

# Whitehill School Magazine.

Number 55



Winter,  
1946-1947

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# SCHOOL OFFICIALS.

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## Captains

Herbert L. Duthie, VI.

Nessie Erskine, VI.

## Vice-Captains

William Roach, VI.

Grace M. Dunlop, VI.

## Prefects

M. K. Browne, VI; G. A. Fisher, Cath. McLachlan, VI; Ann Robertson, VI; Arthur Wilson, VI; James VI; Elma Wood, VI; Mae Connelly, Paton, V; John Sandison, V; Hugh V; Eileen Graham, V; Jean Wylie, V. Stevenson, V.

## Rugby

**Captain:** William Monteith, V.

**Vice-Captain:** William Grant, V. **Secretary:** M. K. Browne, VI.

## Football

**Captain:** Herbert L. Duthie, VI.

**Vice-Captain:** John Sandison, V. **Secretary:** William Peat, V.

## Hockey

**Captain:** Elma Wood, VI.

**Secretary:** Mae Connelly, V.

## Literary and Debating Society

**Secretary:** Sheila M. Handyside, VI. **Treasurer:** William Roach, VI.

**Committee:** Catherine McLachlan, VI.; Ann Scott, V; William Monteith, V.; Robert Kernohan, IV.

## Dramatic Society

**President:** Gerald A. Fisher, VI. **Vice-President:** Nessie Erskine, VI.

**Committee:** Grace Dunlop, VI.; M. K. Browne, VI; H. L. Duthie, VI.; Jean Wylie, V.

## Magazine

**Editors:** Sheila M. Handyside, VI.; Herbert L. Duthie, VI.

**Sub-Editors:** Ann Scott, V.; Iain Keddie, V.; Betty Glendinning, IV.; Theo. Crombie, IV.

**Committee:** Nessie Erskine, VI.; Grace Dunlop, VI; Charles McEwan, IV; Robert Kernohan, IV.



In presenting this Whitehill Magazine for your approval (or otherwise), we remain, despite our recent hectic activity, like Uriah, very 'umble, since we are following directly on the Jubilee Magazine. Still, although we can scarcely rise to such giddy heights, we can at least hope that, on our less elevated plane, our efforts to produce a Magazine that is up to standard have not been entirely in vain.

As to the articles, you will be able to judge these for yourselves, but we wish to thank all who have submitted them, whether we have been able to print them or not. We would, however, point out that the Editorial staff are quite willing to burn their candles at both ends in the good cause of dealing with more articles. We can take it. The First and Second Years in particular have not produced enough material this term.

Then, although reference will be made to it elsewhere, we must express our deep regret in losing, at one blow, those two pillars of Whitehill, Mr. Weir and Miss Mitchell. The school just won't seem the same without our one and only Mr. Weir, and we shall feel almost as lost without Miss Mitchell. Our best wishes go with them, however, into their respective retirements, and we wish them both "Good luck, good friends."

And now, while we deplore the passing of the well-known faces, we must also welcome the new, and so we greet Mr. McEwan, who is to be our new Head, and Mr. Hutchison, who takes Miss Mitchell's place, and offer them our best wishes.

In conclusion, we thank very sincerely all who have helped in the publication of this Magazine—notably the Committee, who have worked hard to make this a successful edition, and above all, to that wonderful person, Mr. Meikle, we must, again 'umbly, offer our quite inadequate thanks for all his activity.

So now we lay down our pen with mingled regret and relief, with the somewhat belated wish of "A Guid New Year tae ye a'."

THE EDITORS.



## School Notes

Chronicling the many staff changes that take place every year always brings with it a note of regret. No sooner, in many cases, have we got to know a newcomer than he or she is "whisked away" to some vacancy arising in these unsettled times. Such a feeling of regret was felt early in the session when we lost the services of Miss Connor (Mathematics), Mr. Cowan (Art), Mr. Cook (Mathematics), Mr. Bigham, a former pupil (Science), Mr. Gardner, an F.P., and Mr. Orr (both Physical Training). They take with them our best wishes. The following have been appointed and we welcome them to the Staff:—Mr. W. F. Keir (Science), Mr. Faitelson (Modern Languages), Mr. Aylmer (Classics), Mr. J. Hamilton (Mathematics), Mr. Forgie (Physical Training), Miss McQueen (Domestic Science), Mrs. McWilliam (Modern Languages), Mr. C. Smith (English) and Miss Brown, our new Secretary, in place of Miss Flora Johnston.

Miss Johnston, who has gone to an appointment in Perthshire, was one of the most efficient secretaries we have had. In the words of a contributor she was "lovable, humorous, whimsical, undecipherable and superabundantly sane. The Gestetner relinquished its caprice and obeyed her touch; and the typewriter rippled out its perfections in the shape of countless exam. papers." She brightened the Hall with her smile *en passant* and she kept us all in order, even the wits in the Staff rooms, who always got as good as they gave. We miss her and wish her well in her new duties.

Special mention must now be made of four of our best known teachers who left us at the beginning of the session or recently, owing to marriage or retirement or transference. Miss Margaret Bremner's work in Classics was outstanding as her colleagues well knew, but it was her interest in the School as a whole and the part she played in its activities over many years that endeared her to Staff and Pupils alike. Miss Isobel B. Wilson will always be honoured for her enthusiasm, her courage, and her wide range of interests. Especially we recall her school journeys, the most notable being that to Stratford and the Shakespeare Country. For all she did we thank her sincerely, and we wish her pleasant days of retirement. Of Miss Smillie we speak elsewhere. Finally, Miss Helen Gordon (Modern Languages) was transferred to Hillhead High School in September, and thus came to an end a happy relationship with the School, which began in 1932. She was a charming colleague and her efficiency was enhanced by a play of sparkling good humour and ready wit. Whitehill has lost a good friend, for she was ever willing to help in everything that concerned the life of the School.

In January a milestone will have been reached when Mr. Weir retires and Mr. Robert McEwan succeeds him as Headmaster. But these are great themes which will be given adequate treatment in special articles.

## *A Message from Mr. Weir*

Farewell is not an easy word to write, especially when one is acutely conscious of all it signifies.

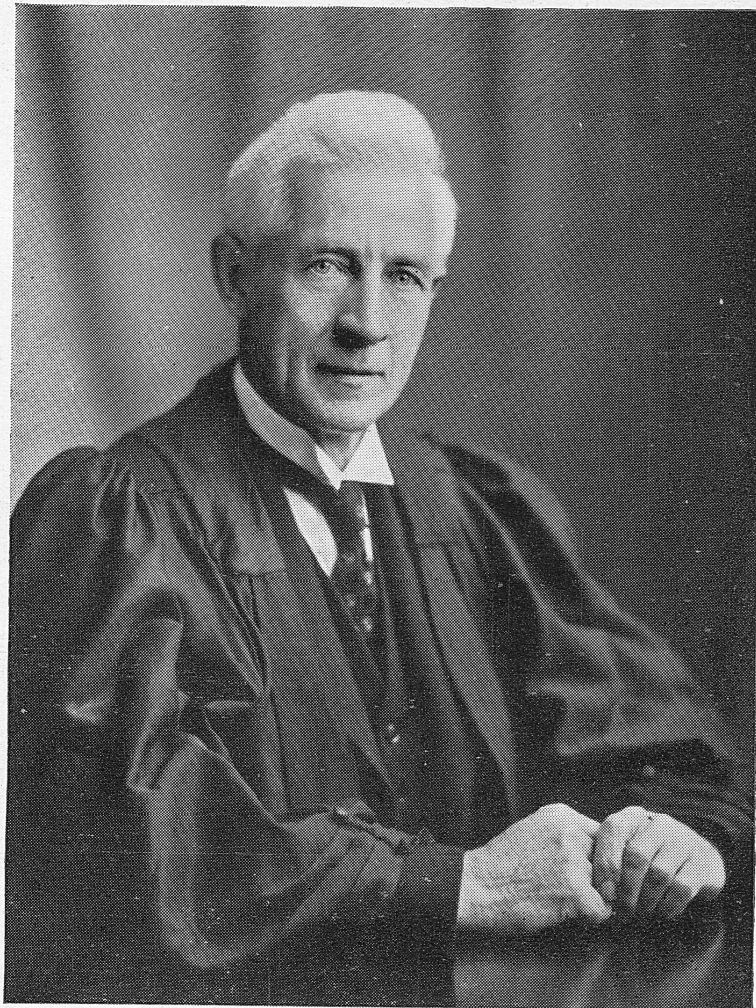
For me it marks the end of a career begun in a comparatively small country school away back in 1895 and closing now in one of the best known schools in Scotland.

