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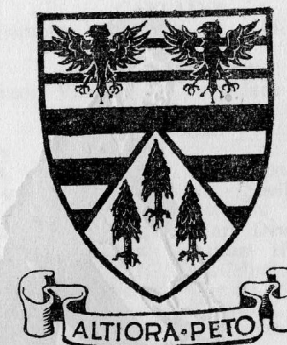
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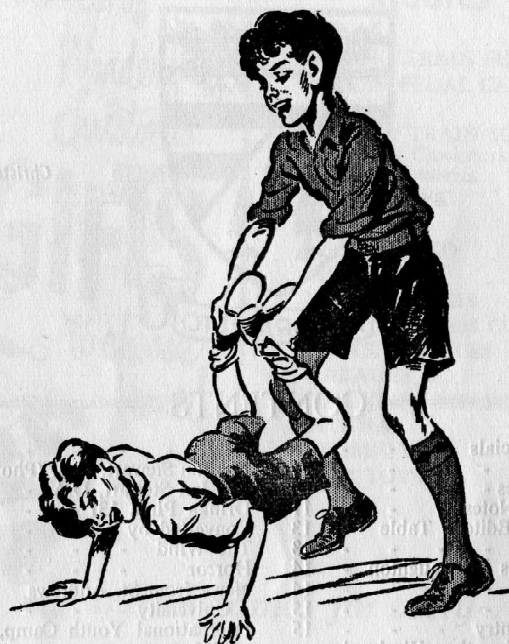
Number 85

Christmas 1961



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Moira Irvine, VI.

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Editors: Moira Irvine, VI; Alexander Adams, VI.

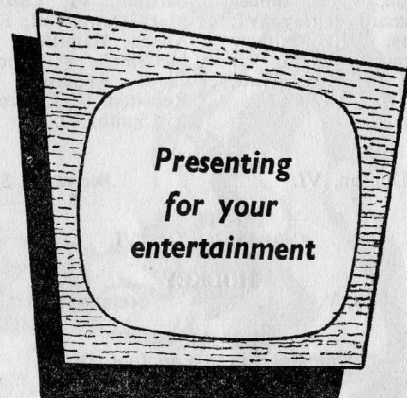
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Dear Readers,

Once again we invite you to inspect, and, we hope, approve, this, our magazine. The articles are of the usual standard (undefined), and apart from the usual boycott by the Sixth, and a surprising lack of "Young ladies of . . ." we have received strong support. Bingo has been the subject of several articles. We wonder if gambling fever is the cause of the scarcity of material from the Upper School?

We would like to record our thanks for all their hard work to Miss Garvan, who directed operations as ably and competently as ever (even from halfway up the library wall); Mr. Wyatt and the English staff, Mrs. Blair and her advertising committee, Mr. Simpson and the Art Department and Mr. Macaulay for his work as Sales Manager.

There are, as always, several photographs in the magazine, and we are especially grateful for the one of the men of the Staff, in view of the difficulties which arose when it was being taken—isn't it strange that the camera chose just that moment to collapse?

Well, that's another editorial wrung out of the poor editors, so all we need (who said "can"?) do now is to wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year—if prosperous, please contact

THE EDITORS.

SCHOOL NOTES

(a) Staff

Once again we have to record a heavy list of staff changes.

At a very pleasant function in the Blane Valley Hotel we said farewell rather sadly to Mr. Ian Stewart, Principal Teacher of Art, of whom fuller notice is taken on page

Miss Margaret M. Jackson, of the Mathematics Department, was also honoured on this same occasion before her move to Westbourne School. This was indeed a notable event in the Whitehill calendar, all the more so as Miss Jackson overcame her natural diffidence and made an excellent speech, as we all knew she would. Whitehill will miss the well-loved presence of Margaret Jackson, not only as an extremely able teacher of her subject, but as a willing participant in many of the school's after-hours ploys, like swimming galas, sports days, auditing school accounts.

Mr. Ian Brebner, another stalwart in Whitehill's extra curricular activities, left us at the same time to become Principal Teacher of Art in Pollokshields Secondary School—a well-deserved promotion. Particularly at the School dances and sports meetings we will find Mr. Brebner's place hard to fill.

The same Blane Valley outing saw us take farewell of and wish every happiness to Mr. Arthur Rankin, who disappointed Whitehill bachelor girls, firstly by removing to Edinburgh, and, secondly, by getting married. Mr. Rankin gave valuable service to the School both in the Commercial department and in the School's social activities, and also as treasurer of the School fund.

At the end of last session, too, we took farewell of Mr. James Duncan (Science) who became Principal Teacher of Science at Craigholm School, of Mr. James D. McLay (Geography), who became Principal Teacher of Geography at Douglas Ewart High School, Newton Stewart, of Miss Rosena S. Gow (Mathematics) who joined the staff of Hutchesons' Girls Grammar School, and of Mrs. Marjory I. Duguid (Classics), who has given up full-time teaching. Earlier, Mr. James A. Doherty (English), who had been with us temporarily, gave up teaching and sought fresh fields of endeavour in the business world.

During this present term we lost the services of two further members of staff on promotion. At the end of September Mr. James L. C. Conn went to Mortlach S.S. School, Dufftown, as Principal Teacher of English. Mr. Conn's cheerful presence and pithy argument will be much missed in Room 6. One month later, Mr. Alex. H. Morrison left to become Principal Teacher of History in Kirkcudbright Academy, whose gain is Whitehill's loss. Mr. Morrison, who helped with Rugby, Tennis, Badminton, Dances, and many other School activities, has left a further gap in our ranks.

With the dispersal of the Transitional classes at the end of June we took leave of Mrs. McLennan and Miss Mackenzie, who had served in our Wellpark Annexe from the end of January. We have also had with us briefly helping out in our now chronic

state of emergency, Dr. Clarke (Modern Languages) and Mrs. Dutch (English).

Our office staff has also succumbed to the general restlessness. Miss Carol Gibson, the cheerful and decorative assistant clerkess, was recently transferred to Calder Street Secondary School, to be in sole charge after more than six years in our midst.

To all of those who have left Whitehill we say thank you for what you have done for us; good luck and joy be with you.

To those new members of staff who come to Whitehill, we offer a warm welcome, and express the hope that they settle down happily in their new surroundings. Greetings, then, to Mr. Robt. J. Livingstone as Principal Teacher of Art, Mr. Francis D. Bowles (Art), Mrs. Mary S. Fagan (Commercial), Mr. Robert T. Cairns (Science), Miss M. C. Paton (Geography), Miss Ellen M. Cameron (Mathematics), Mr. John G. Kellett (back to our English department from the North), Mr. John W. Tulloch (History) and Miss Janet Barr (Office Staff). Helping us out once again is Mrs. Valerie K. Grant, to whom we are very grateful. There were no replacements for Miss Jackson and Mrs. Duguid, and we still carry a vacancy in the Science department.

(b) General

On the 9th of June this year, Mr. Walker, the Headmaster, was honoured by the Educational Institute of Scotland, when that body bestowed a Fellowship upon him "for distinguished services to Scottish Education." We offer Mr. Walker our heartiest congratulations. Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Scotland was not long in recognising the validity of this honour, because, on 14th November, he appointed Mr. Walker as a member of a Working Party which is to review relations between teachers and local education authorities. The appointment of this Working Party is part of a long-promised general survey of Scottish Education. We are proud to share in the honour accorded to our Headmaster.

We congratulate Dr. J. H. Wright, a distinguished former pupil, on his appointment as chairman of the Committee set up by the Secretary of State for Scotland to review the medical staffing structure in Scottish hospitals.

We regret to have to record the deaths of Mr. Douglas Macnaughton, a former pupil and a Craigend Trustee (of whom a fuller appreciation is made on page), and of Mr. John M. Hamilton, a former member of the Mathematics department. To the relatives of Mr. Macnaughton and Mr. Hamilton we offer our sincerest sympathy in their bereavement.

(c) Distinctions

PRESENT PUPILS

Robert Burns, of Form VI3, won a Silver Medal in the Corporation Art Competition in the summer. Several other pupils were highly commended. In the Dennistoun Rotary Club

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IN BUCHANAN STREET

Essay Competition, Jane McCormick, VI2, shared the prize with a candidate from Our Lady and St. Francis School.

PAST PUPILS

As usual, we found it difficult to winkle out information about former pupils' successes, not all of which are reported in the press. Let's hear from you, F.P.s! The following is an alphabetical list of distinctions known to us:—

Sir David Anderson—Honorary LL.D. at June graduation at Gilmorehill.

Robin N. Barr—Associate pass in Trinity College of Music (London) diploma examinations with Phillips Prize in practical subjects.

William Beattie—Diploma in Art (Glasgow School of Art).

Robert W. Bushnell—Diploma in Art (Glasgow School of Art).

James Brown—B.Sc. (Engineering).

Francis Davidson—Graduated from University of Glasgow.

Ernest Forrest—B.Sc. with first class Honours in Mathematics.

Albert W. O'Hara—M.A. with Honours in Classics.

Edgar J. C. W. Hein—B.D.S.

Douglas D. McCandlish—B.Sc. (Pure Science).

A. Tulloch McNaughton—M.A. with Honours in English.

Thos. B. Robertson — Diploma in Physical Education (Jordanhill).

Eileen Stewart—M.A. with Honours in French and German.

Gained a British Council/German Government scholarship in German Literature at Munich University.

To all those Whitehillians, past and present, who have brought distinction to themselves and to the School, we send our heartiest congratulations.

* * * *

WHITEHILL F.P. CLUB NOTES

All sections of the Club continue to function reasonably well, but some of them—notably Badminton, Choir, Table Tennis and Hockey—can still accommodate several members.

Information regarding Club activities, permits for the purchase of Club colours, etc., may be obtained from the General Secretary:—

Mr. JAMES DUNAN,
7 Craigielea Street,
Glasgow, E.1.

Annual functions include the Inter-section Quiz early in December, the Christmas Dance in the Ca'doro, and the Annual Dinner in the spring. This year the dance is to be held on 29th December, and tickets, priced £1, may be obtained direct from the General Secretary, or from any Section member.

M.I.A.

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UNDER THE EDITORS' TABLE



basket.

Articles are as varied as ever, including odes to History teachers (present and departed), "Yogi" and golf balls, warnings of the evils of Bingo, television, and prefects, and several tales of young men from Mars and other unlikely places. One young lady, K.D. in I F2, even gave us a graphic account of her "First Impressions of Whitehill"—and very pleasant they were, too.

Cynicism was lavishly displayed by two members of Form II, the object of derision being Craigend—"that grubby pitch"—and "a bleak-looking store building somewhere on the other side of Duke Street, which commands a picturesque view of the meat-market" (rather colourfully described).

Forms I and II furnished us with most material, while Forms III to V put up a brave show. Form VI showed their usual ingenuity and originality in the four articles received, although a last-minute effort from a notable personality in that 'eminent company' just escaped publication—and, perhaps, undying fame!

Merry Christmas, all!

OSWALD THE OFFICE BOY.

* * * *

"TENSION!"

His hardened face was grim and set,
His forehead glistened with beads of sweat,
In agony his face was creased,
Like some poor terror-stricken beast.
He sneezed and coughed, he heaved and tugged,
His large hands clenched, his shoulders shrugged,
He rested awhile, then with strength renewed,
He twisted, he turned, he fumbled, he chewed.
Then, with voice upraised aloud he groaned,
He sighed and prayed, he screamed and moaned.
He knew now that he must succeed,
Or be a wretched soul indeed,
So stretching himself to his full height,
He fought again the long hard fight.
Then suddenly a voice roared out,
He smiled, now sure there was no doubt,
Then gritting his teeth like a wild dingo,
He scrambled to his feet and shouted "Bingo!"
C.McJ., II FD.

MR. DOUGLAS MACNAUGHTON

With the passing of Mr. Douglas Macnaughton, Whitehill School and Former Pupils' Club have lost one of their great Former Pupils.

