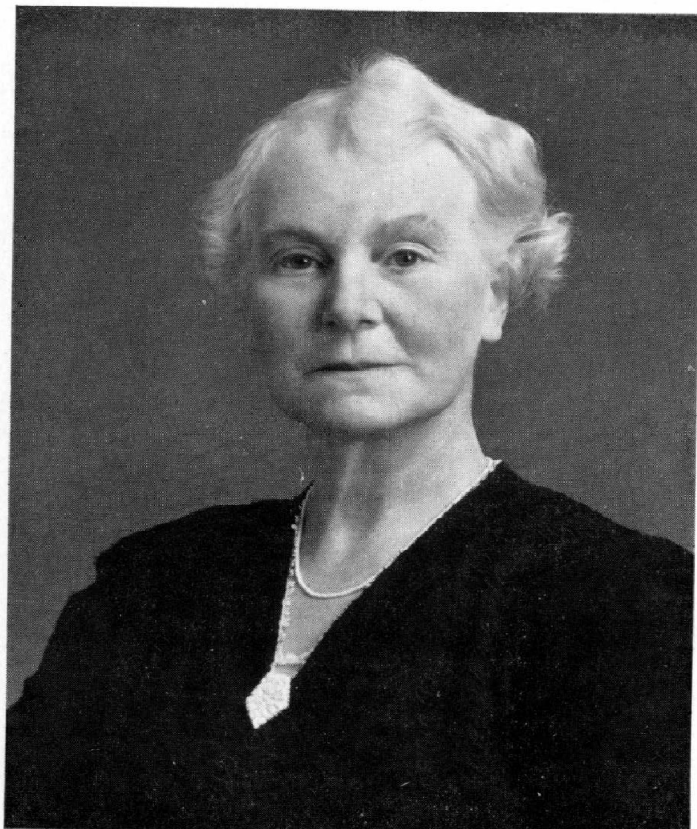
[Photo by Annan

Mr. JAMES WALKER, M.A.



*[Photo by Anna*

**Mr. JAMES WALKER, M.A.**



[Photo by Annan

Miss MARY B. FISHER.

## Miss Mary B. Fisher

The old school has, during its long history, seen many pass across its stage, and of that goodly company none has played a more active and honourable rôle than the gracious lady, Miss M. B. Fisher, who now makes her farewell bow at the footlights. She carries with her the gratitude of all, whether pupil or colleague, who have been privileged to come under her sweet influence, the influence of one whose first priority was loyalty to the school, which she proved in and out of season from that day in August, 1918, when she joined the staff, and which increased rather than diminished when in September, 1943, her sterling worth was recognised by her appointment as Principal. What Craigend will be without her presence it will be hard to imagine, for she was the moving spirit behind all its activities as her colleagues in the field will readily admit. We can only hope that her successor will be enabled to carry on the great Whitehill tradition so exemplified in her, the tradition of sheer hard work.

As a colleague there was none more beloved and respected, for with her loyalty to the school were united that peculiar charm which disarmed shyness, and a kindly friendliness extended to all who came in contact with her. Her wise counsel has smoothed the path of many and none ever sought that counsel in vain. But surely it is trying to paint the lily to express in words all her qualities of head and heart; let us rather sum them all up in the words which were deeds with her, the words we all know: *Altiora peto*. We wish her quiet contentment and happiness in her well-earned leisure, undisturbed by period bells.

## Scripture Union

Once again a cordial invitation is extended to all to join us on Friday afternoons at 4.15. The girls meet in Room 50 and the boys in Room 81. The average attendance at our meetings has been about forty, and there is still plenty of room for anyone who would like to join us—especially from the Upper School!

What is the Scripture Union?

The S.U. is the largest Bible-reading organisation in the world, having over a million members and membership cards being printed in over ninety languages. Everyone therefore should be proud to wear our green badge with the lamp on it signifying God's Word and proclaiming us as daily readers of it.

We should like now to thank the jaintor for providing us with rooms and also we should like to thank Mr. Gunn, who has helped us a great deal by coming to some of our meetings and showing us slides to illustrate his talks. Mr. Gunn also conducted the inter-school quiz in which our team is now entering the second round.

Do come along and join with us for an enjoyable time of Christian fellowship.

M. M., VI, and A. F., V.



*[Photo by Annan*

**Miss MARY B. FISHER.**

## Unity in Diversity

Has Whitehill ever experienced such a revolutionary term in all its history? To older Former Pupils in particular it must seem as if all the ties with the old days have been cut at one stroke. Mr. McEwan, Mr. Williamson, and Miss Fisher—their combined service in Whitehill comes to practically a century!

We have been fortunate in our Headmasters. Mr. McEwan takes his place in the honoured succession as a perfect gentleman. We often thought of a remark of one of G.B.S.'s characters in his connection: "He treats a flower-girl as if she were a duchess." He has a striking personality, and none of the thousands of pupils who have come under his control will ever forget him.

It has been a happy conjunction that made Mr. Williamson the Depute Headmaster during most of Mr. McEwan's term as Head. For here was another of nature's gentlemen. We have long studied with growing admiration the courteous attention which he brought to all requests and the painstaking care with which he carried out his varied duties. And never once did we hear him utter an unkind or impatient word. He did not always give way; he could indeed be exasperatingly firm of purpose; but his gentle urbanity was never disturbed.

Miss Fisher, we suspect, may have been prevented by her modesty from realising fully the strong affection with which she is regarded by Whitehill. We have heard some wonderful tributes to her from her own staff—all the more valuable because they knew her well. Their loyalty to her was complete. She was very retiring; occasionally we came upon her doing good by stealth, but she more often covered up her tracks too well for any discovery. We regard it as a triumph to have persuaded her to yield us a photograph of herself for this magazine; she would have preferred to slip away without any comment from us, but we owe her too much to allow that.

Those who step in to take over from these respected leaders have a daunting responsibility. We are glad that one so able as Mr. James Walker has been found to take the highest place, and we welcome Mr. Wyatt who succeeds Mr. Williamson as Principal Teacher of English, and Miss Scott the new head of the Physical Training Department.

Amidst all these changes there is one which preserves the continuity—the appointment of Mr. John Hutchison as Depute Headmaster. As a Former Pupil of the School he has a deep interest in and knowledge of the old traditions, and he is held in high esteem as Principal of Modern Languages and as a person. We know that he too possesses many of the qualities we have admired in his predecessor, and look forward with confidence to his tenure of his important office.

We are grateful for the past, and grateful to those who built so well; we can also look cheerfully to the future.



*Photo by Laurie*

### PREFECTS.

*Back Row:* Hope Robertson, Eileen Stewart, George Shearer, Edgar Hein, Robert Brown, William Esslemont, Barbara Main, Margaret Moir.  
*Middle Row:* Kenneth Reid, Alexander Fitzgerald, Marion Milne, Myra Milne, Anna Anderson, Elinor Matchet, Robert Munro, Gordon Watson.  
*Front Row:* Mr. McEwan, Mora Gray (Vice-Captain), Iain Clark (Captain), Moira Muir (Captain), David Thomson (Vice-Captain), Mr. Williamson.