These last fifteen years are full of fragrant memories of warm friendships and generous help from every quarter—parents, pupils, and staff, and I gladly seize this opportunity of recording my heartfelt appreciation of their valued contribution to the common cause.

The sympathetic interest, frankness, and generosity of the parents have served to lighten the burden and smooth out many difficulties, and their close co-operation has been much appreciated.

Of the Staff anything I could say would still be quite inadequate. Over and above the unremitting efforts to maintain the highest academic traditions of the School, there still remains that mass of extraneous activities—Craigend, sports, galas, concerts, choirs and orchestras, and all the societies—Literary and Debating, Dramatic, etc.—contributing so vitally to our corporate life. Such a wealth of activities calls for an abundance of voluntary service, and to me it has been one of the characteristic features of the School, and one of the finest, that this service has been given so lavishly and with such altruism. It emphasises in a most practical manner the spirit of “Service before Self.” To the Staff I tender my sincerest thanks. They are a grand team of whom a School feels justifiably proud





[Photo by Annan.

**ROBERT M. WEIR, Esq., M.A., B.A., F.E.I.S.**



Nor can I forget the three Depute Headmasters—Dr. Merry, Mr. Middlemiss and Mr. Scoular—who through some of the most testing years rendered service of inestimable value to the School. Here too it is fitting I should bear testimony to the tireless energy of “Bobby” McIntosh in his efforts for the reconstruction of Craigend.

Among the poignant and tender memories are the losses the School sustained in the passing of those well-beloved masters—Mr. Andrew Twaddell and “Holly”—and the loss in action of that most lovable and upright personality Mr. W. Hamilton. We remember them with affection, as also those fair young lives so full of promise and so suddenly cut short—Ralph Payne and Sandy Robertson, and those brave lads who sacrificed their lives in defence of their principles.

To the pupils, the heirs of our great tradition—a tradition to be respected, cherished and enhanced—your part will be to use the facilities and opportunities afforded by the School to fit you for the battle of life. Mathematics, Languages, Science, Sport are merely your tools, and it is not the tools themselves but how you use them that matters. You are entering a world of increasing complexity and difficulty, yet a world full of great opportunities, which will test to the limits your courage, initiative and resource. Remember the value of cheerfulness in adversity. Your cup of happiness is like the widow’s cruse, so spill a little to brighten the lives of your less fortunate fellows and fare forth into life with keen determination, high resolve, and steadfast purpose to abide by the motto of your School.

And when the last Great Scorer comes  
To write against your name,  
He’ll ask not if you won or lost,  
But how you played the game.

It is eight bells ringing and “the long trick’s over.” I hear the footsteps of Mr. McEwan on the companion-ladder, and as I step down from the bridge wishing him and you God speed, it is with the full assurance that the good ship is trim and tight, the barometer high, and the crew in excellent fettle.

Sail on, brave ship, and hold the course the Master Pilot sets.

To one and all—*Bon voyage.*

R. M. W.





[Drawn by R. Rormac.]

[Photo by Rormac.]

*"Bon Voyage. and Guid Fushin'!"*



## Robert Muir Weir, Esq., M.A., B.A., F.E.I.S.

Headmaster, May 1931 to January 1947.

Mr. Weir came to us from Shawlands bearing an impressive record. After leaving school as Dux, he pursued further studies at several Universities in this and other countries, mainly at Edinburgh, London and Rennes, with additional courses at Marburg, Bonn, Glasgow Athenæum, and the Royal Technical College. He took his professional training at Moray House, Edinburgh. His student career showed an exceptional combination of depth and width of scholarship. His prizes covered such varied subjects as Botany and Drawing, Natural Philosophy, and (of all things) Coastal Navigation; he won three scholarships; a series of distinctions in Modern Languages culminated in a degree with First Class Honours from London; and he qualified to teach in France as well as in this country.

His teaching career may be said to have begun as far back as 1895, when he became a monitor. As a qualified teacher he held appointments in Blantyre, Langholm, Cumnock, and Coatbridge, and then went to Queen's Park as Principal Teacher of Modern Languages in 1910. By this time he had taught English, Latin, and Art as well as the subject in which he specialised.

It was during his stay at Queen's Park, from 1910 till 1929, that I first came to know him. In every way—appearance, character, interests—he was exactly the man who has made such a mark on Whitehill. Even then his startlingly white hair was an arresting feature, yet it did not make him look old—the keenness of the eyes, the merriment of the expression, the power of the vocal outbursts, the energy of action, all betokened the vitality of youth. The same dynamic qualities are evident to-day.

He was a first-rate teacher. Nothing escaped him. He came into the room like a charge of electricity and the class were kept galvanised right to the bell. A regular topic in the playground was "what 'Billy' was up to to-day," and the tit-bits went round in an atmosphere of genuine respect and regard. But it was not only in the classroom that he shone. He supervised, and indeed reorganised, the bewilderingly complex time-table. He was Secretary of the Athletic Club. He was on the executive of the Swimming Association of Glasgow. He was a stalwart of the Staff Hockey Team. His trenchant repartee made him a favourite speaker at the Debating Society. Another facet of his character appeared when he conducted morning prayers.

A treasured memory is a foreign tour under his leadership. His preparations were meticulous. Every possible problem was anticipated. The pupil abroad for the first time found that his instructions covered all contingencies. Long before the trip Mr. Weir would find time to survey the route personally, getting to know every necessary detail on the spot. Naturally his fluent command of languages was invaluable. There was one occasion in Belgium when an official fumbled an arrangement. I am grateful to him as I recall the scene when "the Boss" cornered



him. A torrent of high-speed, non-stop French, with thundering sound, delighted the admiring pupils ranged around, and their joy was unbounded when the discomfited brass-hat fled to his telephone and rearranged trains and trams in both Bruges and Brussels without even the satisfaction of disowning the blame—for R. M. stood over him and "vetted" every word.

As Headmaster of Whitehill he has had one bitter disappointment. The new school, which was to be a triumph of school architecture, was due to be opened in 1943. Five months before the first sod should have been cut, war broke out, and now the dream is as far from realisation as ever. But on the other hand there are many things on which he can look back with satisfaction—the successful campaign of the Craigend playing fields (a long story in itself); the foundation of new prizes; the organisation of war-time activities, including evacuation and temporary schemes at home, one after another, leading to a permanent system; the maintenance of the scholastic standard despite a fluctuating roll of pupils and constant changes of staff; the amalgamation with Onslow Drive, now Whitehill Junior Secondary School; the summer camps; and latterly the weekly services in Rutherford Church. It has fallen to him to govern Whitehill during the most difficult of its fifty years, and it is good for the School that he was there.