At the purchase of Craigend Playing Field he was, together with the late Mr. Falconer, elected to the Board of Directors, a position he continued to fill with great understanding until his death.

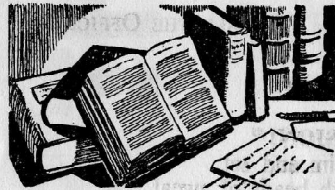
When the Former Pupils decided to inaugurate a rugby section, Mr. Macnaughton was elected president and, with his constant help and tact, the club went from strength to strength. In his business life he was Chairman and Managing Director of Macnaughton & Watson, Engineers and Ironmongers, Gallowgate, Glasgow.

He was decorated with the Military Cross for bravery during the First World War. Thereafter, he had a long and distinguished record of service in the public and commercial life of this city. He was a Justice of the Peace, Deputy Lieutenant of the County of the City of Glasgow, Deacon Convener of Glasgow Corporation, and Vice-Chairman of the Clyde Navigation Trust.

A shrewd, cheerful, friendly, helpful and kindly man, his death leaves Whitehill with a deep sense of loss.

D.T.L.

LIBRARY



Since the beginning of this term, the Library has been a scene of constant activity. Many books have been added to our shelves, bringing our stock to over five thousand volumes. The enthusiasm shown by Form I boys and Form I girls has made their borrowing times particularly hectic.

Various Library duties, such as arranging new stock and coping with Friday morning invasions, are cheerfully and efficiently carried out by School Prefects and Library Prefects.

In June, two Library Prefects, Clive McClure and Andrew Paterson, paid a visit to the Mitchell Library, under the auspices of the School Library Association, who arranged for a group of School Library Prefects to be shown the inner workings of this interesting building.

Borrowing times are:—

Mondays—1.10 p.m. Form III boys and girls, weekly.

Wednesdays—8.45 a.m. Form II boys and girls, weekly.

Thursdays—1.10 p.m. Forms IV, V, VI, weekly.

Fridays—8.45 a.m. Form I boys and Form I girls on alternate weeks.

J.E.G.

LIMERICKS

There was a young woman from Troon,
Who wanted to go to the moon,
But alas for her rocket,
It fell from its socket,
And she landed headfirst in Dunoon.

There was a young man down from Skye,
Who tripped and fell into some dye,
He gave such a bellow,
His face was so yellow,
He cried, "It's a lie! It's a lie!"

J.T. II FD.

There was a young girl called Carol,
Her figure was round like a barrel,
She ate sweets galore,
And cakes by the score,
"No slimming for me," said young Carol.

M.B. I F2

"IN THE COUNTRY"

As I gaze from from my window
I see the bright blue sky,
I also see a meadow
With a river running by.

Out there upon the hillside
I see the farmhouse stand
The farmer bright and jolly
Is ready to lend a hand

I sometimes help with milking
Or feed his hens with corn
I've even fed the lambkins
Which were only newly born.

S.C. I F2



STRANGERS IN THE WORKERS' PARADISE

From 25th August to 23rd September I took part in the fourth Exchange Course, for British teachers of Russian, in Moscow. Our delegation consisted of 25 members, 22 men and three women—a fact which was frequently commented on by Soviet teachers. The majority of whom are women, even in what we would call Secondary education.

We made the two-day journey by steamer to the Hook and from there in 'soft' sleepers to Moscow. The Russian attendant fortified us from time to time with glasses of Russian tea from his samovar, and roused us by tugging the bedclothes in the morning. We travelled through Berlin and Warsaw to Brest-Litovsk, our longest stop, where some of us stayed on the train to watch the bogies being changed for the wider Russian gauge, while others mingled with a party of Russian workers returning from holiday, and came back wearing space badges.

Apart from our daily five hours of academic study and numerous organised excursions, we had plenty of time to explore the city on our own. Moscow impresses one more by the grotesque size of its public buildings and the drabness and monotony of form of its so-called 'building complexes,' than by its beauty. The city is overcrowded. On more than one occasion we proved that it was no small achievement to get on a bus—not to mention getting off at our stop. The survival of the fittest is also the case in shops, where you jostle for position at the counter, find what you want, then queue again at the cash desk with your account.

We were given ample opportunity to study the educational system. We spent some time at three 11-year schools, all of which combined academic study with trade training (once a week) at some neighbouring industrial establishment. We visited a boarding school, of which there are now 76 in the U.S.S.R. We were very impressed by one of the special English schools, where English is taught from the second year (age 8), and subjects such as History and Geography are taught in the foreign language from the sixth year (age 13). The highlight was a visit to an 11-year school on the opening day, where we saw beginners arriving with bouquets of flowers for their teacher. Some time later 22 embarrassed gentlemen and three delighted ladies emerged, each carrying a bouquet!

We were conducted round numerous museums by tireless guides, but the famous Tretyakov Gallery disappointed many. We had all too little time to see many of the pavilions at the Exhibition, where the Science Pavilion, with its fascinating display of rockets and satellites attracts most visitors. Tickets for theatre and cinema are difficult to obtain, but we did manage to see a ballet at the Bolshoi in the last week.

A welcome feature of our programme was a five-day trip to Leningrad, which, because of its historical, literary and architectural interest, the majority preferred to Moscow in most respects. Of special interest were visits to the Hermitage and Winter Palace (the largest museum in the U.S.S.R.) and an excursion on the life

of Dostoevsky. From Leningrad we made excursions to Tsarskoe Selo (renamed Pushkin, in honour of the great poet) and to Novgorod (six hours by bus!) which this year celebrates its 1,100th anniversary.

We were free to take photographs as we pleased, but they are rather sensitive about the wooden houses, and the excuse that one wants to compare the old and the new Moscow is not very convincing. Generally speaking, we found people friendly and well-disposed towards us, but we made few contacts. In spite of repeated requests on our behalf, we were not granted temporary membership of the Teachers' Club. Young people are particularly interested in Western things, and we discovered that they hold the grossest misconceptions about our standard of living and education. They tend to be very sceptical when told our side of the story. The only ones who have no doubts are the speculators, who, as every foreign tourist will discover, are willing to buy anything from records to a plastic mac. This was one of the few manifestations of private enterprise, apart from the boys at the boarding school, who collected and sold scrap metal.

For some, the month passed too quickly; for others, not quickly enough, but all were agreed that, although we found many things uncongenial, the experience had been very worthwhile.

D.McM.

ONE ALONE

The evening came, cool and silvery among the myriad pin-points of light, governed by the shining circle of the moon. To-night must it be, he thought gently at the stars, as he walked sharply along the winter ground. Soon after he had left behind him the hump of dark bridge over a silver ribbon, he began to ascend the whispering grass of the hill. He reached the top and looked below him at the brightly lighted and gleaming eyes of the houses far away in the shimmering dusk. There they are, but who am I, was his argument. They are rushing hither and thither and have a purpose, but they know not me. What am I to any of these people? "Who am I? Who am I?" echoed his voice in the stillness of the outside. "Where am I going?" Futility screaming "Who?" crashing and tearing: "I" grating harshly. We are nothing and I cannot see, for I am lost amidst the dark,

lost

amidst these crowded people

And so, turning he blundered

blindly down the milk green grass throwing up pieces of anguished earth as he sped forever from that awful Truth, down into that

"Infinite labyrinth of glory, and harbourage certain"

Where night ruled supreme and nothing longer mattered

A.T., VII

WHITEHILL SCHOOL CAMP—1961

Since everyone thoroughly enjoyed the week's camp at Plockton last year, it was decided to extend the camp to a fortnight this year. The site allocated was Bonar Bridge, Sutherland.

The journey occupied most of a day, and it was rather a wearied group which eventually arrived at Ardgay, in the county of Ross and Cromarty. The local bus transported our party in relays across the bridge into Sutherland. About half-a-mile above the village the bus deposited us at Bonar Bridge Junior Secondary School, which proved to be excellent headquarters.

The school commanded a fine view of the Kyle of Sutherland and the Dornoch Firth. The accommodation consisted of large, airy classrooms, and the food, prepared by the local School Meals personnel, was up to the usual high standard.

Our only complaint was about the weather. Although dry most of the time, it was cloudy, and a very cool wind blew almost continuously.

Some of the best weather we enjoyed was on the occasion of our visits to Dornoch and Tain, when some members of the party explored the towns and shops, others relaxed on the beaches or bathed, while a few played golf, leaving a number of golf balls lying about, waiting to be discovered!

At Dornoch we encountered Waverley School, whom we duly challenged to a Grand Football Match. Our team went on to rue their challenge, being beaten in the first game and 'massacred' in the return game.

We enjoyed our usual competitions—five-a-side football, table tennis, chess, best-kept dormitory, etc. I don't know if the prize was ever claimed for the biggest fish caught, but many of the boys tried hard to catch trout in Loch Migdale. The really big fish, salmon, were netted by the fishermen. It was fascinating to watch, from the bridge in the middle of the village, the fishermen drawing in their catch.

We had frequent hill climbs, and long, strenuous hikes. Worthy of mention was the conquest of a nearby peak—Carn Salachaidh (see Mr. McMillan for correct pronunciation of the Gaelic), about 1,200 feet high. This feat was the more praiseworthy, in that it rained most of the time, and the party was occasionally enveloped in a typical Scotch mist. As we thawed out on our return to camp, we all experienced something of the glory of a Hillary or a Tensing!

The Staff—Mr. Graveson, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Thom, Mr. Katzenell, Mr. Mackay, Mr. McLay and Mr. Burgess—all recovered from their strenuous activity, and managed to appear on the opening day of the new term. Mr. McLay and Mr. Burgess, who secured new appointments during the summer, will be missed at future camps. They played an important part in making the Bonar Bridge camp a happy experience. The faces of the Staff and pupils in the photograph on page testify to this!

A.R.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT



Once again we have embarked upon another successful and profitable session in our S.C.M. group. The highlight this term has been the annual Conference for our area, held earlier this year, owing to the later date of the S.C.E. examinations in 1962.

Our discussions at our fortnightly meetings have touched on a wide range of topics, and have been quite heated, as different opinions were voiced.

We wish to express our grateful thanks to Miss Garvan for her guidance and encouragement at our meetings.

One of our members, Herbert Kerrigan, represented our group at the dedication of the Eric Liddell Memorial Room in St. Ninian's Training Centre, Edinburgh, in June. We thank Rev. D. P. Thomson, Warden of St. Ninian's, for this invitation to our S.C.M. group.

A warm welcome is extended to all members of Forms IV, V and VI to join us at our meetings in the Library at 4.15 p.m. on alternate Wednesdays—new opinions are ever welcome!

IRENE MACPHEE, V2.

SCRIPTURE UNION



The purpose of the S.U. is to promote regular Bible reading, so, if you would like to study and understand more about the Bible, come along to the S.U.

Our prayer meeting is held at 8.50 a.m. in Room 62 every Thursday, but our main meeting, at which we have visiting speakers, brains trusts, quiz contests and Bible studies, takes place each Friday after school in Room 50. Any pupil from Form I upward will be welcome to join in our fellowship at either time.

We wish to thank all who make it possible for us to have an S.U. branch in School.

JANE YOUNGER, VI2.

JUNIOR CITIZENS' THEATRE SOCIETY

The Junior Citizens' Theatre Society this year has a membership of 140, and pupils from Forms IV, V and VI have already attended a most attractive production of "Romeo and Juliet." The theatre this year offers an extremely interesting programme, and we hope to form parties to see other productions later in the session.

M.C.S.C.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY LETTER

DEAR WHITEHILLIANS,

Greetings from the dizzy heights of Gilmorehill! Believe it or not, University life is as wonderful, as terrible, as grand and as bewildering as it has been said to be!

However, in between the mad scramble from lecture to lecture, the hunt round Glasgow's shops for books (and, of course, a certain amount of time which, strangely enough, must be devoted to work), I am finding time to enjoy University life thoroughly.

Before I go further, let me recommend "Freshers' Camp" to those of you who intend coming to University. On the Thursday I arrived, not knowing one person out of the 200, and not too sure of my way about; six days later I had friends whom I felt I had known for a lifetime, and I felt quite an old-hand!

