

Whitehill School Magazine

Number 75

Christmas 1956



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SCHOOL OFFICIALS

CAPTAINS

Douglas McCandlish, VI.

Dinah McIntosh, VI.

VICE-CAPTAINS

Roger M. Younger, VI.

Jean Hall, VI.

PREFECTS

Boys

Robert Bushnell, VI; John G. Cruden, VI; Thomas Duncan, VI; Robertson Greenock, V; Victor Hugo, VI; Donald McKinnon, V; Adam T. McNaughton, V; William Reid, V; Thomas Robertson, V; Alexander Turpie, V.

Girls

Sheila Dunn, V; Catherine Gourlay, V; Anne R. Graham, VI; J. Allison, M. Irvine, VI; Morag M. Mutch, V; Elspeth P. McConachie, VI; Jeanette Nicol, VI; Joan Stewart, V; Isabel Spiers, VI; Harriet Young, V.

RUGBY

Captain : John G. Cruden, VI.

Vice-Captain : Victor Hugo, VI.

Secretary : Adam T. McNaughton, V.

FOOTBALL

Captain : Donald Gentles, VI.

Secretary : Ernest Forrest, VI.

HOCKEY

Captain : Dinah McIntosh, VI.

Secretary : Elspeth P. McConachie, VI.

SWIMMING

Captain : Alexander Turpie, V.

GOLF

Secretary : Robertson Greenock, V.

CRICKET

Captain : Thomas Robertson, V.

Secretary : Gordon Jenkins, IV.

SCRIPTURE UNION

Secretaries : Dinah McIntosh, VI. Donald McKinnon, V.

S.C.M.

Secretary : Dinah McIntosh, VI.

Treasurer : Thomas Duncan, VI.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

Secretary : Dinah McIntosh, VI.

Treasurer : Robert Bushnell, VI.

MAGAZINE

Editors : Dinah McIntosh, VI. Gordon Mitchell, VI.

Sub-Editors : Morag Mutch, V. Thomas Robertson, V.

Committee : Sheila Baillie, IV. John Keaney, IV. Allison Irvine, VI. Anne R. Graham, VI. Diana Miller, V. Myra Christie, IV.



We are witnessing a great phase in the history of our nation, indeed, in the history of the world ; yet amidst the preparations being made for the crossing of the continent of Antarctica, amidst the daily revelations of the powers of the atom, amidst the worry and anxiety of the international situation in Europe and the Middle East, even amidst the controversy of rock 'n' roll, life proceeds within the precincts of Whitehill as usual. Work continues from 9.15 a.m. to 4.15 p.m. ; from Monday to Friday the timetable is full ; and just to show how little effect outside matters have on school affairs, here for your perusal—and we, the editors, hope, your enjoyment—is the first of this session's magazines.

In the sifting of the material for the present edition we are much indebted to Miss Garvan, Mr. Wyatt and Mr. Kellett for their assistance, and to Mr. Simpson and Mr. Brebner for their work on the Art side of the Magazine. Our thanks are also extended to Miss Johnston and her advertising staff, and those other members of the Magazine Committee who, with their enthusiasm and constructive criticism, have contributed much to the production of this year's School Magazine.

And now we draw the editorial to a close. You are free to scan the following pages at your leisure. No doubt you will find something which appeals to you ; if not, you can remedy the deficiency by contributing an article for the next edition. After all, we are seeking higher things!

THE EDITORS.

STAFF NOTES

There have been so many changes of staff since the last issue that we might be forgiven for regarding this note as a railway timetable.

Since September, 1952, Mrs. Gertrude Kivlichan has graced the school with her kindly and cheerful presence and when she departed last June, typically enough accompanied by a small budgerigar, the gift of her transitional class, we said farewell with great regret. All of us wish her long life and happiness.

The Physical Education department has once again demonstrated its mobility by a remarkable series of staff moves. We bade goodbye in June to Messrs. Cessford, McCracken and McGinlay and more recently to Mr. John Forgie to whom we pay fuller tribute on page 16. Miss H. E. Simpson arrived at beginning of term to fill a full-time vacancy filled only temporarily since Mrs. Monteith's departure. Also at the end of June Mr. Joseph McKean severed his last link with Whitehill and our loss has eventually been made good by the welcome arrival of a former pupil, Mr. Gordon Reid. Mr. K. Douglas, another newcomer, assists Mr. Reid in supervising boys' games days at Craigend. On Mr. Forgie's departure Mr. Ian M. Clegg from St. George's Road Junior Secondary joined us.

Our Art department has lost Mrs. Eleanor Leary—temporarily in the U.S.A. under the Exchange Teachers Scheme. In her place we have for this session, Mr. Andrew Johnstone from West Hartford, Connecticut. We hope that Mr. Johnstone has settled down in his new surroundings and spends a pleasant and profitable period in Scotland.

The transitional having merged into the normal stream of classes, we say goodbye to Miss M. E. Buchanan, Miss Rona R. Hamilton and our old friend Mr. Walter H. Macgregor. We are grateful for their services at a very difficult time.

That kenspeckle figure, Mr. Arthur E. Meikle, having left us (for a fuller notice see page 15) to associate himself with "a private school on the south side of the river" his place in the English department was taken by Mr. John H. Gilmour from Riverside Senior Secondary and also by Miss Morven C. S. Cameron as an additional member of staff. We were all surprised to note the name of Mrs. A. Fowler in the English Staff list at

the end of August. This turned out to be our own Miss Annison Watt who had been married during the holidays. The school offers its best wishes to Mrs. Fowler in her new life.

Mr. James Y. Hart, one of our ex-Headmaster stalwarts, was transferred at the summer to Woodside Senior Secondary whose gain is our loss. His place in Whitehill was taken by Miss Jean M. Campbell now installed as our peripatetic Science teacher. We also have in the Science department acquired the services of a trainee laboratory assistant. Ronald is readily distinguishable from the boys of the school by his immaculate white coat.

Mrs. McWilliam's departure last Easter left a vacancy in the Modern Languages department which was filled temporarily during the early part of this session by Miss Joyce M. Emery who left to take up an administrative post in the Civil Service. We were then joined by Miss Joyce R. Hutchison from the Droste-Hülshoff Mädchen Gymnasium, Freiburg, and we welcome her most cordially.

In Mathematics one of our returned warriors, Mr. Joseph Lawson, left us at the end of October. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Lawson for helping us out during the past year. Replacing Mr. Lawson we have Mr. Francis Gillespie from Kingussie Senior Secondary School, now returning to his native heath.

On our return to School after the holidays we were distressed to hear of Mr. Peter Garden's serious illness. Happily he is now recovered and back to the field as vigorous as ever. During his absence the Commercial department had the assistance in the afternoons of Mrs. Marion F. Mackenzie who stayed with us briefly and left an impression of a very pleasing personality.

To all our newcomers we bid a very hearty welcome and express the hope that they will have a very happy stay in Whitehill: to those who have left us we say farewell and thank you.

Former pupils will learn with regret of the death of two former members of staff: Mr. Andrew L. Riddell, M.A., who retired many years ago from the Headmastership of Abbotsford School; and Mr. William Wallace, M.B.E., J.P., M.A., F.E.I.S., Provost of Dumfries and sometime President of the Educational Institute of Scotland. Mr. Riddell, who taught Modern Languages, was the first to start a Whitehill School Choir (in the early years of the century). Mr. Wallace taught English in Whitehill for many years before proceeding to appointments in Dumfriesshire.

UNDER THE EDITORS' TABLE



For once in the history of the Magazine the number of articles submitted by Forms IV and V surpassed the contribution of the Lower School. Special mention must be made of Class IV2, who handed in a large collection of articles, including

many of good quality.

"The wind howled, the rain fell in torrents . . ." so begins M. McC., IV2, in her account of "Glasgow Fair," but in spite of this many Whitehillians appeared, by their articles, to enjoy the summer holidays, the memories of which inspired their literary efforts for the Magazine.

An anonymous contributor, writing of her (or perhaps his) attempts to make headway with homework says:

"And all of which I'll tell I had to do,

Although the noises from our class sounded like the zoo."

We advise you, Miss or Mr. Anonymous, to consult a chiropodist about your poem, as there is something wrong with its feet.

Still on the subject of hard work, J.B. of IV2 complains that she is kept very busy at Whitehill, but, she says:

"Perhaps when all is said and done

And we have 'made the measure,'

We'll say it was a lot of fun,

Although we had no leisure."

Surprisingly enough, the craze for "Rock 'n' Roll" seems to have affected the Lower School more than the Seniors. We heartily agree with M.M., IV2, who obviously has inside information, when she says:

"Don't study their ways and habits too well,

Or you'll end up a teddy boy (or girl) yourself."

'Near misses' came from Class IV2, C.J., I F2, and a number of people in 3 FD and 2 FD.

Now, what shall we say about the ladies and gentlemen of the Sixth Form? We shall not disgrace them by mentioning the exact number of articles which they submitted, but if they promise to hand in twice as many for our next issue we shall faithfully publish both of them.

In conclusion, we are rather perturbed by the number of articles which are quite obviously reproduced. Surely in a school of this size there are enough intelligent people to produce a magazine which we can honestly say is "All Our Own Work."

A Merry Christmas to all—and make your New Year resolution to collect material for our next issue of the magazine!

OSWALD THE OFFICE BOY.

F.P. Success

Former Pupils and friends of the School will be interested to hear of the success of Mr. Andrew Sharp, M.I.C.E., who, while at Whitehill, was an excellent footballer, Captain of the school football team, and an outstanding gymnast.

For many years Mr. Sharp was managing director in the Middle East for Balfour, Beatty & Company, Ltd., London.

In July, 1954, he was appointed Vice-President and Managing Director of the Russell Construction Company, which is a subsidiary of Balfour Beatty & Company, Ltd., of Canada.

In October, 1956, Andrew was appointed President of the Company. His friends of Whitehill days and we in School today send to him in Toronto our congratulations and best wishes.

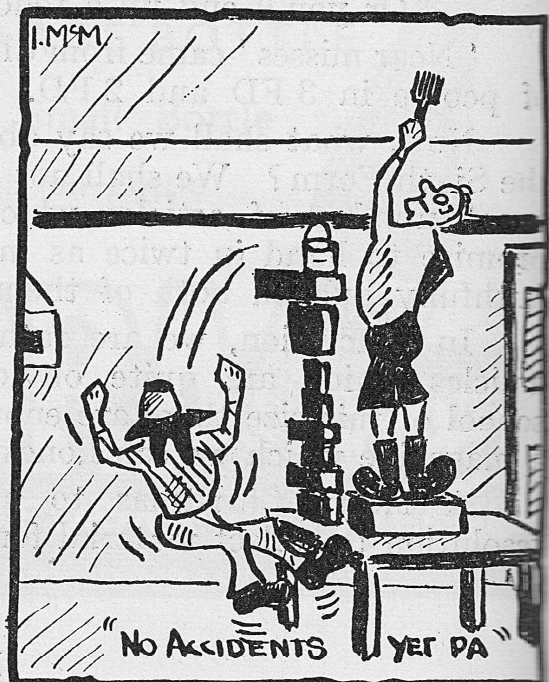
Former Pupils

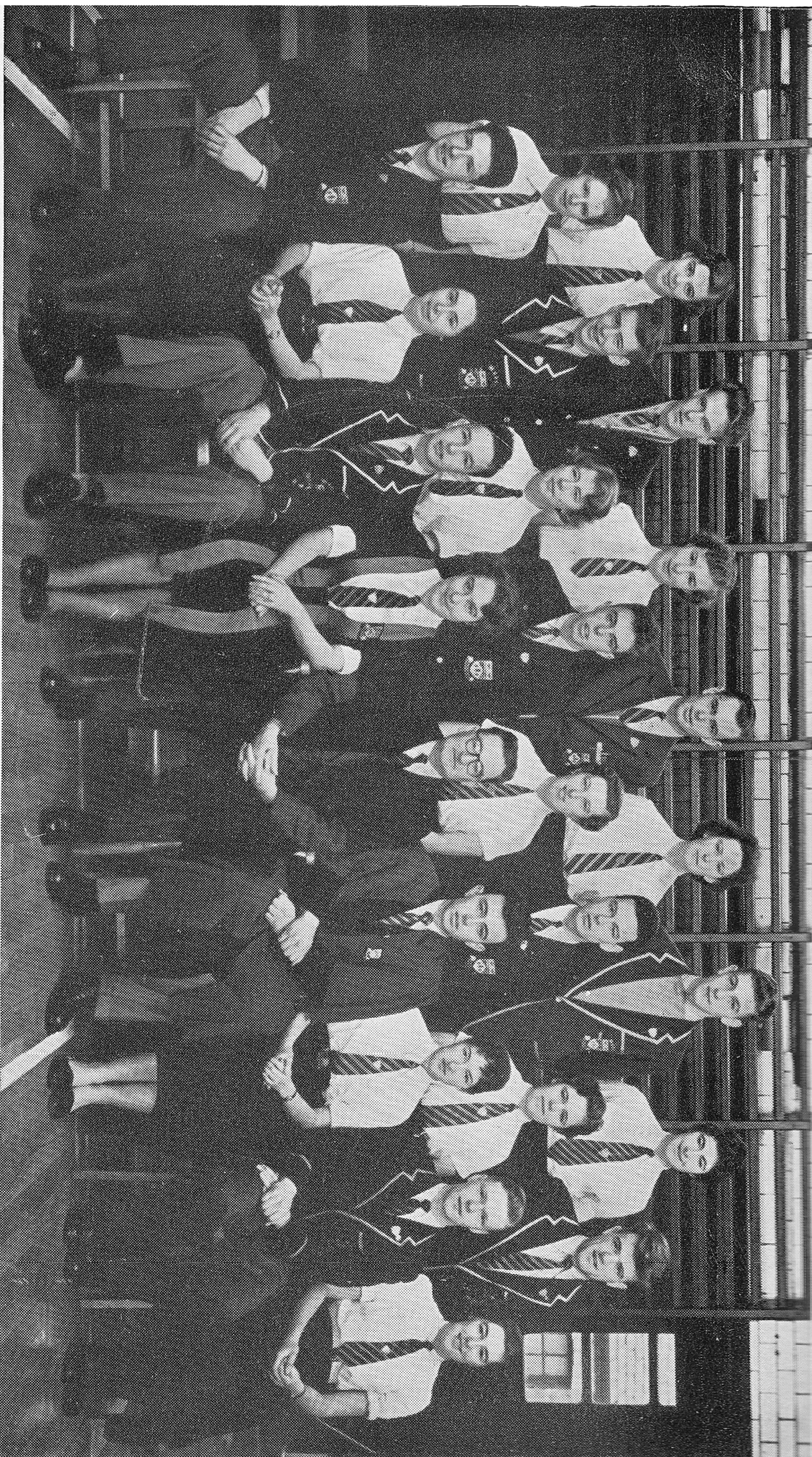
Professor J. H. Baxter, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's University, has received an honorary doctorate of the University of Louvain. We offer Professor Baxter our congratulations on this honour.