Outside his own School his activities have been too numerous to detail here. He has been for long a national figure in the Educational Institute of Scotland; he was Vice-Convener of the important National Joint Council which negotiated the Teviot Salary Scale; he is a past President of the Headmasters Association; he has served on a wide range of committees and has held a number of examinerships in different subjects.

He has many recreations despite the time he has always spent on his professional work. He is a keen gardener and enjoys driving his car. But his favourite pastimes are connected with the water—swimming, fishing and sailing. Perhaps his richest reminiscences derive from his days as a member of the Clyde Cruising Club.

As chairman of a business meeting he handles the agenda briskly and thoroughly; his speeches on formal occasions have dignity and clarity; for lighter moments he has an entertaining and racy style. In conversation one is struck by the number of topics on which he can speak with authority, and the alacrity with which he can pierce through complications to seize on the essentials of a problem.

In particular we wish to pay tribute to his readiness to help anyone who brings him a personal problem. For anyone who has had occasion to approach him in this way, this is the aspect of his character that stands out in the memory. All his rich sympathy, wisdom and generosity come to light. No one ever confides in him without receiving ripe counsel and renewed confidence.

Only an exceptional man can be equal to the demands of so large an establishment as Whitehill. In R. M. Weir we have had that man.

## Miss Mary E. C. Smillie, M.A.

On 31st October there was a gathering of the Staff in Room 4, followed by "a social hour" in order to honour Miss Smillie, who was retiring after nearly thirty years' service in Whitehill. In a happy speech she took us back to the "ongauns" of a First Year boys' class which she taught in the late "teens" of the century. She taught them English—"Merchant of Venice," "Old Christmas"; Nesfield's Grammar and Roots and Derivatives; and they taught her—the Boy's outlook on life!

It was the beginning of a career of strenuous and devoted service. Her work was thorough and the foundations she laid in the junior classes proved its strength in the later stages. With it all there was a deep interest in the welfare of all around her. She was the heart and soul of any enterprise—from a Jubilee Celebration down to the drawing up of a Book Club List—and, if she and Mrs. Pirie ever took on "a party," then Whitehill smiled and all the world was gay!

Her heart is Highland, and in summer months she will be "over the sea" to the isles, but we shall remember her gratefully and wish her many happy years.

### IN MEMORIAM.

While this magazine was in the press we received the sad news of the death of Mr. Thomas Nisbet, Headmaster of Whitehill from 1922 to 1931, on the last day of the year 1946. A note on his career was given in the Jubilee Magazine. Throughout his retirement Mr. Nisbet retained a keen interest in the School, and it was a great joy to him to attend the Jubilee Dinner, at which he was given a great ovation. We offer our sincere sympathy to his two sons.

### THE "J. T. SMITH" PRIZES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

June 1947.

#### SENIOR SECTION.

(Open to Pupils in Forms IV, V, and VI.)

Subject: The Place of Local Colour, Scenery and Regional Interest in the Novel.

Typical Authors: Hardy, Neil Munro, R. L. Stevenson, Walpole, Bennett, Brett Young, Kipling, Mark Twain, John Galt, Barrie, L. A. G. Strong, Dickens, Emily Bronte, L. G. Gibbon.

#### JUNIOR SECTION.

(Open to Pupils in Form III.)

Subject: Some Famous Books of Travel and of Exploration.

At least six should be read.

Examples: Stanley's Search for Livingstone, Kamet Conquered, Scott's Last Journey, Voyage of "The Beagle," Moby Dick, Peter Fleming in Central Asia, Wingate in Burma, Across the Plains, Travels with a Donkey, An Inland Voyage, A Surgeon's Log, With Shackleton in the Antarctic, Nansen's Farthest North, The Worst Journey in the World.

N.B.—For each book you read you should study the route, the importance of the journey, and the human qualities revealed



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

On Tuesday, 21st January, Mr. Robert McEwan, our new Headmaster, will take over the reins of office from Mr. Robert M. Weir. By an interesting coincidence his first official duty will be to take his place at the weekly service in Rutherford Church and so meet the School as a whole right at the beginning.

It was a happy augury for the future that the announcement of Mr. McEwan's appointment was made at the Jubilee Dinner on 30th October by Bailie Andrew Hood, Convener of the Education Committee. The applause with which the news was received showed that his name was familiar to a great number of the audience, many of whom remembered him as their teacher and friend.

He came to Whitehill in 1912 fresh from Glasgow University where he had played a notable part in student life and graduated M.A. with Honours in English Language and Literature. As a teacher he taught with vigour, distinguishing himself in English by his wide reading and scholarship and in Geography by a flair for the practical side of the subject. In the course of the next 18 years he took an active part in the life of the school, particularly in sport and in the running of the Library, the Debating Society, and the Magazine.

He was awarded the Military Cross and was twice mentioned in despatches in the first world war, during which he served with the Scottish Rifles and the Royal Irish Fusiliers. After the war Mr. McEwan was one of the first teachers in the West of Scotland to take part in the Empire Exchange Scheme, being for a time Principal Teacher of History in the Collegiate Institute, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.

From 1931 to 1943 Mr. McEwan was Principal Teacher of English successively in Pollokshields, Bellahouston, and Glasgow High Schools, in each case devoting much time to the production of the School Magazine. He received a hearty welcome back to Pollokshields when he was sent there as Headmaster three years ago. Similarly we welcome him back to Whitehill. Although it is fifteen years since he left us, he has still many links with the Staff and Former Pupils, and he is assured of a real Whitehill cheer from the present Staff and pupils when he makes his first appearance as our new Head.

We wish him every success in the great task he has set himself and can promise him our hearty support in the years to come.





[Photo by Lafayette.

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





[Photo by Annan.]

**Miss HELEN A. MITCHELL, M.A.**



## Miss Helen A. Mitchell, M.A.

An association with the School extending over fifty years was severed on 27th December by the retirement of Miss Mitchell from the position of Principal Teacher of Modern Languages, which she has adorned with such signal success and distinction since 1931.

Entering Whitehill in 1896 from Thomson Street—a school which has contributed so many distinguished pupils to the roll of Whitehill—Miss Mitchell had the fortune to find herself enrolled at a period when the School had begun to take a prominent place in the educational annals of the city, and she was soon to add to its lustre by her own brilliant academic career. The records of the School, which are by me as I write, contain annual references to her success in the Bursary and Prize Lists. From the Pupil Teachers' Institute she proceeded to the Training College and thence, as first Normal bursar, to the University of Glasgow, where her versatility was marked by prizes, not only in French and German, but also in Education and Mathematics—an achievement of rare merit when one recalls the brilliant mathematicians who were her contemporaries.

In turn she served on the staffs of Strathaven, Greenock, John Street, Whitehill, and Eastbank before returning to Whitehill in 1931 to take charge of the Modern Languages Department. Since then some 9,000 pupils have passed through the School and many there are who remember with gratitude to-day the hours spent in her classroom. Brought up in the old tradition of strenuous work, she insisted on the maintenance of the high standard in which she had been trained, and thereby laid the solid foundations of sound learning which were to carry so many of her pupils to posts of distinction. Ungrudging of her reserves of boundless energy, she was in the highest sense a dynamic personality, inspiring her classes with her own enthusiasm and stimulating them by her example. Her keen sense of fairness and justice, her scorn of humbug in and out of the classroom, her downright thoroughness in matters of detail, joined to humane sympathy, insight and forbearance, won for her the admiration and affection of all.

