

# Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 66

Summer,  
1952



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The Magazine Committee expended much nervous energy upon this issue. We well remember the tense atmosphere of our first meeting, the stupefied hush when it was announced that we had ten days in which to collect the articles. "Can you do it?" we were asked. Could we do it! With excited cries we set to work immediately. One week later, and posters asking for contributions were issued. Three weeks later, the articles were literally trickling in.

No, we couldn't do it.

We still wonder how we all stood up to the strain. Scarcely a day passed without one likely contributor bribed or blackmailed. We obtained articles from the most reluctant sources; especially after the corpse of an unwilling contributor had been dragged from the Monkland Canal. Persuading shop-keepers to buy our advertising space was another of the committee's tasks. And here we would like to take the opportunity of thanking the First Form, whose readiness to smash plate glass windows made this the easy business it was.

We would also like to thank Mr. Williamson, Mr. Sloss, and Mr. Cormac, whose assistance was less unconventional but none the less valued, and Mr. Meikle, for negotiating with the printers, and correcting our corrections of the proofs.

Well, Whitehill, our labours are over, and Messrs. Stobo & Sons have printed and bound the result. Here it is. If you think the standard of articles is low, then you have no right to grumble. As Milton's Lucifer remarks in Canto 5 of "Paradise Lost"—"IT'S YER AIN FAULT."

THE EDITORS.

# PRIZE LIST

**Dux of the School: Henderson Medal and Prize, War Memorial Prize of £10—**

MAIRI M. WEIR.

**Proxime accessit: War Memorial Prize of £5—**

ANGUS T. STEWART.

**Macfarlane Gamble Prize of £1—**

JOHN S. DUFF.

**Dux of Intermediate School—**

JOHN R. B. YOUNG and WILLIAM K. REID (equal).

**War Memorial Prizes—**

**English:** ANGUS T. STEWART.

**Mathematics:** STEWART T. REID.

**Classics:** ANGUS T. STEWART.

**Science:** STEWART T. REID.

**Modern:** DAVID C. MOIR.

**Art:** GEORGE TAGGART.

**Ralph Payne Memorial Prizes in Science—**

1. STEWART T. REID.

2 DAVID B. MACKIE.

**Crosthwaite Memorial Prizes in Latin—**

**Senior:** 1 GEORGE R. BROWN.

2 ELIZABETH G. DONALDSON.

**Junior:** JOHN R. B. YOUNG.

2 WILLIAM K. REID.

**J. T. Smith Memorial Prizes in English—**

**Senior:** DAVID HOGARTH and JOHN DEKKER (Equal).

**Junior:** WILLIAM K. REID.

**Thomas Nisbet Prize in Mathematics—**

STEWART T. REID.

**Baillie Matthew Armstrong Prizes for Leadership—**

**Boys:** THOMAS B. McNAB.

**Girls:** MAIRI M. WEIR.

**Rotary Club Prize for Citizenship—**

JOHN S. DUFF.

**Inner Wheel Club Prize for Citizenship—**

ELIZABETH G. DONALDSON.

**Miss Margaret H. Cunningham Prizes for Needlework—**

CAROL FRASER and MAY McELWAIN.

**Whitehill School Club Prizes—**

**Form VI, Boys:** ANGUS T. STEWART.

**Girls:** MAIRI M. WEIR.

**Form V, Boys:** ANDREW C. CURRIE.

**Girls:** ELIZABETH G. DONALDSON.

**Form IV, Boys:** THOMAS CHISHOLM.

**Girls:** ANNE K. YOUNG.

## SUBJECT PRIZES.

### FORM VI.

**English:** ANGUS T. STEWART.

**French:** DAVID C. MOIR.

**History:** THOMAS B. McNAB.

**German:** DAVID C. MOIR.

**Geography:** ROBERT W. SPEIRS.

**Mathematics:** JAMES A. FALCONER.

**Latin:** MAIRI M. WEIR.

**Dynamics:** 1 DAVID B. MACKIE.

**Greek:** JANIE M. DIACK.

2 JAMES A. FALCONER.

### FORM V.

**English:** 1 GEORGE R. BROWN.

**Mathematics:** 1 ANDREW C. CURRIE.

2 DAVID HOGARTH.

2. IAN A. MACLEAN.

3 ALASDAIR J. GRAY.

3 STEWART T. REID.

**History Lower:** ANDREW J. SCOBIE.

**Science:** 1 STEWART T. REID.

**Geography:** RONALD M. CRESSWELL.

2 ANDREW C. CURRIE.

**Latin:** GEORGE R. BROWN.

**Art:** WILLIAM GREENOCK.

**Greek:** GEORGE R. BROWN.

**Music:** ALEXANDER KENNEDY.

**French:** LOUISE FINDLAY.

**Technical:** JAMES STEVENSON.

**German:** AUDREY M. HOPKINS

#### FORM IV.

**English:** 1 MARGARET G. REID.  
2 MARGARET S. M. CHISHOLM.  
3 ANNE K. YOUNG and  
MARGARET BARROWMAN (eq.)  
**Mathematics:** 1 THOMAS CHISHOLM.  
2 MARGARET G. REID.  
3 LEONORA STEWART and  
ANNE K. YOUNG (equal).  
**History Lower:** 1 MARGARET G. REID.  
2 LEONORA STEWART.  
**Science:** 1 LEONORA STEWART.  
2 THOMAS CHISHOLM.  
**Geography:** ANNE K. YOUNG.  
**Art:** AGNES McADAM.  
**Latin:** MARGARET G. REID.  
**Commercial:** MARGARET BARROWMAN.  
**Greek:** ALBERT A'HARA.  
**Commercial (Special):** ISOBEL HOY.  
**French:** JAMES S. COOK.  
**Technical:** ROSS M. WEIR.  
**German:** JAMES S. COOK.

#### FORM III.

**Classical:** 1 JOHN R. B. YOUNG and  
WILLIAM K. REID (equal).  
3 ALEXANDER McCALLUM.  
**Modern:** 1 RACHEL S. WEALLEANS.  
2 ISABELLA S. BROWN.  
3 NORMAN HAMILTON  
**Commercial:** 1 JUNE PIERCY  
2 OLIVE GOWRIE.

#### FORM II.

**Classical:** 1 GEORGE SHEARER.  
2 EILEEN STEWART.  
3 ROBERT MUNRO.  
**Modern:** 1 MARGARET PATERSON.  
2 MARGARET CREE.  
3 MARY F. NELSON.  
**Commercial:** ELIZABETH M. SMITHERS.

#### FORM I.

**Classical:** 1 ERNEST FORREST.  
2 DINAH McINTOSH.  
3 MARGARET COLLINS.  
**Modern:** 1 ELIZABETH K. FISH.  
2 JEAN P. McNEILL.  
3 JAMES SHARP.

#### TRANSITION.

1 ENID E. HAMILTON. 2 HELEN O. CAMERON. 3 ADAM T. McNAUGHTON.

## Mr. John Duncanson, M.A.

At the beginning of April, Mr. John Duncanson left the Staff to take up an appointment in the School Museum Service. He had been with us for nineteen years and in that long time we had come to know his qualities very well and appreciate the great and varied contribution which he made to the life and work of the school.

He was always a most enthusiastic and inspiring teacher with a vast love for literature, and ever ready to do doughty battle on its behalf. For many years, also, he ran the Dramatic Club and produced the plays for the School Concert.

He is most admirably qualified for his new post and he takes with him to it all our wishes for the best of good fortune in this new sphere.

## A Notable Appointment

It was with great pleasure that we learned recently of the appointment of Mr. R. HAROLD THOMSON as Head of Scottish Music in the B.B.C. Mr. Thomson is a former Dux Medallist of Whitehill, and his subsequent honours include the Degree of Bachelor of Music from Edinburgh University. In recent years he has been one of the best-known musicians in the district, being Vice-Principal of the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Music Critic of "The Glasgow Herald".

## School Notes

Last June we were glad to welcome as our new Principal Teacher of Classics Mr. Robert Small, who came from the High School to succeed Mr. Dugald Duff. During the year that has passed we have seen Mr. Small in action and recognised his sterling qualities. Already he has proved himself worthy of the classical tradition of the school. In addition, he has a lively interest in Whitehill as a whole, for it is his old school and he was a member of a class noted in its day academically—and otherwise! He is doubly welcome as Principal Teacher and Former Pupil.

The following members of Staff have left to take up new appointments:—Miss Barbara M. Reid (Mathematics); Mr. Alex. Smith (Classics); Mrs. A. I. M. Sweeney (Science); Mr. Donald Chisholm (Mathematics) and Mr. Joseph Hamilton (Classics), both Former Pupils; and Mr. John Duncanson, to whom reference is made on another page. Each according to his or her particular bent and interests gave very valuable services to the school and for that we thank them heartily. In their place we welcome Miss M. M. Wylie (Science); Mrs. S. R. Allan (Mathematics); Mr. J. A. Bland (Classics); Miss M. C. Paton and Miss A. M. MacNicol (Transition Classes), both former members of Staff; Miss J. M. H. Tudhope (Mathematics); Mr. Robert P. Sloss (English); and Mr. J. H. G. McCallum (Classics).

We have to record with deep regret the deaths during the winter of Mr. Peter Buchanan and Mr. Francis Middlemiss, men whose names are closely associated with the early days of the school. Of the latter we speak elsewhere. Of Mr. Buchanan it is enough to say that he took a vital part in organising Whitehill's first regular football team, being placed in charge in 1906. In that year the first Whitehill sports meeting was held in Celtic Park. Early in February we heard with a sense of shock of the death of Dr. George Menary, H.M.I., who was well known to many of us and who had a deep and personal interest in our school life. The Diamond Jubilee Magazine brought back to him many happy and treasured memories.

Reference to the Diamond Jubilee issue recalls the visit last November of Mrs. Verhoef (Bessie Turner) from Seattle, U.S.A., who happened to see herself in a photograph of the girls of 1900! Captain A. W. Ford of one of our adopted ships, "The Weather Recorder", gladdened the hearts of the Geography Section by organising a visit to the ship in dock at Greenock on 28th May.

The following notes complete the session's record up to date of writing:—

Diamond Jubilee Celebrations: 13th November, Service in Rutherford Church, and 16th November, Half-Holiday.

Swimming Gala in Whitevale Baths, 23rd November.  
New Onslow Drive Building opened, 28th January.  
Staff Social Occasion at "The Gordon", 1st February.  
Death of the King: Memorial Service in Rutherford Church,  
15th February.

Whitehill Dinner Club Reunion in "The Grosvenor", 7th  
March. T. D. Sneddon, Esq., President of Queen's Park Foot-  
ball Club, in the chair.

Musical Events: Concerts by Mr. Meikle's Former Pupils'  
Choir, 1st April in Martyrs' Parish Church and 27th May in  
Berkeley Hall (St. Andrew's Halls). Concert by Girls' Choir  
(Mr. Fletcher) in Rutherford Church, 21st May.

Honours gained by Mr. Fletcher's Choirs at Glasgow Music  
Festival: The Boys' Choir on 10th and 17th May and the Girls'  
Choir on 16th May.

## Our Adopted Ships

### O.W.S. Weather Recorder

On 1st May Captain Ford visited Whitehill and arranged for  
a group of Fourth Year boys to visit the ship on Wednesday,  
14th May. Unfortunately the visit has had to be postponed till  
28th May because the ship has been kept longer in dry dock  
than was anticipated. Before 28th May the Magazine will be  
in the hands of the printer so we cannot have an account of the  
visit in this issue. From past experience we know that everyone  
will enormously enjoy the afternoon's spell aboard the "Weather  
Recorder."

### Laurentian Forest

Captain Rodger, who has written so many interesting letters  
to the school, has left the "Laurentian Forest." Captain Lawson  
has taken over command and only on 20th May the first letter  
from him arrived. It was posted at Port Said. The ship is  
outward bound from Dunkirk to Karachi, Singapore, and the Far  
East.

We send our greetings to Captain Lawson and our hope  
that the happy relationship with the "Laurentian Forest" will  
be maintained.

### The Junior Red Cross. Link No. 998.

The Junior Red Cross takes this opportunity to thank all  
those who have so kindly given donations of  
money and silver paper, especially Transition  
Class 5, which has shown a great example in  
generosity. It has been said that if each pupil  
gave one penny out of his pocket money each  
week, we could have over £200 in one year!  
Surely this is not too much to ask in helping

such a worthy cause as the Red Cross. We still collect used  
postage stamps, British and Foreign, so there is another chance  
for you to help. Bring your donations to Miss Cameron, Room  
83. Thank you!