[Photo by Lawrie

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## Under the Editors' Table

Yes, the great ones did drop me one or two entertaining tit-bits.

The first one I picked up began—

As I was going down the road . . .  
“Ah!” I said, “another McGonagall?” and read on—

I looked behind me, and there was a toad.

“Now we’re at ‘The Wind in the Willows,’” I thought.  
Then came—

It hopped and skipped  
And fell in the puddle behind him.

I gave it up.

That was from I9. From III F, as one would expect, came a more advanced problem:

But John had to drag the boy from the life bouy,  
When the boy he nearly him he ignored.

Who said modern poetry was easy?

The next one (III 6) at least had rhyme:

To be my teacher’s pride and joy,  
I’d need to be a cleverer boy,  
And I’d have to get higher marks in my examinations,  
And perhaps then I’d receive a prize at the presentations.

Form V can amuse themselves by trying to identify that stanza.

Our nature lore also provides unexpected discoveries. From III F again:

A sweet little robin  
One morning in spring  
Came to my window  
And started to sing.  
He sang like a lark—

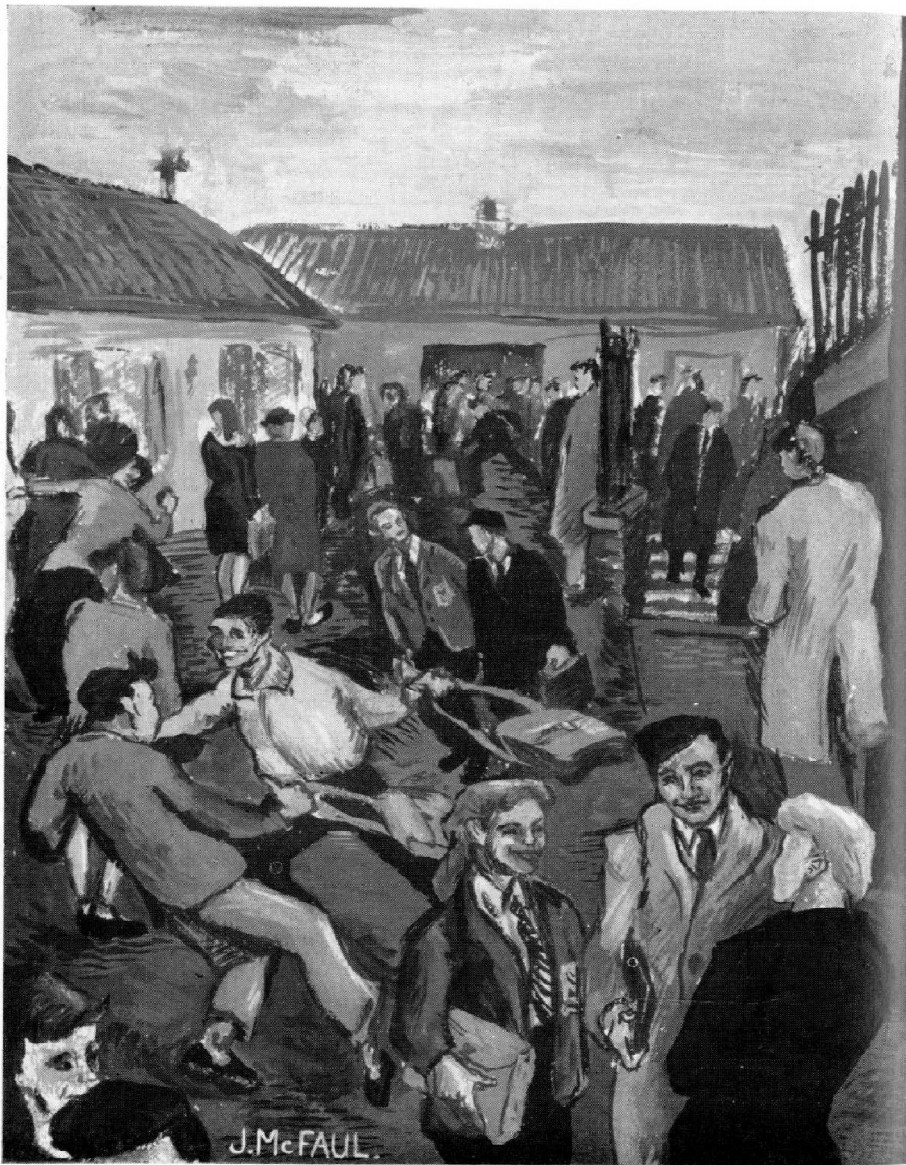
Percy Edwards has a rival!

Now for the near misses. We had two good accounts of the school trip to France, both from IV 3. We printed one, and P.A. McE. was left out, though indeed they were about equally good.

The article from E.F., III F, was too like one in the last magazine. J.B. and M.B., both I 8, wrote stories that were unsuitable for us, but they were well written and showed a lot of good thought and imagination. Other good shots: D. McE., III 6; F.O., III 6; S.B., III F; R.B., III F; J.J., III F; A.L., III F; J.L., III F; W. McG., III F; A.M., III F; J.M., III F; J.C.C., I 9; I.H., I 9; L.Q., I 9; S.W., I 9.

Special commendation to III F. Will other classes do as well next time?

OSWALD THE OFFICE BOY.



An impressionist study of the movement and activity of the playing field.  
(Original in colour.)

James McFaul, IV 2.

## Mr. James Paul, M.A.

Mr. Paul came to us in 1939 when we joined forces with Onslow Drive School, now Whitehill Junior Secondary. For a long time he was Senior Assistant in the Mathematics Department, in which capacity he was frequently called on to take charge of the department when his Principal was absent. This additional responsibility he accepted quietly and capably. Mr. Paul is a very able mathematician, and an expert teacher. He has a highly developed technique, imparting sound theory in an attractive practical dress. He has also a dry style of humour all his own. Former pupils recall with relish some of his "cracks" in the classroom, and they also recall how he was wont to see some amusing point, enjoy it, decide to keep it to himself, and return with a chuckle to the lesson, the class racking their brains to discover what had struck him, and seldom succeeding.

Mr. Paul for some years looked after one of our football teams, and was also associated with the Chess Club. He is a musician of more than usual ability, and made a useful contribution to a School concert when he could be prevailed on to take part—for his shyness made him shun publicity. In the background, however, he worked happily and effectively. He always took his part in the annual sports, usually as the accurate recorder, and at the Potato Harvesting Camps performed the multifarious tasks of such establishments with versatility.

Possil Senior Secondary, where he is now Principal Teacher of Mathematics, have gained a rich mind, a fine teacher, and a valuable colleague. We send to him, and to Mrs. Paul, our most sincere good wishes.

## Mr. Thomas Jardine, M.A., LL.B., Ed.B.

The promotion of Mr. Thomas Jardine to the post of Principal Teacher of English in Calder Street Junior Secondary School deprives us of one of our most notable teachers. After service in Wellshot and Dobbie's Loan, Mr. Jardine arrived at Whitehill in 1938. He has therefore been with us for 16 years, apart from a spell when he was a Flight Lieutenant in the R.A.F. in India and Burma.