A gifted musician, she is a familiar figure in her accustomed place at the weekly concerts in St. Andrew's Hall, and regularly attends the Royal Philosophical and the Geographical Societies. Her interest in social welfare is manifest in her zeal for church work. She retired in December last from the post of Superintendent of Victoria Park Sunday School, with which she has been associated since 1913.

We shall miss her, but we shall treasure in our memories that merry twinkle in her eye, the kindly humour, the never failing courtesy, sympathy, and heartfelt friendliness that have endeared her to us all. To her in her well-earned retirement we extend our heartiest wishes for many long years of happiness and prosperity.

R. M. W.



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R. M. W.



## A Dream of Rome

"Blake, repeat what I have just said !" The voice of "Old Froggy," the Latin master, penetrated Jimmy's dreams, and brought him back with a jolt to the stark reality of the Latin class. Jimmy rose uneasily to his feet and looked appealingly at Hibbs, his trusted ally and helper, but the master strode quickly up the passage and planted himself firmly between Hibbs and Jimmy. "What have I just finished saying?" he said sternly. "Well, er, something about the locative case, sir?" Jimmy looked hopefully at the master. The class tittered and Jimmy sighed. What a life ! "It is quite evident that you have no idea whatever what I have been talking about," the master said witheringly. "Copy out the whole of Chapter 7 of 'Caesariana' for to-morrow,—in ink," he added, "and in English." Jimmy groaned. As if he hadn't enough home-work already. And in ink ! That meant he'd have to do it about three times before he got it blot free. "I'll bet the ancient Romans didn't talk this silly stuff," he muttered. "I'll bet old Caesar used slang. I wonder what it was like in Rome in those days?"

He saw himself wandering along the banks of a river, with a city on seven hills before him. He heard a sound of laughter, and on looking round, he saw a merry-faced girl standing behind him. Her hair was dark and very long, and she wore a gown of snowy linen, which fell in graceful folds to her ankles. "Why, it's a toga she's wearing," thought Jimmy in surprise. The girl said something to him, but the language was strange and Jimmy merely looked blank. The girl chattered on and Jimmy caught the word "Romae." "Gosh," he thought, "that's — Roma, Roma, Romam—" he continued aloud. The girl laughed and said, "We don't use that old stuff now, except when we're writing in books." Jimmy found that he could now understand her, strangely enough. "That language is very old-fashioned; we never speak it now," continued the girl. "Who are you, anyway?" asked Jimmy curiously. "I am Helena of the house of Bibulo," answered the girl proudly. "And you are—?" "I am James of the house of Blake," Jimmy replied, wondering inwardly what Hibbs would say if he could hear him now! "Come!" the girl held out her hand. "I will show you our city of Rome." "Gee whizikins!" gasped Jimmy, "see Rome? You betcha." The girl looked at him curiously, but led the way up to a huge, wrought-iron gate. A sentry sang out a challenge which the girl answered, and Jimmy found himself inside the walls of Rome. He looked round in wonder while Helena watched him with amusement in her dancing brown eyes. A group of boys passed on their way to school, a slave behind each one, carrying books.

"Blake, make that punishment twice, in ink!" "Old Froggy's" voice cut bitinglly through his dream. He gasped indignantly, then chuckled. "Old Froggy" thought the Romans used that stuffy old language. But he knew better.

M. B., III.1.

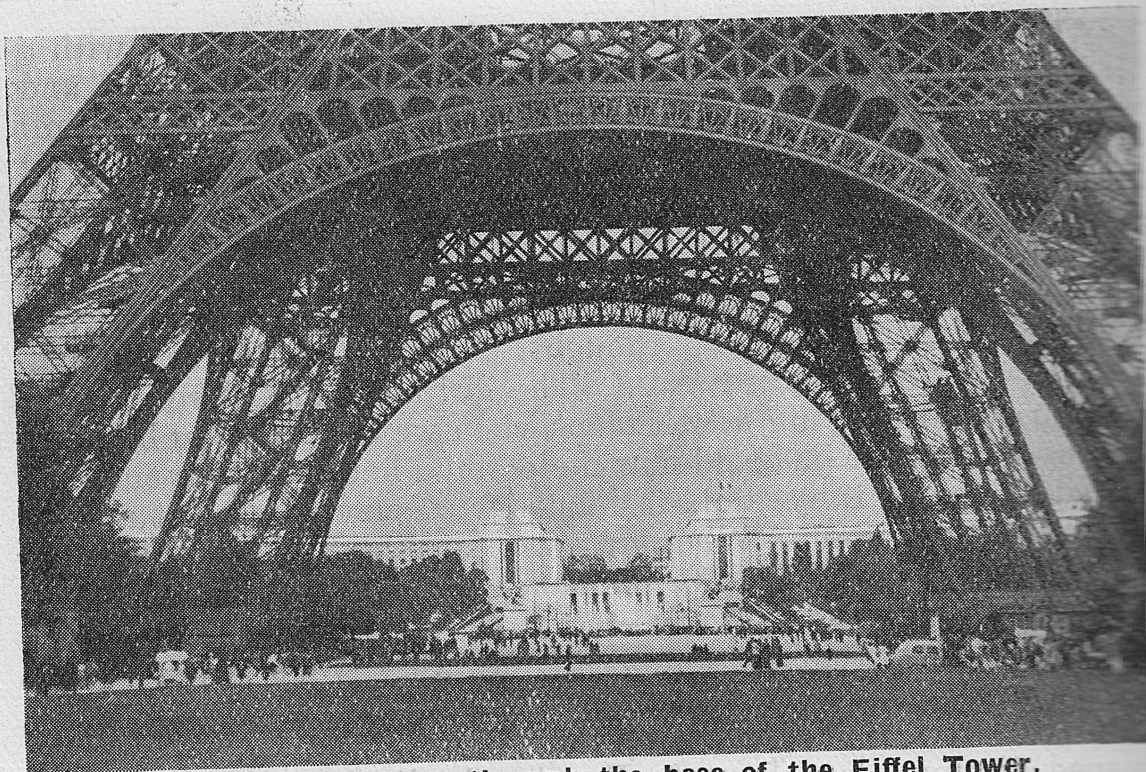


## Holiday in Paris

Viscount Kemsley, head of a big newspaper firm whose publications include the "Daily Record," awards a number of travelling scholarships each year to pupils of Secondary Schools in Glasgow. Only a small number of candidates can be successful, and no school is allowed to present more than two. Last year Whitehill had the distinction of having both representatives selected—James Stoker and Sheila Glassford. They, therefore, were members of the first school party to visit France since the war.

The party lived at the Cité Universitaire, mixing with students of fifty nationalities. They visited Notre Dame, and heard part of a Litany being sung, Sacré Coeur, which offers a wonderful panorama of the city; the Arc de Triomphe; the Louvre, where they saw the Venus de Milo and the Mona Lisa; and the Invalides, the tomb of Napoleon. They climbed the Eiffel Tower. They had evenings at the Opera House, Bouffes Parisiens, open-air cafés, and a cinema. They inspected a cinema studio, the Renault Works, a chateau, and a school. They were through the Latin Quarter and the Bois de Boulogne. At St. Germaine they saw the tomb of James II. of Britain, and a massive shelter built for Von Runstedt during the war. Perhaps most impressive of all was the colossal Palace at Versailles. They were even lucky enough to see the procession on the National Fête Day, and the firework display at night.