Lectures at camp ranged from the serious—"The Intellectual in Society," through talks on the various societies and athletic clubs, to the humorous—"The Pitfalls Facing an Undergraduate." We also had concerts, community singing and dancing. The Folk Song Club visited us and we were greatly entertained by the compositions of a Whitehill F.P.—Tulloch McNaughton. If possible (and even if it is not possible), do try to attend one of the camps next year. It takes away some of the 'strangeness' of the first few days, when you can smile to so many now well-known faces.

This year, however, no matter how confident an air we 'Freshers' assume, we can still be spotted. The new University badge has been issued, and only First Year students may wear it. We feel horribly conspicuous and 'new,' with our shining scarves and our bright blue badges!

We have been honoured this year by the company of a rather more distinguished 'Fresher,' who sports neither a new scarf nor a new badge—but who is dressed in the more sober attire of a black robe—the new Principal, Dr. Charles H. Wilson, M.A., LL.D. In his address to First Year students he welcomed us as fellow-Freshers, and said he shared our feelings of slight bewilderment. Lucky man, *he* doesn't have to queue for more than half-an-hour in Queen Margaret Union for a meal of eggs and chips, or pie and chips, or chips, or chips, or . . . !

Let me take you now to a typical scene in the Reading Room. There are basically three types of student. The one there at the end of the table is of that type named 'serious-minded.' He has joined no clubs, plays no games, and nothing short of a 50 megaton bomb dropped in University Avenue would induce him to lift his eyes from his book.

A second type is much more annoying. He, too, concentrates—but requires help to do so! So he wheezes loudly, taps the reading desk with his fingers, or gives it almighty whacks every ten seconds with his feet!

Finally, there are the dreamers, who alternate between gazing into space, and nodding greetings to new arrivals and farewells to

those departing. From these detailed observations it will be obvious into which category I fall!

Do please come and see all this next year, don't be put off by this letter, and remember—things are never so black as they are painted, so that even if you have heard weird tales about draughty lecture-rooms, matriculations, or chips in Q.M.—believe them, they're quite true!

So arm yourself with one Scottish Leaving Certificate, one pair fur-lined boots, a minimum of three warm sweaters, and a determination to work really hard (this last being even more indispensable than the boots!) and come along and join us.

Best wishes.

MORAG McMILLAN.

FILM REPERTORY SEASON

This year we have been lucky to be offered a series of films for showing in our own "cinema."

Three of these films we have passed on to the English Department—

"Great Expectations,"

"Julius Caesar" and

"Scrooge."

The others will be shown to members of the Society and friends on a Tuesday evening after school, and are—

"Genevieve,"

"The Lady Killers,"

"Marx Brothers at the Circus,"

"High Noon."

A.K.H.



STRATFORD-ON-AVON, 1961

It is now a much anticipated annual event for the Upper School of Whitehill to visit Stratford. This year, on Friday, 9th June, the Central Station was invaded by masses of pupils from various Glasgow schools who were embarking on this excursion.

While travelling overnight in the company of many lively and witty characters, it is no wonder that few of us — to quote that hackneyed phrase—"sank into the arms of Morpheus." Nevertheless, we arrived at the quaint town with its half-timbered gables, feeling happy and in cheerful spirits.

After a satisfying breakfast, we travelled by bus to Ann Hathaway's Cottage. This delightful cottage with its thatched roof and its well-preserved interior, still retained its Elizabethan charm. Even the garden, ablaze with many colourful flowers, was reminiscent of this bygone time.

On the way to Warwick Castle, our next port of call, we passed through the peaceful scenery of Shakespeare's country. We were conducted through the beautiful and interesting rooms of this castle, which is important not only because of its architecture but also for its splendid paintings ranged throughout the inside like an art gallery. We wandered through the grounds and admired the gardens where peacocks proudly strutted.

We saw "Hamlet" in the afternoon in the modern Memorial Theatre which is situated on the banks of the Avon. Although the play was certainly very well acted, in my opinion it was not as good as our own "Citizens'" production.

Having consumed a substantial meal, we were free to spend the evening as we pleased. Many pupils and teachers alike hired rowing boats and enjoyed themselves by "messing about" on the river.

Reluctantly we left this picturesque country town, and soon we were on the return journey to dear old Glasgow.

This was an enjoyable, and yet an educational outing, which everyone appreciated very much indeed. We would like to express our gratitude to Mr. Scott, who organised this outing, and to the teachers who helped to make it such a success.

CECILIA ROULSTON, V2.

CHESS CLUB

Although the Club is soundly established and like to thrive, there is still room in it for many more players at all levels of competence. Particularly, we should welcome the appearance of beginners who will receive most tolerant instruction.

Having enjoyed a moderately successful season in Second Division Schools' chess, we have taken heart of grace and entered a team in Division 1 of the Glasgow and District Schools' Chess League. The experience, no doubt, will prove enjoyable as well as salutary.

A.W.S.

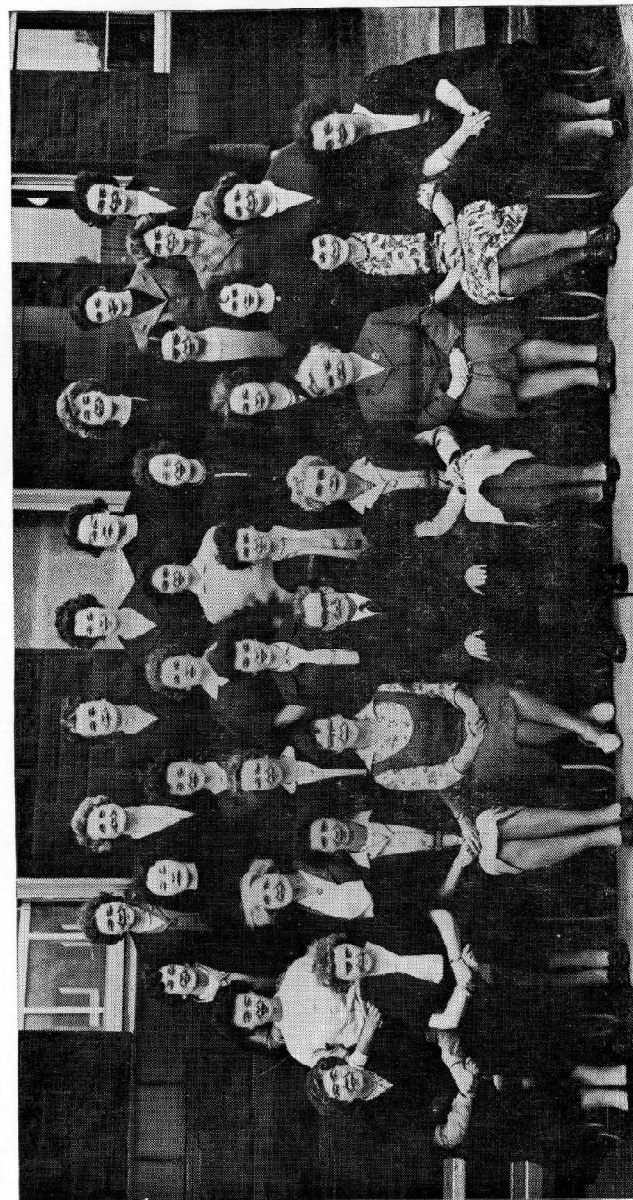


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THE LADIES OF THE STAFF

Back Row (l. to r.).—Mrs. E. M. C. Hanna (*Maths.*), Mrs. W. Love (*Mod. Lang.*), Miss H. M. Richmond (*Eng.*), Miss M. K. Grant (*Mod. Lang.*), Miss D. Shepherd (*Maths.*), Miss M. C. Cameron (*Eng.*), Miss E. M. Cameron (*Maths.*), Mrs. E. M. Buchanan (*Eng.*).
Third Row (l. to r.).—Miss M. E. Cameron (*Mod. Lang.*), Miss N. E. Nicholson (*Art*), Miss M. Blair (*Comm.*), Miss H. E. Simpson (*Phys. Ed.*), Miss I. S. Grierson (*Classics*), Mrs. M. C. Corrie (*Maths.*), Mrs. M. Blair (*Comm.*), Miss I. Gibson (*Office*).
Second Row (l. to r.).—Mrs. A. Gibson (*Homecraft*), Miss A. E. Orr (*Eng.*), Mrs. M. A. Craig (*Mod. Lang.*), Miss C. I. Gibson (*Office*), Miss M. L. M. Kerr (*Art*), Miss M. A. McCallum (*Mod. Lang.*), Miss A. G. Hill (*Office*).
Front Row (l. to r.).—Miss J. H. Thumpe (*Maths.*), Miss M. Bagg (*Geog.*), Miss H. M. Watt (*Mod. Lang.*), Miss I. G. Scott (*Phys. Ed.*), Mr. J. Walker (*Headmaster*), Miss M. S. Hutchison (*Phys. Ed.*), Miss M. M. Nicol (*Homecraft*), Miss J. E. Garvan (*Eng.*).
Absent.—Miss Payne (*Geog.*), Miss A. K. Etherington (*Sc.*), Mrs. Paterson (*Phys. Ed.*).

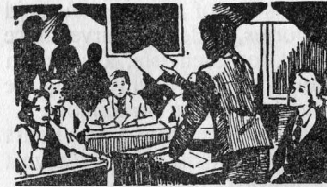


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Third Row (l. to r.)—Miss M. E. CAMERON (*Mod. Lan.*), Miss N. E. NICOLSON (*Art*), Mrs. DUTCH (*Eng.*), Miss M. I. ARCHIBALD (*Sc.*), Miss H. E. SIMPSON (*Phys. Ed.*), Miss I. S. GRIERSON (*Classics*), Mrs. M. M. CORRIE (*Mus.*), Mrs. M. BLAIR (*Comm.*).
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Front Row (l. to r.)—Miss J. M. H. TUDHOPE (*Maths.*), Miss L. M. BEGG (*Geo.*), Miss H. M. WATT (*Mod. Lan.*), Miss I. G. SCOTT (*Phys. Ed.*), Mr. J. WALKER (*Headmaster*), Miss M. S. HUTCHISON (*Woman Adviser*), Miss M. M. NICOL (*Homecraft*), Miss J. E. GARVAN (*Eng.*), Miss A. K. HETHERINGTON (*Sc.*).
Absent—Miss PATON (*Geo.*), Miss HYN DMAN (*Mus.*), Mrs. PATERSON (*Phys. Ed.*).

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY



time she spent with us.

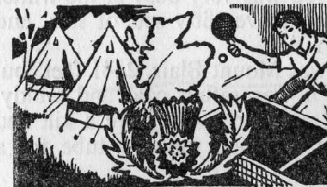
In Miss Hetherington's place we welcome Mr. D. G. Graham, and wish him every success in the future.

Our programme for this year is extremely varied, and includes such items as a talk on Witchcraft, and an inter-schools debate with Eastwood.

The success of the society, however, depends on your support, and we assure all pupils from Forms III to VI that they will receive a hearty welcome at our fortnightly meetings.

JANE MCCORMICK, VI2.