Mr. Jardine was educated at Hamilton Academy, where he earned a wide reputation as the most impassable back in schools football. He went on to Glasgow University, and graduated with Honours in English Language and Literature, adding later the degrees of LL.B. and Ed.B. He also collected Prizes in Logic and Jurisprudence, and the Post-Graduate Awards of a League of Nations Union Scholarship, the Henderson Prize and the Arthur Jones Memorial Prize.

At Whitehill he busied himself in a variety of affairs. Naturally, he was our Football Representative. But he was also Sports Convener, and he fostered a knowledge of Scottish Literature by faithfully conducting the written and oral competitions of the Burns Federation and Bridgeton Burns Club. He was a regular

and popular speaker at the Literary Society, where his width of knowledge was evident. Among his colleagues too he had reputation as a bonnie fechter in debate.

His activities outside this School are too many to be detailed in full. He is on a number of committees of the Educational Institute of Scotland, being Convener of the Local Association Sub-committee on Education. He lectures on various aspects of Law, Commerce, and Current International Affairs. He is on the Executive of the Secondary Schools Football League.

We have no space to deal with his personal qualities, beyond saying that he is a good-natured and generous companion. It is characteristic of the schoolboy's irreverence that the pupils should have seized upon his good humour in preference to his distinctions, and cheerfully refer to him as "Wee Tam."

Wherever he goes he will be a popular and valuable acquisition, and we heartily wish him all good fortune.

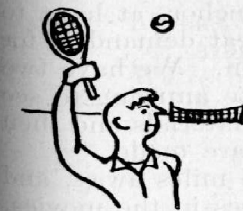
## The Chaucerian Teddy-Boy

A felawe was ther in a dreyn pype suit,  
A spivvy shoo he hadde on eache foot.  
His shoulders were at leaste three foot wydde—  
I thinke his hangyr was yett insydde.  
A boot-leyse hadde he taken for a tye,  
And as he stode ther I herd him crye.  
"Come oan, noo, Waddylle! Guid auld Georde Young!"  
In sooth it sounded lyk the Glasgowe tongue.  
His mooth was largge and lykwyse eke did sagg,  
And from oon cornyr hung a lyted "fag."  
Upon his heed was hair of darkyssh hue,  
And sooth to seyn I think he hadde a "crew."

GUESS WHO, V.1.

## Tennis

Last season the school team was fairly successful, winning more than half their matches. The school competitions were unfortunately not so successful, as they petered out before the finals were reached.



This year a new form of organisation is being tried. There are now three secretaries: John Cruden is secretary for games within the school, while John MacKenzie and Mora Gray deal with the inter-school matches for boys and girls respectively. We still have the hand of Mr. R. Simpson to guide us on our way.

It has been proposed that six courts be reserved for the use of our Club at Alexandra Park Tennis Courts one afternoon per week. This should help the course of our own competitions and provide facilities for practice.

Matches will be arranged with our old rivals and it is hoped that this year's team will gain fresh laurels for the school.

M. G.

# Life in Northern Rhodesia

By Former Pupils Anne and May Marshall

Being F.P.s of the old school who still get the magazine regularly we felt it was about time we tried to contribute something to the magazine. We both live on a farm in Northern Rhodesia with our husbands. When we say "farm" you probably visualise something like what one sees down Ayrshire way, but nothing could be more different. For one thing, our farm extends for 4,000 acres, a good part of which is still wild bush country.

Our main crops are Virginia tobacco and maize. The tobacco is an interesting if rather nerve-racking crop to produce. In the month of September the seed is sown in special seed beds which have to be watered three times a day by the African employees unless we are lucky enough to get a shower of rain, which is always doubtful. When the rains do break, usually towards the end of October, then the young seedlings are transplanted into the lands. All this is done by hand, and you can imagine the work involved when we tell you that we normally put in around 50 acres, which means 350,000 plants. In due course, after fertilising, suckering, and cultivating, the ripe leaves are picked off, strung on to long poles, and hung up in the barns to cure. This is done by heat from furnaces, which must be tended day and night, passing through special flues. Finally, when the "baccy" has reached the proper colour and texture, it is graded, baled and sent off to the Auction Floors in Southern Rhodesia. After that our fate is in the hands of the buyers.

Apart from tobacco and maize, of which we put in about 100 acres each year, we also have 125 head of cattle and about 70 pigs. So everyone is kept busy. In our small orchard we grow lemons, grapefruits, oranges, tangerines, bananas, peaches, and figs.

On the farm we also run a Native Trading Store which sells everything from a needle, if not quite to an anchor, at least to fishing hooks. At the moment (June) the great demand is for blankets now that the cold weather is coming in. We have two African tailors who work for us, and it is quite amusing to see the African women come along and pick their materials and then sit around in the sunshine until their dresses are made.

Our nearest town is called Kalomo, twelve miles away, and it is exactly like a "Wild West" town one sees in the movies, as it comprises one small hotel, one filling station, Post Office and several Indian stores. Oh, and don't let's forget our one policeman! However, although our town itself is so small, we do have a large farming community and have a very nice Country Club with cricket, rugby and tennis. Our rugby team is really good and last year won two of the cups. Our tennis team, too, have just won the Southern Province Shield. To play some matches involves travelling about 100 miles each way, but that is all part of the fun.

We wish we could finish off by telling you some hair-raising stories of wild animals, but although there is quite a lot of game around they don't come near the homestead. Lions have been in the vicinity but we haven't seen them, and we did find the spoor of a rhinoceros on the lands but lost him in the bush. Our biggest pest is baboons, which come in troops and do a lot of damage to the maize crop. The little ones can be quite amusing with their antics. There are lots of buck around and these make a welcome addition to the cooking pot. We have a large dam on the farm which is stocked with fish, but unfortunately along with the fish we have also acquired a large crocodile and its young, which rather rules out fishing or swimming. To date we have shot one crocodile, but they have accounted for two geese and one dog.

We are now coming into our winter months when we get slight frost but we can't really grumble as we haven't had any rain since the middle of February and don't expect to get any until some time in October.

Altogether it is a nice free life and we wouldn't change it for anything, although one day we look forward to strolling along Duke Street and Alexandra Parade again.

A.T.H. and M.B.B.

## Rugby

The back is running up to me,  
The ball is in his hand.  
With long strides he comes close to me,  
I wish I could expand.

The scrum-half throws the ball to me,  
I have it in my clutch—  
I wish I could get rid of it  
Before I'm kicked for touch.

At last the whistle blows for time,  
And we run off the park—  
We're only down by ninety nine,  
So things don't look so dark.

SMOUT, III6.

## Faces in the Fire

I sit before a roaring fire,  
And watch the flames so bright,  
That one like a tall church spire,  
This one an airy sprite.

There is one with a long hooked nose,  
His hair is red and glaring,  
Contrasting with the plain black hose  
And the very long coat he is wearing.

S. BAILLIE, IIIF.

## Something Internal

One summer's morning a young friend of mine wakened up with a severe pain in his stomach. Now, this was rather unusual, for he usually wakened up with his younger brother. But, then, of course, this was a rather unusual summer's morning: it was dry.