Sheila Glassford writes the following short account of the trip.



**The Trocadero seen through the base of the Eiffel Tower.**

Never was the truism, "they returned home tired but happy," more truly applicable than to those students who visited Paris under the Kemsley Travelling Scholarships Scheme. We found it just as we had expected—a constant exhilarating, yet tiring whirl of sightseeing.

On our arrival a determination to "see Paris" took charge of our party and from then on it was a case of constant exhausting trips, aided (or hindered) by the notorious continental system of transport, which consists merely of getting on and hanging on. During our stay we managed to visit most of the famous sights, but our stay in Paris did not consist entirely of sightseeing. We



## The Mighty Men

The title above refers to that galaxy of Goliaths, namely the Junior Rugby Team. They were formed at the beginning of this term by the Rugby Committee. This braw bunch of broken down Whitehillites (the Committee) induced the younger members of the School into the team by promises of sweets and lollipops (bought at the gate), and if that did not succeed, Browne with an E— threatened them with lines. Finally—they managed to gather together a crew of stalwarts, and like a piece of dough they were moulded into form, and did they need it? (Get it?).

The great day came when the team was ready to take the field. Where they were going to take it I do not know. When they came on to the field wearing their oldest shirts, they were dressed like rugby players. They also looked like rugby players. But that was as far as it went.

SCARED! III.3.

## On Learning Dates

“How I hate dates !” I moaned, staring gloomily at a sheet covered with them that lay on the table before me. My father added to my misery by cracking the old joke that he liked them very well in a sandwich. Knowing that he was treading on delicate ground he trampled on, in that “hearty” fashion that fathers so like to adopt on occasion. “You know,” he said, “you should have learned a few every week.” Gloom settled even more heavily on my brow. I knew perfectly well what I ought to have done. Who does not, in similar cases? However, learn them I knew I must, and with the exams. looming ahead I did my poor best to concentrate.

I began that incantation which belongs so exclusively to the tribe of date-learners, and accompanied myself with tom-tom-like thumps on the table. This my father did not seem to appreciate, and he remarked in the most gentle of voices that I would learn them much more easily by writing them down.

Taking this broad hint, I began anew. Screeds and screeds of paper fell victim to my bout of energy. Whichever Minister sustains the paper shortage would be quite heartened if he were to find out the amount of paper I used.

1066 . . . 1066 . . . 1314 . . . or was it 1413 ?

However, at last I was finished, or so I thought, and when the exam. day came round (as inexorably as Monday mornings), I sat down to my history paper that memorable day in the confident expectation that I would know all my dates. I write my last two words with hesitancy, for I may not be believed by those of you who know exams. for the terrifying things they really are. I did !

C.A., IV.3.



# The Jubilee

Whitehill has seen many notable years in its history, but this session, 1946-1947, seems to be of them all the *Annus Mirabilis*. To begin with, the summer of 1946 was the first unbroken spell of holidays we had enjoyed since 1938, and a good start in September gave us all, and especially the Leaving Certificate candidates, "a straight run" to Christmas. In the autumn the Jubilee Number of the Magazine was successfully completed and published in time for the Jubilee Dinner and Dance held in the Grosvenor Restaurant on 30th October. The date chosen for this celebration was as near as could be arranged to the Fifty-fifth Anniversary of the opening of the School on 16th November, 1891. About 400 Former Pupils, Members of the Staff, past and present, and friends assembled in the Banqueting Hall in a beautiful setting worthy of the occasion. Tributes to the School were paid by the Lord Provost (Sir Hector McNeill) ; Bailie Andrew Hood, Convener of the Education Committee of the Corporation; Professor Mackie, representing the University; Dr. D. S. Anderson, Director of the Royal Technical College; and Mr. D. D. Anderson, H.M. Chief Inspector for the Western Division of Scotland. In his reply the Headmaster, who presided, spoke feelingly and impressively as he turned back the pages of the School's history and recalled the great figures of the past.

The Guests included the Rev. Jas. Barr; the Rev. Robert Arthur, our Chaplain; Mrs. Levack, daughter of the late Mr. Jas. Henderson; Miss Charlotte Smith and Mrs. Gertrude Sutherland, daughters of the late Mr. Fergus Smith; Mr. Thomas Nisbet, Headmaster-emeritus; Bailies Matthew Armstrong, Rennie Archibald, and Samuel Gratton; and the School Captains, Herbert L. Duthie and Nessie I. Erskine. To our regret Miss Helen S. Simpson (associated with the School from its inception to a fairly recent date) was unable to be present, but we remembered her and many others of the former members of the staff who had, like her, been prevented from attending by illness or other cause. Those who were able to come received a great welcome. We were especially glad to see Mr. Peter MacDougall who had come from Islay for the occasion. An impressive moment occurred at the beginning of the proceedings when the gathering stood for a short time silently honouring those who had died in war.

## School Celebration.

The celebration of the Jubilee by the School took place on Friday, 27th December, in Dennistoun Picture House, kindly lent by the Proprietors. Mr. Weir was in the chair. The platform party included the Lord Provost; Bailie Andrew Hood; Miss Helen Mitchell; Bailie Matthew Armstrong; Colonel Johnston, representing the Education Offices; Mr. Alex. Fraser, representing the Former Pupils; Mr. Scoular; and the School Captains.





[Photo by J. P. Couper.

JUBILEE DINNER IN GROSVENOR RESTAURANT, October 30, 1946.



After prayer offered by Bailie Armstrong, apologies for absence were intimated from Principal Hetherington of Glasgow University, Mr. D. D. Anderson, and Dr. H. Stewart Mackintosh, the Director of Education. Parents of the pupils occupied the front of the balcony.

The recreational side of the proceedings was provided by the orchestra (Mr. Donald B. Miller, conductor), and by the School Choirs (Mr. Arthur E. Meikle conducting), and finally by the showing of the film, "Courage of Lassie," for arranging which and all other facilities, we are much indebted to Mr. Good, manager of the Picture House.

The School Captains, Nessie Erskine and Herbert Duthie, rose nobly to the occasion when they made presentations to Miss Mitchell and Mr. Weir respectively. Miss Mitchell was saying farewell to the School after 50 years' connection as pupil, teacher, and Principal Teacher of Modern Languages. In their replies the recipients showed how deeply they appreciated the warmth of feeling towards them, and they spoke almost passionately of their love for the School and its tradition.

In congratulatory speeches the Lord Provost, Sir Hector McNeill, and Bailie Hood referred to the greatness of this historic occasion. We were a great School and a great family which included not only all its members, past and present, in our native city, but many scattered abroad in far-flung outposts of the Empire. Colonel Johnston looked forward to the year 1991 when many of the pupils listening to him now would celebrate the School's centenary. He ended by calling for a half holiday, and he called not in vain.

## The "Perfect" Legend

A Wily Fisher, angling on a Sandy beach near Erskine Ferry for Dunlop tyres, was asked, "Have you caught any Roach or sKate?"

The reply was negative.

"Well, I hope you Wil, son," was the passer-by's remark.

Unsuccessful and Brown Ed-off, he lights a Wood-bine, Annd, sucking some Patont sHerbert, goes home to Stevenson where he May find a Grey M)ullet for his tea.

ADMIRABLE WETHER, F.R.B.D., VI.

## Things Overhead

### I.—In the Laboratory

"Twenty-five, point eight, three, four cc's," said the budding analyst, wiping his hands on his trousers with a look of keen accuracy.

### II.—At the Dinner School

"What! Turkey again?"