SCOTTISH SCHOOLBOYS' CLUB



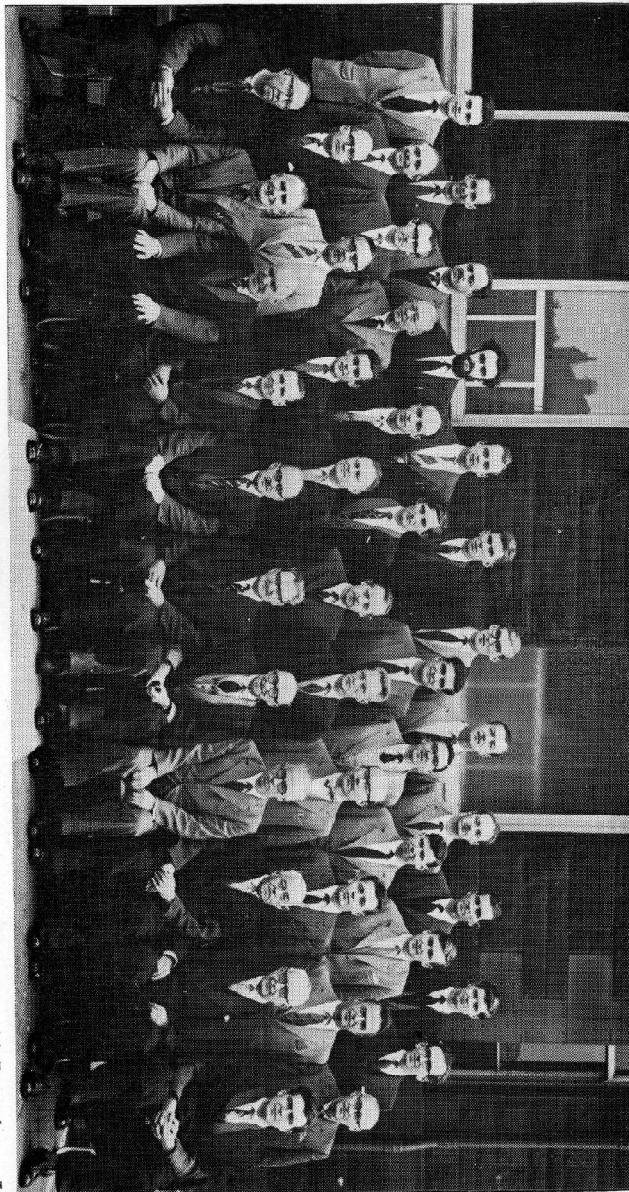
By the time this magazine is published, the autumn session will be well under way. This will be a busy session, in preparation for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the S.S.C., which takes place in 1962.

The Whitehill meeting takes place along with the Eastern Branch at 33 Broompark Drive on a Sunday afternoon at 2.45 p.m. At these Sunday meetings we have lectures, discussions, quizzes and talks from visiting speakers.

We also hold Club nights at S.S.C. Headquarters, in Lansdowne Crescent, when we play floor soccer, table tennis, billiards and other games. Lemonade and biscuits are available at the canteen. Camps are also important events in S.S.C. life and are held during Easter and summer.

If you feel you would enjoy S.S.C., please contact David Denholm, V1, Arthur Cooper, V3, David Cowie, IV3, or myself.

SANDY HORN, VII.

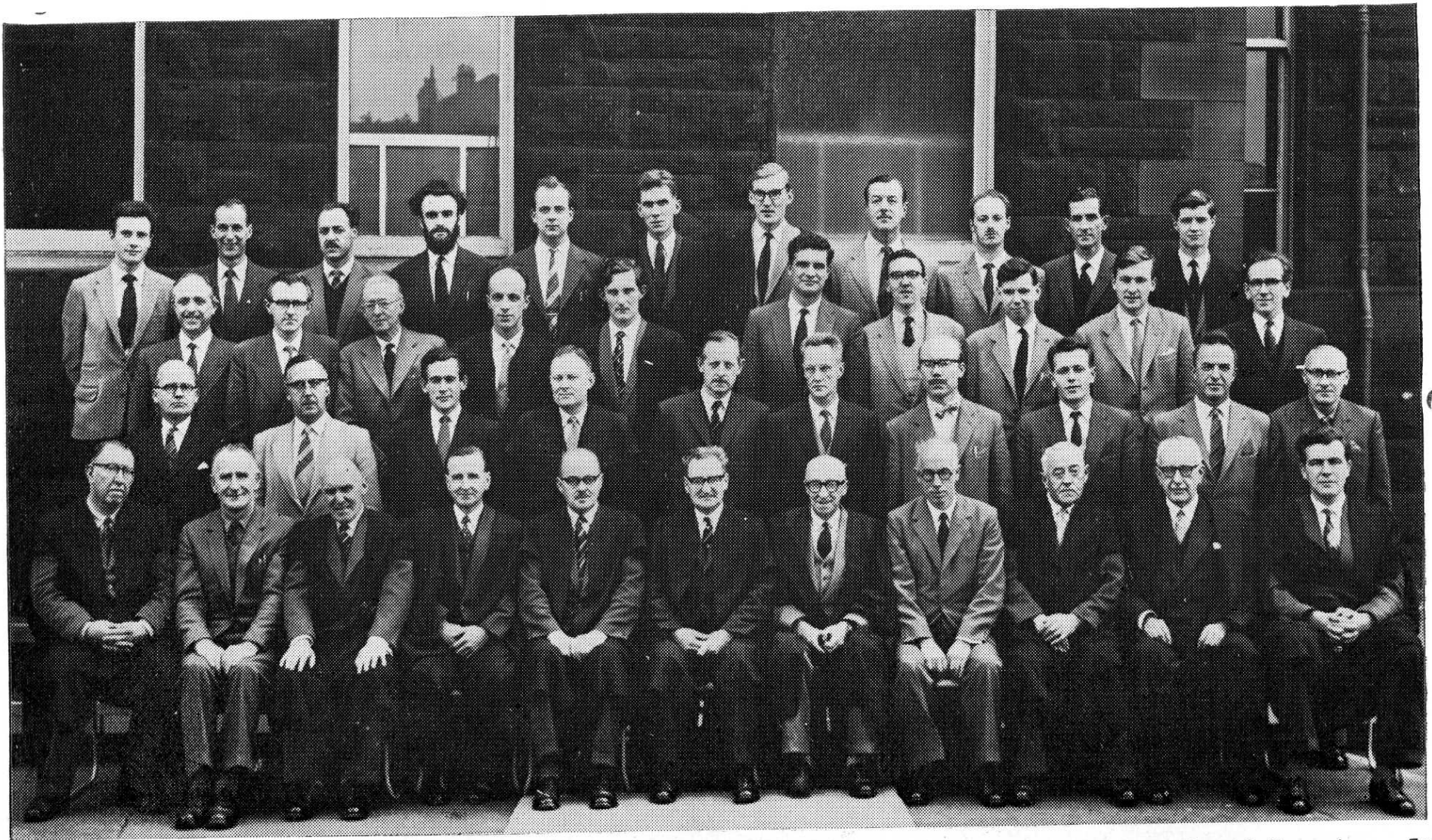


THE MEN OF THE STAFF

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Back Row (l. to r.)—Mr. G. R. BROWN (Classics), Mr. W. S. BLACK (Phys. Ed.), Mr. R. I. MACKAY (Maths.), Mr. H. J. CATERON (Maths.), Mr. G. G. MAXWELL (Sci.), Mr. A. H. MORRISON (Hist.), Mr. J. H. P. M. MCANULTY (Hist.), Mr. E. D. M. O'NEILL (Sci.), Mr. A. W. SHEDDEN (Eng.), Mr. R. K. SIMPSON (Art), Rev. A. ROBERTSON (Relig. Ed.), Mr. M. N. CLIFF (Mod. Langs.), Third Row (l. to r.)—Mr. D. L. OVERTON (Sci.), Mr. J. R. MCKINLOCH (Hist.), Mr. J. C. M. CHURCH (Sci.), Mr. M. N. CLIFF (Mod. Langs.), Mr. D. G. GRAHAM (Hist.), Mr. G. B. P. SMITH (Sci.), Mr. J. C. M. CHURCH (Sci.), Mr. R. I. MACKAY (Maths.), Second Row (l. to r.)—Mr. K. C. CRAIG (Classics), Mr. J. R. THOM (Sci.), Mr. F. D. BOWLES (Art), Mr. D. G. GRAHAM (Mod. Langs.), Mr. K. J. LIVINGSTONE (Art), Mr. A. G. STEWART (Mod. Langs.), Mr. A. MCGEEVER (Maths.), Mr. W. E. WYATT (Eng.), Mr. J. WILSON (Front Row (l. to r.)—Mr. J. R. MCKIN (Maths.), Mr. T. MULLIGAN (Sci.), Mr. A. MCGEEVER (Maths.), Mr. W. E. WYATT (Eng.), Mr. J. WILSON (Dep. Headmaster), Mr. J. WALKER (Headmaster), Mr. T. P. FLETCHER (Maths.), Mr. R. H. SNAIL (Classics), Mr. I. E. CREECH (Mod. Langs.), Mr. M. MCKENNA (Comm.), Mr. H. A. LOW (Gen.), Mr. D. DONALD (Mod. Langs.), Mr. G. S. GIBSON (Classics).

Absent—Mr. A. SCOTT (Eng.), Mr. J. L. C. CONN (Eng.), Mr. D. DONALD (Mod. Langs.), Mr. G. S. GIBSON (Classics).



THE MEN OF THE STAFF

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

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Third Row (l. to r.)—Mr. D. L. OVENSTONE (*Sc.*), Mr. J. R. MCKILLIP (*Art.*), Mr. J. C. MACPHAIL (*Sc.*), Mr. M. N. CLIFF (*Mod. Lan.*), Mr. D. G. GRAHAM (*Hist.*), Mr. G. B. P. SMITH (*Sc.*), Mr. J. SWAN (*Eng.*), Mr. R. T. CAIRNS (*Sc.*), Mr. J. J. MACKAY (*Maths.*), Mr. G. CROSSAN (*Eng.*)

Second Row (l. to r.)—Mr. K. C. CRAIG (*Classics*), Mr. J. R. THOM (*Sc.*), Mr. F. D. BOWLES (*Art*), Mr. G. S. GRAVESON (*Mod. Lan.*), Mr. R. J. LIVINGSTONE (*Art*), Mr. A. G. ST. C. NEILL (*Mod. Lan.*), Mr. T. GARDNER (*Art*), Mr. D. G. MACMILLAN (*Mod. Lan.*), Mr. D. KATZENELL (*Sc.*), Mr. A. MCGREGOR (*Maths.*)

Front Row (l. to r.)—Mr. J. R. MCKAIN (*Maths.*), Mr. T. MILLIGAN (*Sc.*), Mr. W. BAIRD (*Tech.*), Mr. W. E. WYATT (*Eng.*), Mr. J. WILSON (*Dep. Headmaster*), Mr. J. WALKER (*Headmaster*), Mr. T. P. FLETCHER (*Mus.*), Mr. R. H. SMALL (*Classics*), Mr. I. P. CRERAR (*Mod. Lan.*), Mr. M. MCLEAN (*Comm.*), Mr. H. A. LOW (*Geo.*)

Absent—Mr. A. SCOTT (*Eng.*), Mr. J. L. C. CONN (*Eng.*), Mr. D. DONALD (*Mod. Lan.*), Mr. G. S. GIBSON (*Classics*).

GLEN ISLA, 1961

In June of this year a party, consisting of nineteen intrepid adventurers from the Fifth and Sixth Forms, under the surveillance of Mr. Low and Mr. Morrison, set out for Glen Isla, a valley in the south eastern part of the Grampians, running roughly along the extreme eastern boundary of Angus and adjoining Strathmore.

Before reaching our area of exploration we spent a few hours in Stirling, waiting for lunch; but we filled in the time by a visit to Stirling Castle and other places of interest.

At Glen Isla our base camp was to be the Scottish Youth Hostel, which was a quaint circular building; the out-houses also were drum-like in construction, making us believe that the architect was obsessed by circles or that the place was built to the directions of a hula-hoop magnate.

In the evening of our first day we had a preliminary jaunt up the hill at the back of the hostel. The first mishap was encountered on this trip; our bog expert recognisable by his golden tooth, ripped his trousers while manipulating himself over a barbed wire fence.

On the days which followed we had breakfast and tea in the hostel, the time between being used for our expeditions, and after tea we tried to recover from them and nurse our sweaty, blistered feet back to reality. Our meal out on the hills was a packed lunch made up of two sandwiches in—? (nobody really knew: nor cared!), a lump of cake and a biscuit. Needless to say, the hostel store did a roaring trade in foodstuffs.