He started to think over all that he had eaten at that party last night—dumpling, cake, doughnuts, jelly, ice-cream, trifle—no, it couldn't be any of these. "What about excitement causing it? Weren't you excited about your party?" asked his mother. "Oh, no, that wasn't what made me drop all those dishes I was helping you to carry. It couldn't be that," he replied. "Well, you'd better try a glass of hot water with baking soda in it," said his mother. But that didn't help much; if anything the pain grew worse. So he decided he must visit the doctor.

He duly arrived at the surgery some two minutes past eleven to find the door shut. The doctor's consulting hours, he knew, were from ten till eleven, but he hadn't expected to find the door closed so soon.

He knocked, but there was no answer. He knocked again. "That old receptionist must be jolly deaf," he said to himself (at least that was what he said he said!).

He was determined, however, to get in, so he kept knocking, and at last the door was opened. A great stout woman with spectacles perched perilously near the end of a long nose greeted him kindly with: "What the dickens d'ye think ye're daein? Ah cannae get peace tae hae a wee bit blether here, but fowks has tae come chappin' at the door aboot half an hour late! Ye'll no' get in the next time!"

Vowing there would be no next time, my friend went over to the one little piece of wooden bench that wasn't already occupied. "Here, whaur d'ye think ye're goin'?" came the voice from behind him. "Here's the end o' the queue up here."

He followed the pointing finger and went to stand behind the chair of a glum-looking man with a "bunnet" on his head—sorry, head!

The woman on the next chair looked round—in more senses than one—and whispered, "Never you mind her, sonny. She's the only wan in here whit kens where the queue starts an' feenishes." My friend couldn't help agreeing with her. After a few minutes a door opened, the doctor's head emerged, his lips muttered something that sounded like "Necks please," someone got up and followed him into the room, the "queue" moved or slid up one place according to whether one was sitting on a seat or a bench, and my friend grabbed a seat.

How different from his dentist's waiting room, he thought, where comfortable chairs and a settee were provided and interesting books were at hand to be enjoyed if you were in a

fit state to enjoy them. Here, you came into a small, dark room and stood for a while before you got a seat: then when you did get one no sooner were you comfortably installed—if that's the word—than you had to move to another one, or slide along one place, or even at one point to cross the room.

He started to consider how much time we spend in this busy world in just waiting: at the bus stop, or the tram stop, or the railway station, or outside the cinema, or the football ground, or in the fish-shop queue, or at the grocer's. And how uninteresting and sometimes unpleasant that waiting can be. Why, it was only recently that shelters had been erected at some bus and tram stops. And how many cinemas and football grounds provided cover outside and/or inside for their thousands of patrons who patiently queue up every week? And, most of all, why didn't doctors take the trouble to brighten up their waiting-rooms?

But here he was interrupted by a rather conspicuous noise from the direction of his stomach. He grimaced.

"What's the matter, sonny?" asked the woman two places up, leaning across in front of the glum man between them. She had a sticky child on her lap, busily devouring a huge lollipop and spreading its stickiness on his face and on the trousers of the glum man. He, however, seemed totally oblivious of everything but his stomach, which he kept pressing every now and again, at the same time emitting a low moan. This performance did not help my friend any.

"What's the matter?" again inquired the woman.

"It's my stomach," answered my friend, expressively.

"Is it sherp pains or protected wans?" she managed to ask before the sticky lollipop was thrust in her mouth.

"Both, I think," said my friend, not paying much attention. Somebody had just gone off into a fit of coughing and my friend instinctively covered his mouth with his handkerchief.

"Whooping cough," confided the round woman, and then, in one breath: "But if your 'stomacake'—that's how she pronounced it—" if your stomacake's sherp, it'll be gasteritis, but if it's long and protected it'll be an ulcer like enough." My friend turned a delicate shade of green.

"Dinnae you kid yersel', missus," came from the up-till-now-silent-except-for-the-groans-man. "Dinnae you believe it, son. It's the other way aboot. An' Ah ought tae ken, for Ah've had them baith. If ye've got gasteritis it's a continuous pain, an' if it's sherp, it's an ulcer." The argument soon spread all round the waiting-room and even the old receptionist "chimed in." Ah, this is the way to brighten up the waiting—start an argument, thought my friend as he sat enraptured.

But at length his turn came to go into the doctor's surgery.

"Well, young man, what's the matter with you?" began the doctor, as all doctors do.

My friend explained.

"Dyspepsia," pronounced the doctor.

"Is it—is it fatal?" asked the young fellow, completely overawed.

The doctor smiled. "Go home and look it up," he suggested. "And"—handing him a round white box—"take this as soon as you get home. It'll soon cure you."

With that my little friend was shot out of the surgery, bursting with curiosity as to what "dyspepsia" meant, and feeling not a little proud at suffering from such an exciting disease.

Imagine his disappointment, then, when he discovered that he only had indigestion.

"But what can be in the pill box?" he wondered. He opened it to see—and out popped a PEPPERMINT.

JOHN SWAN, VI.

### Sportsman's Nightmare

On leaving my igloo, I donned my bathing costume and, after refuelling at the local tuck-shop, I made my way to the rugby pitch, where a game of tiddley-winks was in full swing. When I reached the touchline, the silly mid-off was bowling a penalty to the scrum half. One of the three teams being short of a hooker, the linesman told me to put on my frog-feet and play in the slips. After a shy in the goalmouth, the shuttlecock flew off the right-wing's hockey stick, and, as it landed with a thud at my feet, I trapped it with my big toe, and I flew with it down the swimming pond. Apprehensively, I looked over my shoulder, and saw the wicket-keeper, who was still ten yards off, breathing down my neck, so I brought the puck under control, and, with a back-hand cast of my fishing rod, I bowled a leg-break, which didn't pitch right, and only broke the goalkeeper's leg. However, the referee said it was a no-ball, and sent me off to play ludo until the gong sounded for the fifth round. Undaunted, however, I challenged all comers and with a fore-hand slash of my billiard cue I scored a hole in one. Under the starter's order, just as the whistle went for time and half, I was declared winner on points.

A DEMENTED SPORTSMAN, III F.