## Swimming Club

After a lapse of eight years the school Swimming Gala took place in Whitevale Baths amid scenes of great enthusiasm and excitement before a capacity audience. Although the quality was not up to that of previous years, the quantity exceeded it. It was very gratifying to see the large numbers of enthusiastic competitors, and we will look forward to more and more participating in future years.

The results were as follows:—

Senior Championship—Girls. 1 J. Currie. 2 E. Adam.  
 Senior Championship—Boys. 1 G. Kennedy. 2 J. Baird.  
 Junior Championship—Girls. 1 A. McKerrow. 2 M. Smith.  
 Junior Championship—Boys. 1 A. McInnes. 2 G. Anderson.  
 25 Yards Free Style Handicap—Boys under 14. 1 G. Dick. 2 A. Russell.  
 25 Yards Free Style Handicap—Girls under 14. 1 A. Marshall. 2 H. Boyd.  
 One Width Learners' Race—Girls. 1 B. McNair. 2 R. Beattie.  
 One Width Learners' Race—Boys. 1 H. Paterson. 2 A. Cruickshank.  
 50 Yards Breast Stroke Handicap—Boys over 14. 1 C. Gough. 2 A. Brown.  
 25 Yards Breast Stroke Handicap—Girls under 14. 1 D. Hunter. 2 A. Neil.  
 50 Yards Free Style H'cap. (Open)—Boys. 1 H. Campbell. 2 G. Kennedy.  
 50 Yards Breast Stroke Handicap—Girls over 14. 1 B. Anderson. 2 (equal)  
 E. Adam and I. Sinclair.  
 25 Yards Back Stroke Handicap (Open)—Boys. 1 G. Allison. 2 J. Paton.  
 25 Yards Breast Stroke H'cap.—Boys under 14. 1 J. Cooper. 2 R. Coustou.

The School should be proud of its swimmers achieving some notable successes, viz., Glasgow Schools' Team Championship 2nd place, with G. Kennedy, James Baird, James Chester and Wm. Cross.

75 Yards Junior Championship of Glasgow Schools. 1st Allan McInnes.  
 50 Yards Championship of Glasgow Schools (under 13). 1st R. Cuthbert.  
 Robertson Cup (under 14) Team Championship. 1st place, with A. McInnes.  
 R. Cuthbert, J. Robb and I. Jamieson.  
 Toc H Cup 2nd place, A. McInnes.

## Schoolboy's Soliloquy

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
 Creeps in each period from day to day,  
 And all our yesterdays have lighted teachers (Hm!),  
 The way to use the belt. Out, out, oh homework!  
 Life is but full of it; a poor student  
 Struts and frets his hour at Latin verbs,  
 Then gets to do some more; it is a shame  
 That all our efforts seem full of sound and fury,  
 Yet to our teachers signifying nothing.

R. G., IIIA

Miss McC.—“It's my own invention.”—Carroll.

Mr. J. D.—“Man, take thine old cloake about thee!”—Anon.

Mr. H. McL.—“O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies.”

—Tennyson



# WHITEHILL GALA

THE PROCEEDINGS OPENED  
WITH A SMART WIN BY YOUNG  
CUTHBERT THE MIDGET TORPEDO!

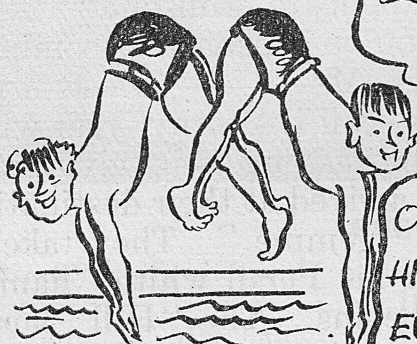
THE  
"VOICE"



SHOWING THE  
REST A VERY CLEAN  
PAIR OF HEELS



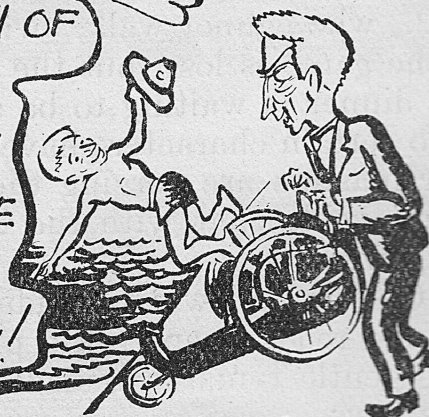
THIS WAS SOON  
FOLLOWED BY  
AN EXCITING  
DISPLAY OF  
NOSE-HOLDING  
BY THE  
JUNIOR MISSES



ONE OF THE  
HIGHLIGHTS OF THE  
EVENING WAS THE VERY FANCY  
DIVING OF MESSRS PATON & KIRKWOOD



BUT THE REALLY 'BIG SPLASH' OF  
THE EVENING WAS THE HEAD-  
MASTERS' RACE WON BY THE TEAM  
LED BY OUR MR FISHER WHO LIKE  
MOSES OF OLD PARTED THE  
WATERS IN NO MEAN FASHION!



SOME FINAL REMARKS BY MR WEIR  
HAD SOME REFERENCE TO BATH-CHAIRS,  
BATHS & OUR WORTHY CHAIRMAN MR MIDDLEMISS

Cornwall 46.



## Actually—It's the 1st

On Saturday mornings, whether it be raining, hailing, or snowing, a certain party of extremely well-built and well-mannered youths (usually referred to by the small-fry of the Lower School as "a lo' uv big Jessies") may be seen entering either Killermont Street or Waterloo Street bus station. As the youths pass, strangers turn and gaze wistfully at their magnificent appearance; they stare enviously at the broad shoulders of C——; they gasp in astonishment at the hair style of S——; they are indeed thunderstruck at the appearance of a red kilt from under which a pair of muscular legs protrude. In a daze the spectators see "the 1st" (for such are the youths) begging one another to enter the bus first. Having eventually succeeded in satisfying one another, the party begins to converse in soft, musical tones. The following are some quotations from their conversations:

"Holly, old bean, yoah nose is a delicate crimson."

"Sandy, yoah uttah boundah! you've broken mai comb!"

With other such mannerly phrases, M—— cracks a joke (the Lower School would, undoubtedly, call it "corny"), at which the happy comrades delight their fellow passengers by giving vent to ripples of girlish laughter. Having arrived at their destination, the young gentlemen prepare for the "gemme." They take up their positions on the field, each with his Persil white "hanky" poked up his left sleeve. The game begins. The "Hill" surges forward. With the ball at his toes, the immaculate P—— breaks through. A foot shoots out; poor P. falls in the mud. Lifting himself from the mire, P. begins to wipe anxiously at his left leg with his hanky. An individual called H——, on the verge of tears, angrily warns the other team that he will "stot the cads if it happens again." No sooner has foolish H. opened his mouth than he finds himself three feet above the ground in a horizontal position. A second later he learns that even mud hurts. At this barbarous exhibition, D——, the captain, leads off the "Hill" in disgust. L—— and the "goalie" cart off P., who cannot walk, owing to a blob of mud on his kneecap. So the game is lost, but the youths cheer up when they are told that dinner is waiting to be served by some blonde hockey-girls. [Two certain characters have coats which eat pies and buns while their masters are gorging themselves]. After a good meal and an enjoyable chat with the blondes, the youths proceed back to Glasgow.

On the following Monday morning, eleven sheepish youths and one red kilt enter the playground to the accompaniment of some gentle remarks issued by their disgusted "minors." Here are a few:—

"Haw, S——, yer a proaper chancer!"

"See you, McD——, ye couldny burst a bag!"