## The Late Francis Middlemiss, M.C., M.A.

Mr. Francis Middlemiss, whose death occurred last December, was one of our most notable teachers. Many who have risen high in the scientific world look back to his teaching of science as the foundation of their career. A graduate of Glasgow University, he joined the Staff in 1904 and served the School faithfully for almost forty years, occupying eventually the post of Deputy Headmaster. There was a short break when he was appointed Principal Teacher of Science in Strathbungo Senior Secondary School, but he soon came back to us in a similar capacity. When he retired in 1944 he expressed the wish that he would be known as "Middlemiss of Whitehill," and his wish was fulfilled.

During the First World War Mr. Middlemiss was an officer in the 16th H.L.I. and was severely wounded. His services were recognised by the award of the Military Cross.

We can still vividly picture him as he moved about the School—the Man in the Bowler Hat—and particularly as he paced up and down in Room 29 with that keen expression and sharp profile that denoted earnest purpose and indomitable will. There was austerity certainly and salty humour, but there was also warmheartedness and loveliness, and these were the features that emerged in unofficial moments in or out of the Staff Room. A personal memory of the writer recalls specially his visit to the grain camp at Yetholm in 1943, when he was first awake in the morning and we all soon knew it! But there was an excuse—he was near the home of his ancestors and the Border blood ran strong. Duns, Longformacus and the Lammermuirs were almost in sight, and the land of the Middle March.

J. C. W.

## Glasgow Music Festival

Whitehill pupils have again figured prominently in the honours in this year's Glasgow Music Festival.

In the Premier Class for Junior Choirs Mr. Fletcher's Whitehill Girls' Choir won the "Glasgow Herald" Trophy.

Our Boys' Choir made a regular collection, securing the Alison Trophy in the Open Class, the Chassevent Trophy in the School Class, and the Robert Rule Trophy in the School Challenge Class.

In the Post Primary Schools Class the girls were runners-up for the John C. E. Chapman Trophy.

Individual successes were gained by Ian Martin, VI, who won the Baritone section of the Scottish Vocal Solo Class, and Archibald Simpson, III, who won the Intermediate Piano Class for competitors under 15 years of age.

In addition to these, a considerable number of our pupils gave thoroughly creditable performances in various instrumental and vocal classes, and though they missed the glittering prizes they share our congratulations.

## F.P. Successes

Since we last published a list of successes gained by Former Pupils, the following have been reported:

Degree of B.Sc.

M. KENNEDY BROWNE—with Honours in Physiology.

DEREK STORER—with Honours in Chemistry.

ALASTAIR WARD—with Honours in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

Degree of M.B., Ch.B.

JAMES SHARP.

A. GEORGE KING. Dr. King's father was a well-known member of the Mathematics Staff of Whitehill some years ago.

Undergraduate Awards.

CATHERINE ALEXANDER: Distinction in Junior Honours Moral Philosophy.

ROBERT D. KERNOHAN: Distinction in Junior Honours History and in American History.

JENNIE D. RONALD: First Prize in Higher Ordinary English, Second Prize in History, Prize in British History.

JANET M. McGRATH: Distinction in Physics.

Degree of D.A. (Glasgow School of Art).

WILLIAM REID KELLY.

JOHN MACKINTOSH.

JAMES C. NISBET.

Awards in Music.

JOHN CAMPBELL McQUEEN: L.R.A.M. and A.R.C.M. (piano).

VIOLET S. BAIRD: L.T.C.L. (singing).

DOROTHY M. WHITE: L.C.T.L. (piano).

WILLIAM M. ROACH: First Place for Organ Solos at Renfrewshire, Lanarkshire and Glasgow Music Festivals. Along with his partner, Mr. Stephen Jack, Mr. Roach also took First Place in the Lieder Class at Glasgow Festival.

We record these honours with great pleasure. Numerous as they are, however, we realise that there may well be others not known to us, and we would appreciate any information that our readers can provide of the progress of our Former Pupils.

## Excursion to Edinburgh

On April 26th a party of 61 pupils made a full day's excursion to Edinburgh. Fine weather and clear vistas added to the pleasure. First the Palace of Linlithgow was visited under the guidance of the Custodian, Mr. Chalmers, who delighted the party with his vivid descriptions and racy anecdotes.

Of particular interest, for they recalled the life of the Palace, were the fountain flowing with 'wine,' the ancient bakery, the Lepers' Window, and the 'vomitorium' close to the Banqueting Hall. After a brief visit to the magnificent Forth Bridge, the party went to Edinburgh and visited the Castle, St. Margaret's Chapel, St. Giles' Cathedral, and the Palace of Holyroodhouse. And as usual, after seeing so many marvels, the greatest mystery still is, "How many apples, oranges, sweets, bottles of lemonade can a Whitehill pupil consume on a 'bus?'"





You have been quite good this time. Some classes have sent us quite a lot of articles. There are others who seem to belong to the silent service. We are considering publishing a magazine of blank pages for them. As to quality, some were very good—surprisingly good. In these cases the explanation is obvious, and irritating. Please do not send us the lucubrations of another brain. In other words, give us your own work, however humble.

For one thing, your own work is much more likely to provide me with my bleak entertainment. Passed to me by the Editors was a tribute to the swimming team.

S is for Sydney, champion of all.  
W is for Wilson tallest of all.  
I is for IF championships could win,  
M is for Macindoe, trier therein.  
E is Encore, which we always get,  
R is for Rusty (he'll get there yet).

It was felt that the first two lines showed some lack of ingenuity in rhyme, and there was some obscurity in the syntax of the third line; but the most serious objection concerned the spelling of the word formed by the first letters. This was brought to the notice of the authors (for there are two minds behind this production), but they responded, with an air of people unreasonably accused, that another line would make the poem uneven.

A similar attitude to spelling was shown by verses entitled "How Saddness Comes." This unusual condition is evidently brought about by what is surely an unusual domestic custom:

So I'm not so bad after all  
But my mother hit me with my sister's doll.

Talking of the unusual, we refer this to the Zoology experts: "Attached to the end of this leg was the aforementioned stealthy footstep."

We spent some time trying to fathom the rhyme scheme of this very short poem:

Now that spring is over  
The flowers have scented the air  
With their beautiful colours and perfumes  
There is nothing to compare with them.

The examinations were as usual a fruitful topic. The Second Year reaction was jubilant:

Exams have gone at last! at last!  
We now are free to play.  
Our worries now are in the past,  
Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

But the Third Year take a more sober, if not a more balanced view:

The exams arrived too soon for me,  
For I didn't know too much.  
I finished the exams—hurrah for me!  
Then I fell down the stairs and needed a crutch.

Your verse, CLOT, requires the same aid. There is something wrong with its feet.

From a Transitional Class we have an uninhibited account of the teachers which brought us some private joy but which we officially deprecate. We venture one extract:

Next we have our P.T.  
At this you have to bend,  
And, when you're bunny-jumping,  
They make you raise your end.

A happy end? This one is, anyway:

But I'm not downhearted, for soon there'll be times  
When I won't be lectured and have to do lines;  
For I'm leaving to-morrow, like one of those jets,  
And to those who are staying I give my regrets.

Returning to the Transitionals, we found two very different first impressions of Whitehill:

A teacher whom we didn't know came in to call the roll;  
And as I looked at his stern face I called on mercy for my soul.

But Transition can be made of sterner stuff:

But now that we have stayed here  
And have been given a sample,  
We find the teachers quite easy to trample.

A special word of commendation is due to T.5, who sent in a lot of articles, including many of good quality, and who wasted no time over it. They are an example to some of the senior sort.

The nearest misses came from E. S., II. 3; D. W. and L. W., I. 4; E. A., E. McC., and R. McI., I. 6; and S. G. and J. M., T.5.

That's all for now. Happy holiday.

OSWALD, THE OFFICE-BOY.

## War Memorial Sale of Work

The provision of a commemorative plaque to honour those former pupils of Whitehill who died in the 1939-45 War has been planned for some time. The recent preliminary Memorial building operations which disturbed the social and academic life of the main hall give added point to the Sale of Work which is being organised partly to augment the War Memorial funds and partly to boost the various school activities' funds.

The Sale of Work, which takes place on Saturday, 14th June, will be opened by Mr. Jack House, whose local and national fame makes any introduction of him to Whitehill (his old school) quite unnecessary. In addition to the normal stalls it is hoped to make the function something of a social occasion by arranging such activities as a Cafe Chantant, Funfair, Concerts, Mannequin Parades, Art and Gymnastic Displays, and other attractions.

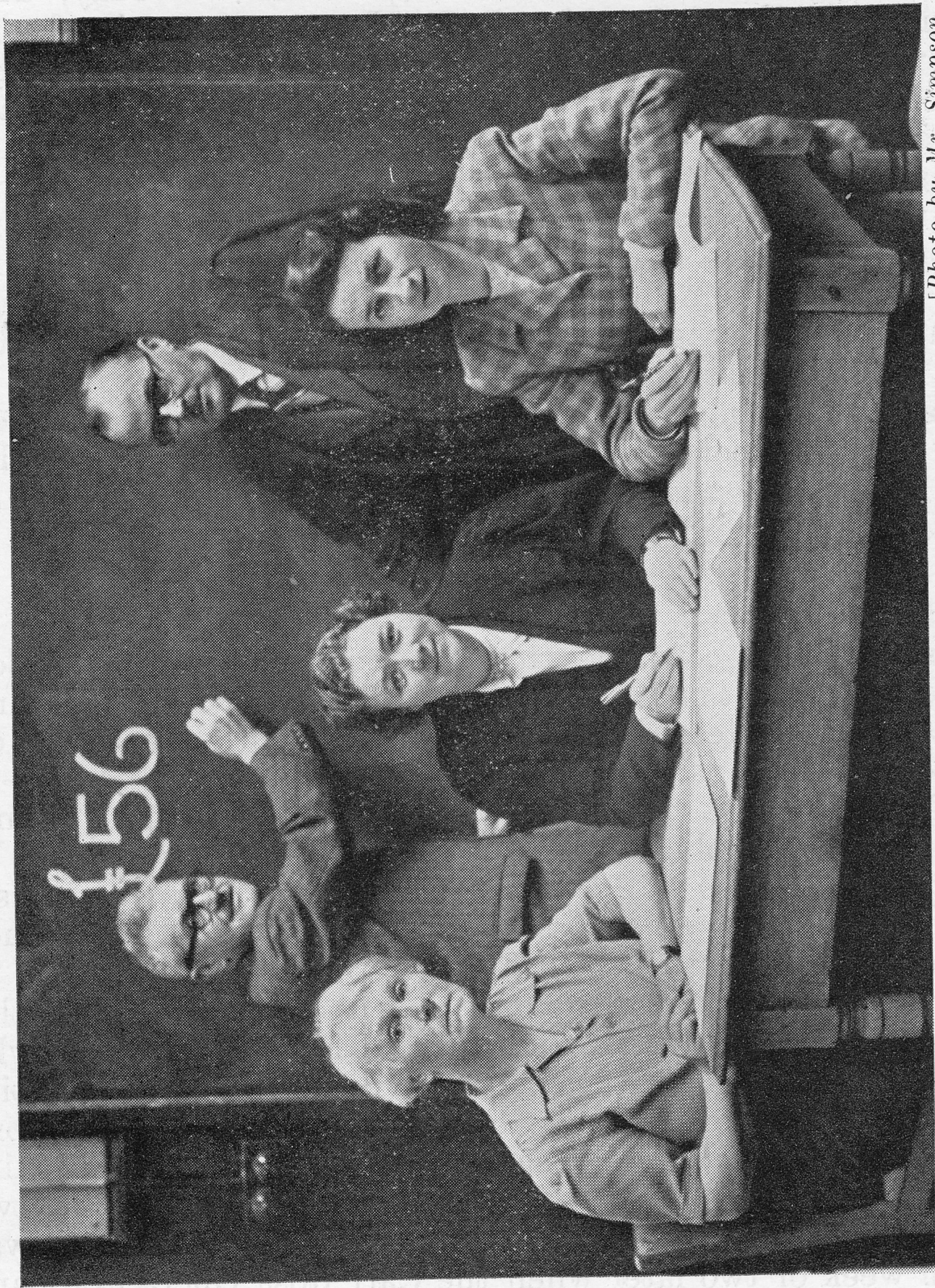
The response from Whitehill, pupils and parents and staff, has been very encouraging. Soon after the return from Easter holidays the £50 mark had been left well behind as a result of donations from pupils and parents, profits from class parties, proceeds from Street Names Competition, and the V3/VIG Dance. Given good weather it is confidently anticipated that an appreciable sum of money will be added to the funds.