Rev. Charles H. H. Scobie has gained further distinctions in an already distinguished career. He graduated Master of Sacred Theology (S.T.M.) with Distinction at Union Theological Seminary, New York. He has also recently become ordained assistant to the Very Rev. Dr. Jarvis in Wellington Church.

Five of our Sixth Form, Eileen Stewart (30th equal), Hope Robertson (75th equal), John Swan (81st equal), George Shearer (93rd) and Beryl Marshall (111th equal) won bursaries in the University of Glasgow Open Competitive Bursary Examination in June, 1956; A. Gordon Watson was placed 104th on the Bursary List. We look forward to their further successes at Gilmorehill.

David B. Mackie: Associateship of the Royal Technical College, with Second Class Honours in Civil Engineering.

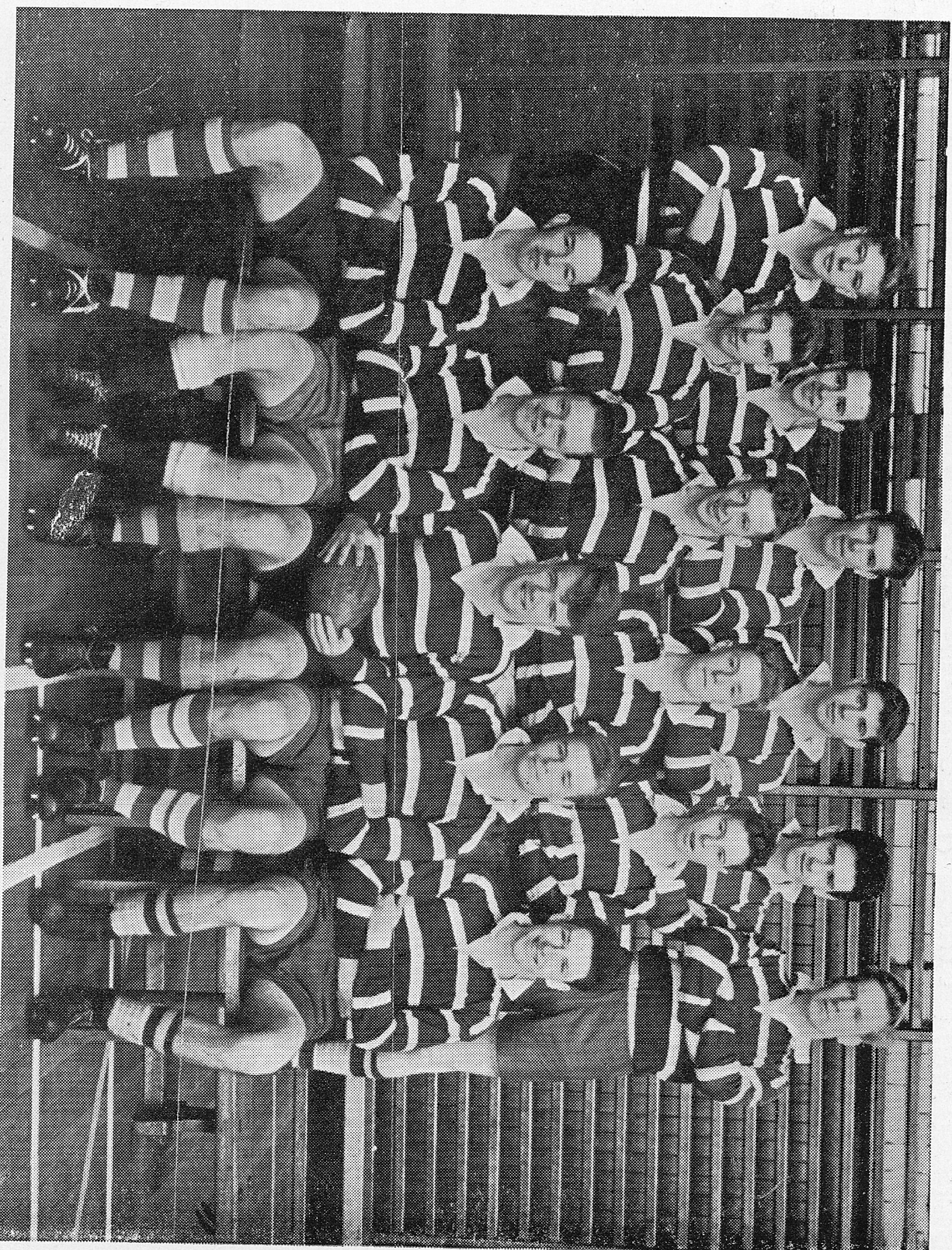




PREFECTS

Back Row, L. to R.—J. STEWART, R. GREENOCK, I. SPIERS, D. MCKINNON, M. MUTCH, A. TURPIE, A. GRAHAM.

Centre—I. GOURLAY, T. ROBERTSON, H. YOUNG, W. REID, S. DUNN, T. DUNCAN, J. NICOL, J. CRUDEN.
Front Row, L. to R.—R. BUSHNELL, E. MCCONACHIE, R. YOUNGER, D. MCINTOSH (*Girl Capt.*), Mr. WALKER, D. MCCANDLISH (*Boy Capt.*), J. HALL V. HUGO, A. TURPIE.



RUGBY 1st XV

Back Row, L. to R.—D. WADDELL, J. KING, I. McMEEKIN, J. MEGGATT, A. WRIGHT, K. McLEAN,

Centre, L. to R.—W. STURROCK, L. YOUNG, H. BRASH, J. ALLAN.

Front Row, L. to R.—R. YOUNGER, V. HUGO, J. CRUDEN (Capt.), S. McKINNELL, R. DUSHNELL, A. T. McNAUGHTON (absent).

Mr. ARTHUR E. MEIKLE, M.A.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Meikle on his appointment as Principal Teacher of English in Hutchesons' Boys' Grammar School.

Mr. Meikle was a distinguished pupil at Queen's Park School, where, as editor of the School Magazine, he had his first experience in journalism. Further knowledge in this connection was gained in the office of "The Glasgow Herald." He graduated at Glasgow University in 1933 with Honours in English, and, after some time in primary and junior secondary work, he came to Whitehill in August, 1939, as assistant teacher of English.

He gave first-class service, not only in his scholastic duties, but also in the multifarious activities of the School, especially in connection with the School Magazine and the training of choirs. The singing of his Senior Mixed Choir and the concerts given by his F.P. Choir were important events in the school year. Recently Mr. Meikle has been Conductor of the Glasgow Teachers' Orchestral Society, and his reputation is growing with each successive performance.

It is a pleasure to pay tribute to Mr. Meikle's fine qualities as teacher and colleague—to the value of his advice, to his fine appreciation of literature, to his interest in his pupils, whose affection for him continues long after school years, to his courtesy, and to his strong sense of humour. These are great qualities, but he excels also in the routine of life, in the long work of preparation thoroughly done, and in the drawing up of statistical reports set out with meticulous and calligraphic care.

Mr. Meikle will have mixed feelings when he takes in his hand this 75th number of the Whitehill School Magazine. He lays down the responsibility, which was his for the last thirty numbers, with a feeling of relief, but also with regret at parting from the Editorial Staff. The successful production of so many magazines, including the two Jubilee numbers, without a break, is a feat unequalled in the history of the School. And it was all done with his usual aplomb (except when articles sent in were not original, or had gaps to be filled in later—as in the School Notes!).

A few vignettes of A.E.M. will illustrate his "infinite variety." The first shows him as Teacher-in-Charge of the pupils visiting the Continent on Kemsley Scholarship Tours; he is in kilt and balmoral. In the second he is conducting the famous Staff Glee Club—with difficulty. In the third he is dispensing hospitality to hungry boys at the Whitehill Forestry Camp (Kilmun). The fourth is a dominating one; it is the tall, austere conductor on the platform of the Berkeley Hall in evening dress (flanked by an intriguing silver key chain)—austere, I say, but soon becoming animated with the verve and rhythm of the theme. The setting

I like best, however, is where he sits in his favourite "howff," sipping coffee, smoking his meerschäum-like pipe, and seeing "through all things with his half-shut eyes."

In closing, we send to Mr. Meikle our sincerest thanks for all he did for Whitehill, and our best wishes for a prosperous career in his new sphere of action.

J.C.W.

Mr. JOHN FORGIE

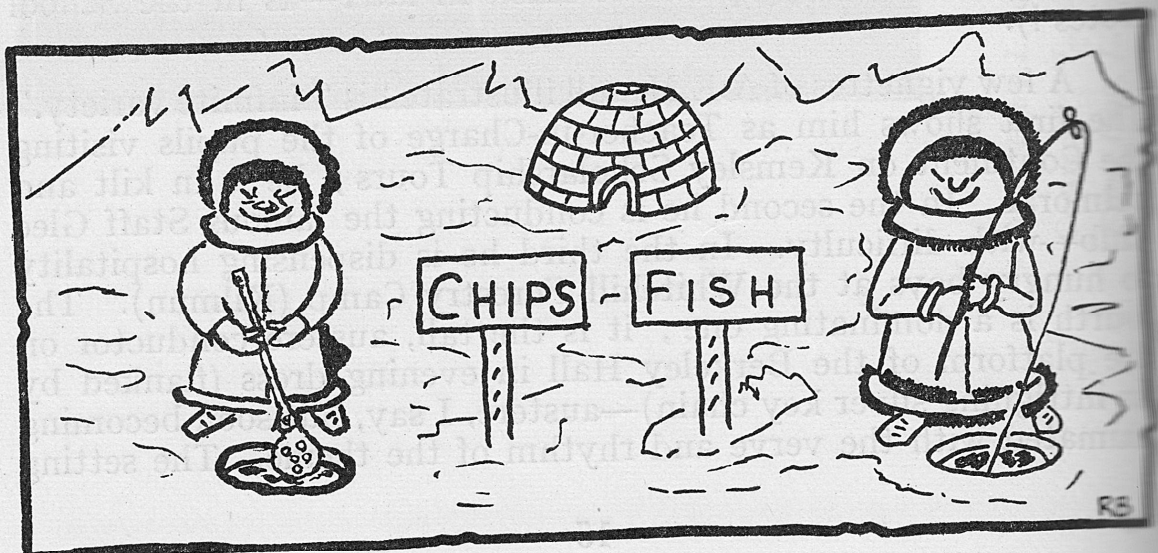
After serving for ten years on the Staff of the Physical Education Department of the School, Mr. John Forgie has been promoted to Wellshot Junior Secondary School as Principal of the P.E. Department there. His promotion is well deserved, for he is a fine teacher, firm yet kindly, severe yet pleasant, accepting only the best effort and ever inspiring to improved performance.

To Mr. Forgie can be attributed the inclusion of Rugby Football and Athletics in the Boys' curriculum, and the revival of Gymnastic Clubs in the School. Some two years after his arrival at Whitehill he had five Rugby teams functioning, and he must have watched with pleasure the gradual improvement in the standard of Rugby in the School. In Athletics too, his efforts have brought their rewards. But surely few who have ever seen a School Concert will forget the gymnastic performances of "Jack's Boys," who annually proved the acrobatic highlight.

These ten years of building and moulding a Post-War Physical Education formula for Whitehill Boys was no easy task, but Mr Forgie's energy, application and thoroughness saw completed and indelibly stamped with his personality, a task of which he can be justly proud.

That Mr. Forgie leaves us, high in the regard of his pupils and fellow-teachers, is a testimony to his stature as a teacher and a man. We wish him every success in his new appointment, and congratulate Wellshot on their good fortune.

R.G.



General

In the Corporation Art competitions at the end of last session Alistair B. Thomson gained a bronze medal, while the following pupils were "Commended": R. Bushnell, K. Hunter, A. Stirrat, R. Thomson and M. Douglas.

Distinctions were also gained by Whitehill pupils in the "Children's Newspaper" national handwriting competition. In an age plagued by that monstrous implement the ball point pen, it is highly encouraging to find the following pupils who are old fashioned enough to take a pride in good writing:

Prize: Sandra Reynolds, 3.F.