[At this remark, McD. smiles sardonically.]

"Haw, Wullie P——, ye waant tae chuck it!"

Such is fame!

THE LINESMAN, V.2





[Photo by Lawrie.]

#### **FOOTBALL FIRST XI.**

*Standing:* S. Lees, J. Sinclair, E. Fleming, J. Somerville, W. Crofts, R. Paterson, E. Park.

*Sitting:* H. Merchant, J. Sandison, H. Duthie (Captain), W. Peat, J. Hollerin.



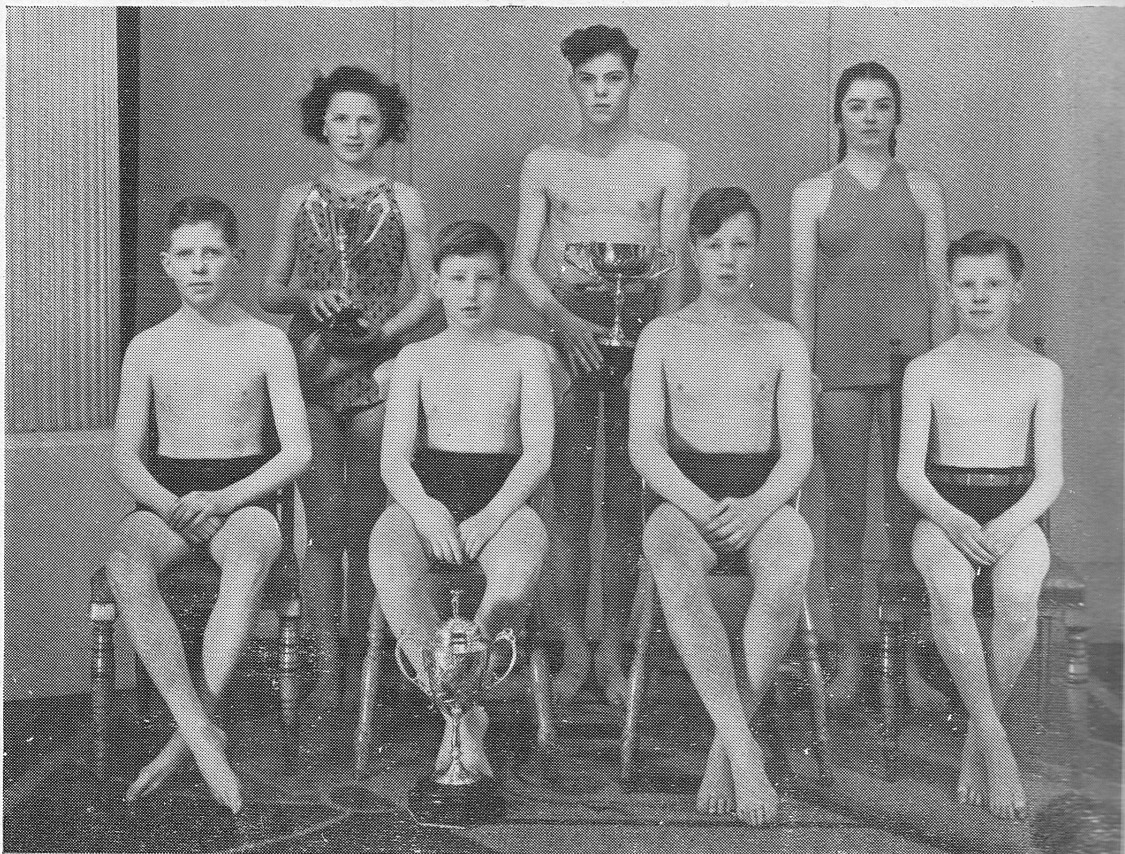
[Photo by Lawrie.]

#### **RUGBY FIRST XV.**

*Standing:* C. Gough, P. Clark, I. Mitchell, M. Reid, D. Hunter, R. Robertson, G. Parker, R. Kernohan.

*Sitting:* S. Grant, I. Brown, W. Grant, W. Monteith (Captain), M. K. Browne, H. Stevenson, J. Paton.





[Photo by Lawrie.]

### SWIMMING.

*Standing:* J. Currie (Senior Champion), G. Kennedy (Senior Champion),  
A. McKerrow (Junior Champion).

*Sitting:* Junior Boys' Team, winners of Glasgow Schools' Junior Cham'ship  
and Robertson Cup: I. Jamieson, A. McInnes (Junior Champion), J. Robb,  
R. Cuthbert.



[Photo by Lawrie.]

### HOCKEY FIRST XI.

*Standing:* M. Barclay, J. Wylie, I. Shirlaw, F. Grant, I. Dawson, N. Hill.

*Sitting:* J. Buchanan, M. Connelly, E. Wood (Captain), A. Robertson,  
J. Hart.



## November Evening

I wended my way down a long narrow street, and perceiving a long queue, out of habit joined it, hoping I had reached my destination. After scouting around I found that my intuition had guided me aright. No one with ears and eyes could have failed to realise that the chattering horde lined up against the walls of a bleak red edifice was a gathering of pupils from Whitehill Secondary School. Yes, I was at the right place, but where on earth did this snake have its beginning?

Ah! a movement—was the queue really moving? Ha! too quick; a false alarm—some get-ahead person had merely vacated the ranks to see if he could squeeze in with his pals further down the line. I may remark that no undue eagerness, in fact none at all, was shown to join friends less fortunately placed at the rear of the line.

At last I neared the doorway. Judging by the time I had waited I deserved a dozen bananas or at least a cream sponge. I went in the door—had I at last got inside?—"Where's your ticket?" This from Mr. Fisher, who with one outstretched hand, was successfully preventing the entrance of my friend, who, I need hardly write, had the tickets. One girl was inside, one girl was outside, one had two tickets, one had none. What was to be done? With gracious condescension Mr. Fisher raised his hand and we passed into the noble building.

A flight of twisty, narrow stairs now confronted me, of the type which, no matter how many corners one turns, never seems to bring one to the top.

Eventually a vista of a calm, shimmering stretch of cool green water met my eyes—the pool. I then saw the crowded gallery with great lights suspended from the roof, throwing their beams on the eager faces all around. Just as I was getting ready to push in and join the crowd, a hand stretched forth and I found that one of the teachers, who was regulating the human traffic, was keeping me out of the noisy throng of which I caught a glimpse. At last I managed to get inside. Now, I thought, to find a seat. Do you not laugh at the poor deluded one who arrived when the the hour lacked only ten minutes, and began to look for a seat? Round the gallery I went and finally I found a bench to climb on to from whence I could watch the proceedings—a bench at the back of the gallery, and I had sallied in with the intention of a seat at the front. What a come down!

I saw the proceedings fairly well and although I could not see the judge's table, when the cheering broke out anew I assumed that the victors were being suitably rewarded.

I wended my way up a long narrow street, sore in limb and throat, bent double, and croaking like a raven, but feeling very pleased with the W.S.S. post-war Swimming Gala.

C. D., IV.3.



## F.P. Notes

We have held several enjoyable and profitable meetings this session, including a talk by Colin Neil McKay, Film Critic of the "Daily Express" and a former pupil, and an interesting account of life in Greece by Alec Woodrow. Nevertheless, the Club membership and attendance ought to be greater, considering the size of our School.

Once again the sporting sections are running the Club. Why should this be, when the School has a good Literary and Debating Society? When you stars, who shine so brightly at the School "Lit.", join the ranks of F.Ps., we would like to see you sparkle as brilliantly at the Club.