## Theatre Visits

Classical Ballet continues to attract interest in the School. The perfect combination of wonderful music, impeccable dancing by the world's greatest dancers and magnificent decor drew on 9th October a large party of pupils to the Alhambra Theatre to see the Festival Ballet with Markova and Dolin. The programme included "Les Sylphides" and Fokine's "Petrouchka," a powerful drama set in a St. Petersburg fairground, with music by Stravinsky. This was the third visit, twice in Glasgow, once in London, of the pupils to the Festival Ballet.

Grand Opera has also figured in our excursions recently. Through the courtesy of a Former Pupil, Mr. David Lind, who is President of the Glasgow Grand Opera Society, special facilities were offered to our scholars to attend the Society's productions of "Nabucco" and "Maritana" in April. This opportunity was warmly appreciated, and the Whitehill party enjoyed two evenings of excellent entertainment. Yet another occasion was afforded a week or two later when the Carl Rosa Opera Company brought the new British opera, "John Socman," to Glasgow. This tale of the Lollards in fifteenth century England, set to rousing music by the young composer George Lloyd, was much appreciated.

Two visits to drama are in prospect as we write. Towards the end of May a group will see "The Forgotten Factor" presented in the Citizens' Theatre by the Moral Rearmament Movement, and in June a junior party will see "The Merchant of Venice" produced at Jordanhill Training College.

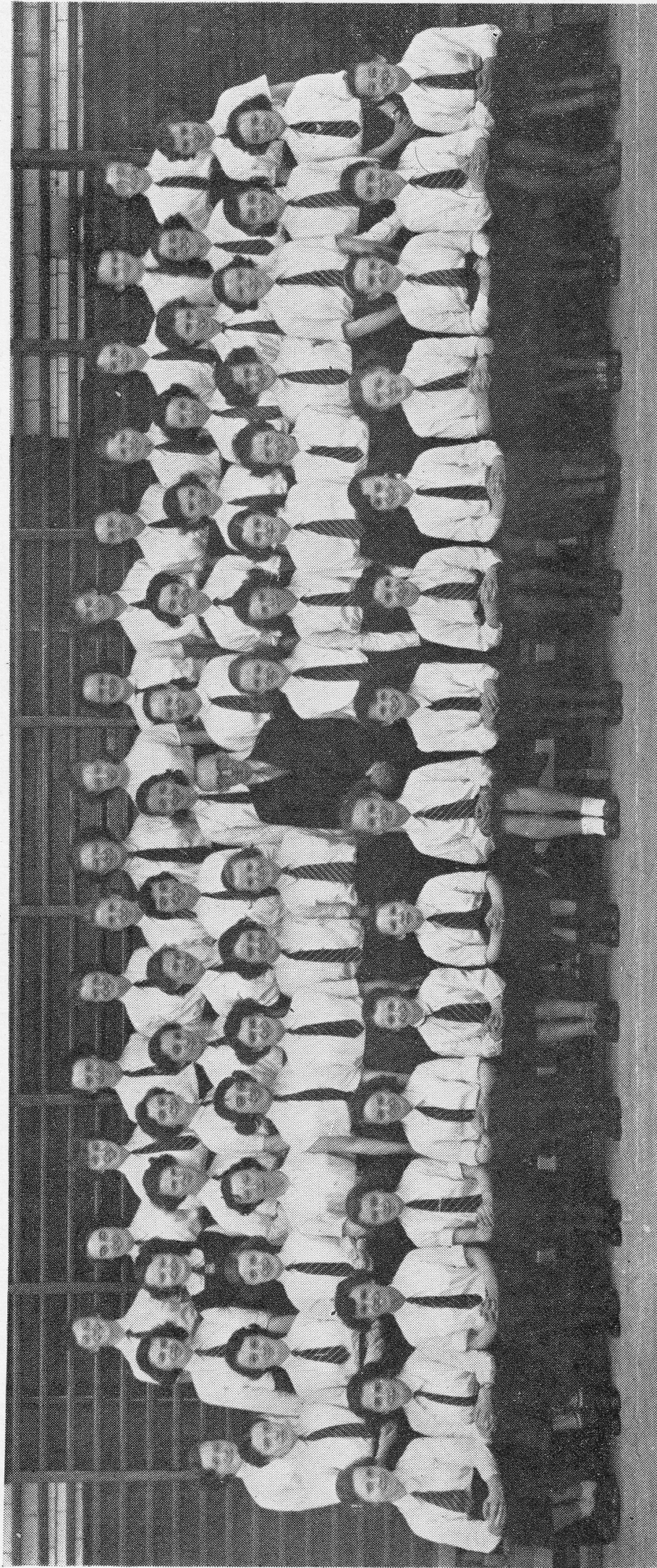


[Photo by Mr. Simpson

**SALE OF WORK COMMITTEE.**

Mr. Lithgow (Treasurer), Mr. Wilson (Convener).

Miss Fisher, Miss McNab, Miss Hay.



**GIRLS' CHOIR.**

Mr. T. P. Fletcher, Conductor.

*[Photo by Lawrie*

## Visit of Robert Gordon's College

This year it was our turn to entertain the Football and Swimming Teams of Robert Gordon's College, Aberdeen. On Friday evening, 28th March, an excellent display of swimming and diving was given by both sides, and our boys, even if they had to admit defeat in the swimming events, are to be congratulated on sharing the honours in the diving contest.

What a morning was Saturday! Rain, wind, hail, sleet and snow—Craigend had all of them that morning, and those of us who were hardy enough to be present marvelled at the fortitude and football skill of both sides under most trying conditions. The result, a draw, was just right—the weather vanquished both sides!

It is, however, for more than sport that we recall the visit of the Gordon's College boys. Our boys really did enjoy their delightful company and took great pleasure in helping to make their stay a memorable one.

### The Golf Fiend

My father is a golfer,  
And he plays it every day,  
In fact on other subjects,  
He has not a word to say.

He smiles when it is sunny,  
Rain his temper does arouse,  
He's really like a lodger,  
He's so seldom in the house.

It really is a good game,  
I have heard some people say,  
But since I've seen a golf fiend,  
I don't think that I shall play. J. M., 16.

### Excursion to France, 1952

Again the Whitehill Party, about fifty in number, goes south—to Biarritz, a famous resort on the Cote Basque, a region of pine-forests and jagged rocks enclosing beaches of silver sand forever washed by the curling Atlantic breakers. The Pyrenees dominate the scene and the whole region is rich in historical associations, but, perhaps more important, Biarritz guarantees a holiday of constant sunshine and an opportunity of studying the manners, customs, and industries of yet another region of France.

The party leaves London on 1st July and, travelling via Newhaven—Dieppe, goes direct to Biarritz where it will stay until the 15th. Then for three days the places of outstanding interest in Paris will be visited.

The uncertainty of travel costs in Britain and the high cost of living in France seriously limit activities, but, as we go to press, an endeavour is being made to include a two-day visit to London on the outward journey.

# What's Eatin' You, Hamlet?

While admitting that Shakespeare is probably our greatest dramatist, and "Hamlet" one of his finest works, I cannot help thinking a great deal of the play is superfluous padding. There are too many useless characters, too much senseless talk. I have therefore taken the liberty of re-writing it, cutting out non-essentials and getting down to the basic structure. I have changed the blank verse ("empty" would be a better adjective) for the terse dialect of a more modern school of fiction, at the same time making the situation more plausible. I am confident that this digested version will soon be adopted by our schools, so making available much valuable time for study, at present squandered on English.

The action of the play takes place in a sumptuous apartment of the Elsinore Building, New York sky-scraper and headquarters of Denmark Butter Importers, Inc.

## SCENE 1.

(Enter Hamlet, Claudius and Gertrude. Homer N. Claudius, President of D.B.I., Inc., bears a close resemblance to Charles Laughton, while by a curious coincidence Gertrude looks exactly like Jane Russell. Hamlet is indistinguishable from Alan Ladd).  
Claudius: What's eatin' you, Hamlet?

Hamlet: Oh, nuthin' much. Only didn't you and Mom get hitched up a bit fast? Pop had only been dead two months.

Gertrude: Just you forget the whole thing, son. Pay no attention to what the papers say.

Hamlet: Well, it's your own affair, I guess. You two go on without me. I wanna do some soliloquisin'.

(Exeunt Claudius and Gertrude.)

Hamlet: I don't know, but the whole set-up looks a bit phoney.

(Thunder. Enter Ghost of Hamlet's father, played by Boris Karloff.)

Ghost: You slobbered a bibful, son. Claudius bumped me off to get my share in the business.

Hamlet (surprised): Fancy seein' you like this, Pop! Thanks for tellin' me. So I suppose you want me to rub him out?

Ghost: Yeah.

Hamlet: Sure I will, and just to put him off the scent, I act as if I was screwy.

Ghost: Thanks a lot, son.

(Thunder. Exit Ghost.)

Hamlet: Well, whadayah know!

## SCENE 2.

(Enter Ophelia, Laertes and Polonius, who is head of the Elsinore sales department. Needless to say, they look like Elizabeth Taylor, Burt Lancaster, and Clifton Webb respectively.)

Polonius: So you're off to Yale, son. Well, be a good boy and don't disgrace your Paw.

Laertes: Sure I won't, Pop. Be seein' you, Ophelia.

(Exit Laertes. Enter Hamlet.)

Polonius: What's eatin' you, Hamlet?

Hamlet (wildly): I'm a weasel!

Polonius: A what?

Hamlet: A cloud. A camel. Quit askin' fool questions!

Ophelia: Honey, you ain't feelin' well. Go and lie down.

Hamlet: You keep outa this. Go to a convent or somethin'.

(Exit Hamlet. Enter Claudius.)

Polonius: Listen, boss. Hamlet's blown a fuse.

Claudius: Uh?

Ophelia: He's nuts. Screwy. Bughouse.

Claudius: This I gotta see!

(Exeunt Omnes.)

### SCENE 3.

(Enter Claudius and Polonius.)

Claudius: Hamlet and Gertrude are comin' this way. Hide behind the drapes and tell me what happens—either he suspects somethin', or we gotta phone a psychiatrist.

(Exit Claudius. Polonius hides. Enter Hamlet and Gertrude.)

Gertrude: What's eatin' you, Hamlet?

Hamlet: Listen, I got information that Claudius liquidated—say! Behind the drapes! Somethin' moved! (He draws a revolver and fires through the curtains. Polonius sags to the floor.)

Polonius: They got me! (Dies.)

Hamlet: He got what was comin' to him.

### SCENE 4.

(Enter Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, dressed as gravediggers.)

1st Gravedigger: Who was that lady I saw you with last night?

2nd Gravedigger: That was no lady. That was your wife.\*

(Exeunt gravediggers. Enter Hamlet and Laertes from opposite sides of the stage.)

Hamlet: Hello, Laertes. Back from Yale?

Laertes: Yeah. What's eatin' you, Hamlet?

Hamlet: I got bad news for you, Laertes. I bumped off your Paw.

(There is a loud bang from off-stage. Hamlet gazes off right.)

Laertes (brokenly): What was that?

Hamlet: Ophelia's shot herself. I suppose I shouldn't have given her the brush-off like that (He pats Laertes' shoulder.) Gee, I'm sorry, Laertes. She sure was a sweet kid. But you'll get over it, bud.

Laertes: I guess so.

(Exit Hamlet. Enter Claudius.)

Laertes: Why, the filthy four-flushing two-faced son-of-a-skunk! I'll get my own back on that cheating swine of a—a—a Communist!

\* Comic relief.



Claudius: You got the right idea, son. We're gonna be useful to each other.

(Exeunt Claudius and Laertes.)

SCENE 5.

(Hamlet is discovered soliloquising.)

Hamlet: To be or not to be—a tough proposition. Why, hello folks!

(Enter Claudius, Laertes, and Gertrude.)

Laertes: I got something for you, Hamlet!

Hamlet: Yeah? What?

Laertes: This! (He produces a snub-nosed automatic, and advances stealthily.) I'm comin' for you, Hamlet!

Gertrude: No you don't! (She draws a pearl-handled revolver from her reticule and shoots him down. Claudius pulls a sub-machine-gun from his hip-pocket and mows her down. He then tries to mow Hamlet down, but has only enough bullets to wound him mortally. Bleeding profusely, Hamlet closes with him. They fight, and the theatre is filled with noises of "splat!" "wham!" and "clunk!" Eventually Hamlet forces Claudius to the window—which is conveniently open—and over the sill. Remember, this is a sky-scraper.)

