

Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 68



Summer,
1953

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By the time this reaches you the Coronation will have taken place. Nevertheless we begin this Editorial by duly expressing our loyalty to the Queen and our earnest hope for a long reign of peace and prosperity.

However, during all the excitement and activity produced by the "Coronation fever" we had once again to set about producing a magazine. This task was not made any easier by the School's meagre contribution, and in our despair we were prompted to think of a visitor to a certain institution who came upon one of the inmates who imagined himself to be an artist. He was busily engaged in dabbing at an empty canvas with a dry brush. The visitor, wishing to humour him, asked what the picture represented. "This is a picture of the Israelites being pursued through the Red Sea." "Where is the sea?" "Why, that's rolled back to allow the Israelites to pass." "Where are the Israelites?" "They've just gone by." "Then where are the pursuers?" "Oh, they'll be along in a minute." It seemed to us that the contents of our magazine were doomed to be just as fictitious. However, we scraped around and eventually collected sufficient material.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. Garden and Mr. Simpson for their work in the photographic line, and especially to Mr. Simpson who has so ably taken over Mr. Cormac's duties with his page of drawings. Again, we extend our thanks to Mr. Sloss for his work on the advertising side and most of all we thank Mr. Meikle for his help and guidance during our term as editors.

To those of you who are returning after the summer we send our greetings. For the rest of us this is a case of *ave atque vale*, or as we might choose to put it,

So now we rise and shed our blazers blue:
Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

THE EDITORS.

PRIZE LIST

Dux of the School: Henderson Medal and Prize, War Memorial Prize of £10—
STEWART T. REID.

Proxime accessit: War Memorial Prize of £5—
A. DAVID HOGARTH.

Macfarlane Gamble Prize of £1—
GEORGE R. BROWN.

Dux of Intermediate School—
GEORGE SHEARER.

War Memorial Prizes—

English: A. DAVID HOGARTH. **Mathematics:** ANDREW C. CURRIE.
Classics: GEORGE R. BROWN. **Science:** A. DAVID HOGARTH.
Modern: MAUREEN JOHNSTON. **Art:** PETER MILLER.

Ralph Payne Memorial Prizes in Science—
1 (equal) STEWART T. REID and THOMAS CHISHOLM.

Crosthwaite Memorial Prizes in Latin—
Senior: 1 GEORGE R. BROWN. 2 ELIZABETH G. DONALDSON.
Junior: 1 ROBERT D. MUNRO. 2 GORDON A. WATSON.

J. T. Smith Memorial Prizes in English—
Senior: A. DAVID HOGARTH. **Junior:** JAMES McMECKING.

Thomas Nisbet Prize in Mathematics—
ANDREW C. CURRIE.

Baillie Matthew Armstrong Prizes in Leadership—
Boys: RONALD M. CRESSWELL. **Girls:** ELIZABETH G. DONALDSON.

Rotary Club Prize for Citizenship—
GEORGE R. BROWN.

Inner Wheel Club Prize for Citizenship—
MARINA A. M. FITZGERALD.

Baillie T. R. Patterson Special Prizes—
Greek and Citizenship: ELIZABETH G. DONALDSON. **School Activities:** ANDREW J. SCOBIE.
Citizenship: IAN MACLEAN. **Special Endeavour:** CAROL FRASER.
Citizenship: ALASTAIR RUSSELL. **Special Endeavour:** JOHN MACKENZIE.

Miss Margaret H. Cunningham Prizes for Needlework—
1 (equal) ELIZABETH DYNES and ELEANOR BOYLE.

Whitehill School Club Prizes—
Form VI, Boys: STEWART T. REID. **Girls:** ELIZABETH G. DONALDSON.
Form V, Boys: STANLEY AFFROSSMAN. **Girls:** MARGARET G. REID.
Form IV, Boys: JOHN R. B. YOUNG. **Girls:** CHRISTINE S. GREIG.

SUBJECT PRIZES.

FORM VI.

English: A. DAVID HOGARTH. **Mathematics:** ANDREW C. CURRIE.
History: ANDREW J. SCOBIE. **Physics:** STEWART T. REID.
Geography: ALASTAIR RUSSELL. **Chemistry:** STEWART T. REID.
Latin: ELIZABETH G. DONALDSON. **Dynamics:** STEWART T. REID.
Greek: GEORGE R. BROWN. **Music:** SHEENA J. KINLOCH.
French: ANDREW C. CURRIE.

FORM V.

English: 1 MARGARET G. REID. **Maths:** 1 THOMAS CHISHOLM.
2 MARGARET BARROWMAN. 2 MARGARET G. REID.
3 LEONORA R. STEWART. 3 LEONORA R. STEWART.
History, Lower: 1 MARGARET G. REID. **Science:** 1 THOMAS CHISHOLM.
Geography, Lower: 1 ANNE K. YOUNG. 2 STANLEY AFFROSSMAN.
Latin: 1 MARGARET G. REID. **Art:** 1 NAN McADAM.
Greek: 1 ALBERT A'HARA. **Commercial:** 1 MARGARET BARROWMAN.
French: 1 STANLEY AFFROSSMAN. **Technical:** 1 IAN J. TODD.
German: 1 MAUREEN JOHNSTON. **Special Technical:** JOHN MINELLY.

FORM IV.

English: 1 ALEXANDER McCALLUM. **French:** 1 ROBERT BROWN.
2 CHRISTINE S. GREIG. **German:** 1 CHRISTINE S. GREIG.
3 WILLIAM K. REID. **Maths:** 1 JOHN R. B. YOUNG.
History: 1 ALEXANDER McCALLUM. 2 ISABELLA S. BROWN.
2 WILLIAM M. ESSLEMONT. 3 ROBERT DOUGLAS.
Geography: 1 WILLIAM K. REID. **Science:** 1 WILLIAM K. REID.
2 JOHN R. B. YOUNG. 2 NORMAN HAMILTON.
Latin: 1 JOHN R. B. YOUNG. **Art:** 1 MOIRA MUIR.
Greek: 1 MARY S. CAMERON. **Commercial:** 1 JUNE A. R. PIERCY.
Special Commercial: MARY PASSMORE.

FORM III.

Classical: 1 GEORGE SHEARER, 2 GORDON A. WATSON, 3 ROBERT D. MUNRO.
Modern: 1 JOHN SWAN, 2 MARY F. NELSON, 3 MARGARET PATERSON.
Commercial: 1 ELIZABETH M. SMITHERS, 2 MARY D. McMILLAN.

FORM II.

Classical: 1 ERNEST FORREST, 2 MARGARET COLLINS, 3 DINAH McINTOSH.
Modern: 1 JEAN P. McNEILL, 2 (equal) WILLIAM R. STEWART and JAMES SHARP.
Commercial: 1 ALEXANDRINA MARTIN.

FORM I.

Classical: 1 DAVID NICOL, 2 ENID E. HAMILTON, 3 WILLIAM C. LENNOX.
Modern: 1 HENRY HODSON, 2 NORMA McGINTY, 3 AGNES RENTON.

TRANSITIONAL.

1 ALASTAIR McKINNON. 2 RUTH MATHER. 3 MARGARET PASSMORE.

School Notes

The outstanding event for the term is without doubt the unveiling of the War Memorial, which took place on 14th May. For months we watched the preparations and felt the significance of it all. The two Great Wars, the losses we as a School sustained, the raising of the two War Memorial Funds, the two Memorial Plaques, and their union into one beautiful monument, linked several generations in one close and abiding kinship. The short social gathering held after the Service of Dedication served to emphasise this bond and many Whitehillians were grateful, as Mr. Alex. Fraser said, for the opportunity for reunion. He voiced their appreciation of the work of the War Memorial Committee and particularly of the services so willingly and efficiently given by Miss Jane E. Garvan, the Secretary. To this we would add a tribute to Messrs. A. Cameron Somerville and Joseph Hamilton for all they did at an earlier stage in preparing the Roll of Honour.

Dr. R. C. Hamilton of Kilmarnock presided over a large and enthusiastic reunion of the Whitehill School Dinner Club which took place in the Grosvenor Restaurant on 6th March. Mr. James Porter, whose name comes first in the list of Dux and James Henderson Medallists, retired recently from the Rectorship of Irvine Royal Academy. We send him best wishes for his happiness during his retirement.



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comes from
Physical Fitness**

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Bread
Quality Always**

Some well-known former members of Staff passed away during the year: Mr. Robert Douglas, who followed Mr. Andrew Riddell as Leader of the School Choir; Mr. John Robb, who composed our School Song; Mr. William Scott, a noted teacher in his time; and Miss Christina Downs, aged 90, who was our last infant mistress. The Infant Department in Whitehill was closed in 1901. The Former Pupils of those days still speak of her with affection.

Many changes of staff took place during the second term. It was pleasant to have with us once again Mrs. Duncanson, who after a short time in the English Department was transferred to Hyndland. We were sorry to lose the services of Mr. Richard J. S. Cormac of the Art Department. Not only was he a skilful artist but he was a lively companion and he brightened the Magazine with humorous and telling cartoons which we knew as "Cormacatures." Our good wishes go with him in his new appointment. Greetings also go to Mrs. Olive McKean, recently of the Physical Training Department. We were loth to part from Mr. John Bennett, our Principal Teacher of Science, who retired on 6th May. We shall always remember his kindly readiness to oblige and the way he accompanied it with a smile and often a merry quip. In his place has come Mr. William Bargh, a Former Pupil, to whom we give a hearty welcome and best wishes for success in his new appointment. A similar welcome is given to Miss Estelle M. Mair (Music), Miss Margaret M. Crofts (Physical Training), who is a Former Pupil, Miss Margaret E. Buchanan and Mr. James Cruickshank (Transition Classes), Mr. Thomas Gardner (Art), and Mr. Ian Gallaway (English).

We are glad to hear that Miss McColl is in good heart and making steady progress in convalescence. It was good to see Mr. Kelly back in his office as cheery as ever after all he had gone through during his recent illness.

The death was reported on 11th May in an air accident in India of Mr. John Dunlop King, a Former Pupil, aged 27. He had served in the R.A.F. during the war and at the time of his death was entering on a very promising career as representative of his firm in India. Our deepest sympathy goes to his relatives.

The Coronation is now close upon us and Whitehill like other schools is looking forward to the celebrations. In addition, we have our school concert in the Athenaeum at the end of June. As in previous years musical successes have come our way. These include the winning at the Glasgow Music Festival of "The Glasgow Herald" Trophy by the Girls' Choir, and the Chassevent and the Alison trophies by the Boys' Choir, both choirs being led by Mr. Fletcher. Mr. Meikle's Former Pupils' Choir has had three successful concerts, bringing a fine season to a splendid close in the enjoyable programme rendered in the Berkeley Hall on 19th May.

Session 1953-54

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F.P. Successes

We have to go to press before all the University and College results are known, but we are pleased to be able to report the following:

ROBERT D. KERNOHAN: Degree of M.A., with First Class Honours in History.

IAN C. FRASER: Degree of B.Sc., with Honours in Geology.

IAN G. HOOD: Degree of B.Sc., with Honours in Natural Philosophy.

GEORGE F. MILNE: Degree of B.Sc., with Honours in Natural Philosophy.

JAMES L. STOKER: Degree of B.Sc. in Engineering.

KENNETH W. EADIE: Certificate of Distinction and Second Prize in Civil Law, Distinction in Social Economics.

EMILY MCBRIDE: Macfarlane Scholarship in Singing;
L.T.C.L. Diploma in Pianoforte.

The Literary and Debating Society

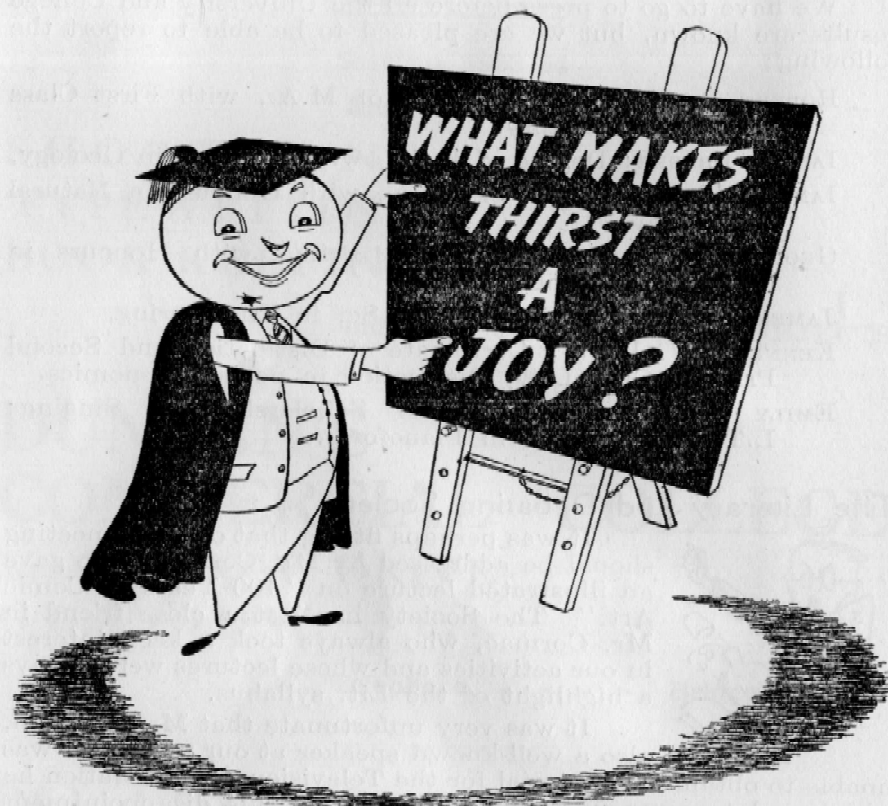


It was perhaps fitting that our last meeting should be addressed by Mr. Cormac, who gave an illustrated lecture on "100 Years of Comic Art." The Society has lost a close friend in Mr. Cormac, who always took a keen interest in our activities and whose lectures were always a highlight of the Lit. syllabus.