Certificates of Merit: Janet Graham, 2.L.2., Catherine Mace, 2.L.D., Christine McCracken, ex 2.L.D.

Congratulations girls. What about it next time, boys?

Towards the end of September a deputation of Russian educationalists, including the Headmistress of a large mixed Secondary School in Leningrad, visited Whitehill to see us at work and play. The Russians asked many questions, expressed great pleasure at their visit and departed most impressed by what they had seen and heard.

Various parts of our buildings are having "face-lifts" at the moment. That ancient monument the wooden annexe is being painted in various pastel hues. We wonder sometimes if the additional weight will not prove too much for the poor old soul. The new library, formerly room 4, is nearly completed and it is hoped that by Christmas the new Library Scheme will be in full operation. Meanwhile the old library cum medical room is being freshened up and will form rather more worthy surroundings for school medical inspections—the only occasions on which a pupil may, with impunity, put a tongue out at authority. Part of the boys' stair in the main building has recently been re-treaded, using a process imported from Denmark. It now rivals in appearance and beauty the marble stairway in the City Chambers. The corresponding part of the girls' stairway will be similarly treated at Christmas.

An innovation in Whitehill this term was the taking of class photographs. Judging by the orders for these the experiment was highly successful. The photographs provide a happy memento of school life and associations, a memento which will gain in interest—and amusement—as the years go by.

In November an appeal was made on behalf of the United Nations refugees resettlement scheme organised by the Council for Education in World Citizenship and as a result the splendid total of £97 8s. was collected. The sum of £73 was handed over in the School's name to provide a year's training for one youthful refugee and the remaining amount was earmarked for Hungarian relief. Well done, Whitehill!

THE ANCIENT ROAD

Straight as a ribbon across the downs
Stretches the ancient road.
Everything is still, there are no sounds
Up here, on the ancient road.
Made by a people long since dead
The road is now a track.
Along here once did the Druids tread,
Along this road, now a track.
The years have passed, and Time has slain
The people who made this road.
They are gone, but their ghosts remain
To walk this ancient road.
When the mists are down the earth has a shroud
And the people who made this road
Walk in a ghostly, whispering crowd
Along the ancient road.

J.B., 3 F.D.

THE GALLEON

The dim green light no shadow casts,
And broken lie the tall straight masts
Where once the sails could wind entrap
And speed, the unknown lands to map.
The helmsman once these decks would pace
Proud of his ship, her strength and grace
When loud and clear the glad voice cried,
As the watcher, distant lands espied.
These crumbling holds where fishes glide
The last remaining traces hide
Of wondrous treasures, rich and old
Of ancient caskets, gleaming gold.
There, hidden from all mortal eyes
Beneath th' unfathomed seas she lies
Crowned with coral, queen of the waves
A relic of triumphant days.

R.M., IV2.



THE SEASONS

The sun had not yet begun warming the earth,
As I walked down to school with my bag under arm,
The air was quite cold, there was frost on the turf,
But I smiled, for I knew spring was spreading her charm.

The mem'ries of summer came back to me then,
Of birds singing gay, of green leaves on the trees,
Of flowers in the glory of sunshine, and when
I thought of all this I forgot the cold breeze.

The autumn will follow and colours will fade,
And crisp golden leaves o'er the streets will be strewn,
The green grass will turn to a duskier shade,
So the work of bright summer will just go to ruin.

When the last leaf has fallen, the last rose is gone,
The last bird has lingered and then he has flown,
On a cold winter morning the bleakness of dawn
Brings another day's toil and adventures unknown.

E.C., IV2.

THE CANTERING HORSE'S TALE

A Poet ther was, and that a clever one,
That fro the tyme that he first did come
To writen doun, he loved spellyng,
Words, and phrases, sentences, and writyng.
Ful wel he writ aboute those pilgrims fair
Whan they did goon to Caunterbury ther.
Their tales he did recorde and writ them doun,
He tried five score and twenty, but the loon
Did tackle moore than he koude do
And deyde before he'd written sixty-two
Among the peple which he did include
A Knyght ther was, a Squire, and Prioress good ;
A Frere and Monk, and Marchand with forked berd
Of aller these folks had the poet herd.
This Poet who made for himself a name,
Did live in latter fourteenth century fame
Which spred till he was knowen as "Cup and saucer,"
His name ye may remembre, Geoffrey Chaucer.

R.N.B., IV1.

THE ART OF DENTISTRY AS LAID DOWN by Mr. PULLEM

A certain Mr. Pullem D.E.N., T.I.S.T., whose acquaintance has recently been forced upon me *appears*, I repeat *appears* to have a strict set of rules with regard to his profession. For the sake of helping any aspiring young dentists in this school I have at great pains, procured a set of these rules.

SECTION 1—THE ASSISTANT.

Rule 1—At all times the assistant shall wear a set of the dentist's best false teeth and a beaming smile.

Rule 2—The lips shall be lavishly covered with purple lipstick.

Rule 3—The assistant shall remind all patients on leaving that they must return again in three months.

N.B.—Rule 2 only applies in the case of the female assistant.

SECTION 2—THE WAITING ROOM.

Rule 1—The waiting room shall, apart from the usual collection of hairy chairs, consist in the main of two relics of former days, a massive sideboard and a huge table whose top shall be covered with a dilapidated pile of back numbers of magazines.

Rule 2—There shall be an electric fire which on no account shall be put on.

Rule 3—There shall be a huge spider suspended from the wall above the sideboard.

SECTION 3—THE APPEARANCE AND BEHAVIOUR OF THE DENTIST.

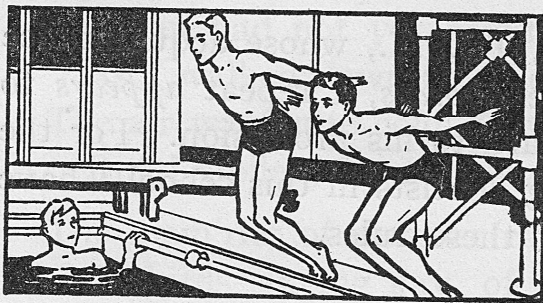
Rule 1—The instruments of torture shall be laid out in front of the patient.

Rule 2—During the operation the dentist shall hum or whistle the "Dead March" or some similar tune.

Rule 3—Whether the patient believes him or not the dentist shall always whisper "Nearly done" or some similar remark.

I.W., IV2.

SWIMMING



The swimming season is now in full swing, and already we have fulfilled a number of engagements. Our Boys' Junior Team (S. Hume, S. Winning, R. Macdonald and R. McGrotty) were second to Hutchesons' Boys. Grammar School in the Robertson Cup which we have won on many occasions. At Coatbridge Secondary Schools' Gala the Boys' Senior Team (S. Turpie, D. Waddell, D. McEwan and I. Stewart) were first for the second successive time, and the Senior Girls' Team (M. Lamond, E. Lamond, D. McKinnon and C. Murdoch) followed up last year's success by taking second place to Glasgow High. In June, at the Hyndland Secondary Gala, the same Boys' Team were first, and Myra Milne, Beryl Marshall, Margaret Burgess and Elizabeth Lamond gave Whitehill the "double" by winning the equivalent event for girls.

In the heats of the Glasgow Schools' Gala the following girls and boys reached the final—E. Milne, M. Smeaton, D. McKinnon, E. Lamond, M. Lamond, S. Hume, S. Turpie, D. Waddell, R. McDonald.

The results of this Gala were :—

Girls' Events—

Team Championship of Glasgow—

First—Whitehill (E. Lamond, M. Lamond, D. McKinnon, C. Murdoch).

Life Saving—

Second—Whitehill (E. Lamond, M. Lamond).

Junior Championship of Glasgow—

Second—D. McKinnon.

25 yards Girls under 13—

Third—E. Milne.

Boys' Events—

Team Championship of Glasgow—

First—Whitehill (S. Turpie, D. Waddell, I. Stewart, W. Sturrock).

Senior Boys' Championship of Glasgow—

First—S. Turpie. Third—D. Waddell.

Junior Boys' Championship of Glasgow—

First—S. Hume.

Life Saving—

First—Whitehill (S. Hume, R. McDonald).

25 yards Back Stroke under 14—

Second—S. Hume.

It is worthy of note that only on one previous occasion (1951) have the boys of the School won the Team Championship, and the Senior and Junior Individual Championships ; by adding the Life Saving Championship and thus "scooping the pool," our boy swimmers have surpassed any performance by swimmers in previous years. A special word of congratulation must be given to our Senior Girls' Team. This team, composed of three Third Year girls and one Second Year, gallantly fought off a strong challenge from Girls' High and retained the Team Championship.

Our thanks are again due to Mr. "Clarry" Macnab and Dennistoun Baths for their valuable assistance.

S. TURPIE.

RESULTS OF SCHOOL GALA.

100 Yards Senior Championship (Boys)—

Championship Cup presented by the late Mr. McBriar.

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. A. Turpie. | 2. D. Waddell. |
|---------------|----------------|

50 Yards Back Stroke (Girls over 14)—

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1. E. Buckley. | 2. L. Newbiggin. |
|----------------|------------------|

25 Yards Free Style Handicap (Boys under 14)—

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| 1. G. Lennox. | 2. A. Hume. |
|---------------|-------------|

25 Yards Back Stroke Handicap (Girls under 14)—

- | | |
|------------------|--------------|
| 1. S. McGruther. | 2. E. Milne. |
|------------------|--------------|

Invitation Team Race (Girls)—4 × 25 Yards—

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| 1. Hyndland. | 2. Whitehill. |
|--------------|---------------|

Special Item—

Mr. F. Riach and Mr. I. Clegg.

50 Yards Breast Stroke Handicap (Girls over 14)—

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. E. Lamond. | 2. R. Mathers. |
|---------------|----------------|

50 Yards Free Style Handicap (Boys, Open)—

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. A. Turpie. | 2. J. Stewart. |
|---------------|----------------|

25 Yards Back Stroke Handicap (Boys, Open)—

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1. D. Carberry. | 2. D. MacTaggart. |
|-----------------|-------------------|

25 Yards Breast Stroke Handicap (Boys under 14)—

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. M. Steele. | 2. D. Black. |
|---------------|--------------|

Water Polo Match—

Coatbridge F.Ps. beat Whitehill F.Ps.

25 Yards Free Style Handicap (Girls under 14)—

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1. E. Thomson. | 2. S. McGruther. |
|----------------|------------------|

Exhibition—Lindsay Gracie.

50 Yards Junior Championship (Boys)—

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. A. Hume. | 2. R. King. |
|-------------|-------------|

- 75 Yards Senior Championship (Girls)—
 1. D. McKinnon. 2. R. Mathers.
- 25 Yards Breast Stroke Handicap (Girls under 14)—
 1. M. Smeaton. 2. I. Aikman.
- 25 Yards Free Style Handicap (Boys under 13)—
 1. I. McNicol. 2. M. Steele.
- 50 Yards F.P. Race (Men)—
 R. MacKinnon.
- Invitation Team Race (Boys)—4 × 50 Yards—
 1. Whitehill. 2. Hillhead.
- 50 Yards Junior Championship (Girls)—
 1. E. Lamond. 2. M. Lamond.
- 50 Yards Breast Stroke Handicap (Boys over 14)—
 1. J. Stewart. 2. P. Donaldson.
- 25 Yards Free Style Handicap (Girls under 13)—
 1. S. Anderson. 2. E. Milne.

SCHOOLS' FILM REPERTORY SEASON

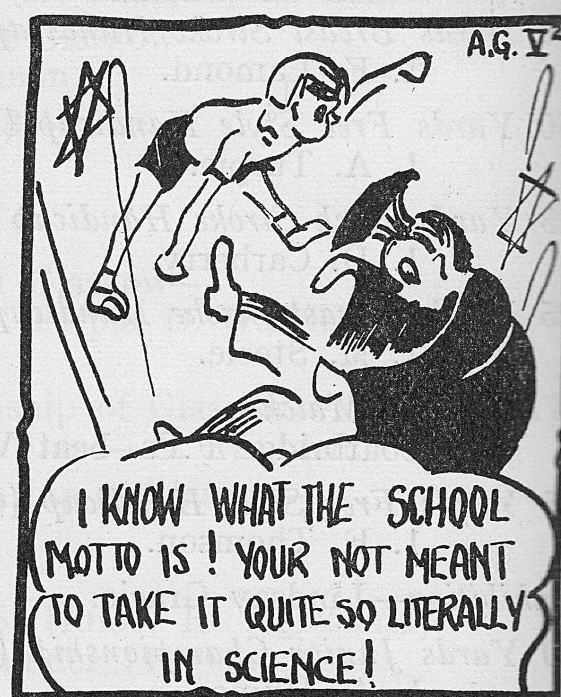
The Scottish Film Council has offered to the Glasgow schools a Repertory Season—four films chosen from the group to be shown during their own season. Whitehill School was offered twenty places, all of which were immediately filled. The showings are to be followed by discussion of the merits and demerits of the films.