Claudius: No! No! EEEEEEEAAAaaaaaiiiiiiooogh!

Hamlet: Well, I guess this is the end. (Gasp.) I guess it just had to happen this way. (Gaasp.) It all seems kinda senseless somehow. (Gaaasp.)

(A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the bodies; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.)

THE END.

A. J. G., V 1.

## My Dog

Who is the best friend I've ever had?

Who would face up to everything bad?

Who has to bear with such a lot?

Who always gives me lots of thought?

Who but my dog?

Who can be lovable, cute and bold?

Who has a nose so wet and cold?

Who is my friend through thick and thin?

Who will always try, and win?

Who but my dog?

Who always cheers me when I'm sad?

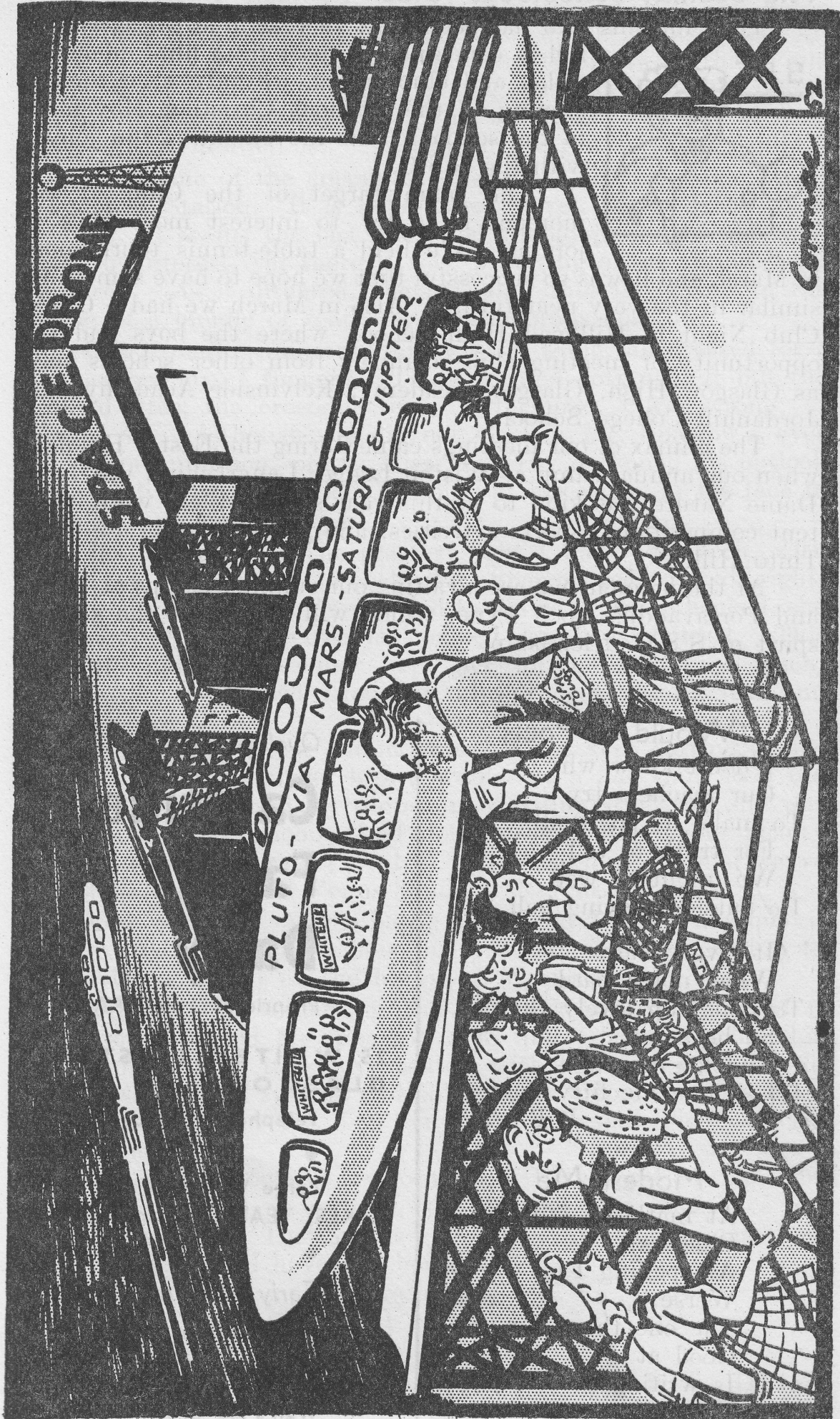
Who makes me feel so merry and glad?

Who has so many moods in a day?

Who always seems to get his own way?

Who but my dog?

M. McM., II. 3.



Mr. H. H.: "No, Jeannie, we won't have time to wave to your Granny in Largs."

## The Scottish Schoolboys' Club

S.S.C.



The Club this year has been most successful as far as Whitehill is concerned. Apart from films, debates, talks, and club-nights, we have seen the beginning of the Student Christian Movement in the school. This movement is run jointly with the S.S.C.

The main target of the Club at the moment is to try to interest more boys in joining. We held a table-tennis tournament in March and it was so successful that we hope to have something similar in the very near future. Also in March we had a Grand Club Night in Hillhead High School, where the boys had the opportunity of meeting club members from other schools such as Glasgow High, Glasgow Academy, Kelvinside Academy, and Jordanhill College School.

The climax of our meetings came during the Easter Holidays when our annual camp at Wiston Lodge, Lanarkshire, was held. Dame Nature was kind to us this year so that there were interesting competitions, sports activities, and the inevitable ascent of Tinto Hill.

At the moment we are awaiting our summer camps at Bruar and Portavaddie, Loch Fyne, which will be run in the sincere spirit of S.S.C. friendship.

B. G.

### 'Would-be-Poets'

I don't know why  
Our teachers try  
To make us poets all,  
For truth to tell  
We might as well  
Be outside playing ball.

It's very hard  
When not a bard  
To make up lovely rhymes,  
So be a toff  
And let me off—  
Don't give me fifty lines.

J. F., T.5.

### Modest Me

At maths. I am  
Clueless,  
At spelling I'm  
Verse.  
The one thing I'm  
Good at  
Is writing of  
Verse.

Quality—Purity

## Cartside Farm Dairy

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## A Flighty Miss, or Lady in Red

There was nothing Bacchanalian in their disagreement. Their eyes were too sure, their movements too swift, thrust and parry too accurate for anything so disgusting as a drunken brawl. It was more deadly than that. This was the real thing, ruthless, remorseless, murderous. "Nature in the raw is seldom mild."

The scene of the encounter was, of all places, High Street Passenger Station. It is below street level. It is dark. It is smoky. It seems the last place for a lepidopterist to find anything of interest, yet there it was, fluttering about aimlessly—a butterfly. As it dithered, the bolt flew into the gloom in the shape of a bundle of feathers, a carnivorous sparrow.

Poor, fragile, innocent, flimsy little thing, all dressed for a Roman holiday, I thought. There seemed nothing left but the funeral rites, the crocodile tears. Of course, I was wrong. I always am. Although she did not blacken Mr. Sparrow's eyes for his presumption, pretty Miss Butterfly darkened his outlook sufficiently with a ferocious flapping of her wings in his face to make her escape.

That started it. The greatest fight I have ever seen, with never a blow struck. As cocky Mr. Sparrow led with his right, prim little Miss Butterfly wheeled to the left. As he hooked, she side-stepped. The gentleman jabbed, the lady fainted. This little snippet of gossamer kept her tormentor out of reach. Meanwhile the crowd (meaning myself) rose to its feet and roared.

As the lady in the luminous red wings kept darting about, the clumsy oaf in nigger brown would try a flat spin, loop the loop, somersault, and try the all-in wrestling stuff, but she was never there. Terpsichore had nothing on that precious beauty when it came to gyratory control. Mephistopheles would weave in to the attack, and Venus would waltz out.

So it went on. As the battle ebbed and flowed I metaphorically rooted for the little one, but put my all (a day return to the Kyles of Bute) on the big one. Wrong again.

Somebody or something had to crack sometime. And it was poor, blighted Mr. Sparrow who first felt like folding his wings and calling it a day, beaten with his own misses. No wonder she smiled sweetly and bowed gaily before she zig-zagged away unsteadily in the direction of the Elysian Fields of the Necropolis.

As I settled down in my corner seat I pondered on that fight which had proved no contest, and decided that butterflies are better left alone. They are not so fragile and helpless as their gauzy wings would have one believe.

However, if you think otherwise, try for yourself. As I may have said, I have a way of being wrong.

Good-day.

R. T., III4.

## Key to Photographs of V and VI

### BOYS

*Back Row (l. to r.):* Donald Grierson, Daniel Ballantyne, Gordon Reid, James Russell, Godfrey Dorran, William Crawford, Eric Carrick, John Reid, Robert Fleming, Andrew Currie, Francis Corrigan.

*Second Back Row:* Robert Howard, James Kinnell, Malcolm Cunningham, Alastair McGregor, John King, John Frame, Stuart Good, Samuel Cooper, Rankin McEwan, David Peat, Robert McClure, James Lang, A. David Hogarth, John Queen, Stewart Reid, Andrew Scobie.

*Second Front Row:* James Stevenson, George Taggart, Gordon Caskie, David Allan, Alasdair Gray, Ian Bourner, Alastair Carmichael, David Mackie, William Donaldson, Alexander Kennedy, George Swan, William Mason, Arthur Howes, Gibson Miell.

*Front Row:* J. Alastair Russell, Robert W. Speirs, Ian MacLean, Ronald Cresswell, James Falconer, George Marshall, Tom McNab (Captain), Headmaster, John S. Duff (Vice-Captain), Fraser Sutherland, George Brown, William Greenock, Angus T. Stewart, Ian Martin, David C. Moir.

*Absent:* Ronald Black.

### GIRLS

*Back Row (l. to r.):* Jenny S. McDougall, Louise M. Findlay, Eileen Fyfe, Isobel Boyd, Sheena Kinloch, Margaret Alexander, Agnes T. H. Forrester, Rita M. Sutherland, Audrey Hopkins, Moira V. Barbour.

*Front Row:* Iris Ogg, Marina A. M. Fitzgerald, Evelyn M. Bell, Maureen M. Willox, Mairi McN. Weir (Captain), Headmaster, Elizabeth G. Donaldson (Vice-Captain), Irene E. Tully, Helen S. Dunbar, Ena S. McLean, Frances J. Findlater.

*Absent:* Agnes D'Arcey, Janie Diack.