### Student Christian Movement

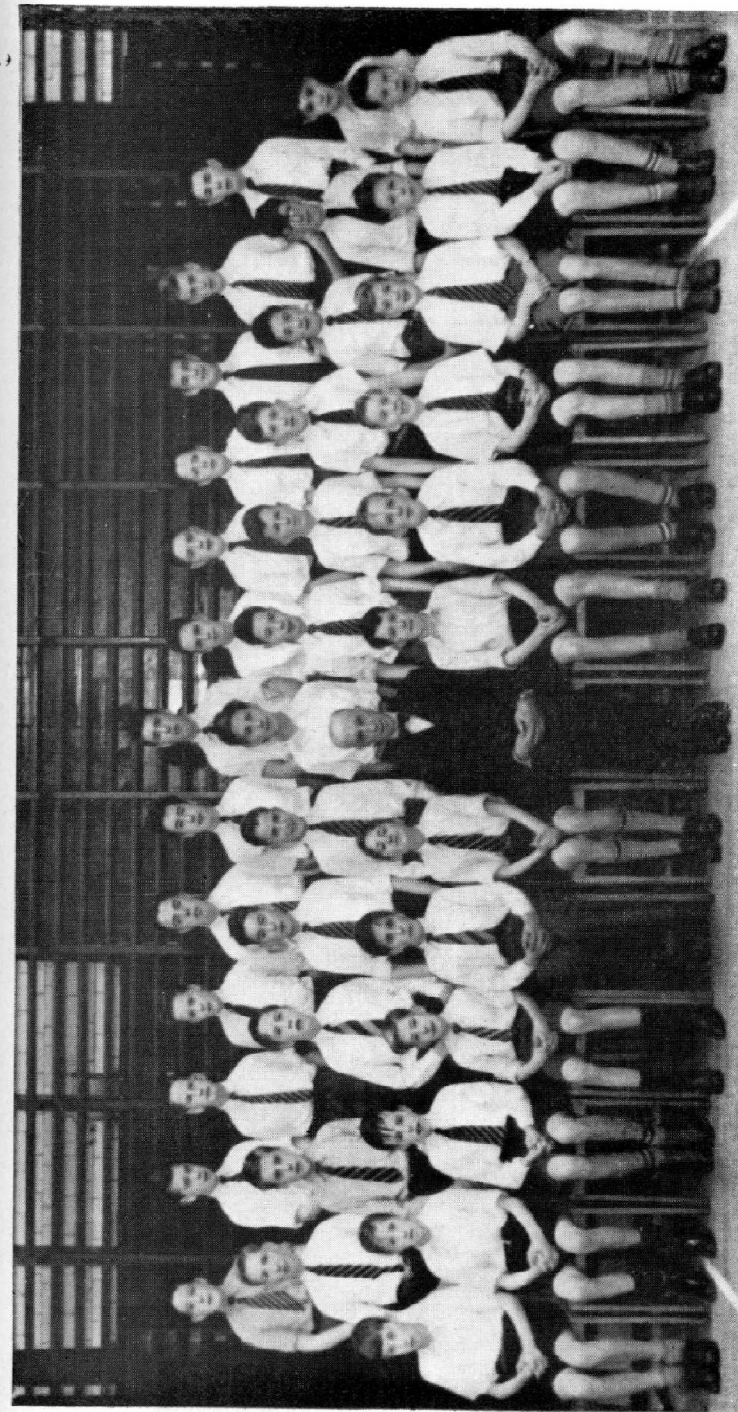
This term the Student Christian Movement has once more started off well, and the numbers of boys and girls who attended the first meeting were very encouraging.

A meeting of the S.C.M., which is a discussion group for boys and girls of Fifth and Sixth Forms desiring to live a better Christian life, is held every alternate Wednesday in Room 91, and all interested will be made very welcome.

As usual we are under the excellent guidance of Mr. J. Hutchison, with Miss Garvan also helping to keep us on the subject, and this year we are happy to welcome Mr. Gunn to our midst, and he has already shown us how helpful he can be, with his wide knowledge of the Bible.

So, why not come along and join us, and find out how much fun we have?

M. M.



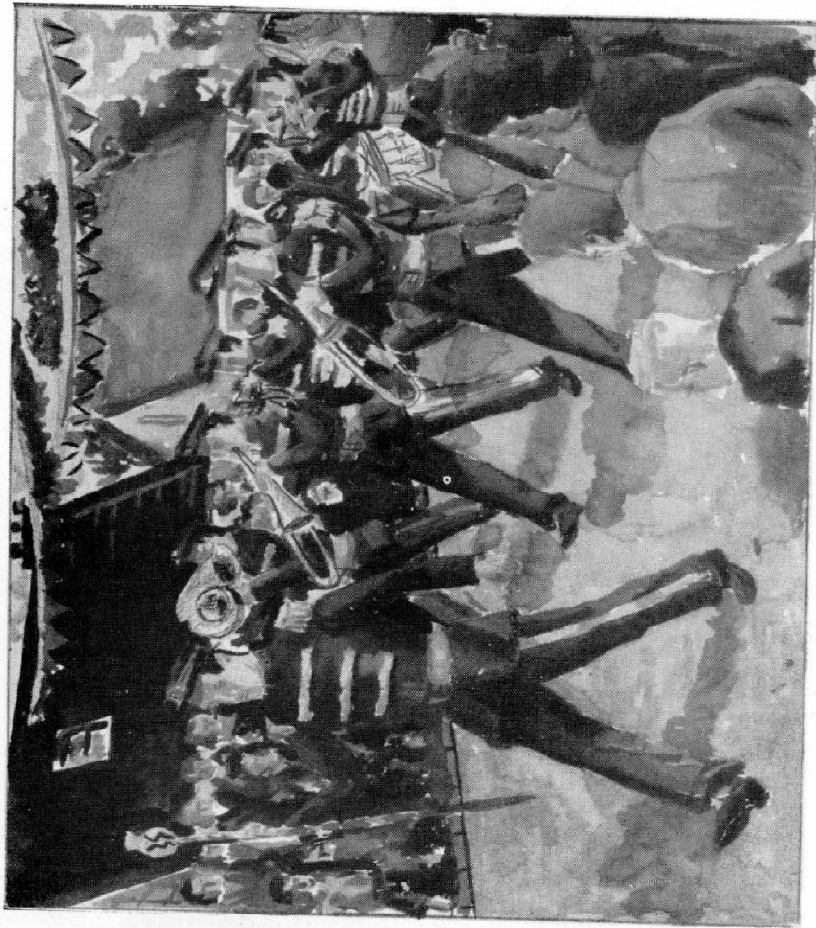
[Photo by Lewis]

BOYS' CHOIR.  
Mr. T. P. Fletcher. Conductor.



*[Photo by Law]*

**BOYS' CHOIR.**  
Mr. T. P. Fletcher. Conductor.



The Village Band.  
(Original in colour.)

David Thomson, VI.

## The Library

The members of the Lower School may wonder where the Seniors spend their dinner hour. The élite, a word synonymous with Form VI, frequent the library. This may seem peculiar—that those aloof beings desire to be surrounded by stuffy, high-sounding books on English Literature and “How to Teach Yourself Calculus.” However, if you understand the working of the minds of those ladies and gentlemen, and if you realise, as they do, that the Highers are in March, you will inevitably come to the conclusion that they spend their time with furrowed brow in deep concentration over their text-books.

And you will not be far wrong. Should you enter the library at any dinner hour, you will find the aforementioned ladies and gentlemen with their books set up in front of them consuming pea-nuts and liquorice all-sorts in silent study. As you gaze upon the ruminating herd you will perhaps observe several members with two jotters set before them and furiously writing in one of them. The comparative silence of cracking peanut shells and rustling papers is broken as the door opens and a fair, handsome youth strides in.