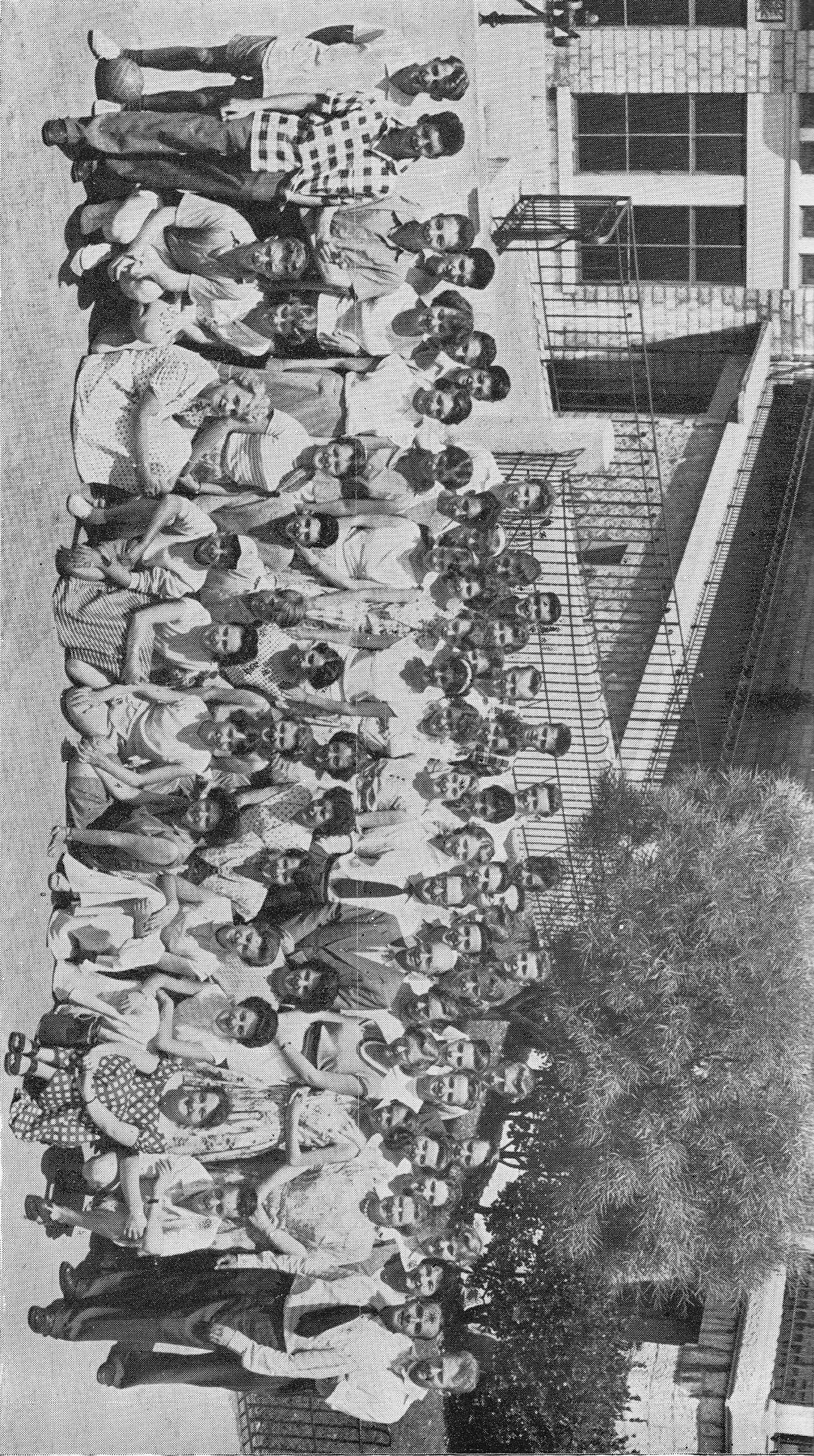
The films to be shown are :—

“Mutiny on the Bounty.” “Hamlet.”

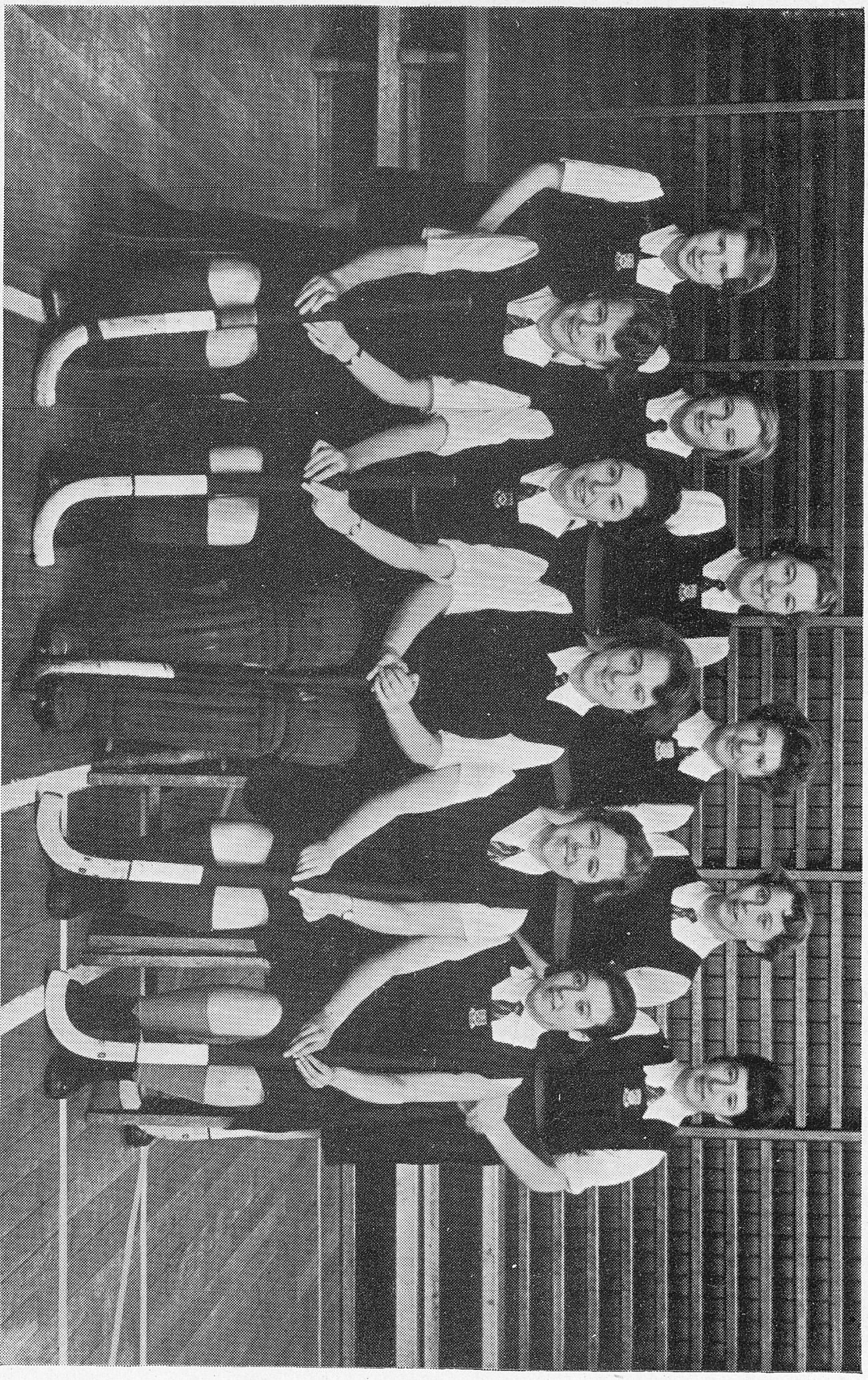
“Odd Man Out.” “Scott of the Antarctic.”

A.K.H.





THE SCHOOL PARTY AT NICE, 1956.



HOCKEY 1st XI

*Back Row, L. to R.—S. BROWN, M. NORMAND, A. IRVINE, A. DOUGLAS, E. ROSS, E. KENNEDY,
Front Row, L. to R.—E. CRAIG, E. MCCONACHIE, D. MCINTOSH (Capt.), J. NICOL, J. CHALMERS.*

CRICKET



Last season was a most successful one from the playing point of view. Of the ten matches played, eight were won and two lost. As one of these defeats was at the hands of a full strength of High School, the eleven can be complimented on the excellence of their performance. The only disquieting feature was the small number of boys who availed themselves of the opportunity to play cricket. It is hoped in the coming season to stimulate interest and with this end in view a meeting will be held next term of all boys who are keen to play.

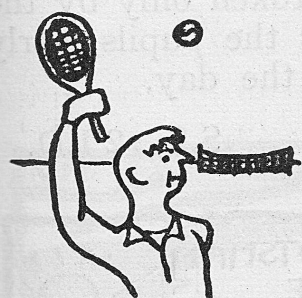
The captain of cricket for 1957 is Tom Robertson. Although most of his last year's side have now left school, we are looking forward to another good season, given suitable weather.

We are indebted to Mr. Crerar for his assistance and guidance to the team, and for his umpiring of our games. Mr. Crerar took coaching on certain nights and this was of great help to all who attended. We hope that next season more boys will take advantage of Mr. Crerar's coaching.

We would also like to take this opportunity of thanking the groundsman at Golfhill for his careful preparation of wickets for games and practices.

G. JENKINS.

TENNIS



The 1956 season provided a strange mixture of success and failure. As is shown by the table of results, the Boys' Team had a very successful year, losing only to Hillhead by the narrowest possible margin.

In contrast, the Mixed Doubles and Girls' Teams had a disastrous year. Among the disasters encountered by the Mixed Doubles Team was, for the second year in succession, a 5-4 defeat by the Staff.

		<i>Played.</i>	<i>Won.</i>	<i>Lost.</i>
Boys	-	7	6	1
Girls	-	4	0	4
Mixed	-	5	0	5

The Championships were carried through successfully, the Senior Champions being Evelyn Winkworth and John Cruden.

A.M.

"WHO GOES THERE?"

Slowly there appears over the crest of Whitehill Street a small group of boys scrubbed and polished and despatched from home at an early hour by careful parents. Listlessly they wander on, "creeping like snail unwillingly to school." Spread across the road, they sullenly punt to one another a mud-bespattered, long since punctured ball. Slowly but surely they approach the school and stumble up the steps into the playground, there to make the most of their last few minutes of liberty before the dread moment of incarceration.

Consider now the scene as the school clock nears quarter past nine. The group who now approach come in no such casual way. They streak down Whitehill Street like some Olympic athletes completing a four-minute mile; spurred on, not by the cheering of a Melbourne crowd, but by other more familiar sounds, namely, ringing bells, shouting voices and stamping feet; for the prefects and teachers now sally forth to drive the herd into the pen. The breathless athletes arrive in a heap at the gate, and scramble to their places in the lines.

Once the last lines are in, the prefects depart to the more leisurely atmosphere of their sixth form class rooms.

But now a laggard appears and two anxious eyes scan the empty playground for the lurking dangers of prefects or staff. This unhappy individual, clinging close to the cover of the wall, creeps towards the gate, with pounding heart and trembling step. All is well and, with a sigh of relief, he slinks unseen through the door.

Silence descends on the neighbourhood, broken only by the intermittent drone coming from the school as the pupils, early and late arrivals, proceed with the tasks of the day.

S.S., 2 LD.



ON HAVING A TOOTH PULLED

I opened my mouth. In popped a small round mirror to the accompaniment of "Ah! yes hmm!" ending with, "It'll have to come out."

I stiffened in my seat. The words rang through my head, "It'll have to come out." The dentist bent over me again. He was whistling. I was shaking. He turned his back and carefully selected an instrument. He bent over me again.

"Open wide."

A small prick in my gum. Another prick (at the back this time). He told me to wash out my mouth. I wished I could but rinsed it as was intended. He went downstairs.

Where was he? What was he doing? I didn't know. I was looking for a pair of pliers (or the like). I couldn't find them. He was back. I sank into the seat. He probed around my mouth and this was it.

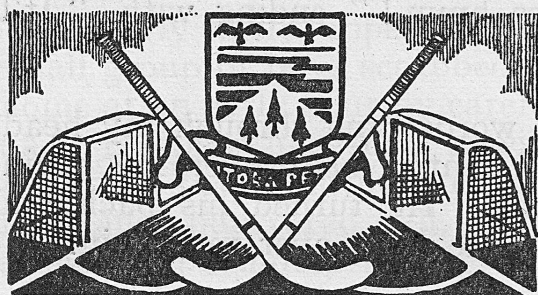
He inserted his instrument. I felt it grip and stiffened. He was pushing. Why was he pushing? Tears filled my eyes. My heart jumped. Then—he pulled—gently—a pause—then—it was out.

I was breathing heavily. I rinsed out my mouth. He handed me a tooth with a decayed centre, and then I was ushered downstairs and outside where I was left gingerly feeling the crater-like hole in my gum.

P.D., VI.



HOCKEY



practices at Golfhill playing-fields, under the tuition of Miss Scott and Miss Simpson, we hope for future victories. This year, for the first time, we entered the Glasgow Schools' Senior Tournament, and although we did not exactly win the event, we played very well.

Our thanks go to Miss Hetherington and Mr. Kellett for taking the beginners' class on Thursdays at 4.15 p.m. at Golfhill. We also thank Miss Scott and Miss Simpson for their help, and under their guidance we look forward to a successful season.

E. McCONACHIE.

FOOTBALL



After exhaustive trials our season began on 6th October, and to date the 1st XI, who have been showing real forward power have scored 10 goals in three games to record two victories and a defeat, not unexpected, against Hyndland at Scotstoun. We have hopes of

finishing among the leaders in a closely contested section.

We have entered a 2nd XI in the league this year, and to date they have collected 4 points from 3 games, and in general, inspired confidence that we have sound reserves.

The 3rd XI are unbeaten in their league, but unfortunately lost a close game in their first round Intermediate Shield tie against Govan. They can, however, take heart from their display and are capable of winning their section of the league.

The 4th XI, meeting with stiff opposition in their section, are however lying second with 4 points from 3 games.