## Literary and Debating Society

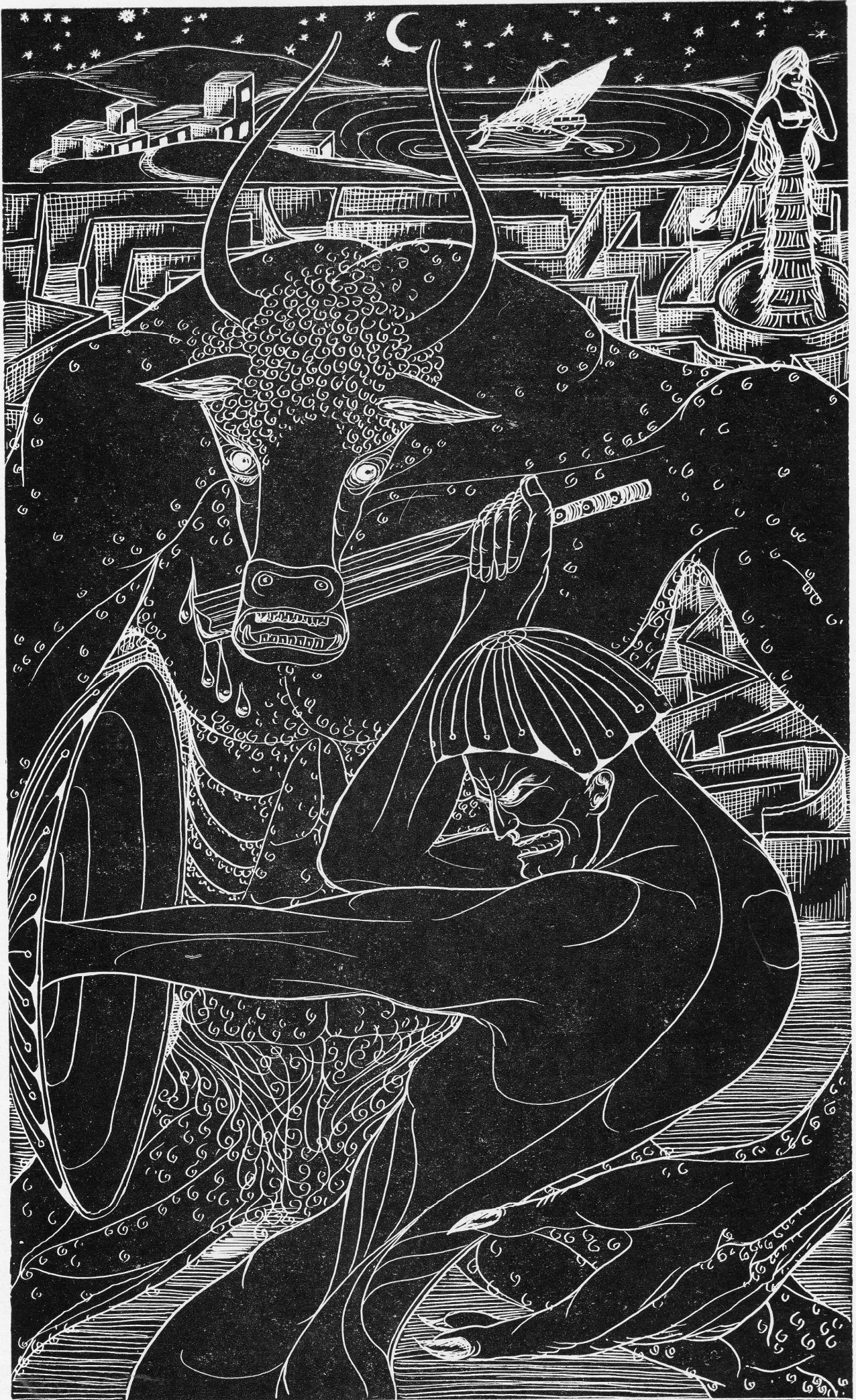


The debate on Surrealism, held on 25th April, brought another session of the Literary and Debating Society to a successful conclusion. Attendances on the whole were good in spite of many counter-“attractions.” The largest attendance of the session was at the Mock Election, when an assembly of seventy-one returned Mr. Rankin McEwan as Labour Member for Whitehill, his Conservative and Liberal opponents being defeated by ten and fifteen votes respectively. Another of the highlights was the decisive defeat of a motion, “That the Female is the Weaker Sex.”

The lecturers whom we must thank this session are Mr. Simpson, who spoke on “Explosions on the Sun,” Mr. Jardine on “Law and Religion,” Mr. Cormac on “Surrealism,” and the Rev. Robert Arthur, our School Chaplain, on “Burns: the Man.” A lecture of special interest was that delivered and illustrated by Mr. Alasdair Gray of the Fifth, who gave “A Personal View of History.”

Special words of thanks are due to Mr. Cormac for his continued interest in the Society's activities, and to Mr. Scott, our Vice-President, for all his efforts, both in the past and present, in making the Lit. a success. And so we await a new session in the hope that it will be as successful as this one has been.

A. D. H.

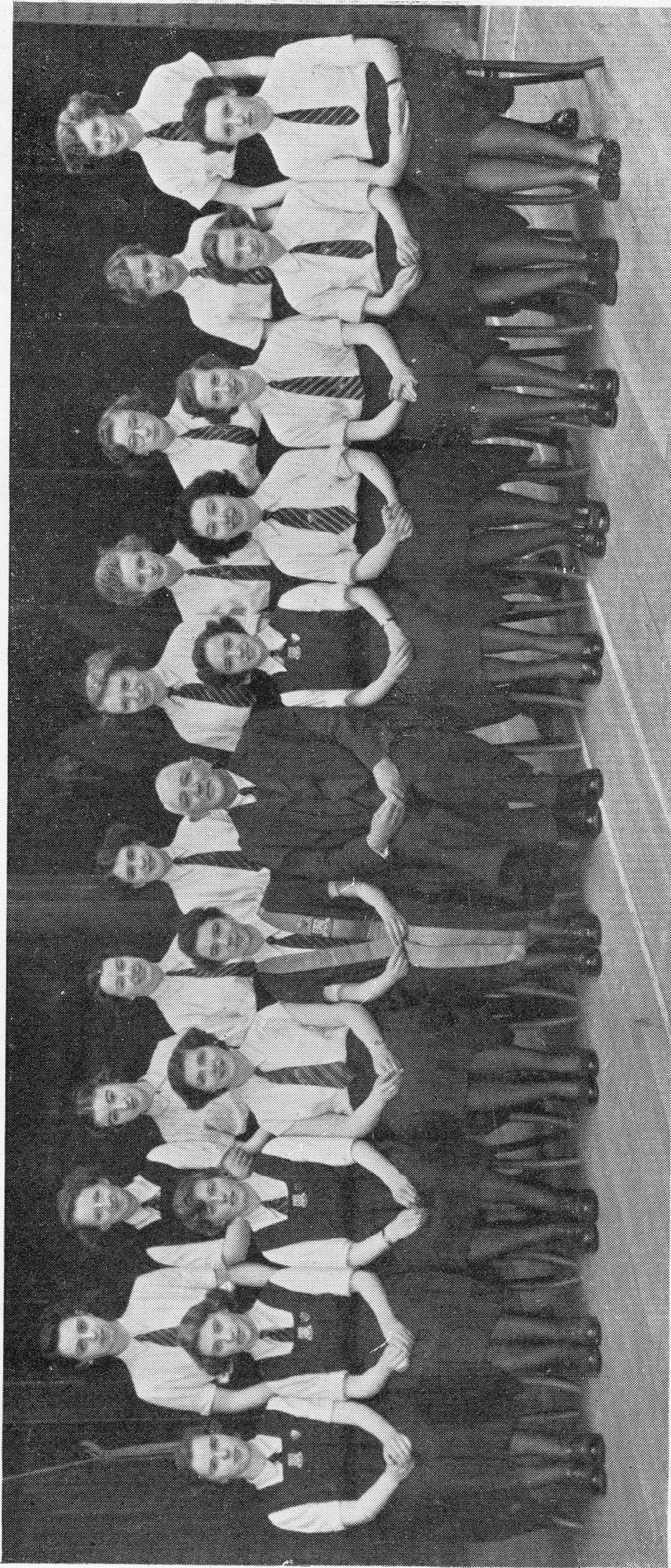


*Theseus and the Minotaur, by Alasdair Gray. 152*



*[Photo by Lawrie*

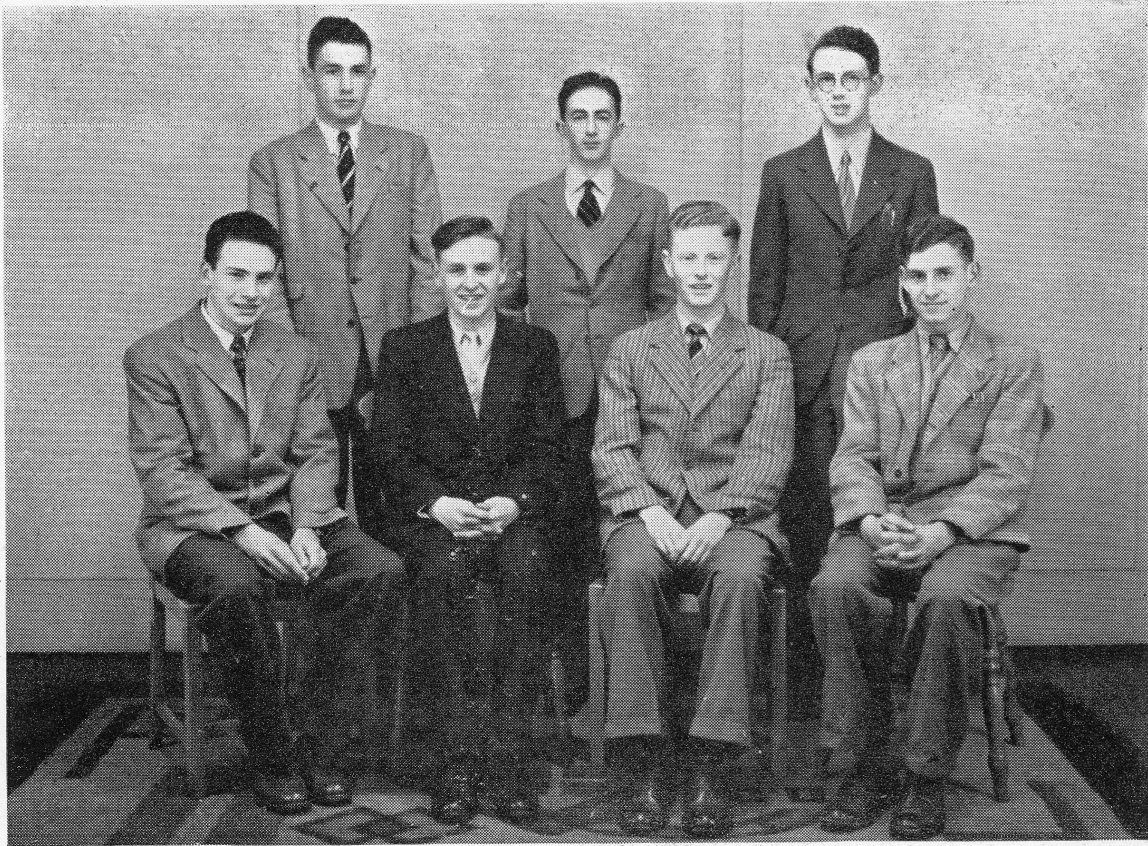
**FORMS V AND VI, BOYS.**



[Photo by Lawrie

**FORMS V AND VI, GIRLS.**





[Photo by Lawrie

**GOLF TEAM.**

*Standing:* J. Aitken, A. Scobie, S. Reid.

*Sitting:* A. McGregor, D. Mackie (Capt.), I. Martin, G. Mackie.



[Photo by Lawrie

**TENNIS TEAM.**

*Standing:* A. Currie, M. Harvey, I. Ogg, A. Russell.

*Sitting:* I. MacLean, S. McDonald, B. Posnett, D. Moir.

## Golf



After last season's successes, the Golf Club had great hopes for the 1952 season, both of the winning power of the team and of a large entry for the Allan Shield.

The first obvious sign that these hopes were justified was the victory of our team over Allan Glen's School, our captain, D. B. Mackie, overwhelming the ever-conquering J. Stewart. Keep up this form and the Staff will be arriving with excuse notes for extra golf practice.

As was mentioned in the Jubilee Edition, a second team will be run this season. Matches have been arranged and we trust that it will have every success.

At long last, the Allan Shield seems to have become popular. This year's entry exceeded by far any previous entries, much to the delight of the Committee.

Although I shall be leaving school at the finish of this session, I shall be keeping in touch and hope that the Golf Club has even greater success next year.

I would like, in closing, to thank Mr. Stewart for all he did to help me and also for organising our annual match with the Staff.

I. McC. M.

## Tennis



This year we began a Tennis Club at Whitehill. Tennis, however, is not new to our school because, before the war, it was one of Whitehill's recognised sporting activities, and in 1949 there was a Tennis Team.

We have, this year, some inter-school fixtures arranged with our established friends at Shawlands, Bellahouston, Pollokshields, and Queen's Park, and have begun competitions in which members of the club, not lucky enough to play for our team, can take part.

We must take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Gardiner for his encouragement and guidance at the beginning of this new venture.

I. A. M.

## Overhead in the Hall

1st Trance\*: "Done yer homework?"

2nd Trance: "Aye".

1st Trance: "Gonny gi'e us a copy?"

2nd Trance: "Naw".

1st Trance: "Why no'?"

2nd Trance: "Och, it might be right".

\* Teacher's suggestion for a suitable abbreviation for Transition Pupil.

D. H. A., V1.

## Lucky Coin

"Never mind, old chap", I said cheerfully, patting Jim Kerry on the back as he trotted disconsolately into the pavilion. "We all have our off-days".

Actually I was really worried, but I didn't want to make matters worse by saying so. You see, Big Jim, as he was generally called, was our star player. At centre-forward, he was leading goal-scorer in the County Schools League. Then, quite suddenly, he had completely lost form; and now, in the final practice before our league-deciding game with Redburn Grammar School, he had missed a penalty and at least two "sitters".