It was very unfortunate that Mr. Simpson, also a well-known speaker at our meetings, was unable to obtain the material for the Television demonstration he had hoped to arrange for us. In spite of this disappointment the present season has brought forward many new ideas and new faces. Our annual encounter with the F.P.s took a new form this year, the meeting being divided into four short debates, each with two speakers. Fortunately examinations did not interfere as they did last year, and the School speakers spoke convincingly enough in the four minutes allotted to each to win three of the four debates. Another successful venture was a Mock Trial of Napoleon.

The new lecturers whom we must thank are Mr. R. P. Sloss and Mr. D. Katzenell. Other lectures for which we are grateful were given by Mr. Oliver Brown and Mr. T. Jardine, both of whom are well-known by Lit. members. The opening address, however, was one which will long be remembered for its wit and eloquence, and we are indebted to Mr. Jack House for this wonderful start to the season. Finally we must thank once more our Vice-President, Mr. Scott, for all the time and energy he has spent in making this season the success it has been.

A. D. HOGARTH,



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A Whitehill Staff Outing

On Thursday, 7th May, about fifty members of Staff, some with their wives, and some former colleagues whom we were glad to meet again, set forth in two buses for a luxury tour in order to do honour to Mr. and Mrs. John Bennett. Mr. Bennett had just retired from the position of Principal Teacher of Science. Everything conspired to make it a perfect outing—the hour of ease, the sunshine, the time of the year, the smooth running of the buses (except when Bus No. 1 ran into the cul-de-sac at the head of Whitehill Street), the marvellous woodland scenery between Inverkip and Skelmorlie, and the delectable meal at Mackay's Restaurant, Largs.

Coruscating wit was a feature of the speeches at the presentation. Mr. McEwan in handing over our gift recalled early days at Shawlands Academy; Mr. MacPhail on behalf of the Science Department said farewell to their "kind uncle" with deep regret; and Mr. Bennett, who had now completed 43 years' service and who looked as if he could easily do another "round," returned thanks in an informal speech which aroused a constant ripple of laughter.

Mr. Jack Fisher as Master of Ceremonies now commanded us to enjoy ourselves, recommending especially a visit to the Putting Green. A very dignified party obeyed and the game that followed reminded one of a stately Edwardian game of croquet; but some good scores were handed in all the same!

Then the journey home began, Miss Helen M. Gordon, a former member of staff, now resident in Largs, seeing us off. An informal choir made melody, whereat one or two were lulled to sleep. This may have been a compliment to the choristers or it may have been due to the motion of the bus. At any rate special mention must be made of the singing powers of Miss Strang and Miss Tudhope and of Messrs. Munro, Cuthbertson, and Jardine—not forgetting the driver.

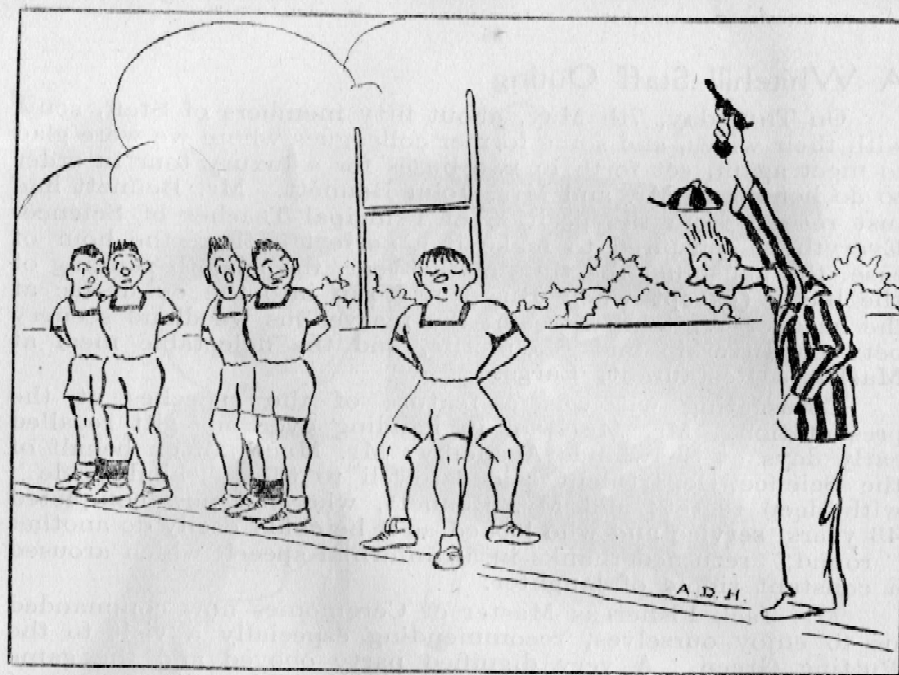
The "T" Pupil

He wore a bright blue blazer
Although the day was cold;
His badge, his bag, his tie, his shoes—
Not a thing was old.

His cap, it matched his blazer,
His socks, they were top-hose;
His hanky was a nice bright red—
I think, to match his nose.

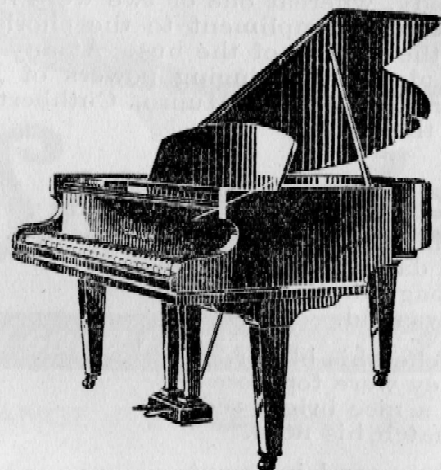
He looked so fresh and innocent,
It made me feel quite ill,
For that poor simple child was now
A victim of Whitehill.

LINDA WYPER, 112.



Drawn by A. D. Hogarth, VI.

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BOYS.

100 Yards Flat—
1 S. Hunter, 2 J. Lang, 3 R. Cresswell.
220 Yards Flat—
1 S. Hunter, 2 R. Cresswell, 3 R. Potts.
880 Yards Flat—
1 R. Cresswell, 2 J. Lang, 3 S. Hunter.

High Jump—
1 T. Willows, 2 J. Henderson, 3 J. Lang.
Long Jump—
1 S. Hunter, 2 T. Willows, 3 J. MacKenzie.
Shot Putt—
1 T. Willows, 2 J. Henderson, 3 (equal) J. MacKenzie and T. Carruthers.

Discus—
1 T. Willows, 2 S. Hunter, 3 J. MacKenzie.

Champion: STUART HUNTER (24 pts.).

Runner-up: THOMAS WILLOWS (22 pts.).

GIRLS.

100 Yards Flat—
1 B. Posnett, 2 E. Wilson, 3 C. Murdoch.
220 Yards Flat—
1 B. Posnett, 2 E. Wilson, 3 C. Fisher.
High Jump—
1 M. Hunter, 2 E. Wilson, 3 N. Stewart.

Hockey Dribbling—
1 M. Anderson, 2 N. Stewart, 3 E. Wilson.
Netball Shooting—
1 C. Fisher, 2 M. Anderson, 3 M. Pinkerton.

Champion: ELSPETH WILSON (14 pts.).

Runner-up: BARBARA POSNETT (12 pts.).

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

BOYS.

100 Yards Flat—
1 G. Watson, 2 A. Wright, 3 V. Hugo.
220 Yards Flat—
1 G. Watson, 2 A. Wright, 3 V. Hugo.
440 Yards Flat—
1 G. Watson, 2 A. Wright, 3 R. Grant.

High Jump—
1 V. Hugo, 2 G. Watson, 3 R. Grant.
Long Jump—
1 G. Watson, 2 A. Wright, 3 I. Crichton.
Shot Putt—
1 A. Wright, 2 A. McLennan, 3 R. Grant.
Cricket Ball—
1 A. Wright, 2 D. Lovat, 3 V. Hugo.

Champions: GORDON WATSON and ARTHUR WRIGHT (each 28 pts.).

GIRLS.

100 Yards Flat—
1 H. McIntyre, 2 A. Irvine, 3 M. Robertson.
150 Yards Flat—
1 H. McIntyre, 2 A. Irvine, 3 M. Rice.
Skipping Rope—
1 A. Irvine, 2 M. Robertson, 3 E. Winkworth.

High Jump—
1 M. Robertson, 2 E. McArthur, 3 G. McPherson.
Target Aiming—
1 I. McGarry, 2 I. Rutherford, 3 J. McNeil.

Champion: ALISON IRVINE (14 pts.).

Runners-up: M. ROBERTSON and HAZEL MCINTYRE (each 12 pts.).

OTHER EVENTS.

BOYS.

880 Yards Open Handicap (McBriar Cup)—
1 J. Littlejohn, 2 J. Meggat.
Obstacle Race—
1 R. White, 2 W. Goldie.
Slow Cycle Race—
1 J. MacKenzie, 2 J. Moore.
Medley Race (under 15)—
1 W. Goldie, 2 R. White.
Three-Legged (under 15)—
1 V. Hugo and I. Crichton.

Pillow Fight (under 15)—
1 W. Shearer, 2 A. Wilson.
100 Yards Flat (under 13)—
1 J. Meggat, 2 I. Kilpatrick.
Barrel Boxing (under 13)—
1 J. Moore, 2 A. Barrowman.
Form II Relay—II 9.
Form I Relay—II 1.
Invitation Relay—Whitehill.

GIRLS.

300 Yards Open Handicap (Bogle Cup)—
1 A. Irvine, 2 M. Robertson.
Obstacle Race—
1 M. Murdoch, 2 C. Gibson.
Sack Race—
1 M. Bell, 2 M. Muir.
Three-Legged (over 15)—
1 P. McEwan and J. Bryce.

Three-Legged (under 15)—
1 M. Bell and M. Knox.
75 Yards Flat (under 13)—
1 I. Green, 2 M. Murdoch.
Egg and Spoon (under 13)—
1 A. Murray, 2 I. Green.
Senior Relay—III 1.
Form II Relay—II 3.
Form I Relay—II 1.
Invitation Relay—Shawlands.

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Under The Editors' Table

I shall have to give up my present employment and look for another career. Never have you given me so little to work on. The streams of your inspiration were meagre enough last time, but now they scarcely trickle. The Editors tell me they got some support from I4, II2, and III2, but only a token contribution from the rest of you. Even the Editors cannot make a magazine out of nothing. So where is the next one coming from?

F. H., III 2, produced a good couplet:

Amazed, confused, I found my power expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

She retired rather early. A pity she did not write a poem first.

This class would also have gained the prize, if we had offered one, for the shortest article. Here it is:

Oh, how I wish the term was ended!

We had some bewildering attempts at rhymes, perhaps the worst being "sombbrero" and "umbrella."

A poem discarded by the Editors began:

Magazine time has come once again,
So it's time to get busy with pencil and pen.
The teacher complains when we offer him nought,
And says it will do, supposing it's rot.

The Editors said it was.

Near misses from E. A., II 3, and A. R. G., II 2.

That's all this time. Get busy with pencil and pen a little sooner for the next magazine.

OSWALD, THE OFFICE BOY.

Hockey



We have had an enjoyable season, with more success than usual. This is due partly to the consistently good attendance and hard work of all players, but mainly to the help and encouragement given to us by those ladies of the Staff who coached or accompanied us.

We extend a hearty invitation to all girls to join us next season early in September.

All present players who would like to join the F.P. Club next year please give their names to me as soon as possible.

NORA STEWART.

Mr. John Bennett, M.A.

On 6th May last, after 43 years' teaching service in Glasgow, including nine years as our principal teacher of Science, Mr. Bennett having reached the age limit had to retire. It was a tribute to his active mind and alertness of spirit that the announcement of his retirement took us completely by surprise. So smoothly did he carry out his duties that it is only now that we realise what a great burden of work he carried on his shoulders. His department with its ten laboratories was one of the largest in the country, and demanded meticulous organisation and serious planning. He kept in touch with modern developments and was an expert in the use of visual aids in the teaching of his subject. He was never harassed by his manifold duties and he took a most active share in our corporate activities. Teaching he delights in: by some alchemy of temperament he can transmute the leaden labours and fatigues of the class-room into the pure gold of enjoyment. He has a genius for friendship and when he was with us he was the best of companions, whether the setting was Room 13 or the School Dining Hall, the Staff Room or the Riviera. His former pupils and colleagues of Shawlands and Possil will join with those of Whitehill in wishing for him a long and happy retirement.

Excursion to France

For many weeks plans have been made to take a party once again to Nice. Whitehill knows the Côte d'Azur with its blue seas and skies, the vineyards and the groves of lemon and orange. To the pleasure of meeting our friends at the Lycée des Garçons, the magnificent school which will be our Headquarters, there will be added the opportunity of visiting the perfumery at La Turbie, the Prince's Palace at Monaco, and perhaps more thrilling the journey over the winding Grande Corniche, the great military road built by Napoleon.

"Plans," however, "gang aft agley," and two unforeseen developments have so greatly increased the cost of the excursion that drastic alterations on the programme may be necessary.

A Little Songster

There's a thrush in my garden
That sings all the day,
Just singing his heart out,
Rejoicing and gay.
From his own special branch
In his own special tree
This bright little fellow
Flirts gaily with me.
He knows when I'm blue
And stays with me along,
And all the way through
He warbles his song.