“Aha!” he exclaims, “What is this I see? Pea-nuts!” (N.B.—By this time the liquorice all-sorts are finished.) This handsome youth promptly gets tore into the bag of peanuts, and in order to keep the conversation, which commenced on his entering the room, on its high intellectual plane, asks: “Did you hear the ‘Goon Show’ last night?”

Amid cries of “Yes” and ecstatic remarks about the “sheer lunacy,” “magnificent sound effects,” “wonderful production,” etc., the door once more opens to admit a second handsome youth. He is immediately assailed by a fair maiden, who, gazing upon him with deep blue eyes, demands, “Where have you put my brief-case?” To which question the second handsome boy replies, with blue eyed innocence, “Me? I never touched it!”

By this time the studious silence is broken, and snatches of conversation, still on a high intellectual level, can be heard: “I’ll give you your trig. jotter next period” . . . “You should write to Evelyn Home” . . . “That isn’t a Sabre!” . . . “Oh, I could bash her brains out!” You will, of course, see the connection between those remarks.

Just when things are warming up, the bell rings. There is a mad scramble to dispose of pea-nut shells, orange peel and other vegetable refuse, before the handsome gentlemen and fair maidens trip dutifully to their classes.

The Library, having grown accustomed to this way of life, and being of a conservative disposition, quietly returns to tranquillity, and awaits the next dinner-hour.

M.A.M., VIa.



# COME TO DUNN'S

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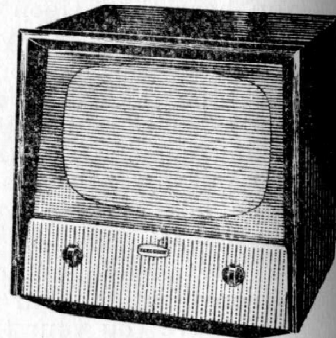
FOR  
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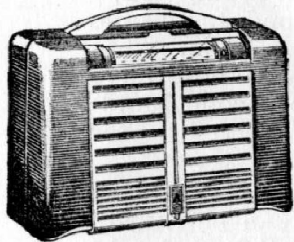
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"Ah, yes—almost certainly an early prison, perhaps 2000 years ago. And this small object seems to be a primitive musical instrument with an inscription 'J. C. W.'"

John L. Wallace, VI.

## Rugby



The 1st XV has started its 1954-55 season well by winning its first two games against Hyndland and Lenzie. This year we have a full series of fixtures and we hope that the weather will allow them to be fulfilled. Last year the weather drastically cut down the number of games played. The 1st XV has been completely reshuffled owing to the loss of many of last year's XV.

The play is still a bit ragged but we hope that Mr. McKean's training classes on Mondays and Wednesdays will take away the rough edges. All members of the 1st and 2nd XV's are expected to attend these.

Many of the boys accepted the invitation offered by the Former Pupils Rugby Club to train with them during the summer holidays at Craigend. The F.P.s fairly put them through their paces and the boys have greatly benefited from their rather rough treatment.

As usual the junior teams, under Mr. Forgie and Mr. Gardiner, are doing well, and whatever they lack in ability they make up for in enthusiasm.

Will the season end as well as it has begun? That is up to the teams themselves.

I. CLARK.

## Touching

**R** is for rugby, a very good game,  
**U**'s for upsets which occur in the same,  
**G** for the goals that we try hard to score,  
**B** is for bruises, which we get galore,  
**Y** is the reason I can think of no more!

ARTHUR RONALD, I9.

## Cricket



Season 1954 was a very satisfactory one for the School Cricket Club. The results were outstanding, the standard of cricket was of a high level, and most important of all, there was tremendous enthusiasm shown by all the players. We were delighted and encouraged to see so many members turning up regularly for net practice, and we look forward to seeing many more of the lower school at Golfhill Cricket

Ground next year as a full fixture list is being arranged for a team of under 15's.

Finally, our thanks are due to our very able Secretary, Tom Chisholm, who really did a grand job in keeping things going smoothly.

The complete results for the season were:—Played 15, won 11, lost 2, abandoned 2.

J. MCKEAN.



[Photo by Laurie

## RUGBY 1st XV.

*Back Row:* John Wallace, David Evans, Gordon Watson, Ian Crichton, Victor Hugo.  
*Middle Row:* William Freeman, Stuart McKinnell, Renold Witt, Harris Henderson, Owen McChie, Roger Younger, Victor Hugo.  
*Front Row:* Douglas Moffat, Edgar Hein, Alan Wright (Captain), Iain Clark, John Cruden.



[Photo by Lawrie

**RUGBY 1st XV.**

*Back Row:* John Wallace, David Evans, Gordon Watson, Ian Crichton.  
*Middle Row:* William Freeman, Stuart McKinnell, Renold Witt, Harris Henderson, Owen McGhie, Roger Younger, Victor Hugo.  
*Front Row:* Douglas Moffat, Edgar Hein, Alan Wright (Captain), Iain Clark, John Cruden.



[Photo by Laurie

### HOCKEY 1st XI.

*Back Row:* Jeanette Nicol, Hazel McIntyre, Dinah McIntosh, Mora Gray, Charlotte Cunningham, Christine Murdoch, May McElwain.  
*Front Row:* Margaret Cree, Eileen Stewart, Moira Muir (Captain), Anna Anderson, Mary Rice.

## Hockey



Although the weather has prevented us from having many practices at Craighend, those we have had have been well attended, especially by the second and third years. Thanks to the help given to us by Miss Fisher and Miss Crofts we have been able to have several early morning practices in the Annexe Field for both teams and beginners. This extra coaching enabled us to win our first game, but the others on our fixture list have not taken place because of rain. We have also been able to form an enthusiastic 3rd XI who, by the time of printing, should have played quite a number of matches.

We were very sorry to lose the services of Miss Fisher. She has been in the school for a very long time and it is my privilege to thank her not only for what she has done during the time that present pupils have been under her guidance, but also for what she has done to help many former hockey teams. She was always interested in the Hockey Club and gave up a lot of her precious time, coaching us, arranging teams, and inspiring us to do better next time!

For all she has done for the school, particularly for the Hockey Section, we thank her heartily, and wish her the long and happy retirement she deserves.

EILEEN STEWART, V.

## The Terrors of the Seven Seas

"Heave-ho, my hearties!" sang out the pirate captain, "and be quick about it, or I'll have you walk the plank." He called the first mate and said, "Bring me the treasure map again, dog." "Yes, cap'n," replied the first mate, hastily saluting. A few minutes later he returned with a crumpled, yellow piece of paper which was torn at the edges. The two pirates bent over the paper for a long time and the captain pointed out a red line on it with his finger. "That's our course, my hearty," he said to the mate.

A short time later the mate shouted, "Land ahoy!" This brought the captain hurrying up to him. "I can't wait to have those pieces of eight running through my fingers," he said.

Once on land they searched around looking for treasure. Suddenly they heard a shout. "Jimmie! Johnnie! Bed-time." "Oh, what a shame," said the first mate. "Bed-time already and we haven't even found the treasure yet." "Oh yes we have," cried the captain, who had just seen a box sticking out of the ground. They pulled it up and opened it. "We shall half the treasure," said captain Johnnie. Then, happily sucking half a bar of chocolate each, the "pirates" went indoors.