But wait, I am going on too quickly. First of all I must explain that I'm Michael Kerrigan, better known as Mike, and I've been sports-master at Willoughbridge Boys' Grammar School for three years now.

Our 1st XI football team were in the running for the County Schools' Championship, but with Big Jim so badly off form, our chances were considerably lessened.

As I stood at the pavilion door pondering over this problem, Tim Johnston, Big Jim's special pal, came running by. On impulse I stopped him.

"D'you know if there's anything worrying Jim just now—lessons or money or something?" I inquired.

Tim considered for a moment before answering, "No—I don't think so. Unless——"

"Unless what?" I snapped.

"Well, Jim's very superstitious, sir—always saying 'Touch wood' and things like that", said Tim. "He mentioned something about losing his lucky silver coin—you know, the one he always wears in his left football boot".

"I see. Thanks. I'll bet that's got something to do with his loss of form".

\* \* \* \*

The day of the match dawned bright and sunny, but I didn't feel that way for I still hadn't found the solution to my problem. I had, however, decided to give Big Jim another chance, in the hope that he would play well.

With half-an-hour to go, the lads were in the dressing-room changing. Big Jim looked about as happy as a drowned rat.

I was standing on the pavilion steps when Tim Johnston rushed up.

"I think I've hit on a plan", he cried excitedly. "I've discovered an old coin in my collection something similar to Jim's own. If it could be substituted——"

I didn't wait for the rest. Snatching the coin, I hurried into the dressing-room. On the pretence that I'd dropped my pen, I stooped down and slipped the coin under one of Jim's boots.

After a minute or two Jim gave a cry of delight. "I've found my lucky coin", he yelled.

The others crowded round. Big Jim was on the point of

examining the coin more closely.

“Right, boys, out!” I shouted frantically, fearing he would discover that it was a fake.

To my great relief Big Jim hurriedly slipped the coin into his boot, tightened the laces, and trotted out with the others.

\* \* \* \*

Spurred on by the roars of their supporters the Redburn team kicked off. The line-up was: Willoughbridge—Jackson; Younger and Smith; Mark, Webster, Philps; Campbell, Lane, Kerry, Carter, Waterford.

Redburn—Milton; Jacobs and Hunter; Shields, Stalkbridge, Gerard; Harper, Smith, Lishman, Williams, Burns.

From the kick-off the 'Burn were on the attack. My heart leapt to my mouth as little Williams, the inside-left, tricked three men, and ran in on goal. Our centre-half Webster prevented a score at the expense of a corner.

Burns swung the ball over . . . the heads went up . . . someone connected and came away with the ball. It was Big Jim!

He had the ball under control in a flash. He tricked first one man then another, and slipped the ball wingwards. Ginger Campbell was unmarked. He steadied, centred beautifully, and Big Jim rocketed it into the net.

Well, that was the first of the three goals Big Jim scored that afternoon, enabling us to coast to a 3-0 win.

\* \* \* \*

Back in the dressing-room after the match Big Jim discovered that his “lucky coin” was a fake. I confessed that I was responsible and told him the reason why.

He looked bewildered for a moment, then turned and muttering “What a fool I’ve been!” proceeded to dress.

\* \* \* \*

Three years later Big Jim was changing into his strip at Wembley Stadium. He had been chosen to lead the English Schools against the Scottish Schools. It was his first big representative match and he was as nervous as a kitten—so nervous, in fact, that he produced a small pocket mirror to look at his hair-shed when there were at least two mirrors for that purpose in the dressing-room.

Just then the dressing-room door opened. Big Jim spun round so sharply that the mirror slipped from his grasp, and was shattered on the floor.

“That’ll bring you bad luck”, I cried out in horror.

“Bad luck?” he scorned. “Balderdash!”

Well!!

J. S., II2.

## Ether

“This”, said the science teacher, “is a jar of ether. I’ll pass it round the bench and you can all have a smell of it”. Douglas was something of a show-off. Whereas the others just sniffed at the jar and passed it on, he pushed his face into its mouth and drew a deep breath. Then unsteadily he pushed it to his neighbour. The room was strangely far away; the sniggers of his classmates seemed to reach him from a distance. Douglas heard the teacher say in a tiny remote voice, “Take him on to the landing, somebody. Go on—trot about until your head’s cleared”. The journey to the door took a long time, and he stumbled over his feet a little. As he reached the landing the door slammed behind him with a thundering sound.

Douglas stepped to the railing and held on to it, until he felt a little less stupid. Then he noticed something rather strange—the floor of the hall so far below was flooded. The hall table was bobbing up and down on the surface like a clumsy raft. Also, most of the teachers were sitting perched on the railings of the first and second floor landings fishing with long lines. Occasionally one would cry out, “A bite! A bite!” and wind in his line noisily. The thing drawn from the water was never (Douglas noticed) a fish. It was usually something irrelevant and unexpected, like a trombone, a tea-pot, or a stuffed guinea-pig. Douglas’s English teacher was perched on the railing quite near him. “Have you caught anything yet?” he asked, but the teacher shook his head sadly. “I can’t”, he answered. “You see, I have assassinated the Secretary of the Scripture Union”.

At that moment a gondola emerged from under the arch of the boys’ entrance, and glided across the hall-way. The Deputy Headmaster sat in the stern, directing it with a small paddle. The Headmaster sat in the bow playing “Auld Lang Syne” on a large gilt harp. The craft narrowly missed the floating table and disappeared through the girls’ entrance.

Douglas decided to go downstairs. On reaching the ground floor, he found the water had all dried up, so he went into the playground. In the middle of it a gang of workmen were erecting a marble statue of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, directed by the President of the Debating Society. He went over to read the inscription on the pedestal, only to find it was in Latin. Fortunately, the head Latin teacher passed at that moment wearing a golfing bag full of hockey sticks. “What does it say, sir?” Douglas politely enquired. The head Latin teacher stroked his chin. “It’s from the third canto of Virgil’s *Æneid*” he said. “A rough translation might be . . . er . . .

‘Hickory Dickory Dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock . . .’

By the way, what are you doing outside your classroom?”

“I was sent out for a breath of fresh air”, said Douglas, “but I think I’ll go back now”.

He entered the science room just as the others were closing their notebooks. “Head any clearer?” asked the science teacher without looking up. “Yes, sir”, said Douglas. But when he went into the yard at play time, the statue had unaccountably vanished.

A. J. G., V1.

## The Scottish Youth Hostels Association

“To the young in heart of all ages and all nations.”

An important part of the session’s activities was the quickening of interest in this great movement which makes it possible for the young and not-so-young to visit their own countryside, the places of historic interest, and to see the work, the games the cultural activities of other people. Above all it creates friendship.

Again too in this age of ‘staggered’ holidays and rising costs, the hostels by providing cheap simple accommodation present the opportunity of taking holidays even when the parents must stay at home, and at a very reasonable cost. These advantages were seen, and the value of co-operating with others learnt, in visits to the Loch Lomond and Skelmorlie Youth Hostels.

If you are interested, come to the next Week-end Youth Hostel Excursion. You don’t need to join! But during the summer why not get the ‘big’ brothers or sisters to become members and go hostelling with them?



“IS YOUR LODGER IN MA’AM?”

## My Hobby

When not occupied by my more sensible hobbies of swimming, skating, and cycling, I get much pleasure out of a new, unusual and fascinating hobby, namely, day-dreaming.

As well as the pleasure that I draw from it, it has great educational prospects. For example, if I imagine that I pass all examinations with honours, etc., it gives me the urge to get as near that standard as I can. With my music lessons it is always a great help, because I can imagine how wonderful it would be to be some talented human like Myra Hess, so I commence to thump away at my piano trying to be optimistic. However, when I come across some difficult scale, I am rather inclined to be a pessimist.

I really can't describe how wonderful it is to let one's imagination run riot. As I have more peace, I usually do my dreaming just before I drop off to sleep at night. Now for the pleasure. You may not call it pleasure. I only term it such, sometimes.

However, I sometimes dream that I am the High and Mighty Empress of China, a great scientist, a great pianist, or a missionary, and sometimes I go to the length of proclaiming myself a Queen of Scotland.

At other times I have pictured myself as a millionaire's daughter, flitting around in silken gowns, and I once owned the Island of Arran. How I wish that that were true!

As well as being educational and pleasant, I find it extremely useful. If, for example, I have to do some housework or other dreary task, it can always be brightened up by perhaps imagining that I am the Queen learning domestic science, though I doubt if she would do *that*!

When I go to the cinema and see a crime film, that night and the next few nights I am Sherlock No. 2. I have some mad adventures and land in a few tough spots, but, of course, because I imagine it, it is not the least bit of bother to overcome these difficulties.

You may think that when I imagine that I am some clever or rich person I may be discontented, but when I come back to earth from my world of dreams, and find myself just myself and not Myra Hess, Dr. Livingstone, or a millionaire's daughter, I am quite happy.

Of course, like everything else, it has its drawbacks. For when I am happily dreaming of next Christmas, I will stop suddenly and listen. This is where the snag is—when I hear my angry mother thudding up the stairs at 11.59 p.m. to see why I am not sleeping. She knows because my bed creaks. But, when she opens the door and sees my dear innocent, little face, and notices my flickering eyelashes, and the faint grin, she never says anything but withdraws quietly and if I chance a little peep, I can see a faint smile on *her* face.

E. H., T.5.

## Education

At five years old, I went to school,  
To learn to write and read,  
Till after seven years had passed,  
'Twas plain that more I'd need.  
My parents then in thought did sit.  
My father said, "It's plain  
As yet she is an average child,  
With not an average brain.  
What can we do to make her think,  
And seem less like a fool?  
Ah yes, I know, we'll pack her off  
To good old Whitehill School".

S. McK., II 3.

## Hockey



Once more the hockey season has drawn to a close and once again the weather has played its part—this time a very disagreeable one with cold biting winds, hail, rain and snow. Just before the Christmas holidays our play was beginning to improve so much that we anticipated having a successful season. So much for our hopes! As our matches were cancelled one by one and practices at Craigend became fewer our brightest hopes were not realised. However, from the remaining games that we did play we derived a great deal of enjoyment and many of the younger players showed great promise. As a good fixture list has been arranged for next year, it is hoped that all former players and many new members will join in our Saturday morning games at Craigend. Now it only remains for us to give our sincerest thanks to Miss Fisher and Miss Hay for all the help they have given us in our practices.

E. B.

## On His Homework

When I consider how my life is spent,  
Ere four long years, in this dark school and wide,  
While in a dark and dreary room I bide  
Striving with surds, and o'er my Maths. book bent  
To try to please my teachers, and present  
A good report, lest they returning chide;  
"Do you expect good homework, brains denied?"  
I fondly ask; but my master, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, "You do not need  
To work, such easy tasks I set. Who best  
Do my light homework are my pets: my state  
Is kingly: the whole class at my bidding read,  
And work out sums and problems without rest;  
They shall not pass who bring their homework late".

MILTON, IV 1.



## Cerebration

My brain is blank, my mind is weary,  
My passing thoughts are sad and dreary,  
Composing has me sorely worried,  
My eyes are wild, my words are flurried,  
Wild notions riot through my brain,  
I feel as if I'm not quite sane.  
What can I do to make my mark?  
I'll send this in just for a lark.

K. H., 16.

## Cricket



The school cricket team has not stepped off on the right foot this season. Of the first three games played there were two defeats and one victory. But the season is still young, and the outlook for the team's future success is not entirely black—far from it.

The bad start may be put down to inexperience, as there is a younger element than usual in the team, but the black mark can be rubbed out if the whole team is determined to pull together. This can be done by endless practice and perseverance. The ability is definitely there.

As usual, we are fortunate in having facilities for practising at Golfhill Cricket Club's ground—Meadowpark, on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, commencing at 4.15. We are also fortunate in receiving first-class, up-to-date coaching from Mr. J. Thomson, Mr. R. Heeps, and Mr. J. McKean, who have done a great deal already in building up the cricket team and in bringing to many boys an interest in the game by their simple and ever-ready advice. Younger boys as well as team members are invited to the practices, where they receive the fundamentals in the various aspects of the game.

The cricket team is allowed the use of Meadowpark for cricket matches on week-day afternoons, and on Saturday mornings. The Golfhill Cricket Club staff deserve the team's thanks for providing two excellent pitches.

I. J. L. B.

## Christ's Second Coming, or Sunrise

It was silent,  
And the darkness lay o'er the whole earth like a veil;  
While above the stars gleamed with a beauteous light.  
Here and there a rustle was heard,  
Perhaps some little animals going to bed.  
Then suddenly a light appeared in the East  
Flooding o'er all the earth.  
The sun in all its glory slowly rose,  
And the peoples of the earth rose up to greet Him.  
The dawn was here at last.