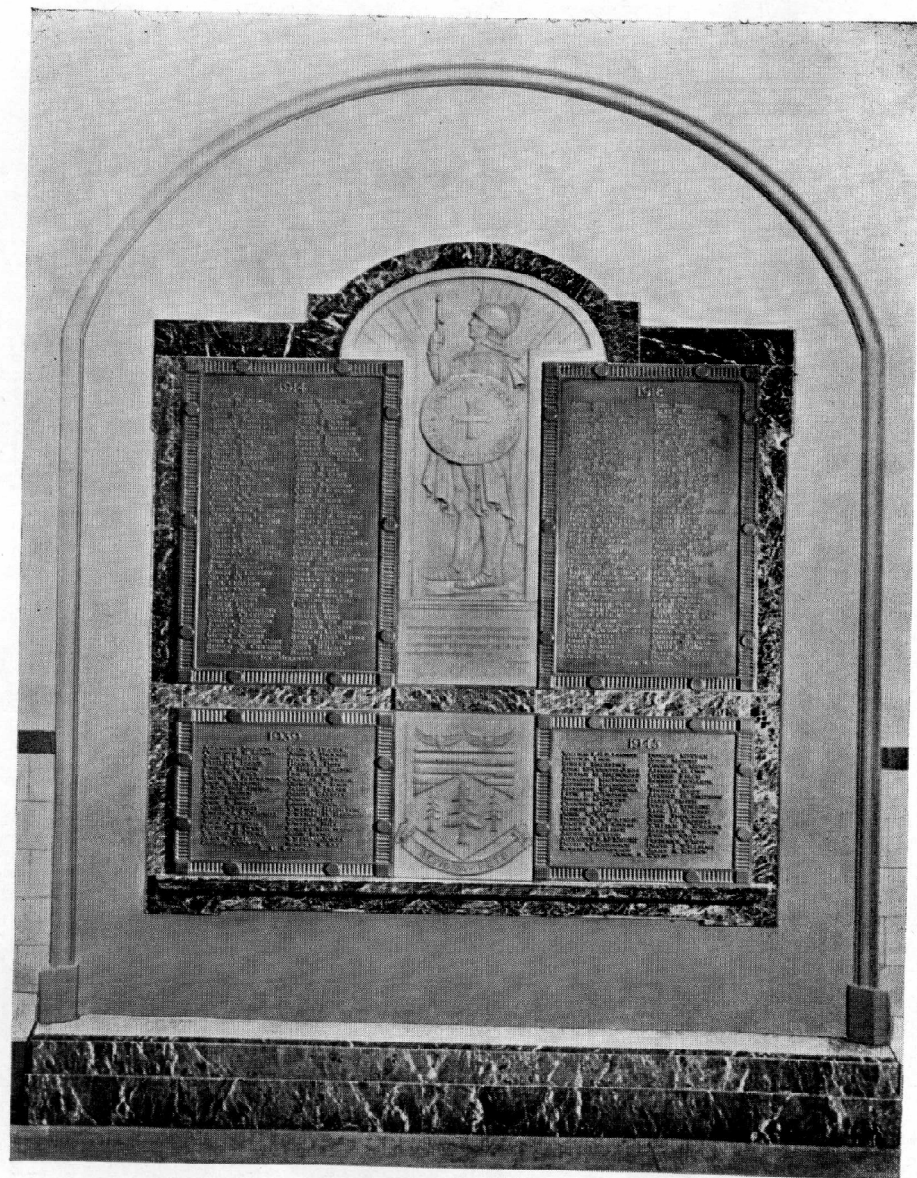
ESTHER McCULLOCH, I13.



MR. JOHN BENNETT, M.A. [Photo by Mr. Garden]



[Photo by Mr. Ga
Mr. JOHN BENNETT, M.A.



[Photos by Mr. Garden and Mr. Simpson]
THE MEMORIAL.



THE BRONZE PLAQUES.

1939

ALEXANDER ADAMSON
 CHARLOTTE M. ARNOLD
 JOHN B. BARCLAY
 WELLESLEY BARRIE
 JOHN M. BENSON
 LETTIE W. BLAKE
 WILLIAM T. BLACKBURN
 JOHN BLACKBURN
 A. MOWBRAY BRODIE
 ALBERT BROWN
 JOHN BROWNIE
 JOHN B. BURKE
 JAMES CAMPBELL
 WILLIAM A. R. CAMPBELL
 JAMES T. CAIR
 JOHN CHISHOLM
 DAVID J. R. COLE
 WILFRED H. COOKE
 JOHN COUL
 GEORGE CURVEN
 E. M. RIPPEN

GEORGE DAWSON
 JOHN A. DICKSON
 ARCH. S. DUFF
 HARRY L. DUFF
 J. HAROLD EATON
 ERIC FIELDS
 CHARLES D. FISHER
 GEORGE W. FORD
 JAMES S. FRASER
 DANIEL GARRITT
 JOHN GRANT
 ROBERT GUNN
 WILLIAM HAMILTON
 WILLIAM LA HARDING
 ROBERT HILL
 WILLIAM HILL
 ROBERT HORNESON
 JOHN KYLE
 WILLIAM JONES
 ROBERT T. KAY

1945

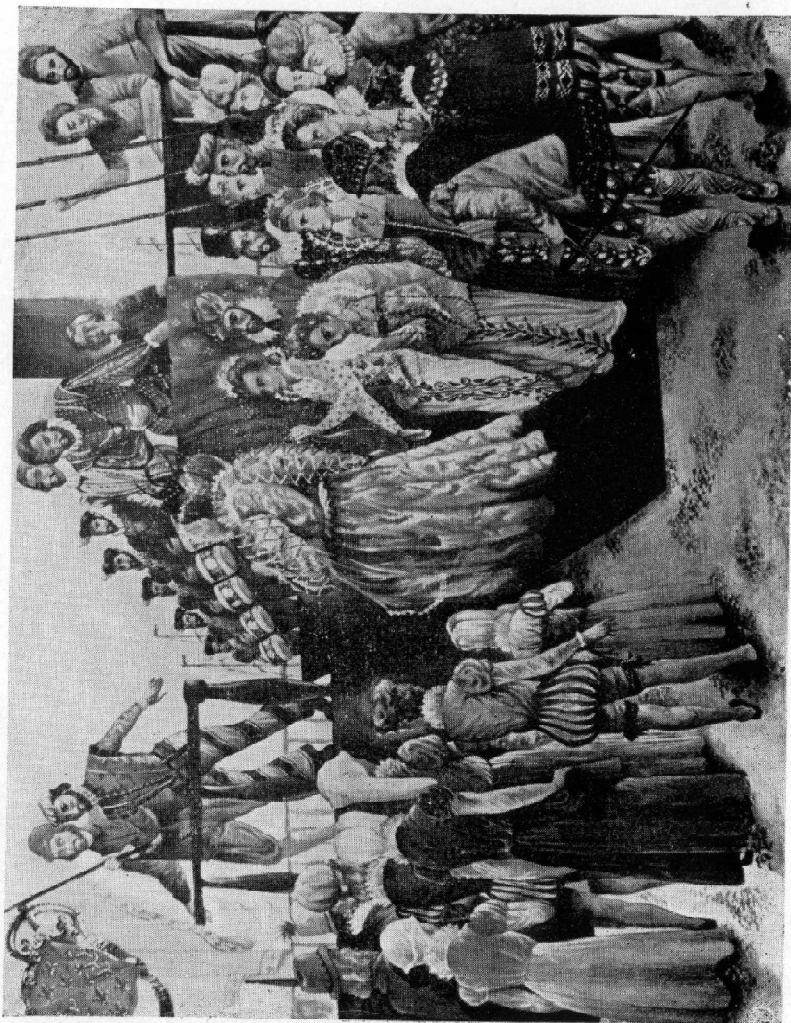
WILLIAM L.H.B. LARDIES
HAROLD LARD
ROBERT MACALPIRE
ADAM MCCORMICK-JONES
WILLIAM M. MACDONALD
ALEXANDER MACDOUGALL
ARCHIBALD MACDOUGALL
ALEXANDER W. MCGARVA
LEON L. MCGREGOR
DUGALD MCINTYRE
CRAYFORD MCKAY
GEORGE MACKAY
JOHN MCKAY
DONALD A.T. MCKERZIE
FRANCIS W. MCKINLAY
JAMES C. MCLEISH
ARGUS MACLEOD
ALEXANDER B. MCNAUGHT
DAVID MCNAUGHTON
ROBERT MATHERSON

JOHN B. WYLIE

DURCAN MCVEAR
JOHN MURRO
GEORGE C. MUTCH
ALISTAIR G. ORR
GEORGE RIACH
ROBERT RICHARDS
C. JAMES ROY
THOMAS SCOTT
ARNOLD G. SIMPSON
HARRY SMITH
EVAN M. STIRLING
ALEX. M. TEMPLE
JOHN THOMSON
JOHN W. WADDELL
WILLIAM S. WALKER
ALEXANDER WATSON
JOHN T. WEST
FREDERICK WHITE
DAVID L. WILLIAMS
JAMES R. WILSON



[Photos by Mr. Garden and Mr. Simpson]
THE MEMORIAL.



QUEEN ELIZABETH BOARDING THE GOLDEN HIND.

Painted by Wilbert Stewart, 112, aged 14.

Our War Memorial

The original Memorial commemorating 198 Former Pupils who fell in the 1914-18 War consisted of two bronze plaques with a white marble inset on which was carved the figure of a knight. The design, which carried a border of green marble, was executed by Mr. Alexander Jackson, Principal Art Master of the School in the 1920s.

The Committee set up to plan a Memorial of the Second World War decided early in its deliberations to integrate the new memorial with the old. Mr. Ian Stewart, Principal Art Master, made a water-colour sketch showing how the Committee's idea could be carried out and a large scale drawing of the School Badge which, carved in white marble, was to be placed between the two new bronze plaques. The Committee, noting the fine proportions of the proposed new memorial, decided to have it affixed to the north wall of the hall; they felt that on the west wall the old memorial had not been favourably placed.

The contract for the new memorial was placed in the hands of Messrs. John Youden & Son, Ltd., whose Glasgow manager was Mr. G. H. Hawthorn, a Former Pupil of the School. The same firm had carried out the contract for the First World War Memorial.

The Dedication and Unveiling Service took place on 14th May, 1953, in the presence of 260 parents, pupils, former pupils, and members of School Staff. The unveiling ceremony was performed by Mr. Robert M. Weir, emeritus headmaster, and the prayer of dedication was offered by the Rev. Robert Arthur, the school chaplain. The names of the 82 former pupils who had given their lives were read by the Headmaster, and a wreath was laid on the memorial by Elizabeth Donaldson, the girls' captain. Ronald Cresswell, boys' captain, gave the Scripture reading (Isaiah ch. 35), and the Rev. James E. Dott, a former pupil, whose brother was among the fallen, also took part in the service.

In accepting custody of the memorial on behalf of the Education Committee, the Convener, Councillor Michael Scanlan, said that the occasion was a painful one charged with emotion for many who were present. They were met to mark the sacrifice that had been made by the School's former pupils in such great numbers and he would tell his colleagues of the dignity and simplicity of the service, the magnificence of the memorial, and the impressive assembly of School associates. The memorial, he concluded, was a great tribute to the fame of the school.



The Perilous Edge

"A priceless morning!" said Alec.

"Topping. Couldn't be better," agreed his chum Robert; and then for a while they said no more. Yet though they did not speak, they were by no means silent; had there been anyone within twenty yards he would have heard them, for as they moved, they woefully puffed and panted. For this there was some excuse, for they were toiling up a steep, rough hillside under a relentless summer sun, whose glorious rays were reflected dazzlingly from the sea beneath them. Furthermore, there was not the slightest breeze to cool them, and yet again they were unaccustomed to this mode of exercise.

"Let's have a halt; I'm boiling," exclaimed Robert, plumping down on the long, parched grass. With a grunt of thankfulness, Alec fell down beside him, and the pair looked at the view. It was great. The rough hillside sloped down in hues of green and brown, with patches of purple-budding heather and groups of birch trees, to the still blue water, some miles of which, blurred here and there by the smoke of a steamer, shimmered between the rocky coast at the foot and the green, rolling mainland. These two lucky lads were holidaying on the island of Arran, and from where they sprawled on the flanks of Goatfell, they commanded the lovely prospect of the Ayrshire coast and the Firth of Clyde with its jumbled hilltops for background.

Rolling over on to his front, Robert gazed up at the hill they had set out to climb. The summit seemed far away, but for these two there could be no turning back. Their sisters and their sisters' friends had been up here some days previously and in their exultation had spent a good deal of time since in chaffing the two boys whose energies had been restricted to golf, bathing and catching whiting and rock cod on lines over the side of a drifting boat.

People who knew Arran advised them to be cautious, since they had never been amongst rough, rugged hills before, and Alec and Robert, with the superior grin of conscious heroes, had said that of course they would.

So here they were, wishing that it wasn't quite so hot; that the hill was smaller; and that certain inquisitive and hungry little flies would find fun and food elsewhere.

"Come on. No use loafing here," Alec said at length, making a futile smack at a silent-winged persecutor which had punctured the side of his bare knee, "unless you want to be eaten alive."

"What's the hurry?" Robert demurred, but nevertheless, though with a groan, he gathered himself together, got to his feet, and with bowed back trudged after his companion.

So they persisted, dogged and gallant, and in course of time—breaking no records—they reached the shoulder of the mountain where the grass was scantier and scantier, giving place to

bare, rough, beautiful granite. Even here, however, the air was not much cooler. When at last they reached the summit it was as if they were being held aloft on the hot rocks to be cooled.

Facing now the wild jumbles of glens and crags and ridges behind Goatfell, they ate their sandwiches, and tortured one another with reminiscences concerning their vast absorption of ginger-pop, ice-cream, and so forth, in happy times gone by.

"Anybody but a lazy lout like you would have brought half a dozen bottles of ginger with him," Alec remarked.

"And thanks for the sliders!" was Robert's reply.

"I could drink a bathful of lemonade. Wouldn't it be rare to get underneath and let it run out by the plug into your mouth?"

"Not bad to begin with," Alec agreed. "But what are we going to do next? There's probably a burn down there." He waved his hand carelessly towards the gulf separating them from a saw-edged ridge that now appeared fiercer than ever.

"We'll get a move on, anyhow," said Robert, and they moved on farther into the jumble of rocks and farther from their friends and from ginger-pop shops, and all the kindly comforts of civilisation. They were enjoying themselves and feeling very adventurous, but had they had a little more experience they would have noticed something which might have altered their plans. The weather was preparing to play a stealthy trick on them. Little blue wisps of mist were forming here and there, most unobtrusively and inconspicuously, and yet with such rapidity.

It was only when Robert made the comment that it was cooler and had a real good look around, that they realised how the day's mood had changed. The savage peaks and cliffs around them were growing vague and blurred, and looking all the more wild and menacing in consequence: strangely magnified too, through the thickening veil which had dimmed the ardent splendour of the sun.

"This is nasty," Alec said uneasily; and Robert asked if he was sure he knew the way back.

"Of course!" was Alec's answer. "But, anyhow, this won't get any thicker."

But it certainly did, and in their plight they decided to turn back. Denser and denser grew the pale mist, darker and denser, its innocent gauzy whiteness turning close and sombre and muffling. The rocks and chasms appeared ghastly.