The district over which we rambled was used for ski-ing in the winter, the slopes being long, smooth and of varied gradient. When one is walking, the gradient never varies; it's always very steep. The hostel in which we stayed was very busy in the winter because of the ski-ing; it has for hire, over fifty sets of skis, and courses are held every year by S.Y.A.

The highest point we reached was Mount Blair, 2441 feet, but we didn't stay long at the top as it was rather cold and windy, causing much discomfort to one of our party who wore a kilt and whose legs appeared to have been wrapped round a tube for a considerable length of time.

On these walks, Mr. Low explained the physical features to us, along with the formation and structure of the different areas. This practical knowledge enriched our text book knowledge considerably. For the record, Mr. Low did two jobs at the same time; he was our stalwart *leader*, an example to us all (it could happen to you!), he was also *backmarker*: this was quite a feat; nobody will forget his feet! Mr. Morrison was our pacemaker; needless to say, he was very lonely. He also was able to name many of the birds in the area. This was very interesting and gave much pleasure while walking over this area, in which there were many species of birds.

We had one extremely anxious day when two of our party disappeared without trace, namely Bubu and Yogi. Mr. Low didn't appear very worried, but kept repeating, "We can

only hope." It was then that the rest of the party became worried: "Hope for what?" that was the question. But, seriously, if anyone sees two weird hikers, one of whom never stops stuffing the hole in his face, while the other hops feebly at his side because of a bad heel (on last year's expedition the skin was falling off his heel; this year his heel was falling off), please tell them that we've gone home.

There is nothing like the open air to give a healthy appetite, and at meals in the hostel strict table discipline had to be kept. At the head of our table was a rather colourful character who sat with a supply of forks, ready to pin to the table any hand making a wrong move.

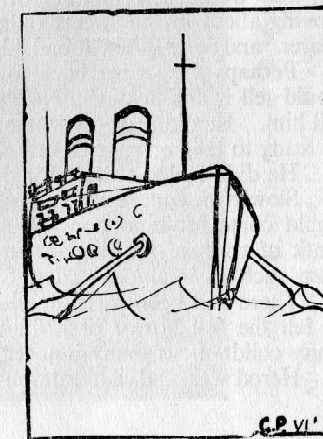
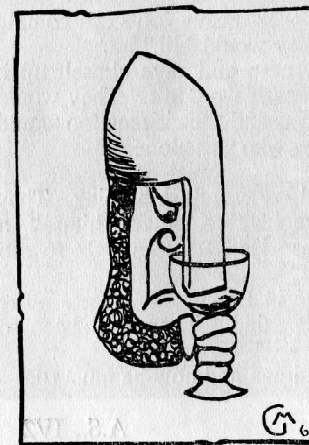
The evenings were spent in playing table-tennis, listening to some piano playing, or else reading.

The Glen Isla countryside is excellent for pony-trekking, and for companions in the hostel we had a party of girls from Newcastle up riding.

The warden at the hostel, and also his wife helped to make our short stay at the 'Glen,' very enjoyable, even although he was English and made watery porridge (a straw was better than a spoon).

The weather was ideal for our type of holiday and sunburn was not uncommon. No kidding!

W.W. VI III



FUGITIVE

It was morning now. The window was a silvery grey square in the darkness. For no one in the city would this be just another day when they went to work, met friends and wondered how to make ends meet. This was a black morning. He shivered in the cold. Slowly, quietly he raised himself on one arm, every joint aching from sleeping on the stone floor. He was hungry. When had he last eaten? Yesterday morning? Yes, yesterday morning he had breakfast as usual in the mess. It seemed a long time ago. He had stumbled around half-awake and had eaten his breakfast, grumbling about the food, the weather and the crowds that were flocking into the city. Then out of the blue the order had come. He had been unable to grasp it at first. His mind reeled with the shock. This was the sort of order madmen gave. It was so appalling that everyone thought that it was an exercise to test them. They would steel themselves to do it and the officer would dismiss them. As the day wore on, however, it became clear that the order was not a test of the men. The order had been made to be carried out. Was this the sort of thing the army did to civilians? When he had seen the men with whom he had lived and worked begin to carry out the order he turned on his heel and ran. He had been dimly aware of voices shouting and the sound of men running, but he ran and ran until he couldn't hear the men following any more and still he had run until he was exhausted. Then he had crept into this empty tumble-down house and lain there listening to the sound of the soldiers, once his comrades, slowly approaching, but the sound of their departure was drowned in the demented sobs and screams of the citizens.

It had been the order of a brutal, heartless madman.

He was a deserter, cold and afraid. As soon as the sun was up, they would come looking for him again, he would hear them moving about in the streets outside, their heavy footsteps coming nearer, and when they found him they would kill him.

Perhaps if he went back to the camp and gave himself up it would tell in his favour? No, he knew it wouldn't. They would kill him. He didn't know where he was and the citizens too would be ready to take revenge on any soldier who was alone.

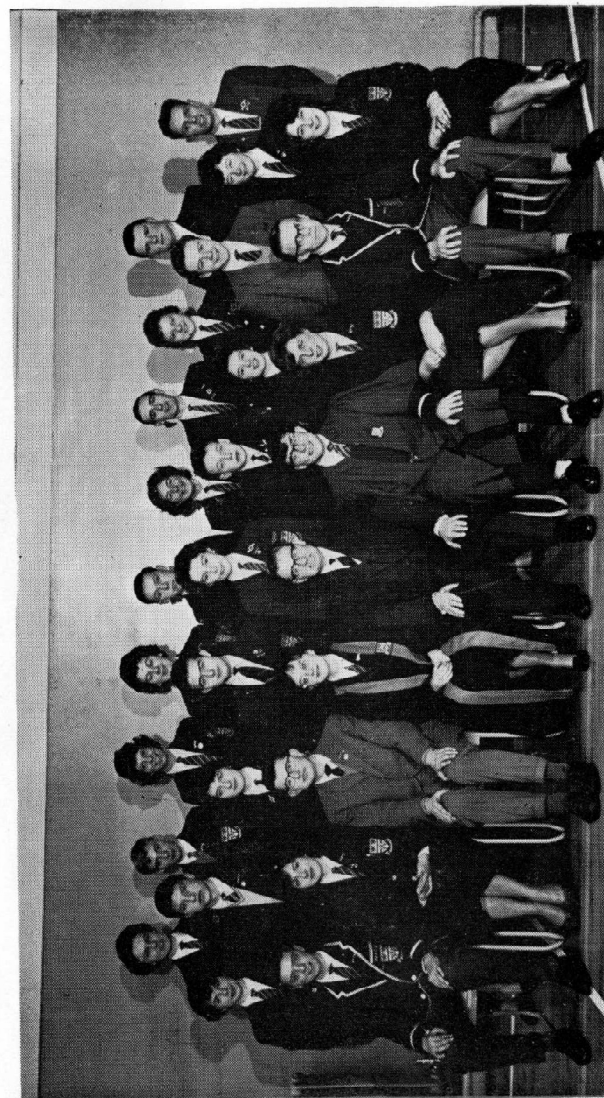
He didn't blame them for that.

Slowly the square of sky he could see was flushing pink. They would come for him soon. He shivered, then bracing himself, a spark of courage growing within him. He had been right to run from such an infamous order.

There had been so many children in Bethlehem. Once more he felt the full horror of it filling his mind. There had been so many children, so many innocents.

Herod was mad, a murderous madman and now he must run—

A.S., IV2



THE PREFECTS
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Back Row (l. to r.)—S. BENZIE, M. MERRY, S. MCCRINDLE, A. HAMILTON, J. NIMMO, C. ROULSTON, D. DENHOLM, I. MACPHEE, S. WATT, G. GENTLES.
Middle Row (l. to r.)—C. BURNETT, W. WYPER, K. FISHER, A. ADAMS, C. ROBERTSON, R. L. JEFFREY, M. DEWAR, A. SMITH, I. SMITH.
Front Row (l. to r.)—A. HAMILTON, F. SINCLAIR, A. THOMSON (Vice-Capt.), M. IRVINE (Girl Capt.), MR. WALKER, W. WILLIAMSON (Boy Capt.), J. MCCORMICK (Vice-Capt.), A. HUME, H. BERTRAM.
Absent—J. F. LINDSAY.



THE PREFECTS

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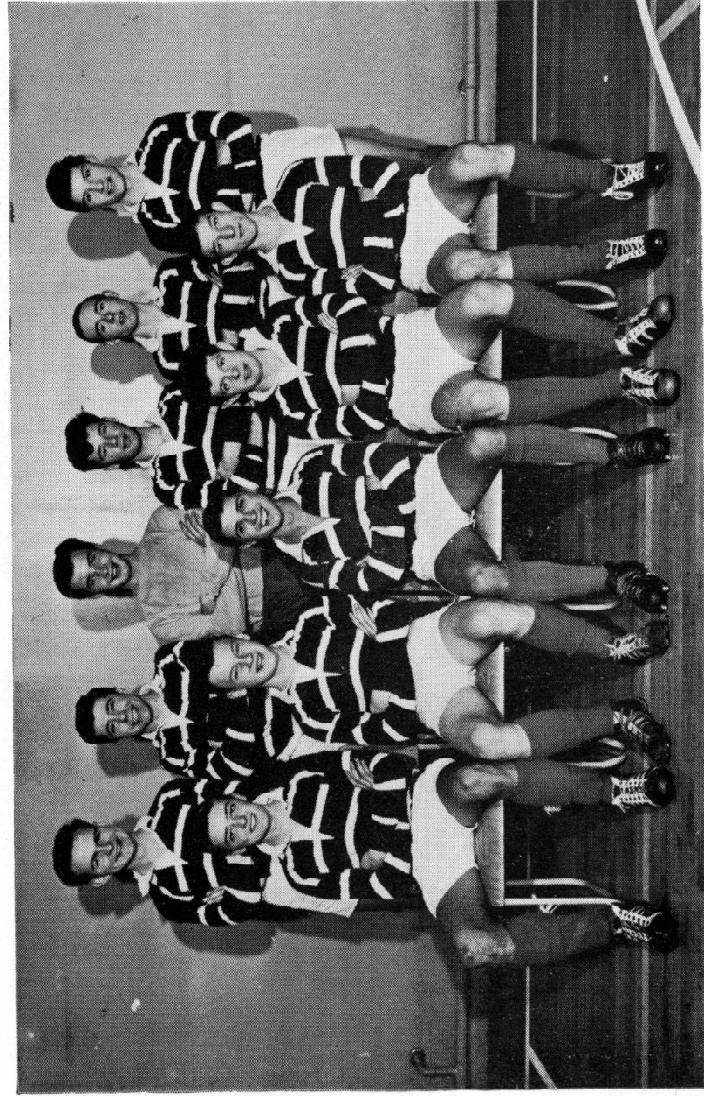
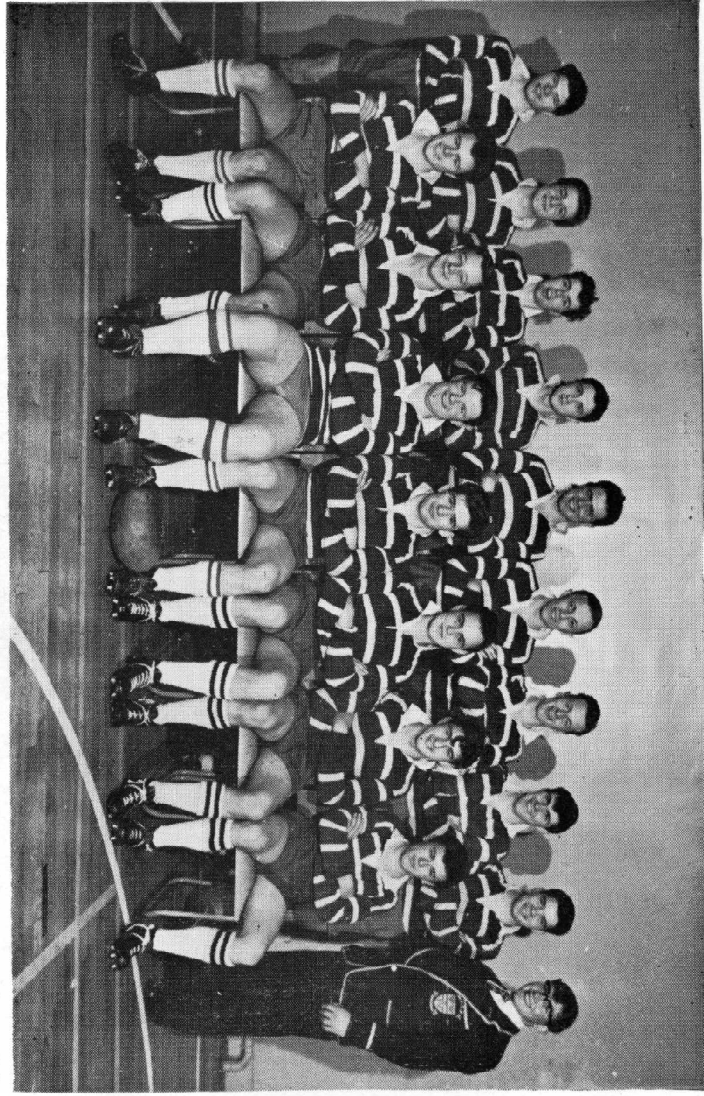
Back Row (l. to r.)—S. BENZIE, M. MERRY, S. MCCRINDLE, A. HAMILTON, J. NIMMO, C. ROULSTON, D. DENHOLM, I. MACPHEE, S. WATT, G. GENTLES.