Our under-13s of last year won their league handsomely, and at an informal tea in the Lower Gym. were awarded badges by Mrs. Kivlichan, in the presence of Mr. Walker. This year's under-13s, under Mr. Chisholm, are playing with great spirit in order to emulate their predecessors.

Our thanks are again due to Mr. Brebner, Mr. Dow, Mr. Cliff and Mr. Chisholm for their continued aid, and to Mr. Low who has undertaken to look after the 2nd XI.

E. FORREST.

WHITEHILL FORMER PUPILS' CLUB

The Former Pupils' Club was formed in 1923. Its main objects are to promote the interests of the School and to maintain and strengthen the friendships formed there. The management of the club is carried out by a General Committee consisting of the Office Bearers and one representative from each section. Details of these sections are given below, and any further information regarding the club may be obtained from the General Secretary, Mr. J. A. Davidson, 118 Whitehill Street, Glasgow, E.1. (Telephone—Bridgeton 0840).

The Annual Christmas Dance will be held in the Ca'doro on Christmas Eve. Tickets are available, 16s. each.

Members may purchase club ties and scarves from Messrs. Rowans Ltd. only on production of a new membership card.

Ladies Hockey Section—

Secretary—Miss Jessie E. McCreath, 120 Roebank Street, E.1.

Two teams are playing regularly in friendly fixtures under the auspices of the Scottish Women's Hockey Association.

Rugby Section—

Secretary :—Mr. J. B. Leitch, 203 Onslow Drive, E.1.

Two fifteens are playing regularly in friendly fixtures under the auspices of Scottish Rugby Union.

Football Section—

Secretary :—Mr. J. A. Davidson, 118 Whitehill Street, E.1.

Four teams are playing regularly in leagues under the auspices of the Scottish Amateur Football Association.

A fifth team also takes part in friendly games.

Badminton Section—

Secretary :—Miss Janet K. Davidson, 118 Whitehill Street, E.1.

The club night is Thursday evening in the school gymnasium, and two teams are playing in competitive leagues.

Ladies' Choir Section—

Secretary :—Miss Mae I. Archibald, 71 Warriston Crescent, E.3.

The Choir Section, conducted by Mr. A. E. Meikle, meets every Tuesday for practice in Regent Place Church Hall. Concerts are given periodically. The Annual Concert is held on April 16th.

New members are always welcomed, and all interested should contact the appropriate secretary.

UNIVERSITY LETTER

DEAR WHITEHILLIANS,

Now that we are on an equal footing with some of our Professors—in being F.Ps. of Whitehill, I mean, in no other respect—and have had some time, however brief, to survey our surroundings on gale-swept Gilmorehill, some profound observations have been demanded of us on what it means to be a *Civis Universitatis Glasguensis*. Some of our number found out on the second day, when, just by way of encouragement, an examination took place, designed to test their knowledge (or ignorance) of matters scientific; other were initiated rather more gradually, having to contain ourselves for almost a week before undergoing any similar investigation. One factor, I think, has clearly emerged—the precise import of the phrase “to pursue studies.” Here, at University, the work always seems to be somewhere ahead of you, and it’s not so easy catching up.

It would be wrong, however, to give the impression that University life is one long examination. There have been several highlights of a different nature. On Matriculation Day, for instance, we waded through a mass of forms that would have delighted any Ministry of National Insurance clerk, and, still rather dazed, walked straight into the arms of the Club Representatives. Some were lucky and escaped, but I was interviewed by a member of almost every organisation in the University. I’ve been trying ever since to work out exactly which clubs now have an option on my affiliations.

At any rate, the Great Day came. It is a strange world at first, full of corridors, and stairways, and vaults, and, of course, the chime of the clock which always makes me imagine there’s an execution pending. Notice-boards alive with coloured posters beckon your attention as you make for your class-room for your first lecture. It is something of a relief to find that the Latin class is not composed entirely of resuscitated Ciceros, but only people like yourself who know what *Civis Universitatis Glasguensis* means—and not much more.

You soon learn that Q.M. is not a Cunarder, but the Queen Margaret Union; that WUS on the notice-board is not “comparatively” bad; that GUDS is nothing more fishy than the Dramatic Society. Soon you join in the lively spirit of the place, which, I suppose, is the natural reaction against the formality and imposing appearance of your surroundings.

If these few impressions seem disjointed, I can only reply that is how it all affects you. You gradually absorb the atmosphere, and it becomes part of you, just as school does. And to those of you who don’t believe all this, I say: get your Leaving Certificate and come and see!

We’ll be delighted to welcome you.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN SWAN.



Back Row, L. to R.—Messrs. D. DONALD (5), J. McCALLUM (1), W. JONES (4), H. LOW (7), A. MORRISON (2), A. JOHNSTONE (9) (U.S.A.), M. CLIFF (5), A. DOW (6), J. McPHAIL (3).

Second Row, L. to R.—Messrs. I. McPHERSON (3), I. BRENNER (9), J. KELLETT (1), A. GARDNER (8), P. PEGGIE (3), A. SCOTT (1), H. HUTCHISON (2), J. FORGIE (8), J. KELLY (15).

Third Row, L. to R.—Messrs. A. BLAND (6), T. GARDNER (9), J. McKILLOP (9), A. NEIL (5), R. SIMPSON (9), J. MILLER (3), J. GILMOUR (1), D. KATZENELL (3), J. THOM (3), K. CRAIG (6).

Front Row, L. to R.—Messrs. W. BAIRD (13), W. E. WYATT (1), R. H. SMALL (6), T. P. FLETCHER (11), I. WILSON (2) (Deputy Head), Mr. WALKER (Headmaster), I. STEWART (9), P. GARDEN, (12), W. BARGH, (3), I. CRRERAR, (5), J. CAMPBELL (4).

SCHOOL

COLETT



ATHLETIC

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Photo by Sternstein

Back Row, L. to R.—Mrs. M. JACK (3), Miss M. M. PENMAN (12), Miss M. E. CAMERON (5), Miss E. M. McNAB (4), Miss H. M. RICHMOND (1), Miss H. S. MOWAT (10), Miss H. M. WATT (5), Miss M. C. CAMERON (1), Mrs. A. FOWLER (1).

Second Row, L. to R.—Miss C. GIBSON (14), Miss L. M. KERR (9), Miss M. T. ARCHIBALD (3), Miss K. M. JOHNSTON (1), Miss J. HUTCHISON (5), Miss J. STRANG (12), Miss M. M. McWILLIAM (11), Miss A. K. HETHERINGTON (3), Miss K. L. PRYDE (4), Miss N. HILL (14).

Third Row, L. to R.—Mrs. A. CRAIB (5), Miss J. M. TUDHOPE (4), Miss R. GOW (4), Miss J. M. CAMPBELL (3), Miss J. E. GARVAN (1), Mrs. M. C. PATERSON (8), Miss H. E. SIMPSON (8), Miss M. M. JACKSON (4), Miss M. McCLEW (5).

Front Row, L. to R.—Miss L. M. BEGG (7), Miss A. M. PATERSON (10), Miss I. SCOTT (8), Miss M. S. HUTCHISON (1) (Woman Adviser), Mr. WALKER, Miss M. D. ALEXANDER (4), Miss A. T. CLIMIE (7), Miss M. J. J. BELL (5), Miss A. E. ORR (1), Miss W. M. TAYLOR (absent).

Key: English (1), History (2), Science (3), Maths (4), Modern Languages (5), Classics (6), Geography (7), P/Training (8), Art (9), Commerce (10), Music (11), Commercial (12), Technical (13), Home (14), Junior (15).

GOLF



The Allan Shield was won quite appropriately by last year's captain, Allan Wright. James Dunbar was the runner-up.

The School Championship, played over a wind-swept Pollok became something of a marathon last season, when E. Haugh

fought his way to victory on the twenty-second green. J. Dunbar was again the defeated finalist.

The team proved to be fairly successful last season in the inter-school matches, winning six of their ten games. Notable successes were our 6-0 wins over both Lenzie and Shawlands Academies.

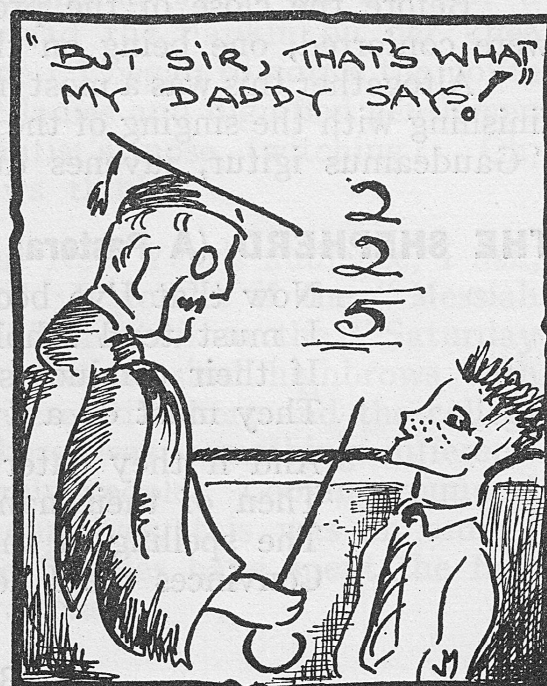
I am sure that all pupils took a keen interest in the progress of former pupil D. Mackie, whose defeat of D. Sanders, a leading American player in the British Amateur Championship at Troon, is worthy of special note.

The pupils redeemed themselves once more by defeating the Staff by three games to two, after last year's terrible defeat of five games to nil.

As we are now deprived of the services of A. Wright, it will be necessary to elect a new team captain. Whoever he may be, we all wish him the best of luck in the season to come.

As in the past fifty-four years, names will be taken during the month of April for the Allan Shield. So, no matter what the state of your play may be, we shall be delighted to receive your entries, and provide you with a substantial handicap.

R. GREENOCK.



"GAUDEAMUS . . ."

This year while on holiday in St. Andrews, I was privileged in gaining admission to the graduation ceremony in Scotland's oldest University. Never having been to a ceremony such as this before, I was thrilled from the moment I entered the hall. There seemed to be an air of happiness and expectancy. From where I was sitting in the side gallery, just above the platform, I had a wonderful view of most of this beautiful hall. The sun streaming through the windows emphasised the brightly-coloured dresses of the ladies, and here and there students wearing their red gowns, mingled with the crowds. Into this colourful scene filed the graduands, in their black gowns, bringing a sense of dignity and solemnity. Once all were seated, their enthusiasm broke through, and they lustily sang many of the student songs. From the back of the hall the Principal and the professors came in double file, and made their way to the platform, during which time the students sang, "The Animals Came in Two by Two."

After some introductory words by the Principal the graduation ceremony commenced. As each student's name was called by the Dean of his faculty, the student came up to the platform, handed his hood to an official, and knelt before the Principal, who capped him, saying the Latin words, "*Et super te.*" As the student rose, his hood was placed round his neck.

During the time when the medical students were being given their degrees, two very interesting incidents took place. As one young man handed his hood to the official, the applause was tremendous, the reason being that they were father and son. A few minutes later as another student rose from his knees, through the applause came a little voice calling, "Daddy." This incident had a wonderful effect on the whole audience, and to the delight of all, the young man turned and waved to a little fair-haired girl in the front of the gallery. One other thing by which I was greatly impressed, was the ovation given to each coloured student who came forward.

Before the close of the proceedings, four honorary degrees were conferred, one being on the Lord Lyon, King of Arms.

Altogether this was a most interesting and enjoyable morning, finishing with the singing of the most appropriate student song—"Gaudeamus igitur, iuvenes dum sumus."

M.S.W., V2.

THE SHEPHERD (A Pastoral Poem)

Now that I've become a prefect,
I must tend scholastic sheep.
If their conduct shows a defect
They must do a "poena" steep;
And if they enter this school late
Then of their names I must take notes.
The spelling in their lines to date
Convinces me I tend the goats.

A.T.McN., V.

WHAT DID THE Highbrows Think?

"Happy New Year! A Happy New Year!" The happy family greetings sounded all around us as we flocked with the crowds to the St. Andrew's Hall to hear the annual New Year's Day performance of "The Messiah."

"Aha," thought I to myself, "Mr. Rankl will be kicking me out for the slander I write about his orchestra and his highbrow audience." After all, why was I going once again to the third programme atmosphere which the snobbish part of me enjoys only because of the false sensation of social standing it gives?

We were a family party. Mum and Dad were there, young cousin Ruth going to hear the orchestra for the first time and Grandma and Grandpa were there too. Every New Year's Day we faithfully take out seats on the platform balcony to hear Handel's masterpiece. Grandma and Grandpa had been going for many years now—they had seen several men stand on the conductor's rostrum and had seen the programme give the names of many principal vocalists. Now, young Ruth was there for her first of many visits, no doubt, if she keeps up her family's tradition.

We seemed to be rather late, for already the members of the "Scottish" were taking their places.

"Oh look—there's the baboon!"—Grr! the infant had just been taught the names of the instruments.

"Hush, Ruth dear"—oh dear, what did the highbrows think? The great oratorio began. The bearded students were still furiously following the score but I do think that "The Messiah" is very nice and settled down to enjoy the tunes.

What was Grandma rummaging about her bag for? Surely that wasn't a napkin she was bringing out? Oh no—not a tangerine! Alas—she calmly spread the napkin on her knee and proceeded to peel her tangerine. I began to notice the polite little "sniff-sniffs" of the elegant ladies and dignified gentlemen and surely that wasn't the flautist's nose twitching? Oh, Granny!—what did the highbrows think?