There came at length a moment when the pair had to realise they were helplessly lost.

"Never mind," said Robert, "if we keep on walking, we'll get somewhere. We'll push on downwards and we'll get below the mist!"

"Right you are," Alec agreed, "but how jolly thick it's getting!"

It was indeed getting thick. Darker and darker it grew, until it became impossible to see the ground on which they were treading.

And then came the catastrophe. Robert tripped, staggered, lost his balance, and fell forward—not on to hard stone but into space. Alec, making a desperate attempt to save his chum, followed suit, and only by a wild clutching effort saved himself from going head first into the horrible vacuity beneath. For one terrifying moment his weight hung by one hand as he grasped a knob of rock; then he managed to secure a grip with his other hand, and hung, panting, with his face against the jagged surface of the granite, and his feet scrabbling vainly for support.

Where was Robert? There had been no cry, no ghastly sound of falling—was Robert alive or dead? With great relief Alec heard his voice, close by, in a panic-stricken gasp.

“Robert, where are you? Alec exclaimed.

“Here!” Robert answered. “Help me, quick! I can’t hang on much longer.”

“I can’t do anything. Try to pull yourself up!”

Robert tried, tried, and tried again. Once he almost got an elbow over the edge. But it was too great an effort, and then, exhausted, he hung, inert, conscious that his strength was quickly failing.

And where was Alec? Not more than a yard away and in precisely the same predicament, supporting his weight, after a vain struggle to drag himself up by his strained and weary arms.

“Shout!” gasped Robert. “There might be someone near-by.” Desperately they shouted, but with no success whatever, as their voices were unable to pierce the mist.

“It’s no use!” croaked Alec. “It’s all my fault for asking you to come.”

“No, it isn’t. I should have come anyway. Shout once more!”

Together they cried “Help!” but their voices were stifled by the mist.

“We’ve had it!” groaned Alec. “I’m going to drop. Cheerio!”

“Cheerio.”

Simultaneously their numbed hands released their grip, and simultaneously the two boys dropped into the grey void—and simultaneously they landed on a great soft cushion of moss three feet below.

It was some minutes before they could realise they were alive and a few more before they could enjoy a laugh at one another.

Side by side they sat on the moss-covered rock and watched

the mist being attacked by a strengthening wind, until the hills were visible around them, until they realised that a short easy run would take them home from where they were now. They had a great joke to share for life—of that despairing moment when they bade each other goodbye—and fell three feet.

R. SHAW, III2.

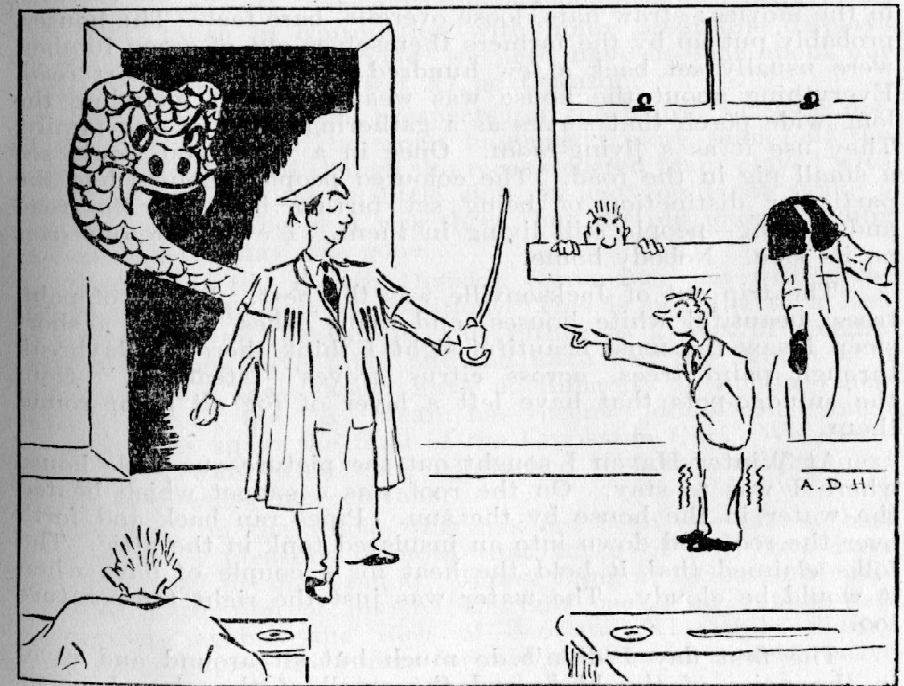
Indefinite Article

The time is twenty-five past one,
The scene is Classroom Four,
I must get my magazine article done
Ere teacher comes in the door.

What, oh what can I possibly write?
A minute is left—that’s all!
Too late, too late! for teacher’s in sight;
Here he comes across the hall.

He entered the classroom and walked towards me.
“Well, what have you done?” he said.
I replied, “I can’t write very good poetry,
So I’ll just give you this instead.”

JOHN SWAN, III2.



Drawn by A. D. Hogarth, VI.

“... and another six for lying if you’re not careful.”

Scripture Union

Once again our Scripture Union session draws to a close, and we would thank our members for their support. This year we have had a great many interesting speakers at the meetings, and our members have enjoyed many good talks from and with them. We must say, however, that the attendance was not as large as it could have been. This year the Scripture Union will have many summer camps for boys and girls, and we hope that we will have a great number of members attending them. The boys wish to thank Miss Begg for the use of her film projector, and also Mr. Kelly for his help in obtaining suitable rooms for the meetings.

Coronation Concert

The last event in this session—apart from Prizegiving Day—will be the School Concert. This is being held in the Athenaeum Theatre on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 25th, 26th and 27th June.

At the moment of writing, preparations are well under way to make this one of the great occasions of the School. Many of the members will remember past concerts, and this year we hope to have once more a varied fare of music, drama and dancing. Look out for the announcement of the sale of tickets and buy yours early for the School's Coronation Concert.
A. M. M.

S.S.C.



The Sunday meetings in 9 Woodside Crescent finished on Sunday, 24th May, and the following Sunday the meeting went on an excursion to Aberfoyle. The attendance during the last term at the meetings was disappointing, but there have been signs throughout the year that are more encouraging. The attendance at the Whitehill club-night in Headquarters was 36, which is easily a record for this function. The fact that most of the boys who attended came from the first and second years was especially promising. We managed to get ten boys to attend the annual Easter camp at Wiston and this is our normal attendance at camp. The Whitehill branch of the S.S.C. may not be the largest in Glasgow, but it must be noted that most of the boys who attend the Sunday meetings also go to camp. The camp at Wiston was the best which the S.S.C. has run since the war and we are expecting even better camps in the future. The Summer camp this year will be in August at Portavadie.

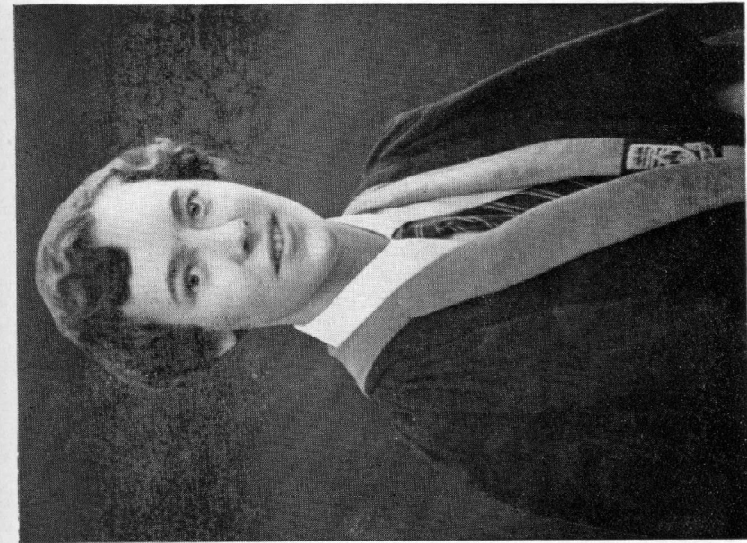
R. M. CRESSWELL.

And How!

The gum-chewing boy and the cud-chewing cow
Are both alike, but different, somehow.
The difference? Ah! I see it now—
The intelligent look on the face of the cow.

A NONNY MOUSE, 14.

THE SCHOOL CAPTAINS.



(Photos by Mr. Garden and Mr. Simpson)

Elizabeth G. Donaldson

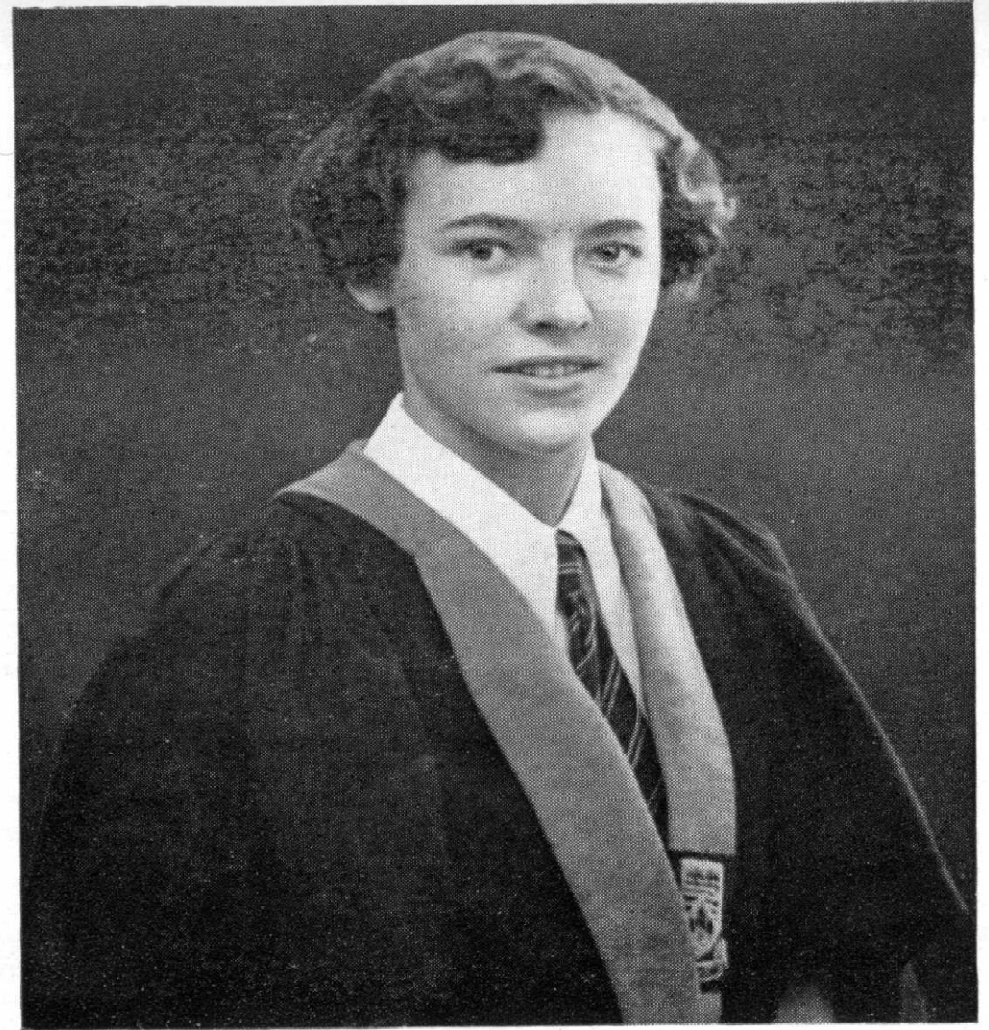


Ronald M. Cresswell.

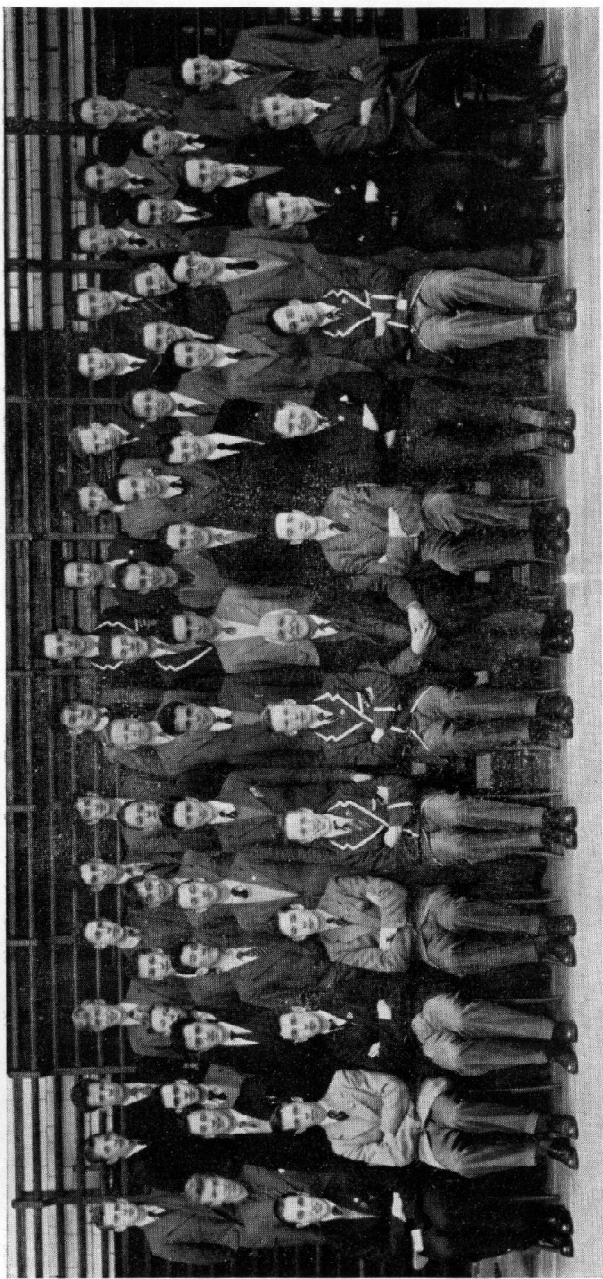
THE SCHOOL CAPTAINS.



Ronald M. Cresswell.