R. F. G., III 4.



[Photo by Lawrie

**CRICKET TEAM.**

*Standing:* A. Wright, A. Carmichael, D. Moir, A. Stewart, J. Queen,  
G. Marshall, J. McEwan.

*Sitting:* M. Cunningham, P. Miller, I. Bourner (Capt.), R. Black, J. Falconer.  
S. Kent (Scorer).

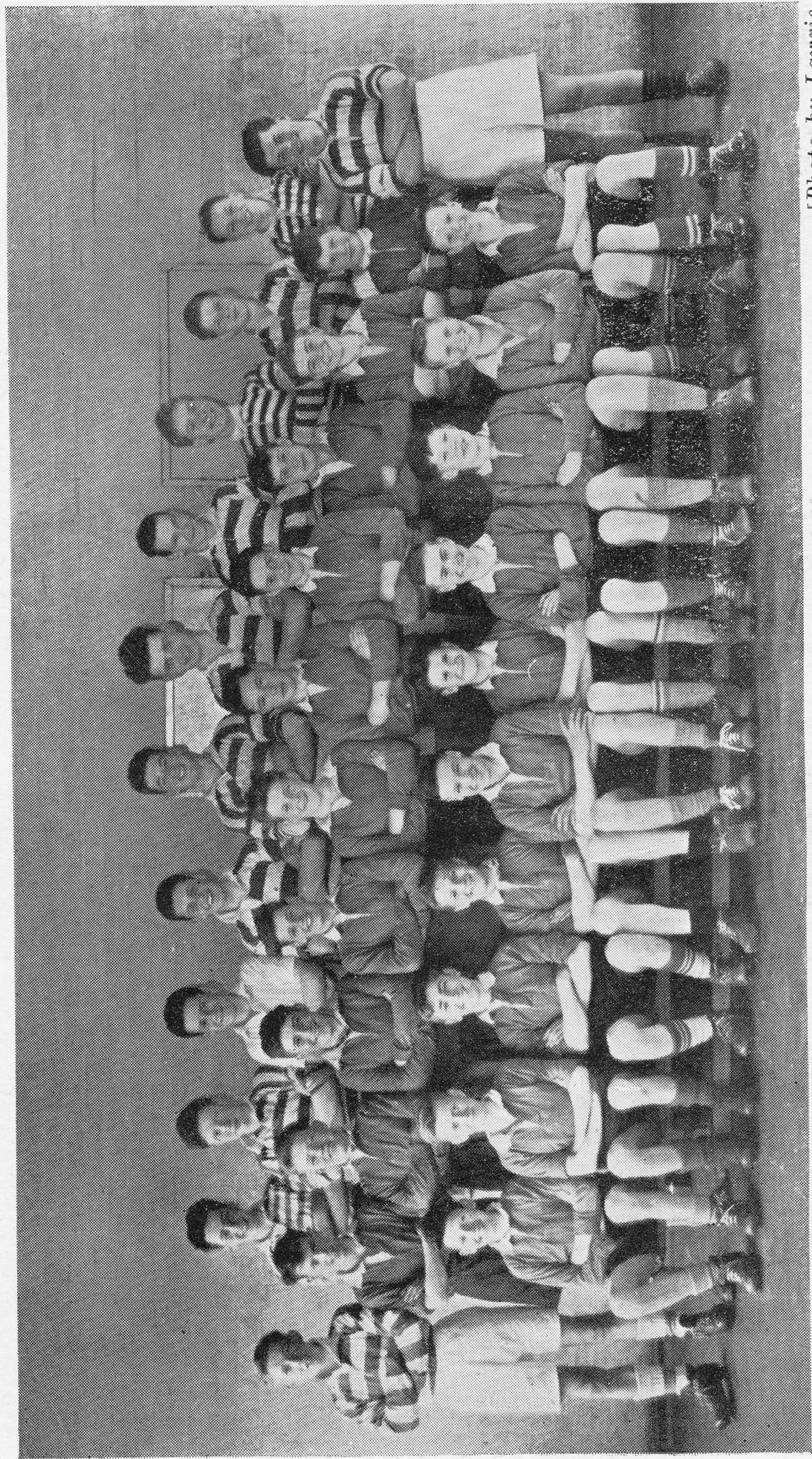


[Photo by Lawrie

**FOOTBALL SECOND XI.**

*Standing:* D. Blair, G. McIndoe, E. Carrick, N. Cooper, T. Wilson, D. Hogarth,  
J. Kinnell.

*Sitting:* T. Willows, G. Taggart, R. Russell (Capt.), S. Hunter, W. Anderson.



*[Photo by Lawrie*

**JUNIOR RUGBY GROUP.**

# THE SPORTS

## SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

### BOYS.

100 Yards Flat—  
1 J. Lang, 2 R. Cresswell, 3 (equal) T. McNab and J. Falconer  
220 Yards Flat—  
1 R. Cresswell, 2 S. Hunter, 3 J. Falconer.  
880 Yards Flat—  
1 W. Steele, 2 J. Falconer, 3 T. McNab.

**Champion:** TOM McNAB (21 points).

High Jump—  
1 T. McNab, 2 D. Moir, 3 (equal), G. Caskie and J. Queen.  
Long Jump—  
1 T. McNab, 2 R. Cresswell, 3 R. Potts.  
Shot Putt—  
1 T. Willows, 2 J. Falconer, 3 T. McNab.  
Discus—  
1 T. Willows, 2 T. McNab, 3 J. Falconer.  
**Runner-up:** RONALD CRESSWELL (14 pts.)

### GIRLS.

100 Yards Flat—  
1 B. Posnett, 2 E. Wilson, 3 C. Fisher.  
220 Yards Flat—  
1 B. Posnett, 2 E. Wilson, 3 V. Creed.  
High Jump—  
1 S. Connell, 2 E. Bell, 3 M. Willox.

**Champion:** BARBARA POSNETT (20 pts.)

Hockey Dribbling—  
1 B. Posnett, 2 E. McLean, 3 V. Creed.  
Netball Shooting—  
1 C. Fisher, 2 E. Donaldson, 3 B. Posnett.  
**Runners-up:** (Equal, 8 points)  
ELSPETH WILSON & CELIA FISHER.

## JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

### BOYS.

100 Yards Flat—  
1 G. Kelly, 2 G. Watson, 3 F. Thornton.  
220 Yards Flat—  
1 G. Kelly, 2 A. Wright, 3 F. Thornton.  
440 Yards Flat—  
1 G. Kelly, 2 A. Wright, 3 W. Tilley.

**Champion:** GORDON KELLY (36 pts.)

High Jump—  
1 G. Kelly, 2 M. Millington, 3 A. Wright.  
Long Jump—  
1 G. Kelly, 2 A. Wright, 3 V. Hugo.  
Shot Putt—  
1 A. Wright, 2 G. Kelly, 3 H. Kelly.  
Cricket Ball—  
1 A. Graham, 2 A. Wright, 3 G. Kelly.  
**Runner-up:** ALAN WRIGHT (24 pts.)

### GIRLS.

100 Yards Flat—  
1 J. Stevenson, 2 M. Creed, 3 C. Murdoch.  
150 Yards Flat—  
1 E. Dunbar, 2 B. Pitt, 3 M. Creed.  
Skipping Rope—  
1 J. Stevenson, 2 B. Pitt, 3 M. McIntosh.

**Champion—**JEANETTE STEVENSON (18 pts.)

High Jump—  
1 J. Stevenson, 2 M. Muir, 3 M. Calvert and J. Fox (equal).  
Target Aiming—  
1 M. Martin, 2 C. Murdoch, 3 J. McDonald.  
**Runner-up—**BETTY PITT (8 points).

## OTHER EVENTS.

### BOYS.

880 Yards Open Handicap (McBriar Cup)—  
1 R. Cresswell, 2 R. Potts.  
Obstacle Race—  
1 R. White, 2 J. Wallace.  
Slow Cycle Race—  
1 J. McKenzie, 2 P. Donaldson.  
Medley Race (under 15)—  
1 A. Naismith, 2 T. McNeil.  
Three-Legged (under 15)—  
1 I. Hamilton and J. Wallace.

Pillow Fight (under 15)—  
1 W. McLeod, 2 J. Bull.  
100 Yards Flat (under 13)—  
1 A. Wyper, 2 D. Campbell.  
Barrel Boxing (under 13)—  
1 D. McEwan, 2 J. Mackie.  
Form II Relay—II 2.  
Form I Relay—I 9.  
Invitation Relay—Whitehill.

### GIRLS.

300 Yards Open Handicap (Bogle Cup)—  
1 E. Dunbar, 2 J. McDonald.  
Obstacle Race—  
1 B. Posnett, 2 J. McKeurtan.  
Sack Race—  
1 B. Posnett, 2 M. Bell.  
Three-Legged (over 15)—  
1 A. McAdam and D. Scott.  
Three-Legged (under 15)—  
1 I. McLean and B. Kilgariff.

75 Yards Flat (under 13)—  
1 M. Rice, 2 S. Wilson.  
Egg and Spoon (under 13)—  
1 J. Patrick, 2 E. Dunn.  
Senior Relay—IV 3.  
Form II Relay—II 5.  
Form I Relay—I 11.  
Invitation Relay—Shawlands.

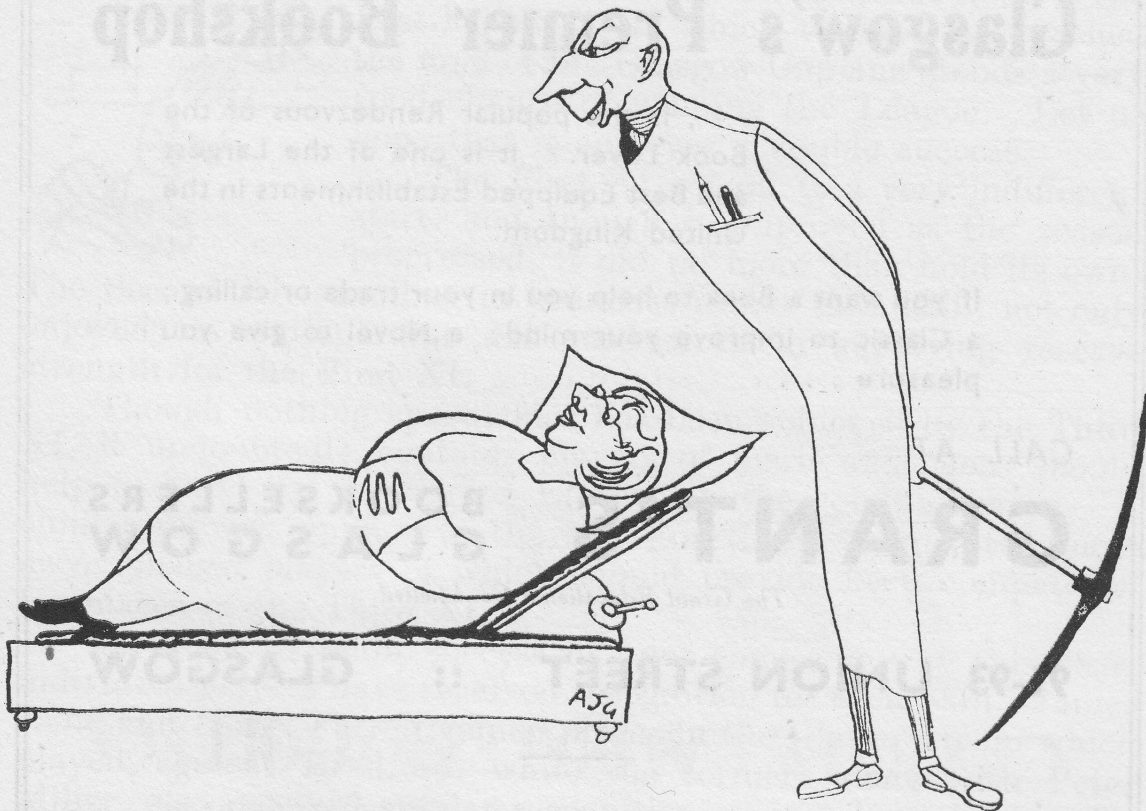
Tug of War—Staff beat Former Pupils.