JEAN CHALMERS, III F.



*[Photo by Lawrie*

**HOCKEY 1st XI.**

*Back Row:* Jeanette Nicol, Hazel McIntyre, Dinah McIntosh, Mora Gray, Charlotte Cunningham, Christine Murdoch, May McElwain.  
*Front Row:* Margaret Cree, Eileen Stewart, Moira Muir (Captain), Anna Anderson, Mary Rice.

## Class Dinner

### *Curiouser and curiouser*

In 1914, when there was a primary department in Whitehill, a class entered as Standard Three. In time it grew to be the First Year of 1918 and finally it tottered out as the Sixth of session 1923-24. Thirty survivors of that class held their first re-union in the Grosvenor on Friday, 22nd October—forty years after the first of them had set foot in Whitehill.

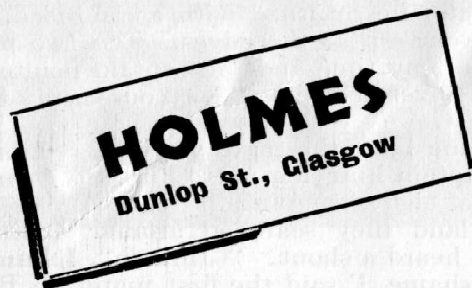
Jack House, the occidental encyclopaedist, was in the chair and the guest of honour was the young fellow who had taught them their English in those prehistoric days—Robert McEwan. James Williamson, too, had ventured to teach some of them and he looked in for a minute or two on the bald heads. To judge by appearances, young McEwan enjoyed himself thoroughly and he was overheard making one of his cryptic compliments—*I haven't enjoyed myself so much since I was in the Army.*

In the interval, some of the class had risen to fame and affluence; but one had been able to do no better than become a Director of Education, another was idling away his time as an Under-Secretary in St. Andrew's House, and two others were in humble employment as Principal Teacher in a Senior Secondary School in Dennistoun.

The Dinner is to be repeated next October. If any reader is huffed that the committee failed to disinter him, a note to school will ensure his timely resurrection for the second anniversary meeting.

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## Excursion to France

This summer I went with a party from the school to France. We left Glasgow on the 2nd of July and travelled all day to London. There we boarded another train which took us to Southampton where we embarked on a Channel steamer for Le Havre. This part of the journey was very tiresome and by the time we reached Paris everyone was ready for a good meal. After this we went on a bus tour of the city and saw many of the famous places. The same evening we continued on the last stage of our journey, which was to Cannes on the Riviera, where we were to stay twelve days in a boarding school.

After a good rest we went for a look round Cannes, enjoying the glorious sunshine. In the mornings when we were not on bus tour or seeing any special place we went to look at the lovely shops and walk along to the harbour, where many beautiful yachts were anchored, including Errol Flynn's and Sir Bernard Docker's.

Our afternoons were usually spent on the beach sunbathing or swimming in the warm Mediterranean water. In the evenings we went walking along the sea front, where we watched open-air dancing and concerts.

One day we went on a tour along the Côte D'Azur to Menton, on the Italian frontier, stopping en route at Nice and at a little Roman village called La Turbie overlooking the sea. Near Menton we saw a film being made which starred Grace Kelly and Cary Grant. We had a swim at Menton and then returned to Cannes, stopping on the way at the Prince's Palace at Monaco. We also saw the famous Monte Carlo Casino.

Another excursion we made was to Grasse, where we visited two perfumeries that make well-known perfume.

After our wonderful stay in Cannes we returned to Paris for four days. We lived in a boarding school situated in the Latin Quarter and from the windows we had a marvellous view of the city. We visited the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, Notre Dame Cathedral, and the Louvre where the world-famous picture of the "Mona Lisa" is kept. We also spent an afternoon at the Palace of Versailles, the gardens of which are the most beautiful I have ever seen.

We felt our holiday far too short and it seemed no time at all till we were on our way home, after having spent a marvellous three weeks in France.

M.C., IV3.

## The Experiment

In the chemistry lab. one fine day  
Bob said, "With this stuff I shall play."

His teacher yelled "Stop!"

But he let the tube drop—

And the school broke up right away.

POET, III6.

## Football



Although not so strong as it has been in previous years, the 1st XI opened the new season in a satisfactory manner. We hope this year to concentrate not only on the League Competition, but also on the Secondary Shield. In past years the 1st XI has been very unlucky in the opening rounds of the Secondary Shield, while on the other hand it reached semi-final deciders of the League.

The 3rd XI under the expert care of Mr. Brebner is, at the time of writing, the only unbeaten Whitehill team, having won three games successively.

Up till now both 4th XI teams have failed to make much headway. However, with such spirit and enthusiasm as there is in these teams, a higher standard of play could yet be attained through more attention and coaching on Saturday mornings.

W. S.

## Golf

In preceding years, the Golf Club has had only two summer competitions every year but, in addition, this year we have begun autumn competitions for members of the Junior School only—the championships of the first, second and third years. The Golf Committee was greatly surprised by the total number of entries received for these competitions—namely, thirty-five—and this is surely a good omen for the future. We hope to see these young golfers entering for the Allan Shield handicap competition in April.

Although the golf team did not cover itself with glory last season, we hope to strengthen our weaknesses this year. Here was our result table for the year:—

P.	W.	L.	D.
9	2	6	1

Our notable victories were those against Ayr Academy (4-0) and Hamilton Academy ( $1\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ ). It might be noted that our last year's captain, George Mackie, defeated Alan Bussell of Kelvinside Academy—the present British Boys' Golf Champion—by one hole in our team match against the Academy. Well done, George!

The Golf Club will hold its first meeting in April to receive entries for the Allan Shield and Club Championship. The Golf Committee hope to see all keen golfers, good or not-so-good, enter for the Allan Shield, because, played on a handicap basis, it gives everyone an equal chance of victory.

W. KENNETH REID.



*Photo by Laurie*

### FOOTBALL 1st XI.

*Back Row:* Mr. Jardine, Thomas Cox, Alexander Fitzgerald, David Clayton, David Thomson, Norman Hamilton, Ambrose Kewell, Alexander Jamieson.

*Front Row:* Ian Cooper, John MacKenzie, William Stevenson (Captain), David Boyle, Gilbert Roberts.



*[Photo by Lawrie*

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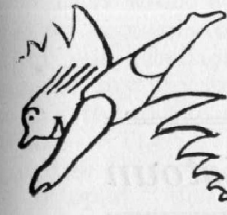


**GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM.**

*[Photo by Lawrie*

Margaret Burgess, Beryl Marshall, Jean McNeil,  
Myra Milne.

## Swimming



In the Scottish Schools' Swimming Championships in May, Myra Milne, a prefect, led the Glasgow senior girls' team to victory and took fourth place in the senior girls' 100 yards championship.

It is also encouraging to note that, out-with school swimming, Myra won the City of Glasgow Championship this year.

At Springburn A.S.C. Gala in October, our Junior Boys' Team, consisting of Sandy Turpie (III1), George Barr (II4), Willie Sturrock (III1) and Alistair Brash (III2) won the Robertson Cup. This trophy, competition for which is now open to all Glasgow schools, has been won by the school on six occasions since 1946.