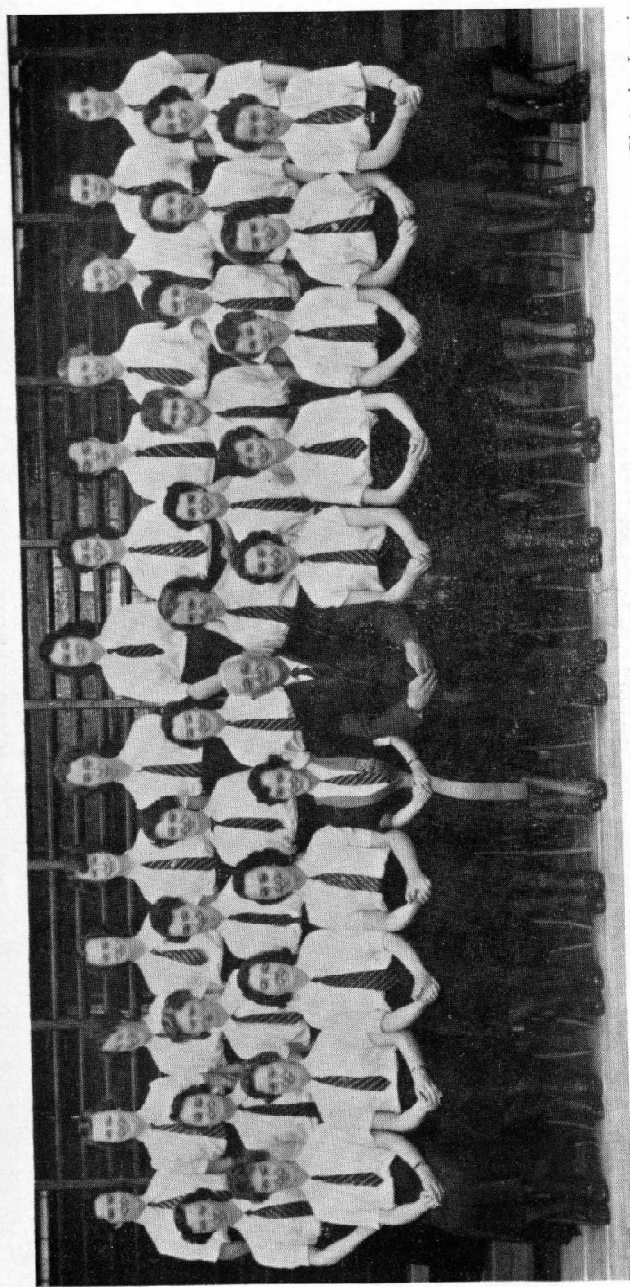


[Photos by Mr. Garden and Mr. Simpson]
Elizabeth G. Donaldson



FORMS V AND VI, BOYS.

[Photo by Lawrie



FORMS V AND VI, GIRLS.

[Photo by Lawrie



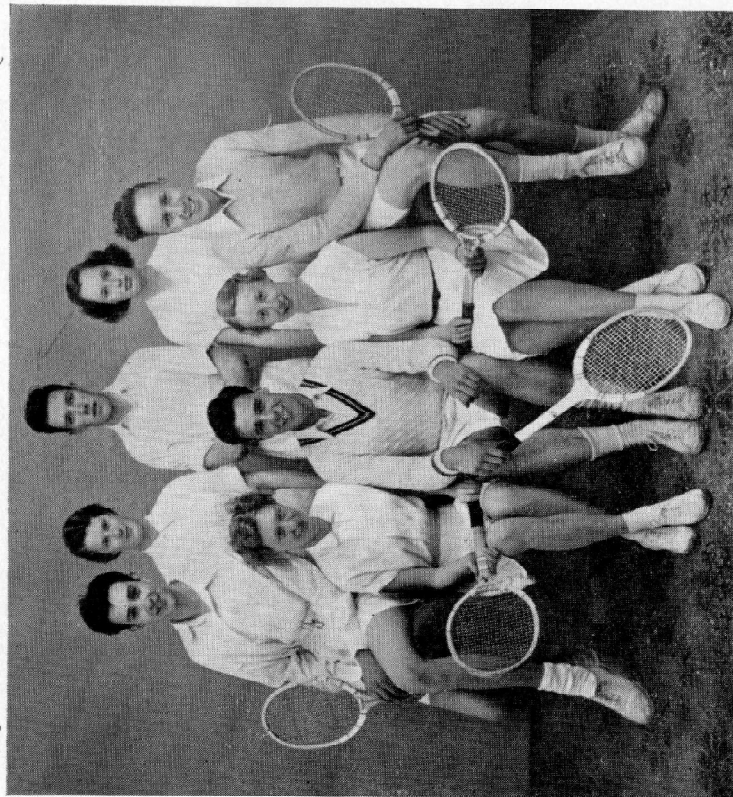
[Photo by Lawri

FORMS V AND VI, GIRLS.



FORMS V AND VI, BOYS.

[Photo by Lawrie



[Photo by Laurie

TENNIS TEAM.

Back Row: John Queen, Margaret Barrowman, John MacKenzie, Myra Hunter, Ian MacLean
Front Row: Barbara Posnett, James Lang, Margaret Harvey.

Key to Photographs of Forms V and VI

BOYS

Back Row: William Anderson, Stanley Weir, Peter Miller, Ronald Potts, Ian Todd, George Mackie, John Minelly, Thomas Scott, Alex. Hendry, Douglas Clark, Malcolm Bell, Stanley Cook, James Kerr, Archibald McDowall, James Morton, Douglas Duncan, David Bell.

Second Back Row: Stanley Affrossman, Edward Smeall, James Kinnell, William Fleming, Albert A'Hara, Thomas Willows, James Storie, Ian Halliday, Thomas Chisholm, Gordon Reid, Christopher Thompson, William Farrell, Alexander Lawson, James Stevenson.

Second Front Row: Robert Fleming, Gordon Caskie, Angus Hill, William Mason, Rankine McEwan, Andrew Currie, James Lang, John King, David Peat, Samuel Cooper, John Queen, Stewart Reid, William Crawford, Andrew Scobie.

Front Row: John Dekker, Stuart Hunter, James Aitken, David Hogarth, Ian MacLean, Ronald Cresswell, Mr. McEwan, George Brown, Fraser Sutherland, Alastair Russell, Robert Ramage, George Tennant.

Absent: Peter Urquhart, William Harris.

GIRLS

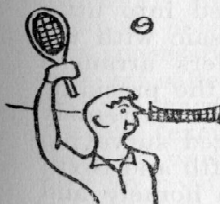
Back Row: Grace Moffat, Sheila Collins, Margaret Barrowman, Myra Hunter, Anne Young, Margaret Chisholm, Joyce Broadfoot, Deirdre Scott, Catherine Topley, Margaret Harvey, Margaret Grieve, Charlotte Donaldson, Sheila Connell.

Middle Row: Rhona Annandale, Williamina Churchill, Barbara Posnett, Helen McGilvray, Anne Truswell, Isobel Boyd, Margaret Alexander, Sheena Kinloch, Maureen Johnston, Edith Neilson, Audrey Keith, Monica McKay.

Front Row: Elspeth Wilson, Agnes McAdam, Leonora Stewart, Janet McDougall, Elizabeth Donaldson, Mr. McEwan, Marina Fitzgerald, Moira Barbour, Margaret Reid, Moira Pinkerton, Agnes McAulay.

Absent: Marjorie Love.

Tennis



The School Championships last year, after some very keenly contested rounds, were eventually won by Margaret Harvey and Ian MacLean in the Girls' and Boys' Singles respectively. This year there has been another large entry, and the ties seem to be progressing quite satisfactorily.

In the inter-school matches we had a most successful season in 1952, the team winning seven of their eight games. By beginning earlier this year it has been possible to arrange more fixtures, and we look forward to even greater success in 1953.

I. A. MACLEAN.



TENNIS TEAM.

[Photo by Lawrie]

Back Row: John Queen, Margaret Barrowman, John MacKenzie, Myra Hunter, Ian MacLean
Front Row: Barbara Posnett, James Lang, Margaret Harvey.

The Hall Table

In all high-class academic institutions one is apt to find that everyday life revolves round one central strategic point. And in this respect Whitehill School is no exception. For the life of this school is entirely dependent on—the Hall Table. Each morning the various teachers collect from it their demands for overdue income-tax, their extensive fan-mail, and also of course the letters carrying bribes, threats, etc. Each morning as they arrive, they deftly slip their fingers into a pile of registers, and extract the one which demands their own individual attention. Pupils also find the Hall Table quite indispensable. Of a Thursday a ragged queue assembles to demand such travel allowances as the Welfare State affords; in the same way each day 12 o'clock sees an eager crowd of sportsmen availing themselves of an opportunity to collect their "tokens" and thus acquire a new ball for "push-ha'penny." The Hall Table serves another necessary purpose, for during exams. it is ornamented with piles of foolscap, blotting paper, and sundry colourful folders in which are lodged ominous piles of freshly produced, and as yet uncorrected, exam papers. But it is at the Intervals that the Hall Table really comes into its own. Now the Fifth and Sixth Years lean against it, push it, sit on it, fight over it, and run races round it, until the bosun's whistle sounds.

Now what would happen if by some mischance this table were to be removed, and the centre of the Hall were to be no more than cold, bare, concrete?

As each celebrity appeared to collect his letters he would peer down at the floor and grovel on his hands and knees for his communications. On a Friday, instead of slipping quickly by, the embarrassed teachers would have to crawl on all fours round the floor, wending their way from 1.15's register to that of the Sixth Year, and in most ungainly postures extract their dusty documents. So also tokens and travel tickets would be placed in piles on the floor and, for convenience, those responsible would squat, Indian fashion, and complete their tasks as best they could. At exam. times the situation would be quite unique. The normal confusion would be magnified into utter chaos. The floor would be ornamented like a mosaic with the usual piles of papers, blotters, and radiant folders arranged against the light pink background. In the middle the presiding principal teacher would be either suffering from an extremely sore bent back or, more sensibly, sitting cross-legged surveying his degraded surroundings. The members of the Fifth and Sixth who usually find the hard surface of the table so homely and comfortable would be quite lost. Temporarily distracted, and unable to leave their customary haunts and seek rest elsewhere, they would loll on the floor and provide acrobatic entertainment by absent-mindedly leaning on thin air. But this newly found freedom and these wide open spaces would presently inspire a spirit of further adventure and liveliness in them, and they

would soon adapt themselves to their surroundings. Over a playing pitch bestrewn with mangled letters, shredded registers, crushed chalk of various hues, and the remains of sundry dusters and scraps of paper a game of football-cum-rugby would rage daily with a gleeful fury which would overwhelm all despairing efforts of peacemaking authorities, who would long for the days of order—and the Hall Table.

Aberdeen Awa'

The first fifteen and the swimming team left Whitehill Street at 10.45 a.m. on Friday, 27th March. It was a really fine morning—no rain and no school. What else could one desire? Only to get rid of the two accompanying teachers! Our journey through Stirling and Auchterarder to Perth was lovely and the sights in Stirling gave cause for comment—a whistle from the older boys and an appraising eye from the teachers. We, the juniors, viewed Stirling Castle and the Wallace Monument with interest amounting almost to reverence, for they aren't at all bad as buildings go. One of our teachers tried to tell us about Wallace, but we silenced him. Every schoolboy knows how Wallace slew De Bohun at Flodden. At Perth our interest was refreshed in a Transport Café on the South Inch (which, by its size, must be worse than the Highlander's mile); then we took the inland road through Coupar Angus, Forfar, and Brechin to Aberdeen—that is, if our teachers read their maps right.

We beat our schedule by arriving at Gordon's College at four instead of five o'clock in the afternoon, but it gave us time to have a look at the school (a smashing grey-stone building which appeared a pleasanter prison than Whitehill) and the swimming-pond. Ah, yes, the pond. If we had a place like it we would do no lessons at all, thereby (as our teacher observed) maintaining the "Status quo." (This must be a more coveted prize than the Sladen Trophy.)

After an excellent tea we couldn't be expected to do justice to our swimming commitments. Suffice it to say we enjoyed the competition, and then went to the pictures with our particular host—a Gordon's College boy of our own age with whom we afterwards spent the night. Seven of the rugby team were put up at an hotel owned by a Gordonian, which is the name given to a successful Former Pupil, but, so far as I know, the police were not called in. So engrossed were we in our own amusements that we hardly took proper care of our teachers, two simple, married (excuse the redundancy) men in a strange city. Especially as one of our number said they might be taken in the dark for good-looking and, though old, well, you're never too old to learn.

We all turned out to the playing-fields at Seafield, where our rugby team started like big lassies, losing 3 points in the first half. But they found them again in the second half when the "morning-after-the-night-before" feeling wore off, and went on to score 17 points. It was sweet revenge for the swimmers,

who are not at all vindictive, and we were able to enjoy our dinner and the Aberdeen-Rangers game at Pittodrie in the afternoon much better for it. Most of the senior boys had a stroll to the beach instead, to look for some other game they were interested in.

It was brilliant sunshine in Aberdeen when we left, and the hospitable Aberdonians smiled too—no doubt with relief at our going. We ate, and replenished our lemonade supply at Stonehaven, and returned to Perth by the way we came. Darkness enveloped the scene and some of the juniors despite the strain (and it *was* a strain) of a mouth-organ, but at the South Inch in Perth we woke again for refills and when the teachers had hounded us out of the Fair and into the 'bus with expressions that reminded me of Daddy telling me to get to bed, we really gave in.

For the rest of the journey we had only two problems—how to divide six bottles of lemonade among seven and how to get rid of the empties. The first problem was solved with many a frothy splutter and the second, well, it was Mr. McKean's own fault for leaving his hold-all open.

We got home by 11 p.m. and we were greeted with open arms. Tut-tut! Fancy, worried about us! But no, they admitted that *we* were quite capable of looking after our safety, but—were the teachers?

In all, a smashin' time was had by all, especially by yours truly, the only

MENS SANA IN LUDO DAFTO, T for 2.