Middle Row (l. to r.)—C. BURNETT, W. WYPER, K. FISHER, A. ADAMS, C. ROBERTSON, R. L. JEFFREY, M. DEWAR, A. SMITH, I. SMITH.

Front Row (l. to r.)—A. HAMILTON, F. SINCLAIR, A. THOMSON (Vice-Capt.), M. IRVINE (Girl Capt.), MR. WALKER, W. WILLIAMSON (Boy Capt.), J. MCCORMICK (Vice-Capt.), A. HUME, H. BERTRAM.

Absent—J. F. LINDSAY.

RUGBY 1st XV
Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.
Standing (l. to r.)—A. BROWN, T. MILLAR, G. HAMILTON, T. ALLISON, A. HOME, B. WAT, D. GRAHAM, J. CALDWELL, W. WILLIAMSON.
Seated (l. to r.)—T. CARSON, A. LETHAM, S. WATT, H. DUNCAN (Capt.), W. MACIVER, D. ANDERSON, C. HORN.



FOOTBALL 1st XI
Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.
Standing (l. to r.)—D. MCCALLUM, I. ORR, R. HENDERSON, J. BAILEY, D. DENHOLM, W. WYPER.
Seated (l. to r.)—A. HAMILTON, T. ROWLANDS, J. SAMSON (Capt.), G. MACALEESE, W. MCMILLAN.



FOOTBALL 1st XI

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

*Standing (l. to r.)—D. McCallum, I. Orr, R. Henderson, J. Bailey, D. Denholm, W. Wyper.
Seated (l. to r.)—A. Hamilton, T. Rowlands, J. Samson (Capt.), G. Macaleese, W. McMillan.*



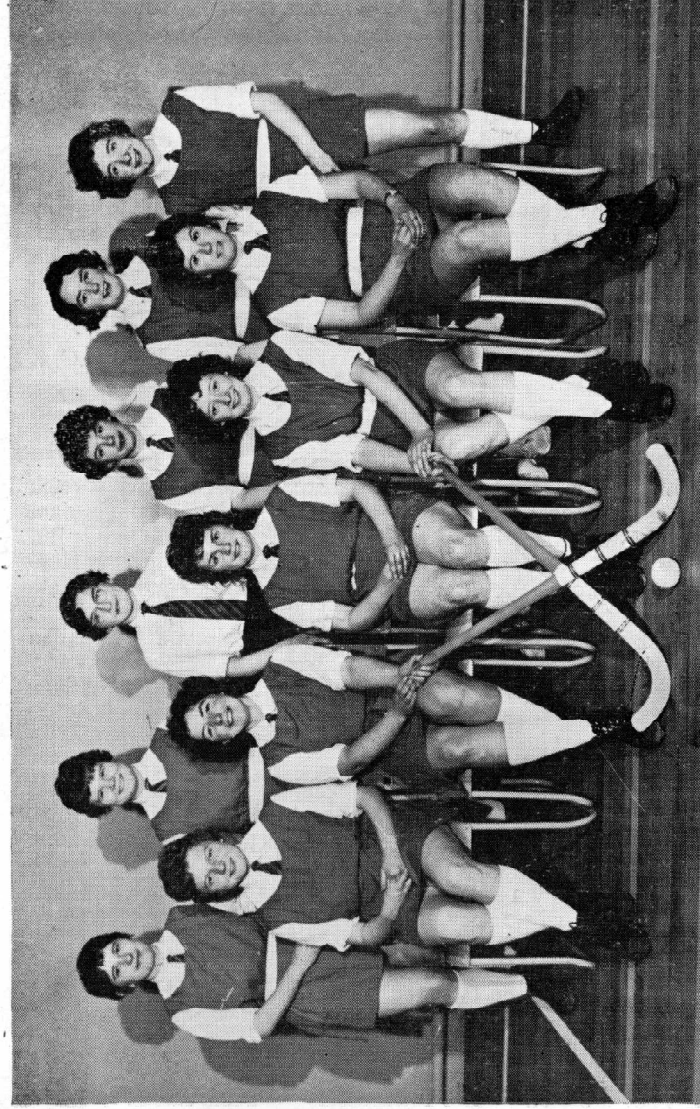
RUGBY 1st XV

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

*Standing (l. to r.)—A. BROWN, T. MILLAR, G. HAMILTON, T. ALLISON, A. HUME, B. WAYT, D. GRAHAM,
J. CALDWELL, W. WILLIAMSON.*

Seated (l. to r.)—T. CARSON, A. LETHAM, S. WATT, H. DUNCAN (Capt.), W. MACIVER, D. ANDERSON, C. HORN.

SWIMMING TEAM
Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.
Standing (l. to r.)—R. SKELDON, K. LOGAN, A. HUME, W. WYPER.
Seated (l. to r.)—A. CALLAGHAN, L. ORR, A. MEIR, E. LOUDFOOT.



HOCKEY 1st XI
Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.
Standing (l. to r.)—C. HIGGINS, A. VICKERS, C. STEWART, C. BURNETT, I. LANG, I. HORN.
Seated (l. to r.)—J. MACPHEE, C. ROULSTON, M. CHERRY (Capt.), V. ANDERSON, E. LOUDFOOT.



HOCKEY 1st XI

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

*Standing (l. to r.)—C. HIGGINS, A. VICKERS, C. STEWART, C. BURNETT, I. LANG, I. HORN.
Seated (l. to r.)—I. MACPHEE, C. ROULSTON, M. CHERRY (Capt.), V. ANDERSON, E. LOUDFOOT.*



SWIMMING TEAM

Photo by Scottish Press Agency Ltd.

*Standing (l. to r.)—R. SKELDON, K. LOGAN, A. HUME, W. WYPER.
Seated (l. to r.)—A. CALLAGHAN, L. ORR, A. MUIR, E. LOUDFOOT.*

C.E.W.C.

The Council for Education in World Citizenship is organised to promote the interest of Secondary School pupils in world affairs in general and in the work of U.N.O. in particular. The emphasis is on the social work done by various organisations within U.N.O., to help children throughout the world.

In Glasgow, C.E.W.C. is supported by many Secondary Schools, and meetings, debates and lectures are held in which the pupils are invited to take part.

In Whitehill, C.E.W.C. meets with the Literary and Debating Society two or three times a year. This year there will be a debate, brains trust and a film night to which you are cordially invited. Notice of these meetings will be announced in due course.

In the School library are magazines, such as W.M.O., which will help you to keep in touch with C.E.W.C. work and which will remind you that U.N.O. is much more than a platform for politicians.

M.N.C.

* * * *

WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?

Now it can be told! Picture the scene. It is a lonely stretch of Rannoch Moor, dotted here and there by small pools of stagnant water. The skyline is broken only by a few wasted trees. But what's that? Over to the left a small cluster of buildings is seen. As you approach, you see signs of activity. Several men are wading in the pools surrounding the buildings and scooping long objects from the surface of the water. The objects are placed in a bag slung over the shoulders which, when full, the workers carry into the buildings, reappearing a few minutes later to continue picking. What are they doing? Fishing, perhaps. Or they are probably. . . . Go on, admit it! You have absolutely no idea of what they can be doing.

In fact, the men are "getting the belt." These lonely buildings are the headquarters of the only tawse manufacturers in Europe.

The belts actually grow in small clusters at the bottom of these pools, increasing in length, weight and thickness until they reach regulation size when they break off from the main bunch and float to the surface where they are gathered while other belts grow in their place.

The supply is thus never-ending since each of the many thousands of pools on the Moor houses this amazing plant.

Another interesting fact is that the belts, when first gathered, are salmon pink in colour. However, they are soon dyed to the more formidable and better-known dark brown.

They are then packed and sent by road, rail, sea and air to centres throughout Europe for distribution to schools.

So now you know where they come from and how they are produced. Then, go to it, you budding saboteurs.

W.R.G. IV 1

A SIXTH FORMER'S NIGHTMARE or A RUGBY PLAYER'S NIGHTMARE or RUBBISH

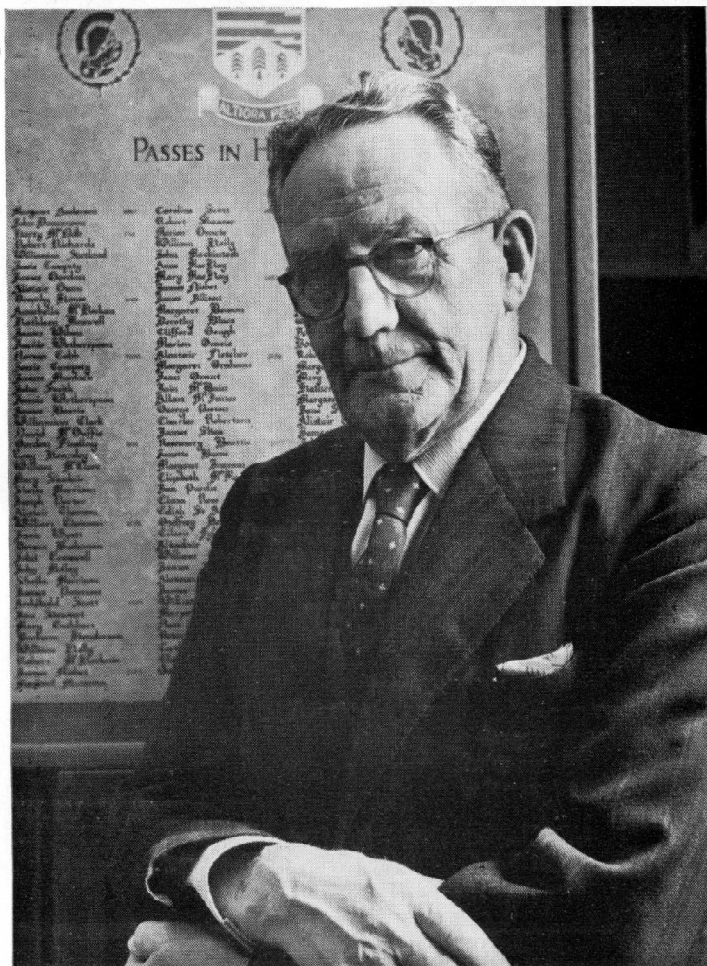
The cry,
Feet, feet, feet on!
Lumbering, lumbering, lumbering on;
The ball,
Slithering, slithering, slithering on.
Stop them!
Another cry!
A body on! Defence! A body on the ball!
Somebody,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen on the ball
At the feet rushing, rushing on!
A sound!
Severe! Sickening! Splintering!
Another sound,
Of agony, agony, agonising pain!
Pain sharply throbbing, throbbing on!
Never ceasing!
My leg, it hurts!
Please, please, somebody please!
Stop the pain!
The agonising pain of a fracture.
A compound fracture!
The pain, unrelieved, unrelieved;
Seconds pain, minutes agony,
Hours pain, days agony,
Weeks pain, months agony,
Years pain, forever, forever!
Endless;
Blackness, blackness!
The pain, relieved? relieved!
The score?
Did we win?
Did we win?