We hope to join battle with the School at our Debate on 10th January—and have a really lively "Whitehill" night!

The sporting sections—hockey, rugby, football—will welcome additions to their numbers. Letters to the Editor will be gratefully received by the F.P. Magazine Committee. We shall do our best to answer your questions, and your criticisms.

We would like to thank the Editors for granting us space in which to record our activities.

GORDON EASTON, President,

WM. CARSON, Secretary,

182 Whitehill Street, E.1.



## Library

A few books, suitable for Junior School boys have been added recently to the collection. We hope that by the time you come to read this magazine, several new volumes will have appeared on the shelves. There are almost 200 pupils members, most of whom are "enthusiastic Juniors."

We would remind the Senior School that there are "many goodly states and kingdoms" to be explored in Room 35—especially in the realms of English Literature and History.

Finally—a word of thanks to those who give their services so willingly each week in the Library.

J. E. G.

## Said the Onion

I wonder why everyone cries,

Whenever they see me about?

They look at me sadly with tear-leaden eyes,

The attitude causes me pain and surprise,

Oh! I wish I could find why everyone cries,

Whenever they see me about.

D. F. and A. S., I.3.





## Music



**Church Choir.** In making up our numbers after many stalwarts left school last session we have achieved a better balance. The tenor section, which was numerically weak, has gained most in recruitment, and our basses, with no loss of confidence in their "natural superiority," are inclined to admit that in the new deal, tenors have turned up trumps.  
H. M.

**Orchestra.** We have only 15 playing members and most of them are ever-presents." We had the pleasure of playing on 27th December under the baton of that well-known orchestral conductor, Mr. Donald B. Miller. We were assisted on that occasion by members of our talented teaching Staff.

**RECRUITS.** Not one of last session's violin class members has accepted our invitation to join the School Orchestra. All plead pressure of other work.

**VIOLIN CLASS.** We require a larger number of applicants before we can resume our violin class. Will all those who are interested report to Mr. McLellan? We wish to recommence operations in January, if the numbers warrant it.  
H. M.

**Senior Choir.** Membership was so large at the beginning of the term that it was found necessary to divide the Choir into two. The Senior Section now consists of 38 girls of the Upper School, and 12 boys of V. and VI. Despite the loss of some particularly good voices, the standard is, we think, fully maintained by valuable recruits and developing powers. At the Christmas Service on 24th December we sang carols in two, three, and four-part harmony, and combined with the Intermediate Choir in two items on 27th December. We are now busy on a programme for Rutherford Band of Hope, to which we shall pay a return visit in February.  
A. E. M.

**Intermediate Choir.** This new Choir, which is being trained by Mr. McLellan, performed at the Carol Service on December 24, and combined with the Seiors at the Jubilee celebration. Practices will continue during the Easter Term.





## Literary and Debating Society

This year for the first time since 1939 the "Lit." has again a fixed programme and printed membership cards. We have already had several very successful meetings and debates, our first one being a lecture by the founder of the Society, Dr. Merry, while one of the most prominent of our next term's activities will be the meeting in conjunction with the F.P. Club on January 10th. So far the attendance and spirit at the meetings has been very good, but there is, of course, still room for many more members.

Our hearty thanks are due to all the members of the Staff who have helped us, and especially to our very capable Vice-President, Mr. Scott.

S. M. H.



## Dramatic Club

Session 1946-47 would seem to be the most promising year yet in the history of the Club, as never before has there been such enthusiastic, or such loyal service from the members. It is especially gratifying to see the influx of recruits from among the senior boys, thus breaking the tradition, only too strongly established in Whitehill, that dramatic work is the affair solely of the female sex. Attention so far has been concentrated on the roughing out of the action of two plays, with a view to more intensive work immediately after the Christmas holidays.

New members will always be welcome, and intending actors should note that the Club meets every Tuesday from 4 to 5 p.m., in the Upper Gym. Further information may be obtained, either from myself, or from any member of the Committee. J. D.

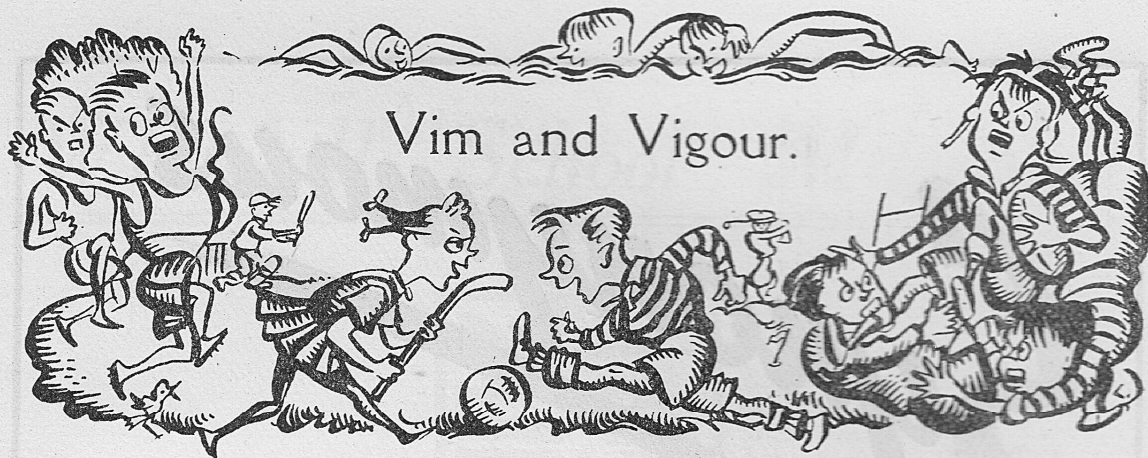


## Zoo Fund

The aim of the weekly collections has been changed this session. Last session they were in aid of the Red Cross, but now the idea is to make the School a member of the Glasgow and West of Scotland Zoological Society, so that we can send parties to be conducted round the projected new zoo. The greater part of the proposed subscription of £20 has already been gathered and we hope to have the remainder soon. When this has been achieved, the collections will be devoted to various Charities, and we hope to receive good support in this new session. The contributions have been good so far, but some classes could be a little more punctual.

H. L. D.





## Football



All our teams started off well, winning their first games, but unfortunately, the First XI. have not won a league game since. They are, however, in the third round of the Shield.

The Intermediate team are playing well and are also in the third round of the Shield.

Our Elementary team, who are winning in a convincing manner, look like bringing honours to the school.

The boys wish to thank Messrs. Needle, Jardine and Paul for their assistance, and also Mr. Forgie for his coaching on Thursday afternoons.

W. P.

## Rugby



This season's opening brings Whitehill once more into the limelight after a depression during the war years. At the moment we are fielding three XV.'s, with the possibility of two more in the near future. The 1st XV. are doing quite well, while the Juniors have been showing convincing form. The 2nd XV. are only gradually feeling their way but it is expected they will soon settle down to found a new tradition for Whitehill Rugby.

We are sorry to lose Mr. Orr who saw us through a bad period. We thank him gratefully for his good work. We welcome Mr. Forgie and are grateful to Mr. Hamilton who has continued with us into the fresh season. An old adage says "Practice makes perfect," so with this in the back of our minds we look forward in hope and expectation to the future.

M. K. B.

## Hockey



So far, the 2nd XI. have been very successful, winning most of their games. The 1st XI. have, however, not done quite so well, but they are confident of gaining many victories in the incoming year. We have had a magnificent response to our call for new members from the Lower School, and a hearty welcome is extended to all who are anxious to share our honours in the hockey field.

M. B. C.