And yet, looking back at that New Year's audience, I ask, "Were they so very highbrow?" I wonder if the "Messiah Crowd" are not really entirely different from the "Saturday Night Concert Crowd." Oh yes, the musical highbrows with their long hair and curly beards were still there and the college scarves were still flying, but there was something different. There were other people—the family people. Looking round, I could tell that with some, like ourselves, this was an annual event—this is the way that some families have spent the first day of the year for several generations.

Looking from our balcony seat, down into the area, I can clearly remember seeing an old minister. His snow white hair showed that he was old, but yet there was a bright, bright light in his eyes as that great hall resounded to the mighty "Hallelujah Chorus." In the next day's press we read what the critics had to say.

"The bass had no depth—the contralto was weak—the orchestra was well up to standard, even if the violins were rather strong." Did my old minister care if the violins were too loud? Did he notice the faults of the contralto?—or of the bass? I think not. Surely for him and so many others the greatness of the music brought forward once again, the greatness of its message.

E.H., V2.

RUGBY



This year's 1st XV shows signs of maintaining the high standard set by the 1955-56 team. So far this season we have played only seven games, but we remain undefeated. Two of the boys, Roger Younger and Stewart McKinnell, have had the honour to be chosen to play for Glasgow against Ayrshire in a trial to pick the team to meet Edinburgh in the annual inter-city match.

This year, because of the number of boys who wish to play rugby, but are just too old for the 3rd Year XV, we have been able to run a 2nd XV. Up to the time of printing they have played only one game, in which they beat Shawlands 6-3. Both junior teams have also had a successful start to the season.

We are very pleased with the condition of the pitches at Craigend, which have withstood the summer rain very well. A few of the boys turned up at the Former Pupils' training sessions in August, but not as many as we should have liked. The Former Pupils extend a warm invitation to these sessions, to all pupils interested in rugby.

Finally, I should like to show our appreciation of the services of Mr. Forgie, who will have left for his new post by the time this article is printed. The members of the rugby committee especially will feel deeply the loss of their master-in-charge.

A. T. McNAUGHTON.



We had a good attendance at our first meeting at the end of October, and by the time this is published, we hope to have had quite a few lively discussions.

The S.C.M. is primarily an organisation for young people who wish to conduct their lives on Christian principles, and it provides an opportunity to discuss the different facets of a Christian life.

We can still welcome new members to our meetings, which are held every second THURSDAY this session, at 4.15 p.m. in Room 91, under the leadership of Miss Garvan. A hearty welcome is extended to all members of Forms V and VI to come and join us.

D. McINTOSH.

JUNIOR CITIZENS' THEATRE SOCIETY

The aim of this Society is to interest Glasgow schoolboys and schoolgirls in "the Theatre in general and the Citizens' Theatre in particular." The Glasgow Citizens' Theatre seeks to present the best of the old drama along with the most promising of new Scottish plays, and, by means of the Society, hopes to foster a love of the theatre in the older pupils of Glasgow schools. Society members are entitled to certain privileges, such as concession prices—a popular attraction.

Whitehill School has about twenty-four members in the Society. In October, a party from the School arranged to go to see the Theatre's production of "Richard II," which we greatly enjoyed.

The Junior Citizens' Theatre Society is a worthwhile enterprise, and its Whitehill members are very glad to support it.

D. McINTOSH.

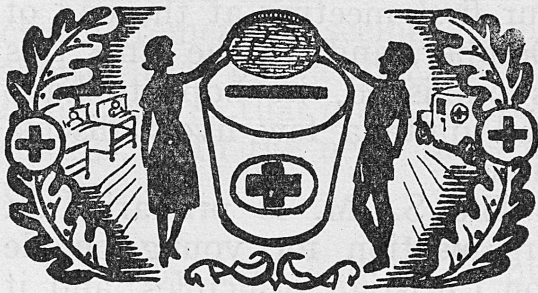
LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

Owing to an unfortunate late start, we have not, at the time of writing, had any meetings, but our first debate has been arranged under the title of: "Is 'Rock'n Roll' further evidence of the alleged decadence of modern youth?" As we hope to illustrate this debate with appropriate records, we expect a large attendance.

The debates which we hope to include in this year's syllabus range from the question of whether adults should allow themselves to be ruled by the dictates of fashion, to a discussion on that controversial maxim: "Woman's place in the Home."

The "Lit." will also welcome outside speakers to its meetings. We feel tempted to anticipate a successful season; and so, we assure all pupils in Forms III to VI that they will receive a hearty welcome at all meetings of the Literary and Debating Society.

D. McINTOSH. R. BUSHNELL.



Some months ago an appeal was made to all Junior Red Cross Links for funds to provide a holiday camp for handicapped children. We helped in Whitehill by making a contribution in money, and this was raised by the generous response of Pupils.

I have to report that the camp at the Army Study Centre, Woodhouselea, Midlothian, held from 10th to 18th July, 1956, was very successful. There were eight handicapped children and the disabilities were—two partially sighted, one deaf mute, two spastics, one non-infectious skin condition and two cripples. There were four women adults and sixteen cadets, two per handicapped child, who helped to run the camp. The site was ideal, the accommodation in large huts was good and the weather fairly satisfactory. The children had a happy time—their programme included a visit to a farm, a visit to the sea-side, a film show, handcrafts, etc., and on returning home they looked much the better of the holiday.

This camp, by way of an experiment, was the first of its kind run by the Junior Red Cross, and it is hoped that in the future there will be more camps for handicapped children, made possible by the support of all Junior Red Cross Links.

Now about stamps. Please continue to collect used postage stamps (British and Foreign). They are always gratefully acknowledged. Here is a quotation from a letter received from a Displaced Persons' Camp in Augustdorf, Germany.

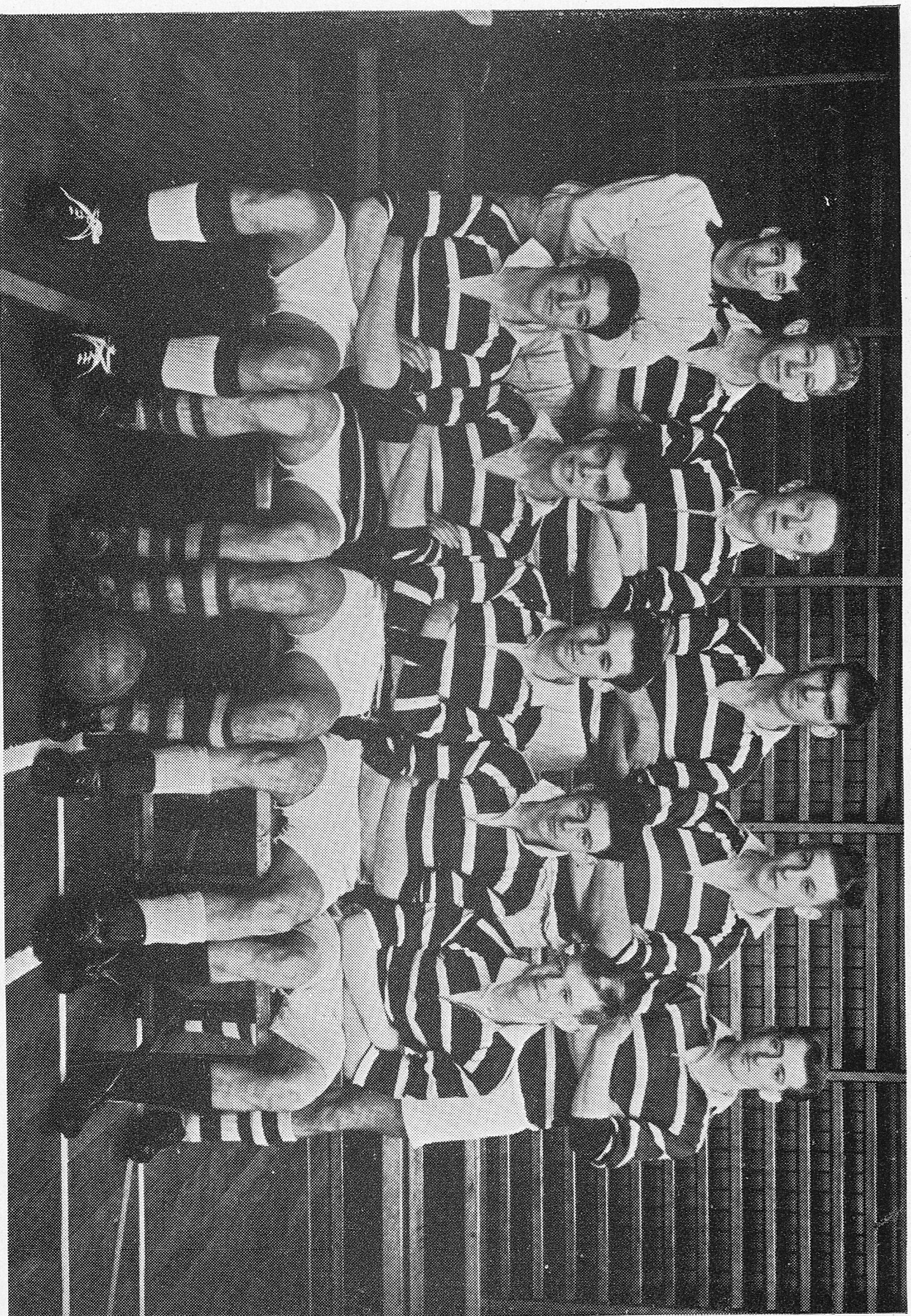
“Thank you very much for your used stamps. Owing to the splendid response we are now employing 100 D.Ps. in the Stamp Office. Please continue to collect for us—we cannot have enough. Again, many thanks.”

It is hoped to purchase two more television sets for presentation to Homes for Old Sick People at Christmas. You may not realise that already seven television sets have been purchased by Junior Red Cross in Glasgow, from the proceeds of tinfoil collections. Therefore, do not slacken in your endeavours, and bring your collection of tinfoil to any of the following rooms—39, 83, 85 or to Armadale Street Building. Remember, every little helps!

Finally, there is the appeal for the Christmas Fund. Once again it is hoped to take patients in the Glasgow Royal Mental Hospital, Disabled Ex-Servicemen and Total Orphans to a Pantomime at Christmas. We, as a Junior Red Cross Link, want to make some contribution to this fund before Christmas.

Thank you, to all the pupils of Whitehill who bring tinfoil, used postage stamps or who drop a few pennies into the Red Cross Collection box. They are remembering the Junior Red Cross motto, “Service for Others.”

M.E.C.



ASSOCIATION 1st XI

*Back Row, L. to R.—J. HEADRIDGE, A. WILSON, A. MURRAY, E. FORREST, A. TURPIE, K. DEWAR.
Front Row, L. to R.—J. FLEMING, D. HART, D. GENTLES, L. BALANTYNE, G. JENKINS.*



SWIMMING TEAM

*Back Row, L. to R.—D. WADDELL, W. STURROCK, A. TURPIE, D. MCEWAN, I. STEWART.
Front Row, L. to R.—D. MCKINNON, E. LAMONT, A. LAMONT, C. MURDOCH.*

YOUNG FARMERS' CLUB

This club is proving very popular and the membership is increasing. The City of Glasgow Young Farmers' Club welcomes boys and girls to its meetings. Membership is open to all who are interested in the countryside and the people who work there, and will be invaluable to those who intend to take up farming, horticulture, afforestation or estate-management as a career.

Activities include lectures and film-shows in the Agricultural College; visits to farms and weekend farming camps are planned. So far this term's programme has included travel-films on Canada and the U.S.A., a visit to the famous piggery at Powis House in Stirlingshire and an Inter-Club night with West Renfrew Y.F.C.

Already one boy has enrolled at a residential agricultural school in England, and several others have definitely decided on farming as a career.

H.M.H.

SCRIPTURE UNION

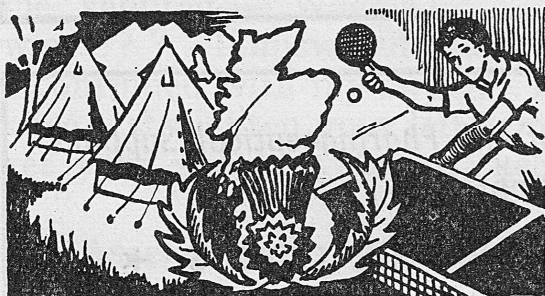
The Scripture Union is a world-wide Bible-reading organisation, which aims at helping young people to make the best of their lives through the reading of the Scriptures. The "S.U." encourages boys and girls to read the Bible daily—and helps them to enjoy it by arranging a rota of daily portions.

Whitehill Scripture Union is a branch of the Inter-School Fellowship which holds monthly rallies for its schools. These rallies, which include a Bible Quiz in their programmes, are greatly enjoyed by all the Glasgow pupils.

We have a good number of pupils attending the S.U., but we still have room for more. A cordial welcome is extended to any boy or girl from Forms I to VI, who wishes to join us. We meet on Fridays at 4.15 p.m.—boys in Room 81, girls in Room 50.

D. McINTOSH. D. MACKINNON.

SCOTTISH SCHOOLBOYS' CLUB



This year Whitehill members are taking part in an East Meeting, held at 41 Broompark Drive at 2 p.m. on a Sunday afternoon. This meeting is also attended by boys from Allan Glen's, Kelvinside Academy and Glasgow High School.

We have had one Club Night this term. This proved to be a great success, and some new members were recruited. The main reason for the success of this evening was the hard work of Ronald Cresswell, an ex-Captain of Whitehill, who is now the Whitehill S.S.C. Chairman.