In the Glasgow Schools' Swimming Gala in November the following excellent list of successes was gained:—

### GIRLS.

Team Championship of Glasgow (any age)—1st, Whitehill. (Team: Myra Milne, V2; Beryl Marshall, V2; Jean McNeil, IV1; Margaret Burgess, V2.)

Senior Individual Championship (75 yards)—2nd, Myra Milne, V2.

25 Yards Breast Stroke (under 13)—2nd, Margaret Lamond, 14.

25 Yards Free Style (under 13)—2nd, Elizabeth Lamond, 14.

### BOYS.

Life Saving Trophy (under 15)—1st, Whitehill. (Team: Sandy Turpie, III1; George Barr, II4.)

Team Championship of Glasgow (any age)—3rd, Whitehill. (Team: Douglas Waddell, IV2; Sandy Turpie, III1; Stewart Kent, IV4; George Barr, II4.)

Individual Championship (150 yards)—3rd, Sandy Turpie, III1.

R. G.

## Literary and Debating Society

This year the Literary and Debating Society hope to have most of the "Old Favourites" on the syllabus together with some new speakers to talk to us on their widely divergent subjects. There will be the usual range of debates, accompanied most probably by the usual discussions—of a purely friendly nature, of course.

The meetings so far have been comparatively sparsely attended, owing, perhaps, to concentrations of club dances and such festivities on the same nights. We would like therefore to remind members of the Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth that they are welcome to come along.

J. L. W.

## F.P. Successes

M. KENNEDY BROWNE, B.Sc., has graduated M.B., Ch.B., with commendation, and has been awarded the Brunton Prize for the most distinguished graduate in medicine for 1953-54.

CHRISTINE HAMILTON has graduated M.B., Ch.B.

ANN W. JARVIE has graduated B.Sc. with First Class Honours in Chemistry.

MANUEL G. NEEDLEMAN has graduated B.Sc. with Second Class Honours in Pure Science.

ISABELLA TURNER has graduated M.A.



**GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM.**

*[Photo by Lawrie*

Margaret Burgess, Beryl Marshall, Jean McNeil,  
Myra Milne.

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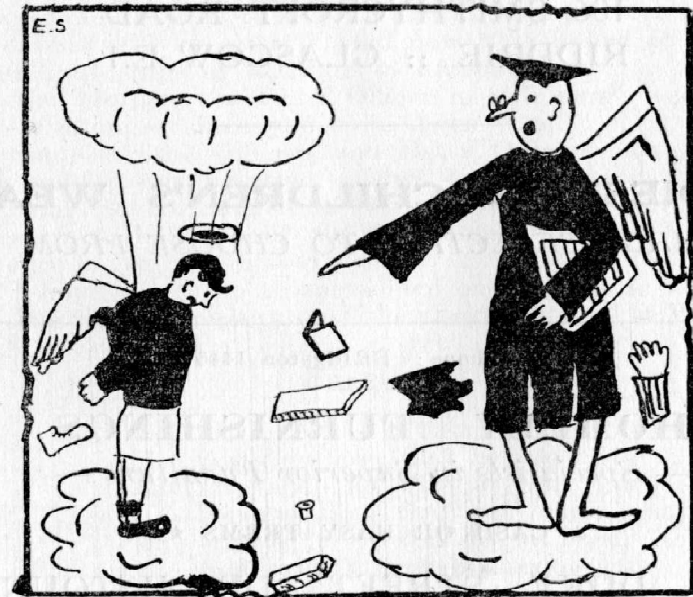
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### For Whom the Bell Clanks

Last week while I was "dodgin'" one of my periods I was drawn towards one of the staff-room keyholes by the sound of loud conversation. I peered through and inside I recognised two of my favourite teachers engaged in a heated argument. (I will refer to the said teachers as Doctor Fumph and A. Frankenstein. The A is included in order that the reader may not confuse this one with the handsome film star.) Doctor Fumph "dreeped" down from his chair and spat out (I mean literally), "I don't care; I still say, and I always will say, that the teddy-boy suit is the greatest thing since the sliced pan. That's my opinion." Thereupon he sat down on a de luxe wooden stool and waited for his opponent's answer. A. Frankenstein, not to be outdone, shouted, "Your opinion carries as much weight as a pail with a hole in the middle." Doctor Fumph turned a light shade of black, and, much to my delight, struck down A. Frankenstein with a drinking straw. The excitement seemed to be over now and so I proceeded on my merry way to crib some homework, amusing myself by singing that beautiful symphony of Beecham's in G flat backwards—"O you cannot shove your grandmother off a bus."

I might add that since the teacher called Frankenstein was ugly the readers should be able to recognise him, since the majority of our teachers are being sought after as stand-ins for the Television Toppers.

A. LANG, VI.



"You fool! I said 'Use oxygen,' not hydrogen!"

*Brie Stevenson, III F.*

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## O.W.S. "Weather Recorder"

At the beginning of this term Miss Climie received a letter from Captain A. W. Jack, of the Ocean Weather Ship, "Weather Recorder." At that time the ship was in harbour at Greenock, and the holiday was being enjoyed as a rare luxury. The Captain says that the letter sent by Miss Climie on behalf of the school was read by everyone, and he continues:

"As I expect you know, an aircraft of the R.A.F., a Neptune, comes to us weekly with mail and newspapers, and on the third Friday of the month we get a Shackleton aircraft from Kinloss dropping mail and papers. This Kinloss operation is an Air/Sea Rescue Exercise to keep us up to scratch. On the last operation, the Neptune, which comes from Topcliffe, Yorks, brought a reporter from the *Daily Sketch*, who interviewed me over the V.H.F. (radio telephone). I believe a long article appeared later in the paper.

"We had a little excitement at the beginning of our last voyage which was duly reported in the Scottish press. A small coaster, the *Sir James*, with four men and a boy, bound from Belfast to the Clyde, got into difficulties on the Ayrshire coast. There was a terrific gale blowing. It caused a lot of damage that night to the tomato crops, and Ayr and other coastal resorts suffered badly. Well, we reached the *Sir James*, which was having a tough time clawing her way off the shore. We gave her a lee and escorted her over to Arran with the Troon lifeboat.

"We have been busy during the last few months carrying out experiments with rubber life rafts. These rafts have been used extensively by aircraft, and now it is hoped to put them on merchant ships in addition to lifeboats.

"Mr. Morgan the Chief Officer is still here; we have had very few changes since you were down here.

"Some of the Officers and Petty Officers have taken up model making and painting. They are quite good too.

"Your School Magazine is read with great interest. We were sorry to hear about the retirement of the Headmaster. I am sure he will be missed.

"I hope to get up to the school one day soon.

"The ship's company send their regards to all at Whitehill."

## Farewell

A gentleman has left our school,

Sorry we are, that he can't stay,

How we shall do without him now

Is something that we cannot say.

The advice he gave us did us good,

And even though he's gone away,

He still comes back into our thoughts,

And is remembered every day.

W.L., III6.