W.W. VI III

"SUZY"

Though only three years old last week,
She charms the hearts of all;
Her long blonde hair,
Her rosy cheeks,
Her little hands so small.
We hear the patter of her feet,
Each morning in the hall,
We wonder if she cannot sleep,
Or does not sleep at all.
Like other girls she's sometimes bad,
So punishment must fall,
How can one smack a little girl,
Who's barely there at all?

J.McF. II F2



MR. IAN STEWART, D.A.

MR. IAN STEWART, D.A.

Mr. Stewart took up his duties as Principal Teacher of Art in Whitehill just over twenty-one years ago, and during that time he was to serve under three headmasters—Mr. Robert M. Weir, the late Mr. Robert McEwan, and our present Mr. James Walker.

Before the 1914-1918 War, Mr. Stewart was exiled in Liverpool, and while there he trained at Liverpool Art School and gained the Art Class Teachers' Certificate and the Drawing and Painting Certificate. The First World War interrupted his studies, and during hostilities he served with the Black Watch. On demobilisation, he returned to his Art studies, and gained a Travelling Scholarship, which, by personal choice, brought him to the Glasgow School of Art, where he studied and gained the Art Diploma.

He started his teaching career in the High School of Glasgow, then served in a number of other schools—Strathbungo, Hyndland, Hillhead High (where he spent a goodly time), Lambhill Street, King's Park and, finally, he came to Whitehill in 1940.

After twenty-one years in Whitehill he has left a strong influence and many pleasant memories. He was a man of quiet, dogged and resolute forthrightness, and to everything he undertook he applied the highest possible standard; he had no time for second best, and this is shown by the results of both the S.L.C. examinations and the annual competitions in the Glasgow Art Galleries.

Out of the classroom he had many interests, particularly golf, and for many years he coached the boys' team.

One of the more important of the duties he performed was looking after the arrangements for the Annual Prizegiving. Under his supervision "the day" always ran smoothly.

Mr. Stewart has severed his connection with the classroom after forty odd years of loyal and acceptable service. In his new-found leisure he can get to real grips with the problems of golf and gardening.

We wish both Mr. and Mrs. Stewart many years of active and happy retirement.

DRINKA PINTA 131

Boys and girls come out to play,
Our work is partly done.
We should be feeling bright and gay
After Iodine, one-three-one.
There is no danger we are told,
Though our hair may be slightly grey.
We're glad we're over one-year-old:
But so is Mister 'K.'
Boys and girls come in again,
Our coats hang on the pegs.
We're still alive, there is no pain,
But there's always the fifty "Megs."

P. McC. III3

CONVERTED BY A CAT

Before he came to our house, I had little love for his race, but I became a reluctant cat convert from the day he took over our house. Where he came from is a puzzle. One minute we had no domestic pet, next there was a member of the feline breed sniffing and snuffing around the room, and finally stretching himself, in a dignified manner on father's best chair.

But then, he is no ordinary cat. He is very wise and stares at one like an old Chinese mandarin. He is quite independent, comes and goes as he pleases and eats only the best of food; no ordinary tinned cat-food for him. He made that quite clear on his first day at home. He circled the plate, sniffed disdainfully, and retired to the window where he sulked all morning. Perhaps it is his strange, golden-flecked eyes or his pure white, silky coat, but certainly when he is about, one has the feeling of being in the presence of royalty and direct obedience is required. We did not adopt him. He adopted us. So, perhaps one day he may disappear as strangely and as quietly as he came. I should miss him then.

A.M., IV4

"THE WIND"

The wind! the wind! it blew one night
Stormy and loud with on icy bite.
It howled and roared, it screamed right on
And everyone wished that it was gone.
The children tucked in their beds so warm
Listened to the rumbling of the storm.
It tore the chimneys, wrecked the bridges,
Raced through hedges, ponds and ditches,
Then with a madcap galloping pace
It made a commotion in every place,
Until at last, at break of dawn
We woke to find the wind had gone.

E.G., IF4

HORROR

The sky was low and grim,
The clouds were black as night.
A mountain reared upon my left,
Another on my right.
I heard a howling in the air,
Strange creatures flew about,
I couldn't run, I couldn't hide,
And there was no way out.
A figure gowned in spotless white,
Appeared before my face,
"Your tooth is out, you can go home.
Good afternoon. Next, please."

G.K., IF3

NEWS FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS

I realise that few, if any, Whitehillians will ever come to the University of St. Andrews, unless their family, like mine, moves to the Kingdom of Fife.

Nevertheless, I want to tell you a little about the oldest University in Scotland. As we were told at the Pre-Sessional Course: "Oxford came first, then Cambridge, then St. Andrews—and the rest followed."

Being the oldest University in Scotland, it has, naturally, many traditions—I have space to tell of only a few. The most apparent tradition is the 'scarlet gown,' worn by all undergraduates. These gowns are worn to lectures and to some societies—you can't speak in a Union debate unless you're wearing one—and to the Sunday morning services in College Chapel.

College Chapel is a very old and very beautiful church, but without overmuch room. To ensure a seat, you must go early. After the service the students all walk down to the end of the pier and back along the narrow catwalk along the top. To your right is an unfenced drop of about twenty or thirty feet to the rocks and the cold North Sea. An unnerving experience for the newcomer—and the first time we had to do it after an evening meeting, at dead of night!

Each year has its own name at St. Andrews—First Year are Bejants, Second are Semis, Third are Tertians, and Fourth are Magistrands. There is also an "Nth Year." Depending on your year, you are allowed to drop your gown off your shoulders, a little more each year.

Finally, a word about Raisin Monday. Every Bejant is attached to a senior, either a Tertian or a Magistrand. On Raisin Monday, the Bejant has to present his or her senior with a pound of raisins, for which he is given a receipt—in Latin. On Raisin Monday, any senior can demand the presentation of this receipt and force the Bejant to sing a Gaudie (short for "Gaudeamus igitur")—and woe betide anyone who cannot sing all three verses!

Passing over such traditions as Kate Kennedy, Meal Monday, Serpentine, etc., I can tell you that we have a very good Students' Union (with better lunches, I think, than Glasgow) and the usual host of University Societies.

Oh, yes, one more thing—we do a little work, and to prove it I close with a quotation designed to appease any irate Glaswegians:—

"You wrong me every way . . .
I said, an elder University, not a better:
Did I say 'better'?"

STEPHEN SCOBIE.

INTERNATIONAL YOUTH CAMP, 1961

This summer, we were fortunate enough to attend the Eleventh International Youth Camp, held at Dounans Camp, Aberfoyle. The camp, organised by the Stirling Education Committee, consisted of about 240 students, drawn from Germany, Norway, France, Ireland, England and Scotland.

The main theme of the lectures was "Citizenship," and many different aspects of "Education in Society," were discussed each morning. For these, we were divided into groups. Afterwards, we re-assembled for question time, when many puzzling points were cleared up.

After lunch, there was a wide variety of activities, from which to choose, whether the weather was wet or dry. The only activity, unaffected by the weather, unless the heavens split asunder, was hill-walking. Other outdoor activities were tennis, netball, swimming, hockey, football, cricket and volleyball. Indoor activities included country and social dancing, art, music, photography, map and compass work and drama.

The social activities of the evening were the highlights of the fortnight and usually consisted of films, debates, jazz sessions or concerts, often followed by dancing. On one night, we sat around a huge bonfire, eating sausages and singing folksongs to guitars till early in the morning.

On several days, however, we broke away from the normal routine, to visit Edinburgh, Falkirk, Stirling and Glasgow, from which we embarked on a sail down the Clyde and through the Kyles of Bute. There were also sails on Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond. For the more adventurous, a midnight hike was organised, with the object of climbing Ben Lomond. After two postponements, a 'do-or-die' attempt in cold, damp weather, ended in our conquering the mighty hill.

Inevitably, the final day of this most successful camp arrived and brought with it sad partings, tearful farewells and promises to write as soon as possible. Nationality, language and other barriers which divide people had been broken. If only it had been on a world scale.

D.O. VI2
W.W. VI3



A group of book-covers designed in the Art Department by pupils of the Fifth Year.

Top left—DOUGLAS COLLINS, V3. Top right—JAMES BLACK, V3.
Bottom left—CECILIA ROULSTON, V2. Bottom right—ANNETTE DURRANT, V2.

THE SCHOOL PARTY IN FRONT OF THE PARTHENON, ON THE ATHENS ACROPOLIS.



CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY

A party of thirty-six people, nine of whom were teachers, set out from Whitehill School on the night of 6th July, on a holiday to Greece and Italy. We travelled south, crossing the Channel from Folkestone to Boulogne. From Boulogne we journeyed through France, Switzerland and Italy, *via* Basle and Milan to Venice.

At Venice we boarded the M.S. "Philippos," which conveyed us to Piraeus in four days. During this voyage we stopped at Corfu for a short time and took the opportunity of touring this beautiful island, and of visiting the "Athenaeum," a place of great historical interest. We spent three days in Athens, capital of Greece, and during that time we visited Epidaurus and Delphi; but the highlight of our stay there was definitely the visit to the Acropolis, with its majestic Parthenon and beautiful Erechtheion, which was a sight long to be remembered. During our stay we also visited a teachers' college, to which each of us took the gift of a book, and we were told that a shelf named "Whitehill School" would be set aside for our books in the library.

Our next stopping-place was the lovely island of Rhodes, where we stayed three days, during which we visited the world-renowned Temple of Apollo.

During our journey from Rhodes to Venice we stopped at Piraeus, where we visited "The St. Andrew's Preventorium for Sick and Orphan Children," a visit which proved very interesting. In Venice the girls stayed at a convent, and the boys at the friars' quarters.

The nuns were extremely kind, and the food was of the highest quality.

While in Venice we visited the Doge's Palace, St. Mark's Square and the Bridge of Sighs. During our stay there we encountered a boatman's strike, which we managed to take in our stride!

I.McD., VI.

THE BOYS OF 2FD

They cannot play at football,
They cannot sing like "Bing."
In fact, to tell the honest truth,
They cannot do a thing.
But we must give them credit—
They have a gift—it's bad!
The gift of talking in the class
That drives our teachers mad.
And after reading this short rhyme
We hope you all will see
What we young ladies have to stand
From the boys of 2FD.

C.N., A.D., E.C., L.W.
(four depressed girls)



THE SCHOOL PARTY IN FRONT OF THE PARTHENON, ON THE ATHENS ACROPOLIS.

BAN BINGO! BY JINGO!

I used to see my mother every day, but now I only see her at mealtimes! Where is she? Out playing Bingo of course! Before this craze started I used to get good meals every day. Now what do I get? One cup of milk, one plate of porridge, one glass of water. Why? Because we can't afford any more! Where is the money going? To Bingo, by Jingo! We used to have a T.V. set but my mother pawned it when the electricity was cut off as we couldn't afford to pay the bill. Where did the money go? To Bingo, by Jingo!

It wouldn't be so bad if we got something out of it, but no, the last jackpot she won went on a new Bingo outfit, by Jingo!

Now listen all you sons, daughters and husbands of all those bitten by the Bingo bug. We must join together and fight, or die of starvation, in poverty; all our money gone on Bingo! This craze which has swept our country will soon have it on its knees, e.g. there will be no public services. Everybody will be playing Bingo! Remember, all you sufferers, the fight against Bingo is not finished until it has been banished from our country for ever!

R.S., III3.