S. TURPIE.

A GOLF LESSON

I have always looked upon the golfer as being a rather eccentric person. He plods round the course in pouring rain and then, all smiles, makes his way to the club house to relive those 18 holes for the benefit of his fellow enthusiasts. He then, after walking several miles round the course, complains that his bus stop is too far away and that his bag is too heavy—no wonder, after carrying nine irons when four would do. Being a non-golfer, I found that I did not work myself up to frenzy when the thrilling suspense of a “hole-in-one” was being described to me. This, according to my golfer-friends, was a most unusual and regrettable state of affairs which had to be rectified as soon as possible.

So it was that I found myself on the golf course, the possessor of a drain-pipe-like bag, containing two wooden-headed objects, three rather rusty iron-headed ones and four very battered greyish spheres. These objects, I discovered, were my golf-bag, clubs, and balls. My “Coach” then produced what he called a tee which he thrust into the ground and upon which he placed, rather precariously, a ball. After assuring him that I could easily hit the ball on to the “green” without any explanation as to the technique of hitting a ball, I took aim and with a tremendous swipe—I missed. There was a loud guffaw from behind me. In sheer madness I gave another swipe—there was a beautiful crack, the ball went soaring into the air and landed two yards from the hole.

After my head had decreased in volume and my coach had been “brought round,” we proceeded to the next tee where it was decided that, despite my “beginner’s luck” I should be taught the correct way to hit a ball. First I was told to address the ball, so I began—“Dear ball —,” but from the expression on my coach’s face it was obvious that he thought me quite insane. After a few explanations, however, I was ready to hit the ball, but, just as I was about to begin a voice from behind me shouted—“Waggle!” “Are you sure you don’t mean wiggle?” I answered cheekily. After receiving an icy glare, I continued with my swing. The voice shouted “Bend your left knee ; straighten your left arm ! keep your heels on the ground ! get your shoulder down ! keep your eye on the ball.”

As each order was shouted it became obvious that it was physically impossible for me ever to play golf. There and then I decided that never again would I place my feet on that sacred turf, so, the only use that my lesson had been to me was to confirm my view that all golfers are eccentric and that at all costs one must keep at a good distance from them !

M.M.M., V2.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SCHOOL

The morning was cold and a fine drizzle fell on the deserted streets as the first light of dawn streaked the sky. With a yawn the old red-sandstone building on the corner of Whitehill Street and Finlay Drive awoke. "Ah well, another day," he murmured sleepily. Then he settled down to wait, while the streets around him gradually came to life. At a quarter to nine a few boys and girls, enveloped in scarves, boots and raincoats, came "Creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school." Soon they began to flock through the gates, lighting up the dull morning with their happy, cheerful faces as they greeted one another with, "Done your Latin, Jimmy?" and "Can I have a copy of your trig., Jessie?" Suddenly a shrill ringing shattered the comparative peace. The building smiled indulgently as anxious cries reached him from the regions just beyond the playground "That's the bell! Run Willie!" or "Come on, we'll be late!" When the last stragglers had received their lines the building rested until the interval.

He was disappointed, however, for the rain drove all but a few hearty lads into the "sheds" and he had to wait until dinner-time before he could enjoy the sight of the young faces again. It seemed a very long time, but eventually the young people filed out, laughing and talking as they made their way homeward or to the "dinner-school." Soon they returned, but not quite so gaily as they had departed. Among the younger boys an avid discussion took place. "Did you like the mince, Tommy?" "It was O.K. but I preferred the custard." Then the bell shrilled once more and the morning ritual was repeated. "I hope it clears up before the afternoon interval," said the building to a passing pigeon. "It is so boring when the boys and girls don't come out."

He was not disappointed this time and spent a happy fifteen minutes watching a rather makeshift game of football, although only five minutes were devoted to playing, the rest to arguing that "Bobby did foul Billy." "He did not!" etc.; the interval was over all too quickly for the building, who amused himself by continuing the arguments in imagination.

No sooner did the bell ring at four-fifteen than there was a great stampede for the gates. The building winced as he saw a rather unladylike crowd of girls all pushing through the gate. He did not dare to look at the boys' gate; "Goodbye, my little friends;" he cried as all the Jimmies, the Jessies, the Willies and the Tommies, went cheerfully home. "I'll see you to-morrow," said someone. "Yes, I will see you to-morrow," he whispered contentedly. In a few minutes he was asleep.

S.B., IV2.

THE SCOTTISH INDUSTRIAL SPORTS CAMP

During the summer holidays I attended the S.I.S.A. Camp which was held in the grounds of Dalguise House, a beautiful spot situated a mile or so outside Dunkeld. The camp lasted a week and was attended by about 120 boys from schools and from Industry. Two or three weeks before the camp I received instructions telling me how to get there and what to bring. Two notable articles in the list were "waterproof clothing" and "a stout pair of walking shoes," both of which sounded rather ominous.

When the day came I made my way to Blythswood Square where the Glasgow party were assembling. On arriving I checked in with one of the officers and entered one of the 'buses. I spotted a vacant seat beside a boy whom I recognised from his blazer as attending another Glasgow school and sat down beside him. Before we arrived at Dalguise he and I were chatting like old friends. On arriving at Dalguise we discovered that the parties from Dundee and Edinburgh were already there and we all assembled in front of the tents. We were then divided into seven "clans," each named after a Scottish mountain, and I was pleased to discover that my new-found friend and I were in the same "clan." We then made our way to the tents and were introduced to our respective clan leaders. We were under a Mr. McLachlan who soon became plain "Finlay" to all our boys.

After a satisfactory tea we played organised games such as Volleyball, Tennis-quoits, Hockey, and a crude form of Rugby. After this we made our way to a hall in Dalguise House where we were addressed by the Camp Commandant, Dr. H. Stewart Mackintosh, and by the Camp Convener, Commander M. E. Wevell, R.N. We were told that the seven clans would compete for a trophy and points would be given for (i) Camp Inspection, (ii) Games, (iii) Scavenge Hunt, and (iv) Social Activities. During the next seven days the clans fought it out, the standard improving every day, and it was amazing how the succeeding events bound the boys of each clan into a happy and cheerful team.

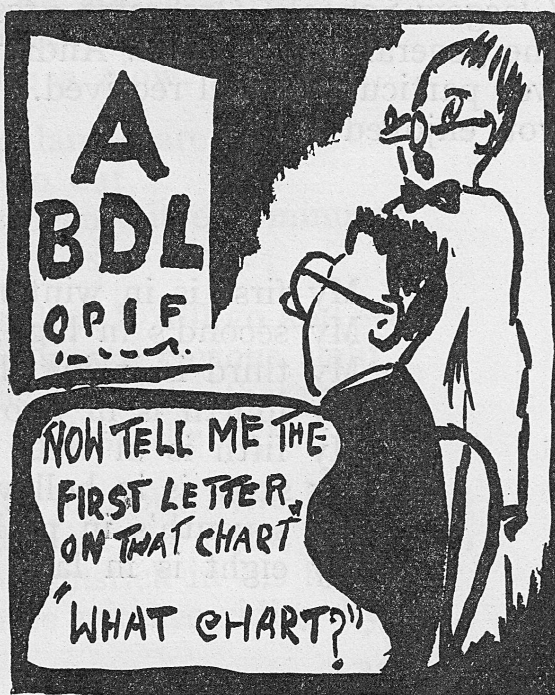
My own particular clan did not have much success in the Sports Field owing to our being a much lighter team than any of the others but nevertheless we tried hard. We did have, however, our own personal triumph in the Scavenge Hunt in which we gained full marks and we were justly proud of our achievement though we declined to accept the title of "The Best Scavengers in Dalguise" which the other clans conferred upon us. The Scavenge Hunt, I should explain, was a competition in which we were given a number of things to find such as "a beetle with red legs," and "a horse hair 14 inches long." The

week, however, was not all play and no work, for on several days during the week we were taken on hikes over the Scottish hills, hikes which mounted in length until on the Thursday we climbed three hills, including Ben Lawers, carefully avoiding the path on the last named. In the evenings we received excellent entertainment including illustrated lectures on the British expedition to the South Pole given by Kevin Walton, a member of the party, and on the British expedition to the Himalayas, also given by a member of the party. We also saw a full-length technicolour film and on one of the evenings we provided our own entertainment and received points according to our merit.

All too soon the last full day came and this was a visitors' day on which a large number of distinguished educational authorities and industrial principals arrived to see for themselves how their respective nominees had fared. A slight drizzle did nothing to dampen our enthusiasm and we gave a spirited exhibition at games, which was followed by tea and a concert in which we again provided the entertainment.

The following morning, after breakfast, the camp broke up and the boys drifted away to their own respective towns and occupations. Some would never meet again, but I for one shall never forget the friends I made nor the time we spent together at Dalguise. As Dr. Mackintosh said, "The things which you have done in the past week are all the more important because you have done them together." How true that was, and if I ever have the chance to attend another S.I.S.A. camp, I shall jump at the chance.

T.R., V.



CASTLE TOWARD ORCHESTRAL COURSE

Every year, during the first fortnight of July, the orchestra assembles in the beautiful picturesque Castle of Toward, near Dunoon. The orchestra which is organised and directed by the Superintendent of Music, Mr. J. Gilmour Barr, is composed of about ninety players, chosen from various senior secondary schools all over Glasgow. At Toward the different sections of the orchestra study under professional coaches, who are drawn chiefly from the Scottish National Orchestra. This year the full orchestra was under the experienced "bâton" of Mr. Edric Cundell, C.B.E., Principal of the Guildhall School of Music.

The programme selected for the course is of professional difficulty, both technically and artistically. The main work studied this year was the famous Tchaikowsky Symphony in E Minor. Naturally, while at Toward, the members of the orchestra have to work very hard to produce a concert as near professional standards as possible. I have gone to Toward for four years, and I can truthfully say that I have never found my holiday either restful or uninteresting. It is difficult to explain to people, who have never had a great interest in music, the thrill one receives from playing in a full symphony orchestra—especially when that orchestra is composed of friends of one's own age.

Although rehearsals do take up most of the day, in the evening various entertainments are arranged—film shows, dancing and sports. The course, therefore, is not all work and no play.

At the end of the holiday we give a concert in the Pavilion at Dunoon, where the audience is composed mainly of parents and friends.

In September the concert is repeated in Glasgow, when the Glasgow Schools' Orchestra present the results of this course to the general public in St. Andrew's Hall. This year the concert was particularly well received. If any of you were there, I hope you enjoyed it!

A. M. N., V2.

My first is in winter and also in snow,
My second's in high, but not in low,
My third is in ink, but not in pen,
My fourth is in two and also in ten,
My fifth is in well, but not in ill,
My sixth is in hollow and also in hill,
My seventh's in pink, but not in blue,
My eight is in last and also in two.

Answer : Whitehill.

M.B., 1 L3.

HOLIDAY IN THE HIGHLANDS

In the late afternoon of 7th July this year, forty-one Glasgow schoolgirls arrived at Glenmore Lodge in Inverness-shire. We came from many different schools, and had many different interests, but for one month we shared a holiday which none of us will quickly forget.

During our four weeks' stay, Glenmore Lodge, the instructors and the wonderful Cairngorms became our friends. We came to know them all through such activities as camping and bivouacking, climbing among the Blue Hills and sailing on beautiful Loch Morlich. Through these and other subjects we were taught how to overcome the elements—but we also learned to respect them.

Of course, all our time was not spent in boots and slacks. We passed many happy evenings at country dancing, indoor sports, ceilidhs, lecturettes given by ourselves, and talks by experienced speakers, among these being Dr. Mearns, Professor of Social Medicine at Glasgow University, and Mr. Colin Murdoch, the district's own "bird-man."

So, as you can see, our holiday in the Highlands was anything but dull, and I would say to those of you who are given the chance to go to Aviemore, jump at the offer and do not worry if you do not consider yourself the "outdoor type"—neither did I!

J.S. V2

HALLOWE'EN

From under the dark, dark sky,
Into the house we go;
Roasting chestnuts o'er a blazing fire,
Giving the house a glow.

Then the turnip lamps are lit,
And the lights go out,
They have only been out one minute,
When someone gives a shout;

"Oh there's the door! I'll go and see."
Out on the step was a curious sight,
A little boy was standing there
With his back against the light.

We asked him to join our little band,
And, as we looked at the dark, dark sky,
We noticed a broomstick in his hand,
And we saw three witches riding by.

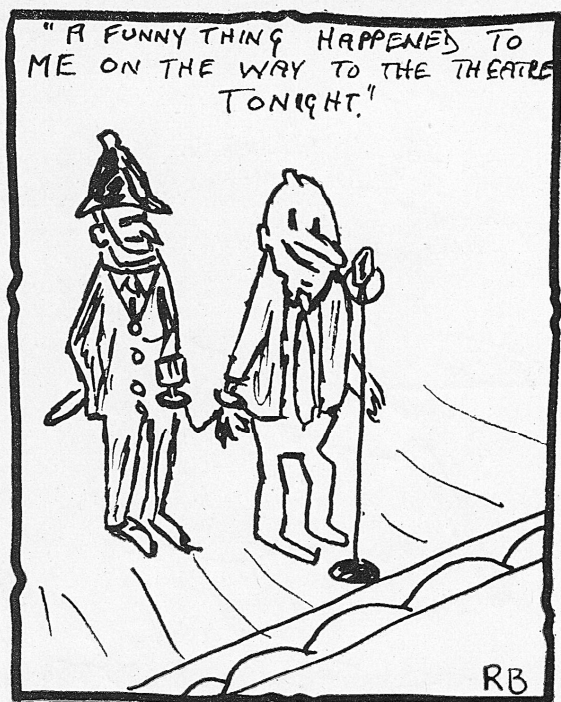
M.T., 1 F2.