Rugby

Yes, we did it this year! Perhaps for the first time in our school history! The school beat the "Old Crocks" by 18 points to 17. No doubt these venerable gentlemen, who claim to be well-nigh cripples, and who—the majority of them at least—then give us a display of first-class rugby, have their excuses, but they have only themselves to blame. What happened can be deduced from the fact that they were winning 17 points to nil at half-time. Well, we are justly proud of this victory and no less proud of our other successes throughout the season, our record being:—

P.	W.	D.	L.	Pts. For	Pts. Ag.
14	12	0	2	154	87

Our two defeats were against Lenzie Academy and Hillhead High School, but I think our victories over the "Old Crocks" and Robert Gordon's College at Aberdeen fully made up for them.

This year's 1st XV has been a happy one with a healthy, satisfying team-spirit which in many ways compensated for individual faults, and it is for this reason that we have met with such considerable success. I do not think it would be out of place here nor would it be flattery to say that the members of the team were somewhat inspired by the encouragement and enthusiasm of their captain, Alastair Russell. To him we are all grateful.

The 1st XV, however, is not the only rugby team deserving of praise, since the 14½ XV and the 13½ XV have proved that even in a school of soccer enthusiasts there is still a solid core of rugby youth. Their successes have indeed been numerous, and in them we see the nucleus of future 1st XV's. Alas the 12½ XV! Their fixture list, however, was far from complete and the resulting lack of experience gave them very little chance. Next season with a fuller fixture list the 12½ XV may flourish once again.

As secretary, I owe a personal debt to Mr. McKean, Mr. Forgie, and Mr. Gardiner, who all have kindly prompted, advised, and directed me in my duties; nor must I forget to thank Mr. Heeps, who expertly refereed one of our games.

I think I speak for all those leaving school rugby this year when I wish those returning to play for any of the rugby teams next season the best of luck.

GEORGE BROWN.

A Visit to India

I went to India about three years ago and I stayed there for one-and-a-half years.

First I got a bus which took me to Renfrew and it was from there I got the plane to London. I had to stay there for four days as the fog was too thick to leave any sooner. I stayed with the other passengers in the Grosvenor Hotel and I could see the changing of the guard because it is near Buckingham Palace. On the fifth day I got a much bigger plane which went all the way to India but stopped at Cairo in Egypt. The police there were very strict and I was terrified of them, all dressed up in light brown trousers and shirts and each wearing a red fez on his head.

Later I boarded the plane again and the next stop was Bombay in India. When I arrived my Aunt and Uncle were there to meet me, but it was much too dark to see anything. When we arrived at the house I was surprised at the size of it. The sitting-room was about three times the size of an ordinary room, with a veranda of the same size running parallel to it. There were also a dining-room and two bedrooms each with a tiny balcony and bathroom of its own. From the outside it looked a tenement only it was white and there were large spaces with grass and flowers between. The streets were broader and cleaner with circles of flowers and grass.

Nearly everyone had a car and once we went to Delhi with an Indian prince who lived downstairs from us. There we saw the Taj Mahal. Delhi is a much nicer place than Bombay. It is not so much like a city as Bombay is, but more like the country. Bombay was so much like Glasgow that I did not do anything special and I was glad to get back home in the liner "Circassia," which stopped at Aden, Port Sudan and Port Said on the way over.

A. M., Ifc1.

FRESH
FRUIT
LOWERS

McRAE'S

595 GALLOWGATE
487 DUKE STREET

Tel: BRIdgeton 1154 and 3480

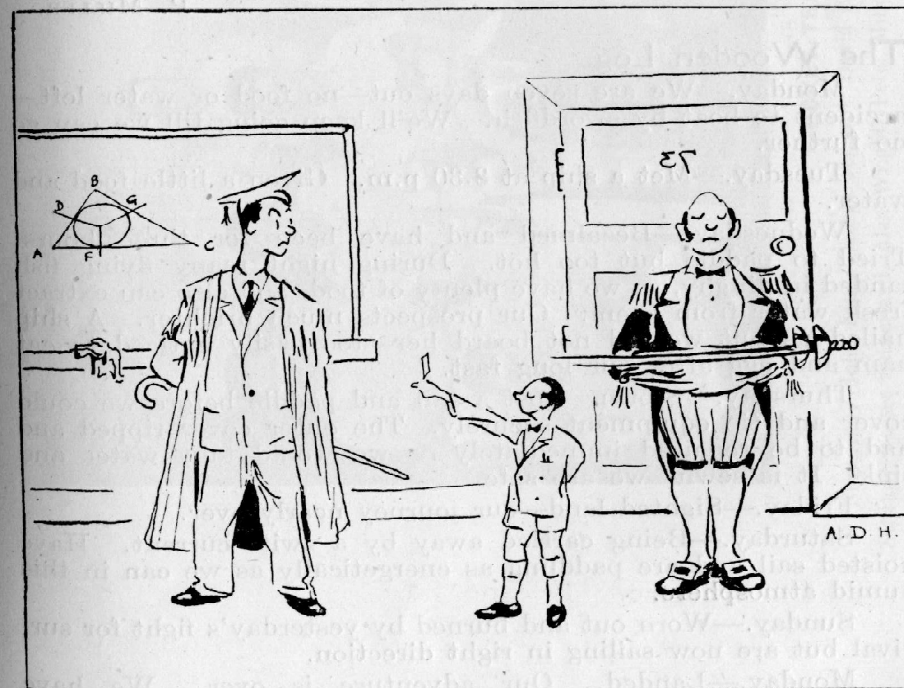
O.W.S. Weather Recorder

After being only three days in port the "Weather Recorder" sailed on Friday, 22nd May, for its station in the Atlantic. The cause of this quick turn round was that the weather ship which had relieved the "Recorder" at sea had sprung a leak and had to return to Greenock. The men of the "Recorder" were all recalled, but they took the loss of their holiday philosophically as "all part of the job."

One night in February a plane coming from New York radioed that it might be forced down into the sea as an engine was on fire. Would the "Recorder" please be prepared to make a rescue? The life-boat was launched and everything else got ready. Then came word that it must have been a false alarm as no fire could be detected although the indicator still maintained the "on fire" signal. The plane decided to make for Shannon airport and the men on the "Recorder" went back to the warmth of their beds.

This summer a record number of planes is crossing the Atlantic and the weather ships are being kept busy supplying weather reports and direction bearings.

A. J. C.



Drawn by A. D. Hogarth, VI.

"My card, sir."

Cricket

This year our season has not started off with the usual degree of success. Of our six games we have last five and won one. However, our only win has shown that the ability is there and that practice and perseverance, under the supervision and guidance of both Mr. R. Heeps and Mr. J. McKean, will develop this. We have been unfortunate in that our defeats have been by narrow margins, and hope that in future these margins will be on our side.

As usual, the weather has interfered with our fixture list, and a number of our games have had to be postponed until later in the season.

The enthusiasm of the members of the Club has enabled the Selection Committee to field a 1st XI which has shown that their fielding is not a method of defence but one of attack.

As in past years we have been fortunate in obtaining the use of the facilities for practices and our home games at Golf-hill Cricket Ground. This is greatly appreciated by the members of the Staff and of the team. We wish to extend our thanks to the groundsman, who has attended to all our needs throughout this season.

J. KING.
P. MILLER.

The Wooden Log

Monday.—We are seven days out—no food or water left—accident to boat by swordfish. We'll keep going till we can go no further.

Tuesday.—Met a ship at 3.30 p.m. Given a little food and water.

Wednesday.—Becalmed and have been for three hours. Tried to paddle but too hot. During night many flying fish landed in dinghy, so we have plenty of food, and also can extract fresh water from them. Our prospects much brighter. A ship hailed us but we did not board her—too easily enticed to eat ham and egg after our long fast.

Thursday.—Storm. Lost a sail and paddle before we could cover and tie equipment securely. The outer cover ripped and had to be repaired immediately or we would take water and sink. It is sewn—we are safe.

Friday.—Sighted land—our journey nearly over.

Saturday.—Being carried away by a swift current. Have hoisted sail and are paddling as energetically as we can in this humid atmosphere.

Sunday.—Worn out and burned by yesterday's fight for survival but are now sailing in right direction.

Monday.—Landed. Our adventure is over. We have crossed, after many adventures in an open boat, Hogganfield Loch.

NAUTA.

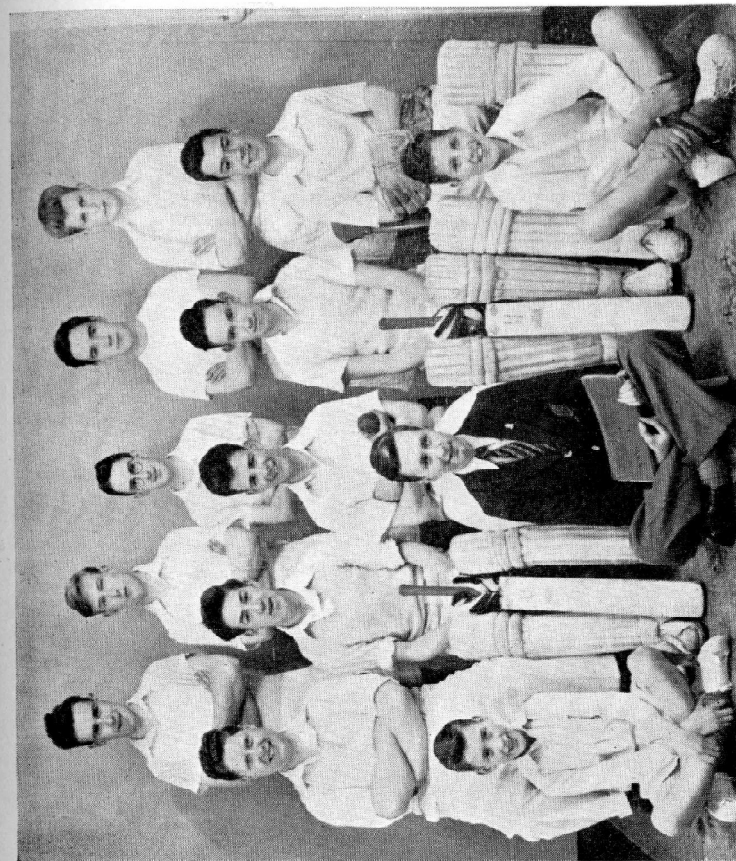


Photo by Lawrie

CRICKET TEAM.

Standing: John King, George Tennant, David Bell, Gordon Anderson, Robert Ramage.
Sitting: Fraser Sutherland, Alan Wright, Peter Miller (Captain), Tom Chisholm, David Blair.
In Front: Tom Robertson, William Crawford (Scorer), Ian Young.



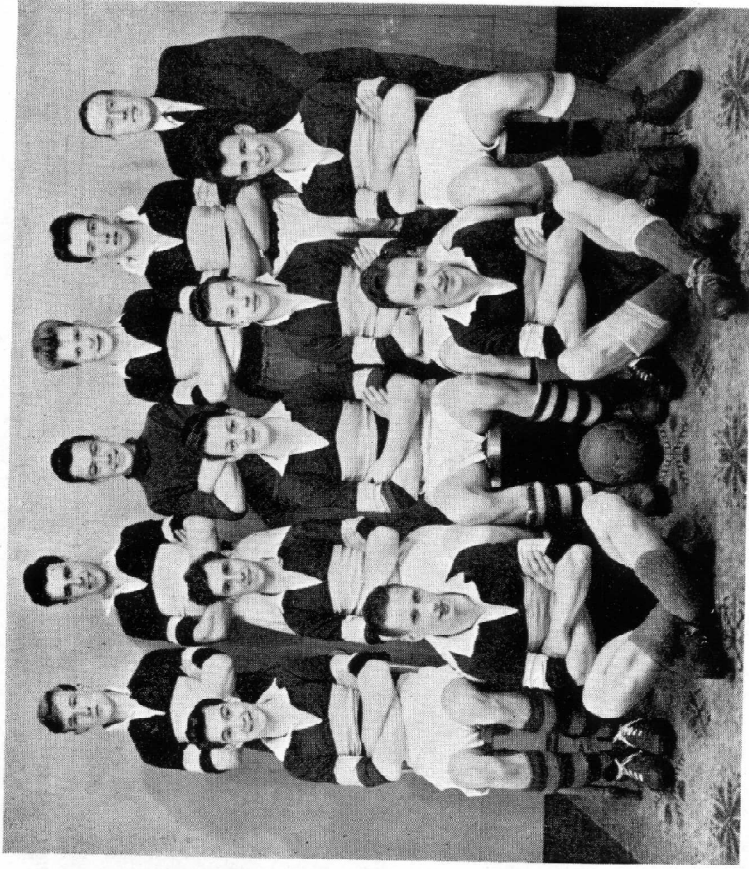
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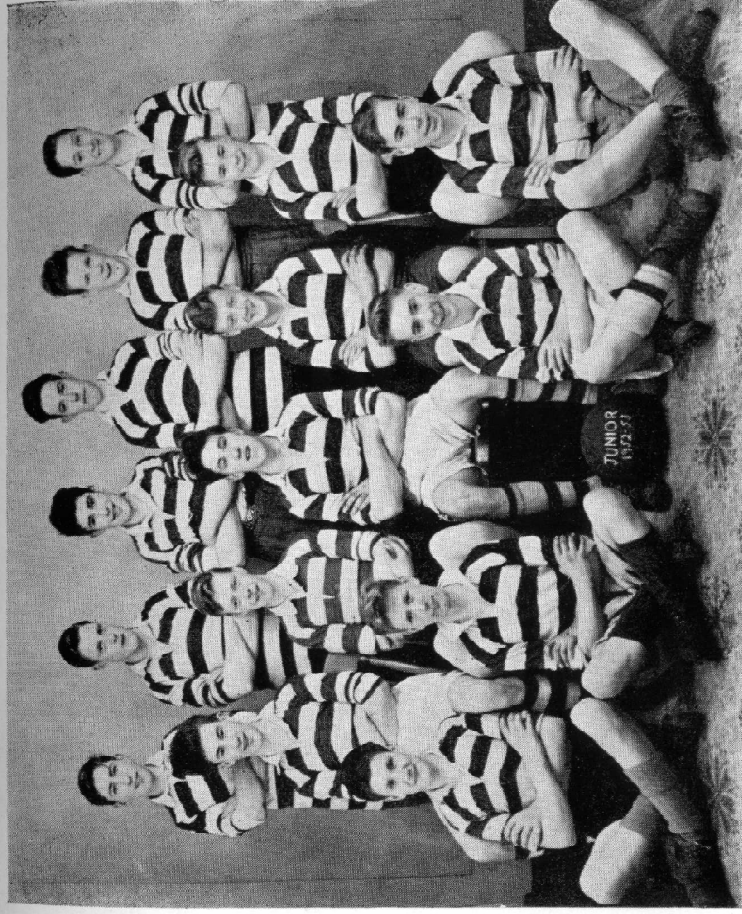


[Photo by Laurie]

FOOTBALL FIRST XI.