EFFECTS

The vista spreads before me, a panorama of nothingness,
The trees, houses, people are gone;
Where? I do not know, or care.
The world is an empty shell,
As if before cell-life or evolution.
I am happy that it is like this!
They can live their useless trivial lives no more,
These existing nonentities.
But why am I left? Why do I still live on?
I, who so much wanted to end my petty life.
Perhaps in strange reasons, strange uncanny flashes
Of light through closed curtains in darkened rooms I live.
Those who wanted to live in wild abandoned joy,
Died. A mass communal death!
Yet I live;
My body is dead, only my soul lives on
In ecstasies of terror.
Now I cannot kill myself.
Can one kill a mind, a soul?
Or is death only of the flesh, deep,
Hidden in the carnal senses.
I do not know who I am,
My being moves alone,
It is as if I gaze long, hard, in a room of people.

They all are me, in every facet of life,
Yet I am none of them; they are strange creatures
Far from me.
It is strange how I who loathed people,
Who gazed on them scurrying busily, like rats,
To and fro in life's mad whirlwind,
It is uncanny why I, who looked with dislike
Bordering on hatred, should crave to hear
A human voice, hear human movements, human tears.
Tears! I wonder how many I caused to trickle
From unwilling eyes, wrung from hearts
Trying in vain to steel themselves against eyes
Filled with wet dew-soaked tears.
Too much of life is tears.
People were born, lived, died.
Yet in every life, everywhere, a soul cried.
It is only human to cry.
Human! Am I human?
What is wrong?
Why did they pick on me?
I never did anything to deserve this living death!
It is too much to bear.
Why, why, why did it happen to me?
Maybe the radium will waste me away.
Here is something to live for!
I shall waste away!
Then I shall be nothingness.
For this day, when I die,
I live alone.

D.McM., IV4.



CASTLE TOWARD

This summer I was a member of an Art Course at Castle Toward, near Innellan on the Clyde.

The party consisted of eighty Fourth, Fifth and Sixth year Art students from Glasgow schools, some of these students already in possession of a Higher Leaving Certificate in Art. The party travelled by train from the Central Station to Gourrock, from where the steamer took us to Dunoon. From there we travelled in private buses along the coast to Toward.

The Castle and grounds were magnificent, and the scenery was beautiful. Our daily routine was to rise at eight o'clock, have breakfast at half-past eight and begin work at nine-fifteen. There were three classes of students; the first class was for students who had been to Toward before, the second and third classes were composed of the rest of the students.

Lunch was served at twelve-thirty, and classes resumed at one forty-five. There were two types of subjects. If the weather were good, then landscape was the main subject, but if the weather were unsuitable for landscapes, life-drawing was practised indoors in the studios. Tea was at five o'clock, and for the rest of the evening the students' time was their own. Usually we had film shows in the evening or a lecture from a visiting artist. We were also allowed to visit Dunoon on free evenings.

At the end of the fortnight our work was studied by our teachers and artists, and marks were given. Later in the year there was an exhibition of the Castle Toward work, held in the Palace of Art in Bellahouston Park, Glasgow.

J.B., V3

"THE TRAMP"

He wanders on as in a dream,
Through winter damp.
Through howling wind and rains which teem,
That bent old tramp.
The haystack, hedge, or cottage bare,
The barn yonder,
Afford some shelter for him there
Doomed to wander.
And as he sleeps the wind does blow;
He lies in peace.
He dreams of days of long ago;
His troubles cease.
No more he wakens from his dose,
To groan with cramp.
For he has found his last repose,
That bent old tramp.

M.C., IIC

THRILLS OF DOG-OWNING

For almost a year now, we have been housing a young collie dog. If any of you are perhaps under the impression that it would be "great fun" to buy a young pup and bring it up according to the many books on the subject, let me enlighten you by my personal experiences.

Firstly, he has a strong desire to chew—not just meat, but anything and everything. Rugs, wallpaper, chair legs, cushions and articles of clothing are all the worse for the dog's teeth. He has also a slight inclination to chew human beings.

Next, he likes food—not just dog meat, dog biscuits and bones, but sweets, cakes, bread—in fact anything that humans eat (except pepper and sauce which, for some unknown reason, he definitely dislikes).

Thirdly, he has definite views on training—he refuses to co-operate. I have carefully followed the instructions in all the dog books but when I start a session of "Come!" he immediately concludes that there is something afoot, and starts a barking session instead. The main difficulty is that the dog cannot read the books on training. If he could, the job would probably be considerably easier.

Don't let me put you off, though. He is always very pleasant to visitors, and will not leave them for an hour after they come in.

He is also very grateful when I take him a rather longer walk than usual. (But who does silly things like that?).

You may well ask, "Why don't you get rid of the beast?" The answer is simple—"We like the dog!" However, despite his numerous misdemeanours, we console ourselves with the thought that he may improve in the future.

R.McL., IV1

* * * *

THE JOURNEY

The train entered the tunnel. Suddenly there was darkness, and it was frightening. The train sped on.

It rounded a bend and the occupants of the compartments heard a piercing scream which curdled the blood. Oh! that there could be light! The passengers were terrified.

One was a young girl who clung to her father at her side. She felt something touch her hair. Surely she would go mad if she had to remain in this seemingly interminable blackness any longer. She shut her eyes and tried to forget her terror. Her father whispered words of comfort to the poor child. He was frightened himself. Fear is transmitted so easily. They must come out of the tunnel soon.

They did. The little train whirled out into the gay fairground with its glaring lights and more acceptable noises.

Never again, the little girl vowed, would she ask her father to take her on a Ghost Train.

S.C.B., V2

FITBA' CRAZY

Bottles ready, with bricks at hand?
Then throw them hard towards the stand!
Some shout and bawl (but never swear),
Let fly their bricks, but are aware
That fans are rough when at their best,
For they can put you through the test.
They kick, they punch! You think that's small?
Well that's just some, to slay you all.
Then suddenly goes up the cry:
"A goal! A goal!" but then a sigh.
Up goes the roar, it makes you deaf,
Yet fans still shout and mock the ref.
That is the end, I'm sorry, folks.
Don't you think it's better than jokes?

J.N., V1

THE THOUGHTS OF A THIRD YEAR —AS IMAGINED BY A PREFECT

A curse on all prefects!
Why must they be here?
They're all nicknamed "defects."
—The reason's so clear.
They are so officious
We melt 'neath their gaze,
They're so supercilious
If in walking we laze.
We have all to form lines
"In twos," if you please.
With hands they make signs,
Their voices at ease.
They stand and they stare,
Look one up and down.
If you have no neighbour,
You've had it, you clown.
Just hear them all shouting
"Oh, hurry up, there!"
The Third Year are pouting,
But prefects don't care.
To one of those creatures
To-day I was rude.
No smile on my features
—Got lines now. How crude!
A curse on all prefects!
What good do they do?
They're all far from 'perfects'
I hate them—don't you?

S.C.B., V2

TRIBUTE TO TRIG

What changes winter into Spring?
'Tis trig.
What brings new life to everything?
'Tis trig.
What fills my heart with sheer delight?
Tickles my brain from morn to night?
Makes everything that's wrong come right
'Tis trig.
The subject nearest to my heart
Is trig.
I couldn't ever bear to part
With trig.
No fish could live without the sea
No honey made without the bee
And nothing would keep life in me
Like trig.
I'll journey through the years to come
With trig.
One day I'll found my happy home
On trig.
Perhaps a villa by the sea
Perhaps a flat in Polmadie
The name of my abode shall be
Just "Trig."

R.G., V2

EXCUSE ME!

Have you ever tried to get off a boat filled with frenzied foreigners? It is a test of courage and endurance. You fruitlessly shove and push among the dense, jabbering mass shouting at the pitch of our voice, "Excuse me, please! Excuse me! EXCUSE ME." This makes not the slightest impression, so you try, "Excusez-moi s'il vous plait." "Verzeihen Sie!" and so on till your stock of foreign phrases is exhausted. You then descend to the level of the crowd and kick and elbow your way to where you think you left your luggage. Dodging the flying bags and cases you rummage for your own. They have gone! Again you fight your way against the mob towards some porters, one of whom is clasping your case. Bravely you wrench it from him and stagger towards to gang-plank where a ticket-collector searches the usual places for your ticket (behind the ears, between the teeth, in your hat, and so on). Suddenly you remember putting it into your inside jacket pocket. With true British calm you lay down your bags and search, learning at the same time several new foreign words from the queue forming behind you. At last you emerge, battered, but triumphant, wondering, "Was it worth that?"

K.F., V2

GLASGOW SCHOOLS' SWIMMING GALA

50 yds. Freestyle (under 13).

2nd Arlene Muir.

3rd Margaret Weir.

50 yds. Breast Stroke (under 13).

2nd Margaret Weir.

50 yds. Freestyle (under 15).

2nd Anne Callaghan.

50 yds. Breast Stroke (under 15).

4th Anne Callaghan.

50 yds. Butterfly (over 15).

2nd Eileen Loudfoot.

100 yds. Back Crawl (over 15).

4th Eileen Loudfoot.

Life Saving (under 15).

3rd Alice Vickers and Anne Callaghan.

Under 13 Team Race.

1st Whitehill (best ever performance).

Under 15 Team Race.

1st Whitehill (best ever performance).

I.C.S.

CRICKET



Last season was one of mixed fortunes. The team played 9 games, won 4, lost 2 and drew 3. It was felt that, nearer the end of the season, the team was improving. If this improvement is to be maintained, we will need more boys from the Lower School, and they will be made most welcome.

This season will be shortened, owing to the date of the S.C.E. examinations in May. Nevertheless, the team will function, and we hope for a good season.

Once again our thanks go to Mr. Crerar and Mr. Graveson for their coaching and umpiring, and also to the Golfhill Cricket Club for the use of all their excellent facilities.

Colours were awarded to David Denholm and Richard Jeffrey.

DAVID DENHOLM, VI, *Captain*.

RICHARD JEFFREY, VII, *Secretary*.

HOCKEY



So far this season we have played only three games, one of which was a coaching match with Govan, when all four XIs were successful.

We wish to thank Miss Scott and Miss Simpson for the time they have devoted to our coaching.

Fifth and Sixth XIs have now been formed, owing to the coaching given by Miss Hetherington, and for this we thank her sincerely.

VERA ANDERSON, IV2.

ROWING

The Whitehill Rowing Club was formed in December, 1959, under the supervision of Mr. Graham.

During Session 1959-1960 we had four crews racing in the American Tournament and the Glasgow Schools Championships. At the end of term we entered a crew for the Boyd Cup in the Scottish Schools Championship, and it reached the semi-finals after winning two hard heats.

This year the Club has twenty rowing members, and has had its hours increased to Saturday, 1 p.m. to 2 p.m., and Monday, 5.30 p.m. to 7.30 p.m., giving us more time for practice.

I wish to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Graham, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Bowles and Mr. Simpson for their help in making Session 1960-61 a most enjoyable one.

G.P., VII.

TENNIS



Both boys' and girls' teams had full fixture lists for the 1961 season.

In the West of Scotland Championship the girls' team lost to King's Park, and the boys' team lost to Kelvinside Academy.

The Girls' Senior Championship was won by Andrea Sharp, and the Boys' Senior Championship by Ross Henderson. Colours were awarded to Ross Henderson and Andrew Hamilton.

In this year's Staff v. Pupils match, the Staff once again won by 7-2.

We are indebted to Mr. Morrison for his help, and we shall greatly miss him.

ANDREW R. HAMILTON, V3.

BADMINTON

The Badminton Club has resumed, and the Sixth Form members meet in the Upper Gym. each Friday. They are very enthusiastic, and those who are playing for the first time are making excellent progress. We are, therefore, looking forward to a successful season.

At the time of writing, one match has been played, and during the remainder of term we hope to hold tournaments in our own club, and arrange several more matches.

We wish to thank Miss Tudhope and Miss Hetherington for their help and encouragement, and for the time which they spend in making the Club so enjoyable.

JANE YOUNGER, VI2.

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