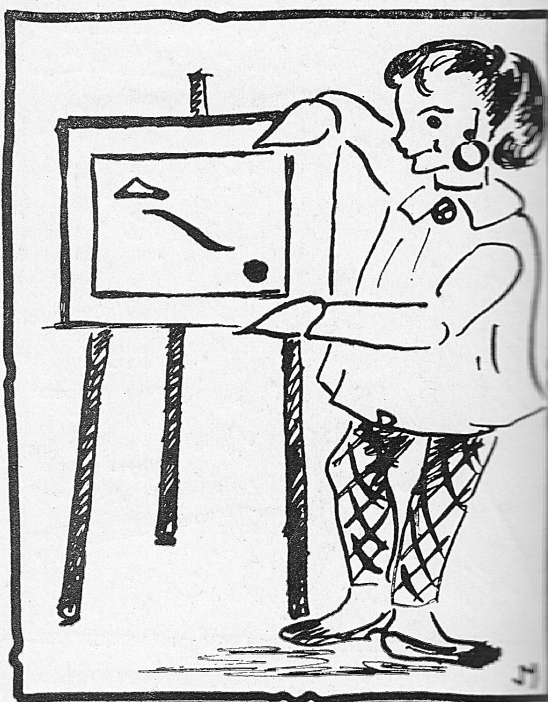
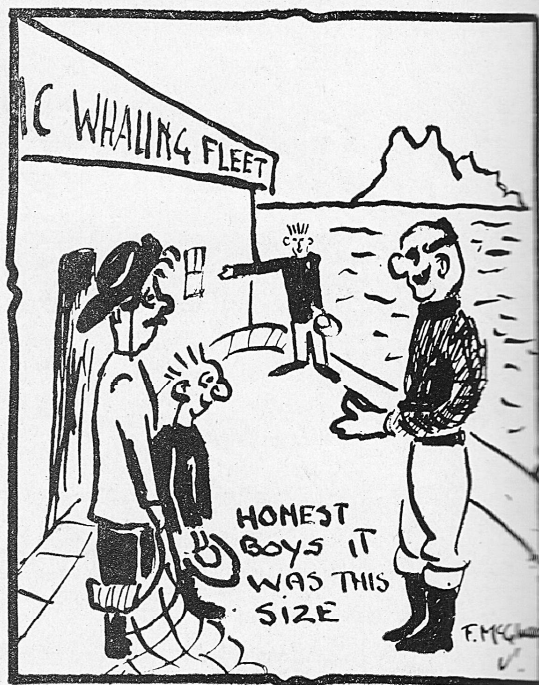
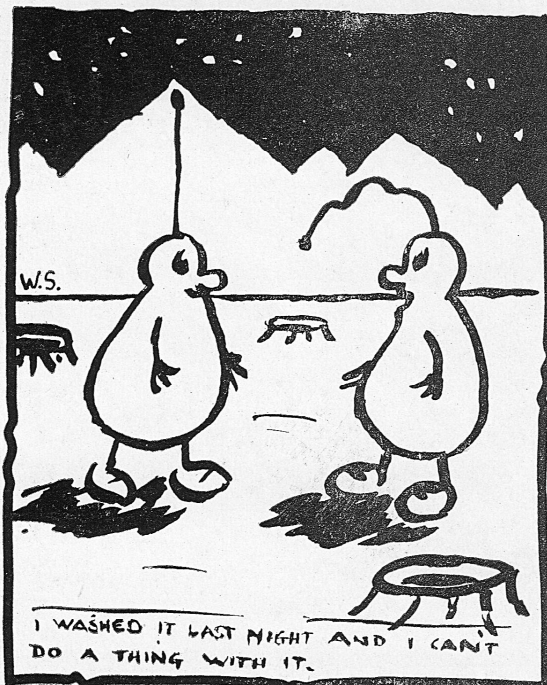
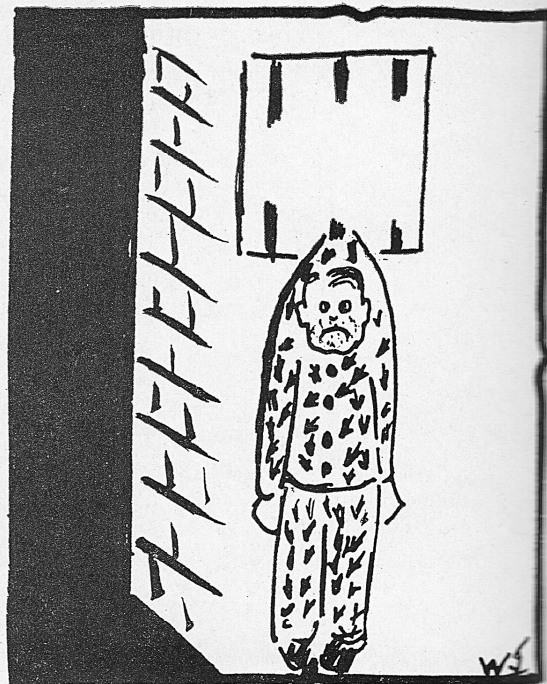
FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF UNIVERSITY LIFE

The first difference between school and University, which was brought to my notice, was the fact that, whereas the "poor wee Preps.", on their first day at Whitehill are very much in the minority, the "poor wee freshers" up here can make their presence felt by sheer force of numbers. The number of dazed, open-mouthed adolescents, clad in striking gold and black, who lose their way in the draughty quads. of Gilmorehill on that first morning, is quite staggering. Of course, the game is to hide your tell-tale new scarf, or borrow an old one, and to masquerade as an old-timer—which is all very well until you have wandered round and round those draughty quads. just once too often, trying to catch up with that elusive "Hunter East," and are forced at last to let just a tip of black and gold peep out discreetly as a sign of penitence and submission.

You may think that these moves are due to some perverted sense of humility or inferiority, but they are in fact very necessary precautions. If the word goes round that so-and-so is "at the Uni.", how much greater the ignominy when so-and-so is flung out on his ear! It seems to me that it is impossible to gauge your position in the class, or to have any idea of how you are progressing, until quite a while after you have started. There is always the fear at the back of your mind that perhaps you are not working hard enough, or that you are wasting your time by working in the wrong way. The greatest difficulty lies in adjusting yourself to the new life and finding out what is expected of you. In School the work in assessing the importance of anything is done for you, but in the University you are given the facts and left to form your own opinions on their importance or validity. You have also to arrange your own method of study and decide for yourself how much time you are going to devote to each subject. Of course, there are always plenty of "old-hands" who think themselves qualified to pass on invaluable pieces of advice, just because their scarves have stood up to the storms of the year before, and are showing quite definite signs of narrowly escaping ship-wreck. The only draw-back is that these storm-tossed mariners all have a different tale to tell, and all seem to have arrived in some obscure port in the South Seas, which holds no charm for anyone but themselves. The result is that you feel quite sea-sick at the thought of what lies ahead.

We do have our bright moments, however. This being Rectorial year, we were divided into nations when we matriculated, and at the end of October we had the right to vote for a Rector whose duty it is to represent the students' needs for three years. Mr. Butler, former Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, was elected with a majority in all four nations. The fun leading up to the election was fast and furious. It was quite impossible to pass down University Avenue without being literally bombarded with pamphlets of all shapes and sizes, eagerly proclaiming the





impeccable and upright character of the candidate they supported, and vehemently decrying the merits of the other three.

Since the Rectorial Election pamphlets have continued to find their way into pockets and brief cases, all claiming support for something or other. The sports sections, political clubs, religious societies, music and art clubs, and all the other recreational activities, are continually clamouring for support.

Altogether, a most exciting and a new experience is to be purchased at the cost of a good deal of sweat and toil, and the modest requirements of three higher and two lower.

Altiora petite ! It's worth it !

EILEEN STEWART.

THE EDITOR,
Whitehill S.S. School Magazine.

13 Ghoulsway,
Deathton.

DEAR SOUL,

On perusing the local newspaper, the "Deathton Wail," it has come to my notice that there are several houses for sale in this district.

I am contacting you in the knowledge that you are seeking a residence for yourself and your pet vampires in this area.

An example of the admirable houses up for sale is a lovely cemetery-attached villa on the southern side of Skull Hill.

It is in a lovely locality, the house itself being surrounded on three sides by a graveyard, both well-kept and well-filled. Ghouls can be seen at work each night at ten o'clock (with allowance for Summer Time), but if you are not satisfied with this, I, myself, can arrange for a few assorted ghosts to be drafted to the premises, upon your contacting me.

There are several other adorable haunts, some of which are already furnished (ghost included), and every house is guaranteed to have a skeleton in the little cupboard under the stairs. The one I first described has an adorable little attic room with a large beam, just ideal for your pet vampires, or other "things." It also has a large kennel suitable for your werewolf.

Yours mournfully,

OLD NICK,

(Hon. Sec. of House-Haunters' Assoc.)

P.S.—Happy house-haunting !

Note.—This missive was found on a dark bearded gentleman, intercepted on an underground railway journey.

M.H., V.

There was a young fellow in Kent
Had a gun which was terribly bent,
Now when he took aim
He was likely to maim
Himself, which was not, I think, meant.

N.C., 3 FD.

W—is for writing which must be very good
H—is for history which can never be understood
I—is for information which I gladly take
T—is for teacher who I think deserves a break
E—is for essays which I never can get right
H—is for homework which we get every night
I—is for inkwork which spoils my delight
L—is for Latin which I find quite a bore
L—is for longing to run out the school door.

F.M., 1 L3.

COMMENT (Written in Imbecilic Gasometer)

I've studied Latin, studied Greek.
I thought that English I could speak,
But nowadays, 'midst many wails
We translate Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."

Virgil copied Homer
And Dryden copied him.
I wish they'd never started
'Cause, to memorise, it's grim.

Bacon was a fearful rogue,
Accepting brib'ry "lolly."
Then in his essay, this we read :
That telling lies is folly.

"Hamlet," "Caesar," "As You Like It,"
Came from Shakespeare's pen
And, as far as I'm concerned,
They can all go back again.

Joe Addison and Richard Steele
Wrote essays on Sir Roger,
Who was, or so it seems to me,
A pretty queer old codger.

"*In articulo mortis*"
Charles Lamb, he made a pun.
He was mentally unstable,
That joke's exhibit one.

A.T.McN., V.

HOMELAND

In the land where I was born,
Of the tartan and the heather,
In the land where I was born,
Where my heart will be forever,
I can hear the water rippling,
I can see the mountains tall,
I can smell the purple heather,
I can hear the curlew's call.
So I say to all the exiles,
Not to one or two or three,
But to every Scottish person
Who lives far across the sea,
To come some day to Scotland,
To come some day and see
The land where I was born,
The homeland of the free.

E.L., 2 F1.

SCHOOL

Now, School, you know, is grand
For learning things—that's if you will;
Especially if you're lucky me
And go to great Whitehill.
English, Maths., and other things,
We work at them all day;
We slave so hard, it seems to me,
We should receive a pay.
Cough, bough and dough, how odd they are,
The weather's odd as well,
To me the finest sound of all,
Is the good old dinner bell.

A.R., 1 L3.

LESSONS

When Shaikspeer rote thees awfil playse
I'm shure he didn't no (the fool!)
The slavry, an' misery,
It brot to me at skool.
When Uclid thot up gomety
And poot it down in books,
He coodnt hav knowne,
He wooldn't hav knowne,
It gaiv us oll the spooks.
I'm tyred of skool and lessons too,
You no the reeson why,
I done't think I can evin spel,
Thoug I oftin have a tri.

I.O., 1 F2.

C.E.W.C.

The Council for Education in World Citizenship is closely linked to the United Nations Organisation and its chief aim is to create and maintain interest in the great work being done by U.N.E.S.C.O. and the various branches of U.N.O., which deal with health, famine relief and training-schemes for refugees. This year's main theme has been to help in some small way the millions of homeless people of every race, colour and creed, victims of wars and persecution, who have been driven from their own lands.

The Autumn Senior Conference, held in the Art Galleries and Hillhead Senior Secondary School, was attended by 200 boys and girls from West of Scotland schools. The human aspect of the refugee problem was shown in a most moving appeal for aid by the Rev. J. G. Drummond. Factual talks on Cyprus, Suez, U.N.O. and pressing international problems were given by Miss McLelland and Mr. Simpson of the United Nations Association.

A Junior Conference will be held on 22nd March in the Art Galleries, when it is hoped to show the Danny Kaye film, "Assignment Children."

Look out for details of the Easter Camp at Wiston Lodge. You will have a chance to join in discussions, games and rambles with other C.E.W.C. members from other countries.

"NEWS CLUB"

This newspaper is the official publication of C.E.W.C. It is packed full of news of international disputes, the work of the World Health Organisation, the daily life of boys and girls in many parts of the world, from Mexican villages to the great cities of the world. There are articles on sport, the latest films, the theatre, cross-word puzzles and 'quiz' competitions. It is on sale each month and costs 4d.

And remember—take it home to your parents. There is much of interest for all the family.

H.M.H.

As the chicken crossed the road
A lady driver, Alice,
Forgetful of the highway code
Gave us the phrase "dead gallus."

A.T.McN., V.

There was a wee boy from Ayr,
Who made the people all stare;
The wheels of his cycle were square,
No wonder he made them stare!

J.S., 1 L3.