Standing: George Tennant, James Lang, David Blair, Robert Ramage, John MacKenzie, Mr. Jardine.
Sitting: William Fleming, George Mackie, Sam Cooper (Captain), William Stevenson, Peter Miller.

In Front: John Henderson, Sydney Durk.



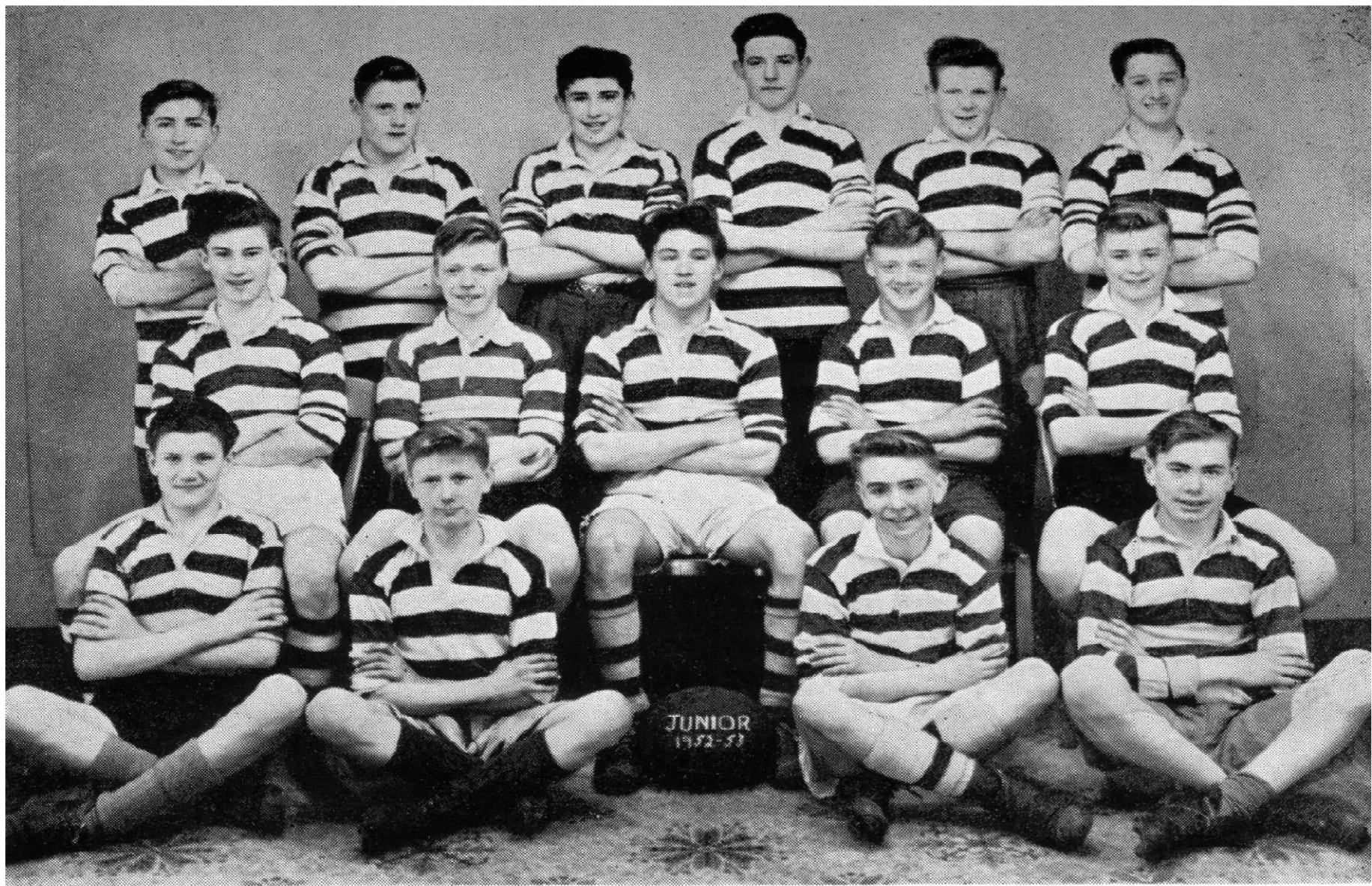
[Photo by Laurie]

RUGBY 14½ GROUP.

Standing: W. Beattie, A. Clark, J. Smith, J. Bull, I. Watson, D. Moffat.
Sitting: G. Watson, V. Hugo, A. Wright (Capt.), I. Crichton, S. McKinnell.

In Front: S. Kent, W. Goldie, W. Duncan, D. McKinnon.

Absent: D. Beattie, A. Kewell, T. Cox.



[Photo by Le

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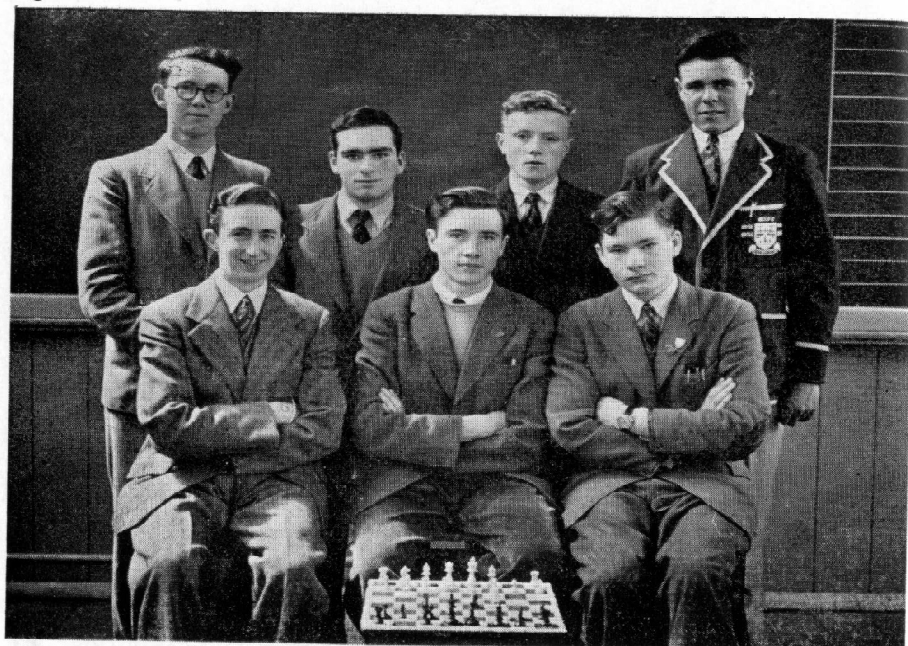
[Photo by Lawrie]

FOOTBALL FIRST XI.

Standing: George Tennant, James Lang, David Blair, Robert Ramage, John MacKenzie, Mr. Jardine.

Sitting: William Fleming, George Mackie, Sam Cooper (Captain), William Stevenson, Peter Miller.

In Front: John Henderson, Sydney Durk.



CHESS TEAM.

[Photo by Mr. Simpson]

Division A winners, Glasgow Schools Chess League, Senior Section.

Standing: S. T. Reid, S. Affrossman, E. Smeall, J. Lang.

Sitting: A. J. Scobie, G. Brown, A. D. Hogarth.

Absent: I. Summerhill.



GOLF TEAM.

[Photo by Lawrie]

Standing: W. K. Reid, I. Todd, A. Scobie, P. Miller.

Sitting: G. Reid, G. Mackie (Captain), S. Reid, J. Aitken.

Golf



As I write, we are now in the midst of the golf season. The Allan Shield Handicap Competition and the Club Championship were started immediately after Easter, and both are now reaching their final stages. The entry for the Allan Shield, although numerically greater than most years, was disappointing, since the majority of the competitors were members of the Upper School.

So far this season the team has played four inter-school matches. The results of these have not been very encouraging as we have lost three and won only one. The results of two of the three matches which we lost were, however, extremely close, and the final result was not known until the last of the individual matches had been decided. Allan Glen's revenged their last season's defeat by an overwhelming margin of 8-0; but we in turn eclipsed Hamilton Academy by a very similar margin of $5\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$.

Our fixture list still contains some promising matches, including our annual fixtures against Ayr Academy, Greenock Academy, and the Staff. Also we will have an opportunity to avenge our defeats by Hutchesons' and Lenzie.

On Wednesday, 3rd June, at Eastwood, Whitehill will be represented in the trial for the West of Scotland's team by George H. Mackie and Stewart T. Reid.

Finally it remains for me to thank Mr. Stewart for his interest and advice, both of which have been invaluable to the Club.

STEWART T. REID.

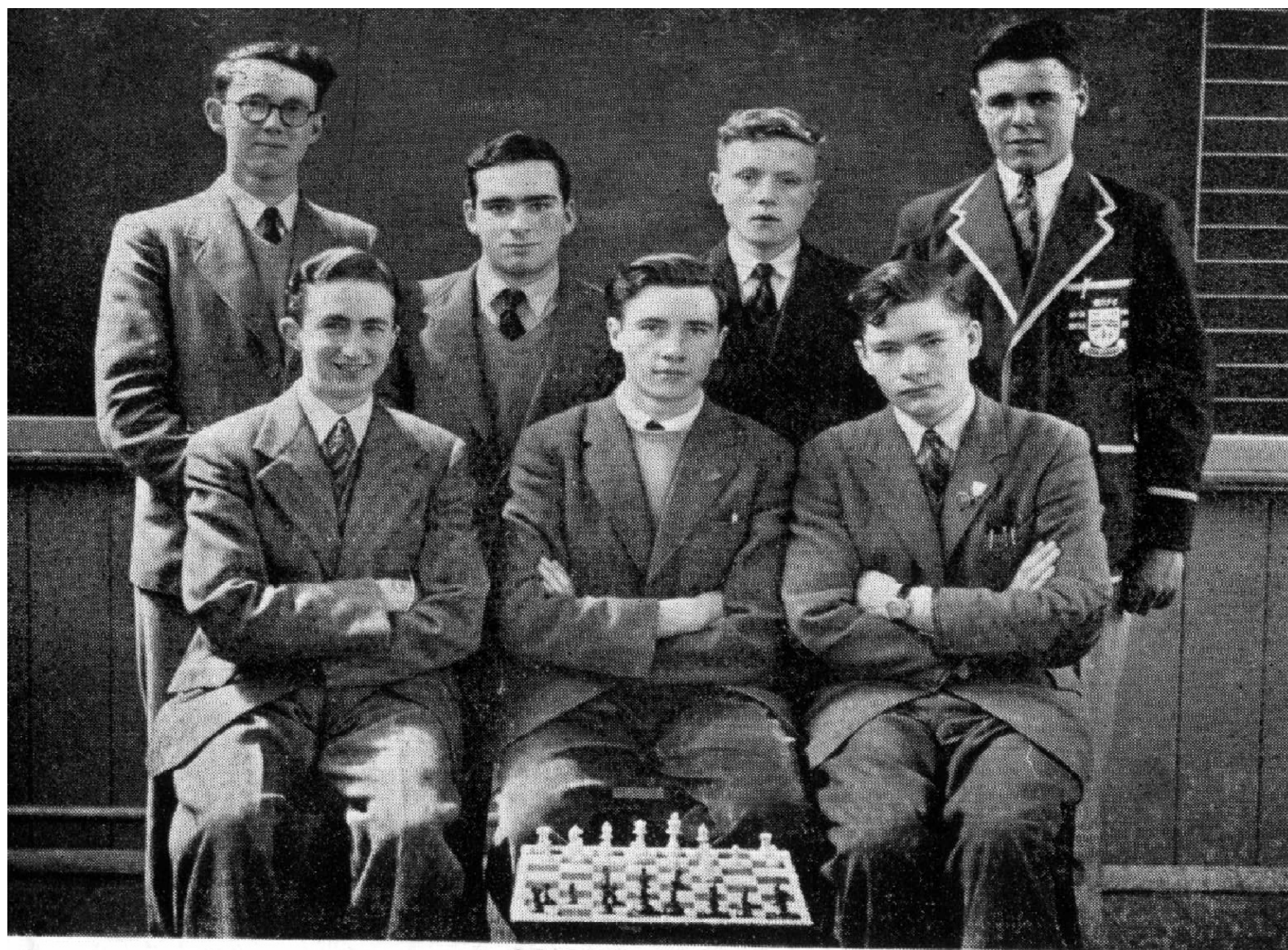
Swimming

This session there are no great successes to report, but the records show fine promise among our juniors, both girls and boys. This was borne out by the junior boys' team, who won the area swim-off for the Sladen Trophy, but their time, which was 5th equal in Scotland, did not entitle them to appear in the final. The team consisted of Blair Macnab (2¹), William Barr (2⁴), Sandy Turpie (1³) and Donald McEwan (1⁵).

In the Glasgow Schools Gala we again had places in the senior championships, Sidney Durk (4²) being again 2nd and Myra Milne (4¹) 3rd, and the teams, girls and boys, both being 3rd. Among the juniors, William Barr and William Sturrock (1¹) had 1sts, Doreen Wyper (2⁸) a 3rd, and in Life Saving the boys' team Andrew Weir (3⁶) and Harris Henderson (2²) took 2nd place.

At our own gala, Myra Milne and Sidney Durk took the senior championships and Lindsay Gracie (2⁵) and Andrew Weir the junior.

Later, at the Scottish Championships in Paisley, five of our pupils were chosen to represent the Glasgow area: Myra



CHESS TEAM.