## A Staff Occasion

On Friday, 1st February, the Staff indulged in an evening of mutual admiration at the Gordon Restaurant. Included in the company were many former members, "better halves," and friends. After tea we entertained ourselves, no adventitious aids being necessary. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Brown delighted with their rendering of Gaelic and other airs. Miss Wallace gave a beautiful display of coloured photographs taken during her recent Canadian journey. As we gathered round the magic lantern like an old-fashioned family party there was an accompaniment of comments and chuckles, chiefly from Mrs. Pirie. The classic note was struck when the Glee Club took the floor, under the baton of Mr. Meikle. This consisted of eight men chosen, I regret to say, for their good appearance rather than their musical talents. But it was wonderful what the conductor was able to produce in spite of handicaps. As befitted a Glee Club, death was the main theme of their repertoire. The opening words of "Who killed Cock Robin?" (freely adapted) struck a peculiarly solemn note:—

I, John McC——le;  
I know it's a swindle,  
But I call it Chemistry.

We hope to hear this unique octet again and hereby give notice to Mr. Hugh M. Hutchison and his committee that, having succeeded so well on this occasion, they will try again.



"And now, Mrs. Claveridge, I'm going to delve deep down into your subconscious."

## The Scripture Union

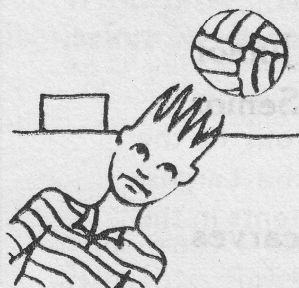
We are now nearing the end of the fourth session of the Scripture Union in Whitehill, and, on looking back over this past term, we feel that it has been the best yet. Not only have the attendances increased (our highest one to date has been ninety-three), but we have had a greater variety of excellent outside speakers, and many of the boys and girls themselves have taken part in the meetings.

It is the aim of the Scripture Union to encourage young folk to read their Bibles, and to get as much help and enjoyment as possible from them. It is, perhaps, the largest Bible-reading organisation in the world, for it has over a million members, the membership cards being printed in more than ninety languages, and Whitehill is only one of the many schools in Britain which have S.U. branches. We should, therefore, be proud to wear our little green badge with the lamp on it, which signifies God's word, and proclaims us as daily readers of it.

For certain of us, the month of June sees the end of our schooldays, which means that the Scripture Union will be having new Secretaries. We hope that you, the School, will give them your loyal support in this tremendously worthwhile task, as you have given it to us in past months; and we shall be looking for even greater things from the Scripture Union next session.

M. M. W. and A. T. S.

## Football



This has not been one of our most successful seasons. The only team which has distinguished itself is the Post-Primary XI, which to date has reached the final of the Glasgow Cup and stands a very good chance of winning the League. Let us hope that it achieves a double success.

The First XI got off to a very indifferent start, and though it improved as the season progressed, it did no more than hold its own. The Second XI, excelling in keenness rather than skill, not only enjoyed its outings but did good work in supplying reserve strength for the First XI.

Though nothing spectacular has been achieved by the Third XI, it undoubtedly contains players of merit and these should help to build up the Senior Elevens in the coming season. A similar remark applies to the two Fourth XI teams, the most accomplished players of which should provide keen competition for places in the Third XI.

However, if team success has not come our way this year, individual players have received recognition for their skill. James Lang and Harry Farrell gained places in the Glasgow team which played against Bradford, while the former, along with Peter Miller, also received similar recognition against Lanarkshire. To those others, who just fell short of winning representative honours, we wish better luck next season.

# The Student Christian Movement

The S.C.M. wants to make more students consider thoughtfully the teaching of Jesus. It does this through debate. The members discuss different ideas of Christianity, each giving his own view of the matter, whether it is orthodox or heretical. The meeting has a place for many shades of religious (or irreligious) feeling. The only condition of membership is a willingness to listen to the ideas of other people, and to explain your own. The founders of the S.C.M. believe free discussion is a step nearer the truth—which is also a step nearer God.

The Whitehill branch of the S.C.M., at present designated S.C.S. (Student Christian Society), was founded at the start of the year. We began with quite eighteen names on the roll. Through time, the meetings have become more and more select, until now we have an average attendance of six (seven, if you count the chairman). Although this has not impaired the quality of the speeches, it does not make for *variety*, for by this time most of us know what the others think on the most important topics.

This is not a satisfactory state of affairs in that we believe more could enjoy the Society than are members of it. If you are an intelligent, talkative person in the Fifth or Sixth Year, you may wish to try it yourself. The S.C.S. meets fortnightly in Room 81. You will find it announced on the hall-board; usually meetings are on Wednesdays, at 4.15. Mr. J. M. Hutchison is chairman, and already we have a small library.

WARNING: If you object to being contradicted, or dislike discussion of your most personal beliefs, don't come.

A. J. G.

## Jim

Jim was a cowboy, bold and daring,  
Jim into fights was always faring.  
Jim was a hombre no man called fool,  
Till a voice said, "Jim, it's time for school".

Jim was an airman who rode the skies,  
Jim was an airman with keen cat's eyes,  
Jim was an airman dressed in blue,  
Till a voice said, "Jim, what's twice times two?"

Jim was an admiral, brave and bold,  
Jim fought the pirates in days of old.  
Jim was an admiral who sailed the seas,  
Till a voice said, "Jim, it's time for tea".

Jim was a little boy, not brave at all,  
Jim hugged his Panda and curled up small.  
Jim was a little boy wishing it was light,  
Very glad to hear that voice say, "Darling, goodnight".

E. M., 13.

## Rugby



Once again the rugby season has come to an end and once again we have to thank the weather for spoiling half of our games. Our fixture list comprised twenty-seven games, and of these only thirteen were played. During the winter there was a space of eight weeks in which no rugby matches were in progress and this weakened the standard of our teams. The 1st XV won six games, lost four, and drew three. This is a good record considering that there were practically no team members from the Sixth Year and we had to rely on the Fourth Year to keep the team together. Our forwards proved to be all-powerful and were the foundation of many of our victories. In our first game against Hutchesons' Grammar 2nd XV we had a hard struggle and were unfortunate to troop off the field with an unsatisfactory 3-all draw. The game was so keen that we decided to hold a return fixture, but this was only possible during the week and also in the middle of our medal exams. However, we fielded a team containing four non-rugby players and we were beaten by 9 points to 3.

This year we had high hopes of beating the Former Pupils in the "Old Crocks' Game," but these hopes were dashed when we were informed that it was impossible to play at Craigend during the week. It is unfortunate that this fine tradition, which is eagerly waited for by the whole team, had to be cancelled after at least seventeen years, but we can only hope that it will be re-started next year and be carried on for many years to come.

The two junior teams have been kept at a very high standard by the able guidance of Mr. Forgie and Mr. Gardiner. If the boys in these teams continue to play so well the future of rugby in the school is assured. Unfortunately, other schools usually field much heavier teams than ours, but the boys always face up to this obstacle by remembering the old motto, "The bigger they are, the heavier they fall."

The "father" of the 1st XV, Mr. McKean, has to be thanked for his helpful criticism. As long as Mr. McKean is in the school we can always be sure of at least one supporter at our away matches.

We would like to thank the girls of the Fifth and Sixth Years, and the members of the hockey team who sacrificed their Saturday mornings to provide tea for the visiting teams. The school secretary also deserves thanks for bearing with the numerous interruptions for the use of the 'phone and also her willingness to help in matters involving difficulties.

The culmination of our season is when we play against the girls' hockey team. We are wondering at the moment what the curve in the hockey stick should be used for, whether we should catch hold of the opponents' legs or necks.

B. G.



## The Library

During this session additions have been made to the English, History, Geography, Modern Languages and Art Sections of the School Library.



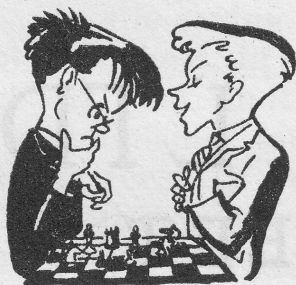
These include the following books:—

- “A Companion to French Studies”—G. Ritchie.
- “Pageant of the English People”—H. E. Priestley.
- “Great Scots”—J. F. Houston.
- “The Young Traveller in Switzerland”—M. Meier.
- “The Young Traveller in China”—E. Roberts.
- “The Young Traveller in Ireland”—M. Herring.
- “The Royal Mile”—R. T. Skinner.
- “The Kon-Tiki Expedition”—T. Heyerdahl.
- “The Navy of To-morrow”—F. H. Shaw.
- “Tales of Scottish Keeps and Castles”—E. Grierson.
- “Everyman’s Dictionary of Quotations and Proverbs”—D. C. Browning.
- “Scottish Himalayan Expedition”—W. Murray.
- “The Boy’s Book of Scotland Yard.”
- “Stolen Journey”—E. Philpot.
- “Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery”—Lady Peacock.
- “Stratford Adventure”—A. Furlong.
- “On the Bat’s Back” (Life of R.L.S.)—M. Lawson.
- “British Railways for Boys”—Allen.

We would like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to two good friends of the school, and of the Library—Mr. Theodore D. Low, M.A., LL.B., and Dr. J. W. Patterson, who have presented us with a number of books in recent months.

J. E. G.

## Chess



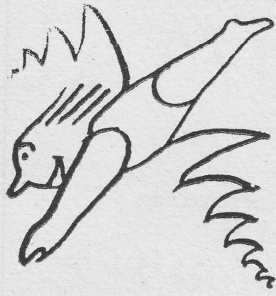
The Chess Club had a very encouraging membership this season and it is to be hoped that next season the pupils of Whitehill will provide the Club with a host of little chess geniuses. This season a League Table was drawn up as usual for each of the three sections of the Chess Club, and, although they were not all completed, I am sure that both boys and girls found many of their matches interesting and exciting.

In the Glasgow Schools Chess League our team has won six of its seven matches and as a result plays Glasgow Academy in the semi-final of the Championship. It is not because of the outstanding capabilities of any of the members of the team that we have gained this honour, but because of the average common sense chess of which the whole team is capable. It is for this reason that we find that the last few members of the team usually win their games, proving that the sting is in our tail. Now we hope that our good fortune will continue so that we may beat Glasgow Academy and go on to meet Holyrood School in the final.

It is only right that I should, on behalf of the members of the team, thank Mr. Paul for his guidance and advice, and Mr. Scott for his encouragement and efficiency in providing the tea for the visiting teams.

G. B.

## Swimming



The highlight of the school's swimming season is undoubtedly the November Gala, and this year our effort brought forth no poverty of enthusiastic plaudits and approving whistles. While this no doubt adds to the enjoyment of such a social occasion, an approach to silence during speeches would help to indicate that politeness and consideration are not yet dead in Whitehill.

In general swimming activities it was hardly possible to maintain the successes of 1950-51, but, though our senior team were runners-up to Hillhead in the Glasgow Schools Swimming Championship, they took ample revenge by winning the Team Race at both Hillhead and Hyndland Schools' Galas. Earlier in the season the Junior Boys' Team again annexed the Robertson Cup, and Myra Milne (III1) and Andrew Weir (II4) were chosen to swim for Glasgow's relay team (under 15) at the Scottish Schools' Gala in Leith. At this same Gala Doreen Wyper (I4), who swam for Glasgow in the 25 yards Back Stroke Race, took second place. Well done, Doreen!

At the Glasgow Schools' Gala in November we had a number of finalists, one or two of whom finished second or third in their events. Notable in this connection was Sidney Durk's (III6) performance in gaining second place in the Senior 150 yards Championship though only 15, and in the West of Scotland Schools' Championship Myra Milne reached the semi-final stages before being eliminated.

In life-saving the girls continue to do well, having finished third highest in the Royal Life Saving Society's award for schools, and, in the Glasgow speed test, both boys' and girls' teams finished fourth. It is worthy of note that Vera Creed (III7) recently passed her Scholar-Instructor's Certificate. The boys will require to show more enthusiasm if they wish to emulate the girls' success in winning certificate passes.

## An Honest Leaver's Valedictory

Farewell to thee, great and noble Whitehill (and Black Hole of Calcutta!),

Thou hast indeed served me well. (Enough, I hope!)

Throughout these constant months of toil (and weeks off!),

Many, many times have I obeyed the sound of thy bell (have I?),

And diligently sought to do thy homework (some of it anyway!).

Oh! how often have I sat fascinated by my teachers' lectures.

(Not very often!)

It is with deep sadness that I make my last exit (and glorious jubilation).

Knowing that I will not be back to-morrow. (Thank goodness!)

Parting is such sweet sweetness!

D. H. A., V1.