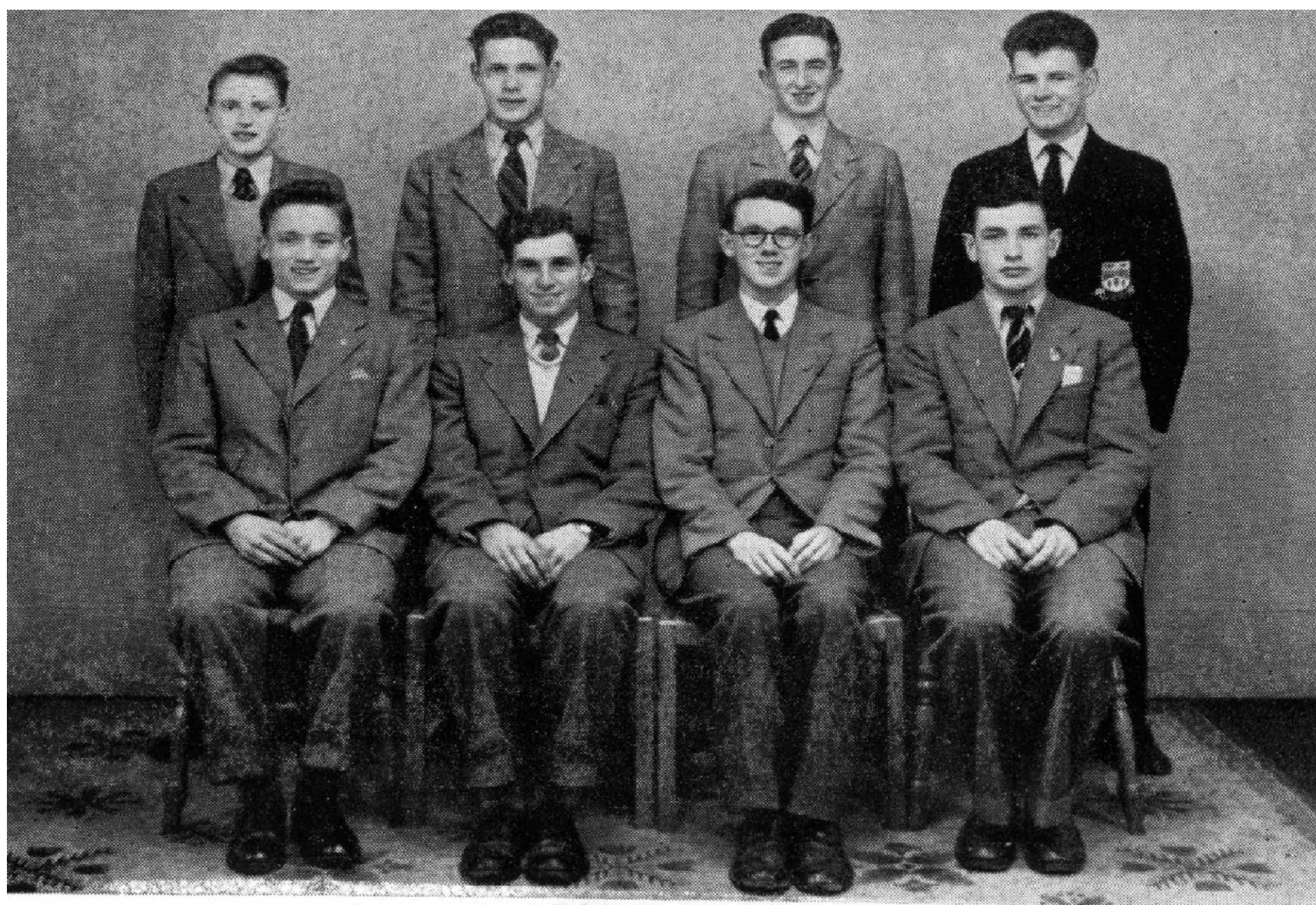
[Photo by Mr. Simpson]

Division A winners, Glasgow Schools Chess League, Senior Section.

Standing: S. T. Reid, S. Affrossman, E. Smeall, J. Lang.

Sitting: A. J. Scobie, G. Brown, A. D. Hogarth.

Absent: I. Summerhill.



GOLF TEAM.

[Photo by Lawri

Standing: W. K. Reid, I. Todd, A. Scobie, P. Miller.
Sitting: G. Reid, G. Mackie (Captain), S. Reid, J. Aitken.

Milne, Sidney Durk, Ruth Mathers (T²), Irene Russell (T²), and William Barr (both in back stroke and diving). In the finals Ruth Mathers was most successful, gaining 1st place in the 25 yards Breast Stroke under 13.

The present dearth of senior swimmers may lead to a lean year or two, but the juniors inspire hope for the future.

To a Mouse

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous moose,
O, what a panic's in oor hoose,
We always start awa' sae hasty,
When e'er ye enter;
I wid sae love tae rin and chase thee,
Ye wee tormentor.

I'm truly sorry your companions
Have broken into our dominions,
And justify the ill opinions
Which make us hunt thee;
But you, perhaps, on this occasion
Will let us get thee.

I doubt na but soon you may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, you maun live;
Of cheese, to-night I'll gie a feed—
'Sa sma' request;
Ye'll hae tae pay the price o' greed
And ne'er be missed.

IAN MURDOCH, III2.

Injustice

Four of our months have thirty days,
Seven have one day *mair*;
One alone has twenty-eight;
Do you think that's fair?

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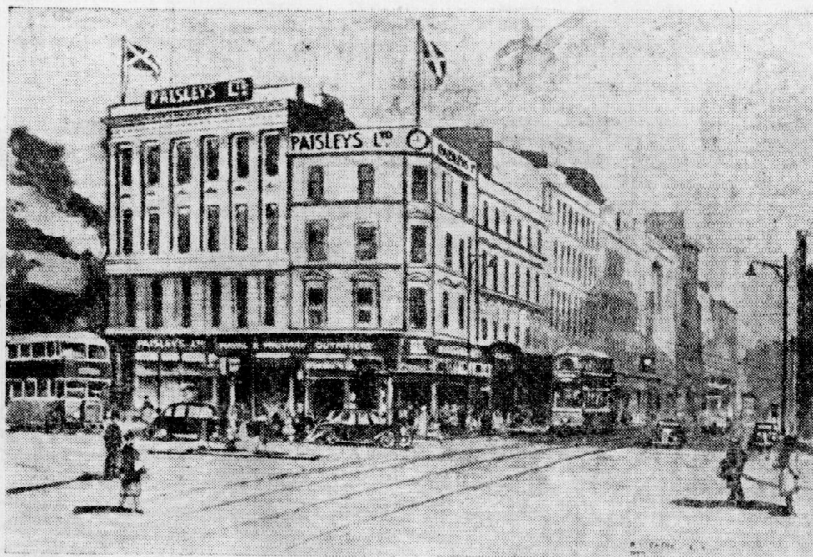
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Tomorrow

There was a boy who always said,
"I'll wait until tomorrow."
"Beware, my boy!" his father cried,
"That trick will bring you sorrow!"

So once his uncle sent for him.
"To my house come and hurry!"
"I'll go tomorrow," said the boy;
"There is no need to worry!"

But when he went, the servant said:
"My master bade me state, sir,
He wished to take you travelling,
But you have come too late, sir!"

And so this lad was cured at last,
By bitter grief and sorrow;
And now his motto always is,
"Today can beat tomorrow."

CATHERINE THOMSON, II2.

The Junior Red Cross Link, No. 998



During this session the Junior Red Cross Society has been striving to raise sufficient funds to buy a television set for the Red Cross Centre in Pitt Street, Glasgow. The gift will mark the Coronation of Her Majesty the Queen, who is Patron and President of the Society. At the Centre in Pitt Street various Clubs are held to entertain disabled ex-Servicemen and old people, and it was felt that a television set would be a most fitting Coronation gift.

The presentation by the Junior Red Cross takes place on Thursday, 28th May, 1953. A member of the Junior Red Cross of Holyrood School, whose name was drawn by ballot, will make the presentation. Whitehill will be represented too, for by our collections of tinfoil and contributions we have been able to donate £16 4s. 9d. towards the Fund for the television. This is a splendid sum from only one Junior Red Cross Link, and I wish to thank most sincerely all the boys and girls and members of Staff too who have by their contributions of money and tinfoil made this sum possible. By your generosity and thoughtfulness you are bringing happiness and pleasure to many who are less fortunate than ourselves.

I would also like to thank those who volunteered to help the Red Cross in the house-to-house collection during the month of May.

Miss CAMERON,
Patron of the Junior Red Cross.

W. H. HENDERSON

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Student Christian Movement

The Whitehill branch of the Student Christian Movement is one of the youngest of the School's many organisations, and this is the first full year of its activities. We have our certificate to say that the branch is now a fully-fledged member of the Movement. The membership is restricted to pupils of Forms V and VI, but in spite of this the numbers have been fairly encouraging. Our first meeting was addressed by the Rev. Richard Baxter, B.D., who is the Secretary of the Movement in Schools, and we have been making full use of one of the study outlines specially printed to provide a basis of discussion at each meeting.

The success of this, our first year, has been due mainly to the efforts and organisation of Mr. J. Hutchison and Miss J. E. Garvan, to whom we owe our thanks. We look forward to next year in the hope that the Movement will retain the prominent place it has already taken up amongst the School's activities.

A. D. HOGARTH.

Library

The following books were included among additions made to the School Library in March:

Norwegian Holiday, by G. Hogg.

The Young Traveller in France, by O. Reid.

We Go to Belgium and Luxemburg, by M. Dunn.

The Young Traveller in the South Seas, by L. Iremonger.

South to Samarkand, by E. Mannin.

We Go to Paris, by M. Dunn.

Shakespeare's Country, published by Ward, Lock.

The Fortunate Traveller, by R. S. Lambert.

The Wayfarers' Book, by T. Mansell.

Come Out of Doors, by C. D. Dimsdale.

Round the Year on the Farm, by A. G. Street.

The Cinque Ports, by R. and F. Gessup.

To the White North, by K. Fidler.

He Went With Captain Cook, by J. Kamm.

The House in the Sea, by W. H. Wood.

How to Collect Stamps, by C. McAlpine.

A Stamp Collector's Encyclopaedia, by R. J. Sutton.

The Stevenson Companion, by J. Hampden.

Dictionary of New Words in English, by P. Berg.

The Shape of Ships, by W. McDowell.

The Boys' Life of Colonel Lawrence, by L. Thomas.

Cook the Explorer, by D. Wood.

Great Discoverers (2 volumes).

In the Steps of the Clansmen, by J. A. Rennie.

The Path of Kings, by H. Hardinge.

Radar Works Like This, by E. Larson.

Biggles, Air Detective, by Capt. Johns.

Going to the Theatre, by J. Allan.

J. E. G.

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Dramatic Club



You may no doubt have noticed—possibly from seeing your friends making odd gestures at the air, or perhaps hearing them muttering their lines—that concert rehearsals are now in full operation. Preparations are rapidly going ahead for the three concert evenings—June 25th, 26th and 27th—and that means, on the dramatic side, problems of lighting, setting, costumes, make-up and all these many details that have to be “right on the night,” so we hope! During the course of a varied programme, which includes dancing and singing, there will be two short plays—the juniors are doing a comedy called “Eldorado,” while the seniors are giving a rather more serious play called “Hamlet in Aldwych.”

Even if you are not taking a direct part yourself, you can still be “part of the show” by selling as many tickets as you can, by encouraging your fathers and mothers and friends to come—oh yes, and coming yourself, of course!

Whitehill School Club

The Club has had a highly successful season this year. The social activities have been thoroughly entertaining despite that at some meetings the numbers could have been much better. The Annual Christmas Ball (which is to be held again this year on Christmas Eve in the Ca'doro) and the Football Section's Golden Jubilee Dinner were excellent evenings that were enjoyed by everyone without exception.

The Sporting Sections, and in particular the Football and Badminton, are continuing to maintain their records in their appropriate fields. The 1st Football XI won the F.P. League Championship, and the 2nd XI were runners-up in their League. The Badminton Section were top of the 1st Division of the Glasgow and District F.P. Badminton League, and moreover they won the Gent's and Ladies' Singles Championships as well as the Mixed Doubles. The Rugby and Hockey Sections, while not reaching championship standard, have great hopes for the future.

All in all the season has been one that can be placed in the V.G. class, but none the less great thought is being given to next season's syllabus when it is hoped to present a “bill of fare” that will maintain the interest of former pupils. Among many things, it is intended to stage a Joint Variety Show with John Street F.P. Club in the Bridgeton Public Hall on Friday, 26th February, 1954. Please remember this date, and to those leaving school in June do not forget to join the Club!

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Chess Club

We cannot pretend that the Chess Club was so flourishing as in previous years, and by the end of the season the league tables were far from complete. Those who attended regularly, however, enjoyed their games, and we hope that the variety of these games provided them with some experience, which is essential if one is to play chess with any success.

With this lack of members it is therefore a little remarkable that we have been able to maintain two teams—one of seven players, the other of five—in the Glasgow Schools Chess League. The 2nd team of five players has met with little success, and whether this is due to the chess ability of the players or the lack of match experience may be difficult to decide, although in all truth I feel it is the latter, since this is the first year that a Junior Division has been formed.

Our first division team, consisting of seven players, has had an even more successful year than last season, after a worrying time at the beginning of the season when there was difficulty in finding replacements at boards 6 and 7. In Stanley Affrossman and Thomas Summerhill, however, we discovered two good players, and so preserved the Whitehill chess tradition in forming once again a strong and successful tail. This fact was an encouragement to the rest of the team, and as a result we have reached the top of our particular league for the second year in succession after winning all our games except that against Kelvinside Academy, a defeat which repaid us by teaching us not to be over-confident. This year we met St. Mungo's, the winners of the other league, in a play off. In this match we were defeated by 4 games to 3. It must be admitted that St. Mungo's played the better chess, but we were not unduly disappointed after reducing their margin of victory to 1 game. As captain of the chess team I would like to thank all the other members for their staunch play, and would remind them that although the fame of the team may be a little obscure in a school teeming with a variety of interests, it is appreciated by those closely associated with its struggles.

It remains for me to thank sincerely Mr. Scott for all the encouragement he has given us and for all the trouble he has had in preparing and arranging tea for the visiting team; and we are also grateful to Mr. Paul for the interest which he has shown throughout the season.

GEORGE BROWN.

The War Memorial

The War Memorial so tall
Stands at the end of our school hall,
A symbol we must not neglect,
But always treat with full respect.

It tells of men who laid down life
In hope to end the world's great strife.
They fought with courage and with might
To free their country from its plight. E. A., III.